Three Days with the Major

by [ladyellen](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1154007&page=submissions)©

Jane was feeling particularly tired the following day. It had been a late night, and although she had stayed overnight with Colin at the Bellmore, she was still up by seven thirty to start her duties. She did get a few interesting looks and the odd comment from the girls in the staff locker room appearing for work in her little black number. Charlie caught up with her during the morning. He seemed very happy about the way things had gone. She guessed Colin had been onto him. He inquired how she had enjoyed her first week.  
  
She smiled. "Lots better than I guessed it would be. Most of it was quite interesting; not quite what I expected, but I liked the extra money, and it will certainly help me out."  
  
Charlie took out his little book and flicked through the pages. "I've got nothing for you over the week end," he said, "but I've got an interesting one next week which I think might suit you down to the ground. You don't mind the older guys, do you?"  
  
Jane shrugged. "Well, there was George, the first guy, and Colin last night, but I don't really class them as old."  
  
Charlie smiled. "This one I'm considering you for is a little older than either of them, but he's a real nice guy, just likes attractive young women around. He's going to be here for three days. It's at the least £500, but I have heard from the other girls that you can pick up a lot of extras."   
  
"Sounds good to me," Jane said. "When do I start?"  
  
"I've not got a confirmed room number yet, but it's from Wednesday to Friday, just the afternoons, so it won't interfere with your work."  
  
It was Jane's weekend off and it was nice to have a couple of free days. Also it was nice to have a little extra money in her purse. She had paid off the mortgage arrears and so she was feeling a lot happier with herself, and with another good job lined up for next week, everything was looking rosy.

Part Three: Jane becomes the sexual play thing for a retired army officer.  
  
She was back at work on Monday and Charlie did not call her for the first couple of days. It was Wednesday morning she got a call to say her next client was in suite 510, one of the larger suites on the fifth floor. "Get changed into your ordinary clothes before you go up. I said you would be there just after one. I fixed things with Ann, so don't worry."  
  
Jane thanked him, and as she continued her work, wondered what was going to be happening to her over the next three days. That morning, not knowing just what to expect, she had dressed in a light summer dress and sandals. She checked herself in the mirror in the locker room and liked what she saw. She had had her hair streaked over the weekend and she was pleased with the results. Just before one, she knocked on the door of room 510 and waited expectantly. The door was opened by a distinguished looking elderly guy with iron gray hair. He had twinkling eye and a weather tanned face.   
  
"Come in, come in, you must be Jane." He held the door for her to step into the room.  
  
Jane couldn't really attempt to guess his age. He was smartly dressed in light cavalry twill trousers with a smart blue and white striped shirt and a red paisley cravat. She noticed his brown leather shoes were polished to a very high shine. She smiled as she remembered her dad telling her that she should always look at guy's shoes. If he looked after his shoes, he was an okay guy. She smiled at the thought.   
  
"Can I get you something?" he said, nodding towards an open mini bar. "I'm on my first G and T. I never touch the stuff before noon," he said with a big smile. "Old habit from my days in India."  
  
Jane said that she would join him, and he went over to the bar and mixed her one. They sat with their drinks facing each other across a marble topped table. "Everyone here calls me the Major," he said, "but you can call me Frank; it's not so formal." He smiled at her.   
  
Charlie had not given her any instructions, so she was quite in the dark as to what was required of her, but she guessed Frank would tell her. He didn't seem to be the sort of a guy to be behind the door when it came to such things.  
  
"Well, you are certainly a pretty little thing," Frank said looking her up and down. "I must thank Charlie. He usually looks after me while I'm up in town. Have you been doing this long?"  
  
Jane explained that it was only her second week working with Charlie. Frank smiled and inquired if she were enjoying it.  
  
Jane smiled and nodded. "It's been fun so far."  
  
"Okay then," Frank said, swallowing down the last of his drink, "I guess I can't wait any longer. Would you like to undress for me?"  
  
Jane smile and got to her feet. Frank sat and watched her intently as she slowly removed her clothes. With the last item removed, she stood naked in front of Frank and bent over slightly to adjust her dark lace hold ups around her thighs.  
  
Frank nodded his head. "You are a very beautiful young woman," he said. "Would you turn around for me?" Jane did a little twirl and stood facing him again. "Yes," he said, his twinkling eyes dancing over her body, "I think I am going to enjoy the next few days very much."   
  
He picked up his glass from the table. "I think I need another one of these, my dear, if you would be so kind." Jane took his glass and made her way over to the mini bar. "Make yourself one and don't be skinny with the gin."   
  
It seemed strange to Jane, she thought to herself, as she mixed the drinks. If you had told her three weeks ago that she would be serving drinks without a stitch of clothing on to a nice old guy old enough to be her granddad in his hotel room, she would have laughed at you. It was not something she thought she would have ever considered. But now it seemed it wasn't a problem for her. Yes, the cash was a big encouragement, but she actually enjoyed the experience. The look in the guy's eyes when they saw her naked body, that was the moment that excited her the most.   
  
