**Jenna's at the Hotel**  
by Helmhood  
  
My friends and I had been looking forward to this trip for a long time. We had each saved up enough money for our own airfare, and then pooled the rest of our funds for the hotel reservation. It was going to be a blast, the four of us heading off to New York City for a long weekend. After arriving, we did the requisite sightseeing and shopping. We toured the museums, took in a Broadway show, and then did some more shopping!  
  
The second night, we explored a little of the club scene. Enjoying some of the nightlife, we decided not to stay out too late. After all, four twenty-something-year-old young women by themselves in the city; it could still be dangerous. We headed back to our Embassy Suites hotel, where we shared a suite. It was pretty swanky, and there was no way any of us alone could have afforded just the one room. I was looking forward to some room service.  
  
The next morning, I woke up early so that I could use the shower first. Let me tell you, trying to accommodate the bathroom amongst all my friends was the one point of contention. I figured by getting in early enough, I could take as much time as I needed, and let the other girls sort out their turns.  
  
Well, I stripped off my pajamas and hopped into the marble and glass stall. Wow! The water felt really amazing on my body! It had the kind of showerhead that was like a masseuse, hitting all the right spots on my back and shoulders. I nearly purred with delight as I danced on my toes beneath the gentle cascade. The showers I took back at home never felt so nice.  
  
At this point, I was also feeling a little frisky. I slid the shower door open a bit, poking my head out to make sure I was still alone in the bathroom. My dripping leg stretched out onto the floor mat, and then I stepped completely outside so I could grab some things from the vanity mirror… a razor and some shaving cream. Quickly, I jumped back under the welcome warm water, and began to lather up my lower body. I was going to shave off my pubic hair!  
  
Normally I keep a trimmed bush. But since this was a special trip, and as I was feeling deliciously naughty, I thought the occasion called for a bold new look. And it would be my little secret. Maybe I would even go without panties for the day. Very carefully, I scraped away my womanly fleece, every last wisp of hair. Pretty soon, my fingers reached down to touch nothing but the smooth, pink folds of skin. Satisfied that I was entirely bald down there, I rinsed and turned off the shower.  
  
Stepping back out onto the floor mat, I reached for the large white towel and started drying off my body. I shuddered when the terrycloth brushed against my silky, sensitive pussy lips. Smiling to myself, I wrapped and tied the towel securely in front of my breasts, and stood before the mirror so I could comb my hair. When it was all straight and slicked back behind my ears, I tied the brunette strands in a ponytail. Then I turned around to get dressed.  
  
But I couldn’t find my clothes! There was a little table when you first entered the bathroom, where I remembered placing my underwear, pants, and shirt. Of course, it was a pretty spacious bathroom, so I quickly looked about to see if I had actually put them somewhere else. But then I realized that even my night pajamas, which I was sure I had discarded just before my shower, weren’t even on the floor. This is strange, I thought, as I self-consciously tugged the towel tight, at the hem above my thighs. And then I figured it must be my friends playing a prank on me!  
  
Upon walking back into the main hotel room, I was greeted by little Jean, who was also dressed as I was… a white towel wrapped around her short but curvy figure.  
  
“What took you so long, Jenna?” asked the Asian girl. “What were you doing in there?”  
  
I noticed that she must be topless beneath the towel, as her large breasts were only minimally concealed. If she wasn’t careful, I could just make out the tops of her nipples poking into view. I paused to see Andrea and Sarah slowly stirring in their bed, and ignored Jean’s questions.  
  
“Did you guys take my clothes? Has anyone seen my stuff?”  
  
Jean folded her arms in disbelief. “Oh right, Jenna. We have nothing better to do than sneak into the bathroom while you are taking your shower, and hide your clothes on you! What do we look like, children?”  
  
Unconvinced, I scanned the large hotel room. There were our two queen-sized beds, as well as a sofa ensemble on the other side, and a rather impressive entertainment center. And of course there was the mini-bar. But I could not spy the pile of my things, which I knew I had unpacked in order to wear today. Then I remembered that behind the drawn curtains, there was a balcony and terrace.  
  
I walked over to the bed and shook Andrea, my playful shorthaired fiend. “You put my clothes outside, didn’t you? You want me to go out on the balcony wearing just a towel…”  
  
Jean was starting to walk past me, into the bathroom, when she paused to take the edge of the white cloth between her fingers. “Sure… and then we would tear the towel right off you, leaving you outside overlooking the city, buck naked!”  
  
“No, it’s not like that,” Andrea said, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. “That’s not how we planned it…”  
  
I saw that Sarah was trying to muffle her laughter with a pillow, and I snapped at her, “What? What is it… do you know where they hid my clothes?”  
  
“Oh, OK,” the blonde girl admitted, still giggling, at last. “Relax, Jenna. It was Andrea… she put your clothes out in the hallway, just outside the door.”  
  
Straightening my towel, I huffed, “For crying out loud! They can get stolen that way…”  
  
Despite my two friends snickering at me, I crossed the carpet of the hotel room in my bare feet, approaching the door. First, I tried to look out that tiny circle window you use if someone knocks. But I really couldn’t see anything at all. So I carefully undid the security latch with one hand, while using the other to make sure my towel stayed in place. I opened the door just enough to peek my head into the hallway.  
  
