**Hotel Exhibitionist**

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**Hotel Exhibitionist Ch. 01**

Kymberly Marsh checked into the Whispering Creek Resort Hotel two minutes after her room became available, just as she had planned. The convention wouldn't start for another four hours or so, but she had things to do before the mixer that preceded that evening's presentation.  
  
After she confirmed her room and picked up her key, Kymberly walked down the hallway to the elevator. The porter offered to take her small suitcase, but she told him it was no trouble for her to take it. She pulled it on wheels behind her.   
  
As she walked to the elevator, Kymberly appreciated the expansive hotel lobby, with its wide, plank-wood floor and fine-grained oak wall paneling. Heavy, wooden chairs and stained glass light fixtures reflected the arts and crafts style in which the hotel had been built nearly a hundred years earlier. For a time, the hotel had fallen into disrepair, but, in the past ten years, new owners had restored it to its earlier glory. The hotel, consisting of seven buildings that sprawled over lush, verdant grounds next to a prize-winning golf course, now was a favorite site for conferences and conventions. Kymberly, a pharmaceutical representative, had arrived to attend an industry convention for the weekend.  
  
At the elevator, she pushed the up button. Her room was on the fourth, and top, floor. She looked at her reflection in the mirror between two elevator doors.  
  
Kymberly was 44 years old, but she didn't look her age. A life of good eating habits and regular exercise had kept her skin youthful and her figure trim and firm. Dark, thick, long hair framed an arresting face, feminine but strong, with bold dark eyes, high cheekbones and square jaw, and lush, full lips.  
  
Kymberly wore a boat-necked knit shirt and a snug skirt that stopped just over her knee. Trim, shapely legs showed beneath the skirt and ended in two-inch black pumps with chunky, forgiving heels -- her travel shoes, as Kymberly called them. Kymberly had worked as a pharmaceutical representative for over 15 years, and she was skilled at what she did, but she knew that appearance mattered in this job, as it did in so many things. As she waited for the elevator, Kymberly's appearance attracted the attention of two men in sport coats and open-collared shirts standing behind her. She saw their reflections in the mirror. One obviously was staring at her butt, and he was elbowing the other one. They seemed to be unaware that she could see what they were doing in the mirror.  
  
"Men," she thought. "They're so predictable. And so clueless."   
  
Kymberly and her admirers got on the elevator together. The two men were going to the fourth floor as well. She kept her eyes ahead of her on the elevator door, but she knew they were checking her out. Men always were checking her out.  
  
Fortunately for Kymberly, she didn't mind being checked out, most of the time. Kymberly liked being looked at, so long as the men doing the looking weren't being too rude or too obvious.   
  
With a metallic sigh, the elevator doors opened. The two men stood to the side to let Kymberly get out first. Kymberly was enough of a traditionalist to appreciate chivalrous gestures, but she was enough of a realist to know that what they really wanted was to stay behind her so they could look at her butt. She knew it looked good, too, in her form-fitting skirt and in G-string panties that left no line in back.  
  
Outside the elevator door, the hallway forked. Kymberly's room was straight ahead. Her admirers turned down the other hallway to the right.   
  
Kymberly had to walk the length of the hallway to the end of the building to reach her room. Once inside, she wheeled the small suitcase to the bed. Her attention was drawn first to the large window that extended the width of the room and from the ceiling to about two feet off the floor. Thick drapes were drawn all the way back. Outside the window, she could see another building of the hotel, about 100 feet away.   
  
The room was spacious, attractive, and clean. To one side was a small desk with a chair, and to the other side was a queen-sized bed.  
  
A package, with an envelope on top of it, lay on the bed. The front of the envelope bore the words "Open Me" in familiar handwriting. Kymberly recognized the handwriting of her husband, Robert.  
  
When Kymberly had decided to attend this convention, she had thought Robert would come with her. But an important business project on which Robert was working required his participation in several time-sensitive meetings on Saturday, the second day of the convention, so he was unable to join her. She would go to the convention alone. Not long before she departed, however, Robert told her over dinner about an idea he had.  
  
"Kymmie," he had said. Robert was the only one who ever called her that. "I'm going to miss you next weekend when you're at the convention. But I have an idea. A kind of game. Something to keep us connected while you're away. Are you interested?"  
  
"What sort of game?" she had asked.   
  
Robert was serious and meticulous about his work -- it was a big part of why he was so successful. But with Kymberly, he could be playful and creative. Kymberly knew that Robert enjoyed her good looks, and enjoyed showing her off. In the last few years he had begun coming up with ways to dress her in skimpy, revealing clothing when they went out. Six months earlier they had gone on a vacation in the tropics, and Robert had convinced Kymberly to spend nearly all her time on the trip in skimpy bikinis or very short dresses. Kymberly resisted playing the role of eye candy at first, but eventually she found that she liked it. She liked how much it excited Robert, and the showing-off games had led to great sex. Plus, Robert's fetish for dressing her up had done wonders for her wardrobe and shoe collection.  
  
After Kymberly had posed her question Robert stared at her. She didn't know what he wanted her to do, but she could tell he was determined to see it through. It would be hard to resist him. It always was.  
  
"I want to keep it a surprise," he had said to her. "Are you game for a surprise? I don't want to say what it is. I want you to trust me, and tell me you'll go along with it. You will enjoy it, I assure you, though it won't always be easy. Can you do that?"  
  
Kymberly had no idea what he was asking her to do, but so far, she had enjoyed his games. She trusted Robert.  
  
"Sure," she had said. "I'll go along. What do you want me to do?"  
  
"I'm not going to say anything now. You'll know when you get there. OK?"  
  
"Well, that's cryptic," she had said. "But O.K."  
  
He had smiled.   
  
"Good," he had said. "I've got some ideas. This is going to be good. Really good."  
  
Two weeks after that conversation, Kymberly stood in the hotel room with the envelope bearing her husband's handwriting in her hands. She tore it open.   
  
"Dearest Kymmie," it said. "I miss you. I wish I could be there. But since I can't, I have a game I want to play with you while you are away. I think you will enjoy it.  
  
"The only rule of the game is this: do what I tell you to do.  
  
"My first two instructions are these: First, take all your clothes off. Second, text me when you have done so."  
  
Kymberly stared at the words on the paper in front of her. Her heart beat a little faster than it had a minute before. She wondered where Robert was going with this. She was alone in her room, so taking her clothes off wouldn't be difficult or risky. She enjoyed playing games with Robert, and there was plenty of time to play before the convention festivities began. She smiled to herself and decided to play along.  
  
She walked to the window and closed the drapes. She unzipped the skirt and stepped out of it. She pulled the shirt over her head. Then she unsnapped the bra and tossed it on the bed and pushed the tiny G-string down and off her legs. When she was done, she picked up her phone.  
  
"I'm naked," she texted Robert.  
  
Robert obviously was waiting for her reply because he texted back immediately.   
  
"Good," he texted. "But did you leave the drapes open?"  
  
"No," she texted back. "I closed them before I took my clothes off."  
  
"I didn't instruct you to do that. You are to do only what I instruct you. Now you need to go back to the window, naked, and completely open the drapes to your room."  
  
"What?" Kymberly thought. "I can't do that! It's broad daylight, and people from the convention may see me."  
  
Before she could text her objection to Robert, however, he texted her back. He had anticipated her objection.  
  
"It is sunny outside," he texted. "The sun is reflecting off your window. No one from outside can see clearly into your room."  
  
"How do you know that?" she texted back.  
  
"Because I've been in that room," he texted.  
  
Kymberly didn't know that. He hadn't told her that.  
  
"What? When?" she texted.  
  
"I made arrangements for you to get that room. I've been in it. I also have looked in that window from outside. It will be difficult to see you. Go to the window now and draw the drapes completely open."  
  
"When were you here?" she texted back.  
  
"Don't worry about that," he texted. "Just do as I say. That is the game. You said OK when I asked if you were willing. Play along. You won't be disappointed."  
  
Kymberly walked, naked, to the window. She walked to the side where the cord hung to draw the drapes open. She took a deep breath, and pulled on the cord, hand over hand. The drapes pulled open until she was done. She was pressed against the wall to minimize her exposure. To move back into the room, she would have to move away from the wall and expose herself.  
  
After a few seconds and a deep breath, she did so.  
  
She walked away from the wall, her fully nude body just a foot away from the window. Before she moved farther back into the room away from the window, she looked outside for signs of any person that might be able to see her. The building opposite her was four stories high as well, and it was laid out in such a way that there was only one room on the top floor that had a clear view to her room. The drapes of that room were drawn but she couldn't tell if there was anyone in it -- the light inside was too dim.  
  
Four stories below her, a concrete path curved between the two buildings. Two people walked together on the path immediately beneath her room, but they were looking ahead, not up at her window. It appeared no one could see her. But it was thrilling to stand naked so close to the window, knowing that if someone were in the right place and knew where to look they could see her fully nude body. Kymberly moved closer to the window, pressing her hands against the glass. She shifted her body forward until her the tips of her nipples touched the glass as well. She felt the warmth of the air outside passing through the glass and radiating through her nipples and her breasts.  
  
After holding that position for a minute, Kymberly moved away from the window into the depths of the hotel room. She kept walking until she was in the bathroom, out of sight of the window. She texted Robert to let him know what she had done.  
  
"Good," he texted. "Now, you need to walk to the bed, slowly, without covering yourself. And open the package on the bed. When you are done, stand there, and text me."  
  
She opened the package. It was wrapped in purple paper, and white cardboard inside. She pulled the lid off to see the contents. Inside the package were four items. One was a pair of gym shorts -- form-fitting, very short, colored purple with a black, curved strip on the side.   
  
Another was a sport bra. It, too, was purple, with a black band that hugged the underside of the cup for each breast.  
  
Another was a pair of purple heel socks.  
  
The final item was a pair of workout shoes, in white and black with a purple stripe.  
  
Kymberly smiled. Robert was keen on coordinating colors. And he liked to see her in purple.  
  
She texted him.  
  
"Thank you for the workout outfit. What do you want me to do with this?"  
  
"Go to the window and slowly put this outfit on. Text me when you are done."  
  
Kymberly gathered the workout clothes in a bunch and held them in front of her as she walked to the window. She and Robert had played some voyeur-exhibitionist games before, but nothing as elaborate or as planned as what they were doing now. Robert seemed to have planned and prepared this game meticulously. The thought of where it might lead scared her a little, but it thrilled her, too.  
  
She stood close to the window again, completely naked except for the clothes she clutched in front of her at her waist. Her phone pinged again.  
  
"Are you in front of the window?" Robert texted.   
  
He seemed to be especially bossy with his games today, she thought. But she had to admit that she often liked when Robert took control. She wasn't sure if this was one of those times, but her heart was racing and her skin was tingling, and she hadn't said "no" to him yet.  
  
"Yes, I am!" she replied. "Let me get dressed!"  
  
It was a good thing he was hundreds of miles away. Had he been there he might have threatened to give her a spanking for her cheekiness. It was a threat he usually did not carry out, and when he did it nearly always was with a grin. But even so, she was feeling nervous enough without the added pressure of his physical presence.  
  
She put the shorts on first, without underwear. She leaned over and pulled them up her legs, one at a time. They were small and tight, and she had to pull hard to draw them all the way to her waist. They hugged her buns snugly. She looked out the window and realized that her naked breasts were no more than a foot from the glass as she bent over, and fully exposed. Fortunately, she saw no one below. She looked at the window of the room across from her. She saw nothing. It was the only room with a good view into her room. It was at the end of the building, and to the left the building bent away from hers at an angle, so the other rooms didn't get a straight view to her building. She supposed that the occupant of the room below it could see if they looked carefully. She saw no movement or sign of occupancy from either room.  
  
After donning the shorts, she pulled the jog bra over her head. It, too, was snug. The cups of the bra hugged her ample breasts well, but the bra still was skimpy and showed a lot of cleavage.  
  
The bra took some tugging and adjusting to get it on right. When she was done, she put on the socks, and shoes.  
  
"I'm done," she texted.  
  
She walked over to the full-length mirror to see herself.  
  
Kymberly worked out several times a week, every week, but never in an outfit this skimpy. The shorts looked tiny, with an absurdly brief inseam. The waistband lay shockingly low on her waist and her thighs were exposed almost all the way to her butt cheeks. The bra was made of a stretchy material that was sturdy enough to hold things in place, but it was skimpy too, and left a lot of cleavage. The effect of the ensemble was to show off nearly as much skin as she would show in a bikini on the beach. Kymberly had seen a few girls at the gym wearing similar outfits, but not many, and all of them, she was sure, had been 20 years younger.  
  
She took a full-length photo of herself in the mirror and texted it to Robert.  
  
He texted back immediately.  
  
"You look beautiful. Now it's time to work out before the evening festivities. Do you know where the hotel fitness center is?"   
  
"No, I don't," she replied. "I can look it up in the hotel guide." The guide was sitting on the desk in the room.  
  
"No, don't," he texted right back. "Take your phone and your room key, and go to the front desk to ask them where the fitness center is. Take a selfie in the lobby, then go to the fitness center."  
  
"I can't do that!" she texted. "Everyone is showing up for the convention now. They'll see me!"  
  
"Exactly," he texted. "Everyone will see you. Time to get going."  
  
Kymberly grabbed her room key and phone, but she paused at the room door.   
  
She wasn't sure if she wanted to do this. Robert was getting a thrill from it, and she was excited. But Robert had never played out his voyeuristic fantasies with her to this degree, and she was nervous where they might lead, especially at a convention of her peers and customers. She wondered what Robert had in mind.   
  
She hesitated. She was nervous about not knowing what Robert wanted her to do next. At the same time, if she didn't leave the room, she would never find out. She wanted to find out. Her curiosity -- and the thrill of the unknown -- won out over her nervousness. She opened the door and walked into the hallway, the door closing behind her with a chunk.  
  
She walked briskly to the elevator. She had no desire to loiter in the outfit. The feel of the cool air on her skin reminded her how much of her skin was exposed.  
  
As she neared the elevator she saw the two men who had been ogling her before approach it at the same time, from the other wing of the hotel. She saw their eyes widen when they saw what she was wearing. They paused to let her enter the elevator first, and she knew they were staring at her ass clad in the skimpy, skin-tight purple and black shorts.  
  
In the elevator one of the two men spoke up.  
  
"Going to get a workout? I hear the fitness center here is excellent," he said.  
  
"Yes," she said. "I want to get some exercise before the evening events. Are you here for the convention, too?"  
  
"We are," he said. "Skip and I are from Tolydyne. I hope we see you at the speech tonight."  
  
"I'm sure you will," Kymberly said with a smile. The elevator let out a "ding" as it reached the ground floor. "See you then."  
  
She left the elevator knowing both men were staring at her ass as she walked out.  
  
As Kymberly had expected, the lobby at this hour was crowded with convention-goers checking in for the weekend. Most of them were dressed in business casual clothes -- men in khaki pants and long-sleeve or polo-style shirts, women in skirts or pants.   
  
No one else in the lobby was dressed in form-fitting short shorts and a workout bra, as she was. Kymberly walked to the front desk, knowing her husband wanted her to be dressed this way, and keenly aware that she stood out like a peacock in a flock of pigeons.  
  
Kymberly tried to keep her eyes straight ahead, but she couldn't help but notice the heads that turned toward her to watch her as she walked to the front desk. She saw many eyes widen, a few jaws drop, and at least one woman's thin lips turn down in disapproval.   
  
By the time she reached the front desk, the concierge was looking at her with wide eyes; she had his full attention.  
  
"Where's the fitness center?" she asked. She felt ridiculous asking. She could have found out by looking at the hotel guide in her room.  
  
"I'll show you," he said, and he beckoned her with his hand to come nearer. She did so, and he pulled out a map from behind the front desk and put it on the counter between them. Kymberly had to lean over to see it. By doing so she exposed a considerable expanse of cleavage to the concierge, and she showed off her barely clad butt to everyone in the lobby around her. The shorts stretched incredibly tightly over her bottom. The fabric was so thin it almost felt like she was naked.  
  
"We're here," the concierge said, pointing to one place on the hotel map. It seemed to Kymberly that his finger crawled over the map to the next stop, that he was dragging this out more than necessary. It also seemed to her that his eyes were straying from the map to her cleavage more than was necessary.  
  
"Here's the fitness center," the concierge said at last. "You just go down this corridor past the elevators, then turn right, and keep going and you'll see a sign for it on the right side." He was talking to her but his eyes didn't look at hers; they were moving back and forth between the map between them and the expanse of skin above her workout bra.

"Thanks," Kymberly said, and she turned around. She could have sworn that when she did so at least a dozen faces -- not all men -- turned abruptly away from her. She was aware, more than ever, that, amid a large group of business and professional people checking into the hotel for the weekend, she was the only one dressed in skimpy workout attire.  
  
"I hope Robert likes this, at least," she thought.  
  
As if on cue, Robert sent her another text message.  
  
"Did you get the directions?"  
  
"Yes," she replied.  
  
"Good. Before you go to the fitness center, stand in the middle of the lobby and take a selfie with your phone, with your back to the check in counter."  
  
"I can't do that!" she texted back. "Everyone will be looking at me!  
  
"I have a reputation to keep here!" she texted again before he could reply.  
  
"Everyone will look at you," he replied. "That's a good thing. They will talk about you. They will want to talk to you later. It will help you."  
  
Kymberly wondered about that. She was a 44-year-old woman dressed in not much more than a bikini standing in the lobby of a luxury hotel surrounded by customers and competitors in her industry. She had no doubt that she was the focus of a lot of attention. Men, especially the older ones, would be looking at her with unabashed desire. That didn't worry her too much. It was the women's reaction she worried about. Some might admire her gumption in being so bold. But others might resent her. She couldn't do something that would hurt her ability to represent her company.  
  
But she had told her husband she would play his game. And, secretly, she wanted to play it. A part of her liked knowing that she was the center of attention.  
  
She walked toward the center of the lobby and stopped under a large, Tiffany-glass chandelier. She pulled her phone out and held it as far from her as she could so Robert would see her figure in the little outfit with the check in desk behind her. She snapped the photo and then sent it to Robert. She held the phone and look around her to see if anyone was looking at her taking the picture. She saw more than a few faces turned toward her. Then, with chagrin, she heard a familiar, high-pitched voice.  
  
"Kymberly!" the voice called out from behind her. "Did you get a good picture?"  
  
Kymberly turned around to face her interrogator. It was Kristin Conway, a sales representative from one of her company's main competitors. Kristin and Kymberly had known one another for nine years, and they saw one another frequently at pharmaceutical industry events. Kymberly had long known that Kristin saw her as her arch-rival. Kristin was the last person Kymberly wanted to see right now.  
  
"Hello, Kristin," said Kymberly, her face warm with embarrassment. "Nice to see you."  
  
Kristin looked Kymberly up and down twice. "Nice outfit!" she said. "Is this part of Sintrell's new marketing campaign?"  
  
"Bitch," Kymberly thought. Kristin -- short, blonde, and blue-eyed -- constantly maintained the perky, bubbly manner of a high school cheerleader. But, Kymberly thought, if you looked more closely you could see she moved through a crowd like a shark swimming through a crowd of fish. She always was sniffing for blood in the water. Now, obviously, she thought she had found it.  
  
"No," Kymberly replied. "I'm going to get a workout done before tonight."  
  
"Good idea!" said Kristin. "It gets harder and harder to maintain that figure as we age, doesn't it? But you seem to be doing a good job at it." Kristin was ten years younger than Kymberly, and never failed in their encounters to bring up the subject of age.  
  
"Thank you," Kymberly replied. "Well, I better get going."  
  
Kristin's eyes swept over Kymberly's body a last time.  
  
"See you later," she said. "I'm sure you'll have plenty of people joining you soon to keep you company." She flashed a big smile and walked away.  
  
Ugh, Kymberly thought. The less she had to do with Kristin Conway at this convention, the better.   
  
She became aware again that she was standing in a hotel lobby crowded with fully dressed people, and she was the only one who was barely dressed. She quickly left and started down the hallway to the fitness center. It was time to find out what else Robert had in store for her.  
  
It wasn't hard to find. In contrast with the arts and crafts style of the hotel, the fitness center was austere and modern. Mirrors lined the walls so guests could watch themselves as they worked out. Treadmills, stair climbers, and other cardio machines were clustered to one side in front of several television screens.   
  