She took the drinks over and Frank suggested she sit by his side on the sofa. She eased herself down onto the sofa. Frank reached out and ran his hand slowly along her leg. He smiled. "Your skin feels so beautiful and smooth. That's what I love to feel so much. It's the thing we older guys miss so much, the feel of a young firm body." Jane smiled and patted his hand which had remained on her leg and was now gently stroking her inner thigh.  
  
Suddenly Jane was startled by the door leading to the bedroom opening. She looked around startled as a well dressed woman bustled into the room.  
  
"Have you seen my glasses, Frank?" she said, and then she suddenly stopped when she saw Jane. "Oh, I'm so sorry, darling," she said apologetically. "I didn't realise that your little play thing had arrived."   
  
Jane was not quite sure where to put herself, or what to do. Who was this woman? Frank looked at her and patted her hand. "Don't worry, my dear; it's only my wife. She's on her way out." The woman smiled at Jane and came around the sofa, her hand held out. Jane was desperately trying to cover up her more intimate points, but she reached out and took the woman's hand.  
  
The woman smiled down at her. "I'm Millicent," she said, "this old rouge's wife. Didn't mean to disturb you. I had no idea you were due." Then she looked at her watch. "My God, is it that time? Might see you both later; by the way, you look lovely." Then she picked up her bag and dashed out of the room in a flurry of skirts.  
  
When she was gone, Frank looked at her. "That was my Millicent," he said with a grin.  
  
Jane looked down at her nakedness. "Doesn't she mind?" Frank shook his head. "Oh no, we have an arrangement; come down here each season. It's fashion week, you know. She gets to spend a large part of the kid's inheritance on new clothes, and I get a few afternoons with a delightful creature like you." Jane shook her head. She had heard some things, but this beat all.  
  
"It's a sex thing as well you know. She's not interested any more, and I wouldn't fancy her if she was. I like a bit of firm, young flesh," he said, reaching out again and running his hand down Jane's bare back and patting her bottom playfully. "Mind you, it's not that I can raise a stiffy any more myself, but I can still use my eyes and my hands."  
  
Jane shook her head again and smiled. "Well, I guess it's a good arrangement, but I can't see many wives that I know going for it." They both laughed.  
  
Frank looked at her. "Well, now she's out of the way we won't be disturbed, well, not until four thirty. I've ordered afternoon tea. I like a pot of the old Earl Grey about that time with a few cucumber sandwiches."  
  
"Come a little closer, my dear, and put your legs up over my lap." Jane slid up to him and did as he asked. He put his arm around her and pulled her close. "There, that's a lot better now. I can really get at you."  
  
"Your breasts are an absolute delight," he said, cupping one gently in his hand and rubbing across her nipple. "So firm and it's wonderful to feel your nipples," he murmured as he rolled one between his fingers. "Just like little brown berries."  
  
Jane was beginning to enjoy herself. She loved the feel of Frank's hands on her body, and his voice was almost mesmerizing. She lay back in his arm and shut her eyes as his old experienced hands slowly and lovingly caressed her young firm body. Then the exploring hand began to move lower down her rib cage across the slight swell of her stomach, and she held her breath as his fingers brushed across the soft fine neatly trimmed pubic hair.  
  
"You look very pretty down here," he said in a soft voice.  
  
Jane groaned slightly as his fingers traced their way over her pussy. Instinctively she parted her legs. She didn't want to hinder his progress. His hand moved down between her thighs; then she felt a finger begin to move back up her cleft parting her outer lips slightly. When he uncovered her clit, she gasped as she felt his finger gently begin to rotate the already hard nub.  
  
"I'm so pleased you like that," he said in his soft voice.  
  
"I do, I do," she said in a low husky voice. "It feels so wonderful."  
  
She reached out and gripped the arm of the sofa tightly. She couldn't believe she was already feeling so much pleasure. This guy was a master at this game. Maybe it was the years of experience. She didn't really care. All she wanted was for the pleasure to go on and on.   
  
She was riding high waves of pleasure coursing through her body. "Frank," she said urgently, "I think I'm going to cum."  
  
He smiled and looked down at the naked beauty before him. She was lying back, one arm stretched out gripping the arm of the sofa, one leg still draped over his lap, the other now resting on the floor as her legs were spread wide, with his fingers still working on her clit. Her pussy was open with the wet pinkness of her inner labia openly displayed. He knew she was near. Soft mewing sounds were coming from her lips. He knew the signs. Just a few moments more, then he eased his thumb between the folds of warm pink flesh and she cried out. As she shuddered with the pleasure of her orgasm, he felt her juices run over his hand.  
  
Jane lay there breathing heavily. She could feel the juices running down between her thighs. She looked up at the wonderful old guy and smiled. "That was so wonderful; thank you."  
  
Frank looked at her. "I don't need your thanks, my lovely; that was a most pleasurable experience."   
  
