

Security in the Hotel

By Robert Coleman

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After I was suspended for leaving early, I got a call from the security company. They wanted me to move to another facility. I was bringing unwanted attention by the feds, but they also like my initiative. They liked how I killed people. They said they have several jobs that they had a hard time filling. Places that someone with my talents could fit well and they will pay a bonus. I'm not sure how I feel about that. The company has an old office building they converted into a very special hotel. It acts as a safe house for customers who need a little more security when in town. We see celebrities, politicians and corporate types. I spent my first night walking the halls checking doors.

That morning I came home to something special. My girlfriend was waiting for me. She knows how our age-gap of ten years is a little difficult for me sometimes, so she tries her best. That is, she tries her best to emphasize the age gap. She wears these old-style nightshirts from the 1970's and 1980's with a Strawberry Shortcake one being her favorite. She washes it in some sort of strawberry scented soap, so it smells like artificial strawberry. Is it wrong that I now find myself being turned on by strawberry air fresheners? Most of them sit way above the knees and just enough below the waste that her ass only shows when she bends over.

I walked in and locked my gun in a safe I have hidden in a panel near the front door. I could smell Strawberries before I saw her. She came around the corner in the Strawberry Shortcake nightshirt with her hair in loose pigtails and kissed me. As she brought her arms up to me, her nightshirt rose, and I could see her ass. The shirt was all she was wearing. We went to the couch, and I sat back, and she climbed into my lap and yes, no panties. She unbuttoned my shirt then ran her hand across my Kevlar vest to the Velcro holding it in place. I leaned forward so she could pull the shirt and vest off. Then my undershirt. As she did this, I brought my hands around and squeezed her ass down by her legs. I know my audience and what she likes. She unbuckled my belt, and we did our best not to fall over as she pulled my pants down and off. With Christina, back on top, we made love. It was a good morning.

Laying there on the couch she turned to me and said, *“I have an old friend coming to town, and she needs a place to crash. Do you mind.”* I am a guy, so my first thought was three-way. Then realizing I needed to answer, I said, *“I don’t mind at all.”* Which isn’t true but it’s true enough. She said her friend was a little out there but a good person. I would soon learn what a little out there really meant. Instead of getting something to eat she and I went back to it again. She seemed extra happy that I didn’t have a problem, so I decided not to have one. I will roll with it. That night we had a little more security on duty. A VIP was in the Hotel. He had the entire penthouse floor. One elevator was programmed to only go to that floor, and the stairwells were manned the entire night. Other than that, we were supposed to stay away from the floor. This guy doesn’t like dealing with the help such as his security. What he did like was barely legal teenage hookers. In one night, I counted around five young ladies of the evening going into his elevator. Most of them tried to make themselves look younger with ponytails, pigtails, and the ubiquitous British school girl uniform. Of course, the skirts were so short they were almost belts. A couple of them actually looked the part like teen girls who were looking for the library instead of a night with a pervert. My partner that night said it best, *“if I were any of their fathers I would beat the shit out of this guy.”*

In the morning, I went home. Inside I found my girlfriend on the couch with another girl. This girl was dressed in red bib overalls, a darker red tube top. She had dark red loose dreadlocks. It was an interesting look. You might just say it was a little out there. She had a tattoo on her upper shoulder of a naked guy in a Betty Page-like pose. Underneath it was a scrolling name. Bobby Page. Posed in such a way to show off his little tattoo dick. Oh, yes and the two girls were making out. Right there on my or our couch. Christina finally saw me come in and directed me to the couch. I somehow ended up between the two of them. She said her friend’s name was Crimson Diablo. Suddenly the red made sense. Well sort of. Among the many things, I learned that morning was that Christina considered herself bisexual. She had a relationship with Crim-D and a guy named Steve in high school. Steve wasn’t aware of Crim-D. That is what she called her friend. She pronounced it crimdee like she was saying crime and dee without the “E” in crime.

Christina leaned in and started kissing me. As she did Crim-D started kissing Christina. Her hair smelled like pot. As we went on the girls grew closer. Eventually, Crim-D started kissing me. My brain started to yell “NOT COOL.” My lower brain, however, had another thought. Christina started to feel my dick through my pants. Crim-D looked down and saw the bulge. She seemed to back away a little. She said, “*I had a long drive, and I am just not ready for anything.*” She got up and around me. She hugged Christina then said to both of us, “*I will take a nap and see you both soon.*” After she left Christina said, “*thanks for being so cool.*” She then undid my pants, and we were off to the races.

