**Casino Key**

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A Show in Vegas  
  
Ever since I was a little girl I've loved being the center of attention. I tried all kinds of things in high school -- being in the class play, sports, wearing makeup and, what I thought at the time were, sexy clothes. When I got to college, I started to figure out that showing off my body was the best, and I've concentrated on that ever since. I've always loved wearing clothes that show more than they're supposed to, and lately I've been experimenting with even more daring exhibitionist stunts. One of the best was at a casino hotel in Las Vegas. My girlfriend and I had saved up for a weekend of fun and I was determined to test my limits. Shelly knows all about my show-off nature, and she loves to push me to more and more outrageous adventures.  
  
As soon as we checked in, we freshened up in our room, put on our clubbing outfits, and went down to the casino to check it out. We found a nice little bar, where there was dance music. Shelly and I had worked out the plan and we were both very excited.  
  
We met a couple of salesmen who were young enough to be attractive. It didn't really matter, but we wanted someone to dance with. That was part of it. Anyway, we danced and drank through the evening and I pretended to get a little drunk. About midnight, I said I had to go upstairs and go to bed. My "date" was disappointed, but Shelly stayed with the two of them and kept them entertained.  
  
I went upstairs and took off all my clothes. I put on a men's muscle T-shirt that I sometimes sleep in. If I wear it around the house, I always have a pair of panties on, but this time -- no panties. The shirt has these thin little strips that go over my shoulders and barely cover my nipples. When I move, the strips bounce all around and don't really cover much of anything. But the best part is that the shirt only barely covers my pubes and buns when I'm standing straight and not moving. When I walk, or bend over, I'm bound to show something naughty. Oh well!  
  
I looked at myself in the mirror, and there was a nice flush of excitement on my cheeks, all my cheeks. I thought I looked pretty hot, and very nearly nude. Perfect. I walked out into the hall and let the door click shut behind me. There was no going back now.  
  
Unfortunately, there wasn't anybody in the hall. I walked down to the elevator and pushed the button. It took a minute for the elevator to come, but nobody else joined me waiting. My heart was going about 200 beats per minute and my breathing was quick nervous puffs. I was so excited when the elevator came, I thought I might faint. But the doors rolled open and there was no one there. I got in and pushed the button for the casino floor. The doors rolled shut and down I went.  
  
The elevator didn't go all the way down though. On the 9th floor, it stopped and I got all excited again. This time, three middle-age guys got on, and believe me, they gave me a lot of attention. I don't think they could believe what they were seeing, and I know I turned four shades of red. Still, I decided to try out my lines.  
  
"Locked myself out of my room by mistake," I mumbled with an embarrassed little laugh. "I've got to go get the key from my girlfriend. She's down at one of the bars in the casino."  
  
One of them smiled. "I hope you can find her."  
  
"Yeah," another one piped up. "You're going to draw quite a crowd in your ... um, nightgown."  
  
"I know," I said, shaking my head with a mock frown. "I'm so stupid to lock myself out dressed like this. I hope I don't get thrown out."  
  
"I don't think they'd do that," the first one said. "If you want, we'll help you look for your friend."  
  
"Oh, that would be so nice of you."  
  
I was getting so much into my little act the ding of the elevator stopping at the casino startled me. Now I was really going to be exposed to hundreds of people. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. My knees were so weak they were threatening to drop me on my naked ass as the doors rolled aside.  
  
There were six or seven people waiting for the elevator as me and my three friends got off. One guy standing there said, "Whoa," loud enough for everyone to hear it, and it turned everybody's eyes to me -- just what I wanted, right? Yeah, but I was suddenly losing my nerve.  
  
One of the guys from the elevator asked, "Which bar is your friend at?"  
  
"Huh," I responded, too dazed to process it.  
  
"There's several bars in this casino."  
  
"Oh, yeah," I said. "I think it's the one called 'Rave On'."  
  
We walked through the casino, where the night was in full swing. It was a weekend, and it seemed like every slot and every table was surrounded by people. They all seemed to be looking at me, and I could feel the hem of my shirt dancing up around my navel, the cool air-conditioned air moving over my moist inflamed pussy. The straps were wandering all over, caressing and exposing my hard, upstanding nipples. It wasn't hundreds of people; it was thousands turning to point and stare at the stupid nude girl. I wanted to sink through the floor and never show my face on earth again.  
  