Various weight machines were centered in the middle, and the free weights and barbells and benches were set off to the other side.  
  
Ping.  
  
She looked down.  
  
"Are you there?"  
  
"Yes," she texted him.  
  
"Start on the treadmill. After a warmup do some fast intervals so you work up a good sweat. Pick a treadmill in the middle of others to maximize the number of people who can see you."  
  
"He's really thought of everything," she thought. That was Robert -- always a meticulous planner.   
  
There were three rows of aerobic machines, with five machines in each row. Following her husband's instructions, Kymberly chose the treadmill in the middle of the front row. She judged that about half the machines were being used by guests. She felt keenly exposed from behind by the brevity of her skin-tight shorts. She set the machine to a slow setting, set her phone on the console in front of her, and started walking.  
  
In a few minutes, she had warmed up enough to increase the setting and speed. She jogged slowly on the treadmill. Someone occupied the empty treadmill next to her. He was a tall, good-looking man, nice jaw, rumpled, short, brown hair, somewhat younger than she -- perhaps mid-thirtyish.  
  
He took no time introducing himself to her.   
  
"Do you know if you can set these machines to do intervals?" he asked her.  
  
Kymberly thought that was a pretty smooth question. He hadn't said anything about her looks, or anything that was obviously flirty or lewd, and he had appealed to her knowledge of what she was doing.   
  
"Yes," she said. "Just push the PROGRAM button and you'll get instructions about what to do."  
  
"Cool," he said. "I don't have much time and want to squeeze in a good workout before this evening."   
  
He punched the program button and hit a few more buttons to adjust the workout settings. Kymberly kept her eyes ahead of her, on a television screen showing the day's news, but she could see out of the corner of her eye what he was doing.  
  
After he started a slow jog he turned to her again.  
  
"Are you here for the convention?" he asked. She noticed his eyes moving up and down the length of her body.  
  
Kymberly felt embarrassed at the man's stare, but she also thought that if she dressed the way she was dressed she wouldn't be able to avoid men's stares.  
  
"I am," she said. "I'm a rep for Sintrell." She huffed a little between her words as she jogged on the treadmill. "I'm Kymberly."  
  
"Nice to meet you," he said. He flashed a smile full of large, white teeth. "I'm Blaine. V.P., Marketing, Corvadex."  
  
The phone on the console in front of her pinged.  
  
"Tell me what you are doing."  
  
She texted back to her husband. It was awkward doing so while running.  
  
"I'm jogging on the treadmill and being hit on by a VP from another company." She hit the send button with a little glee, knowing that would make him jealous. It served him right for getting her dressed in such a little outfit in front of so many people.  
  
"Good. Just remember. They can look, but they can't touch!"  
  
"Don't worry, dear husband," she texted him.  
  
Blaine was looking at her as she put the phone back on the console. He was checking out her left hand, which bore a wedding ring with a large diamond. It hadn't stopped men from hitting on her in the past, and Blaine didn't look like the kind of guy who would be deterred by it. But it was time to speed up the workout. She punched the buttons to make the treadmill go faster.  
  
Soon she was running at a steady, brisk pace -- not all out, but fast enough to make her breath hard and to force her to pay attention to keep her body up right on the quickly turning treadmill. Her feet turned over rapidly and she pumped her arms. She looked at the reflection of herself in the mirror. It really was a small outfit, she thought, and the purple and black fabric was almost a blur as she ran in place on the machine. Her figure was nearly all taut, firm skin -- thin waist, with no fat, and legs moving fast like pistons. Her breasts, though, looked very full and upright in the sport bra, and they heaved and bounced with every deep, quick breath and step she took.  
  
With a quick glance, she could tell her neighbor, Blaine, who ran more slowly than she did, was checking her out, though trying, mostly unsuccessfully, not to be obvious about it. He wasn't the only one. At least seven other men were on machines around her and most of them gave her at least one admiring glance. She even caught a woman in the back row on a stair climber sneak a peek at her butt.  
  
Kymberly was working up a sweat, now. She knew that was what Robert wanted -- he wanted her to be damp and sweaty in her little shorts and bra top before she moved on to the next part of the workout. At first, she just felt her skin grow warm, but then she felt the growing dampness, and then moisture soaking into the edges of the bra and the waist band of the shorts. She even felt some moisture between her legs, and for a moment wished she were wearing something under the extremely thin shorts. It was too late to do anything about it now.  
  
She kept at the brisk, steady pace for twenty minutes, until she covered in a fine film of perspiration. Then she slowed the machine and her pace to cool down for a few minutes, and finally she grabbed her phone and hopped off the treadmill.  
  
She texted Robert.  
  
"I'm done. And covered in sweat. What now?"  
  
"Do some squats and overhead presses with dumb bells. Then do some bench presses. Get someone to spot you."  
  
Kymberly moved over to the side of the room where the free weights were stacked. Kymberly was a regular gym-goer, and she preferred free weights to machines. She grabbed two moderate dumbbells from the rack and took up a position to start doing some squats. Before she started she saw another text.  
  
"When you do the squats, turn sideways to the room so everyone can see your body in profile."  
  
"My God, he's bossy and kinky," she thought. Her husband was hundred miles of way, hanging on his phone, and thinking about exactly how she positioned herself to show her body off to other people to maximum effect.   
  
She faced sideways to the room, the dumbbells in her hands at her side, and began doing the squats, slowly. She lowered herself all the way, until her thighs were parallel to the ground. She exaggerated, just a little, pushing her butt out behind her and her chest out in front of her. By looking in the mirror at various places around the room she could tell that she was being checked out by other guests working out on their machines. Blaine was getting off his machine and walking over to the free weight rack. After finishing a set of 12 she paused for a minute. She did three sets of squats.  
  
Robert texted. It amazed Kymberly that Robert seemed to have timed her movements perfectly even though he couldn't see her.  
  
"Set up your phone to take a photo on 10 second delay, then take a photo of yourself standing with the weights in your hand and up at your shoulders."  
  
He was making this embarrassing, forcing her to put herself on display and conspicuously take photos of herself while doing it, in front of colleagues and competitors. "Well," she had to admit to herself, "he isn't forcing me. It's my choice to do this."   
  
Kymberly didn't have to follow his instructions. But she enjoyed following them, although doing so was embarrassing. She set the dumbbells down and set up the phone to take a photo on delay. Then she pushed the button, set it on a bench near her, and quickly back away and picked up the dumbbells again.   
  
The flash went off. She hadn't meant to set it on flash, but she had, and now everyone in the room would know she was taking photos of herself.   
  
"Workout selfie, huh?" she heard a voice behind her. It was Blaine.  
  
"Oh, uh, yeah," she stammered. "I take photos from time to time to follow my workout progress."  
  
"Oh, that's a good idea," he said. "Here, I'll take one of you -- it'll be a better photo that way."   
  
"O.K., thanks," she said. She didn't really want to push things forward with Blaine, who obviously was interested, but she knew Robert would like it -- as long as things didn't go too far.  
  
She posed in three different positions while Blaine snapped photos of her with her phone. He handed the phone to her and she checked out the photos. The last one was best: it showed her standing at an angle to the camera, with one arm curled with a dumbbell in hand, up at her shoulder, her bicep flexed and dewy with sweat, and her eyes open wide and lips parted. It was a sexy photo, and for a second she thought it was strange that she had just posed that way for a stranger. But Robert would like it. She hit the keys on her phone to send it to him.  
  
"The man who's trying to hit on me just took this."  
  
She held her phone and waited until Robert sent his reply.  
  
"Very hot, baby. Now ask the nice man to spot you while you do bench presses."  
  
Kymberly thought that she had a very naughty husband. She looked at Blaine, who seemed torn between moving on to his next routine and watching her. So far, watching her had won out.  
  
"Hey, Blaine," she said, "would you mind very much helping me? I'd like to do some bench presses and I need a spotter."  
  
Blaine's face lit up eagerly, and Kymberly knew he wouldn't mind helping her at all.  
  
"No problem," he said. They walked together over to a bench with a bar over it. Kymberly put a weight on either side and fastened each to the bar securely.  
  
"You look like you know your way around a gym pretty well," Blaine said.  
  
"I do this a lot," she said.  
  
"I can tell," he said, with a smile that was not quite wolfish but not quite innocent, either.  
  
After finishing getting the barbell set up Kymberly glanced in the mirror, wondering what she looked like to Blaine. Her eye was drawn down to her shorts, and she noticed with dismay that a pronounced camel toe had formed where the tight and now lightly damp shorts covered the space between her legs. There was nothing she could do without calling attention to it. She knew Robert wouldn't want her to, either.  
  
She lay back on the bench, splaying her legs and planting her feet firmly on the ground. Blaine stood behind her, ready to catch the bar if necessary. From her position, she couldn't see what he was looking at, but she guessed that he was getting an eyeful of the ample cleavage put on display by the skimpy purple and black bra. Or, maybe he was looking at the smooth, taut skin of her abdomen. Or, if his eyes were straying still lower, maybe he was staring at where the tight shorts fabric clung to the skin between her legs, where the seam fit directly over and formed a noticeable gully right over her sex. Kymberly didn't know. It was a little embarrassing, but she had a workout to do, and she hoped he wasn't too distracted to help her if she needed the help.  
  
As it turned out, she didn't need the help; she could get through a few sets without too much difficulty. She was aware the whole time of the show she was putting on in the shorts and bra. Pressing the weight caused the muscles of her chest to contract, accentuating her cleavage. She also found herself clenching her butt on the upstroke, which caused her hips to rise slightly and to stretch the thin fabric even more tightly over her pubic mound. She noticed that another man had started lifting dumb bells a few feet beyond the end of her bench, and he must have been getting quite a view between her spread legs.  
  
She finished and sat up and looked around, and she had the sneaking feeling that about half a dozen of the gym goers suddenly had averted their eyes away from her.   
  
"Good job," Blaine said behind her.  
  
She twisted backward to say "thanks" and she caught him staring at her still heaving chest.  
  
"Thanks for your help," she said. Then she picked up the phone at her feet to text Robert.  
  
"Time to stretch. Include planks and leg lefts and do some with your legs stretched open."  
  
Robert is going to get me in trouble, she thought.  
  
Robert wanted her to show her off to the guests in the crowded fitness room during her cool-down stretching. Kymberly figured that the way to do it without looking overtly like she was showing off was to look like she knew what she was doing and move through the stretches quickly. Fortunately, Kymberly, through lots of gym experience, knew what she was doing.  
  
She walked over to a mat nearby and lay on her back. Then she planted her feet on the ground and lifted her butt as high off the ground as she could, clenching her glutes. She straightened her body, and she knew the front of her body was lifted high and on display for everyone -- her bra-clad breasts, lean torso, and, most of all, her lycra-clad pubic mound, still noticeably grooved down the middle and sculpted by purple and black lycra. She held that position for a minute.  
  
She flipped over and got up on her toes and elbows, holding her body straight in a plank position. Now her perky butt was on display. Then she alternated taking each leg off the ground, first raising it as far back as she could, and then holding it out straight as far to her side as she could. She felt the muscles of her core tensing with the strain of holding the position, and she felt the muscles of her butt contract as well.   
  
Kymberly had done all these stretches in gyms before, and she often had been aware of the glances she would get from men working out nearby -- sometimes subtle, sometimes completely obvious. But she'd never worked out in a gym in an outfit this skimpy. Through her side vision she could tell she was getting lots of glances, and a lot of them weren't subtle at all.   
  
She stood up and moved to the wall to stretch her calves, and she pushed her butt out and put it on display again. Looking in a mirror to the side of her outstretched hands against the wall, she saw glances being cast her way. Her admirers included Blaine, who was sneaking peeks at her while curling dumbbells that looked too heavy for him. She thought he probably was trying to impress her.  
  
Next, she lay back on the mat and raised her legs straight and pressed together in the air. She brought her toes back, back, back, until they were over her head, and then she spread her feet apart. In that position, she knew the little shorts were riding far up her thighs, and she could feel the exposure of skin at the edge of her butt. She knew the thinly-covered gap between her legs was on view as well. She held that position for a minute and then brought her legs back to the ground.   
  
After a few more stretches she was done. She texted Robert.  
  
"I'm done with the workout." Then she texted what stretches she had done so he could imagine her doing them.  
  
"Good," he texted back. "Time to go back to the room. Let me know when you get there, and then take a shower."  
  
"I'm heading back to my room," she told Blaine, who looked disappointed that she was leaving.  
  
"I'll see you later this evening," he said.  
  
"See you then," she said. She stood up, toweled off the bench, and left the fitness center.  
  
By now nearly all the guests had checked in for the weekend, and the hotel corridors were crowded with people. She caught dozens of people -- mostly men but some women too -- staring at her sweaty, scantily clad body as she made her way back to her fourth-floor room.

Once back inside the room, Kymberly texted Robert that she had arrived. She kicked off her shoes and peeled off the socks and bra, and then finally pulled the little shorts down her waist and legs until it lay on the floor. She scooped up the sweaty garments and put them in a compartment in her suitcase. Then she walked naked to the bathroom and started her shower.  
  
Kymberly thought about what Robert had made her do. It embarrassed her, a little, to know she'd put her figure so boldly on display before so many people, and it was doubly embarrassing that these were people in her industry, people with whom she did business or from whom she would try to solicit business, people that she would be socializing with over drinks and dinner later that evening. But the exposure excited her, too. And it was doubly thrilling that she'd put herself in Robert's hands, leaving it to him to decide how and when she would be exposed.  
  
She wondered what was going to come next. Already Robert had pushed her exhibitionism boundaries beyond where they'd been before. It was hard to imagine what more he might ask her to do. Whatever it was, she was enjoying the game and wanted to keep playing it. But knowing Robert, he had planned a lot more. It made her nervous to think about what it might be.  
  
After thoroughly washing her sweaty body, Kymberly rinsed herself off. She stepped out of the shower and dried herself off with the plush hotel towel.   
  
She heard the ping of her phone again and picked it up.  
  
"Are you done?" Robert texted. "If so take a selfie in the bathroom mirror and send it to me."  
  
She dropped the towel and held the phone up in front and a little to the side of her. To spice up the show she stood with her legs apart and one hand on her head, her hip cocked to the side. Kymberly appraised herself in the mirror. Looking pretty good, she thought. She hadn't showered long enough to steam up the mirror so it was a clear shot. Only a few days before the convention she had scheduled a full Brazilian wax job, so she was showing a lot between her legs. She knew Robert would like it. She sent it to him.  
  
"Very nice, darling," he texted in reply a minute later. Now take the blow drier and walk out into the room and dry your hair. Stay naked with the window open. Text me as soon as you are done."  
  
She thought about that. It would take quite a few minutes to dry her hair, and she would be taking a bigger chance of someone outside seeing her if she stood naked in front of the window so long. But she had started the game, and she was going to see it through, if she could. She stepped tentatively out of the bathroom into the well-lit hotel room, dryer in hand. An outlet was on the wall next to the desk, so she plugged it in there, stood facing the window, and dried her hair. She grabbed a brush off the desk and brushed it as she dried it.  
  
Standing there with her arms up and hands full and over her fully nude body, Kymberly was both nervous and excited about her exposure. No one could see her, as far as she could tell, but there was nothing to stop someone from seeing her like this if they were standing in the right place and looking in the right direction. It was thrilling.  
  
She thought she saw movement in the room across the way. It was difficult to tell, because the light wasn't on in that room and she couldn't see clearly into it. She peered carefully into it, but she didn't see anything more. Her eyes might have been playing tricks on her.  
  
After a few minutes of standing, exposed, she finished drying her hair and texted Robert that she was done.  
  
"Good. Now, pull the clothes you are going to wear out of the suitcase onto the bed, but don't put them on yet. Stay naked."  
  
She lifted the suitcase and put it on the bed and unzipped it. She pulled out the dress she intended to wear that night, and a bra she had brought as well. She looked for the panties she intended to wear as well.  
  
A knock sounded at the door. Then a man's voice.  
  
"Room service."  
  
Kymberly hadn't expected that. "Just a minute," she called.  
  
A bathrobe hung in the bathroom, and she moved toward the bathroom to put it on, but she thought she should let Robert know first, since part of the game was not getting dressed without his permission.  
  
"Room service at the door. I have to get dressed," she texted him.  
  
His reply was immediate.  
  
"Do not get dressed. Stay naked, open the door for him, and wait for my next instruction."  
  
"What?" She thought. He had never gone this far. It was one thing to wear a skimpy outfit to the gym, or to stand naked in front of the window when no one was looking, but it was another to open the door for a man and invite him into her room while she was naked.  
  
"Hello?" called the voice outside the door. "I have a package."  
  
"Just a sec," she answered him through the door. She hadn't expected a package to be delivered. Robert must have sent it, which meant that its delivery by the porter was part of his game.   
  
He had planned to expose her naked body to the porter from the beginning. Goosebumps popped up on her arms at the thought.  
  
Kymberly wondered what Robert had in mind for her.  
  
She stood next to the door, fully naked, with one hand on the door handle and the other still clutching the phone. Could she do this? She had enjoyed Robert's games up to this point, and she enjoyed the mild exhibitionism he had put her through. But this was a whole new ballgame. She was trembling with nervousness. She wasn't sure she could go through with it.  
  
Her mind was a frenzy of calculations to decide if she could, or should, keep playing Robert's game.  
  
The porter didn't know her. He wasn't a guest or someone whose business she was trying to win. If he saw her naked, he probably would be discreet. Even if he told other hotel employees about her, all they would know is that he'd seen an unnamed naked female guest in one of the rooms. It was embarrassing, and it was something she'd never done before. But it wasn't that big a risk, was it?  
  
What the hell, she thought. She opened the door.  
  
Whatever Robert's game was, the hotel porter wasn't in on it, because his eyes bugged out in surprise when he saw her standing naked in her room. He was young, she noticed -- probably in his early 20s.  
  
"Come in," she said, trying to keep her voice steady.  
  
She stood aside while he walked in the door with a large rectangular package in his arms. In the narrow room entry, the porter's shoulder nearly brushed against her exposed and erect nipples. She shut the door behind him and was grateful when she heard it close, knowing at least that no one else could see her naked. He turned back to her.  
  
"Um, where do you want it?" he asked, hesitation in his voice, and his eyes scanning her body.  
  
"Just put it over there on the bed," she said. Kymberly was surprised how firm her voice was. Five minutes earlier, she would have thought she would die of embarrassment to show a hotel porter her naked body as she was doing now. But she didn't die. On the contrary, her nudity in front of the porter, though unfamiliar and somewhat nerve wracking, excited and emboldened her.  
  
The porter walked the package over to the bed. He seemed to be in no hurry, obviously wanting to delay and to see as much of Kymberly as he could before she ushered him out of the room.  
  
Robert's next text came.  
  
"Next part of the game. Give your phone to the porter and ask him to take 5 photos of you. Tell him he gets to choose the position for each photo."  
  
"Oh no," she thought. Robert kept ratcheting up the exposure and embarrassment.   
  
The porter had left the package on the bed, and was standing beside it, looking at her, trying not to be too lewd about it, but unable to keep his eyes off her nude body. He seemed to be waiting for a tip, as well.  
  
"He's going to get more than a tip," Kymberly thought. "Robert, I can't believe you are making me do this."  
  
Kymberly stood before the porter, completely nude, and keenly aware of her nudity. She struggled to make eye contact with him in her current state, but with effort she did.  
  
"Can you do something for me?" she asked him.  
  
"Ah . . . ah . . . sure," the porter said, his eyes uncontrollably running all over her nude body.  
  
"Um," Kymberly said. "This is kind of a funny request. But . . . but, can you take five photos of me, and tell me what position you want me to take for each photo." She held her phone in front of her.  
  
The porter didn't seem to get it at first.   
  
"Wait a minute. You want me to take your photo?" he asked. "And you want me to say what position you should take? Is that what you want? I get to pick the position?"  
  
"Yes," Kymberly said.   
  
"O.K." he said. He didn't need further convincing. He took the phone from her hand.  
  
They stood and looked at each other.  
  
"Go ahead and tell me what position you want me to take, and take a picture of me," Kymberly said.  
  
"Um. O.K. Put your hands on your hips and smile at me."  
  
