**Really Public Sex**

by[SecretHowl](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3023064&page=submissions)©

I threw my messenger bag on the double bed in the hotel room as the door softly shut behind me. The day had been long but not terrible. Just a bit wearing trying to be nice to all the people that browsed through the exhibition booth where I had finished a 10 hour shift. Looking at the products, asking questions, filling out forms to sign up to receive more information, occasionally setting up a future appointment to have a more serious discussion.

Slipping off my shoes, blouse, and skirt, I looked at myself in the mirror. I grinned in spite of myself. Not bad, Kirsten. Not bad. I brushed back a lock of my shoulder length, reddish hair and tucked it behind my ear. Not bad at all.

Standing in my underwear, looking in the mirror, I carefully assessed myself and smiled. I had a decent body, and I stayed in shape. Running was my preference, but I also did kickboxing at a gym near home. Standing 5'3", 135 pounds looked good on my frame. I cupped my breasts; not huge - 32C - but nice and firm. I turned so I could see my ass. I grinned again. Tight butt. Nice. Yep, I told myself, Kirsten, you're doing ok.

First I ordered room service, then I stripped off my bra and panties.

Wrapping a towel around myself, I took care of a few loose ends left over from the work day and let the water run nice and warm for a shower. I eased under the spray and lathered myself up, caressing my body as my mind drifted off. My hand ran over my shaved pubis, and my fingers trailed along my pussy lips. The beginning of a very good fantasy was interrupted by a loud rap on the door to my room. I could barely hear the guy announcing "room service" as I shut off the water.

"Coming!" I yelled as I wrapped myself in a towel, "Hold on!"

As I opened the door, my towel slipped revealing the top half my breasts. I caught it just in time, but I knew the guy saw enough to be enticing. I blushed in spite of myself.

"Um, just place it over there." I stammered, indicating the table by the window. As he put down my dinner, I rummaged in my purse and pulled out money for a tip. "Um...thanks..".

He grinned ear to ear, "Anytime...room service runs until after midnight...if there's anything else you need."

I pulled my towel tighter as he obviously stared at my chest. "Midnight, um, ok..."

As he walked out the door, I finally let out a deep breath. My hard nipples were a clear signal of how turned on I was by the interaction.

I ate dinner in front of the TV, my mind drifting back to the almost encounter with room service. I was too distracted to stay in alone, so I decided to get dressed and go out. I finished my hair and makeup in record time. Not too conservative, but not slutty, more of a girl next door innocence. I pulled out my dress jeans and blouse; however, after trying them on, I decided my current mood required something more. I grabbed my go to little black dress from the hanger in the closet, decided against a bra, and pulled on a black thong. The dress was silky smooth again my curves, spaghetti straps, cut low enough to show some good cleavage. I twirled in front of the full length mirror on the door. The dress hugged and slid against my body in all the rights places. I found myself blushing as my nipples started to stiffen again. I threw on some black heels, grabbed my black purse, and I headed out the door.

The hotel had a spectacular roof top bar, and it was packed. I made my way to the bar to order a drink. A man to my right looked over and smiled. I smiled back, blushing slightly. Damn. I hate that quirk about myself. I'm always blushing too easily. My fair skin really doesn't help either. Anyway, I smiled, got the bartenders attention, ordered a drink, and looked over the crowd.

"Looking for someone?" The guy on my right was checking me out.

I thought about lying, but he was attractive, and I was interested in company. "No, I'm solo tonight." I held out my hand "I'm Kirsten".

"Nice to meet you Kirsten. I'm Peter."

"Nice to meet you Peter. Are you waiting for someone?" I flirted a bit as I looked him over. He stood about 6 feet tall I guessed, dark hair, brown eyes, a nice smile. Nicely dressed.

He laughed. "No. On my own."

I nodded toward the open area of the rooftop patio, "It's a nice view."

Peter stood up, and reached out to offer me his hand, "Come on, you should see the view on the other side!"

I let him lead me by the hand around the bar to another area of the roof. He was right. It was dark, and with all the lights of the city, the view of downtown was spectacular. We leaned against the railing taking in the view as we engaged in small talk. It had been over a week since I had had anything more exciting than my Rabbit, and the near encounter with room service had gotten me a little bit turned on. I flirted shamelessly.

I brushed my hair back behind my ear as I bit my lower lip, I touched his arm when we talked, I smiled my best shy, sexy smile. In no time, the conversation turned more suggestive and tinged with eroticism.

"...So Peter...what are you into...?" I smiled at him seductively.

Peter grinned, "Me? About anything once. You?"

I looked over the downtown city lights as I gathered my thoughts. "I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist..."