That night I watched as two girls who had to be maybe fourteen or fifteen go to his elevator. I said to the guy working the floor with me, “*how long do we just stand by and let this happen?*” He just shrugged his shoulders in a whatever move. I called the team leader for this job. A guy named Robby. I don’t know his last name because he doesn’t give it out. It’s just team leader Robby. He said, “*you are paid to watch for trouble not think.*” He then hung up. Nice. This guy in the penthouse looked like trouble. My mind went to his room and those kids. About 3am the girls came back down. One was more than a little high while the other one looked like someone slapped her around. Although it was against the rules, I took them to their homes leaving the hotel with only thirteen men to guard this piece of shit.

Afterward, I just wanted to go home and try and put the look of all the darkening bruises on the girls face out of my mind. I came in to find Christina on the couch. She was in an old-time throwback jersey, you know the kind with buttons and nothing else. My first thought was, “*thank god we are alone.*” I sat down, and she was immediately in my lap. She whispered into my ear, “*please keep an open mind.*” She got up and told me to undress, and I did. She gave me a towel to wrap around me. I didn’t understand, but I did it. Then I laid down on the pullout couch. She straddled me but just a little too high up for anything good. That is when she came in. Crim-D was in a red see-through robe. Her nipples were pierced along with her bellybutton. I realized earlier her tongue was also pierced giving her eleven piercings. Three in each ear, the nose, tongue, nipples, and eyebrow. Christina took her shirt off and put it across my eyes. They said something to each other. Then she took the towel from me, and someone gasped. Then I felt a

hand on my dick and balls. It wasn't Christina's hand. Christina scooted up pinning my arms down while placing herself in a position for a little oral fun. I just rolled with it and went down. As I did Crim-D climbed into my lap and onto my junk. She gasped a little. Then she started to move up and down. As she did the shirt came off my face. Crim-D was naked holding Christina's breasts from behind while kissing her neck. I couldn't see her, but I could feel her on top of me while I was inside her. This seemed to go on for a while.

After I came, the party seemed to end. Christina got up leaving Crim-D on me with me still inside her. That was when I realized there was no condom. She leaned in and kissed my hand and said, "*thanks.*" Still naked, she got up and walked toward the kitchen. Christina came back with a couple of washcloths. She insisted she wanted to clean me up. I looked down and saw blood. She said how Crim-D or Crimdee was a virgin as far as sex with men was concerned. Her longtime girlfriend wouldn't use a strap-on with her until she had the real thing. She didn't know any guys that would or could do her. That was when Christina thought of us. I wanted to say something, but then I remembered that when I first heard of this friend my thought was three-way. That was a three-way of some kind.

Later, after some sleep, I got up and ready for work. Christina was asleep. I found Crim-D in the kitchen. She was holding a glass of what looked like vodka. She had an open bottle of vodka next to her. She looked up at me and winced a little. I apologized to her. She said, "*you have nothing to apologize for. I used you today. I thought it would feel empowering to use a guy, but all it felt like was an empty act on a good man.*" She poured a little more into her glass then went on, "*you can call me Cindy. Crimson Diablo was from when we were five. I would only wear red, and the neighborhood parents said I would run around like the devil. Also, how Crim-D kind of sounds like Cindy.*" I said although not really believed, "*life is all about experiences so you should try as many different ones as possible.*" I left Cindy there to drink her thoughts away.

On the floor, my usual partner was replaced by someone named Sam. This should be interesting. Sam was a no-nonsense by the book kind of gal. As we stood there, two young

looking girls came in. They both looked scared and lost. They started to approach the elevator when Sam sprung. She approached them and said, *“this is a private elevator. If you have any business being here, please see the front desk otherwise please leave.”* One of them started to speak when Sam interrupted her, *“we have no teenagers in the hotel tonight, so you don’t belong. Leave, or I call the cops.”* The mention of the cops did the trick. They bolted out the door. She came back to her post then looked at me and said, *“what?”* I guess I stared at her as she walked back. I said, *“nothing I just wish I had thought of that one.”* I put my fist out, and she bumped it.