“I don’t see them,” I called out, rather annoyed.  
  
From behind, I could hear Andrea padding over toward me. “Are you sure? I left them right out there…”  
  
Seeing that the hallway was empty, I opened the door all the way. Very shyly, I stepped out of the room, so I could look further down the elegantly furnished corridor. There was a stand of potted plants nearby, and an ornate desk against the opposite wall with a courtesy phone. Maybe my devilish friend hid the items of clothing. That would be so embarrassing if someone else found my underwear!  
  
Well, if they were out here, I really had no idea where they might be. Frustrated, I turned around, ready to make Andrea come out here herself and collect my things. Suddenly, the door slammed shut! My hand instinctively reached for the crystal faceted knob, but I could already hear the metal latch inside being slid into place. It was no use even trying, I knew the door was locked.  
  
“Andrea!” I whispered harshly. “Don’t leave me out here like this!”  
  
Oh my gosh, I was standing outside in the hallway, wearing just a towel! I had nothing on underneath. I gripped the cloth tight around my chest, and pounded on the door. Then I realized that I probably shouldn’t draw attention to myself. Oh, this was worse than if they had tricked me to go out on the balcony. Here, I could easily get caught at any moment… either by other hotel guests, or the people who worked at the hotel. I held my breath and spun around, wondering what to do.  
  
Taking the opportunity to check if my clothes might really be around somewhere, I walked a little further away from the door. Although, I was beginning to suspect the whole thing was just a ruse, concocted by my friends. I was nervous, and blushed, noticing that I was bare from my shoulders to my bosom, and then from my thighs all the way down to my toes. Not much left to the imagination, I guess. It was then, I heard the door to our room open, and Jean stuck her own towel-wrapped body outside.  
  
“Hi, Jenna!” She waved and laughed. “That will teach you to sneak into the shower and hog all the soap…”  
  
But what happened next was kind of strange, and I watched with a sort of detached fascination. One of the girls must have snuck up behind her and gave Jean a little shove, pushing her a couple of more steps into the hallway. The playful hands, however, kept hold of the towel… pulling it from her body, and disappearing with it back behind the closed door. I watched Jean skip forward, now wearing just a pair of brief pink panties!  
  
The young Asian woman looked down, her hands moving quickly to cover up her large circular breasts bouncing free, and she screeched. “Eeeeek!”  
  
“Shhh,” I hushed her as I came to her side, still worried about who might hear us. “Don’t make a scene!”  
  
She looked up at me with her luminous, almond-shaped eyes and said, “Don’t make a scene? Oh my gosh, I am so topless out here! Quick, Jenna… give me your towel!”  
  
“But Jean,” I cried. “I’m totally naked under this towel. At least you still have your panties.”  
  
My friend folded her arms across her chest and pouted. She was shorter than me, but still had a shapely figure. She had a flat, sexy tummy that was now on display, and of course those round jiggling melons, which almost seemed too large for her petite frame.  
  
“Are you really nude, except for the towel?” Jean asked. I didn’t like thinking about how vulnerable I was, so I simply nodded. “Well, I wonder how long Andrea and Sarah are going to keep us out here…”  
  
We waited for a few seconds, huddled by the door to our room. But I didn’t hear any voices from inside. Maybe our friends went back to sleep. Or maybe, they were just going about their normal morning routine, with no further regard for us. And then I thought, what if they ordered up breakfast! It was only a matter of time before Jean and I were caught.  
  
“Did you hear something?” my friend with sleek black hair running down her bare back peered anxiously down the hallway. She used both hands to hide her nipples, but they didn’t hide much else.  
  
I looked both ways, as if I was crossing a busy street, then answered, “It does sound like people talking… coming from…”  
  
The elevator! We both cried at the same time. Well, there was no chance we were going to stay hanging around here! Remembering which way we had to walk whenever we came up to our floor, Jean and I immediately turned in the opposite direction. Needing to get beyond the corner of the corridor, we had to run for it. My hands held onto my towel tight, to keep it from slipping. I watched my friend jog in front of me more freely in her little panties.  
  
Ducking around the wall, we saw that there was an ice machine in a little alcove. A few feet further down, there was another elevator, and then the bell rang! We didn’t even hesitate… the two of us dashed toward the ice machine, and out of view of whoever was about to enter this floor. Jean cowered behind me, with her hands on my bare shoulders, her body so close that her breasts crushed against my back.  
  
A man and a woman, it sounded like, exited as the heavy doors pulled open. Listening to their conversation, we could hear that they were part of housekeeping. Thankfully, their business was taking them to the other end of the hallway, and their voices drifted away. Jean and I waited a moment longer, until all we could hear was the hum of the ice machine.  
  
My friend spun me around and said, “I’ve got an idea! We can just get another room key from the front desk, and let ourselves back in. And then it will be payback!”  
  
“Um, I guess…” I tried to think this out, but it was hard, staring at Jean’s uncovered chest in front of me. In all the excitement, it seemed her nipples were growing fully erect right before my eyes. “Are you sure this is a good plan?”  
  
