**Kristen's Boring Work Trip**

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Kristen always dreaded the annual week-long continuing education seminar her company required her to attend; the training sessions were uniformly dull, the hotels selected were always located far from anyplace worth visiting and she didn't like being away from Dave for so long. This year's trip promised to have all the usual drawbacks, but there was no way to avoid going.

Kristen had even appealed directly to her supervisor to be allowed to skip a year, but Tina had told her, "As your friend I sympathize, but as your manager my hands are tied, it's a company policy set way above my pay grade."

Kristen jokingly moaned, "Please, please, it's sooooo boring."

Tina replied with a smirk, "If it's too boring for you, make your own excitement; maybe you could repeat your rooftop escapade at the hotel!" Both women laughed a minute and Kristen gave up trying to get excused from the trip.

Monday was the toughest day; as usual, her company saved the expense of a night's lodging by flying everyone in the same day as the first round of training sessions. Kristen dragged herself through the late afternoon session, which ended up stretching past 6:00 PM. Since her first flight of the day had required her to be at the airport at 5:00 AM, she was ready to crash after an unremarkable hotel bar meal; normally a night-owl, tonight she dozed off watching TV in her room before 9 o'clock.

Waking up at 11:00 she decided she wanted her day to have at least one enjoyable thing in it. She dug fruitlessly through her carry-on looking for her swimsuit, growling to herself, "Great job Kristen, you forgot to bring the one thing you need to enjoy the one worthwhile amenity this damn hotel has to offer!" She looked at the contents of the bag, now strewn across a bed, and thought she might be able to get away with some plain panties and a sports bra she had brought so she could keep up her gym time while on the road. She picked up the two items and her room key and headed for the pool.

Kristen was pleased to find the pool and hot tub deserted and headed into the changing room. She got undressed, leaving her clothes in a locker, then put on the panties; they looked close enough to bikini bottoms, so she moved on to the sports bra.

"Well, of course the zipper won't work!" thought Kristen as she tried again and again with no luck to get the front of the bra zipped up. She had bought this bra a few years earlier when a pulled a muscle in her shoulder had made getting into her usual pullover style impossible. It had been relegated to use only when traveling since Kristen wouldn't care much if it accidentally got left behind somewhere on a trip.

Giving up after several failed tries to get the bra zipped, Kristen angrily chucked it into a garbage can. She was about to give up on her late night swim when it occurred to her that she had yet to see another soul in the pool area, and with only 35 minutes until its midnight closing time she probably would continue to have it to herself. Peeking around the edge of the changing room door to be sure nobody had come in while she was dressing, she saw nothing but an empty pool and hot tub.

A few seconds later the topless Kristen giggled as she trotted to the deep end of the pool and dove in. She swam several laps, laughing at the sight of her boobs rising above the water while she swam backstroke for a couple of laps. She had never been skinny-dipping before and wondered if this qualified as such since she was wearing the panties.

With less than 15 minutes left before the pool would be closed Kristen moved to the hot tub, her favorite thing about most of her business trips. This tub was no exception, she enjoyed everything about it; the heat, the cushioned seating and the jets. Especially the jets. She positioned herself so several high pressure pulsating streams of water worked over her most sensitive spots, wishing she had more time before she'd have to leave.

Kristen had planned on getting out of the tub and dressing a few minutes before midnight but lost track of the time, blissed out and relaxing with her eyes closed. Her reverie was rudely interrupted by a maintenance worker entering the room and yelling over the sound of the tub's pumps that the pool area was closed for the night and she had to leave so he could lock up. She jerked upright at the unexpected voice, briefly raising her breasts above the water before hunching back down to the cover of the churning water; she was relieved to see the worker had been facing away from her as he mopped the floor. Covering her chest as well as she could with one arm, she gripped the railing with her other hand and slowly climbed out of the tub.

Hearing her walking towards the area he was working on near the changing room, the worker turned around and was shocked to be face to face with a sexy young woman with only her hands where he expected to see a bikini top. Kristen blushed but also felt a rush of excitement; she barely suppressed a sudden urge to drop her hands and let this stranger see her topless! The memory of her rooftop display a few weeks earlier and how she had been caught up in her excitement flashed through her mind; she decided to get out of there as quickly as possible, a little unsure of what she might end up doing if she stayed any longer. After wrapping herself in a towel Kristen grabbed her street clothes and room key and hurried back to her room, climbing a stair all the way to the 6th floor to avoid having to pass by the front desk and lobby, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible while wearing only a towel.