I trailed the fingers of my left hand down the V of my dress, pulling the side slightly to show off more of my breasts. His eyes were glued to cleavage so I pulled the dress aside a little more of my breasts. I was sure he could easily see my stiff nipples. I bit my lower lip gently as his eyes looked up to meet mine.

Leaning closer to his ear I whispered, "I really get off on doing things in public..."

The look on his face told me that my confession both shocked him and turned him on. I handed him my drink, "I'll be right back." I looked back over my shoulder and smiled as I walked away knowing he was watching my ass and the sway of my hips.

I was flushed when I reached the stall in the women's room. Raising my dress, I slipped my hand underneath the barely there triangle of my thong and stroked my smoothness down to my pussy. I stifled a moan as my fingers lightly flicked over my clit and ran along my wet slit. Reluctantly, I stopped my self stimulation. I slid my thong off my hips and down my legs. I stuffed the thong into my purse, gave my pussy a few quick, slow caresses and headed back to the bar.

Peter was leaning against the rail waiting for me. He held my drink out as I dug in my purse. I took my drink from him as I slipped my thong into his hand.

I looked over the lip of my wineglass at him as I took a slow sip of my drink. He looked stunned, but he quickly shoved my thong into his pants pocket.

"...So...Peter...got any plans tonight?" I pushed a lock of hair back behind my ear. Signature move. I'm told men die.

Peter's eyes locked with mine. Then he slowly let them drift to my cleavage and down my body. He looked back up and shook his head, "Not really. But I'm sure I can think of something."

I finished my wine, set down the glass, and ran my fingertips along his arm, "Well then...shall we go think of something?"

He tossed back the rest of his drink, and we headed to the elevator. I pushed the 6th floor button.

"Your floor?"

"Nope."

He raised his eyebrows in mock surprise as the elevator descended. The doors opened, and we stepped through several people getting on. I turned down the hallway to the left with Peter right behind me.

"Where are we going?"

"Shhh!" I held my finger to my lips.

We walked to the end of the hall, turned left again, and walked down a short hallway to the end. I stopped next to the stairway. I turned to face Peter, and with a wicked look in my eye, I dropped to my knees. I continued to look up at him as I unbuckled his belt.

"Are you fucking crazy?" He hissed.

I giggled, "....a little bit..." I reached into his pants. His cock was rock hard as I pulled it free and took it deep into my mouth.

Peter groaned, taking my head in his hands as I sucked the head of his cock. Keeping one eye on the hallway, I slowly licked his shaft and sucked his cock. He was looking around nervously when a noise of a door opening startled him, and he pulled out of my mouth. I quickly got up straightening my dress as couple stepped out in to the hallway a couple doors down. Before they turned their eyes our way, Peter had managed to tuck his cock back in his pants. He nodded at the couple down the hall and led me into the stairway.

I pulled free of his hand and skipped down a flight of stairs. I stopped on the landing, turned and bent over against the railing of the stairway. I planted my feet wide apart and looked back over my shoulder. Peter was right behind me. He lifted my dress up over my hips exposing my bare ass.

I sighed as I felt the head of his cock rub against my slit. Reaching back between my legs, I grabbed his cock and placed it at the entrance to my pussy, "Fuck me...." I whispered.

Wasting no time, he slammed into me as I squealed. I held on tight to the cold railing as Peter plunged in and out of my dripping pussy. The noises we were making almost made me miss the footsteps on the stairs below us. I peered over the edge. A group of men was on the landing a couple flights down, and they were heading up.

"Christ. Why do you never want to take the elevator?" One of them groused.

"Quite whining. Only a few more flights. And the bar is amazing."

I pulled away from the railing just as one of them looked up. Peter frantically was shoving his cock back in his pants, as I smoothed down my dress, trying hard to suppress my laughter.

Casually, I started down the steps, and we passed the small group coming up on the next flight. I smiled and tucked my hair back knowing that the guys were checking me out. Peter and I were laughing as we burst through the doorway into the lobby.

"That was close." Peter tried to catch his breath. "So, what now?"

I grabbed his hand pulling his to the revolving door. "I have an idea."

He rolled his eyes as he let me lead him through the door and into the warm evening.

The Convention Center was a block behind our hotel. It was surrounded by small bars, several restaurants, a parking deck, and office buildings. The conference where I had been staffing the booth was being held there, but it was locked up tight for the night. Modern in design, the building was concrete, metal, and glass. Numerous benches and low walls were scattered around the building. I led Peter up a flight of stairs to a walkway running next to the large windows of the building. Opposite the windows, a waist high wall ran along the entire section with benches placed at even intervals along it's length until the walkway descended down another flight of stairs.

We were about eight feet above the lower sidewalk. A parking deck set across the street. Cars flowed by on the two lane city street, and a number of people were walking out of the parking deck heading for other places. Lights lit up the interior of the empty conference center to reveal a lounge area that sat outside the large exhibition hall.