Kymberly did as the porter asked, and she pushed her hip to one side. She spread her legs out just a little. She gave the porter a big smile. Striking this pose, she fully exposed herself, but not in a lewd way.  
  
Robert liked taking photos of Kymberly, so she had become accustomed to posing nude for him. But until now she had never posed nude for any other man. It was thrilling but strange, especially because her husband had arranged it.  
  
The porter took the photo of her.  
  
"Wow. That's great. O.K. How about if you turn around. Now look over your shoulder back at the camera. That's great."   
  
Kymberly turned her butt-side to him. She pushed her butt back toward him, just a little. She wondered how much she was showing between her legs. She looked back over her shoulder at the awe-struck porter and smiled at him.  
  
Snap. Another photo.   
  
She stood with her back to the porter, waiting for his next instruction. She could tell from his hesitation that he wasn't sure what to tell her to do next. His eyes settled low on her butt, and she guessed that she was showing something between her parted legs.  
  
"Um," he said. "Could you . . . could you sit in that chair?" he asked her.  
  
She turned around, facing him, knowing that she put her breasts and her shaved pussy on display. She pointed to the chair next to the desk.  
  
"This one?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah, that one," he said.  
  
She sat down in the chair.  
  
"How do you want me to pose?" she asked.  
  
The porter was nervous and obviously did not know what to say or how far he could instruct her.  
  
"Ahhh . . . sit back in the chair. Put your hands, um, behind your head. And . . . open your legs a little bit."  
  
Kymberly did as he asked. She posed as he instructed and looked straight into his eyes. He took the third photo of her.  
  
Kymberly's embarrassment was fading quickly. She enjoyed sitting nude and exposed for the porter. Twisting and posing her naked body for him sent delicious chills through her.   
  
"You have two more," she said to him. "How would you like me to pose?"  
  
Kymberly felt herself getting more comfortable as she watched how nervous the porter was.  
  
"Ah . . . I get to choose how you pose, right?" he asked.  
  
"I'll pose however you want me to," she said to him, without taking her eyes off his.  
  
"You're sure?" he asked her. "I get to pick the pose?"  
  
"You get to the pick the pose," she replied.  
  
"O.K. then. Umm. Then, uh, scoot forward in the chair a little. Like that. And put your legs up. In the air, and then spread your legs apart."  
  
"You want my legs in a spread-eagle position?" she asked him.  
  
"Yeah . . . yeah . . . that's right."  
  
As nervous and embarrassed as Kymberly was -- or had been -- the porter obviously was even more so. She thought she saw his hands shake as they clutched the phone.  
  
She did what he asked. She held her thin, sculpted legs high in the air, spread apart, in the shape of a V. She knew that the porter could see everything between her legs now. Inside her a voice told her she shouldn't be doing this, that she should feel ashamed and mortified, but whatever embarrassment she felt was outweighed by the thrill running through her body, and the desire to keep playing her husband's game. She felt excited and aroused. She knew the porter could see both her open vulva, waxed and smooth and completely bare, and her asshole, too.   
  
"Is this what you want?" she asked him.  
  
"Yes. But, uh, one more thing. Could you . . . could you put your hands under your butt . . . on either side like that . . . yes, like that . . . and . . . uhhh . . . could you pull . . . could you pull your pussy open?"  
  
Kymberly reached her hands down on either side of her butt cheeks and, using her fingers, pulled her labia apart. She didn't look down at what she was doing. She kept looking into the porter's eyes.  
  
"Like this?" she asked him.  
  
"Yes," he said, but he didn't take the picture right away.  
  
"I think you should go ahead and take the photo," she said. But even as she spoke, she began running the forefinger of her right hand up and down slowly and just inside the inner right lip of her pussy. She could feel the moisture under her fingertip; she was becoming more aroused and growing moister with every minute. While she traced her finger along her moist slit, up and down, up and down, she did not take her eyes off the porter's eyes. His concentration obviously was shaken. Though he held the phone up near his face, his eyes were fixed on the movement of her finger on her pussy. He seemed to have forgotten he was holding the phone.  
  
"Do you like that?" she asked him. She tried to make the question sound sweet and innocent rather than lascivious.  
  
"Yes. You are . . . so beautiful," he said.  
  
"My pussy likes being looked at," she said.  
  
She gave him a little more time to enjoy looking at it and then spoke up again.  
  
"My pussy wants to have its picture taken," she said.  
  
He came to, shaking his head a little.  
  
"Sure, sure, sorry," he said.  
  
Snap.  
  
After he took the photo, the porter kept staring at Kymberly in that position, with her legs spread wide and her pussy open to him. Kymberly had to prompt him again. She stayed in the same position, not moving. She kept moving her finger lightly over and just inside the lip of her pussy, opening it and exposing it a little more even as she kept tracing the finger up and down.  
  
"What pose do you want me to do next?" she asked. "It's your last one. Better make it good."  
  
"O.K.," he said. "Could you turn around in the chair, and put your arms on the back of the chair . . . like that, and spread your legs a little . . . and scoot your butt out a little more. Like that. Tilt your butt up to me a little more. Like that. That's good. Now look over your shoulder back toward me."  
  
It wasn't an easy pose in the little chair, but Kymberly did her best. She spread her legs as wide as she could in the small chair, and she tilted her butt up toward the porter. She knew everything between her legs was on display for him.  
  
"Like that?" she asked him as she looked back over her shoulder toward him.  
  
"Yeah, just like that," he said, his voice quavering. "One more thing. Could you reach your hand back, and put it on your butt, and . . . uh . . . pull your butt cheek to the side so I can see your . . . uh . . .."  
  
"My pussy?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah, your pussy. Pull your butt cheek to the side so I can see your pussy better."  
  
She did so. She knew that in this position, and particularly with the cheeks of her butt spread apart, her pussy was fully on display, wet and open, and every detail of her asshole would be on view to him as well. It excited her to be so fully revealed, and she let out a sigh of pleasure that she knew he could hear.  
  
Once again, he didn't take the photo right away. It was his last one and she knew he'd want to drag out the scene and enjoy it as long as he could. She let him. She held herself wide open for him and started wiggling her butt slowly from side to side.   
  
She didn't rush him, and it must have taken at least another minute before she heard the click of the phone camera. But, finally, she heard it.  
  
He'd taken the last photo.   
  
She stood up from the chair and approached him with her hand out, beckoning for the phone. Her firm, naked breasts were no more than a foot from his chest.  
  
"May I have my phone, please?" she asked him, sweetly.  
  
"Can I send one of these photos to myself?" he asked.  
  
"I'm sorry, but no," she said. "You'll have to settle on memories."  
  
"They'll be nice memories," he said to her as he handed over the phone.  
  
She took the phone and then turned around faced the desk, where her purse lay. She bent over, keeping her legs straight, to give him another clear view of her ass and what lay between the cheeks of her ass, and she pulled cash out of her purse to pay him a tip. It was a big tip.  
  
"This is just between us," she told him.  
  
"Just between us, ma'am," he said. Then he turned around and left the room.  
  
She closed the door, turned around, and pressed her hands against it behind her.  
  
"Oh, my God," Kymberly thought when he was gone. "I can't believe I just did that."  
  
She collapsed on the bed and lay on it, scarcely believing what she had just done.  
  
She held the phone over her and texted Robert.  
  
"He's done, and he's gone now."  
  
"Send me the photos," he texted back.  
  
She sent them to him, one by one. He didn't reply until a minute had passed since she had sent the last one.  
  
"Wow, baby," he texted. "You look fantastic. You put on quite a show."  
  
"I can't believe I did that. Did you tell him what poses to have me take?"  
  
"No, I didn't. He didn't know anything. You and he bear total responsibility for the photos."  
  
"How do you feel?" he added.  
  
She had to think about that before replying.  
  
"I'm in shock about what you made me do. You made me show off my body to almost the entire hotel, and then you had me get spread-eagled and naked in front of the porter!!!" she texted to him.  
  
"I didn't make you do anything, baby," he replied. "I asked you to play a game and you chose to play. Every step you've taken in the game is a step you chose to take.  
  
"You like the feeling, don't you? Admit it." He added.  
  
"I'm embarrassed but I kind of like it," she replied.  
  
"Are you aroused?" he texted.  
  
She didn't have to think about that. She knew the answer.  
  
"Yes, I am," she replied.  
  
"Touch yourself, and take a photo of yourself being touched, and send it to me," he texted.  
  
"You are a very kinky husband," she replied. But she did as he asked. She put her left hand down between her legs, using her fingers lightly to mash and spread apart her damp lips. With her right hand, she held the phone out and snapped a photo of herself. Then she sent it, not stopping the rubbing down between her legs.  
  
He didn't reply right away, so she lay on the bed longer, naked, legs apart, gently caressing herself and letting her thoughts drift. Then she texted her husband again.  
  
"I'm going to have to get ready for the evening mixer and the dinner soon. I assume we are done for the evening?" She looked at the phone and waited for his reply.  
  
"Oh no, baby," he texted back. "We've just gotten started. I have lots of plans for you."  
  
"Lots of plans?" She thought. "What? What more could he have planned after that last episode with the porter?"   
  
It was beginning to dawn on Kymberly that when she had agreed to play Robert's games for the weekend, she had had no idea what she was getting into.

**Hotel Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

Kymberly lay naked on the bed, her hands and arms thrown back above her head and her legs bent and open. She was just starting to recover from the excitement of her photo session with the hotel porter, not 15 minutes before.  
  
She didn't have much time to lie there, because she had a dinner and convention to go to, and she had to get ready for them. Her husband, Robert, had just told her that he had more plans for her, but she had no idea what those plans were. She knew didn't have time to be getting naked with more hotel staff before she went to dinner.  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted by still another ping coming from her phone lying next to her on the bed. She picked it up and looked at the message on it.  
  
"It's time for you to open the box I sent," Robert texted her. "Is it on the bed with you?"  
  
"Yes," she replied.  
  
"Sit up on the bed with your legs apart, facing the window, and open the box now."  
  
Kymberly sat up and spread her legs open and looked out the window again to see if anyone could see her. The late afternoon sun now was reflecting off the window of the room opposite hers, so it was impossible to tell if someone might be inside that room. If there was, they probably could see her if they were trying to.   
  
She dimly recalled from the program materials that the convention guests, or at least most of them, were concentrated in this building of the hotel. So, the chances were good that even if someone was in the room across from her and could see her like this, that person probably wasn't connected with the convention. That eased her embarrassment and nervousness a little. Not entirely, but a little.  
  
The box in her hand was made of sturdy cardboard; it was wrapped and taped carefully. When she opened it, she found it contained still more packages. She upended the box and the smaller packages spilled out on the bed.  
  
The boxes were white and rectangular, and of different sizes. Each bore a printed label with a number on it. Kymberly marveled at her husband's meticulousness. He planned his kinky games with great care.  
  
"Open package no. 1," Robert texted.  
  
She picked up the package with the number 1 on it. It was a little bigger than the others. She shook it lightly and heard a few objects move inside it.  
  
Kymberly peeled back the tape connecting the two halves of the box, and lifted the top half off.  
  
The box contained three wireless remote cameras, and a piece of paper, folded over. She unfolded the paper, and it contained a map of her room, with three marked locations. No doubt about it, Robert knew the room.   
  
"Place the cameras in the locations marked on the map, pointed in the direction indicated in the map, and plug them in and turn them on," he texted.  
  
She stood up and did so. One camera was placed on a night stand next to the bed, pointed toward the window. Another was placed on the desk closer to the window, pointed across the room. The third was placed on the ledge of the window, pointed back into the room.  
  
As she finished the task the next text came.   
  
"Open package no. 2."  
  
She opened it and found a slim laptop computer inside.  
  
"Set it up on the desk, open and facing the window, without obscuring the camera. Press the on button, enter "hotwife" in the password prompt. When it's up, click on the square icon in the middle of the screen. Then follow the prompts on the screen."  
  
Kymberly laughed to herself as she entered the password. Robert had never called her that before, and she had never thought of herself in those terms. A window popped up on the laptop screen and instructed her what to press. She keyed in the responses and stood back.   
  
"Done," she texted him.  
  
"Well done," he texted in reply a minute later. "The cameras are wirelessly connected to the laptop. They are now working. The laptop is connected to the hotel's internet network. I have remote control of the laptop. I can see you in one of the cameras now. I also can hear you via the microphone in the laptop. Impressive, huh?"  
  
Kymberly thought it was impressive, but a little, well, strange. She knew Robert had voyeuristic habits, but this was taking his voyeurism to a new level. She felt flattered that he had gone to so much trouble to see her naked from different angles, but she felt nervous, too, that it would be harder than ever to escape his gaze as long as she was in the room and the cameras were set up.  
  
"Did you do all this yourself?" she texted him.  
  
"No," texted Robert. "I had help with Francois, my IT specialist."  
  
"Does he know what this is for?" she texted him. She was worried that he shared their games with someone else.  
  
"No," he texted. "I told him I wanted this for home security purposes. I think he believed me!"  
  
That was a relief, Kymberly thought. She liked playing Robert's games, but she didn't know how she felt about other people being drawn into them.  
  
She posed for the camera pointed at her from the window, putting her hands over her head.  
  
"Do you like what you see, Robert?" she said out loud to herself as she posed.  
  
She heard a quick ping in reply, so she looked at her phone.  
  
"You bet I do, baby," he texted.  
  
"You turned the microphone on," he texted. "I can hear what you say."  
  
"I'm impressed!" she texted him. "Did Francois do that or did you set that up yourself?"  
  
"I did. Surprise you, huh?"  
  
"Yes. But I think what surprises me most is how many different angles you want to see me naked from."  
  
Kymberly was sitting on the bed looking at the laptop, and she spread her legs open to give her husband an angle he would like.  
  
"Baby, you look fantastic from every angle. And the night is young and there are more angles to come. There's more fun ahead."  
  
"Are you going to tell me what they are?" she asked.  
  
"Not yet. That would spoil the fun. In the meantime, I think you should prepare for the evening. You took materials to read, right?"  
  
"I did," she said. "You know I like to be prepared. There are reading materials for the presentation and I brought some notes and things to read about some of my competitors."  
  
"We both like to be prepared," he replied. "That's why we're peas in a pod. Well, go ahead and do that, but stay naked for me. I'll be watching you."  
  
"Isn't that going to get boring for you?" she asked.  
  
"No, not at all. Besides, I'm sitting in the den with my feet up and my favorite bourbon in one hand and the TV remote in my other hand in case you fail to entertain me. But I don't think I'm going to need the remote."   
  
"I hope not, after all this effort. O.K., baby. I'm going to get to work."  
  
Kymberly pulled a sheaf of papers out of her suitcase. On the top was a collection of stapled papers about the convention. It contained background reading for that night's presentation.  
  
Kymberly always took care to be well-prepared for these conventions. She had to, if she wanted to be taken seriously. Her good looks invariably led many of the men she encountered -- and most of the people she encountered were men -- to assume her looks were her best feature, and her brains a distant second. She liked to impress her peers with her knowledge of the new drugs on the market. She knew her own company's products, and the products of its competitors, cold. At the last convention, an older executive from another company, a well-known sexist who was famous for his wandering hands, had tried to make her look bad at a table full of men after she had shot down his advances. He'd failed. She had known more about the topics he had raised than he had. After about ten minutes he had slunk away from the table with his half-finished scotch in his hand, and she had won two new customers.  
  
Kymberly also had taken notes and saved web pages of competitors and potential customers to her laptop. She pulled it out and opened it in front of her on the bed and started reading.  
  
It was a little odd to be studying seriously for the evening ahead while simultaneously lying nude in front of video cameras for her husband's entertainment, but Kymberly was enjoying the attention from her husband and didn't mind multi-tasking. She lay with her tummy on the bed, at a right angle to the laptop so Robert could see the full length of her as she lay on the bed. She kept her butt arched in the air and her legs up and crossed over each other. She wondered what Robert was doing. It was easy to imagine him in the den, because he liked to spend time there with a cocktail at his side and a book in his lap or a game on the television. It was hard to imagine him doing nothing but staring at her nude body on the bed, although she knew he did enjoy admiring her. She enjoyed the admiration.  
  
Kymberly lay prone on the bed until she finished reading the materials. She texted Robert after closing her laptop.  
  
"Time to get dressed. I suppose you have instructions about that too?"  
  
He replied immediately. Amazing -- he was still paying attention.  
  
"Yes, I do, darling. Pull out the red dress and the red lace bra and the black heels from the suitcase."  
  
Kymberly noticed what was missing from his instructions.  
  
"Aren't you leaving something out?" she texted him.  
  
"No. No panties for you tonight."  
  
"Robert," she replied. I can't go without panties to a convention full of my peers and potential customers. Be serious."  
  
"I am serious. Yes, you can. The dress is long enough that you won't show anything if you are careful. Put it on and get dressed and you'll see."  
  
Kymberly was torn. She had attended this convention for her job, not for Robert's titillation. She had work to do, people to schmooze, customers to win. It would take care and concentration.  
  
But she did enjoy Robert's game -- she couldn't deny it. She enjoyed the thrill of the risk of exposure -- even if it was just a risk, not a reality. She liked thinking about Robert, hundreds of miles away, thinking about her, surrounded by her peers, panty-less and bare under the short dress.  
  
It was a challenge. And Kymberly liked a challenge. She was good at doing two things at once. She decided she could do it.  
  
She stood up and hooked the lacy bra on. Unlike the running bra she'd worn earlier in the day, this one didn't give a lot of support. But she wouldn't need it. Her breasts at 44 still were firm and perky, and the snug dress would help hold them in place.  
  
She pulled the dress on after the bra was done. It was a red, form-fitting sheath, with a V-neck collar and sleeves that ended just below her elbows. It was short, ending a few inches above the knee, but not scandalously so, and she knew she could pull off the hem length with her toned, sculpted, and tanned legs, which would be left bare. She never had worn it in public before, but she had tried it on, and she knew the color set off perfectly her dark hair and eyes. It was sexy, but just modest enough to be acceptable at an event like this one. The cut and bold color of the dress would make her stand out, and she would get lots of attention. But that's what she wanted. And Robert wanted it even more than she did.  
  
Kymberly thought about the combination of dress length and lack of panties. As Robert had said, the dress, though short, was long enough that she wouldn't expose herself if she took some care to avoid doing so. But it was short enough that she would have to take some care. She couldn't sit in a chair facing a room and let her legs open without running a significant risk of showing everything.   
  
But that was Robert's objective, she knew -- to put her right on the edge and force her to be mindful of the risk the entire time she was among other people.   
  
I'm up for your challenge, Robert, she thought.  
  
She stepped into the black heels. Kymberly could navigate her way across a crowded room in four inch heels with ease.  
  
She went to the bathroom to apply a light layer of makeup. Kymberly didn't need a lot of makeup, but just the right amount of foundation, mascara, and eye liner would complete the look she wanted. It took her only a few minutes.  
  
She texted Robert again.  
  
"I'm done, dear kinky husband."  
  
"Not quite," he texted back. "There's one more thing to take care of."  
  
"What do you mean?" she texted back. "I'm fully dressed and ready to go."  
  
"No panties?" he texted.  
  
"No panties," she replied.  
  
"Then it's time to open the next package," he texted.  
  
The next package -- she had forgotten about his packages, even though she hadn't finished opening them.  
  
What now? She wondered.   
  
She took up the next-numbered package lying on the bed. This one was smaller than the others.  
  
She took the lid off, and she found a small purse made of glossy, black leather. The purse bulged a little; something was inside it. Before she could open the purse Robert's next text came.  
  
"Don't open the purse yet. Take the purse with you to the convention. You can put your phone and room key in it when you need to. But do not remove or open what is inside it until I instruct you. OK?"  
  
"Robert, what is this?" she texted him.  
  
"You will find out later," he texted. "Just do as I say."  
  
They mystery made Kymberly nervous. She already had agreed to go to the convention events this evening without panties, putting herself at some risk. Now Robert was throwing in a new element, and she didn't know what it was, or how it would affect her ability to strike the balance between doing her job tonight and playing Robert's games. She knew Robert was enjoying her nervousness.  
  
"O.K.," she texted back. "I'm game. I'm ready to go now."  
  
Dressed and made-up and ready, Kymberly tucked her room key into the little black purse. She wondered, again, what mysterious object Robert had put in it, and then she opened the door to the hallway. It was time for her to make her appearance.  
  
