**Exposed Beyond the Hotel Corridor**

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*Claire encourages me to new levels of exhibitionism*

Going back to the hotel where we’d first met had been Claire’s idea. After our first exciting encounter, I’d lost no time in contacting her on the phone number she’d left for me, and we’d soon swapped email addresses and initiated a series of sexually-charged exchanges. I found myself increasingly thrilled and aroused by Claire’s accounts of her exhibitionist activities, and it wasn’t long before she suggested we should get together again. Fortunately, we managed to find a weekend when we were both free, and Claire offered to make all the arrangements.

I packed my overnight bag several days before I needed to, and every time I saw it in the corner of my bedroom a little anticipatory thrill tingled through my body. Walking naked down the hotel corridor had been such a thrill, and the frenzied sex with Claire on the emergency staircase had been a perfect climax to our encounter. I wondered whether we’d do the same thing again, or if she had something else in mind. I couldn’t wait to find out.

The drive down was rather fraught, and I was a bit flustered when I arrived, later than I’d intended (I hate being late for anything), but Claire had texted me to tell me not to worry. When I eventually arrived the receptionist told me that my companion was already there, and that I should go straight up to our room.

My heart gave a little lurch when I opened the door and saw Claire sitting at the table, her blonde hair curling over her bare shoulders. As she heard me come in, she turned to me with a smile, every bit as gorgeous and sexually desirable as I’d remembered. She was wearing a red low-cut backless dress that clung sensuously to her body. It was obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra, and I guessed that she probably didn’t have any knickers on either.

We kissed, and I shivered as I felt her warm body against mine. Now we were here, I didn’t quite know what to expect.

“Annie, my angel, you do not know how much I have been longing to see you again,” she said. “I hope you are ready to have some fun. But first, we should have dinner. I have booked a table in the restaurant, and I think first there is enough time for you to have a shower and wash your beautiful body.” She stroked my arm, making me shiver with anticipation.

“What sort of fun?” I asked, but she put her finger to my lips.

“Hush, my eager little Annie,” she said with a mysterious smile. “Dinner first, then it will be time for you to find out.”

Claire showed no inclination to hurry over dinner, so I decided to relax and enjoy it. I’d followed her example and left off my underwear, and then teased her even more by pulling my dress right up under the table so I was effectively naked from the waist down. She put her foot onto my chair between my thighs and tickled my exposed pussy with her toes, almost making me orgasm right there. We shared a bottle of wine, and lingered over coffee, so it was already getting late when we went back to our room. Even so, Claire insisted that we waited until after 11 o’clock before she announced that it was time for our “little play”, as she described it, to begin.

She sat on the bed, still in her red dress.

“Now, Annie, you must take all your clothes off,” she said.

I was shaking with excitement and nerves as I kicked off my shoes and removed my dress, leaving myself naked. To my surprise, Claire didn’t get undressed herself, but instead bent over her suitcase and took out a diaphanous piece of material.

“I have a little something for you to wear”,” she announced, holding it out to me. Taking it, I saw that it was a short, sheer nightie; quite plain apart from some white lacy trim and thin straps.

To be honest, I was a bit disappointed. It seemed to be a step backwards from last time, when I hadn’t worn any clothes at all.

“I don’t mind been naked, really I don’t,” I protested.

Claire smiled. “Oh my sweet Annie, you are so eager, so wanting to bare yourself. But when you are wearing this, you will be almost naked, believe me.”

I put it on, and had to admit that she was right. It was almost completely see-through, and when I looked at myself in the mirror every detail of my round little tits and dark, trimmed bush were clearly visible. In some ways, it was even sexier than full nudity.

“You see, Annie, your breasts, your nipples, your lovely bottom, your pussy, all can be seen quite clearly,” Claire said. “How could anyone resist you, you bad girl? But now we are ready to play. If you do as I say, you will have a special treat. And there is one more thing. You must not say a word once we have left this room, unless I say you can.”

I nodded.

“Remember what I said? Don’t speak, just do what I tell you. If you do, I think you will enjoy this.”

Before we left, she picked up the room phone, dialled a number, let it ring three times, then put it down. I looked puzzled, and she raised a finger as if to warn me not to ask any questions.

To be honest, I was a little nervous. Claire was so much more adventurous in her exhibitionism than I was – being caught completely naked by lots of people was all part of the game to her. But I couldn’t deny the feeling of intense sexual arousal that I’d got from our first game, and that was something I wanted to experience again.

So I didn’t hesitate to take her hand as we left the room and walked down the corridor. We passed a middle-aged couple going back to their room, and the man couldn’t take his eyes off me. Goodness knows what he thought we were doing, one woman in an elegant red dress and the other in a see-through nightie, but I heard his wife whispering crossly to him once we gone past.

