

The Red Room  
Romance In The City  
Book One



Award Winning Author  
Kim Knight

Romance In The City Book #1  
The Red Room

By Kim Knight

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**Romance In The City Book One – The Red Room**

**By Kim Knight**

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## **Dedications**

I had so much fun writing this story! Also, creating a vision for this short novella length series of romance stories based in cities all over the world. I can't wait to write the next one. Thank you for your support and readership. I can't tell you how much it means to me in words, it means so much. This series is for everyone who has a guilty pleasure for short steamy romance just like me, enjoy!

*Kim*

### **Excerpt From The Red Room:**

“Take a seat. I’ll be with you in a moment.”

Rita glances back at Richard as she heads over to the sound system to select a slow seductive song. *Feeling Good* by Michael Bublé comes to mind her hand has other ideas, as her finger selects Britney’s hypnotic track *Slave 4 U*.

Rita takes another glance back at Richard on the sofa, she notices he has a look of lust in his light brown eyes as he sits back confidently without a care in the world. Almost as if he has had this moment planned for some time. *I wonder if I’ve been reading him wrong all this time? Trouble is he has sent me mixed signals. One moment I could feel his glances at me when we met on his arrival, and in the conference room over lunch. The next day he gives me the cold shoulder... then there’s today and tonight!*

As the beat of the music kicks in, Rita doesn’t take her eyes off him. She throws back her head, then raises both her arms above her, as she walks sexily over to the centre of the room. She runs her hands down the curves of her body, then grabs the pole. She pauses to look Richard dead in the eye.

*I wonder how he found out I work here?* For now, she’ll put that thought to the back of her mind. She didn’t feel like dancing tonight, but she has a very special client in the hot seat. A few hours ago before she started work, she fantasised about how she’d spend an evening with Richard— just the two of them in private. With that thought, she forgets the slow, almost romantic routines dancers are encouraged to perform on stage. Club rules at String Fellows Gentlemen’s Club allow dancers to be sexy, but not too provocative— or offensive. British lap dancers sometimes have a reserved way about them, compared to American lap dancers. Rita laughs to herself as she grabs the pole with both hands, then lifts her feet off the ground to execute a perfect spin.

For Richard, tonight, Rita will dance as if no one is looking. As a dancer she’s spent many hours watching YouTube clips of other dancers, showcasing their skills around the world. She’s always been impressed by the freeness and athletic ability of pole dancers across the Atlantic. With Britney in the background, she performs like a dancer at the fully nude gentlemen’s club Magic City in Atlanta, Georgia USA, rather than the reserved String Fellows Gentlemen’s Club of London. *My boss will have a fit if he walks in, but Richard is worth the risk.*

## Chapter One: Two Sides Of The Same Coin

### *The Park Hotel, central London.*

It's a grey and drab day in February. As always, I gaze out of the revolving doors of the Park Hotel, watching the busy pavement full of city workers on their way to lunch.

The end of the winter months can't come soon enough for me. From behind the large reception desk of the hotel, in my smart receptionist's uniform and a freshly made up face, I glance around at the luxury in front of me. Marble white floors, a large, curved black desk, a fifty-inch flat screen TV and black leather sofas are against the far wall. The Park Hotel attracts some of the most high-profile clientele, from both the UK and abroad. The phone rings, another day another dollar.

"Hello Park Hotel. This is Rita, how may I assist you today?"

"Hi, I'd like to reserve two rooms please, from tomorrow for three nights."

"Certainly sir. We have single and double rooms available, as well as the luxury suites. How many people per room?"

"Two luxury rooms please, just one person per room."

"Okay, and your name sir?"

"Richard... Richard Clarkson."

"Hmm, I can't see a previous reservation Mr. Clarkson. Will this be your first visit to the Park Hotel?"

Over the other end of the line Mr. Clarkson's accent makes love to my ear. *I wonder where in the United States he's calling from?* His deep yet smooth velvety voice bounces down the line, sending tingles through my spine. I feel a blush rise within me as my cheeks colour.