“Well, Jenna, it doesn’t look like we have much choice. We can’t very well stay out here like this, just two scraps of material shared between us!”  
  
So we agreed that we would brave the elevator down to the ground floor, and seek a spare key from the lobby desk. I was actually amazed that little Jean wanted to come with me. I mean at least, I had all my parts covered. But I guess she didn’t want to end up hiding somewhere alone. She urged me to stick my head around the corner and see if it was clear.  
  
With no sign of the hotel staff, or any guests emerging from their rooms, I stepped lightly toward the golden panel and doors. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Jean just grab two handfuls of her breasts and follow after. I punched the button rapidly, hoping that when the elevator opened, the sight of us wouldn’t startle any occupants! We figured that it was still early in the morning, so it was unlikely people would be coming up to their rooms. I looked nervously at my friend with butterflies in my tummy, and she kind of danced anxiously on her toes, wearing next to nothing.  
  
The bell rang… the doors opened… there was no one inside! Breathlessly, the two of us scampered in our bare feet across the threshold and entered the elevator. I pulled my towel tighter, seeing myself in the mirror and how much skin I was showing. Then I blushed to see how exposed Jean was. Her panties had crept a little up her butt and she was showing a bit of cheek. I pushed the lobby button, and hoped we didn’t make any stops.  
  
“So, you’re going to walk up to the front desk and get the key for us, right?” Jean asked as she crossed her arms over her breasts.  
  
Tugging the bottom of my towel, I answered, “Um, I guess so… although it will be pretty embarrassing!”  
  
Jean got a devilish look in her eye and said, “You know… if you lend me the towel, I could be the one who walks through the lobby and gets the key.”  
  
“Oh my gosh!” my heart started beating faster. “But I would be stark naked! I don’t know if I could wait around like that… that would be too much!”  
  
She looked me up and down for a moment before replying, “Suit yourself. But make sure you don’t loose it on your way to the desk!”  
  
Just then, the elevator bell rang, and I noticed we were only at the 3rd floor! Jean leaped behind me, gripping my shoulders tight. I was afraid she was going to rip the towel right off me as the wide doors slid open. I closed my eyes and bit my lip. Fortunately, after a second of hearing no reaction, Jean informed me that no one was there. She reached around me to hit the lobby button once more, which caused her large boobs to rub against my body.  
  
The doors closed, and we continued our descent without incident. We reached the ground floor, hoping it would still be quiet at this hour of the morning. When the bell chimed, my friend and I really had no choice but to shuffle out onto the marble floor, and do our best to not draw attention to ourselves… a topless young woman, and another wearing only a towel!  
  
A little ways down along the wall, there was a sculpture intertwined with some kind of exotic plant. It was strange, but sort of beautiful. Reaching almost nine feet toward the ceiling, this piece of hotel art décor was rather wide, and looked like it might offer some concealment.  
  
“I’m going to hide behind it,” Jean told me. “Now hurry and get that key, Jenna!”  
  
I nodded once, watching as she slung just one arm over her chest. Basically, her palm covered one very erect nipple, while the other was kept hidden by her forearm. This left the remainder of those swelling mounds rather exposed. She strutted over to wait by the sculpture in her delicate little panties. Then I proceeded to turn the other way and started walking toward the front desk.  
  
I was very conscious of the cold marble beneath my bare feet. I even felt a shiver run down my legs, as I clutched the towel in front of me. It was as I was walking away from the elevators that I saw a few people sitting in the center of the main entry concourse. They looked like an older couple, reading the newspaper over some coffee as they sat comfortably on velvet couches. I blushed when I came into to view, really hoping that they didn’t notice me.  
  
There was a guy and a young woman behind the front desk as I softly approached. For a moment, I wasn’t sure if I could go through with it, but then I remembered poor Jean who must be quivering in her tiny underwear.  
  
“Um… hi,” I squeaked when I padded right up to the counter. “I… um, oh this so embarrassing! I locked myself out of my room this morning…”  
  
The ginger-haired lady looked over my form, and broke out into a wide grin. “Let me guess, honey. You just finished your shower, and stepped outside to fetch the complimentary paper.”  
  
“Yes, that’s it…” I lied, rubbing my foot behind my other leg’s calf like a naughty little girl. “Do you think I can get another room key?”  
  
The hotel clerk just laughed, but his colleague said, “That is just too funny! And you took the elevator all the way down here in just that towel? All right, dear, what is your room number?”  
  
I told her that my friends and I were staying in room 217. That probably gave away more of the truth, as the lady must have wondered why my friends didn’t let me back inside. She reminded me that we were only supposed to get one spare key, so I should make sure not to loose this one, or let something like this happen again. I felt so humiliated being talked to in that tone. If I dropped my towel, the woman probably would have given me a spanking right there in the lobby! With that shameful thought in my head, I spun around and quickly moved toward where Jean was hiding. The older couple lowered their newspapers and made a noise of disapproval as I passed them on my way to the elevators.  
  