But at the same time, there was an exhilaration so wild and free it felt like I was flying. I moved across the floor with a sexy sway that was just the opposite of my desperate sense of embarrassment. It's that orgy of confused emotions that I crave, and this was the most intense I'd ever felt.  
  
Anyway, we walked right down the main aisle, which seemed like the length of a football field, through a crowd of people who saw every bit of my body, which felt like it was starting to glow like molten gold. When we got to the bar, my mind was shooting sparks, like I was on some crazy erotic high.  
  
"Do you see her?" one of my escorts asked when we walked in.  
  
The music was loud and lights were pulsing all around. It seemed to fit my altered state to a T. I looked around for Shelly and didn't see her at first. There were probably about a hundred people in the place, with thirty or forty of them dancing on the tight little circular dance floor. Then I saw Shelly, dancing with our two salesmen in the middle of the floor.  
  
"There she is," I said, pointing.  
  
By this time many of the people in the bar had noticed my near nudity, but their stares and expressions of surprise just got me higher.  
  
"Come on," I said to the three men, and I led them out on the dance floor, already starting to move to the beat of the music.  
  
Dancing felt so natural and so good. Of course, my little T-shirt, which had been inadequate while I was walking, became almost meaningless when I danced. My pussy and buns were pretty much continuously on display and my tits wobbled back and forth, in and out sight behind the narrow straps. I really wanted to pull the shirt over my head and throw it to the crowd, but a very small, far away voice said that might get me in trouble. I contented myself with slowly dancing my way over to Shelly who, along with our salesmen friends were watching me every step of the way.  
  
"Hey Liz," she yelled over the music, grinning from ear to ear, "you're back."  
  
"Locked myself out," I yelled back. "Gotta borrow your key." I was still dancing wildly and a wide circle had formed around us to watch. Some of them were clapping in time with the music.  
  
"It's at the table," Shelly said. "You want me to go get it?"  
  
"That's okay. Let's finish this dance."  
  
So, there we were, Shelly and me dancing with five guys, and me just about naked. The crowd had given up any pretense of dancing or drinking or anything else but watching me. I was in heaven.  
  
All too soon, the music ended. The crowd gave me a big round of applause and I gave them back a pretty smile as I picked up the hem of my shirt and curtseyed, intentionally showing everyone my pussy, in case any of them had missed it. We all moved back to the table, and I let the shirt fall back into its minimal coverage. Remarkably, no one tried to stop us or interfere in any way. The most I got were a few comments like, "Love your outfit," or "I'll take some of that." It was so wonderful, I didn't want it to stop, and I started to worry about having to go back to the room.  
  
My salesman friend helped me there. As soon as we got to the table, he offered to buy me a drink. I sat down and had a drink with our whole group. There were only four chairs at the table, so some of the guys had to stand. They probably blocked the view of my naked butt and my peek-a-boo titties for some of the people in the bar, but I still felt the fantastic glow of all that attention focused on me.  
  
Finally, Shelly whispered, "I don't think we should push this any farther. Let's go."  
  
So, we made our exit. Shelly asked the guys not to escort us up to the room and they all seemed very disappointed, but I said we'd be there for another night. They should come back tomorrow and see what happened then. They liked that idea and my salesman gave me a friendly hug as we were leaving.  
  
Walking through the casino was just as much fun as it had been the first time. What an audience! I had to restrain myself so that my sexy confidant walk didn't turn into a stripper's strut. Our elevator was packed, and I heard a few more appreciative comments.  
  
When we got in our room, I suddenly lost it. The erotic tension just burst and I fell on the bed in a fit of hysterical giggles.  
  
"Do you believe it?" I finally gasped. "I did it."  
  
Shelly stood by the dresser, looking down at me. "That was incredible," she marveled.  
  
"You can't imagine how it felt."  
  
"Maybe not, but it was pretty good for me, too."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"That's the most exciting thing I've ever seen."  
  
"Um," I said, closing my eyes and savoring the moment.  
  
"So, what do you do for an encore tomorrow night?" she asked with a speculative smirk.  
  
"I don't know," I said dreamily, "but I'll bet we think of something."