We turned a corner, and half-way down the next corridor Claire stopped outside one of the doors. She rapped sharply three times, and it opened almost immediately, as if we were expected. Inside was a youngish man, maybe thirty, whose jaw dropped as he saw what I was wearing. I smiled sheepishly.

“This is Annie, the girl I was telling you about,” said Claire. “She has been very naughty, but I told her that if she sucked a man’s erect penis until he ejaculated, she would be forgiven. I am most grateful to you for offering your services in this matter.”

“Erm, it’s my pleasure,” said the man. He stepped back, as if to usher us in, but Claire stopped me from entering.

“Perhaps I forgot to mention it,” she said, “But the fellatio must be undertaken here in the corridor. Maybe someone will see us, maybe not. But that is part of Annie’s punishment.”

I wasn’t sure what I was supposed to have done to warrant “punishment” – nothing, as far as I could tell - but I accepted this monumental fib as all part of the game. And giving this rather good-looking guy a blowjob in the corridor actually sounded like fun.

“I guess so,” he said, and stepped out of his room. He looked up and down a few times, then went to unzip his fly. But Claire stopped him.

“No, Annie will do it,” she said sharply. “Go on, Annie, unzip his trousers, and take out his penis.”

Obeying, I tugged down the zipper. Inside, I could see a large bulge in the front of what looked like a pair of boxer shorts. I found the opening, and shivered as I saw the thick curve of meat inside. I put my hand in, excited now to touch the hot hard swelling of his dick. Getting my fingers round it, I pulled, and it sprang out, as if glad to be free. It wasn’t fully hard yet, but as I pulled down the foreskin and saw the shiny purple tip with its small slit and pleasure-giving rim, I felt it swell in my hand.

“Taste it, Annie. Put it in your mouth. Then suck him.”

I licked my lips, bent down, and slid my lips over the knob-end, sucking it carefully between my teeth. It tasted of his pre-cum secretion, and I licked at it, enjoying the sensation of exploring its curves and ridges.

He groaned. “Oh shit, that’s good, that’s amazing.”

I gripped the base in my hand, and began to use the whole of his dick to fuck my mouth, pausing from time to time to swirl my tongue around the shaft, over the bulging blood-gorged veins. He was pushing forward too, and I felt the tip bobbing against the back of my throat, almost making me gag. But I knew I was good at this, and could take him right deep down into my throat if I wanted, although I didn’t want to risk making him ejaculate quite yet.

I glanced at Claire. She was leaning against the wall, her dress pushed up and her legs apart, fingers buried deep between them, moving gently inside her. She smiled as she saw me look at her.

“Yes, my Annie, keep going, you are doing so well. Watching you eat his penis, it excites me so much.”

After a few more minutes of fellating him, I heard the man start to moan louder.

“Ah, fuck, baby, I’m gonna come in your mouth, baby, I’m gonna come.”

I heard Claire’s voice.

“Not in your mouth, Annie, on your face; take it all on your face.”

I pulled his dick out of my mouth and kept up the motion with my hand on the shaft. But then he took over, aiming his shaft right at my face, and stroking at the tip with just two fingers. Then suddenly he gasped, and a great rope of semen exploded out of the end and landed right on my forehead and over my nose. I shut my eyes and felt the next loop splatter across my eyelid, then more on my cheeks. At last, I felt him wiping his knob-head across my face, smearing off the final drops.

Carefully, I opened my eyes, catching with my finger the loop that hung from my eyelid. My heart was pounding. I could feel the warm loops of thick semen on my face starting to cool and run down my cheeks and forehead. One sleeve of my nightie had slipped down, exposing my bare breast, and I pulled it up just as a dollop of his mess dripped off my chin onto the material. Every time I took a breath I could smell the musky scent of the fresh ejaculate filling my nostrils.

“Oh, that is so lovely,” murmured Claire. She had stopped masturbating, and couldn’t seem to take her eyes off my dripping face. The man was still holding his dick, as a last droplet of white semen oozed out of the end.

“Would you like me to clean that up for you?” she went on, and knelt down next to me, taking the man’s dick into her mouth and sucking the remaining dollops of semen off, until it was clean again.

“You are very lovely, but I think we need to put you away again, don’t we?” she said with a smile, addressing the man’s dick directly, before she tucked the wilting organ back into his trousers and zipped them up. She stood up and kissed him on the lips.

“Thank you, that is just perfect,” she said. “But now you have to go, and so do we. Come, Annie.”

She extended her hand to me. I took it, and she raised me from the floor. Still leading me by the hand, she turned and walked briskly off down the corridor. Behind us, I heard the click of the man’s door as he shut it behind him.

I assumed we would be going back to our room, but I was wrong. Instead, Claire turned to me.

“Now Annie, it is time for the second act of our little play. Are you ready to do what I tell you?”

I nodded, suddenly nervous again. What did she have in mind?