She lay there for a while, then excused herself to go to the bathroom and clean up. Her legs felt quite unsteady. In the bathroom, she smiled. This guy knew how to please a woman. He might not have the capabilities to fuck her, but his experienced hands could certainly inflict mortal damage.  
  
When she returned, he asked her to make more drinks, and they sat and chatted. He told her about his time in India. Apparently that's where he had met Millicent. "She was a hot little thing at the time," he said smiling. "Her body was firm and smooth then just like yours; nice pair of tits on her as well; all the guys were after her like flies round a honey pot." He smiled at the recollection. "I knew she wasn't a virgin the first time I took her. I didn't worry because she was so good in bed. She actually enjoyed it, not like some of the stuck up cows. Some of them thought they were doing you a favor." He laughed. "Bloody good days, those."  
  
He didn't touch her again for over an hour. He just seemed happy to look at her nakedness and chat. Later he put some music on and suggested that they dance. Jane wasn't a good dancer, but it did not seem to be a problem. All he wanted was to hold her in his arms, feel her body pressed against his, and enjoy the pleasure of stroking his hands over her body.  
  
They were interrupted by a light tap on the door. Frank looked at his watch and smiled. "Tea time. Would you go let them in?"   
  
She looked at him a little startled. "Like this?"  
  
He grinned. "Why not? You look too beautiful to cover up."  
  
Jane was a little worried by this development. She guessed she would probably know whoever was out there, but she knew she should not refuse his request. She stood slightly behind the door as she opened it trying not to show that she was naked. She was also slightly relived that she did not recognize the smiling Asian guy who was standing with the trolley.  
  
"Come in, come in," suddenly Frank called from behind her. "Don't let it get cold." The guy began pushing the trolley into the room. It was at that point that he suddenly realised that the attractive lady who had answered the door for him was totally naked. Then he blushed instantly and stuttered an apology, but he had a job to do. He couldn't run out of the room even though he would have liked to.  
  
He pushed the trolley to the center of the room trying to keep his eyes averted, but this was made even more difficult for him because he had never seen such a beautiful lady naked before. He was so flustered when he held out the pad for Frank to sign that he dropped his pen. Retrieving it quickly he passed it to Frank who scrawled a signature across the pad. He stole a last look at Jane and quickly hurried out of the room.  
  
By this time Jane was feeling almost as embarrassed as the poor room service lad had been, but Frank just laughed. "That was wonderful," he said. "Did you see the look on his face when he saw you were starker's? It was unbelievable." He laughed again. He had obviously enjoyed the whole thing immensely.  
  
Jane was relived that the lad had now left, and she made herself useful pouring out the tea. She began feeling a little better as they sat and ate the petite sandwiches and drank the tea. Frank asked her if she had enjoyed her afternoon and she nodded her head. "Very much so," she replied. "You are a very interesting gentleman to spend time with even though you are a little naughty," she said referring to the incident with the room service guy.  
  
Frank laughed. "That was wonderful," he said. "By the way, I would like to take you out tomorrow, not telling you where, but I'm sure you will find it interesting." Then he looked at her and smiled. "I know it's a pity. I could spend all evening with you like this," he said looking longingly at her body, "but Millicent's arranged something so we'd better get you dressed." He looked at her. "May I have the pleasure?"  
  
Jane smiled at him. "Of course."  
  
He went over and collected her clothes from where she had left them, and Jane stood there as he dressed her, touching her body intimately and lovingly as he did so. Before she left, he handed her an envelope. She didn't open it. She knew what was in it. She knew she could trust Frank. He smiled and kissed her on the cheek as she left. "See you tomorrow, my lovely. I'll dream about you."   
  
At one o'clock the next day she was at his door. He smiled and welcomed her in. Jane glanced around the room. "Millicent's already gone out," he said with a smile. "We won't be interrupted."   
  
"Where do we begin today?" she asked.  
  
He smiled. "I've booked the car for two o'clock, so we have an hour to pass. I think we ought to start where I left off yesterday."   
  
"Where would that be?" she inquired.  
  
"Well, I dressed you, so I had better start with undressing you."  
  
Jane smiled as Frank came over to her and started unbuttoning the buttons on her top. There was a smile of anticipation on his face as she assisted him in removing her top. He ran his hands lovingly over the swell of her bra encased breasts, and he smiled when she made a murmur of approval.  
  
He unclipped her skirt before easing down the small zip. Then he eased the skirt over her hips. Once free, it fell down around her feet, and she stooped to retrieve it for him. He walked around behind her and expertly unclasped her bra. As it fell loose, he then reached around under it and cupped the warm mounds of her breasts feeling the nipples rise to his touch. He rolled them tenderly between his fingers.  
  
"You like those, don't you?" she murmured softly. He nodded and squeezed them gently making her cry out. Then he slid the bra straps off her shoulders and dropped the bra on top of her other discarded clothes. She felt him kneel behind her and his fingers slip into the waistband of her brief panties. Slowly he pulled them over her hips revealing the firm swell of her delicious bottom. He leaned forward and planted a kiss on each cheek before slipping the panties down her legs and allowing her to step out of them.  
  