Upon returning to the massive exotic shrubbery, I found no sign of Jean. What, had she wandered off or something? And then I caught sight of an unusual scrap of material hanging from the thorny branches. It was kind of snagged on the sharper edges and looked a little tattered. Closer examination revealed them to be pink and silky. As I ran the unrecognizable fabric between my fingers, I suddenly understood, these were Jean’s panties! They had somehow gotten caught on this thing… she was probably standing too close. And now they were torn and… oh, my! This meant she was completely nude…  
  
I giggled at first, realizing that my friend had to be around here somewhere without a shred of clothing. And then, for some reason, I felt a little envious, was even turned on a bit. I really wasn’t in the best condition to go searching aimlessly, but I supposed I ought to find her. Clutching the front of the towel with one hand, and holding onto the room key with my other, I marched down the side of a hallway.  
  
Fortunately, just around the corner, I saw a women’s restroom. I thought maybe this was if you had a room all the way on the top floors, and you couldn’t hold it in anymore. Of course, upon entering I saw that it was a pretty lavish set-up, almost like a beauty parlor, with a long vanity counter done in marble and mahogany. There was everything a lady needed to freshen up in here, and then further down were some stalls embossed with the hotel logo. Fanciest bathroom I had ever been in!  
  
“Jean!” I whispered as I crept forward. “Are you in here?”  
  
There was a moment of hushed silence as I nervously looked around the empty restroom. Then, in reply, one of the stall doors swung open. Out hopped my short pretty friend, holding her massive breasts in each hand. She was absolutely naked. Not bothering to conceal anything below, my eyes were drawn to her pussy where above she had a black “landing strip” shaved out of her pubic hair. I brought a hand up to my mouth, but I couldn’t help to giggle just a little.  
  
“This isn’t funny,” Jean pouted. “That damn shrubbery hooked my panties! I struggled to get them free… well, I heard some people coming and I ripped them in my haste to get away. I suppose they’re all ruined?”  
  
I laughed once more then said, “Well, it serves you right! You had plotted with Andrea and Sarah, to lock me outside in just this towel!”  
  
Guiltily, the young woman lowered her hands until she stood in front of me in all her glory. “I’m sorry, Jenna… will you please let me borrow the towel for just a bit?”  
  
“No!” I cried, surprised that she would even think of asking such a thing. Tugging the white cloth snuggly about my body I told her, “I’ll be just as naked as you… even more naked!”  
  
I didn’t mean to throw in that last part, referring to my hairless crotch, but it slipped out. Fortunately, Jean didn’t catch my meaning. Instead, she folded her arms once more over her boobs, and spun around in a huff, leaving me a full view of her bare shapely ass.  
  
“Well, you did get the room key for us, didn’t you?”  
  
Yes, I had the key right here, I informed my perky friend. It was one of those credit card sized keys that you had to swipe through the panel on your hotel room door. It came in a little white sleeve, which I held onto in one hand at my side. So there was nothing left for us to do, but sneak back out and make our way up to our room.  
  
“I’m not going back in the elevator,” Jean turned around and looked me in the eye. “If we get caught, I’ll be trapped there with nowhere to run. Besides just walking back to the lobby will put me in plain sight of everyone!”  
  
Seeing her point, I agreed that we would find another way back to our room. Fortunately, I mentioned to her, I thought I saw an exit stairwell further down the side hallway. In just my towel, I padded over to the entrance to the ladies’ room, and made sure it was clear outside. Now that we were going to be headed into the main hotel again, Jean shyly slung an arm over her breasts and placed a hand over her pussy. I could only imagine what she was feeling!  
  
The two of us stepped beyond the door, both our bare toes finding the carpet of the hall. We stayed close to the wall, while edging our way closer to an exit that appeared to lead to many flights of stairs. It would be a long climb, but I guess it was better than being stuck in the elevator.  
  
About halfway toward the spot we needed to reach, I heard Jean mutter behind me, “Oh my gosh, Jenna, my nipples are so hard!”  
  
We decided to make a break for it, dashing toward the exit sign. Of course, this meant my friend had to clutch her breasts with both hands so she could run and keep up with me. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that she didn’t even attempt that much modesty, but pumped her arms… her tits bouncing wildly and indeed tipped by very erect nipples! I pushed the door open, and slid through into a secluded landing, where a rise of some very elegant stairs wound their way up and up.  
  
When she followed after and stood at my side, I turned to Jean and asked, “Are you sure you want to go through with this? I mean, I could try to get back to our room alone, and bring you some clothes…”  
  
“No way!” the little Asian girl shrieked, this time keeping both hands over her pussy. “I’m not going to let you leave me here naked, and wait for who knows how long until you return! We’ll go together.”  
  
I shrugged my shoulders, as we then began to lift our feet onto the first of many steps. Being able to keep my hands free, for the most part, I let my fingers run along the smooth polished banister curving upward. Of course, Jean practically hopped behind me, using her arms and hands to hide her nudity. At each new floor, there was a landing and a door that we supposed opened onto the hotel hallways. Our room was on the twenty-first floor. But when we paused to catch our breath on the landing of the fifth floor, I heard voices coming from the stairs above.  
  