About an hour later the guest called down all angry and inappropriate. He said, *“where are my bitches. I had two hoes coming for a little something, and I don’t see my bitches.”* This guy is in his fifties and a whiter shade of pale. Without skipping a beat, Sam said, *“I saw the police stopping some little girls just outside an hour ago. Something to do with a crackdown on underage prostitution in town.”* All we heard was a click. An hour later he checked out and was gone into the night running from a bust that was not happening. She came back and put her fist out. I bumped it then blew it up.

I made it home hoping things were going to be different. Inside I found the two ladies waiting with a bottle of Whisky and handcuffs. Both were wearing silk robes that were a little clingy. Christina came up to me and went to kiss me. As she did, she started to undress me. First my shirt then the vest. Cindy looked at the vest with some interest. As she did Christina went for my pants. Soon I was standing there in an undershirt and nothing else. Cindy said, *“if I was into guys I guess I would feel something now.”* We sat on the couch. I made a mental note to burn this couch soon. Christina sat on one side, and Cindy sat on the other. Christina cuffed my hands behind me. She then laid in front of me blocking my view and Cindy’s view of me. Cindy climbed on top and started to grind.

The hotel was empty. We locked all the doors and turned the power off to the upper floors. We set up a television in the lobby and watched a little basketball. Before long pizza arrived along with beer and other non-work-related things. I guess we were going way off book

tonight. By the end of the game, the lobby was in an uproar. It was hard to tell if this was a secure hotel lobby or a sports bar. Sam was trying to coax the new guy into stripping. From somewhere a couple of female strippers arrived. We went from sports bar to strip joint. About the time Sam had the new guy down to his boxers I went outside for some fresh air. Across the street, I saw a black van with some lights on inside. I went to approach the van when it sped off. Inside the makeshift strip-joint turned into a night at Caligula's palace. A couple of the guys had one of the strippers on all fours. Sam had a mouthful of the new guy. I went into the control room and erased all the camera footage then waited for my shift to end.

That night I had enough of all that. I wanted a little sleep than a lot of sleep. The Rolling Stones once said, "*you can't always get what you want.*" I went inside to find Christina and Cindy watching some sort of porn. It was hard to tell. It was homemade at a bad angle. Christina directed me to the couch. While at work, I went online to find a replacement for that couch. We watched the video for a few minutes before I realized it was Christina and some boy. They had to be in their early teens. She had made a sex tape, or would it be a sex video or vlog? I told her that even though she was the person in the video this could still count as child porn. She paused the video then turned it off. She said, "*I guess we will just make our own.*" I looked over and saw Cindy with a small video camera. I was surprised she wasn't using her phone then I was happy she wasn't. Cindy said, "*we will just keep it simple. Just get naked and recreate the first video.*"

Without any idea why I was doing this, I did as directed. It feels strange to strip in front of Cindy or not have her react to me naked. Christina's nudity would seem to get her going but not me. Going into the cowgirl position from the video Christina started to buck and ride. As she did Cindy was recording and giving direction. It all seemed a little odd. Ok, it seemed a whole lot odd. She said she would later dub something over her direction. It all seemed a little like overkill for a video no one would see. This was Cindy's last day with us. She was going home to her girlfriend with her mission accomplished and her headero virginity behind her. By the time I got up for work, Cindy was gone. And so was the video camera and all the sex footage.

At the hotel, I saw a similar black van parked outside. Inside the hotel was sparkling clean. The ones that threw the non-sanctioned party paid for a cleaning crew to come in long before the actual day shift arrived. They did, however, miss the new guy's boxers hanging from a fake plant in a corner. Sam wore her sunglasses at night. She and the new guy also didn't make any eye contact. The night was off to an awkward start. She turned to me and asked, "*did we do anything last night?*" I said, "*you don't remember. After everything you said. After everything I did.*" She just looked away. I said, "*no I spent the night in the security booth removing all footage of the evening.*" Apparently, no one knew who did that. Corporate called wanting to know what happened to the video from last night. No one thought about the constant video recording that happens, no one except me.