She willingly eased her legs apart for him as she felt his fingers between her legs. Then he was rubbing across her pussy as he slipped his fingers into her. She groaned, pressing herself against his searching hand. She knew from yesterday just how much he loved her pussy, and she was hoping that he would give her the same satisfaction as he had done on the sofa. She was not to be disappointed as within minutes she was groaning and pleading with him to finish her off, and then with a cry of relief, she came, once more soaking his hand with her juices.  
  
He then wiped her gently with a tissue from a box on the table, and when she had regained her breath, he suggested that she make them some drinks.  
  
"G & T?" she smiled.  
  
He nodded and watched her as she made her way to the mini bar and mixed the drinks. He smiled to himself. He didn't think he would ever tire of looking at her beautiful naked body.  
  
They sat together on the sofa sipping their drinks, and she asked him where they were going. He smiled. "You will soon see, my dear. It's an interesting place I know, a very exclusive place, where a few of my friends gather in an afternoon. I'm sure you will find it very rewarding."  
  
It was ten to two when reception rang to say his car was waiting. Frank smiled and picked up his coat. "Let's be on our way," he said. Jane looked worried for a moment as she was panicking wondering if he were expecting her to go out without her clothes.  
  
Frank smiled at her distress, and then went and picked up a coat from a chair and handed it too her. It was a light weight summer coat with a belted tie. She slipped it on and secured the belt firmly. If this were all she was going to be wearing, she didn't want it to suddenly come undone.   
  
They rode down in the lift, and Charlie smiled when he saw them. He escorted them to the door and opened the door of the waiting car for them to get in. Jane managed it skillfully, clutching onto the coat so that she was not displaying anything.  
  
Frank spoke to the driver and gave him an address in Knightsbridge and settled back in the car. He slipped his arm around Jane's shoulders and pulled her up close to him. She leaned her head on his shoulder and smiled at him. She knew he loved cuddling up to her. After a while, she felt his hand slip under the coat and rest for a moment on her leg. Then it moved slowly upwards till she squirmed as his fingers lightly touched her pussy. She glanced over toward the driver, but he didn't seem to be taking any notice of what was going on behind him. He was too busy concentrating on weaving his big vehicle through the busy London traffic.

Jane lay back against the leather upholstery as Frank's inquisitive fingers explored the warm wet delights of her pussy. He withdrew them only moments before they pulled up in front of a large, well appointed, three story house that looked only slightly different from the other thirty or so houses on the curved terrace. Frank smiled at the driver who then came around and opened the door. Jane found that getting out without revealing too much was harder than getting in, and she saw the look on the young driver's face as the light coat slid up her legs embarrassingly.  
  
Frank smiled and took her arm and led her up the five steps to the shiny black door with highly polished brass fittings. A smiling butler answered the door to their ring. "Welcome back, Major," he said, immediately recognizing Frank. "Madam and your friends are waiting for you to join them in the lounge." Then he turned to Jane. "May I take your coat, madam?"  
  
Jane looked a little startled. She looked at Frank who smiled and nodded. She stood there and allowed the butler to remover her coat. As the coat came off, he did not seem at all fazed to discover she was naked under it. Frank led Jane down a short corridor where the murmur of voices came from a room to the left. Frank pushed the door open and ushered Jane inside. Jane was more than a little embarrassed to be confronted by several men all around Frank's age who turned to see the new arrivals.  
  
The only thing that made things a little easier for her was that she was not the only woman. There were three other attractive young women all in a similar state of undress as she, and a large fat lady heavily made up and slightly overdressed. This lady stood up smiling. She greeted Frank enthusiastically and inquired about Millicent. With the greetings over, she rang a bell and the butler came in with a tray of drinks for everyone, mostly whiskey and gin for the men, and large glasses of white wine for the ladies.  
  
As she sipped the wine, she saw some of the men looking her over approvingly. Others were occupied with the women who circulated the room, and as Jane watched, they allowed the men to touch and caress them. Frank took her arm and went around and introduced her to his friends. It seemed as if everybody knew each other. She saw some of the men look at her naked body hungrily, and she was wondering if she were also going to be used as the other women where. After a while, the overdressed lady stood up and announced that the entertainment was about to commence. They all got to their feet and followed her across the hall into another room. At a piano, a pretty young girl was playing, watched over by what appeared to be her piano teacher.  
  
Some chairs were arranged facing the piano, and the gentlemen took their seats. The three women sat beside them or on their knees. Jane sat next to Frank at the end of the row. At first, to Jane it looked like an ordinary piano recital. The girl was quite good, and the teacher turned the pages for her silently pointing out things with a short conductor's baton.  
  
Suddenly he moved behind the girl and began to unfasten her dress, and then without interfering with her playing, he whipped the top of her dress away revealing pert young breasts with pointed conical nipples. Jane was quite surprised with this turn of events. In fact, she was quite surprised by the whole scene as he managed to strip her completely without interrupting her playing, and she never missed a note.  
  
