Hotel Romp

by MichaelGravesÂ©

I had a three day weekend away from work and decided to take a mini vacation to

Key West. It is a few hours drive from Miami, so I left on Friday afternoon,

checked into my hotel and went bar hopping. I was my usual flirty self and had

some fun, but nothing extraordinary to speak of happened.

I woke up around eleven the next morning to a major downpour outside my window.

I turned on the TV to the weather channel to discover that a tropical depression

was sitting over Key West. It was nothing worth evacuating the island over and

would blow over by tomorrow morning, but I would be spending the last 24 hours

of my vacation in the hotel. That's what I get for not checking the news before

leaving.

The hotel had a bar and a dance club on the first floor, so the day would not be

a total waste, but it didn't open until five. I scrolled through the t.v.

channels a few times then aimlessly read a book before finally giving up. I

couldn't get over that I was stuck here and spending the next six hours in my

room was going to drive me crazy. I began to think of what how to stave off the

boredom.

My inner desires awoke and immediately I started throwing off my clothes and

headed to the bathroom. Naked, I grabbed a towel from the selection on the rack

and tried to wrap it around myself. It was exactly what I needed, the towel was

able to go around most of my body but not big enough to close, leaving an

opening down my side, allowing any on lookers to see I was naked underneath. I

adjusted it so that the lowest part rested a little below my curvaceous

Brazilian ass and the top was still low enough to show off the impressive

cleavage from my 38C breasts.

With eager determination, I grabbed the ice bucket off the counter and walked

out the door letting the it close behind me. I was now standing in the hallway

armed with only a small towel, bucket and my naughty desires.

I headed to the ice machine realizing how precarious my decision truly was as it

took a good bit of concentration to hold the towel together as I walked.

Arriving at my first destination I happily encountered a man in his mid-thirties

who was staring at the soda machines next to the ice maker. His eyes sprang wide

and his head jerked in a double take motion when he realized what I was wearing.

I gave him a quick smile and pretended that walking around in just a small bath

towel was perfectly normal. He returned his attention to the soda machine in

front of him, out of modesty I suppose, not wanting to gawk at the almost naked

woman by his side, but his eyes kept darting in my direction.

I set the bucket down on the ground and opened the ice machine's large metal

door. It was cold to the touch and sent a shiver through my body, although the

sensation could easily have been from the excitement building inside me.

Purposely, I bent over at the waist to grab my bucket which made the bottom of

my towel slowly ease over my cheeks exposing myself to the stranger. I saw his

head turn towards me yet again, but when he thought I caught him staring he

snapped back trying to give the false impression that he wasn't staring at my

beguiling ass.

The ice machine was mostly empty, I decided to use this to enhance the flashing.

I turned my back to the man beside me and leaned my head into the machine so I

could scrape what ice was there off the bottom. In doing so my towel was

completely pulled over my butt showing him every inch of my slender legs, my

butt and my moistening mound. I could not see him but I could feel his lustful

stare on my skin and I gave my hips a little sway to add to the moment. I closed

my eyes for an instant and bit my lower lip. This was as much for me as it was

for my viewer and I wanted to soak in the wild feelings I was experiencing.

I quickly stood back up and turned trying to catch the expression my exhibition

put on his face and received a look of awe. This time he kept his gaze on me,

losing any sense of pretentiousness and modesty. I said goodbye and with a dirty

grin on my face I headed down to hall to the elevator, my sex drive already

over-worked.

Pushing the down button I had to wait a but moment before the doors opened and

to my disappointment the elevator was empty. Only on the third floor I doubted

that anyone else would get on before stopping at the lobby, not wanting to end

this excursion quickly, I pushed the top floor button. The elevator reached its

destination without incident; discouraged I hit the lobby button. Just one floor

below, opportunity arose as the elevator stopped and a pair of guys got on, one

wearing a German national soccer jersey so I took them for foreign tourists.

They both stopped in amazement seeing my barely clad body. I took the

opportunity to offer up the obvious, "Going Down?" line. An accented "Ja" was

the response and my suspicions were confirmed. They were probably in the same

circumstance as I, vacation ruined by the storm. I was going to give them

something positive to remember their trip to the Keys.

The doors closed and the elevator jerked downward. The men were standing

directly behind me when I intentionally let go of part of my towel. My only

cover unwrapped itself giving the guys a view of my ass. I held onto the front

of the towel and spun around, giving the impression that this was an accident.