"No, never this is our first time. We'll be flying in from New York for a business trip."

*We, hmm the good ones are always taken.* I hide my deflated feeling behind a cheerful voice.

"Great, we'd be happy to accommodate your stay. When you're ready Mr. Clarkson, I'll need to take your debit or credit card details to secure your reservation."

As Mr. Clarkson reads out his card details I smile and bite my lip. Taken or not I imagine a tall, dark and handsome man gliding through the revolving doors striding toward me tomorrow.

"Thank you sir, have a safe flight. We look forward to welcoming you to the Park Hotel tomorrow."

We disconnect the call. As I replace the phone on its receiver I glance over at the clock. Only five more hours of my seven-hour shift to go. Don't get me wrong I'm grateful for my job, and for the most part I enjoy it. Each day I greet a rush of wealthy guests. As for my second job as a call girl and dancer, other than the money it's all about the thrill and excitement of the job. I've never experienced anything like it. When I left college I worked mundane jobs, doing boring administration tasks while trying to avoid the office gossip. The hotel has its fair share of gossip of course, what work place doesn't? But the numbness I felt sat in an office isn't the same. For starters my co-workers make the day pass quickly, while it's quiet I'm free to shop and browse the Internet. So far, my supervisor has not said a word or noticed. Then there's the guests, like I said as one of London's top five-star hotels, two days are never the same. Angie, the Spanish maid has told me enough stories to sell to a

glossy magazine. As a maid at the hotel the guests think she doesn't see or hear their shenanigans.

"Hey Rita, how are ya?"

Craig, the head chef walks in through the revolving doors toward my desk. He's wrapped up in a thick scarf and a woolly hat.

"Yeah, same ol' same ol' Craig. Nothing much exciting going on with me. What about yourself?"

"Yeah not bad, can't complain. It could always be worse I suppose."

I let out a small girly giggle at Craig's dry humour then study his weathered face, with deep crease lines on his forehead. He reminds me of the famous chef Gordon Ramsey, as he removes his hat and runs his fingers through his floppy mop of dark blond hair. His brown eyes flash in my direction. Craig is cute in his own way but too sweet for me, I'd only break his heart. Hearts and roses are what Craig is looking for.

"So, what are your plans after work? I know it's Monday but how about we go for a drink at the bar? I finish at 7:00p.m. tonight."

"Ah Craig, I'm sorry I can't. I'm on an early shift today I finish at 5:00p.m. I have plans after work too." I mould my face into a 'maybe next time' response as I try not to flush bright red at the thought of entertaining another one of London's top executives, while I escort him to his business function over in Kensington later this evening.

"No problem. Maybe next time?" Craig's voice has a hint of disappointment, his brown eyes look at me with hope.

"Sure, I'm sorry if I keep putting you off Craig it's just life's a little busy for me right now. But we will have a drink— as friends. I promise."

"How about—"

"Let me take a rain check and come back to you Craig, leave it with me, okay?"

Craig locks eyes with me a moment too long, I look away from his intense gaze.

"Okay, sure. I'll catch you soon Rita."

Craig waves goodbye and makes his way over to the kitchen area to get ready for his shift. I turn my attention back to the revolving doors, and look out at the damp pavement. A mass of suits and heels rush by trying to shelter from the rain. I hope the rain eases by the time I've finished my shift.

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### ***5:00p.m. James & Clarkson Partnership Manhattan, New York.***

Richard looks forward to tomorrow's business trip to London. His excitement made him personally organise the hotel reservations, for him and his business partner, rather than have his personal assistant do it. He has not been to London for several years. The city and its vibrancy excite him. The last time he recalls was shortly after his divorce, when he went through his celebrational 'I'm free and single' phase. At thirty-nine he is happily divorced, and doesn't intend on exploring if he can get marriage right a second time. His ex-wife was a handful to say the least. She spent his money faster than it came in, to his surprise the vow of faithfulness was not high on her list of priorities either. Richard has always deep down been a one-woman man, prior to his experience with his ex-wife, he'd look by all means but never touch. Divorce changed him and his willingness to commit, in fear that he'd be taken for a fool again. Three years have passed since he received his divorce papers from his lawyer, women have come and gone. He has moved forward from his ex-wife emotionally; however, he remains hesitant to trust anyone with his heart or fully commit. Yet he longs for

companionship, of late it has felt like a constant catch twenty-two battle, between his logical headstrong attitude and his real wants and desires.