She continued to play, her breasts bouncing enticingly with the movement of her body. At last, with the last note struck, she stood up and turned to her small audience, revealing to them the intimate beauty of her body. She smiled graciously and thanked them for their applause.  
  
She turned and smiled at the teacher, then leaned forward and kissed him. He pulled her up against him and began running his hands over her naked body. After a while, he pushed her head down until she was kneeling on the floor in front of him. Jane was now amazed to see her unfastening his pants, and after slipping her hand inside, she withdrew his already semi erect member. She slowly began to run her hands along its length. Then she bent forward and slipped it into her mouth and proceeded to suck on it and work it with her lips, her hands still gripping onto the base of his shaft.  
  
Jane was so enthralled by what was going on before her eyes (she had never witnessed public sex before) that she hardly felt Frank's hand on her thighs gently easing them apart. It was only when his fingers began to enter her that she guiltily looked around, but no one was interested in her or what they were doing; their eyes were all on the young couple in front of them.  
  
She knew she must have been hot and wet as Frank had entered her easily, and now he was working her slowly. In front of them she could see that the guy's cock was now hard and pumping slowly to and fro down the young girl's throat. Then Jane watched as he withdrew his cock, wet and slick. He lifted her to her feet, and then turned and bent her down over the piano stool. Then in front of everyone, he slipped easily into her pussy from the rear.   
  
It was a wonderful sensation for Jane to feel Frank working his fingers into her as the guy pumped into the young pianist. A quick glance around assured her that the other three women were equally occupied. Incredibly, Jane's orgasm came at almost the same moment as the young woman in front of them.  
  
Moments later there was then a scraping of chairs as everyone got to their feet and followed madam out of the room. This time they entered a kitchen area. Again chairs were arranged around one side of a large wooden table. The men took their places, and Jane noticed that the three women had changed partners. Just then a rather well built young woman came into the room. She went over to a refrigerator and took out a bowl which she proceeded to whisk. Jane saw her large seemingly unrestrained breasts moving with her energetic movements.  
  
The kitchen door opened and an attractive young guy came in. He walked over to the woman and kissed her on the neck. She grinned and attempted to push him away, but he persisted, turning her around and taking her in his arms. They kissed for a while. Jane could see him running his hands over her breasts, kneading the soft flesh through her clothes. Then his hands began to lift her skirts, displaying to everyone around the table her long shapely legs and the fact that she was naked under it. He pushed her back against the kitchen units and began to quickly unbutton her blouse. Soon her breasts were spilling out: large white melons with large brown aureoles and crinkled dark nipples. Urgently, he made short work of her skirt. It dropped around her feet and now she was completely naked.   
  
Undressed she was still a little on the large size, but attractive. She had one of those curvy Rubenesque figures. The guy then maneuvered her over to the wooden table that the men were sitting around. He eased her up on it, pushing her down onto her back. Her large breasts were now flattened slightly as she began to slowly caress them. In the meantime, the guy had removed his pants and was now sporting a fine erection which he was lovingly rubbing his hand along. Jane smiled as she felt Frank's hands on her own breasts, caressing them gently.   
  
Jane watched as the man moved towards the girl and spread her legs apart, displaying her pussy to everyone around the table. He slid his fingers inside and the girl groaned. They came out slicked with her juices. He wiped them along his hard cock. Then he positioned himself between her legs and drove into her.   
  
Jane was beginning to feel warm, especially between her legs. She knew she was already wet down there from her orgasm, and she could feel her juices on her thighs. Frank was manipulating her nipples as she watched, fascinated, as the guy's cock slide into the girl and it emerged slicked with her juices. Before that day, she had never seen a couple make love, but now it had happened twice in one afternoon and it was certainly arousing her.   
  
"My, my, you are wet down here, my dear Jane," he whispered into her ear as his hand again went down to her pussy. "How would you like to be up there on the table being soundly fucked with all my friends watching you?" Jane smiled at him, groaned, and pressed her hand hard over his.  
  
The young guy fucked the girl for them twice, and when he came the second time, the men applauded him politely. They were again led out of the room. This time they were taken back to the lounge where drinks and an appetizing range of snacks were laid out for them. Jane excused herself and went in search of a bathroom. She found one and also found one of the other girls there.   
  
"Enjoying yourself?" the girl inquired.  
  
Jane smiled. "Well, it's certainly something different."  
  
"So it's your first time?"  
  
Jane nodded. "Never seen anything like that before."  
  
The girl smiled. "These afternoons can be fun. The guys can get a little naughty, but they are a nice bunch and it's always well rewarded. Generally after the shows, you don't let them fuck you apart from with their fingers." She laughed. "I'm not sure any of them could raise one, but they enjoy themselves."  
  
After she had cleaned up, Jane returned to the lounge. Frank greeted her with a smile and told her to get some food and drink.   
  