Sam said we had a priority guest for the FBI. My favorite acronym just like STD. I said, "*oh wait maybe that's why there is a surveillance van outside.*" From behind me, I heard, "*what do you know about anything.*" It was my favorite FBI asshole agent Sampson. He said, "*just keep your ass down here and on the door. If you can do that, then we may actually have no problems.*" I wanted to explain what he wanted wasn't the best security posture. That is when a set of headlights turned on by the front door. Sam ordered the front desk to close the security door. When Agent fuckup said, "*don't do that. I am in charge here now. keep the door open just in case this is nothing.*" To prove this was nothing the door shuttered in the frame and the glass started to shatter. Agent Dumbass said to the front desk, "*what are you waiting for close the door.*" It was too late. The damage to the door was blocking the security door. We were about to be breached.

Sam and I went behind a nearby couch. I hit a button on the bottom and the front legs lowered. In the movies, people hide behind flimsy furniture. In reality, most furniture won't stop a 22 much less the ammo these guys will be using. This couch was leather over layers of Kevlar and armor plating. It weighs near a half a ton and is a great place to hide behind. Underneath the couch is a gun safe with two Colt M4's and ammo for them and the standard issue Glock 17.

Without asking Agent, Pushy took one of the M4s. Sam was in charge, and she took the other M4. That's ok with me I have found that I prefer my handgun in a quick and savage firefight. I grabbed a couple of extra magazines. Steve took up a firing position near a doorway. The new guy came up behind Sam turned her around and kissed her square on the mouth then went behind a well-armored table. Sam asked, "*did we?*" I said, "*yes. Yes, you did.*"

The door bulged inward then busted. In its place was a wave of gunfire and smoke. Steve almost disappeared in the automatic fire from what must have been a minigun. They painted the walls with him. Then they turned the gun to us. By the time they were out of ammo, the couch was just a collection of dented steel plates. A few more rounds would have ended this story. Three men came into the open doorway with AK 47s. Sam and I took them down. So, no body armor. Someone on the outside opened fire on us. That's when the new guy shot back. I really need to get his name. We traded gunfire for about three minutes. A bomb went off in the back of the hotel. They went for the back doors. Good luck with that. Those doors are the equivalent of those blast doors they have on underground bunkers. It would be almost easier to take out the walls. There is only one way in, and the three of us are guarding it. I would say four, but Agent Yellow stain was in a ball on the floor. After a few minutes, they resumed their assault on the front.

We realized our ammo wouldn't hold out for long. We had to make a play. I covered Sam while she went to the front desk. Behind there was more ammo and a hardline connection to the security company. Like the warehouse, this one was separate from the main and not in the plans. With the company notified we had to only hold out for ten minutes. Agent Chicken little somehow found his big boy courage and got to his knees. I think knowing help was on the way gave him the courage to not look like a coward. He said, "*I need to check on my I mean the witness.*" I looked at him and said, "*Christina's father is up there isn't he.*" It wasn't a question. Her father was a button man for the Russian mob. He was convicted of ten murders for hire. Afterward, he turned on his bosses and became target number one by anyone who wanted the \$50-million-dollar reward.

From behind me, I heard more gunfire. I grabbed Agent Target and pulled him down. In the process, I shielded him from fire and was hit four times. My vest caught all but one that hit me in the shoulder. That just sucked. Sam and the New Guy shot back. Agent Sampson helped me out of my jacket and using his tie he tried to stop the bleeding. The bullet dislocated my shoulder and was still in. After that something changed in him. He was a great shot. He switched the M4 to semi-auto and headshot every guy that dared show their head. Ten shots ten kills. He did this cool as an ice cube in January in the Arctic. Who the fuck was this guy and where was he ten minutes ago? As it turned out it took me getting shot for him to stop focusing in on his hate for me and take control of the situation.

Afterward, he asked me if I wanted to meet Christina's father. I asked, "*should I?*" He said, "*no that is a bad idea. If he knew his little girl was shacking up with you. One of those ten guys he killed, he cut the guys balls off and sent them to the guys boss.*" Our replacement team replaced us, and I went to the hospital. After a few days, I was out and going back home. Inside I found a woman with short blonde hair working on a laptop editing what looked like the sex video Christina, and I made. I looked at her then realized it was Cindy. Her dreadlocks were gone. Replaced by a short, very blonde hair dew. Something tells me I am going to need that open mind again.