The convention was to begin with a causal mixer on the patio behind the main building of the hotel. After an hour or so of cocktails and schmoozing the guests would move to the grand ballroom inside the hotel, where they would have dinner and listen to a few remarks by the convention chair, followed by a long speech by the president of one of the big drug companies.   
  
Kymberly walked through open, outsized double doors to the patio. Already it was full of people and the buzz of dozens of conversations filled the air. The patio looked over the golf course, and beyond that a large lake filled the scene. The sun, getting ready to set soon, lay heavy and orange near the horizon and behind large trees. Filtered light cast a subdued golden glow over the patio.  
  
As Kymberly walked onto the patio she noticed a mild breeze swirling around. She felt the air swirl under her dress and tickle her bare skin and pussy. The breeze played a little with the hem of her dress, lifting it just a little and exposing a little more thigh, but she wasn't too worried about it showing something she didn't want to show because of the way the dress hugged her body. Still, she would have to be mindful of the wind on the patio.  
  
A jazz trio was playing -- she thought she recognized a Miles Davis song. She searched for the bar, found it, and walked to it. Blaine, the man she met in the gym, was standing there getting his drink.   
  
"Hey, Kymberly," he said when he saw her approaching. His face lit up when he saw her.   
  
She would have to be careful about Blaine, she thought. The way he looked at her made Kymberly think of a puppy salivating over a new toy.  
  
"Good workout this afternoon, huh?" he asked her.  
  
"It was," she said. "I worked up quite a sweat. I don't usually get that sweaty from a gym workout but today I was just covered in it."   
  
That seemed to get a reaction from Blaine. Kymberly noticed he went quiet for a moment and she could tell he was picturing her body layered in a fine film of sweat. Sometimes men are so easy, she thought.  
  
Kymberly scanned the crowd. She could small talk with ease, but she was at the convention to win business, not just to chat. There was one big fish in particular she was hoping to catch -- Samuel Lee, the owner of a chain of medical clinics in Texas. Lee was in his late 60s, but he was known to have an eye for pretty, younger women. Kymberly had worn her red dress to catch his eye, among others.  
  
She saw him, about 50 feet away, surrounded by a group of people who appeared to be laughing at his jokes. It might not be easy to get his attention, Kymberly thought, but she had to try.  
  
"Blaine, will you excuse me?" she said and weaved her way in as straight a line as she could through the thick crowd.   
  
As she strode in long steps toward Samuel she became aware again of her bare sex under the short dress. The cooling sunset air felt delicious against her skin, but the tickle of it heightened her nervousness as well.  
  
A man's hand bumped against her butt as she wended her way around the guests. She looked up but couldn't see whose hand it was, and she wondered if he could tell just from the contact by his hand that she wasn't wearing panties. The notion gave her a quick, delicious thrill. She hadn't exposed anything -- not yet, anyway -- but she felt exposed, and she knew the absence of panties would keep reminding her of the possibility of being exposed all evening.  
  
Kymberly drew nearer to Samuel, and he looked up and away from those around him and saw her. He smiled slightly. Kymberly had met him once before, but it had been awhile and she wasn't sure he would remember her. But he had noticed her red dress, Kymberly thought, and he was trying to recall the name of the woman that went with it.  
  
Having drawn his attention, Kymberly noticed with delight that Kristin, too, was approaching him, but was behind him and farther away. Kymberly's eyes connected with Kristin's, just for a moment. "I caught him this time, bitch," she thought. Kristin just glared back, and then pivoted and looked for other prey.  
  
"It's Kymberly, right?" Samuel asked as she approached him, uncertainly. She saw his eyes do the usual semi-discreet sweep over her body, head to toe and back. She didn't mind.   
  
"Yes, Kymberly Marsh, from Sintrell," she said. "It's nice to see you again, Mr. Lee."  
  
"Please call me Samuel," he said with a smile. He ushered her into their group, which consisted of doctors and executives at the clinics he owned. They were obligated to laugh at his jokes, and they did, loudly, even when the jokes weren't funny. Samuel was a big talker, so it wasn't easy interjecting a word into the conversation, but Kymberly managed to do so with a story about her last trip to Texas. She was trying to find a way artfully to segue into the subject of her company's new drugs. As she was about to she heard a youthful male voice behind her.  
  
"Would anyone care for some appetizers," the voice asked. A tray of skewed beef dumplings appeared off Kymberly's shoulder. Kymberly, along with others in Samuel's circle, reached for one, when she heard the waiter make a soft choking sound, like a stifled gasp. She looked him in the face.   
  
It was the porter -- the one who had seen her naked in her room less than two hours earlier, the one who had taken a photo of her with her legs and pussy spread open. They looked at each other. His face remained impassive, but his eyes were wide and staring at her. Kymberly's face grew hot, suddenly, and she wondered if she was visibly flushing in front of her colleagues.   
  
"Oh, Robert," she thought. "What have you gotten me into?" She was concentrating all her powers into winning the business of a new customer, and Robert's games were distracting her from her goal. It was a fun distraction -- she had to admit that -- but it was difficult to do her job and to play Robert's games at the same time. But, then, Robert knew that. His games were meant to challenge her. The challenge was part of the fun.  
  
When the tray was cleared of dumplings, the waiter left, but not before casting a discreet, lusty glance at Kymberly as he walked away. Kymberly noticed his look, and she gave him a quick, ambiguous smile in return before he left them.

If she looked embarrassed, no one seemed to have noticed it, because Samuel was telling a joke, loudly, and everyone in the group was busy pretending it was funny. Somehow, Samuel's hand had found its way to the curve of Kymberly's lower back, not far above her rear. His touch gave Kymberly a new challenge to navigate. She didn't want him to think his hand had free rein to wander over her backside. But neither did she want to provoke or embarrass him. She wanted to get his business, after all. Fortunately, it was a predicament Kymberly had faced countless times before, one which she had learned to handle adeptly.  
  
Before she had time to think about what to do about Samuel, her phone pinged again. Robert texted.  
  
She put her hand on Samuel's shoulder and game him a grand, apologetic smile.   
  
"Samuel, so sorry," she said. "It's my husband. Something going on at home. I have to reply to him."  
  
"Family comes first," he said. "But I do hope you rejoin us when you're done."  
  
"I will! Just a sec."  
  
She stepped away from the group to see Robert's message. She shielded the phone with her hand. She didn't want anyone else to see what he texted.  
  
"Where are you now?"  
  
"On the hotel patio, schmoozing. Talking to a big potential customer."  
  
"Good girl," he texted. "I'm sure you will before the convention is over. But I have some things for you to do."  
  
"I'm busy right now," she texted back.  
  
"You agreed to play the game. This is part of the game. You will have time to get business while playing the game, but it will not be easy. Are you quitting the game?"  
  
That word. Quit. Robert knew that Kymberly hated to quit, that once she had accepted a challenge it was agony for her not to see it through. He knew the right buttons to push.   
  
Kymberly didn't know what he was going to ask her to do, or how much it might interfere with her goals at the convention, but she knew that Robert knew how important her job was to her. She guessed that he wouldn't give her something to do that was impossible -- just very challenging. She hadn't quit one of his games before. She wasn't going to quit now.  
  
"No, I'm not quitting," she texted.  
  
"By the way," she added. "The porter who saw me naked is serving appetizers at the party. He just saw me. I bet you like that."  
  
"I do. That's perfect," he texted. "I bet he liked imagining seeing you naked again. Maybe if everything goes right he will.  
  
"Here's the next part of the game," he continued. "I'm going to give you three tasks to do. One by one. I will give you the task and a specific number of minutes to complete it and to text me before the time ends that you have done it. Got it?"  
  
"Yes, I've got it," she texted him.  
  
"Are you ready for your first task?" he texted.  
  
She wasn't, really, but she wasn't going to let him know that. There was plenty of time to schmooze with the guests, so she might as well get started with Robert's games.  
  
"Yes, I'm ready."  
  
"O.K. Here's your first task. Within five minutes of receiving this text, take an upskirt photo of yourself, showing your bare pussy under the dress. You cannot go back to your room."   
  
Kymberly stared at Robert's instruction. She wouldn't be able to make it back to her room in time, anyway, she thought. She looked up from her phone and scanned her surroundings. At least 200 people crowded the patio and spilled over into the surrounding grounds of the resort and hallways of the hotel. She wondered how she would take an upskirt photo in this crowd without anyone noticing.  
  
"You have 4:30 left," he texted her.  
  
The pressure of competition was on. Robert was not going to make this easy, but Kymberly was determined, somehow, to complete the task. She held the phone up to her ear so others nearby would think she was busy talking on the phone and not bother her. She scanned the patio for places to go. Standing in the crowd, there was no way to take the photo without people noticing, and she couldn't risk that happening. She moved quickly to the edge of the patio, looking for places where she could take the photo discreetly. She saw quickly that no place nearby was risk-free. She needed some cover, and a place where she would be out of sight for a few seconds.   
  
At a far end of the patio, she spied a row of large terra cotta pots tufted with drooping, long-leaved plants. They stood, maybe, waist high, which might be high enough. She kept the phone to her ear, and stepped briskly toward the planters to give the impression she was looking for a quiet place to talk.   
  
She heard another ping and looked at the phone screen.   
  
"3:00 minutes. You better hurry."  
  
This was hard enough without Robert pressuring her.  
  
She reached the nearest planter. It was, perhaps, two feet wide. It came up to her waist, and the droopy plant spilling out of it would hide her up to her tummy. The rest of her would be uncovered. She looked around. There were people here and there, but not nearly as many as where she had stood two minutes ago, and no one that she recognized.  
  
She thought about how she would complete the task. She would have to do it as quickly as possible to minimize the risk of being seen. It would be awkward trying to hold the phone under the dress and take a photo while standing, despite how short the dress was.   
  
A man not 30 feet away caught her eye with an admiring look. Kymberly looked away quickly and looked at her phone to signal she was busy. Please, please, she thought, go away. Do not approach me. From the side of her vision she saw, thankfully, that he walked away.  
  
"1:00," she saw on her phone.  
  
She had to do this.  
  
She scanned the area. No one was looking at her. No one stood to the side of her in the narrow space between the planters and the high bushes that marked the boundary of the patio. It was now or never.  
  
She set the little purse between the leaves of the plant. She put the phone on its camera setting. She had to squat down a little to get the phone low enough below the hem of the dress. She put her left hand on the front hem of the dress and pulled it out and up just slightly.   
  
She held the phone down under the hem of her dress, pointing the lens up and under the dress and between her bare legs. She looked down quickly to make sure the position and angle appeared to be correct, and she snapped the photo.  
  
She pushed the short dress hem back into place and stepped away from the planter, hoping to give off an air that nothing unusual was going on. With little time left, she pulled up the photo on the phone screen and sent it to her kinky and expectant husband.  
  
She waited for his reply.  
  
Ping.  
  
"17 seconds to spare. You cut it close. But nice job on the photo! Your cunt looks lovely. A little wet, too, I think."  
  
The word "cunt" always sounded jarring to Kymberly, but Robert liked it, and he liked to shock her by using it to describe her in erotic moments like this one. Well, not like this one, she supposed. She'd never had a moment like this one.   
  
For this moment, the word "cunt" seemed, somehow, appropriate.  
  
Kymberly's heart was beating fast as she walked back to the center of the patio. She had a job to do. She thumbed a quick message to Robert as she walked.  
  
"Can I have time to get work done now?"  
  
"A little. I will text you soon with your next task."   
  
I'm sure you will, she thought. She had to work quickly.  
  
She could make out Samuel, just barely, still surrounded by his colleagues and admirers. She worked her way through the crowd to get back to him. Then she heard someone call her name nearby.  
  
"Kymberly," a deep, baritone voice called to her.  
  
A tall man with short, dark hair and blue eyes and a mustache was looking at her. She recognized him as the vice president of marketing of Teffler, one of her company's biggest competitors. She had only met him once -- at another event like this one a couple of years earlier -- but he was a man whose face you didn't easily forget. She remembered him having a forceful and direct manner, as well as striking good looks.  
  
"It's Dan, right? Dan Orloff?" she asked him.  
  
"Good memory. We met at the convention in Orlando two years ago."  
  
"I remember," she said. "You were one of the speakers, and you were the only one who told a funny joke."  
  
He laughed. "I'm glad to hear I got you to laugh. The jokes get stale at these things."  
  
He looked at her very intently, like he was sizing her up. But not in just in a sexual way, Kymberly thought, although she could tell he was admiring her looks.  
  
"How are things at Sintrell?" he asked.  
  
"Well enough to keep me busy," she said. "My husband doesn't always like that I'm away on work a lot, but he appreciates having a working wife." Kymberly found it was useful often to mention that she had a husband to dampen the enthusiasm of potential male admirers just a little. It worked, most of the time.  
  
"I'll bet he does," said Dan. "We're very busy at Teffler, too. We just unveiled a new line of products, and we don't seem to have enough people -- enough good people -- to sell them. We're looking to hire some good people." His eyes stared hard at her as he said it.  
  
"Good people are hard to find in the sales business," she said. Kymberly was satisfied at Sintrell, but it never hurt to test one's value on the market. And Teffler was a big player -- bigger than Sintrell, and better-paying, too, from what she had heard.  
  
"Don't I know it," he said. "We pay good people very well at Teffler. Maybe I can call you sometime and tell you some more about that."  
  
"Maybe you can. And maybe I'll tell you about any marketing VP positions that open up at Sintrell."  
  
He laughed at that. "Fair enough," he said. "We'll take this up later."  
  
"See you, Dan," and she resumed walking toward Samuel. She was chagrined that she couldn't see him now. He had moved away. She saw another group of familiar faces, though, and moved toward it to schmooze. She approached the group with her shoulders back and head high. The embarrassment of taking the photo was behind her, and Dan's evident interest in hiring her left her feeling confident and desired. And, she had to admit, she felt sexy and slightly aroused in the tight, short red dress without panties.   
  
She spent another 15 minutes circulating around the crowd, catching up with people she knew, and making connections with others she had met before. Then the phone pinged again.  
  
"Ready?"  
  
"No, not really," she replied. "Still doing my job."  
  
"It must wait," he texted. "I have another job for you to do."  
  
Here it comes, she thought.  
  
"This job is a bit riskier," he texted.  
  
Oh no, she thought. What was he going to ask her to do?  
  
"For task number 2, you have to expose yourself to someone. You must make sure the person sees your pussy. To leave no doubt, and prove it to me, you must have that person take a photo of your pussy with your phone and text it to me. I will give you a little more time for this one -- 10 minutes."  
  
"Robert, I can't do that! These are my work colleagues!"  
  
"Then find someone who is not a colleague. But not the porter. It must be someone else.  
  
"Better get started," he texted again. "You are down to 9:30."  
  
There was no use arguing with him. He wouldn't relent. She must do it in the time he gave her, or quit. Quit. That word, again. She didn't want to quit, both because she loved a challenge and because she enjoyed the games, however much they pushed the boundary of what she thought was appropriate and interfered with her work.  
  
She didn't have much time. She'd stuck to the rules so far and she would try to stick to them again. But how? It was one thing to take a quick, sneaky, upskirt selfie. It was another to hand her phone to a stranger and ask, "Would you take a photo of my pussy?"  
  
But that's what she had to do.  
  
She couldn't have someone involved in the convention take the photo. That was too risky; they might talk, and her reputation could be hurt. Who, then?  
  
She looked to the double doors of the hotel. Maybe someone on the hotel staff could do it, she thought. But the corridors of the hotel would be very crowded right now, and it would be difficult in the time she had to find a discreet place where a maid or porter could take a photo of her. Plus, they would be working, and it might be difficult for them to stop what they were doing to help her.  
  
She scanned her surroundings, turning her head around. She looked away from the hotel, out beyond the patio, toward the golf course.  
  
The golf course.  
  
The sun was setting, but a few golfers still were out on the course, finishing the last rounds of the day.   
  
She thought furiously. The golfers weren't connected with the convention. If they were, they'd be on the patio, not on the course. They wouldn't know her, or know anyone else in her industry. And if she knew anything about the type of men who would be finishing a round of golf together at the end of the day at a vacation resort like this one, they would be more than happy to oblige the request of a pretty girl's request to snap a photo of her private parts.  
  
It was the only option Kymberly could think of.  
  
She ran-walked as quickly as she could on her high heels on the patio without tripping or calling too much attention to herself. She wasn't sure, exactly, where to go. The patio was elevated over the golf course, so much of the course was exposed to it, and she couldn't just walk out to the part of the course on view to the patio and start exposing herself to surprised golfers. She'd have to find an area that wasn't directly visible to the patio guests. The area off to the left seemed to fit her needs. There were steps that descended from the patio through some hedges, past which she was sure some now-obscured part of the course lay. She would have to take her chances there.  
  
Scurrying toward the steps, she nearly crashed into Kristin, who appeared suddenly, holding a drink and accompanied by a thin, handsome blond man that Kymberly didn't recognize.  
  
"Kymberly!" Kristin called out in her trademark high-schoolish, sing-song voice. "You're in an awful hurry! Is something the matter?" Kristin peered up at her taller rival with a look of feigned concern.  
  
"No, not at all," said Kymberly, her mind scrambling for a plausible explanation. "Um . . . my . . . husband wanted me to take some photos of the golf course, so I'm heading that way to take them before the light dims." It wasn't a great excuse, but it would have to do.  
  
"What a thoughtful wife!" Kristin exclaimed. "Kymberly, do you know Roger?" She pointed to her companion.  
  
Roger motion to shake her hand, but Kymberly had no time. "We haven't met," she said. "Sorry but I have to move quickly to catch the light. I'll chat with you later."  
  
"See you then," said Kristin, her lips pursed in mock sweetness. "Shall we go back to the party, Roger?"  
  
Kymberly had no time to think of Kristin. She moved off the patio, down the steps, to a concrete path that winded through shrubbery toward the course.  
  
"7:00" showed up on her phone. Not much time left.  
  
She had never played the course and didn't know where to go, but the path took her toward what looked like the mid-point of a long fairway. She was in luck -- two golf carts were directly in front of her, and enough trees and shrubs lay around to obscure, more or less, whatever she did from anyone else's gaze.  
  
When she looked at the people in the carts, though, her hopes fell. They were occupied by two older couples, perhaps around sixty years old, and the women had the look of women that would not approve of a woman who wanted to expose her genitals to their husbands.  
  
She looked around her, desperately. Kymberly had a talent for keeping her cool under pressure, but the craziness of the challenge and the rapid expiration of time to do it were taking their toll on her. The combination of tension and running awkwardly in her heels were starting to make her sweat a little, as well.  
  
She saw no other golfers in sight. Then, she did. She saw two carts moving slowly together up the middle of a fairway. But they were moving on another hole. To get there, she would have to cross the middle of the fairway in front of her, where the two older couples had just gone by her, and then she would have to cross through a thin line of trees to get to the other fairway. She would have to hurry, to ensure the carts didn't pass by before she got there. It was going to be a close thing.  
  
She couldn't run across a golf course effectively in heels, so she shucked them off fast and held them together in the hand with her purse, the other hand holding her phone. She ran as fast as she could. Through the red dress was tight and confining, it also was short, giving her lean legs plenty of room to move and carry her quickly across the fairway.   
  
She scampered across, aware of how crazy it was that she was doing this. I have to stop being so competitive, she thought. Maybe I should just quit. But she didn't want to. She was here, now, running already, and she might as well keep running. If she focused on the task before her she could ignore, a little bit, the risk she was taking, and its possible consequences for her career.  
  
Suddenly a voice shouted "fore!" from somewhere on the hole, and without warning a golf ball bounced on the turf 20 feet in front of her. It startled her, but she had no time to stop. She turned her head from the direction of the shot and saw three golfers about 200 yards away. It was hard to tell from this distance, but it looked like they were raising their arms in the air and looking at her. She wasn't sure, but she thought she heard a voice, faint across the distance, say "Are you kidding me?"  
  
She reached the trees. They were pine trees, and they must have dropped a lot of needles, because they pricked her bare feet with every step. Still, she didn't slow down, though she let out a few yelps on the way.  
  