Frank was standing with three other guys and Jane was by his side. "Well, what do you think about my attractive little friend?" Frank asked. There were murmurs of approval. "I have found her a very obliging young lady. Her body is so beautiful and firm, and her breasts are delightful." Jane could not suppress a moan as she felt Frank begin to caress her breast, working her hard nipple between his thumb and finger.  
  
Just then the door opened and Madam came into the room. She smiled as she watched Frank caressing Jane's naked body in front of his friends. "I have some more entertainment arranged for you, but if you would rather stay here for the moment....."  
  
"Just give us half an hour, dear," Frank said with a smile. The woman smiled to herself as she backed out of the room.  
  
Jane felt all eyes were now on her as Frank led Jane over to a comfortable looking overstuffed sofa. She sat there and looked at the small group of men around her. She smiled to herself. She could see from the expressions on their faces that they were enjoying the sight of her beautiful naked body as their eyes took in every aspect of her nakedness.  
  
Frank seated himself down beside her. She lay back and closed her eyes as she felt his hand on her legs gently easing them apart. She felt the thrill of being totally exposed before them. She knew that every secret part of her body was openly displayed before them.  
  
She gasped and a low groan escaped from her lips as she felt his fingers on her pussy parting the petals of her outer lips and exposing the wet pink interior. Suddenly she felt someone else beside her; someone had joined them on the sofa, and now another hand was on her body cupping her breast, squeezing her nipple, and then joining Frank's hand on her pussy. As one slipped two fingers deep inside her, the other located the aroused nub of her clit and began to manipulate it.  
  
Jane cried out and her body writhed on the sofa as the two pairs of hands worked on her. The feeling was wonderful as she thrust herself against the hands that were giving her so much pleasure. Again, she felt her body responding and herself cumming. She tried to hold back, wanting the wonderful sensation she was feeling to go on and on. She tried hard, biting on her lips and gripping tightly onto the arm of the sofa, but at last, she could prevent it no longer, and with a cry she came. Somewhere out there she heard a faint round of applause as she sank back down, and she could feel the juices running down her inner thighs.   
  
Frank leaned close and whispered in her ear, "You were magnificent, my pretty one. Thank you so much." He squeezed her hand.  
  
When she at last dared to open her eyes, she felt a twinge of shame and embarrassment. She was still lying back on the sofa, her legs still wide apart, her inner thighs wet and streaked with her juices. Thankfully only Frank was now beside her. The other guys in the room were either talking among themselves or taking advantage of the other naked female bodies, but some she noticed were still eying her attractive but now rather disheveled body.  
  
"Would you like to clean up again?" Frank asked tenderly.  
  
Jane smiled and nodded. Frank helped her to her feet and she made her way back to the bathroom, this time being alone. She looked around. The place was opulent like the rest of the house, with white marble and gold fittings. She turned on the shower and stepped under the warm spray. As the water washed her body, she mused at what had happened to her over the last couple of weeks. She had never been a shy or retiring person, but she had never thought even in her wildest fantasies that she would have done the things she had done: stripping herself naked before total strangers, been paid to have sex, and now becoming the sexual play thing for men almost old enough to be her grandfather.   
  
But on the plus side it had paid off her debts. She had spare cash in her purse, and although she would have never believed it, she was actually enjoying what she was doing. Gone where any inhibitions she ever had replaced by the thrill of exposing herself to strangers and her all consuming need for sexual satisfaction.   
  
She enjoyed the shower, and after drying herself and powdering her body, she found her way back to the room. It was empty, but there was a tray of delicious looking food. She guessed the men were away enjoying another sexual exhibition. She had just helped herself to some food when the large woman who ran the place came in.  
  
"Did you enjoy your shower?" she inquired.  
  
Jane nodded. "It was wonderful, and your bathroom's delightful." The woman smiled and thanked her.  
  
"I wanted to catch you on your own before you left."  
  
Jane looked at the woman puzzled.  
  
"It's just that you are a very attractive woman with little or no inhibitions."  
  
Jane smiled.  
  
I was just wondering if you were looking for some extra work. I'm always in the market for someone as attractive as you."  
  
Jane smiled again. "I am okay at the moment, and I thank you for the offer. I will keep it in mind."  
  
The large woman smiled shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I felt I had to ask." She passed Jane a card. "Just give me a call any time you need a bit of extra cash. I can always use a girl like you."  
  
It was awhile before Frank and the other guys returned. Again they tucked into the remains of the food, and then it was time to say their goodbyes. In the hall, the butler eased the coat back over Jane's shoulders. "I hope madam has enjoyed herself?" he inquired with a slight smile.  
  
Jane thanked him and nodded. "It's been a very interesting afternoon." She smiled at him as they left. Outside, the car was waiting to take them back to the Bellmore. Frank smiled at Jane. "You were wonderful, my dear. I have never met anyone like you, but I feel I must ask a big favor of you. I will understand if you refuse, and I won't hold it against you in any way."  
  
Jane looked at the lovely old guy. "Just ask, Frank. I think we know each other well enough by now."  
  