“Oh my gosh, what should we do!” I exclaimed, listening to the sound of male voices draw closer. “Should we run back down…”  
  
Jean’s almond shaped eyes went wide at the suggestion. “What? And let these guys see my bare butt? No, Jenna… we have to slip back into the hotel!”  
  
She meant that we had to leave the stairs and hurry out into the hallway through the side door. I wasn’t sure if this was a better idea or not, but soon my friend brushed her naked body past me as she opened the exit just a crack. The way was clear, she said, and disappeared into the corridor beyond. The heavy security door slammed closed behind her, right in front of my nose. At least she could have held it open for me! And then I heard the footsteps on the flight just above me, fast approaching. With trembling hands, I pushed on the metal bar and squeezed through just in time, before being seen.  
  
I was not immediately aware that when the door sealed shut behind me, the edge of my towel had gotten caught. It wasn’t until I took a step forward, then the white cloth peeled right off my body, leaving me completely nude!  
  
I gasped, and hunched over holding my breasts, padding back to pick up the towel. But it was stuck fast, the only way to retrieve it would mean opening the door again.  
  
“Come on, Jenna!” I heard my friend whisper harshly from down the hallway.  
  
And then I heard the footsteps turn and pause, right on the landing behind the door to the stairs. I made a split-second decision to drop the other half of the towel from my grasp and dashed around the corner…  
  
When I finally ran up to Jean, I was clutching my bare breasts with both hands. She looked me over curiously and smirked. “Loose something, Jenna?”  
  
“The stupid door closed on my towel!” I cried. “I knew this wasn’t a good idea…”  
  
“Nice haircut,” Jean giggled.  
  
I looked down, and saw that she was pointing at my bald pussy. I immediately blushed from head to toe. Now she knew my little secret.  
  
“Um… wow, Jenna… you can see, like, EVERYTHING…”  
  
Placing a palm quickly over my very pink lips, I was flustered and confused. “So, now what to we do? I mean, we’re both totally naked!”  
  
“Did you manage to hold onto the room key?” my young friend asked, crossing her arms over her boobs.  
  
In reply, I lifted up my hand to display the slim card. Of course, this left my crotch uncovered, my labia unfolding right before her eyes. I was so embarrassed! Nervously, I kept looking over my shoulder, afraid someone might spy my naked ass. And then I thought, how would it look to be caught with Jean like this… two twenty-four year-old women, stark raving nude! An elevator ride was absolutely out of the question, I figured, but then my friend started walking down the corridor.  
  
“We might as well give it a try,” she said, her cheeks jiggling with each step. “The sooner we get back to our room, the sooner we can get dressed!”  
  
It was unreal, walking down the hotel hallway without wearing any clothes. I mean, any of the guests could exit their rooms to either side of us, at any time! Yet Jean and I did not hurry as we made our way closer to the elevators, because we did not want to run blindly into any unsuspecting persons. More like we shuffled along as best we could. I tried to keep up with my friend, but I have always found it difficult to move gracefully with one hand placed in front of my vulva.  
  
I saw the short pretty Asian girl waiting inside the elevator car, keeping the doors open for me. Still, she motioned with her arm and waved me forward, before anyone else showed up. Looking around shyly, I could see that the area was quiet, and I walked nude into the elevator with my friend. Jean quickly pushed the button to close the doors, and punched in the 21st floor.  
  
My body trembled a little, and I was chilly, having spent the entire morning in a towel up until now. My nipples stood out fully erect, attesting to the cold. This, and the fact that I was smaller in the bust than my friend, made me cross both my arms over my breasts. And my bald pubic area was left completely on display.  
  
“Pretty wild, huh?” Jean laughed nervously.  
  
Just then, we felt the elevator start to slow, and the car came to a stop. We were only at floor number fifteen. My friend and I exchanged worried glances… then the doors open. With his head down, pushing a food cart, one of the hotel attendants entered and passed between us.  
  
“What the…” said the uniformed man when he looked up to select his destination.  
  
I had frozen in shock, just standing there with each hand clasped over my bare tits, not bothering to cover my pussy! Meanwhile, Jean had slung her arm across he breasts and kind of had her other hand hanging in front of her crotch. She smiled meekly at our passenger.  
  
“Are you ladies all right?” he asked, mopping his forehead with a dining napkin, and turning is head back and forth to look at us.  
  
Still squirming, Jean answered, “We got locked out of our room… my friend, here, went to get a spare key.”  
  
Now the room service man looked directly at me, his eyes roving over my very bare body. “You mean, you went all the way to the lobby, without any clothes?”  
  
“Um, well…” I stammered, blushing in embarrassment. “I did have a towel, but I lost it on the way up, back on the fifth floor.”  
  
“Did you at least get your key?” he asked, sounding genuinely concerned.  
  
Again, reflex took over, and I held out my hand showing the slim keycard in its sleeve, but exposed my right breast in the process. Only then, did I finally drop both my arms, so I could clasp my hands over my vulva. I was just so flustered being caught nude like this, but also turned on!  
  