Once safely back in her room, Kristen thought about her pool area visit and had to admit to herself that the rooftop episode hadn't just been a fluke; a part of her reveled in being in situations where she at least MIGHT be exposed to strangers. She doubted she would ever be as bold as Tina had proven herself to be in up-close encounters while naked, but found herself trying to think of ways to at least run a slight risk of being seen without clothing. She thought this might not be such a boring trip after all...

Tuesday morning's training was the usual dry presentation, but the breaks allowed Kristen to load up on caffeine; the coffee was nothing exciting but she thought the tea selection was actually pretty good. Walking back to her seat with a fresh cup of Bewleys Earl Grey Kristen stubbed her toe on a chair leg, thoroughly splattering herself with tea; blouse, bra, slacks all were hit. Since the presentation was about to resume she gritted her teeth and took her seat. As soon as the lunch break began she headed straight for her room to clean herself up and change into her last clean outfit, a yellow blouse and pale tan skirt. Her bra had dried but the contrast of the white bra and its tea stain showed through the light top, so Kristen broke out her last clean bra, a lacy cream colored one which blended well with her skin color.

Kristen hurried back to the meeting room just in time to grab a box lunch before the afternoon sessions began. She stuck to water as her beverage of choice all through the afternoon, not wanting to mess up her last clean clothes. As the last session ended just before 6 PM, Kristen joined the crowd headed for the company provided happy hour for some bar snacks and a drink or two. She didn't really enjoy the small talk and loathed having to fend off advances from guys who seemed oblivious to her wedding ring, but the snacks were tasty and a couple of glasses of cabernet helped relax her after a day cooped up in the hotel's conference rooms. Even though she never got to have a sip of it, her third glass proved to be one too many as she was jostled by a guy pushing his way to the bar, spilling most of the glass on herself; blouse, bra, and skirt were all covered in ruby red wine.

The guy she had collided with got splattered a bit as well, but he realized that he was responsible for the mess, telling her, "I'm really sorry, is there anything I can do?"

Kristen glared at him, finally muttering, "Just leave me alone!" before striding out of the bar. She stopped at the front desk to ask about laundry service, but was told that this particular hotel only had small rooms with coin operated laundry machines, one at each floor. Kristen changed a few ones into quarters and headed for her room, where she took stock of her clothing supply. She found that the wine had seeped through to her panties, so pretty much all her clothing now had either tea or wine stains.

She had packed light, not wanting to check bags and risk losing her luggage, thinking she could mix and match a few coordinating items and hand wash her undies in her room. "So much for that plan!" she muttered. Not wanting to deal with finding the nearest laundry room yet, Kristen ordered a room service dinner, including a replacement for the spilled glass of wine.

After enjoying a fairly good dinner and a couple more glasses of wine, Kristen thought of a way she might be able to have a little fun with this situation; she gathered up all her clothes except what she was currently wearing in a laundry bag she found in the closet, also tossing in her card key, phone, a bath towel and her supply of quarters and set out in search of a laundry room. The first one she found had an "Out of Order" sign on the washer and the next one had both the washer and dryer in use already; this was taking longer than she expected. She was at the other end of the hotel and a couple of floors away from her room by the time she found an unoccupied room with functional appliances not already in use. Kristen thought that since this room was at the far end of a long corridor it probably didn't see much traffic.

Kristen loaded her tiny load of laundry into the washer, then bought some detergent from a vending machine next to the washer and dumped it in the machine. After having a good long look down the quiet corridor and spending some time debating the wisdom of what she was planning, she slipped off her skirt, unbuttoned and peeled off her blouse, unhooked and dropped her bra off and after a brief hesitation slipped her panties down to the floor, dropping each piece of clothing into the washer as soon as she removed it.