I stopped half way down the walk, sitting down on one of the concrete benches. Looking both ways to verify we were alone, I pulled up my dress and spread my legs. I leaned back against the wall. Peter stared as I began to play with my pussy. I locked eyes with him and slipped a couple fingers into my dripping cunt. Biting my lower lip, I kept my eyes locked on Peter's as I slid my fingers in and out of my pussy.

I could hear cars driving by on the street along with the voices of people walking by. Peter knelt on the ground in front of me. Lifting my legs, his tongue ran along the inside of my thigh on it's way to my aching pussy. I withdrew my fingers to give him better access, and I groaned when the tip of his tongue flicked against my clit. We were hidden from view unless anyone bothered as we had, to take the higher path. I pumped my pussy against Peter's oral assault as a warm feeling began to spread throughout my body.

I purred as his tongue lapped at my pussy lips and probed my wetness. My stomach muscles clenched as I began to cum.

"...Mmm....god yes....yes...." I hissed between clenched teeth trying to keep from crying out.

My hips bucked as my orgasm hit shooting electric bolts up and down my spine. I arched my back, holding Peter's head tight between my legs as my climax washed over me. He looked up grinning, and I gasped trying to catch my breath. Standing up, he held out his hand. He pulled me up and turned me around so I was kneeling on the bench.

My upper body pressed against the wall. My dress was pulled up over my hips baring my ass to the warm night. My legs spread apart, and I moaned as Peter entered me for the second time. My arms rested on top of the wall, my chin on my hands. I could see people walking up the street, cars driving by, a couple passing by just below us. My pussy was dripping. Being so exposed but yet hidden was incredibly erotic. I sighed as Peter slid slowly into me balls deep.

I looked over my shoulder. Our bodies were reflected in the light of the convention center windows. Different angles showed Peter's either back or the sides of my body obviously naked, obviously getting fucked. I was sure people driving by couldn't see, but I looked up at the parking garage, realizing that anyone from the third floor up would be getting a great view. That turned me on even more, and I tried to match Peter's thrusts with my own.

My whole body was burning. I slid my arms free of the straps of my dress and pushed the top of my dress down to my waist. I was naked except for the thin material around my middle. The thought of being naked in a public space sent my mind reeling.

"God damn Kirsten!" Peter hissed as he continued to fuck me steadily.

My nipples rubbed against the rough concrete of the wall. I needed to cum again so I reached back to stroke my clit. I heard voices, but ignored them as another orgasm started to build. Peter gripped my hips tighter, slamming into me, the sounds of flesh smacking against flesh echoing off the hard glass behind us.

"Damn! Hey guys check this out!" A man's voice from somewhere in front of me.

I looked up to try to locate the location of the sound. Scanning the parking deck, I finally saw several guys leaning over the deck railing on about the forth floor. From their perch I was sure they could see everything. I knew I was blushing from the warm feelings coursing through my body, and I was too close to cumming to stop.

From the rock hard cock slamming into my pussy like a piston, I could tell Peter had no intention of stopping either.

I pushed back from the wall as much as I could without causing Peter to slip out of me. I knew that the guys on the deck would be getting a better view of my tits, and I wanted to put on a show. I could see little pops of light from the deck as smart phones tried to get pictures of us.

Realizing that people were watching and taking pictures sent me over the edge. I came hard as I continued to rub my clit furiously. My head thrown back, my chest thrust forward, my back arched, my orgasm hitting me like a freight train. The pops of camera flashes from the parking deck.

I clenched my teeth tight to prevent from screaming out as wave after perfect orgasmic wave crashed through my body. Peter drove his cock deep into my pussy as his own orgasm hit. I could feel his cock twitching as he shot several loads of warm cum into my soaking pussy. When I managed to catch my breath, I struggled to my feet, and Peter's cock slipped out of my cunt. I heard clapping and whoops from the deck causing people on the street to look that way. I stood back a couple steps from the wall, hidden from the few people walking past. I stood there in my heels, my dress bunched around my middle, and I gave our audience a little wave to acknowledge them.

Then I dipped my fingers deep into my pussy, brought them to my lips, and sucked on my fingers which drew another round of hoots and hollers from the guys across the street.

"Kirsten." Peter was tucking himself back into his pants as I pulled my dress over my hips.

The tone of his voice drew my attention as I slipped my arms back into the strap of my dress. I looked over at him, then followed his gaze back toward the convention center building. Two guards were standing in the window staring at us. I just grinned sheepishly, waved, and grabbed Peter's hand. The night watchmen were laughing as Peter and I quickly walked back toward the hotel.

"Fuck. You really are crazy." He muttered as we entered the hotel lobby.

I was grinning like a fucking fool. Baby, you don't have any idea.