Suddenly, the elevator stopped with a jolt and the bell chimed, doors opening to let us out on the twenty-first floor. Our bodies jiggling, Jean and I practically leaped out into the hallway together. There was and awkward moment as our bare skin rubbed against each other… and then we were dashing down the corridor, bare foot and bare-assed as we fled.  
  
“Wait, Miss!” I thought I heard the man call as the doors were closing again. “You dropped something…”  
  
Jean and I hurried around the corner, moments away from the safety and privacy of our room. Relief at last! Ducking behind a few more items, we were careful not to be seen as we approached the door.  
  
My friend turned to me and said, “Quick, Jenna… slide the key card!”  
  
I lifted my hand, but my fingers were empty. Raising my other arm, I found that I must have dropped the room key. Now I was standing completely naked in front of my friend, and I shook my head in confusion. How could I have lost the key! Jean was none too pleased, reaching out to twist my exposed nipples…  
  
“What happened, girl? I thought you could hold onto it safely!”  
  
“What’s going on out here?”  
  
The door to our room opened abruptly, allowing Andrea to catch us nude, with Jean’s hands on my breasts! I noticed that my other friend was dressed in a towel, like I had been just a little while ago.  
  
“Please, let us in!” Jean and I cried, practically embracing each other now to hide our frontal nudity.  
  
But Andrea continued to stand in the middle of the doorway, blocking us from entering the room. “Well, it seems you two have gotten much friendlier! Sarah and I were about to go down to the fitness center and check out the sauna. Maybe it’s not a good idea to leave you girls alone…”  
  
“What do you mean?” we cried, quivering in each other’s arms.  
  
At this point, blonde Sarah came walking up to the door and peeked her head out. She was also wearing a towel. “Jean… Jenna… oh my gosh! Where are all your clothes?”  
  
“Clothes?” Jean pulled away from me, and brazenly placed her hands on her hips. “What clothes? You pushed me outside in just my panties, which got lost in an accident. And Jenna, here, she lost her towel in a door.”  
  
“Looks like she lost more than just the towel,” Andrea smiled. “I mean, you two are really naked out there, but check out Jenna’s bare slit!”  
  
Wow, did she have to announce it to the whole floor? Blushing, I placed a hand quickly over my pussy and sort of shielded my boobs with my arm. I was afraid more people might see me like this, as they left or returned to their rooms. There was just no hiding my naked behind.  
  
And then my friends joined us, stepping into the hallway, closing the door shut. Andrea looked at me and Jean and said, “I suppose we’ll have to take you with us…”  
  
“But you can’t do that!” Jean whined as she hugged her body. “We’re both totally nude!”  
  
Sarah moved between us, the soft fabric of her towel brushing my skin. “Well, it should make for an interesting workout!”  
  
Next thing I knew, I was jogging to keep up with my friends, heading back in the direction Jean and I had come from. My own butt bouncing along the way, I watched the Asian girl’s long black hair swish behind her, as her little ass ran down the hallway. We got into the elevator again, but this time at least the other girls in their sandals and towels would be able to shield us from any other passengers we might encounter. I was still embarrassed because staying nude like this, with Jean equally bare and vulnerable while our two friends remained covered up, was making me kind of horny.  
  
The hotel fitness center was on the fourth floor. Riding down again, I was all nerves and excitement, and soon the doors opened to let us out. We shuffled cautiously across a foyer and concourse until we came to the entrance to the spa and sauna. Sarah and Andrea looked perfectly natural in this setting, wrapped in towels, walking confidently as their flip-flops slapped on the floor. Jean and I moved more awkwardly, alternating our arms and hands between covering our boobs and pussies. Thankfully, it seemed no one else was around.  
  
Observing this, Andrea turned to me with a mischievous smile. “Jenna, why don’t you try out one of these exercise machines? It’s all right, no one will see you.”  
  
She pointed out the line of various weight lifting and cardiovascular equipment we had passed. I saw that there was absolutely no one in sight. And a dare to do some exercises in the nude seemed pretty tempting. Of course, there was always the risk that someone could arrive at the gym any moment, and I would be caught. It was that element of risk, which made me decide to do it!  
  
I quickly padded over to the closest machine. It was one of those combination contraptions that allowed you to work on your upper body and your legs and thighs. When I sat down, the black leather cushion felt nice on my bare ass, sending a tingling sensation up my spine. My feet felt the chill of metal footrests, but I curled my toes delightfully. The other girls, Andrea, Sarah, and even Jean gathered around the machine to adjust the weights.  
  
I was able to swing my arms out and away from me with no sweat. Although I did giggle as my breasts bounced with the smooth motion. What a sight! And then Sarah encouraged me to try the lower exercise. This consisted of lifting the footrests slightly, then swinging my knees apart, then closing them and lowering my feet again. A four-step process, it was really no problem with the low weight setting.  
  
Next to me, Andrea leaned in close and suggested that I try the upper and lower exercises together. It took a little coordination, but I soon found that I was able to do it with little difficulty. Expanding my arms and legs, then contracting them in synchronized motions. I started to get into a nice rhythm. Suddenly, I felt an increasing shift in the weights, and I had to push a little harder. It took all my concentration, but I was able to keep at it and continue the exercise.  
  