"Holy crap, I did it!" Kristen thought, "Now I just need to get the towel on before someone comes along!" Just as she was about to wrap herself in the towel she thought of one more thing she should do while still naked; she picked up her phone, leaned back against the washer and took a selfie and sent it to her hubby. She kept the text short, just typing "Dave -- its laundry night, wish you were here to help!"

Kristen barely had time to wrap the towel around herself and fold it together at her side before her phone was ringing; seeing Dave's name on the screen, she smiled as she answered his Facetime video call. "Hey, Babe, what's up?" she said nonchalantly.

"What's up is my dick, you tease!" he replied with a laugh, adding, "I wish I was there too!"

Kristen told him about her wardrobe problems and how she was just making the best of a bad situation. They talked about their respective days, with Dave agreeing that her day sounded rougher than his and telling her how glad he was that she'd found a creative way to say hi!

As they were wrapping up their conversation Dave asked if she had a similarly exciting way to end the call; Kristen thought a minute before replying, "Let me know if this qualifies," as she stepped out into the corridor. She panned the camera a full 360 degrees to give Dave a good look at her surroundings then stopped at a point looking down the long corridor. The next thing Dave saw was her wadded up towel flying away down the corridor, landing in a heap about 15 feet away, followed by a closeup of Kristen's face as she whispered: "Love you, goodnight!"

As Kristen waited for her laundry to finish drying she thought herself lucky Dave was enjoying her new interest in this limited form of exhibitionism. She was understanding her impulses better as she pushed herself to try these new challenges. She was beginning to realize that what seemed to her to be ideal was full on nudity in a public space with a very slim chance of getting caught. No chance at all of being seen was almost no thrill at all and neither was a blatant display with no chance she wouldn't be seen; the trick was finding the right level of risk, and being willing to live with actual exposure if she miscalculated or just had bad luck. A part of her was coming to think of that sort of bad luck as the best luck of all.

The presenters of Wednesday's training sessions never had a chance to hold Kristen's attention, she kept daydreaming about her brief time naked in the hotel corridor last night. She thought the entire time from when she pulled off the towel to when she retrieved it and scampered back to the relative safety of the laundry room couldn't have been more than 30 seconds, but in her mind it felt like an hour. The knowledge that someone could have popped out of any of the dozens of rooms along the corridor and caught her nude kept forcing its way past the training she was supposed to be focused on. When she wasn't distracted by thoughts of last night's adventure she was busy trying to think up a new challenge for the night ahead.

Kristen skipped the happy hour in favor of a relaxed dinner in her room and a nap, waking up to her phone's alarm at 11:30. She thought her odds of getting away with tonight's challenge without getting spotted were better the later she did it, so she waited until almost 1 AM to get started.

In keeping with her desire to push her boundaries a little more each night, tonight's plan was pretty simple in concept but far more daring; she was willingly giving up some control over her chances of being seen in exchange for a bigger thrill. As she prepared for her next challenge her flushed face and stiffening nipples confirmed her awareness of the new level of risk, as did her racing heartbeat and the considerable time she took opening her room's door.

Kristen's room happened to be at the end of a corridor, with a stair leading down to the ground floor directly across from her room. This stair was her destination tonight; she left her room carrying only her key and wearing only a towel, hustling across the corridor and into the stair quickly in case anyone happened to come into the corridor just as she did. She laughed to think she was still nervous about being seen wearing just a towel after her behavior last night, but the truth was she still was nervous even at this fairly tame part of her plan for the night. Looking down over the railing on the landing, she paused to listen for anyone on the stairs below.

Hearing no sounds from below, Kristen cautiously headed down to the 5th floor; once she reached it she peeked out into the corridor. Seeing no activity she continued her downward journey, now beginning to shake as she anticipated her next move but still managed to go forward with her plan, pulling the towel off as she reached the 4th floor!

Kristen paused briefly before heading down to the next floor but quickly resumed her descent, reminding herself that delay would only increase her chances of being seen. When she reached the 3rd floor she was shivering violently as she considered one last time whether she should go through with this crazy stunt. The rush she was already feeling won out over her common sense; she knew what she was doing now was borderline crazy but stuck to her plan, tossing the towel down through the gap between the stair runs!