While marriage is off the cards, if he is honest with himself, he would not turn down the chance to spend time with a woman who not only pleases him between the sheets, but also has half a brain. In New York while there is no shortage of beautiful looking women ready and willing to please him, the deeper level of connection just has not happened. For now, he put dating –serious dating to one side. He plays the field as and when he feels fit, or lust takes over him.

The last memory he has of London he and fellow shareholder in James and Clarkson Partnership, Dan James, along with a few mutual friends hopped on a flight across the Atlantic to ‘The Big Smoke’ three years ago. The diverse people, the narrow, busy pavements of central London, and most importantly the women are all vivid in his mind. To Richard, there is something alluring about British women, they ooze class, intelligence and style. More than what his ex-wife oozed. Why he had been so blind to marry her is still a mystery to him.

“Excuse me sir, sorry to bother you Mr. James is here to see you.” Richard spins around from the coffee machine to Nina, his personal assistant. Nina is stunning and of Mexican descent. Her mocha skin, delicate features, curvy figure and chestnut brown shoulder length hair, send all the right signals to his lower region. He has a hunch Nina has a ‘thing’ for him, it’s written all over her face. Every time she comes into his office the look she gives him makes it clear. As he watches her just as closely from across his office, he never fails to notice the extra sway in her hips or undone button at the top of her blouse each morning.

He thought about starting something with her, dinner, a movie, nothing fancy. Dan James his partner warned him off. ‘Don’t fuck with the help.’ Has been his motto for years, he learned his lesson when they were young and just starting out in business. Richard had to manage a female employee who wanted more from him, right after he bent her over his desk and had his way with her.

Richard sighs with lust as his gaze washes over Nina, in a black pant suit with a sharp white fitted shirt tucked in. The curve of her ample breasts strain against the buttons. As she plays with a string of pearls around her neck, his eyes focus on her chest. Richard shakes his head and clears his throat, somehow hoping it would remove his ex-rated thoughts from his mind.

“Sure Nina, send him in.”

“Will do.”

Nina turns on her high heels and sashays out of the room. On cue the extra sway in her hips returns. Richard’s core lights up as he watches through the glass partition how inviting her behind looks, as she moves across the open plan office outside his own. *There she goes again, what a prick tease.* With a smile he returns his attention to his computer screen.

A few moments later Dan swaggers into Richard’s office in sharp tailored suit, with an open collar shirt and no tie. He stretches his lean six-foot frame out on the leather sofa, then smiles up at Richard.

“Rich, hey you all set for tomorrow?”

“Yeah, I’m about to go over the meeting notes now and—”

“Nah, I mean are you ready for the thrill—real fun?” Dan gives Richard a cheeky wink and he catches onto what he means ... the women.

“Ready is not the word. I can’t wait for the break.”

“Good, let’s go over the meeting notes one more time quickly, then go for a beer. What do you say?”

“Sounds like a plan.”

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***5:00p.m. Park Hotel, central London.***

I head to the lady's room to powder my nose before I clock off from my shift. Tonight I'm entertaining John Cavanagh, a Scottish client of mine, who likes to wine and dine me at London's finest restaurants. He and his business associates will meet at Gordon Ramsey's Grill restaurant, at the Savoy Hotel. Yours truly is his escort.