"Oops," I said and asked one of the men to hold my ice bucket so I could wrap

myself up again. As nonchalantly as possible I took the towel off entirely,

grabbed the ends and pulled it around my back. I was now standing naked in the

elevator, arms open wide, holding the towel behind me. The two Germans stood in

silence, mouths slightly agape at the sight. I did not wrap myself up

immediately, instead holding the outstretched towel open for the men. Their eyes

danced up and down my body moving from my breasts to my shaved pussy and back again. The longer I stood there, the hornier I became. I was getting wet and

desperately wanted to relieve the sensation when I felt the elevator slow to a

halt. I quickly wrapped the towel around myself as best I could, grabbed the

bucket from my German gawker and went into the lobby. The men were so stunned

from my exposure that the doors closed on them before they realized it and back

up they went.

The lobby was empty with the exception of a few hotel employees. A maid readying

her cleaning cart, a bored looking bell hop, and the concierge behind the desk

were the only inhabitants. I walked over to the concierge, who was on the phone

and did not see me approach, and offered a lie about getting locked out of my

room. Looking up he jumped at the sight of me in his lobby wearing a white, too

small towel. I waited with a devilish smile for him to ask me how this happened,

but instead he snapped his fingers at the bell hop, who also seeing my state of

undress for the first time was stunned and did not respond to his boss. A few

more sharp snaps in his direction got him moving as the man behind the desk ask

for my room number. He was quick to get me out of the lobby, most likely trying

to save me of embarrassment. Had he known this was intentional perhaps he would

not have been so hasty.

The bell hop was a handsome young man, early twenties, with dirty blonde hair.

In his uniform he looked snappy and professional. He took the key and my ice

bucket, out of courtesy, and led to me back to the elevator.

When the elevator arrived, the doors opened and my two German friends came out.

Their faces lit up seeing me there and I gave them a sly smile and cute little

wave, knowing full well what was on their minds. The bell hop and I entered the

elevator and proceeded to my floor while the foreign men headed off speaking in

their native tongue. I didn't know what they were saying but I had a dirty idea

and loved it.

I chatted up the man with me, "I bet this happens a lot in the hotel, getting

locked out almost naked."

"Not really. People forget their keys pretty often, but this is a first for me."

He was doing his best to avert his eyes from my body by staring dead ahead, but

I wasn't going to allow him to save my dignity.

"Good thing I had this towel," I said, "but it doesn't cover me all the way." I

insisted on bringing his attention to me. "You can see from the gap that I'm

completely naked underneath."

I felt cheesy saying this, sounding like a bad porn cliche, but I was so worked

up I didn't care. I had leapt off the edge of arousal into a forceful need for

carnal pleasure. My pussy had grown so wet at this point I could smell my own

desires, and I knew he could as well. The elevator came to my floor far too

quickly for me to lead the bell hop on any further. As the doors opened and I

saw the hallway was empty, I decided to get direct.

He stepped out of the elevator first and proceeded towards my room, key in one

hand, ice in the other. I paused but a second before dropping the towel and

stepped out into the hall letting the doors close behind me. I was now totally

naked with no way of covering myself.

"Oops!" I called out to him, making him turn around. "My towel got caught when

the doors closed." Two things were apparent; he didn't buy my cheap excuse and

he also didn't care. I watched as his pants grew in reaction and it fueled my

passions even more. He stood in awe as I walked towards him, swaying my hips

provocatively.

His eyes never left my body as we made it to my door silently. He swiped the key

card, and the little green light turned on, sarcastically ending my erotic

excursion. No wanting for it to be over yet combined with a burning, lustful

fire inside I stood in the door way and reached my arms around his neck.

"I guess I should thank you for helping me." I said as I pulled this total

stranger to my lips, forcefully kissing him. He dropped the ice and wrapped his

arms around me. I stepped backwards, leading him into my room, never letting go

of our embrace. I heard the door shut and pushed my new lover hard against it.

Despite my primal urges screaming to be taken right there I slowly dropped to my

knees and undid his belt. His zipper crept down between my fingers as I made

sure to look him directly in the eyes. He looked to be filled with excitement

and amazement as his pants fell to the floor and I took him into my mouth. He

gasped breathlessly until his own passionate rage overtook him. He grabbed my

shoulders, stood me up and ran me to the bed so quickly I thought we flew across

the room.

My libido was so high that I came the moment he entered me. Lying face down on

the bed, my fingers clawing at the sheets, my voice screaming out. His hands

clutched my hips guiding himself back and forth into me I exploded again. My

second orgasm was followed by his own as his final thrust completed our hot and

torrid sex.

After we each caught our breath, he got up to leave, still having to work. I led

him back to the door giving him one final kiss before he left my world forever.

Alone in my room now, I slinked back to lay on the bed still glowing from our

encounter. I had never been so happy to be rained in before.