

ESCAPE

Room Service



Cat Marsters

Changeling Press

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Some people just can't switch off.

Take Samantha, who even on a fantasy vacation can't help reorganising the hotel's housekeeping department. But when she delivers room service to the rock band Vampires, she gets a little more than she bargained for. Especially when she meets Sully, the band's sizzling hot lead guitarist. He's gorgeous. He's sexy. And he's *really* good with his hands.

But when it comes to Vampires...that's just a name, right?

Right?

Room Service

"Room service!"

There is something very wrong, said Samantha's internal voice, with the fact that you came all the way to the Bahamas on holiday and you're delivering room service.

Sam ignored the voice and knocked again. Bloody rock bands! Who did they think they were?

Actually, they think they're Vampires, said her mental narrator. You know, one of the world's most successful bands?

"Bring it in," someone called.

Using the keycard on the lanyard around her neck, she opened the door and backed in with the trolley. "Where would you..." she trailed off, and just managed to add, "... like it?"

The lead singer of Vampires glanced up at her, but didn't answer. His mouth was currently engaged -- sucking the nipples of the beautiful girl sprawled out on the bed. Her thighs were spread wide as Raoul Sanchez thrust his cock into her glistening pussy.

A pink bikini top lay discarded on the floor. The bottoms were dangling from the head of a guitar.

Sam averted her eyes. It wasn't the first time she'd seen guests *in flagrante*. Some of them did it to shock. Some of them wanted her to join in. Some of them just didn't care.

She was staff. She didn't count.

It was, however, the first time she'd seen a threesome in action. Raoul plunged between the girl's thighs, her head thrown back, hanging off the edge of the bed. Her mouth was stretched wide around a second cock, this one belonging to Daragh

Sullivan, the lead guitarist. His fingers fisted in her beaded hair, caressed her cheeks, stroked her lips as she deep-throated him.

“Bring it here,” he said, his voice deeper and darker than anything Sam had ever heard before. “By the bed.”

Sam licked her lips unconsciously. She’d never lost her cool in one of these situations. Just because Raoul had the tightest ass she’d ever seen and Sullivan the most gorgeous six-pack, it by no means meant she had to get flustered.

Raoul’s balls slapped against the girl’s ass. His pale skin gleamed as his muscles flexed.

Around Sullivan’s neck was a pendant bearing some kind of fang. It gleamed ivory pale against the smooth, tanned skin of his defined collarbone. He was inhumanly hot.

But that still didn’t mean she had to get flustered. “Of course.” She wheeled the trolley over and set the brake. “If one of you could sign, please...”

She held out the room service docket and lifted her gaze to meet Sullivan’s. His eyes were dark, almost totally black, framed by the longest lashes she’d ever seen, and they glittered sinfully at her.

“Fraid... my hands... are busy,” Raoul panted, lifting the girl’s hips so he could pound deeper into her. He grinned, showing sharp white teeth. “Sully, you sign.”

Sully’s lips twitched in a smile. Sam tried not to notice, because his lips were full, soft, beautifully shaped. The sort of lips a girl could nibble on, lick, take her time kissing.

Another girl, obviously. That wasn’t Sam’s sort of thing at all.

He took the pad from her, his fingers warm, his hands strong and sure as he slashed a signature across the paper. Below, the girl moaned as Raoul fucked her harder and Sully thrust his hips, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

Sam gave a professional smile. “Thank you, sir,” she said, and stepped backwards. “Enjoy your meal.”

Oh God, I just said that.

Sully's smile widened into a grin, showing white, white teeth. "I will," he said, lifting one of the dish covers without breaking his rhythm. As his gaze dipped to the bloody steak on the plate, Sam allowed hers to drop too -- and took in the full sight of his thick cock disappearing into the girl's mouth. Her jaw was stretched wide, her throat working as she tried to take him deeper. But he was so big he couldn't all fit in.

Sam's nipples tightened. A flash of arousal snapped through her, startling her. Shocking her. She'd never been aroused by guests before!

But then, she'd never seen such hot guests, either.

Her face heating up, she turned to go.

"Wait," Sully called, and she stopped. "For your trouble..."