I exit the bathroom into the main reception area, then make my way toward the revolving doors. On the way out I say goodbye to Serena my co-worker on reception. As I step out onto the busy Park Lane pavement I shiver *damn, it's chilly tonight*. The rain has cleared at least. Clenching the waist on my trench coat tighter for some warmth, and double wrapping my cashmere scarf around my neck, I start a swift walk along the busy road in my running shoes. I head toward the bus stop by the corner of Marble Arch underground station, then jump on the first bus I see heading to Victoria station. Once there I'll pick up a number two bus straight home to Brixton, southwest London.

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The atmosphere changes from a sea of city workers in suits, swiftly making their way home in the chilly air, to a vibrant and buzzing melting pot of culture and people on the journey home. I jump off the bus outside Brixton underground station, then walk toward Ritzy cinema. As I walk past the tube station buskers stand outside Starbucks. A crowd gathers to watch the two men display their musical skills. I drop a few pounds in their can of change as I walk past nodding my head to the beat.

Ritzy cinema's outside area is buzzing and packed with film lovers. Scattered around on benches, smoking cigarettes and drinking their beers, as they wait for the start of the Monday night film.

One thing I love and missed about London while living in the north of the UK as a student, was the buzz and diverse people. No matter what time of day, this cultural spot is always bursting with people, it's alive like pulsing vein.

Leaving the jazzy sounds of the saxophone and busy main road behind me, I turn off onto Flamenco Road and swiftly walk to number eleven, an old Victorian house.

Dashing up the stairs, I visualise my wardrobe and what outfit will bag me a big tip after my dinner date with John. Hmm let's see...A close fitting black dress, that's off the shoulder will do. I'll team up my little-black-dress, with my five-inch, gold, open-toe Christian Louboutin heels. Simple, classic and still sexy.

I clean off the steam on the mirror after a hot shower, I look myself in the eye. I'm Rita Lane, thirty-five, single, and for the most part happy with this status. I don't come from an affluent family, sadly. I was born and raised in south London by a working class Irish mother and father. Mum and Dad relocated to London in hope of a better life than what they had in Dublin, Ireland as a young married couple. In the 1980s, they set up a home on a large housing estate in Elephant and Castle. That's where I grew up.

It's easy to see how I got my escort name, Red. I'm five-foot-ten in height, a slim dress size twelve, pale skinned, with large almond emerald green eyes, a small straight nose and full 'Angelina Jolie' lips. The name Red was given to me the day I walked into my manager's office, for an interview as a new escort. My mass of thick waist-length wavy red hair stunned Lou-Lou, or 'the boss lady' as we call her, over at Elite Escorts. When I walked into her establishment in King's Cross central London, the day of the interview, she said to me 'you're stunning' and 'very different looking' from her enormous collection of blonde, brunette and ethnic escorts. When I introduced myself as Rita, she laughed. 'Too Irish

sounding, 'Red', that's your name honey.' Since then this is the name I've gone by as an escort, and lap dancer. My phone beeps with a message just as I start to apply my lotion.

From: Elite Escorts

To: Red

Red, your client will meet you at The Savoy Hotel in the Grill restaurant tonight at 8:00p.m. One of our drivers will collect you at 7:30p.m. Your client has booked you for twelve hours until 8:00a.m. Enjoy! Lou-Lou.

With a smile, I think of the money I'll make in the next twelve hours. With that thought, I finish rubbing in my lotion, then spray on a light touch of Marc Jacobs perfume and slip into my dress.

## Chapter Two: R Is For Redhead

### *8:00a.m. Gatwick Airport, London.*

Richard Clarkson and Dan James exit Passport Control, at one of London's busiest airports, then head over to collect their luggage. Both men have a massive headache. Flying international first class both helped, and hindered their journey. Throughout the overnight seven-hour flight from JFK Airport, New York both men laughed, joked and drank Jack Daniels like tap water. After a heavy drinking session, they nursed their drunken state with the luxury of fully flat reclining seats.

Stepping outside of the airport into the chilly winter air, both men pull on their winter coats over their suits and wrap up with a scarf.

"Okay, this is us I think Rich." Dan says as he gestures with a nod to the private car they booked for the journey. The driver lowers his window and calls out to them.