Frank smiled at her. "Well, you know I said that I can't raise a stiffy any more."   
  
She could see he was slightly embarrassed. She took his hand and held it tightly. "You told me, but what is it you want?"  
  
Frank looked at her. "I want to watch someone fuck you," he said quickly. She looked at him, slightly stunned by his request. Her mind went back to the couple they had watched fucking that afternoon.  
  
"If you would do it, I would certainly make it worth your while."  
  
Jane wondered if she could do it. She remembered how turned on she had been watching the other couples fucking this afternoon. Could she put herself in that position and allow herself to lie there and be made love to by a complete stranger while Frank watched? Then there was another thing; who would her partner be? Someone Frank knew, or would he be supplied by the ever resourceful Charlie.  
  
She smiled. "Let me think about it. I will tell you before I leave."  
  
Once back in the room, Jane was happy for Frank to remove the coat. The nice old guy just couldn't seem to get enough of her nakedness. He sat and watched her as she slipped back into her clothes. When she was dressed, she looked at him. "I've thought about what you asked," she said, "and I'm willing to give it a try."   
  
Frank gave her a beaming smile. "You were wonderful today, Jane, and now I can't wait for tomorrow." She smiled at him and kissed him lightly on the cheek.  
  
Charlie caught up with her the following day and inquired how things were going.   
  
She grinned. "Frank's a wonderful old guy. I'm enjoying his company."  
  
He nodded. "He's informed me how obliging you have been. In fact, he's quite smitten by you and insisted that I make sure you are available next time he's in town."  
  
Charlie informed her that he had a job for her next week. "It's for two girls," he said. "It's a stag party. They can be a little boisterous, but I'm sure you will be able to handle it."  
  
"Who's the other girl?" Jane asked.  
  
"It's Pru. She's a black girl who works as a waitress. You may not have come across her, but I think you will like her. I hear she's real fun to be with, and the guys asked for a contrast, like black and white," he said with a grin.  
  
Jane finished her work and got cleaned up for her final meeting with Frank. She was a little nervous when she knocked on the door, not sure what to expect.  
  
Frank smiled when he answered the door. "It's so nice to see you again. Do come in."  
  
Jane smiled. He was always the gentleman.  
  
Jane was surprised to find Frank alone in the room and that he had not asked her to undress as he usually did. She wondered what he had planned for her as she mixed his drink (just as he liked it) and passed it to him.  
  
"Sit here beside me," he said, patting the sofa beside him. Jane did as he requested. She smiled at him as she took a sip from her glass. "I'm really looking forward to this afternoon, but I just wish I was a few years younger and I hadn't got the old prostrate trouble. You know, it gets to guys around my age. Otherwise I'd have love to get myself into that delightful pussy of yours."  
  
Jane found herself blushing slightly.   
  
"It's the truth, Jane. I'd love to be able to give you a good seeing too, my dear. I was a bit good in the old days. Millicent was always more than satisfied when I'd finished with her. But those days are long gone, and it's not to say I still don't like to watch. It's not the same as doing it, but it's as near as I'm going to get." Frank smiled and held her hand tightly. "Thank you, thank you, so much." He reached into his inside pocket, pulled out a envelope, and handed it to her.  
  
Jane accepted it, a little puzzled. When she opened it, there were at least ten crisp new £20 notes. She looked at him. "But Frank, I have already been paid."   
  
He put a finger to her lips. "Shush now, my lovely. That's for being such a good and obliging young lady. I'm sure you can make use of it."  
  
Jane leaned over and kissed him before tucking the envelope in her small bag. Now she knew she would have to go through with it whatever happened. Jane had just made a second round of drinks when there was a knock on the door.  
  
"I'd better answer that. I think I know who it is."   
  
Frank returned with a youngish looking guy who smiled and nodded at Jane. She studied him. She thought she knew him from somewhere, but for the moment could not place him. Then it suddenly came to her; he was Frank's driver.

"This is Graham," he said. "He has been with me for some time."   
  
Graham smiled. "It's nice to meet and talk to you in person at last. Frank has spoken a lot to me about you, and I was quite struck when I saw you yesterday. I saw immediately what Frank saw in you: a very lovely lady."  
  
Jane suddenly felt herself blushing at the praise.  
  
"Well, let's all have a drink," Frank said.   
  
Jane went to the mini bar and made everyone a drink. She was getting an interesting feeling as she mixed Frank his G and T. Graham was a very attractive guy, and to think he would be fucking her in a short while made her have goose bumps all over her body. They sat and chatted for a while. Then Frank suggested that they move through into the bedroom. "Would you like to go through, Jane, and get ready first?"  
  
Jane looked at him. "It's your party, Frank. What do you want me to do?"  
  
He smiled. "I would like to see Graham undress you."  
  
Jane nodded. "That is okay by me," she said with a slight smile.  
  
The three of them moved through into the bedroom. Frank settled himself down in a comfortable arm chair as Graham took Jane's hand and walked her over to the side of the bed.  
  