She turned. Okay, there had been no wallet on the bed, and he damn sure didn't have anywhere to hide any money. She raised her eyebrows, and he beckoned her closer.

The scent of sex was heavy in the air. It was hot, musky, and overlaid with some sweet perfume from the girl writhing on the bed. And some other scent -- something spicy and primitively male that Sam knew had never come out of a bottle.

She stood on the far side of the trolley, the safe side, but Sully beckoned her closer still. Closer. Close enough for him to grab the lanyard around her neck, tug her to him, and cover her mouth with his.

Sam was far too startled to protest. His lips were just as soft as they'd looked, soft and hot and sure, and -- *he's kissing you! A hotel guest is kissing you! Stop right now!*

Abruptly, Sam pulled back, her fingers going to her mouth. The kiss had lasted only a second, hadn't even been open-mouthed, but her whole body was tingling.

One second of kissing had just turned her on more than any of the sex she'd ever had in her entire life.

Sully's eyes were hot and dark on hers. She knew right then that if she threw off her hotel jacket and joined them on the bed, she'd experience the best sex in the universe. She knew that was what Sully was inviting her to do.

And she knew what a thoroughly stupid idea it would be.

Wordless, she fled from the room.

* * *

"Ah, dammit," Sully sighed as the door clicked shut.

"Shouldn't have kissed her," Raoul panted.

"What was I supposed to do? Ask her if she wanted to join in? She probably gets that all the time."

"You think?"

"Well, did you see her?"

Raoul just grunted, his attention on the plump nipples of the girl beneath him. As Sully watched, his bandmate's canines lengthened and he bit into the girl's breast. She gagged -- attempting a scream, he guessed, except his cock was blocking her throat. He worked it free, but by then she was beyond screaming, just lying there convulsing, whimpering, her eyes glazed with pleasure. Damn vamps.

He'd seen it a million times before. A split second of pain, of panic, and then the pleasure overtook them and they orgasmed on and on. Probably just as well he'd taken his cock out. She'd have likely bitten it off otherwise.

Leaning against the wall, he watched her coming, falling apart. She clutched desperately at Raoul's head, his back, his buttocks as he flexed and jerked inside her.

Would the room service girl come like that? Thrashing and moaning? She didn't look like a moaner. She looked too neat to be a moaner. Her hair was perfectly wound up in a chignon, her make-up subtle, her shoes sensible. But then again, sometimes passion came from the least-expected quarters...

* * *

It was quiet on the beach after dark. Everyone else had gone to dinner, or one of the hotel's nightclubs. Further down the sand was the flicker of a fire as a group of teenagers laughed and flirted. Its glow lent enough light for Sam to see by.

Wrapped in an oversized sweater, she hugged her knees and stared at the glittering waves, not seeing them at all. Her entire vision was taken up with the sight of

Sully's thick cock, pumping in and out of that girl's mouth. Hard, dark with blood, glistening, throbbing...

Her pussy tightened. This was madness! She didn't get turned on by guests. She didn't get turned on by anything. She was famed for it. Her staff called her an ice queen. Her ex called her frigid. Well, so what? There was more to life than sex. She had a damn good career, even if she did occasionally have problems switching off.

Her staff had insisted she take a vacation. The Marquess Hotel Knightsbridge could run perfectly well without her for a week or two, they said. Go and visit one of the Marquess Hotels abroad. The Seychelles. The Bahamas.

So she'd arrived in the Bahamas, and within a day, taken over the housekeeping department.

Well, sitting by the pool was so boring.

I can't believe you came on holiday and worked, said her inner voice.

"Shut up!"

"I didn't say anything."

Sam spun, losing her balance and toppling over in the sand. But before she hit the ground, strong arms had righted her, a strong body knelt behind her, and the same spicy, masculine scent washed over her.

"Are you all right?" asked Sully.

Speechless, Sam could only nod. She could feel every contour of the chest she'd admired earlier, could feel his heart thudding against her back. His silky, in-need-of-a-cut hair brushed against her cheek. His breath caressed her ear. "Listen," he said. "I'm sorry about earlier. I shouldn't have kissed you. It was... unprofessional."