"Good morning gentlemen, I'm here for Mr. Clarkson and Mr. James."

Both men smile at their driver's crisp well-spoken English accent and wave. The driver promptly gets out of the car to open the door for both men. As Richard and Dan settle into the back of the taxi and check their phones for messages, the driver loads their luggage in the boot.

"I have here the Park Hotel as your destination gentlemen, is that correct?"

"Sure is, thanks." Richard chimes in.

"Is there anywhere we can stop to grab a coffee to go on the way? I have a raging hangover?" Dan cuts in. The driver laughs.

"Yes sir, we have a Costa Coffee on the way, just before we hit the A-23 carriage way to London."

"Perfect, let's not miss that!"

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### *10:00a.m. Park Hotel, central London.*

"Good morning sirs, how can I help you?"

"Hi, the names are James and Clarkson. We have reservations for two rooms, under the name of Clarkson." Richard confirms as he eyes the redhead behind the reception desk.

You can knock me over with a feather. *Damn!* The two gorgeous men standing in front of the reception desk take my breath away. One of them is black, tall, athletically built with hypnotising light brown eyes. The other is tall, white, dark haired, with icy blue eyes, athletically built with a dashing smile. I take in their sharp suits, and gold cufflinks as they remove their winter coats. I'm not sure which one I'd rather ... maybe both. I try to keep my eyes on the screen of my computer as Serena checks them in, then hands over their room passes. From the corner of my eye I see Mr. Clarkson watching me closely. I can feel his lustful gaze pass over me. *The feeling is mutual Mr. Clarkson.* I lean in a little toward my computer, as I tilt my head away from him to the right, to show off my bare neck. I lick my painted full lips and raise my lashes to look Mr. Clarkson in the eye.

Today, I'm wearing the shade 'Sin' one of my favourite lipsticks from the M.A.C. matte lipstick range. A beautiful vampy brick red shade, it's perfect for winter fashion. The first time I discovered this shade my best friend and fellow waitress, Pearl from String Fellows Gentlemen's Club wore it as bold as brass one afternoon we met for coffee. The shade just

like its name Sin, suggests just how bold a woman you need to be to wear it. In the day time especially.

Pearl is the total opposite to me, the colour complemented her chocolate skin perfectly. The day I saw her wearing it I loved it so much we headed to the bathroom, so I could try it on. Against my pale freckled skin, emerald green eyes and bright red hair, a complete vamp stared back at me in the mirror. I loved the dramatic look against my own skin tone.

At the sight of my bare neck Mr. Clarkson pouts, to hide a smile and looks over at Serena.

“Enjoy your stay, gentlemen.” I say as I watch both men gather their bags and head toward the lift entrance.

“Did you get a load of them girl? Umm-hmm. Made my day. I love an American accent. Where do you think they’re from?”

I wink at Serena and look over at the lift, I catch Mr. Clarkson looking out at the reception area just as the doors close.

“Yep, I sure did get an eyeful. Trouble is I don’t know which one of the two I’d rather! I took the reservation, they’re from New York.”

Serena laughs a high-pitched giggle, and smooths over her blonde hair she’s pulled up into a neat bun.

“Hmm. I’ll take ‘em both Rita.”

“Ha! Ditto.”

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Richard and Dan freshen up and put on their sharpest suits and ties. They enter the lift to make their way to the hotel’s sixth floor conference room.

“Did you check out the redhead on reception?”

“Sure did Rich. Now she looks like the kind of girl who can show a man a good time.”

“That’s what I mean about these British women. Who in the world wears that shade of lipstick—for a day job, not an evening out or to a club?”

Dan lets out a laugh as he adjusts his tie.

“Hmm, Red alert downstairs, the little vamp, that’s who. Anyway, buddy business before pleasure Clarkson, we got a deal to make. Think about getting your rocks off later.”

Richard laughs as he slaps his friend on the back.

“Yo, I’m thinkin’ ‘bout getting more than my rocks off with Red.”