“I want you to go down to the Reception Desk and order breakfast for us. That is all, it is very simple, but of course you must not wipe your face.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but she hushed me.

“No, Annie, remember your promise. No questions, no words. I promise this is your last task for tonight . You will do it, I know.”

I swallowed and nodded again. My head was spinning, but I knew I would do whatever Claire asked, no matter how humiliated it made me feel.

She could tell I was nervous. She took my hand and squeezed it.

“Do not worry, my sweet Annie. It will be fine, I know it. But you must go now, while the semen is still fresh. Be quick. I will wait for you in our room.”

I smiled as bravely as I could. She let go of my hand, and I was on my own. I walked slowly down the corridor, the carpet soft under my bare feet. Looking down, I felt ridiculously relieved that I had redone the varnish on my toenails; at least they looked smart. I wondered what would happen if someone came out of their room as I walked past; would they notice my face? Or would they be more interested in my almost-nude body?

I reached the lift, pushed the call button, and waited, repeating under my breath the mantra “Please be empty, please be empty.” I could see the lift coming up from the ground floor. The bell pinged; for what seemed like minutes the door remained closed, then it swooshed open, to reveal an empty lift.

I released my breath and stepped in, pushing the button for the ground floor. The lift had mirrors on three sides, and I couldn’t resist looking at myself, standing in just a short nightie, my hard nipples pressing against the front. And my face; absolutely coated in semen. The man had certainly unloaded an almighty load all over me. Much of it was so thick and gelatinous that it clung in great splodges to my cheeks and pooled around my nose, although a couple of small strings had run down and were hanging off my chin.

Seriously, I was not going to get away with this. What was Claire thinking? I was going to get arrested by security; locked up; charged by the police for - I don’t know – indecent behaviour of some sort.

What kept me going was the thought of Claire waiting for me; the desire to please her; and – I had to admit it – an intense feeling of sexual arousal. I was so turned on that I knew if I even touched my clitoris, I’d come in an instant. I sensed that I was already as sticky between my legs as I was over my face.

The lift reached the ground floor, and the doors opened. For a moment I couldn’t move. I could see the empty lobby stretching out in front of me, the reception desk off to the right. It looked as if there was no-one there. For a moment, my heart soared with relief, but then I saw the corner of the desk clerk’s sleeve, busy at the computer. There was no going back. I couldn’t let Claire down.

I stepped out of the lift and walked over, forcing myself to put one foot in front of the other. As I got closer, I could see the lady who was on duty looking at the computer screen, but as she saw me approaching she looked up, turning on the standard-issue corporate smile. I paused at the desk. I tried to speak, but my lips were dry. I sucked them in to moisten them, and tasted a dribble of semen.

The moment when she realised what I had all over my face was the point when she showed true professionalism. Her eyes flicked rapidly from side to side, checking that there was nobody else around who might need to be shielded from this crazy, filthy woman. But she didn’t scream, or faint, or do anything out of the ordinary; just looked at me with surprise.

That gave me the moment I needed to speak.

“Am I too late to order breakfast in our room for tomorrow ?” I croaked. “It’s Room 340, Ms Harrison.”

“I’m sure we can accommodate you, Ms Harrison,” she said in her most professional voice. I felt sure she’d do anything to avoid eye contact, but to my surprise she suddenly looked straight at me. A curious little smile flickered across her face.

“Excuse me madam, but I think you’ve got a little something on your face. Come here, let me just…”

She put out her hand, extended a finger, and with one smooth gesture scooped up a thick loop of semen. Still looking at me, she put the finger up to her mouth, extended her tongue, and slowly licked the semen off her finger.

She sighed gently.

“That’s better,” she said. “But I think there’s a bit more. Why don’t you come into the office? There’s a mirror there and you can clean up properly, if you like.”

For a second I hesitated. This was what I’d been afraid of. Was this a ploy to get me into the office before she called security and had me arrested? I was about to wipe my face with my hand, stammer an apology and rush back to our room, when she put her hand out and grasped my arm.

“Please?” she said, and I decided I’d better do as she asked.

As soon as we were inside, she shut the door and smiled at me.

“Is it a dare?” she asked straight out.

I nodded. “Sort of…”

“Oh God, come here,” she said, all professionalism suddenly gone. She grabbed me round the waist, pulled me to her and kissed me hard on the lips, some of the semen smearing onto her cheek. Then she began to lick my face all over like a cat, slurping up every smear of stickiness. She opened her mouth, showing me the semen inside, then kissed me again, using her tongue to push the gooey mess into my mouth.

This was unexpected, but not exactly unwelcome. Her large breasts in her regulation white blouse pressed against my chest. Her hands rubbed up and down my back as we kissed, then down to my bottom. She began to pull up my nightie, and I felt her hand on my bare backside, before she began to stroke and squeeze it.