Only when my friends moved around so that they were standing square in front of me, did I realize that these maneuvers had me displaying all my private parts! Only then did I notice my nipples had grown more stiff and erect, pointing accusingly at the girls. Worse, my bare pussy was repeatedly opening up causing the pink labia to spread apart. I could just imagine my clitoris teasingly poking out as my friends pointed and laughed.  
  
But I couldn’t make my arms and legs stop! I had kind of built up this momentum, and I kept pumping my limbs… swinging them open and shut, then wide open again. Much to my humiliation, I found I enjoyed this nude workout, which felt really, really good. Especially working the muscles of my inner thighs and vagina. I guess that’s why you normally work out in proper clothes! But all the excitement of the morning, running around the hotel naked, and now my friends watching me, added tremendous sexual stimulation. My body flushed from the exertion, and I began to moan between my heavy breathing. I was going to have an orgasm right here in the hotel fitness center!  
  
Sarah realized this and gasped, “Oh my gosh! I think Jenna is going to…”  
  
Just then, Jean reached behind the blonde, and whipped the towel clean off! To all of our amazement, our athletic friend had been stark naked beneath! Sarah looked down in surprise, before covering her smallish breasts and placing a hand over the light wisp of blonde pubic hair.  
  
Still on the machine, I bucked my hips at the sight of my friend being stripped right in front of me!  
  
But Jean had been so zealous in her revenge, that she had ripped the towel away and let it go sailing a few feet into the workout room. Suddenly, we heard the noise of the concourse doors banging open.  
  
“Quick! We have to get into the steam room,” Andrea called out.  
  
Jean and Sarah did not hesitate, and started for the doors on the opposite end of the room. But I was in a pretty awkward state… I had only just started to build toward a climax, was on the very edge of an orgasm. My arms and legs went slack, stopping the movement of the weight machine. I really just wanted to stay here and masturbate, but couldn’t risk getting caught doing that. At the height of my arousal, I forced myself to get up and follow the girls, leaving a trail of juices on the leather seat.  
  
I dashed into the sauna room, and found my friends waiting on the benches. It was one of those wood panel interiors, and we were the only four inside. Jean managed to keep her breasts concealed with her hands, while she crossed her short shapely legs. Our blonde friend, Sarah, sat with her back against the wall but pulled her knees up beneath her chin. As I stood in the center of the room, I did not bother to cover anything, afraid that the slightest touch might set me off.  
  
Andrea, the only one of us wearing something, laughed and said, “I think you need to cool down, Jenna!”  
  
Cool down? I was naked in the middle of the hotel sauna room, and if anything, I think the steam was making me even more aroused! Beads of sweat formed on my body, trickled down my stomach and onto my sensitive pussy lips.  
  
“You think this is funny?” Jean demanded as she started crawling toward Andrea. “Let’s see how you like loosing your towel!”  
  
The little Asian girl practically leaped on the shorthaired brunette, and after a brief tussle, had the white terrycloth in her hands.  
  
“Here, Jenna, catch!” Jean said as she twisted her body and tossed the lone towel in my direction.  
  
I watched as the towel floated to the floor at my feet. But just as I was about to bend down and pick it up, Sarah moved with surprising grace and quickness in an effort to claim it for her own. We both tumbled to the ground, two nude girls struggling for control of the material. After we rolled over on top of one another, I ended up in a kneeling position, straddling her chest and facing her feet… my hairless crotch inches from the blonde’s mouth! I raised my hands up in surrender, thinking she might do the unthinkable.  
  
Andrea was absolutely naked. The tips of her straight brown hair just reached to her bare shoulders. Her breasts were large and firm, tipped by prominent nipples. Very curvaceous, her hips flared out in proportion to her lower body. A trim patch of light brown pubic hair rested on the mound of her vulva. While I was worrying about my other friend making me cum, Andrea walked calmly over to us and snatched the towel from my grasp.  
  
“Oh no you don’t,” said Jean sneaking up from behind as she threw her arms around the other young woman.  
  
She resorted to tickling tactics, running her little fingers over Andrea’s bare abdomen. This caused the more playful brunette to drop the towel, but only so she could turn around and squeeze Jean’s own sizeable boobs. I had a clear view of her ass as she tumbled backward, falling next to Sarah and me, with Jean landing on top of her! The contest to seize the towel began again as we all scrambled over the floor. Soon, Sarah and Andrea’s sandals had been pulled or kicked off. We were all naked from head to toe, four twenty-something-year-old girls, our bodies entwined.  
  
This was extremely frustrating for me, as more than once I had a breast or someone’s lower lips in my face. I turned my head, but could only feel a hand rub my butt or fingers graze my most sensitive parts. A few times I tried to grind my crotch into a hand passing over my pussy. At this point, I completely lost interest in the towel. Finally, it took the sound of someone at the door to the sauna room, to break us up. The writhing around stopped, the other girls jumped to their feet and scattered for the benches.  
  
Just as I was crawling over on trembling hands and knees, I large heavyset woman entered the steam room. She had a whole bundle of towels in one arm. Dressed in the uniform of the hotel staff, she dutifully picked the stray towel up off the floor.  
  
