**Hotel Pool Adventure**

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He had dreamed of this for years. His wife was finally going to satisfy his incredible craving for exhibiting her. She was standing in her hotel room, looking at her reflection in the mirror. What she saw made her nervous.  
  
Her name was Missy. She had married Jay two years ago, and he had very eccentric sexual tastes. He really preferred the sexual appetizers more than the main course. Her sex drive had diminished, but she chose to do this for him.  
  
She was standing in front of a mirror in a neon blue thong bikini. The top tightly concealed her 38D breasts. The cleavage made from the tight top was amazing. The top would have caused some heads to turn, but the skimpy rear end was what was really going to cause a stir. She looked at her rear. She didn't feel like it was anything special, didn't feel like she should be wearing this thing, but she would do it for her husband.  
  
She approached the door to the room, preparing to walk into the hallway. She carried no towel, nothing to cover herself. That was part of the deal. Had she been walking out onto a beach in Florida, no one would think it was odd that she was just wearing a thong swimsuit, but she wasn't in Florida. She was in central Illinois, the heartland, where modesty was the norm.  
  
She took a deep breath and opened the door. She could hear some activity in a room down the hall, but the hall was clear. Had someone been in the hall, she might have chickened out right there. She stepped out the door and heard the lock click shut. She had no key, Jay had it, and so she now had no choice but to go through with this.  
  
She started walking down the hallway. Her breathing was quick, but she tried to look calm. Appropriately, her ass felt naked. It felt odd to have her butt cheeks move so freely in public. She felt exposed.  
  
The hotel was a small Best Western, so it wouldn't take long to walk to the pool. It was located within a glass sunroom adjacent to the lobby. Anyone in the lobby could see everything in the pool. She turned the corner and entered the edge of the lobby. There were four people in the lobby: the hotel clerk, a middle aged couple checking in, and a young man sitting on a couch pretending to read the paper. The man reading the paper was Jay. A thin smile escaped his lips when he saw her. The rush he got was better than sex.  
  
Melissa started walking to the pool door entrance, a walk that would bring her into view of everyone. A walk of about twenty feet. She got half way there and felt her feet hit the cold tiles of the lobby floor. The cold chill went right to her nipples, and they poked through her bikini top. The couple at the counter was discussing their arrangements, when they suddenly stopped. Melissa couldn't see behind her, but she knew they were looking at her ass in the thong.  
  
She reached for the poolroom door and was confused when it wouldn't open, it was locked. She looked over at the counter for assistance. Everyone was looking at her. The woman had an annoyed look on her face, probably because her husband was blatantly gawking at her. The hotel clerk finally managed to speak.  
  
"You, uh, need a key for that," he said. Simultaneously, he held up a key.  
  
Melissa sucked in a breath, and started walking to the counter. All three were now starring at her ample cleavage; the men looked with lust, the woman with disdain. Melissa grabbed the key and turned to walk back to the poolroom. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jay. He was suppressing the biggest grin and erection imaginable. The approving look from Jay gave her a flash of confidence. Rather than nervously scurrying back to the poolroom door, she walked a little slower, giving her butt some extra wiggle when she walked. The effect was not lost on anyone. She unlocked the door and walked in, finding a sun lounger to sit on and collect her thoughts. She couldn't believe she'd done it. She was filled with nervous excitement.  
  
She could see the lobby to her right. The couple finished checking in and moved on, the hotel clerk disappeared into a room behind the desk, probably to get relief. Jay was also gone, but she knew he was close. He was probably just changing vantage points.  
  
She decided to slip into the hot tub and relax and wait for Jay to pop up. She pressed the start button on the hot tub and enjoyed the warm sensations. The sound of the pool door opening perked her up; she turned expecting to see Jay. Instead, it was a teenage boy, probably around eighteen, but not much older. He was tall and lanky, wearing baggy yellow swim trunks. Melissa decided to break the ice.  
  
"How ya doin'?"  
  
The boy answered in a quiet voice, "Oh, fine, uh, and you?"  
  
She could tell he was the introverted, shy type. He was harmless.  
  
She answered, "Oh, I'm doing alright. You can hop in here if you want."  
  
"Oh, thank you, miss."  
  
The boy crawled in opposite her. She had her back to the lobby so she could see outside the glass enclosure of the pool room. She noticed a sudden movement behind some cars in the parking lot, a figure was moving beside a van. A quick glimpse of his face confirmed Melissa's intuition. It was Jay. He had his new vantage point.  
  
Melissa turned her attention back to the boy. They small talked for several minutes. The boy was from Iowa, just another Midwesterner. His folks were at a class reunion. The kid kept stealing glances at Melissa's breasts. Melissa picked up on it, and sat up straighter to bring her breasts above the water to let the boy see. He had a hard time keeping his concentration on the conversation. Suddenly, the hot tub jets stopped.   
  
Melissa said, "Oh, you have to press the start button every fifteen minutes to keep the hot tub going. I'll get it."  
  
She stood up straight and turned away from the boy. She could almost feel his gaze drop to her ass. She put one foot up on the edge of the tub, giving him a close up view of the thin strip of material covering her slit. She was glad she was already wet. She stepped over the tub and walked about five feet to the start button and pushed it. The kid eyeballed her up and down as she walked back to the tub. They continue talking until the kid momentarily loses his train of thought looking at her breasts.  
  
She says, "Would you like to see them?"  
  
The kid looks at her stunned, "Huh?"  
  
"Would you like to see them? My boobs, would you like to see them?"  
  
The kid sits in total awe. She doesn't even wait for him to answer. She pulls the bikini top to the sides and both breasts fall out. The kid is speechless and swallows hard several times. She leans over and takes the boys hands and rubs them over her large chest. He's obviously in new territory. It flatters her that he's so in awe of her. She removes her hands from his, but he continues to knead her boobs. She subtly slides her thong bottom down to her ankles. She takes the boys hand off her left breast and pulls it between her legs. When the boys fingers make contact with her clit she orgasms suddenly, surprising her. The orgasm is far more mental than physical. Satisfied for the moment, she pulls her thong bottom back up and puts her suit top back in place.   
  
The boy has a disappointed and bewildered look on his face. Melissa notices it and smiles at him.  
  
"Hey, I have to run, maybe I'll see you later. Give me a kiss goodbye?"  
  
With that she turns away from him and stands, putting her ass at eye level. She bends over at the waist, pushing her thong-covered slit out at him, and then sits on his lap. She can feel his erection pressing against her mound. The kid can feel it, also. She gives him a sensual kiss on the lips and grinds her crotch against his. The sensation is more than the kid can take, and he has his own highly mental orgasm. She can see the thin stream of cum rising up to the top of the now still water.   
  
She stands and gets out of the tub, heading for the door. Her ass is in full view and she's giving the kid one last eyeful. She walks through the door and down the hallway. She passes two or three people in the hall, they stop and look at her, but not that she cares...