She cleared the trees and reached the destination fairway. The carts hadn't passed by her yet. She hadn't been able to see who was in the golf carts from her previous vantage point. Puffing and bent over, and out of breath and out of options, she hoped that it wasn't another pair of older couples. Or members of a church vestry. Or a youth group. Fortunately, it was none of those. The group consisted of three men, probably around her age, and they were talking loudly and laughing as they drove up the fairway to their balls.  
  
They didn't see her. She would have to attract their attention.  
  
"4:00" showed up on her phone. Damn, Robert! She thought.  
  
She couldn't wait.  
  
"Excuse me? Hello?" she called out.  
  
That got their attention. She could see all three of them look turn toward her in unison, start to turn away, and then do a rapid and enthusiastic double take. The guy in the lead cart, who was alone, steered his cart sharply in her direction. The other two, in a cart behind his, followed. Ten seconds later -- she was counting the time to herself, now -- their carts were right in front of her.  
  
"That's a funny golf outfit, miss," the man in the lead cart said to her with a wry smile.  
  
"I'm not out here to play golf," she replied, trying to do so with whatever composure and flirtiness she could muster.   
  
"Well, then, this is a funny place to be," he said, his smile widening. She was glad they didn't seem to mind being distracted from their game by a pretty girl in a short red dress.  
  
"I have a favor to ask you gentlemen," she said, and she batted an eyelash or two at them. It seemed to have the required effect. The lead man got out of his cart and approached her.  
  
"What can we do?" he asked. The other two were slower to respond, but they left their carts as well and followed him.  
  
"3:00."  
  
"This is an odd favor to ask, and I'm sorry to distract you from your game, but I don't have much time and you're the only ones who can help." Kymberly realized she was wasting time with explanations, and that time was running out, but she was having trouble asking what she needed to ask them.

"I'm happy to try to help, whatever it is," he said. He swept his arms around him in a broad gesture. "But we do have a round to finish, and the light's fading. What's up?"  
  
She paused, and then sucked in a big breath to buck up her courage to say what she had to say.  
  
"My husband, who is not here with me, has dared me to do something. And I need you to help me do it."  
  
She could tell they didn't know what she was going to ask, but that they were keenly interested. They drew closer to her and didn't say anything, although the man in front made a soft gesture with his hand toward her that said, "Let's get on with it, then."  
  
"I need you to take a picture of me," she said.  
  
"2:00."   
  
Stop it, Robert! she thought.  
  
"That's no problem," said the man in front. "That's simple. Here, let me take your phone."  
  
She approached him and handed him the phone.   
  
"But there's one other thing," she said. Could she make herself say it? Yes, she could.  
  
"I need to expose myself. I need to have you take a picture of me when I pull up my dress. Naked."  
  
Kymberly had never seen three mouths drop open in unison more quickly and deeply than she did now.  
  
"Seriously?" one of the guys in back spoke up for the first time.  
  
"Seriously," she said. There, she had said it. Now she had to hurry.  
  
"Can you help me?" she added, quickly.  
  
"Sure, I guess so," said the man in front. A grin that defined "shit-eating" spread across his face.  
  
"Let's do it over here," she said. Kymberly was mortified at the words that had just come out of her mouth, but she was thrilled, too, and now that she had said it she was eager to fulfill her end of the bargain. Her pussy tingled with pleasure and anticipation, too. As ridiculous and embarrassing as this task was, now that the deed had been named she wanted her pussy to be seen.  
  
She skipped on polished toes to the lead man's golf cart and jumped into the empty seat on the driver's side. She turned and looked back at the three men. All three were staring at her bare knees, waiting, though she hadn't parted them yet.  
  
"Are you ready?" she said to the man with her phone.  
  
"Sure," he said, recovering his senses and holding up the phone in front of him. "Ready when you are."  
  
She looked very quickly in every direction to see if anyone else could see them. She saw no one, and she could only barely make out the patio area, now some distance away and screened off by trees.  
  
She tossed her purse and shoes lightly on the fairway grass. She parted her legs. "I seem to be parting my legs a lot today," she thought. She pulled the hem of her short dress up, so it was above her waist and her bare bottom was on the seat. She spread her legs as wide as she could in her awkward position, to make sure the camera would leave no doubt about her exposure and her fulfillment of the task.  
  
She heard a soft ping coming from the phone and knew it was Robert's signal that only one minute remained.  
  
The two men not holding the camera simultaneously said "Shit!" and "Holy fuck!" when her legs opened.  
  
As evening drew closer the temperature fell, and a soft breeze now blew over the course and could be heard whistling faintly through the trees. The air currents, eddying and swirling, teased and tickled her labia, which were now damp with arousal and exertion. She savored the touch of the cool air on her skin, and she ate up the ravenous looks of the men standing and staring at her. She thought, momentarily, that she could just sit there, indefinitely, with their eyes on her, as evening came and the air cooled and the breeze stiffened and tickled her nether lips with growing vigor. If she sat there long enough, she might come, eventually, she thought.  
  
But she didn't have time for that. Instead, she spoke up to keep things moving along.  
  
"I know it's a nice view," she said. "But I'm running out of time. Can you take the photo?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," said the man with the phone. He pushed the button.  
  
"Did it turn out O.K.?" she asked, her voice cracking a little with the tension.  
  
He paused a little, then squinted at the phone, then a smile spread over the width of his face and he gave her a deep nod.  
  
"I'll say. Hell yes, that turned out."  
  
She sprang from the cart and sprinted toward him.  
  
"Please, I need the phone," she pleaded.  
  
He didn't pull it back but he didn't hand it to her immediately, either. The other two men were crowding around him to see the photo. "Can't we see first?" one of them said.  
  
"Yes, but please wait because I have to send it to my husband," she said, the urgency rising in her voice.  
  
She took hold of the phone and the man let her have it. Her fingers punched the screen in desperation to beat the clock. She heard a whoosh that confirmed that the text with her photo had been sent.  
  
She clutched the phone, looking at it and waiting and hoping she'd beaten Robert's countdown.  
  
He pinged her back.  
  
"Damn, baby."  
  
He pinged her again.  
  
"That's better than I expected. There must be some happy golfers standing next to you right now. You did it with 7 seconds to spare. You like to cut it close."  
  
She exhaled a big breath. She couldn't believe how wrapped up she had become in Robert's game, but she had.   
  
"So --," she heard one of the men standing near her say. "Did you get it done? Whatever your husband wanted you to do?"  
  
She looked away from her phone at the men with eyes shining with excitement and gratitude.   
  
"Yes!" she said. "With seven seconds to spare. Thank you! And, gentlemen," she added. "I'm sorry I interrupted your game."  
  
"Oh, don't be sorry on our account," said the man who'd taken her photo. "This was the highlight of our round, I assure you."  
  
"That was the highlight of my golfing career," said one of the other two.  
  
"Can we see the picture now?" one of them asked.  
  
"Oh, of course!" she said. "That's the least I can do."  
  
She pulled up the photo on her phone and turned the screen toward them so they could see the photo of her, displayed in all her glory on their golf cart.  
  
"Damn, you are gorgeous," said one.  
  
"Thanks," she said in a low voice. She held the phone and let them look more. They were in no hurry to stop looking.  
  
Coming down from the high of completing the task, Kymberly became embarrassed again as she thought about what she had just asked these men to do and what she had let them see.   
  
"Thank you, guys," she said. "I appreciate it. I know it was a crazy request. There was no one else to help me."  
  
"Well, thank God there was no one else," said the leader. "My name's Chet, and that was something I'm not going to forget . . . ever."  
  
"You're sweet," Kymberly said.  
  
"How about one more picture, now that your thing with your husband is done?" one of the two in back asked.  
  
"I don't know, guys, I need to get back to the party."  
  
"I'm sure they miss you," said Chet. "But how about one quick one, with you and my buddies here."  
  
"Guys, this was for my husband. I can't let you keep naked photos of me."  
  
"That's too bad," said Chet. "I'll tell you what. I'll take a photo of you and the boys here next to the cart on your phone. You can decide later if you want to send it to us. Come on, you owe us that much for helping you out in a pinch."  
  
"You did delay our golf game," said one of the other two with a laugh.  
  
"O.K., but let's be quick," Kymberly said.  
  
She walked back to the golf cart and sat in the same position as before in the seat. She hiked up her skirt, and Chet's buddies took a place on either side of her.  
  
Kymberly was feeling naughty and emboldened by Robert's game and thought she'd take this a step further. It was a step Robert would not have anticipated, and she wondered how he would react to it.  
  
"Why don't each of you boys hold on to one of my thighs, and spread my legs apart?" she suggested.  
  
Her idea was a big hit. Each of them, standing to the side of her, got behind and held on to one of her thighs from behind. She felt two pairs of hands grab her thighs. One pair was soft and small, and took hold of her thigh chastely and near the knee. But the other pair was rougher and stronger, and grabbed her more tightly, close to her butt and the junction of her legs. The hand that was lower on her was no more than a couple of inches from the exposed damp gash in her middle, and she thought with excitement that it would take no more than a slight shift in her position to bring her dampness directly in contact with his rough, strong fingers.   
  
While focusing on the touch of the two men holding her thighs, which were starting to tremble, she'd lost track of Chet. When she paid attention to him once again, he was busy snapping not just one but multiple photos of her.  
  
She had to regain control of herself, and of the situation. She had a party to get back to, and she needed to do some more networking before Robert gave her another task.  
  
"O.K., boys, that's enough," she said. The two that were holding her released their hands while Chet appeared to be busy scrolling through the photos he had taken. At least they were gentlemen, she thought. They weren't taking advantage of her.  
  
She grabbed her shoes and purse, and reached out to take her phone back. After taking a last, longing look at the screen of Kymberly's phone, Chet handed it back to her.   
  
"What's your name?" Chet asked.  
  
"Kymberly," she said without hesitation. At this point, having revealed so much, she didn't care if they knew her name.  
  
"A pretty name for a pretty lady," Chet said, and his friends nodded. "Kymberly, Chuck and Mario and I are going to be playing again tomorrow if you'd care to join us. I think it could be a very memorable round."  
  
"I'm not much of a golfer, I'm afraid," she said.  
  
"I'm sure that wouldn't matter one bit," said Chet. "Here's my card if you are interested. Oh, and you can text me at that number, too. Messages, photos, whatever." He handed her his card. Chet Dipensky. It said on the card that he had some sort of contracting business.  
  
"Thanks," she said. "I have to run, guys. I hope you enjoy the rest of your round."  
  
"See you later . . . Kymberly," said Chet.  
  
She turned away from the three men and scurried back through the pine tree stand, the mat of pine needles pricking her feet again.  
  
She hurried back to the patio and the party. The light dimmed as night drew near. She was determined to make some headway networking and schmoozing potential clients even while she vowed to complete Robert's one remaining task. "Then I'll be done for the night," she thought.  
  
When she returned to the concrete path she put her shoes back on. She touched her finger to her skin; despite the gathering coolness of the evening a thin film of sweat lay over her skin. She wondered if people would notice, and, if so, what they would think she had been doing. They wouldn't be able to guess what she had been doing, that much was certain.  
  
Back on the steps to the patio, which still was buzzing with conversation and brimming over with people, she gathered herself and squared her shoulders and walked back into the party. Outdoor lamps were lighting up around her to offset the evening gloom.  
  
"Kymberly!" an unwanted voice rose above the din of the party. It was Kristin, again, with her new toy Roger still in tow. Their relationship had progressed, Kymberly could see, because Kristin was in front pushing through the crowd and he was following her carrying both of their drinks.  
  
"Where have you been?" Kristin asked, her eyes darting over Kymberly but lingering on her exposed arms and cheeks. "You have a healthy glow about you. Are you just enjoying the party or is it from something else?" Her voice was light but her face shined with predatory purpose.   
  
"I had to run back to my room for something," Kymberly said, thinking quickly. "But I ran back. Don't want to miss the party." Kristin said nothing but didn't look convinced.  
  
After an awkward moment of silence Kymberly turned away from Kristin and her new friend. She went looking for Samuel. She didn't find him, but over the next fifteen minutes she worked her way into three conversations, told a few jokes, and connected with five possible new customers.   
  
She was on a roll. And it wasn't just because she was on her game at the party. Completing the last two tasks had left her feeling confident, even a little drunk with exhilaration. She knew Robert's third challenge would come soon, and, far from dreading it, she looked forward to it.  
  
In the meantime, though, she had a job to do, so she circulated around the crowd, doing her best to win friends and influence people.  
  
At last, her phone pinged again.  
  
"Hello darling. How are you doing?"  
  
"I'm fine. Making lots of friends and doing business. And I learned something about a competitor."  
  
"Sounds like you have been able to balance your work and my play with success," he texted. "I have just one more task for you. Are you ready?"  
  
Kymberly had just removed herself from her last conversation. She had time to play again.  
  
"Yes, I'm ready."  
  
"Good. Then here is your last task. You will have 10 minutes to complete this one as well, starting from the moment I text the word GO. Here is your task: You must find a place somewhere on the hotel grounds, not in your room, and not in a bathroom or any other private room, and you must take off all your clothes and get naked, except your heels, and take a photo of yourself and send it to me. It can be outside, or inside the hotel, but if it's inside the hotel it must be in a public space. One other rule: it cannot be more than 200 feet from where other people are. So, you cannot run back in the dark onto the golf course and get naked. Finally, the photo must be a full body shot, so you will need to set it up at least ten feet from you and put it on a 10 second delay. GO."  
  
Oh, Robert, she thought. How would she complete this task? His directions prevented her from choosing any of the places that she reasonably could expect to complete the task. Getting completely naked would be a lot riskier than taking an upskirt photo or pulling up her skirt for another person. She would be completely exposed and vulnerable for at least a few minutes while she removed her clothes and put them back on.   
  
She surveyed the patio and its outdoor surroundings. People were everywhere, drinking, talking, spilling off the patio. There would be nowhere to get naked outside without going far away, and his instructions prevented her from doing that.  
  
She turned the other way, toward the double doors of the hotel. There might be an out-of-the way corridor or alcove somewhere -- a place that was public, but not currently in use.  
  
She saw Samuel out of the corner of her eye as she strode to the door. She knew she ought to have been schmoozing with him, but she was determined to see her husband's game through, regardless of the inconvenience. In the other direction, she Blaine, trying to catch her attention and moving slowly toward her through the crowd. She couldn't afford to let him catch her and slow her down, so she quickened her pace.   
  
Once through the doors she headed left. The corridor was unfamiliar. She didn't know where it led, but she knew it led away from the party on the patio and away from the lobby. A sign on the wall to her left, adjacent to several large doors, read "Grand Ballroom." She pulled on one of the doors and it gave way. Inside lay a vast room with many tables covered and ready for dinner. It was where the main event was to take place. Hotel staff were setting the tables and sound crew were on the stage working on pieces of sound equipment. That room wouldn't do.  
  
She walked further, and a small corridor opened on the right. She walked down it, looking for some empty, unused place that as near enough to other people to satisfy Robert's conditions. Kymberly found what looked like such a place -- a little alcove with a low table and a few chairs. No one was around. She stepped into it.   
  
"8:00."  
  
The clock was ticking. She didn't hear anyone or see anyone. Thinking this might be her only chance, she set her purse and phone on the ground and grabbed the hem of her red dress. She took a few deep breaths and prepared to pull it quickly up and off her.  
  
Then she heard fast, heavy footsteps and voices, and three waiters walked by the corridor not 20 feet from her. She pulled the dress back down and took her hands off it before they saw her. She let out a fast puff of air.  
  
That was close. People were coming and going along the corridor between the grand ballroom and elsewhere in the hotel, probably the kitchen. She couldn't undress there.  
  
She left the alcove and hurried back to the corridor off which one entered the grand ballroom. Instead of returning along the corridor she hurried along the other way. She reached another set of doors, with the sign "Small Ballroom" next to them. Taking yet another deep breath, Kymberly pulled the door open as another ping announced the number "7:00" on her phone screen.  
  
The door was open, but the room was only half lit, with a few overhead lights turned on but most of them off. The room was empty. Kymberly walked in.   
  
This ballroom was like the other one, but a lot smaller. It was mostly empty. A few tables were scattered around, some with tablecloths spread over them, but they were not set for anything. A low stage perched at the far end of the room, and off to one side sat what looked like a portable bar about 10 feet long.   
  
It was obvious that the room wasn't going to host any events that night. No one was in it, and there was no reason for anyone to enter it. But other people, walking the hallways and getting the other ballroom ready, were less than a hundred feet away. She had as good a chance of getting naked here and not getting discovered as anywhere else she could think of.  
  
It would do. It would have to.  
  
She walked deeper into the room, toward the tables and the bar and away from the doors.  
  
"Where are you?" Robert texted.  
  
"I'm in the small ballroom," she replied, still walking to the tables. She reached them and looked around, trying to figure out what was the best spot to take off her clothes.  
  
The room was bare, and no part of it seemed to offer any more privacy than any other party.  
  
"That should do perfectly," he replied. "Better get going."  
  
"6:00."  
  
She picked a spot on the side of a table opposite the doors, about twenty feet from the bar. Some of the tables were covered with linen cloths that extended most of the way to the ground, offering screen from the doors. She pulled a chair half way out and set her purse and phone on it. She remembered that Robert wanted her to keep her heels on. That left only the short dress and bra to remove.  
  
Here goes nothing, she thought, and she pulled the dress off in a single grand sweep. She folded it once and set it on top of her purse on the chair. Then she reached behind her and unhooked the bra, and she tossed it atop the dress.  
  
Kymberly now stood fully naked, save for her four-inch black leather heels, in a cavernous and half-lit ballroom. She was alone, but all the doors to the room were unlocked and could be opened at any time.  
  
She wanted to work quickly and to get the task done so she could return to the patio. She picked the phone up from her chair and looked around for a good place to take the picture. She saw the bar. She could set the phone against its side, put it on time delay, and then sit naked 10 feet from the phone while her photo was taken. She'd be done in 30 seconds. This task wasn't going to be so hard, after all.   
  
She walked to the bar and bent over, happy that her three tasks were nearly done and confident that this one would be completed in a minute.  
  
Then she heard voices, and the heavy metallic sound of one of the doors being opened. Someone was coming in.

She had to hide, but where? She could run back to the table with her dress, but then she would be closer to the middle of the room, with almost no screen to hide her. And she might not even make it there. She could see light coming from outside the door as it opened.  
  
She looked in the other direction, at the bar. It was set at a modest angle from the wall, with the end toward the doors closer to the wall than the end farther from them. If she rushed behind it she might not be seen.   
  
She skittered, naked and on high heels, toward the bar, and ducked behind it just as voices announced two people coming through the door. Once behind the bar she ducked down under the bar top, put her back to the bar's inside edge, and tucked her legs closely to her chest to minimize the risk of being seen. Her breath sounded loud and fast to her, and she tried to stifle it without much success.  
  
From her hiding spot behind the bar, Kymberly couldn't see the people who had entered the ball room. But she could hear them well. She heard two of them -- a man and a woman. They were giggling and talking in low, furtive voices. Suddenly the woman's voice burst out in laughter, and the man responded fast.  
  
"Not so loud! We don't want anyone to hear us. Naughty girl."  
  
"Oh, I'm a very naughty girl. You have no idea how naughty. But you'd like to find out, wouldn't you?"  
  
Kymberly didn't recognize the man's voice at first, but she recognized the woman's. It was Kristin.  
  
Shit, Kymberly swore quietly to herself. If Kristin finds me here my career is finished.  
  
Fortunately for Kymberly, Kristin sounded focused on doing whatever it was she was doing with her boy toy Roger. She let out another loud laugh, this one almost a cackle.  
  
At the same time Kymberly's phone pinged again.  
  
"5:00."   
  
"Damn," Kymberly swore to herself. It was just a soft tone, but in the cavernous ballroom, empty save for her vindictive arch-rival and her rival's paramour for the weekend, the ping sounded like the gong of a giant bell. She fingered the phone frantically to turn the volume off.  
  
Kristin's laughter quieted down, and then Kymberly heard Kristin say words that made her skin grow cold.  
  
"Did you hear something?" Kymberly heard Kristin say.   
  
"No," Roger said. "I think you're just nervous being here with me. Don't worry. Nobody's going to come in. There's nothing scheduled here tonight. We have the ballroom to ourselves. Shall we dance?" He laughed lewdly.  
  