Sam licked her lips. He was so close. Her whole body felt tight with anticipation.

"I just got carried away. Here." There was a crackle of paper, and then a hundred-dollar bill was in front of her face.

Outrage shot through Sam. "I don't need --"

"You deserve a tip. You were pretty... professional. In the circumstances."

"But a hundred dollars?"

“Two? Three?” She felt his soft chuckle. “I’ve got lots.”

“Don’t over tip. It’s...”

“It’s what?” Sully’s voice was soft, rumbling against her back. A ripple of excitement fluttered through her, and she forgot what she was going to say.

“It’s...” She turned her head, her voice fading as his stubble brushed her cheek.

Crass. Vulgar. Unsophisticated.

Everything he wasn’t.

Her lips were very close to his. If she moved just a fraction, she’d be kissing him. Oh God, how she wanted to kiss him!

She wanted to bite into that soft lower lip of his, wanted to lick his stubbled jaw. Wanted to rip off all his clothes and bite and lick him all over. His chest. His beautiful stomach. His long, thick cock...

Arousal pulsed through her. Sam shifted, and her bikini bottoms brushed damp folds.

“This is so not me,” she murmured, and Sully opened his beautiful mouth to question her.

She kissed him.

This time, there was no restraint. There were no closed mouths. There was no pulling away. Sully licked into her mouth, nibbled on her lips, ran his tongue over her teeth. His hands were all over her, turning her in his arms, pulling off her sweater, finding the restrained black bikini she wore underneath and working his thumbs beneath the thin fabric.

He stroked her nipples, and she moaned.

She’d never moaned before in her life.

But it seemed to please Sully, who pulled back and grinned that wolfish grin again, a flash of whiteness in the moonlight. His fingers trailed down her stomach, pushing her gently back onto the sand, and found the snap of her khaki shorts.

He tugged them down. He unfastened her bikini top. He peeled away the bottoms.

A cool breeze chilled her skin, raising goosebumps all over her body. *I'm lying naked on a beach with a rock star*, Sam thought dazedly as Sully's strong musician's hands danced over her body. *He's playing me like he plays his guitar.*

He makes that guitar sing.

Still fully dressed, Sully leaned over her and kissed her neck. "Your name," he said. "I don't think I know it."

His fingers skimmed over her slick folds, and for a second Sam didn't know her name either. "Sam," she finally gasped, and he looked up, smiling.

"Sully," he said.

"If you like," she moaned, as his fingers slid inside her.

He laughed at that, then bent to take a nipple in his mouth. "I do like," he said against her wet flesh, and then Sam lost track of everything, unsure even where he was touching her, where he was licking, where he was stroking. Her entire body became one massive nerve ending, tight like a guitar string, and he plucked her expertly.

When those soft lips brushed her labia, Sam cried out. When his tongue circled her clit, she screamed.

And screamed. And screamed.

What felt like hours later, she opened her eyes, her body still throbbing from the most powerful orgasm she'd ever felt. In fact, Sam wasn't sure if it might not have been her first real orgasm. Those little spasms of pleasure she'd had with other lovers couldn't possibly compare.

Sully lay beside her, still dressed in his linen shirt and khakis. His dark hair shone almost blue in the moonlight. The sharp fang pendant at his throat gleamed.

"Sully," she said, her voice thick.

"Mmm?" His hand skimmed over her stomach, making her muscles tighten in pleasure.

"That was... that was..."

"Not nearly enough," he said, and pulled her against him. His body was so hard, so strong, and through his thin shirt she could feel the heat of his skin.

But that wasn't good enough. Her fingers clumsy with lust, Sam started tugging at the buttons on his shirt, only to have him laugh and rip the thing off.

She tutted. "Rock stars," she said, but didn't put much feeling into it. His tanned, hard chest was right there in front of her, all burly with muscles.

"What is this?" She fingered the pendant. "Shark? Tiger?"

"Wolf," he said.

"Why --" she began, but Sully had taken her hand, smoothed it down his stomach and left her dipping her fingers under his waistband. Boldly, she reached inside, felt the thick, throbbing cock she'd been trying to get out of her mind all afternoon, and forgot all her questions.