The lady glared around at each of my naked friends, then at me, sitting with legs spread open but hiding my shaved mound with a single hand. She said in a disapproving voice, “You girls really ought to consider the other hotel guests, before you decide to take a steam bath in the nude. It’s not really appropriate, and I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”  
  
With a huff, she shifted her girth and proceeded to leave the sauna room. Obviously, the woman thought we had left our change of clothes in the locker rooms down here. Little did she know there wasn’t a scrap of clothing between the four of us! Maybe we could have asked her for some towels, but that would be so embarrassing, and we might get into more trouble.  
  
“We have to get out of here!” I said at last. “If I don’t find some relief fast, I think I’m going to burst…”  
  
Jean arched her back against the wall, letting one hand run up and down her moist body, teasing an elongated nipple. “Mmmm… I think Jenna’s right. I’ve been without any clothes for most of the morning, and I’m about ready to blow off some steam!”  
  
Taking her cue from this declaration, Andrea got up headed for the door, wiggling her hips as she walked. Peeking outside, our friend told us there was no sign of the towel lady, or anyone else for that matter. We had better make our move now. One by one, we slipped out of the steam room, slowly passing through the gym… all of us completely naked. I noticed that Sarah and Andrea had forgotten, or did not bother to retrieve their flip-flops. Maybe they wanted to feel the experience of walking barefoot through the hotel. Of course, I was the only one who was shaved bald, which made me feel the most exposed.  
  
It was off to the elevators again, and the day was getting on, which meant an ever- increasing chance of being caught. This time it would be four nude girls, and none of us would have anywhere to hide. We walked in single file, but kept close together, certainly within proximity of physical contact. Maybe this made us feel reassured. I watched as Andrea would peer around a corner to make sure the way was clear, while next in line, Jean would place a nervous hand lightly on her back, keeping her pussy shielded with the other. I was right behind Jean, covering my breasts with both my palms. And I could tell Sarah wasn’t hiding anything, as I felt her hands grip my shoulders tight.  
  
In this fashion, we progressed through the hotel hallways. But when we were in sight of the elevator doors opening, three teenagers stepped out, a girl and two guys. They were heading in the opposite direction, so we decided to make a break for it. Of course, they heard the pitter patter of our collective bare feet, and they casually turned their heads to look over their shoulders. They saw our naked bodies huddled together, all of our breasts bouncing as we ran, and there were whistles and catcalls. Somehow, Sarah pulled ahead of me, and I was the last inside. As I reached out to punch our room floor and hit the “close door” button, our spectators got a clear look at my frontal nudity.  
  
We were breathless as the elevator car started moving up. I couldn’t speak for the other girls, but my body was absolutely tingling. Then again, I noticed that all my friends’ nipples were erect. I know mine were rock hard! While they kept their hands over their crotches, I continued to hold my bare breasts.  
  
Then Andrea said, “Oh my gosh! That was so hot! I never thought streaking the hotel could be such a turn on…”  
  
“Well, we’re not safe yet,” Jean said licking her lips. “We still have to make it to our room!”  
  
Sure enough, when the doors opened on the twenty-first floor, there was a man and a woman waiting to get in. I ran past them with my arms crossed over my chest. I can’t really say what my friends chose to do, which parts of their bodies they tried to cover up. Or maybe someone shy like Sarah hid her face in embarrassment, effectively exposing everything!  
  
“My goodness!” I heard the lady exclaim from behind.  
  
I could feel the eyes of the man on all our tender bare behinds. We ran down the hallway totally nude, and I must have been blushing a deep shade of red. There might have been a commotion, but I just kept running. So I was the first to reach the door of our hotel room, which of course was locked. When a man passed by pushing a room service cart, I pressed my body flat against the door. He said I had a nice ass…  
  
Finally I heard my friends scamper close behind me. Jean asked frantically who had the room key. Andrea did, thankfully managing to hold on to it the whole time.  
  
“Hurry, swipe it through the slit!” Sarah urged.  
  
Playful Andrea could not resist placing the card between my butt cheeks! My eyes went wide, but I moaned as the cool plastic slid down and touched my lower pussy lips from behind.  
  
“Oops, wrong slit…” Andrea chuckled.  
  
Then she used the key properly, and the door opened, allowing us to tumble safely inside. Jean had the presence of mind to shut it, and close the security latch. Obviously, the four of us had one single thought on our over-heated minds. Andrea and Sarah immediately jumped on the two beds. Our little black-haired friend nimbly found the bathroom, where she would have the most privacy. I was left standing frustrated in the middle of the room, as the other girls began masturbating.  
  
Looking around desperately, I walked naked to the doors of the balcony, and opened them up with trembling hands. Once I stepped outside, the cool air rushed over my body, enhancing my excitement. I squeezed my breasts and let a hand slip greedily between my legs. Leaning against the terrace, I started rubbing and fingering my clit. With a massive orgasm, I made myself cum standing above the city streets.  
  
This was one hotel adventure, I would not soon forget!  
  
THE END