Kymberly's heart beat fast. Only the flimsy façade of the makeshift bar hid her from Kristin's eyes. She wondered what Kristin was doing, where she was standing, what she was looking at.  
  
Kymberly turned around very quietly. She didn't dare peak out from the side of the bar for fear of being seen, but maybe there was some other way to see what Kristin was doing. She saw a crack in the façade of the bar. It was no more than a quarter-inch wide, but it was enough to see through.  
  
Kristin and Roger were standing in the middle of the room, about 20 feet away from and on the opposite side of the table at which Kymberly had left her dress and bra. Her clothes! If Kristin spotted Kymberly's clothes at the table, she'd know that Kymberly was in the room, she'd know that Kymberly was naked, and she'd find her, no doubt, within a minute.  
  
Now, Kristin was standing up, Roger's arms around her and sweeping over her body. One of his hands was cupping Kristin's breast. His attention, and lips, were focused on Kristin's neck and cleavage. Kristin held her arms lightly around Roger, but her attention was on the room, not on Roger. She was scanning it, slowly, evidently still trying to find out if she really had heard something, and, if so, what the source of the noise had been.  
  
"Roger, I don't know, I think I heard something," she said.  
  
"It's your imagination, Kristin," Roger said. "You just don't want to get caught. You won't. Nobody's coming."  
  
Kristin looked unsure. She pushed against Roger and disentangled herself from his embrace. She stepped away from him, now just a few paces away from the table where Kymberly had left her clothes. Through the crack Kymberly could see a part of the vivid red dress on the chair. Kristin couldn't see it, being on the opposite side of the table, but she was no more than 15 feet away from proof of Kymberly's nudity. Kymberly hardly could bear the tension.  
  
"4:00."   
  
No ping sounded this time, just a vibration, because Kymberly had turned off the volume. But it still buzzed, and though quieter than the tone before it still sounded unbearably noisy in the still, empty ballroom. Kymberly saw Kristin scrunch her eyes, as though she might have heard something but wasn't sure if she had. Kristin's eyes scanned the room while Roger reached out and tried to distract her with his hands. Kymberly saw Kristin's eyes sweep over, and then stop and focus on, the bar, and Kymberly pulled her face back from the crack a few inches for fear Kristin could see Kymberly. Kymberly held her breath. Then Kristin looked away. Kymberly pressed her eye closer to the crack again. She became aware, suddenly, of how cool the air in the room was. Goosebumps appeared on her skin, and she trembled slightly as she spied on her rival's actions.  
  
"Baby, come over here," Roger said. He walked to the opposite side of the table at which Kymberly's clothes lay, and he pulled a chair out and sat down. He beckoned to Kristin.  
  
"Give daddy a lap dance," he said.  
  
Kristin stopped searching the room and smiled and swayed as she walked toward him. She turned around and sat down in his lap, her back to him. Roger reached around and cupped and kneaded Kristin's pert breasts.  
  
"You're not my daddy," she said. "You're just a bad little boy. What would your wife say about what you're doing, you bad boy?"  
  
"Probably the same thing your husband would say," he said. "Let's not think about them. Let's think about the way my hands feel on your tits. And the way your ass feels on my lap."  
  
Kristin started grinding on his lap. "Mmmmmm. I like the way this feels. And I think I feel something else against my ass, something getting bigger and harder."  
  
Oh, God, Kymberly thought. It was bad enough that she had to cower behind the bar, the seconds ticking away to the deadline for her to complete her task, in fear of being caught naked by her rival. It was even worse to have to watch Kristin cheating on her husband with Roger. Kymberly had heard stories about Kristin's willingness to use sex to promote her career, but she'd never seen evidence of it until now. Kymberly, herself, had never cheated on Robert, though she did show herself off a lot, usually with Robert's approval.  
  
"3:00."  
  
She was running out of time. Kristin and Roger were grinding away on the chair, their hands all over each other, and they weren't going anywhere. Kymberly would have to take a chance and take the photo somehow with them in the room, or time would run out and she would fail at the task.  
  
Kristin or no Kristin, she wasn't going to let that happen.  
  
She would wait just a little bit longer, hoping Kristin and Roger would leave before time ran out. It didn't seem likely, because Kristin had turned around in the chair and was now straddling Roger and devouring his face with her lips.  
  
As crazy and risky as the situation was for Kymberly, it aroused her. Suspecting something, she reached a hand down and touched herself between her legs. Sure enough, her lips were fuller and wetter than before -- wet enough that she felt a trace of moisture coating the bare skin surrounding her pussy. She ran a single finger up from below her pussy, through the damp folds to the erect nub of her clitoris, which she began circling slowly with her fingertip. Her body convulsed suddenly at the slight touch, and she had to stifle a gasp. She had to stop, she realized, or Kristin would hear her and find her. Though her body craved more, she stopped and waited.  
  
"2:00."  
  
She stared intently through the crack. Roger and Kristin were going at it, bodies mashed and writhing together on the chair. Their sounds of their moaning and lips smacking filled the otherwise quiet room.  
  
They were just loud enough that Kymberly decided she could take a chance. She had to, or time would run out.   
  
She took her phone, and flipped the screen to the camera settings. Then she set it on a 10-second timer.   
  
Now the question was: where and how to take the photo? She couldn't set the flash, or Kristin and Roger undoubtedly would see it. But that meant the photo likely would be dim. Robert hadn't insisted on a high-quality shot, just a full-body one, so she could fulfill the task with a grainy, poor-resolution photo. But the room already was poorly lit, and under the bar it was so dark that the picture might not come out at all. The only way to take the photo was to set the phone against the back of the bar and to scoot out from under the bar and sit against the wall, where her body would be lit dimly by a few overhead lights.  
  
"1:00." She could wait no longer.  
  
With the phone camera on its 10-second delay, Kymberly pushed the button to take the photo. She turned the phone around and set it against the back of the bar. Then she crawled on all fours, as quickly but as quietly as she could, to the wall. When she got there, she flipped around, her butt on the thin carpet and back against the cool plaster. From this angle and position, she was seated about nine feet from the phone, she guessed, and the bar wholly obscured Kristin and Roger, meaning they couldn't see her. She scooted a bit to the left, estimating where she would have to sit to be at just the right spot within the camera's view. She would only have one chance to get it right.  
  
As the ten seconds were about to run out, Kymberly opened her legs, her fingers clasping the heels of her black shoes. It was a lewd and inviting position, and Robert would like it. She smiled, and then she heard the click of the photo being taken. It was quiet, and she hoped it was quiet enough that Kristin wouldn't hear it over the sounds of her making out with Roger. Kymberly quietly scurried back on all fours to the cover of the bar and eyed Kristin and Roger through the crack in the wall of the bar.  
  
"Roger," Kristin said as she pulled back from him. "I thought I heard something again."  
  
Shit, Kymberly thought. She had no time to worry about it. She had to send the photo to Robert. She looked at the photo; it wasn't great, but it was better than she expected. She was fully nude, open and on display, and her body lay fully within the frame of the photo. With a few quick movements of her fingers she texted the photo to her waiting husband as time ran out.  
  
Then she looked back through the crack. Kristin was staring directly at the bar. Kymberly held her breath again and didn't move. She didn't think Kristin could see her -- yet -- but all her attention was focused in Kymberly's direction.  
  
Kristin stood up off Roger's lap.   
  
"Roger, I've got a funny feeling . . . "  
  
"Kristin, you're hearing things. There's no one here. My lap is missing you."  
  
Kristin walked, tentatively and slowly, away from Roger and toward the bar. She was to the side of the table now, and if she took two more big steps and turned to her left she would see Kymberly's dress on the chair.  
  
Kymberly, still holding her breath, braced for the inevitable. Kristin would find her, and she would ruin her. She wouldn't put it past her to grab the dress and leave her, naked, with no option but to walk through the crowded halls of the hotel with no clothes on.  
  
Kristin's slow walk to the bar was interrupted when a metallic clunk sounded on the other side of the room. One of the doors was being opened.  
  
"Kristin!" Roger hissed at her. "Somebody's coming. Come on!"  
  
Kristin turned toward the door, toward the source of the noise. Roger stood up. Both of them walked away from Kymberly, but they separated themselves, to do whatever they could to avoid the appearance of doing anything inappropriate. But the door didn't open. Whoever had started to open it had changed his mind.  
  
Through the crack Kymberly saw Kristin and Roger look at each other and sigh with relief together.  
  
"Roger, we better get out of here and back to the event," Kristin said. "Dinner will start before long."  
  
"You're right," he said. "How about a rain check on that lap dance?"  
  
"Only if you're a good boy."  
  
"I thought you liked bad boys?" he asked.  
  
"I like boys who are good at being bad," she said.  
  
Kymberly saw the two of them walk back to the doors. Roger peered out of one of them, looked both ways, and that nodded at Kristin. Then they both left the room.  
  
Kymberly slumped with relief behind the bar and began breathing normally again. That had been close.  
  
She looked down at her phone. Robert had left a message, and with her focus on Kristin she hadn't even seen it when it had come in.  
  
There were two texts from him.  
  
"11 seconds to spare. You did it. Great photo. A bit blurry but I like the pose."  
  
The second text had been sent one minute later:   
  
"Hello?"  
  
"I almost got caught thanks to your game," Kymberly texted Robert. "Couldn't reply. Will tell you about it later."  
  
Kymberly staggered out from behind the bar. She felt spent. Her body shook with nervous exhaustion. To play Robert's game, she had put her career on the line. She'd risked everything for a few brief minutes of kinky pleasure.  
  
But she enjoyed it as well. She felt alive, and her bare skin tingled with pleasure at the incongruity of her nudity alone in the vast, empty room. She braced herself against the chair holding her dress and bra, and she paused before putting them. She still was aroused, despite -- or maybe because of -- her near exposure. She put her hands between her legs, and her sex had grown wetter than before. She felt a rivulet of moisture beginning to trail down the skin of her inner thigh. Kymberly's arousal was growing. And she became aware that with all the games so far that day she'd gotten no relief.  
  
She moved two fingers up and down between her legs over her bare, moist slit. In her state of arousal, she thought it would take no more than a few minutes to make herself come like that. Then she could go back to the party.  
  
Robert texted again.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"I'm wet. I thought I would give myself some relief after all the excitement.," she texted.  
  
"Don't do that," he texted back. "It's not time. You need to move on to the party in a state of excitement. You cannot give yourself pleasure. Not yet. You need to get dressed now and get back to the party."  
  
"Robert, you are driving me crazy," she texted him.  
  
"But only in the best way, dear," he texted back.  
  
"Are we done for the evening?" she texted.  
  
"Oh no. Remember, you still haven't opened what's in your purse."  
  
Shit, Kymberly thought. He was right. She had forgotten that her purse contained a mystery item she hadn't opened yet. Robert wanted her to take it with her to the convention dinner and speech that evening. There were more games to come.  
  
She put the bra and dress on quickly and picked up her purse.  
  
She opened the door gingerly. She saw people down the hallway, near the doors of the other ballroom, but she thought they were far enough away that they wouldn't see her if she entered the hallway quickly and quietly.  
  
Kymberly left the small ballroom, dressed and ready for the evening's events. She strode down the hallway toward the crowd of people, smiling at having accomplished all of Robert's tasks.  
  
She knew there was more fun to come.

**Hotel Exhibitionist Ch. 03**

Sitting at a table in the center of the crowded ballroom, Kymberly felt she was under a spotlight. It wasn't just the shortness of the red sheath dress she wore that made her feel that way, nor was it that several hours earlier dozens of the people around her had gotten more than an eyeful of Kymberly's athletic, long-legged, busty figure in a skimpy gym outfit in the lobby.  
  
What made Kymberly feel she was under the hot glare of the spotlight was the fact that, under the little dress, which hit her legs mid-thigh when she was standing and showed even more when she was sitting, she wasn't wearing any panties. Her husband Robert had told her not to.  
  
A few days before the convention Kymberly had visited her favorite salon, and she had had every last spec of hair removed by wax. Now, hidden by mere inches of red fabric stretched tightly over her firm thighs, her pussy lay bare and, after her completion of Robert's latest challenges an hour earlier, noticeably moist.  
  
To minimize the risk of exposure, Kymberly sat with her legs under her table, to which she had been assigned with seven other guests. She tried to talk to the person sitting next to her over the din of 600 voices. Most of the other guests sat at their assigned tables, waiting for the first speech of the convention to start, but a few stragglers walked here and there or gathered in small clusters making small talk.   
  
Kymberly had recovered quickly from her nerve-wracking experience in the small ballroom an hour earlier. Her rival pharmaceutical representative, Kristin, almost had discovered Kymberly crouching naked behind the make-shift bar. Kymberly had left the small ballroom with her legs shaking, but they were steadier now. Time had done its part to calm her nerves; a couple of scotch and sodas had done the rest.   
  
Now she sat with her companions at a table waiting for the opening speech to begin. She lucked out with the seating assignments; Samuel Lee, whose business she was trying to solicit, had been assigned to the same table and sat across from her. A few people who worked at his clinics sat with him. To Kymberly's left was a tall, dour, older woman named Gail who worked for the Food and Drug Administration. To her right sat a man about her age, with a small, pinched, nervous face, who worked for Samuel's company.  
  
Gail, the woman to Kymberly's left, complained in a monotone voice about the hotel and told Kymberly that she had been stuck in the elevator for five minutes earlier in the afternoon. It was all Kymberly could do to respond with an occasional, "Really? I'm so sorry to hear that!" She wanted to engage Samuel, but he was on the other side of the table, and he was busy talking to a young blonde woman next to him.  
  
The clock on Kymberly's phone showed that the convention officially would begin in ten minutes. The association direction would kick things off with a short speech. Dinner would follow, and then this evening and over the next day more speeches, meetings, meals, and workshops would follow. Awards would be given out and pious statements about the vital place of pharmaceutical drugs in modern society would be made and broadly assented to by everyone in attendance. But to Kymberly, the official program was just a stage set for the real show, which was sales. Kymberly didn't need to fly hundreds of miles for the weekend to learn about new developments about pharmaceuticals; she could do that in a few hours on the Internet at home. The point to being here was to meet people and convince them to buy what she was selling. Kymberly had been doing that for a long time, and she was good at it.  
  
Kymberly hadn't received any texts from Robert, lately. She was glad to get a break from his games, but the longer he waited to contact her the more she worried about what he would ask her to do, and when.  
  
"Kymberly!" Samuel called to her across the table. "We missed you when you left us on the patio. I trust your family is well?"  
  
"Yes, thank you for asking!" she said. She carried on a conversation with him as well as she could, half-shouting across the table so she could be heard over the noise. She asked questions about him, throwing in a few about his business and plans to open more clinics, and what treatments they offered.   
  
As Kymberly talked with Samuel she saw Kristin, at a table near hers. A much older man with a large mouth was talking to Kristin, but Kristin was staring at Kymberly, her eyes still and wide and dark like a cat's. Kymberly looked away from Kristin, unnerved by her stare, and concentrated on Samuel.  
  
She believed she was making headway when her phone, which lay on the table in front of her, pinged again. Kymberly had switched the phone out of its mute mode so she could hear Robert texting her over the din of the ballroom crowd. It was Robert texting, of course.  
  
"What are you doing now?"  
  
Kymberly didn't want to be rude to Samuel -- already, two hours earlier, on the patio, she had pulled away from a conversation with him because of one of Robert's texts. But knowing Robert, he would be impatient and insistent, and he would leave her no choice but to respond if she wanted to keep up with his game. She did want to, so she would have to find a way of responding without being rude.  
  
A man sitting next to Samuel interjected himself into their conversation, and Samuel turned to reply to him, giving Kymberly her chance to text Robert back.  
  
"I'm at table talking with med clinic owner. Speech to start in 10 minutes."  
  
"You don't have much time, then," he texted. "Excuse yourself and go to bathroom. Take purse and phone."  
  
Robert, Robert, she thought. You are making my job so much harder. But she would do it. With only ten minutes to go before speeches started, she would have no choice.  
  
"Samuel, if you will excuse me for a moment," she said. He nodded at her across the table with a polite smile.  
  
She hurried to the bathroom. Other women seemed to have the same idea; all the stalls were occupied. Kymberly paced nervously outside them until one opened. She rushed in and closed it behind her; then she pulled her phone out.  
  
"What now, Robert?" she texted him.  
  
"You're not getting cheeky, are you? Does my exhibitionist need disciplining when she gets back?"  
  
Kymberly was impatient. "I have no time for text chat," she wrote. "Speech to start soon. What now?"  
  
"Open your purse and take out what's inside."  
  
She did so, and pulled out the small package wrapped in black paper. She tore it open.  
  
It was a vibrator. Kymberly had plenty of experience with vibrators, but she hadn't seen one like this before. It was purple -- Robert and his purple fetish, she thought -- and encased in a soft, almost skin-like material. It was vaguely U-shaped, with the ends wider and more bulbous than the middle.  
  
"You must put it inside you," Robert texted.  
  
"Now? You want me to wear this during dinner? I'm not going to turn on the vibrator during the presentation," she replied.  
  
"You won't have to," he texted. "I will. It's on remote control and I already have synced it with your phone."  
  
Kymberly was amazed at that. "How?"  
  
"I did it when you weren't using it. The vibrator will work if your phone is on and isn't too far away from you. Now put it in so I can test it."  
  
Kymberly didn't know what bothered her more -- that Robert wanted her to wear a vibrator during a dinner surrounded by hundreds of colleagues and customers, or that he had used her phone without her knowing it to set up the vibrator. When she got home she would have to talk to him about his boundaries.  
  
But there was no time to talk to him now. The clock was ticking and the opening speech was about to begin, and she didn't want to walk halfway through the grand ballroom to return to her table while everyone else was seated. She would have to decide what to do now.  
  
"What do I do with this?"  
  
"Insert one end inside you. The other end will rest against your clit."  
  
This was crazy, she thought. The pharmaceutical convention was about to begin and hundreds of her colleagues were sitting down for dinner waiting to hear speeches, and yet here she was, standing over a toilet in a bathroom stall, preparing to put a vibrator in her pussy.   
  
The toilet had no seat for her to sit on. She had to lean against a side of the stall and pull her short red dress up and hold her legs apart. She held the vibrator down and close to the opening of her vulva. The mechanics of the thing didn't look too difficult -- it was clear to her from this angle where and how things were to go.  
  
Kymberly pressed one end of the vibrator into her. She was still wet from before, and it slipped into her easily. She could feel the bulbous end inside her settle against the sensitive flesh of her G-spot. The part that was still visible slipped directly over her clitoris. She took her hand away, and it remained in place, clamping gently but snugly against her sex.  
  
It looked and felt like a snug, firm fit, but Kymberly wondered at once whether, without any panties to help hold the vibrator against her, it might slip out of her as she walked. If that happened in the crowded ballroom, it would be a disaster. She would never be able to face anybody that saw her again. But she thought the risk was small. It fit well, and years of Kegel exercises had given her strong muscles down there that she could use to help hold it in.  
  
"OK, it's in," she texted.  
  
"I'm going to test it before you go back," he texted. "I will start on a low setting. Here goes."  
  
Kymberly waited. Nothing happened for a few seconds, and the wait unnerved her. Then she felt it.   
  
The device vibrated against her G-spot and clit at the same time. The tingling was mild, but her body already was in a high state of arousal from the events earlier in the day. At the first sensation, her body shook involuntarily and a wash of pure pleasure swept over her. Her legs twitched slightly before she recovered herself. Her body continued to shiver after the vibrator stopped quivering.  
  
It was quiet, at least. Kymberly heard barely a whisper of noise when it went off. But if that was a mild setting, she didn't know how she would handle a stronger setting. She didn't know if she could stop her body from shaking, especially under the gaze of hundreds of people around her.  
  
"How was that?" he texted.   
  
"It felt good," she texted, "but I don't know if I can handle it at dinner."  
  
"Yes, you can."  
  
There was no use arguing with Robert. He would insist, and she must either choose to go along or quit. And she couldn't quit. Not at this point.  
  
"OK," she texted, "but please don't set it too high."  
  
"I won't do anything you can't handle," he texted.  
  
That was no comfort, thought Kymberly. But it probably was the biggest concession she could wring out of him.  
  
"I have to get back to my table."  
  
"Go ahead."  
  