"Off." She tugged at his fly. "Off. Now!"

Laughing, he made short work of the rest of his clothes, rolling naked against her, all that glorious hot, tanned skin sliding against hers. His hands smoothed down her back, lifting her legs around his waist so he could rub his cock against her. His fingers dipped down between her buttocks and stroked her wet pussy.

"Sam," he murmured against her neck. "I want you so much."

She tugged his face up so she could look in his eyes. For the first time in her life, she felt the same way.

"You can have me," she said, and Sully's eyes gleamed.

In a split second, he'd flipped her onto her stomach and covered her from behind. The soft sand abraded her nipples, her stomach, her skin still incredibly sensitive. But she forgot all about it in an instant when the thick head of his cock started pushing inside her.

Inch by inch, he filled her. Pulling her to her knees, he cupped her breasts and rolled her nipples between finger and thumb, his chest hot against her back. "You're so tight," he ground out, his teeth scraping the back of her neck. "And wet."

Sam's fists closed on handfuls of sand. She'd never been filled like this! Never been so desperate to feel him moving inside her, stroking deep, finding that unbreakable rhythm she'd seen earlier.

As his fingers plucked her nipples, the thought flashed through her mind that there were definite advantages to sex with a musician.

Sully pushed all the way home inside her, his cock entirely sheathed in the hottest, tightest pussy he'd ever known. Her soft ass fit against him, just the sort of padding a man liked.

She wasn't meant to be lacquered over with hotel uniforms and hairspray. She was meant to be like this, feral and naked in the moonlight.

He gripped her hips and fucked her harder, and she took it, took him all the way and pushed back against him, moving with him. Feisty. Not about to let anyone control her. Not like most of the groupies throwing themselves at Vampires.

He liked that.

He liked that a lot.

Closing his eyes, Sully thrust harder, deeper, and just let the sensations overtake him. Sam wasn't a moaner -- he'd been right about that -- but she was a screamer, and he wanted to hear her scream again before he came. He slid one hand down and caressed her clit as he drove into her, and right before his orgasm smacked him in the face she screamed his name and came.

Her whole body convulsed. Her pussy tightened around him almost to the point of pain, and Sully howled as he came, hard, inside her.

* * *

"Just one thing," Sam said as Sully dug his key from his pocket. Inside the suite someone was gasping and moaning. "I know you and your bandmates like to share, but..."

"Raoul likes to share," Sully said, opening the door. "I don't."

This much was evidenced by the vigorous threesome going on in the suite's main room. Raoul and Kieran, the band's drummer, were penetrating one shrieking, shuddering girl in her ass and her pussy. And her throat: both had fangs buried in her tanned flesh.

"Oh," said Sam, watching. "So Vampires isn't just a name."

Sully blinked at her. She didn't seem remotely shocked or appalled. "Yes, it is." He ushering her past the happy trio and into his room, where he shut the door firmly.

"But they had fangs." At his look, she rolled her eyes. "I'm a hotel manager," she said. "Believe me when I say I've seen it all."

"Even vampires?"

"Yes. But you're not one, are you?" At his raised eyebrow, she said, "You have a suntan." She plucked at the wolf fang at his throat. "And this."

"A memento."

"From?"

"The pack alpha."

Her eyes met his, and he let his inner wolf shine through. "I never said I was human."

She laughed. "I never thought you were."

Cat Marsters

Cat lives in a village in south east England, which, while not quite a fairytale setting, is nonetheless very pretty and was mentioned in the Domesday Book of AD 1087. She shares a house with only slightly batty parents who hardly ever tell her to get a real job, and a musician brother who knows there's no chance she'll ever get one if he doesn't. Cat doesn't have children but she does have cats, who are her babies in every sense except the biological one.

Cat has been writing all her life, but in order to keep herself rich in shoes and chocolate, she's also worked as an airline check-in agent, video rental clerk, stationery shop assistant, and laboratory technician. She's aiming for a fairytale cottage, and asks all potential Prince Charmings to apply in writing with pictures of themselves and their Aston Martins.

Visit Cat's web site at <http://www.catmarsters.com>.