"I am going to enjoy this," he said with a slight smile playing about his lips. "I hope it is the same for you."  
  
Jane smiled at him. "I'm sure it will be."  
  
He slowly began to unbutton her dress. With it fully open, he eased it off her shoulders and pulled it down her arms. He carefully folded the dress and placed it over a chair. He looked at her in her brief underwear: white lace high legged briefs and matching bra. She was wearing white lacy topped hold ups, and strappy sandals.  
  
He ran his hands slowly over her breasts, gently squeezing the firm flesh. He felt the nipples harden under the lace cups. He reached around her and released the clasp. The bra slipped, but did not fall. She held out her arms so that he could remove it. His eyes widened when he saw just how firm her breasts were with no signs of sagging, the erect nipples standing out sharply. He ran the palm of his hand over them and Jane sighed a deep sigh.   
  
"You like, that don't you?" She nodded slowly.  
  
He stood in front of her and removed his shirt and pants. Jane could see the semi hard erection already beginning to tent the colorful boxers he was wearing. He followed her eyes and smiled. "He's almost ready for you, my lovely."   
  
He slipped off his shoes and socks and laid them aside. "Now for the best bit," he said as he eased himself down on his knees in front of her. He gripped the waistband of her panties and slid them down over her hips. He smiled when he saw the neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair. Then he was pulling them down her long legs, his eyes feasting on the delightful sight of her pouting pussy lips. The outer labia were parted slightly, and the wet pink interior was inches from his face. He kissed her pussy tenderly and slid his tongue up the parted cleft. Jane gripped his head tightly and uttered a deep sustained moan. He looked up at her. "You taste as delightful as you look," he said, running his tongue over his lips.  
  
He rose to his feet, planting a kiss on each of her nipples. Then he motioned for her to get onto the bed. She eased herself up and lay back. The covers were cool to her already heated body, and she shivered slightly. Graham took hold of her feet and eased them apart. He looked at the delightful sight of her pussy, already wet and waiting. He turned and looked at Frank, who nodded. He eased off his boxers and kicked them aside. Jane's eyes fell on his semi erect cock: a thin long roll, the purple head just beginning to part his foreskin.   
  
Then naked, he got up onto the bed and positioned himself between her open legs. He slipped two fingers inside her, working them slowly. She was ready, hot and wet. He eased himself forward until his now erect member was brushing her pussy lightly. He pressed the head of his cock against her lips and slowly eased forward, opening her up. Jane groaned and gripped his shoulders as she felt the wonderful sensation as he slid into her. His cock was now thick and hard, and it filled her. She felt a sensation of tightness as the walls of her passage gripped him. She contracted her vaginal muscles, and smiled as his eyes rolled.  
  
As he began to pump slowly and steadily into her, she glanced over to where Frank was sitting on the edge of his seat closely watching the action, his hands thrust deep in his groin. She smiled. It did feel a little strange to make love with someone watching, but she soon shrugged the feeling off, laid back, and enjoyed the sensation of his cock sliding slowly in and out of her body. Graham was a considerate lover, and a good showman. He brought her to her peak several times. She gripped him and moaned, "Now, now," but each time he eased off to prolong the feeling. When at last he did allow her the pleasure she was pleading for, she cried out, her breath coming in short gasps. She felt the warm feeling as his juices filled her, seeping out with his actions and running down between her thighs to soak into the bedclothes. Graham rolled off her, his body drenched in perspiration. He lay by her side, allowing his body to return to normal.  
  
To Frank's obvious delight and to Jane's amazement, he managed to take her twice more, first in the doggie position, one she loved because it gave her lover unrestricted access to her breasts, and finally when she had managed to suck him to another erection, she sat astride him and enjoyed the feeling of him penetrating her as she slowly sank down on to his body. In the end, neither of them could move as she fell face forward and kissed him tenderly, thanking him.  
  
He smiled a weak smile. He was utterly exhausted. "It's been a pleasure. You are one beautiful young woman."  
  
She smiled and kissed him again. They had almost forgotten about Frank, and when they looked over, Jane smiled. He was fast asleep, a look of contentment on his face.   
  
They used the shower together, tenderly washing each other. Graham smiled. "I'd like to see you again sometime if you would like that."  
  
Jane smiled and nodded. "So would I," she said. "I'll give you my mobile number before you leave."  
  
Showered and dressed, they returned to the lounge to find Frank sitting with a drink. He smiled up at them as they entered. "That was wonderful, but I only wish it had been me. Oh, for times gone by."  
  
Before Jane left, he thanked her for the pleasure of her company and hoped she would still be at the hotel when he returned in four months time.  
  
Jane smiled. "I'm not sure, but you will always be able to get in touch with me through Charlie. He handed her a brown envelope. It felt thick. She took it, leaned forward, and kissed him. He smiled.  
  
"I will be thinking about you."  
  
In the lift, she checked the contents of the envelope: another £500. She had made a grand for three afternoons work if you could call it work.