Both men snigger as they exit the lift and walk into a large conference room. In the middle of the room there’s a large round solid dark wood table. On the table are four notepads with pens set out at each seat, and a large jug of water with lemon and ice. Along the right-hand side of the room, mahogany brown leather sofas are placed along the wall. A bar is along the left-hand side of the room. The conference room is open, airy, and well lit, with large ceiling to floor windows covered with silver blinds. The view from the window looks out over Park Lane’s busy hustle and bustle of black London taxicabs, commuters, red buses, city workers pounding the pavement and tourists strolling along on their way to Hyde Park, Bayswater or Oxford Street to shop. Richard lets out a frustrated sigh, then runs his hand across his shaved head impatiently, as he lowers himself into a seat at the table.

“Great, they’re late.”

“Ah they’ll be here soon, probably stuck in traffic. Look at the pile up along Park Lane Rich. And we thought New York is bad.” Dan replies as he looks out the window. The phone rings, Richard snatches up the receiver.

“Hello.”

“Morning, is this Mr. Clarkson or Mr. James? This is Rita from reception.”

“Rita, hi, it’s Mr. Clarkson.”

A smile creeps across Richard’s lips as he stands up straight, and puts his free hand in his trouser pocket.

The female voice purrs back at him. “Morning Mr. Clarkson, your meeting attendees have just arrived. I’ll send them up to you.” At the sound of Rita’s phone voice his manhood wakes up, he wonders if it’s the redhead from reception.

“Great, thanks.” Is all he can muster.

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I replace the receiver and bite my lip. His accent is such a turn on. I can feel the heat rising within me, and naughty thoughts running through my mind. I must remember my number one rule, no business and pleasure at the hotel. ‘Red’ is for the night time only. During the day, I’m plain old Irish Rita Lane. Nevertheless, I can’t help but imagine what could take place if Mr. Clarkson booked ‘Red’ for the night. I never saw a wedding ring on his beautiful elegant long finger. That said these days, the absence of a wedding ring means nothing. In my experience on the escort circuit, a man may still be fully committed in marriage to another woman with no wedding ring in sight. I turn my attention back to the two men in front of me. I flash a warm smile.

“Sixth floor gentlemen, Mr. Clarkson and Mr. James will be there.”

While Serena goes for her break, I look up today’s entries for the conference room. Mr. Clarkson and Mr. James have a business meeting booked for one half hour and a half, with the two men who just walked in. Lunch is booked for 12:30p.m. I’ll make it my business to come off reception, head to the kitchen, and offer to serve up lunch.

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After I load up the trolley with a selection of salmon and cream cheese, coronation chicken, ham salad baguettes, a cheese board, fruit, fresh orange juice and some beers, I glance in the mirror to check my appearance. I smooth over my thick waves of red hair pulled back into a low bun, then undo the top button on my shirt. With a smile I make my way to the lift entrance with the trolley full of food. On the sixth floor, I knock on the conference room door firmly and wait for an answer.

“Come in.” A clipped English accent responds.

“Afternoon, gentlemen. Lunch is served.”

I make my way over to the table, then start to place the contents of the trolley down in front of the four men. Four pairs of eyes turn my way, and look me up and down. I spy Mr. Clarkson biting the corner of his lower lip. *Nervous some? Mr. Clarkson...* I’ll let him stew a bit longer. I’ll to head over to him last.

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Richard can’t keep his eyes off Rita, the flame red hair, pale skin, and piercing green eyes. She interests him. His thoughts move from business to pleasure. *Rita that’s her name such an unusual name for a girl of her age. I’d say she’s around my age in her thirties.*

As Rita leans over and pours Richard a glass of fresh orange juice, he takes in her scent in one heavenly breath. He has a tough time focusing with her in the room, his internal thoughts pollute his brain. He’s thrown totally off track by her beauty.

“Thank you, Rita.”

“My pleasure, Mr. Clarkson.” “Gentlemen, can I get you anything else while I’m here?”