She smoothed the hem of the short dress back into place over her hips and thighs and fetched her purse. She stood straight up with her legs apart, steadying herself and testing the feel of the vibrator inside her to ensure it was staying in place. It seemed to be. She hoped it would continue to stay where it was.  
  
She left the bathroom and returned to her table. As she walked she couldn't stop thinking about the vibrator inside her. It seemed to be clamped snugly in place, although she could feel it move a little as she walked. She was extremely wet inside, and the vibrator, though clamped onto her, moved around against her wetness. Her body was filled with nervous tension as she wondered when Robert was going to set it off again.  
  
If I can just make it to my table without Robert setting it off or without it falling to the floor, I'll be thankful, she thought.  
  
She took her chair just as the lead speaker was taking the stage.  
  
Kymberly's chair was to the back of the speaker, so to see him she had to turn her chair sideways to the table, and then turn halfway in her chair toward the stage. But that meant that her legs, which were exposed at mid-thigh in the short red dress, weren't safely under the table. She would have to be very careful to keep them closed together to avoid giving anyone a peek under the dress.  
  
She looked up and scanned the crowd around her and noticed that Blaine was seated at a table not far away, and he was looking at her. Kymberly was sure he was staring at her exposed knees, hoping to see something.   
  
I'm going to have to be careful to make sure he doesn't, she thought.  
  
Kymberly thought about what a crazy day it had been. A little more than an hour ago she had pulled her skirt up and exposed herself to three golfers, and then after that sat naked in a room fewer than 200 feet from where she was sitting. Now she was doing everything she could to avoid exposure while at the same time her pussy was uncovered and stuffed full of the vibrator, which could go off at any second at her husband's whim.  
  
The first speaker was on the stage making introductory remarks and making a half-hearted effort to tell a few bad jokes. The crowd had drunk enough liquor up to that point to applaud the jokes even though they were bad.   
  
Kymberly knew that the crowd's attention was focused on the speaker on stage, not on her. But, even so, she felt vulnerable. In her short dress and exposed legs, pressed tightly together, and her heart still beating faster than normal, Kymberly felt -- accurately or not -- the weight of eyes on her. She glanced at times away from the speaker toward people sitting at the tables around her. More than once, she could have sworn she saw their glances averted when she looked their way. She was sure that many of the people around her remembered her as the woman walking around the hotel lobby in the skimpy gym outfit. Now she was the woman in the skimpy red dress. Kymberly wondered if that's what people thought of her: as the woman who liked to wear skimpy clothes so her colleagues noticed her.  
  
She had no time to finish the thought, because, without warning, Robert sent a signal to the vibrator inside her.  
  
Bzzzzzzt.  
  
The vibrator was quiet, but not quite silent, and the sound it made seemed to conduct through her body to her ears. Kymberly heard as well as felt it. She hoped it didn't sound as loud to the people around her as it sounded to her.   
  
More noticeable than the sound was the feeling: the swell and pressure of the vibrator as it buzzed and moved on and inside her.  
  
The vibration was only slightly stronger than it had been when Robert tested it in the bathroom stall. But in the cavernous ballroom, with people surrounding her, and with the knowledge that the vibrator lay inches away from the hem of her dress, and with the possibility of exposure to dozens of colleagues and potential customers all around her, the impact of the vibration was twice what it had been before.  
  
The sudden charge against her clitoris instinctively made her want to pull back in her seat. She wanted to part her legs, to relieve her thighs of the vibrator's pressure. She had to fight to keep them closed. She also had to choke off a squeal of pleasure welling up in her chest. She caught it in her throat but not before a high-pitched, barely audible "tweet" escaped her lips, which she did everything she could to keep pressed together. Her body shifted in her seat involuntarily.  
  
Ping. She held her phone in her lap and looked at Robert's test, cupping her hand around the phone to screen the message from prying eyes.  
  
"That was a low setting, darling. They will get stronger."  
  
A low setting. Crap, she thought. It didn't feel low. She didn't think she could take a higher setting in a public ballroom, surrounded by people. Kymberly didn't want to text Robert in the middle of the speech with people all around her. It would be rude, and she would draw attention to herself. But Robert's control over the device inside her forced her to do so.  
  
"This is a bad time for this. Let's wait until later in the evening. Having trouble controlling response."  
  
He responded right away.  
  
"It can't wait. This is part of the game. I will push, and you will have to control your response. You can do it, but it won't be easy. You will enjoy the challenge."  
  
Kymberly wasn't sure about that, but she was sure that Robert wasn't going to stop. She could get up and go to the bathroom and take it out, but if she did so everyone would notice her and wonder why she was going to the bathroom right after she'd just come back from it. And Robert might set it off while she was walking there; she wasn't sure she could stand up straight if it buzzed while she was walking.  
  
But more important, she didn't want to quit.  
  
Robert was testing her, and this challenge, she knew, would be even more difficult than the last one. She was in a room full of people who knew who she was -- people who worked with her, people who competed against her, people whose business she wanted. Robert would push to the edge her ability to remain discreet and to avoid calling attention to herself. She could tell that if he kept pushing up the vibration level it would take everything she had to control her response.  
  
Why did she want to do it? She wondered. It wasn't that she was submissive. Far from it. While Robert certainly was a dominant, Kymberly was far from a normal submissive. She was strong-willed, competitive, and stubborn. She was intelligent, too, and while she didn't make as much money as Robert she felt confident she was as good at what she did as he was at what he did.  
  
Robert knew Kymberly wasn't docile, and she knew it was part of what he loved about her. He liked that she was a challenge, and he wanted to challenge her. And that's how Kymberly took compliance with his games -- not as submission to his will, but as acceptance of a challenge. She wanted to beat him as much as to submit to him. He might get her to comply -- he probably would, she thought -- but he wouldn't wholly tame her. Kymberly Marsh could never be wholly tamed. Not even by her husband Robert.  
  
In that spirit Kymberly, as quietly as she could, thumbed the word "OK" into the phone and texted it to her waiting husband.  
  
The speaker finished to mild applause, and he announced a short break to give people a chance to stretch their legs and mingle before dinner. Kymberly chose not to leave her chair, because she didn't trust her feet to hold her up if Robert set off the vibrator again.   
  
The vibrator. She felt it. She shifted in her seat, hoping that doing so somehow would make her less aware of its grip on the most intimate part of her body.  
  
She scanned the room to distract herself from the sensation and to see if anyone was watching her. No one was, as far as she could tell. That was a relief.  
  
She heard an annoying peal of laughter, and she realized that Kristin had stood up and was standing next to her table. She was trying to carry on a conversation with Samuel, whose bored expression showed he wasn't interested in what Kristin had to say.  
  
"Hello, Kristin!" Kymberly chimed in, trying to feign genuine good cheer.  
  
Kymberly's phone pinged with another incoming message. Kymberly picked it up to read it. She noticed that Kristin looked with keen interest at her phone.  
  
"Your phone seems to be going off a lot," Kristin said. "Sounds like somebody's eager to contact you."  
  
Kymberly tried to read Kristin's face to see what she was getting at. Was it her imagination, or did Kristin mean something by emphasizing her phone going off? Could Kristin recognize the sound of Kymberly's phone as the same sound she heard in the small ballroom an hour earlier? Kymberly didn't think so, but Kristin made her nervous.  
  
Kymberly decided that getting away from Kristin for a few minutes was worth the risk of the vibrator going off again while she was standing. She stood up from the table and walked to the bar. She needed another drink. At the bar, she pointed to the best bottle of scotch she saw and asked for another scotch and soda.

The vibrator was still and, for the time being, firmly in place. Even so, she held her legs closely together to avoid the risk of it falling out. She never stopped being aware of it, nestled into her sex. And for the first time, she felt a tingle of moisture on her thigh. Kymberly knew that in the past, when she had been highly aroused for a long time, things could get rather . . . damp down there. She hoped that wasn't going to happen tonight. There was still a dinner and more speeches to get through, and it would be a lot harder to get through if she couldn't stay dry under her short dress.  
  
"Hello again," a familiar deep voice greeted her, just off her shoulder.  
  
It was Dan Orloff, the VP, again. He held a glass of what looked like scotch, though his was served neat rather than mixed with water. He gestured toward her with his glass.  
  
"Seems we like the same drinks. Good taste."  
  
"Thank you," she replied. She raised her glass to take another sip.  
  
The scotch had barely passed her lips when the vibrator buzzed again.  
  
Bzzzzt.  
  
It buzzed stronger this time; Robert had increased the intensity. Her hand shook and the drink sloshed around in the glass. She had to try hard to keep it from spilling. She kept the glass near her face, hoping it would hide from Dan, just a little, what she knew was a startled look on her face. Her legs clamped tightly together, involuntarily, as though doing so would make the vibrator stop. But it didn't. The vibration didn't last long -- just a couple of seconds -- but it was enough to sweep her whole body with an exquisite but almost intolerable pleasure, and to make her knees buckle slightly.  
  
Dan looked at her with a twinkle of puzzlement in his eye. He looked only at her face, thank goodness, she thought, and didn't look down to see her unsteady knees pressed together.  
  
"You OK?" he asked.  
  
"I'm --." The words didn't come out right away. "I'm -- fine. Just a little scotch down the wrong pipe," she said, faking a hoarse sound in her voice.  
  
She put her hand, the one holding her purse, gently on his shoulder to steady herself and faked a cough.   
  
Her phone pinged again inside her purse.  
  
"Just a moment, Dan," she said. She turned away from him and set her drink on a small table and pulled out the phone, cupping her hand around it to keep anyone from seeing Dan's message.  
  
"Did you like that?" he texted her.  
  
"Bad timing," she texted in reply. "Still recovering."  
  
"I'll give you at least another 15 minutes," he texted back. "The next one could come any time after that."  
  
She put her phone back in the purse and she did her best to muster an expression on her face to show that everything was normal. But Dan was looking at her avidly and curiously, and she doubted whether her effort to look normal was working. Her knees still were weak and it took a lot of effort to keep them steady.  
  
"Everything OK?" Dan asked.  
  
"Fine!" Kymberly replied, trying to regain full control of her wobbly legs. She noticed with worry that Dan looked intently at her, his face a mixture of curiosity and concern and something else, perhaps: amusement? She couldn't tell. She didn't think he could have heard the vibrator go off, but she didn't trust what her senses were telling her. She would have to do her best to maintain her composure, around Dan and around everyone else in the room.  
  
"Maybe we should get back to our seats," she said.  
  
Kymberly noticed a mirror behind the bar and glanced into it to see how she looked. With chagrin, she noticed that her dark hair lay in a thick, unruly mess around her face. It was the result of all the desperate running around trying to complete Robert's challenges two hours earlier. She'd had no time to brush it.  
  
She noticed something else, too. She noticed that because of her intense arousal, the cool ballroom temperature, and the thinness of the material in her dress and her bra, her nipples pricked up prominently under the dress. Unmistakable, dime-sized peaks capped off the mounds of her ample breasts. She was putting on a show, and until that moment she hadn't even known it.  
  
It was one more thing to worry about. Robert had no idea how sorely he was testing her.  
  
She made it back to her table without incident. Kristin was leaving the table to return to her own as Kymberly arrived. She gave Kymberly a quick, perky, but not-entirely-sincere "Hello again, Kymberly!" Her eyes swept over Kymberly's chest and she made a little smirk before turning away.  
  
As Kymberly sat down she looked at her table companions and noticed that a few of them were looking at her -- her face, her chest, she couldn't tell.   
  
Kymberly sat in her chair, tense and aware. Sitting down, she felt even more moisture between her legs than before, and she worried the wetness would stain the back of her dress.   
  
The phone pinged yet again. Another text.  
  
She held the phone up discreetly. She didn't want anyone else to see Robert's texts.  
  
"Where are you?"  
  
"I'm sitting at table," she texted. "Speech about to begin."  
  
"Is it still in you?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Show me."  
  
Oh no, Robert, she thought.   
  
"Not here, not now," she texted.  
  
"Do it or I'll turn it up to highest level."  
  
"You wouldn't!" she texted. "Not here!"  
  
"Yes, I would. Do it. Take a photo and send it to me. You have three minutes. GO."  
  
Three minutes, or he was going to send a vibration into her pussy at the vibrator's highest level. There would be no way for her to control her reaction. She might even orgasm -- here, in front of an entire room of people. She liked playing games, but she couldn't let that happen.  
  
Suddenly, Samuel pulled out the chair next to her and sat down. She had wanted to talk to him, but his timing couldn't be worse.  
  
"Hello, Kymberly," he said, smiling broadly. "I know we're supposed to have assigned seats, but we didn't get a chance to talk much before, and my colleague didn't mind switching seats with me!"  
  
"Ahhh . . . "she began, stammering. "That was nice of her." Kymberly tried desperately to think of a way to get the picture taken with Samuel next to her. She figured she only had a little over two minutes left to beat Robert's deadline.  
  
"Would you like some wine?" a voice next to them asked. The voice was young and male, and she'd heard it before. She looked in the direction of the voice, and it was the porter again, the one who had taken photos of her naked in her room, and who had served her appetizers later, on the patio. He held a bottle of Chardonnay in front of Samuel, but his eyes were on Kymberly.  
  
In a flash, an idea came to Kymberly. It was the only thing she could think of.  
  
"I would love some wine," Kymberly said. "Samuel, would you mind getting your picture taken with me?"  
  
"Of course, I wouldn't mind!" he said.  
  
"Great!" she said. "Excuse me, could you take a photo of us?" She turned to the waiter, who was pouring wine, and she held out the phone to him.  
  
"Sure," the waiter said, trying to be discreet and stifling a huge grin. Kymberly saw his reaction and hoped that Samuel didn't sense anything unusual. She glanced at him. He didn't seem to notice anything. She hoped he'd had enough cocktails to dim his powers of observation. It would help her get away with what she had in mind.  
  
"Samuel," she said, in a hurry to beat Robert's deadline. "Swing your chair out here alongside mine." She directed the three of them so both their chairs would be seated sideways to the table, with Samuel's on the outside. Samuel went along with the arrangement willingly, and as he moved his chair next to hers she noticed his eyes sweeping over her bare seated legs, held firmly together.  
  
"What's your name?" she asked the waiter/porter.  
  
"Tony," he said.  
  
"Tony, could you stand a few feet back and kneel down so you are on our level?" she asked, in the most cheerful and flirty voice she could manage in her current state.  
  
"My, you know how to give directions for a photo! You must be experienced," Samuel said, and he chuckled.  
  
"My husband is very particular about photographs," she said with a thin smile. "He knows exactly what he wants to see in them. I've picked up a thing or two."  
  
Tony knelt with his knee on the floor, so his head was level with Kymberly's chest. That's where she wanted him.   
  
"Smile," he said.  
  
Samuel put an arm over the back of Kymberly's chair, and Kymberly held her hands down in her lap, legs pressed together and fingers right at the hem of the short dress.  
  
Tony took the photo. Before he could move Kymberly called out quickly, "One more!"  
  
Time was running out, she knew, and this would be her only chance. Out of her side vision she could see Samuel was smiling and looking at the phone. Tony was getting ready to take the photo. No one around seemed to be looking at them, and she figured that her lap would be obscured by the table to one side, Samuel to the other, and Tony in front of them.  
  
She parted her legs and pulled the hem of her dress up and lifted her knees slightly off the chair. She hoped it was enough for the vibrator in her pussy to be exposed to the phone camera lens, but not so obvious to attract Samuel's attention.  
  
Obviously, it was enough for the phone camera; she could see it from Tony's expression. His eyes widened and his mouth opened and he looked up from the phone screen directly at her, toward her lap and between her legs. For the second time today, she was showing off her pussy to him. This time, instead of being open and exposed, her pussy was stuffed with a purple vibrator.   
  
He paused, and it seemed to Kymberly that the act of pulling on her short dress and exposing her toy-filled pussy made time stand still. It was agonizing. Tony seemed to be moving in slow motion, and every second she held her dress open in the crowded ballroom she risked everything.  
  
"Go ahead," she said, trying to quell the nervousness in her voice between gritted teeth.  
  
Tony took the photo. She snapped her legs shut and sprang off the chair for her phone.  
  
"Let's see how it turned out!" said Samuel.  
  
"Oh, I'll send you the better one later!" Kymberly replied quickly. She didn't want Samuel to see the photo with her legs spread.  
  
"Thank you, Tony," she said, looking up for just an instant as she started thumbing over the phone screen to text the photo to her husband.  
  
She sent it. Tony grabbed the wine bottle and resumed his duties but gave her one last, longing look first.  
  
"I think dinner's ready!" Samuel said.  
  
It was; the waiters had set the tables and people were starting to eat, with the evening's main speech just moments away.  
  
Kymberly pulled her chair to the table, her legs now under the drape of the white table cloth. She was grateful to be able to minimize her exposure for a little while.  
  
The phone pinged with Robert's reply.   
  
"Wow, baby! Not sure how you pulled that off. You are good at this game."  
  
Damn right, I'm good at this, she thought. But I am going to get back at you, Robert. Somehow.   
  
Kymberly made small talk with Samuel and others at the table. She didn't know when Robert would hit her with another vibration, but she was determined to make as much headway schmoozing before the next assault began. After the schmoozing and eating, the main speech of the night began. The speaker was a young, dynamic CEO of a new company that made a drug that promised to cure a loss of sex drive.  
  
That's something I don't need, Kymberly thought. And, indeed, now, she didn't. The events of the afternoon and evening so far had left her highly aroused, nervous, and damp between her legs.  
  
The speaker had just finished telling a predictable and unfunny joke, which nevertheless was well received by an audience accustomed to funny jokes and getting close to being well sloshed. Kymberly had no time to laugh at his joke, however, because as soon as he finished the vibrator went off inside her.  
  
It was noticeably stronger this time.   
  
Kymberly was glad her legs were under the table, partly covered, because the vibration caused her legs to spasm and buckle involuntarily. Her upper body tensed and shook, too, and it was all she could do to stop herself from crying out.   
  
A hot flush swept her body. Kymberly pressed her legs together tightly and the skin between her legs felt slippery with wetness. Without thinking she looked up from her table and scanned the room again. Most eyes were focused on the stage and the speaker. But she saw Kristin, at her own table, glance briefly at Kymberly, her eyes intense and curious.   
  
She knows something is going on, Kymberly thought. I just hope she doesn't know what.  
  
She broke the stare with Kristin and looked around more. She saw Dan Orloff, at still another table, glance at her, a faint, amused smile under his dark mustache.   
  
The vibration lasted only a few seconds, but her body continued to tremble after it stopped, like aftershocks following an earthquake. Kymberly wanted to draw into herself, to hide from the people around her, and to make the maddening buzz of the vibrator and the risk of exposing herself stop.  
  
But inside her another impulse welled up, fueled by her intense arousal and the growing feeling that an orgasm was coming soon and might be set off by the next vibration. She felt a desire to give in to the vibration -- to fall to the floor and call out and pull her dress up and let everyone see the source of her pleasure and embarrassment. It was what Robert wanted, she thought: to compel her to give in to her exhibitionist desires, to show herself off and let the consequences fall where they might. Her body was tempted, very tempted, to do just that. But her brain, still in control, if just barely, held her body in check. She remained seated at the table, holding herself as still as she could, while the trembling in her body faded and passed.  
  
Robert's text showed up on her phone:  
  
"That was middle strength. The next will be stronger. I will let you know when it's coming so you can prepare yourself."  
  
Kymberly couldn't decide if that was better, or worse. For a time, however, she could relax knowing that it wouldn't go off without a warning.  
  
Kymberly tried to focus on the speech. It was hard to do. Even though she knew that the vibrator wouldn't go off again without a warning, she couldn't stop thinking about it. For one thing, her pussy was wetter and more aroused than ever. It felt like a faucet, and she was sure she was making a soggy mess of the back of her dress and the seat of the chair. She wasn't sure how she would stand up from the table without embarrassing herself. She would have to think about that later.  
  
The speech droned on, until, finally, it finished, and the crowd, well-fed and fortified with booze, clapped loudly. The official convention activities were done for the night.  
  
The phone pinged. Kymberly looked.  
  
"One minute."  
  