She had me pushed up against the desk by this time. I felt her lift me up and deposit me on top of the desk. I wrapped my legs around her to stop her getting away, although somehow I didn’t think she was about to do that. Instead, she began to drag my nightie up, baring my tummy. I let go of her and raised my arms, letting her pull it right off over my head.

“God, you’re so beautiful,” she murmured. She stoked my bare breast, her finger circling round my little pink nipple. The little dimples around my areola were aroused and sensitive, and I purred in my throat as she leant over and licked across them, before sucking my nipple into her mouth.

Her hand was stroking my thigh, and I parted my legs as I felt it slide down between them. Her fingers brushed over the petals of my labia, tickling them tenderly. I let out a groan of desire.

“Oh, I can’t believe it,” she said. “You’re soaking, you bad girl. I wonder what you taste like.”

She knelt down on the floor and put her head between my thighs, breathing in deeply.

“I hope you taste as nice as you smell,” she said. Then she ran her tongue up and down my slit, before insinuating it gently between my folds and into my vagina. I felt it flickering around inside me, lapping over the soft spongy flesh. It was amazing, even more so when she sucked one of my labia into her mouth and tickled it gently with her lips. She raised her head slightly, and I saw a loop of my sticky juices extending from her lower lip down to my vagina.

“Oh look, I can see your clitoris,” she observed. “Does it always stick out like that?”

Without waiting for an answer, she put her mouth over it and began flicking her tongue rapidly back and forth across it.

“Oh Jesus fuck,” I gasped, “That’s it, yes, fuck yes.”

Without stopping her tongue work, she reached up and grabbed my hand, gripping it tight as I felt my orgasm starting to build.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop, oh fuck,” I went on, then let out an almighty groan as I came, squeezing her hand and kicking out my legs as my climax fizzed through me, my clitoris buzzing.

Amazingly, she kept tonguing it, and my orgasm just kept coming.

“Oh fuck, stop,” I managed to gasp out. I really thought I was going to keep on coming until I exploded. She sat back and smiled at me.

“I take it you enjoyed that?” she said. “I’ve been told I’m a good licker, but I must say you really let yourself go a bit there.”

“That was fucking awesome,” I panted, still not fully in control of my movements. “But I have to go now, or Claire’ll be getting worried. She’ll think I’ve been arrested or something.”

Still getting my breath back, I reached for the nightie, but she reached over and grabbed it.

“Oh no, I’m confiscating this, you naughty girl,” she said. “You can go back to your friend just as you are.”

“I can’t; what if?...”

“You like to play naughty games? Well, this is my game for you. Don’t argue. Now go.”

She opened the office door. I peeped out, heart thumping again. To my relief, the lobby was still deserted.

“Go!”

She slapped my bare bottom, propelling me out from behind the desk.

I could have run, but I decided to show her what I was made of. I walked steadily, completely naked, across the lobby to the lifts. As the doors opened, I saw a couple come in from outside, but I was in the lift and pressing the button before they saw me – I think.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Now all I could see in the mirrored walls was a naked woman, slightly flushed, her nipples still hard with arousal, her thighs moist with smeared juices. What a deliciously naughty person she looked; I’d have fucked her without hesitation. The lift reached the floor, and the doors pinged open. I stepped out – and walked straight into a couple of youngish guys waiting in the corridor. With the relief of getting across the lobby without being caught, I’d let my guard down too soon.

“Whoops; excuse me, guys,” I stammered, and scooted past them as quickly as I could.

As I ran off down the corridor, bare breasts and bottom bouncing, I heard their puzzled exclamations.

“Whoa, hang on a minute.”

“Fuck it, she’s naked.”

“Hey, miss.”

But I was gone round the corner and tapping urgently on our door. Claire must have been waiting, because it opened almost at once, and I leapt inside.

“Well, hello my darling Annie. But wait, I am sure you had a nightie on earlier? Quickly, tell me what happened.”

I staggered over to the bed and sat down on it, relieved to be back safely in our room. I recounted everything that had happened, to Claire’s evident delight.

“Oh, my Annie, what adventures you have had. And how naughty of the receptionist to take your nightie like that. But how did you like my little game?”

“I was terrified,” I admitted, “But so turned on as well. To stand there, with all that spunk all over my face; Claire, what made you think of that?”

“I have done it myself, in the street, covered in my boyfriend’s mess. It scared me too, the looks I got from the people. But oh, it was so exciting. And afterwards, we had such wonderful sex. Which leads me, Annie, to your reward.”

She bent over to kiss me on the mouth, and I felt her hand slide up my bare thigh towards my already aroused pussy. I parted my legs, and took hold of one of the straps on her dress, pulling it down. One more tug, and her sweet breast popped out, the pink nipple hard with anticipation. Somehow, I knew this was going to be a very special night.