*How about your phone number? Somehow, I have to have a one to one conversation with her.* Runs through Richard’s mind as he looks up at Rita standing next to him. His eyes move over her uniform. A black pencil skirt and blue shirt tucked in emphasising her curves. He imagines slipping his hand into her shirt, and freeing her breast from her bra. He wonders if she likes to be touched? The thought sends signals racing to his manhood, he feels himself

grow harder under the table. Rita looks down at him staring up at her, as they lock eyes it feels like an invisible electric current is between them.

“No thanks, I think we’re fine now.” Dan’s voice cuts in and interrupts Richard’s thoughts. Rita breaks their intense gaze. His eyes drop down to her shirt, he watches the rise and fall of her chest as she takes a deep breath.

“As you wish, Mr. James. Please call reception if you change your mind.”

Richard and the other three men in the room watch Rita’s tall, slim, but curvy silhouette sashay toward the lift door. Her tight pencil skirt emphasising the ample shape of her behind, the sound of her high heels clicking along the marble flooring of the conference room as she walks to the lift, hypnotise all four men.

Inside the lift she turns and looks directly at Richard staring back at her, while the other men tuck into their lunch. A slow smile pulls at the side of his lips, invisible to the rest of his business partners in the room. As the door closes, he lets out the breath he never realised she was holding. Dan clears his throat loudly interrupting Richard’s daydream.

“Right. Where were we gentlemen?”

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I stop off on the third floor on the way back down to reception, I should not be doing this—but I can’t help myself. I brought the master room swipe pass from reception. Serena and I have access to it in case guests misplace their own card. Richard’s room is #311. I hurry along the corridor and slip into his room. Once inside I look around, I’m curious to know more about him. In the wardrobe are a few well cut black suits and ties, some casual jeans, jumpers and trainers—shoe size eleven I note. In the bathroom, I pick up his aftershave and pump a light spray. The fresh smell of Jean-Paul Gaultier meets my nostrils.

In a moment of madness, I do something crazy. Something that could cost me my job if I’m found out, but I take the risk. I slip off my red lace thong and leave it hanging in the bathroom on the radiator. Laughing to myself, I head back to the lift as fast as my heels can carry me. I wonder what Richard will do once he discovers a pair of lace thongs in his bathroom?

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Richard and Dan’s meeting with Mr. Reece and Mr. Jones dragged on a lot longer than they both hoped. Relieved to be out, both men loosen their ties in the lift on their way down to the third floor.

“What do you make of those two, Dan?”

“They’re okay, the English just have a unique way with business—the men as well as women.”

“Hmm, so you’re happy to work with them?”

“Yeah sure, we’ve made a deal now Rich, there’s no going back. They’ll refer work our way in exchange for a cut of the fees, the rate is not too ball-breaking. And look at this place. London is where it all happens, it’s buzzing with business, so I have no doubt it’s worth putting up with their OCD.”

“Hmm you’re right. I’m beat it’s only 3:00p.m. but I need some rest. How about we meet up later and head out for some *entertainment*?”

Dan raises his eyebrows at Richard, then let out a laugh as they exit the lift on the third floor.

“Sure, sounds good to me.”

Both men depart into their separate rooms. As Richard enters his room, he instantly notices the faint smell of his aftershave floating in the air. He thinks nothing of it, he blames his tiredness for playing tricks on him and dismisses the thought. He heads straight into the bathroom and switches on the shower. As steam fills the room he starts to relax and undress.

Standing in front of the mirror he examines his jaw, debating whether to have a shave today or in the morning, a red lace thong catches his eye.

“What the hell?” His voice echoes around the bathroom. He picks up the thong and examines it closely.

“This was not here when I left.”

He’s left baffled over the mystery underwear. Standing half naked his brows crease together in the middle, as he racks his brain over how and why there’s a woman’s thong in his bathroom. Tiredness gets the better of him, again, he dismisses any further thinking on the mystery underwear. He places the thong back where he found it. He’ll think about it after he’s had some rest.

**Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed this preview. The Red Room is available now for download on [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com).**