Kymberly grabbed the edge of the table. She wasn't sure what to do. Some people were starting to leave their tables, others were lingering and talking. She didn't have time gracefully to exit the ballroom, and she didn't want to be on her feet when the vibrator shook again. She felt it inside her, still clamping on to her but sloshing around in her wetness when she shifted in her seat. Her whole body was on edge. She felt that even a light touch could push her over the edge to an explosive orgasm.  
  
"Did you like the speech, Kymberly?" Samuel, still seated, asked her. His question took her mind briefly off her predicament.  
  
"I thought the speaker definitely knew what he was talking about, though I'd read about the drug in a journal a month ago," she replied.   
  
Time was getting close, and Samuel wasn't going to let her get away. She would have to sit through it and hope he didn't notice. She picked up a water glass and held it near her face.  
  
"I thought the speech was kind of boring, myself," Samuel said. "Somebody needs to write some better jokes for the speaker."  
  
Kymberly took a long, slow sip of water from the glass, hoping the glass would mask whatever expression escaped her when the vibrator went off.  
  
Seconds later, it came -- twice as strong as before. Her body, already aroused and weakened by the vibrator's earlier assaults on her wet pussy, had no defense against it this time.  
  
The vibrator sent a shockwave into her clit and her pussy and through her body. Her legs jerked involuntarily. The glass in front of her mouth shook, sloshing the water around in it, and she spit some of the water in her mouth back into it. Her eyeballs started to roll back before she could stop them.  
  
Samuel looked at her with surprise and concern. She gasped and coughed and waved her hand at her mouth. The other hand held fast to the table edge to keep her from tipping over.   
  
"Kymberly, are you OK?" Samuel asked. Trying to keep her head still and focused while her body still convulsed, Kymberly looked back at Samuel and was glad, at least, that he didn't seem to know what was going on. Samuel was reputed to be very conservative in his habits. Maybe he didn't know anything about vibrators. She could only hope he didn't.  
  
He's probably never seen a vibrator, she thought.  
  
"Ah . . . errr," she began to choke out. "Water went down the wrong way," she said with a rasp, pointing at her throat.  
  
"Here," he said, pulling a handkerchief out of his suit -- who wears a handkerchief anymore? Kymberly thought -- and offering it to her. She took it gratefully and held it over her mouth after setting her glass down.  
  
The pulsing in her body subsided, leaving only a few tremors still coursing through her thighs. She felt wetness there -- her inner thighs were a sodden mess, she could tell.  
  
"Samuel," called a voice next to them. They both looked up and it was Dan. Although he had spoken to Samuel, his eyes focused on Kymberly, and he had the same look of curiosity and amusement as before.  
  
"Hello, Kymberly. Did you have a bad experience with the . . . water?" he said, pausing noticeably before saying the last word.  
  
"I'm fine," she said, her voice still hoarse.  
  
"I'm glad to hear it," said Dan. He addressed Samuel. "Samuel, I heard you're a birdwatcher. The hotel is organizing a nature walk at sunrise tomorrow. Interested?"  
  
"That sounds lovely," said Samuel. "I'd like that. Kymberly, what about you? Would you like to join us? Dan, where and when is it?"  
  
"Meet outside the pro shop 15 minutes before sunrise. They'll take us in carts to the nature area next to the course. How about it, Kymberly?"  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, her voice steadier now. "I'm not much of a birdwatcher, I'm afraid, and I don't have any binoculars."  
  
"That's no problem," said Dan. "You can use mine. They're excellent. I always have them with me."  
  
"Let me think about it," she said. "Samuel, it was so nice to talk to you. I think I spilled some of that water on me -- I'm going to go to the little girls' room."  
  
The felt the phone in her hand pinged yet again. Robert was back.  
  
"I'll bet you enjoyed that," he texted. "There will be one more, soon. Better get ready."  
  
She looked up from her phone to her companions, Samuel and Dan. As she stood up from the chair she felt the back of her soggy dress cling to her thighs. The vibrator shifted noticeably inside her as she moved and she hoped and prayed it didn't fall out as she stood in front of them. Samuel looked at her pleasantly, but Dan looked at her with something else -- she wasn't sure what. But there was a trace of a smirk in his smile.  
  
Does he know? She wondered.   
  
She held her purse in front of her and backed away from them. She hoped the color of the dress would somehow hide the wetness she could feel.  
  
"Kymberly, if we don't see you tomorrow, it's been great talking to you," Samuel said. "Call me when the convention is over and let's do lunch. I want to hear about what Sintrell is offering these days."

Yes! she thought. For all the trials Robert had put her through that night she'd managed to win an opportunity to sell her company's products to one of its biggest potential customers.  
  
"I will!" she said. "Good night, Samuel! Good night, Dan!"  
  
She scampered away on quick, small steps, keeping her legs close together to minimize the risk the vibrator, getting looser and looser between her wet legs, might fall out onto the floor. Her purse was in one hand and her phone was in the other. It pinged again. She looked.  
  
"Better hurry," Robert texted again.  
  
She moved as fast as she could on small steps, weaving through the crowd and saying hi to people she knew as artfully as she could without stopping to chat with them. She saw Kristin, with her new boy toy Roger nearby, glare at Kymberly and scan the length of her body with her eyes. Kymberly wondered what she looked like.  
  
Kymberly had pushed the limits of her exhibitionism today, and thrilled at doing so, but she was exhausted from nervousness at the unrelenting risk of exposure. She wanted to get back to her room, especially before Robert sent the next signal, which was bound to be imminent.  
  
Just a minute later, walking briskly ahead of most of the throng of convention-goers leaving the ballroom, she reached the bank of elevators. One was open, thank goodness, and she didn't see anyone enter it ahead of her.  
  
She didn't see the occupant of it until she was halfway in. It was one of the two men she had ridden with before, the ones that had checked her out after she had arrived at the hotel. It would look odd and unfriendly to back out of the elevator after already starting to enter it, so she kept going. She hoped Robert didn't set off the vibrator while she was in it.  
  
"Hello again," said the man, giving her body a good, long, hungry look with his eyes. Obviously, he had spotted the headlights on her chest.  
  
"I'm Chad," he said, initially holding out a hand but pulling it back when he saw her hands clutched to the phone and purse.  
  
"Kymberly," she said.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Kymberly," he said as the elevator doors closed. Kymberly was glad it wasn't full of people.   
  
"Some friends and I are going out for some drinks in 15 minutes," Chad said. "Would you like to, umm, join us?"  
  
"Thank you for the invitation," said Kymberly, "But I've had a long day and need to rest."  
  
She had backed herself against the side of the elevator, opposite Chad, so he couldn't see the back of her dress. She still couldn't tell how noticeable the wetness was on the back of her dress. She still felt it.  
  
Chad nodded at her in reply but said nothing. He looked at her pleasantly but a little uncertainly, awkwardly, even. He didn't have the demeanor typical of the smooth-talking salesmen that populated conferences like these.  
  
The elevator suddenly gave out a groan and slight lurch. Then it stopped. She looked at the display over the door, and she saw that the elevator had stopped between the third and fourth floors. For the moment, at least, they were stuck.  
  
Oh no, she thought.   
  
She had no time to think any more about it, because the final wave from the vibrator came crashing into and against her. This time she had no reserves left to stem her body's submission to it. Her legs buckled and her butt fell back against the side of the elevator. Her fingers shook and the purse dropped to the floor. Her hand flew back and grabbed the railing on the side of the elevator to stop her from collapsing altogether to the ground. A long high-pitched moan and gasp escaped her lips.  
  
Through fluttering eyes, she saw Chad looking at her in utter astonishment. His eyes held on hers at first, but then they swept down her convulsing body and stopped at her thighs, below her dress. She knew why.  
  
Her body had been aroused too long, and she couldn't hold back. A hard, sustained orgasm swept through her, causing her body to buck back and forth involuntarily against the side of the elevator. Even more embarrassing, she squirted, something she seldom did. Wetness flowed from her, flooding down her legs and raining down on the elevator carpet between her feet.  
  
The flood loosened the grip of the vibrator, and when her legs spasmed open in response to the orgasm the vibrator's grip finally gave way. She felt it fall out of her, and, looking down, she saw it hit the elevator floor with a chunky "plop."  
  
She couldn't take her hand off the rail to do anything about it. She stood there, for what seemed like minutes, legs shaky and spread over the purple object on the floor, tremors still sweeping her body as she came down from the orgasm.  
  
"My god," Chad said. He couldn't seem to say anything else, just kept sweeping his eyes up and down and all over her, diverting them briefly to look at the vibrator as though to confirm, yes, he really had just witnessed a vibrator falling out of a woman's pussy in an elevator.  
  
In her not-fully-conscious state, Kymberly felt the phone ping again. She held it up to see Robert's message.  
  
"Where are you?" he texted.  
  
She didn't want to text Robert, but focusing on his message diverted her just slightly from the intense mortification of what had just happened in front of Chad. The elevator door still was stuck and there was nothing she could do to get away or hide herself. She couldn't make him unsee what he had just seen. Chad still was looking avidly at her body, but not moving.  
  
She responded to Robert.  
  
"Am in an elevator. It's stuck. A man just saw me orgasm. Vibrator on floor now."  
  
"Wow," he texted back. "Are you turned on?"  
  
What a crazy question to ask your wife in a situation like this, Kymberly thought. She had just orgasmed in the most embarrassing way possible in front of a man she didn't know, a man who nevertheless worked in her industry and could spread rumors about her, compromise her, maybe even ruin her.  
  
But yes, a voice in her said. Despite all that, it was a turn on. She was turned on. She had been turned on all afternoon and evening, ever since Robert's games had begun. She was more aroused and excited than ever, standing, barely, in the elevator, in front of Chad, who was gaping at her.  
  
"I am," she replied to her husband.  
  
"Is he turned on?" he texted back.  
  
She looked at Chad. He looked more surprised than anything, still, but she saw desire in his eyes. He held one hand loosely over a noticeable bulge at his crotch. He was trying to hide it, or to feel it; she couldn't tell which.  
  
"Is that you husband . . . texting you?" Chad asked. He pointed. She nodded.  
  
"I noticed your ring," Chad said. Then he pointed to the vibrator. "I've heard of those but I've never seen one. I had no idea they do that. My god."  
  
She was still recovering from the orgasm and panting a little. She couldn't imagine what an out-of-control, slutty mess she must have looked like to Chad. But she found it turned her on.  
  
"I don't think it does this to everybody," she said. "My husband put it on a very strong setting."  
  
"I guess so," Chad said. He was stroking the bulge in his pants noticeably now.  
  
"He is turned on," she texted back to Robert.  
  
"Are you safe?" he texted her. "Does he look OK?"  
  
"Yes, he looks like a nice guy," she texted back.  
  
"Is the elevator still stuck?"  
  
"Yes," she texted back.  
  
"Good," he texted her.   
  
"Give your phone to him. I'm going to send him a message. Then take the phone back. Give it to him now."  
  
What did Robert have in mind? She wondered. His imagination never seemed to stop, and it always seemed to involve putting her in new risky situations.   
  
Even so, she handed the phone to Chad.  
  
"What's this?" Chad asked her.  
  
"My husband is going to send you a message."  
  
Chad's eyebrows furrowed with curiosity. He had to tear his eyes away from the dark-haired woman with the heaving breasts and wet legs to watch for the incoming message.  
  
Kymberly heard the phone ping in Chad's hand. She saw Chad's eyes grow wide and his mouth open as he looked at the message.  
  
"What does it say?" she asked him.  
  
He approached her and held the phone in front of her face. She saw her husband's text message and her eyes widened as well.  
  
"CUM ON HER," Robert's text said.  
  
She took the phone back and she and Chad looked uncertainly at each other.   
  
Robert had never taken their games this far before. He'd exposed her body to other men, but he had never let any other man have any sexual contact with her. Now he wanted that. 24 hours ago, Kymberly might have been reluctant, or even outraged. But now, after all that had happened already, Kymberly was more than willing to take yet another step. Her body, recently shaken and covered in her fluids, was like something new to her, something she hadn't experienced before. For all it had gone through, it wanted more. Her body hungered for more. She wasn't going to deny it.  
  
If that's what you want, dear husband, she thought, that's what you're going to get.  
  
Kymberly put her phone in her purse, and she dropped the purse to the floor. She sank slowly to the floor, her legs, now steadier than before, splayed to the side of her. She held her gaze on Chad's as she lowered herself.  
  
"You better get started," she said with a husky voice when her butt had reached the elevator floor.  
  
Chad looked like a guy who still was adjusting to the fact that this wasn't a crazy porn fantasy. It was really happening. A gorgeous woman was inviting him to cum on her.  
  
He'd never done anything like this before. But he knew what to do.  
  
He unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out. It was hard already and he had to pull his pants and underwear out and away to release it. When he did, it popped out straight and hard toward Kymberly's face. He took two steps closer to her.   
  
Kymberly's legs were bent and spread, the heels of her black pumps dug into the elevator carpet. Kymberly put a hand on the hem of the short, and wet, red dress, and pulled it up. She pulled it up past her thighs, past her pussy, and up above her tummy. Then she put her other hand under her thigh, and she pulled her thigh back until one black heel clinked against the elevator wall. The bare, wet, waxed skin between her legs lay completely exposed to Chad now. She looked down and the lips of her pussy looked thick and wild, engorged by her arousal. They'd opened, as well, so Chad was getting a good view inside her.  
  
Chad's fingers wrapped around his cock and began pumping it. His eyes feasted on everything Kymberly was showing him. Her thick, black-brown hair, unruly and cascading around her face and shoulders. Her dark brown, deep-set eyes. Her large, luscious breasts, tits peaking prominently through the red dress. Her well-defined tummy, obviously the result of many days in the gym. Most of all, the lush, luxurious lips of her pussy, peeled back for his view by the index and middle fingers of Kymberly's right hand, which had moved down from the hem of her dress. The inside of her pussy was on view, and it was pink and glistening with wetness in the light of the elevator.  
  
They should have a name for that shade of pink, Chad thought. Pussy pink.  
  
He had a nice cock, Kymberly thought. Not remarkably big, but maybe a little bigger than average, and she liked how thick and hard it looked as Chad stroked up and down on it. She didn't think it would take him long. But the elevator could start again at any moment, so she thought she'd do what she could to excite Chad further and to help him finish the job.  
  
She began running fingers up and through and around the lips of her pussy. She spread them and mashed them and pushed them this way and that way with wet fingers.  
  
With her other hand, she traced a circle lightly over her tummy.  
  
"Cum here," she said. "Cum on my belly, right over my pussy."  
  
Chad liked the thick fleshiness of her engorged pussy lips under her fingers, which moved them this way and that indiscriminately. He stepped closer to her. He knew it wouldn't take him long, and he wanted to make sure he came on her and not on the elevator floor.  
  
Kymberly could see Chad getting close, and she felt, suddenly, that she might come again, too, despite having just finished a shattering orgasm minutes before. Her breathing sped up and her cheeks flushed and she started to pant again.   
  
Chad couldn't take his eyes off the flesh of her pussy, mashed down and spread open by Kymberly's fingers.  
  
Suddenly, Chad's back arched and he couldn't hold back. He stepped close to Kymberly and held his cock down, pointing directly at her open pussy. Cum shot out of his hard cock in fast, violent spurts. Kymberly looked with satisfaction at the thick streams of his cum frosting her thighs and tummy and spilling down between her legs into the raw, fleshy furrow of her sex. A few thick drops even landed right on the lips of her pussy. Kymberly's back arched against the elevator wall, and she came too, for the second time in the elevator in front of this man she barely knew.  
  
She wanted to lie there, just lie there, and enjoy the afterglow of her orgasm and the sticky coating of Chad's cum. But she knew the elevator could start moving again at any minute. With her legs still apart and the dress still pulled up, she fished her phone of out her purse. She held it out with an unsteady hand to Chad.   
  
"Take a photo of me," she said. "My husband will want to see this."  
  
Chad took the phone with his left hand, his right hand being wet and sticky with his cum. That's some lucky husband, he thought.  
  
He took a photo of Kymberly with her dress pulled up and ropes of his cum gleaming on the supple skin of her tummy and her thighs. The purple vibrator still lay on the floor between her lean, outstretched legs. The carpet between her legs was dark with the wetness that had poured out of her.  
  
She held her hand out to reclaim the phone, and Chad gave it back to her. She looked at the photo and sent it to her husband. There was no mistaking the telltale translucent streams of another man's cum on her body.   
  
"Amazing, baby," he texted her in a minute.  
  
"You got that right," she texted back.  
  
The phone pinged again.  
  
"Have him put the vibrator back in you before you leave the elevator," Robert texted.  
  
She wondered how far Robert wanted to push things. If Chad put the vibrator in her he almost certainly would touch her pussy. As crazy as it sounded, considering Chad's cum lay on her, that seemed like a boundary she didn't think she wanted to cross. She guessed Robert didn't want to cross it either, but that he wanted to push her as close to the boundary as he possibly could.  
  
She scooped the purple vibrator off the floor and handed it to Chad.  
  
"Can you put this back in me?" she asked sweetly.  
  
He took it from her. It was sticky with her juices.  
  
She stood up and pulled her dress up and spead her legs apart to make it easier for him.  
  
The elevator groaned and lurched a bit. It seemed to be coming back to life.  
  
"You better hurry," Kymberly said.  
  
"I haven't done this before," he said with a sheepish smile.  
  
"Just go with your gut," she said.  
  
He held the vibrator and began pushing one end into her pussy. He pushed gingerly because her opening looked small for the size of the purple object, but it slipped in easily because of her wetness. Chad was fascinated to see it hold fast and clamp onto her clit and her opening. For just a second, one of his fingers holding the vibrator brushed against her exposed clitoris. But when the vibrator was fully in he pulled his hand away.  
  
"You are such a gentleman," she said to Chad.  
  
The elevator gave off a melodious tone and a sudden whoosh announced the opening of the elevator doors. Kymberly quickly smoothed her dress back into place. She gave Chad a quick kiss on the lips.  
  
Before he could say anything or try to kiss her back, the doors opened. Three people stood waiting to enter, and Kymberly scampered past them fast, not looking them in the face. She hoped they wouldn't notice the sodden, sticky patch of carpet she had left behind on the elevator floor.  
  
Chad got out too and looked after her.  
  
"Would you like to stop by my room for a drink?" he asked.  
  
Kymberly stopped and turned toward him.  
  
"Sorry, I can't," she said. "Maybe another time."  
  
She walked back to him as he stood there and the elevator doors closed on the threesome going down.  
  
"That was nice," she said. "Just between us, right?"  
  
"Of course," he said. "And . . . uh. . . your husband, of course."  
  
"Of course," she said. "Good night, Chad."  
  
As soon as she got to her room and closed the door behind her, Kymberly pulled off the red dress and the lace bra. She stood inside the door, naked except for high heels. Her body was damp and sticky with her sweat, her cum, and Chad's cum. Her room was dim, lit only by a single lamp at the side of her bed, turned on to a low setting.  
  
The clock showed it was 10:30. Ordinarily, that wasn't late for Kymberly. But she was utterly and completely exhausted from the night's activities.  
  
"Am back in my room," she texted Robert.   
  
"No more games tonight, baby," she texted again. "I'm exhausted and need sleep."  
  
"OK, baby," he texted. "Turn up the volume on your phone. I'm going to wake you early in the morning."  
  
"Robert, what if I have plans for tomorrow?"  
  
"You do have plans," Robert wrote. "My plans!"  
  
"You are impossible," she texted.  
  
"You wouldn't want me any other way," he texted back.   
  
"Maybe," she texted. "I'm going to bed now, Robert. Good night."  
  
"Good night, darling."  
  
She put the phone down on the table next to her bed. Then she stood tall and statuesque, naked and in her heels, and she ran her hands down her body. Her body was sticky and still damp in places. Chad's cum, now mostly dry, lay over her taut belly and thighs in a thin, irregular crust. She should take a shower, she thought, but she was too tired from everything that had happened. She just wanted to crawl into bed. And she liked the feeling of being dirty. She wanted to take the feeling with her to bed.  
  
She turned off the lamp next to the bed.  
  
When the light went out, she noticed for the first time the glow of light coming from outside her hotel room window, which was wide open. The light came from the fourth-floor room in the building opposite hers. The light was dim and blue -- the glow from a television screen. At the window, she saw the tall silhouette of a man, standing and facing toward her room, hands up and on the edges of the window curtains. She couldn't see his face, but she knew he had been looking into her room.