"Damn! I didn't think it would make it all the way down!" Kristen said to herself, admiring her aim as she watched the towel flutter to rest at the 1st floor, wondering if it would have been better if it had landed a bit closer to her current location. She decided the long trip now required to retrieve her only available cover was perfect, but quickened her pace a bit as she continued down to the 2nd floor. She was just passing the 2nd floor landing when she heard the door at the 1st floor open, quickly followed by the sound of footsteps! Footsteps which could only be headed one way, up towards her!

Kristen bolted back up the stairs, thinking she'd worry about retrieving her towel after dealing with this new crisis; she sprinted up to the 4th floor faster than she would have believed possible a minute earlier. She began to relax a tiny bit as she realized she had put some distance between her and whoever was climbing behind her, but continued quickly up past the 4th floor, thinking that once she reached her floor she'd take her chances making a naked dash across the corridor to her room.

The revised plan didn't last long, as Kristen was stopped dead by the sound of a door now opening ABOVE her! She scurried back down to the 4th floor landing, paused to listen for a few seconds and confirmed the worst: people were now converging on her naked ass (and naked everything else) from above and below, and her only available cover was 3 floors away! She was quickly running out of worthwhile options. Just hanging out to greet the newcomers as they converged on her didn't seem like a great idea; Kristen was stunned to think that the best choice still available to her was to run naked into a corridor two floors away from her room with no idea who might be there already or how to get back to her room without being spotted. She didn't have long to think over her choices; hearing the footsteps getting closer, she turned the handle of the door to the 4th floor corridor, quietly chanting "ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod!" as she stepped through the doorway.

For the first time since she launched her towel, Kristen had a bit of good luck; she saw a room across from the stair door with a couple of vending machines, ran in and was relieved to see some space between the drinks machine and the window at the end of the room. She dove into the space seconds before hearing the stair door open again, followed by the sound of footsteps fading away down the hall.

Kristen silently prayed nobody would be looking for a can of Coke for a while since she'd have been very much visible to someone standing in front of the machine. Nobody bought a drink in the 5 minutes Kristen waited to be sure the stair traffic had cleared out, but she just about had a heart attack when a couple came in to buy some snacks; the snack machine was farther from Kristen's hiding spot, so the sightline from the space in front of this machine just barely missed Kristen's little refuge. As she was finally leaving her hiding space she glanced out the window and saw a quartet of men standing in the parking lot, all of whom seemed to be looking up at her!

Once Kristen got back to the stair she flew down to the 1st floor only to find...no towel. She groaned and raced back up to the 6th floor, opening the door as slowly and quietly as possible in case anyone happened to be wandering around in the corridor. Her luck held, sort of; there was a man in the corridor less than 20 feet away but he was walking away from her, headed to the elevators. Afraid to risk even the sound of the stair door closing, Kristen stood still in the corridor holding the stair door for the eternity it took for the man to disappear from sight, then ran to her room's door, opened it and jumped in. Collapsing on the bed and laughing hysterically. "That was insane!" she said to the empty room, then adding, "...and FUCKING AWESOME!"

Friday's schedule called for a single training session starting at 8 AM followed by an early lunch, wrapping up by 12:30 to allow for everyone to catch flights to their various home cities. Considering the early start on the final day and her late nights the last several days, Kristen had decided that any dare she proposed for herself on Thursday night would need to happen earlier than her other adventures. The earlier schedule meant more people out and about, which fit Kristen's mood on her trip's last night; she had decided that the only way to top her previous stunts would be to actually be seen up close by someone while naked. She was not planning on jumping out and flashing someone, but did plan on dialing up the risk of getting caught to the point where it would be practically inevitable!

Kristen had a light room service dinner and a couple of glasses of wine, killing time watching TV until around 10:30. "Time for your grand finale!" she said to herself as she prepared for her mission. After packing Thursday's outfit in her bag and laying out her Friday outfit, she had a shower to make her planned walkabout in only a towel seem less remarkable.

Carrying only her phone and room key she set out with the damp towel wrapped around her as modestly as possible, heading for the front desk. She rode down in the elevator with two young couples, noting with some satisfaction the smiles on the two men as they checked out her reflection in the various mirrored walls. She had tied the towel to keep her breasts well covered, at least to start, which left not quite enough towel to completely cover her ass; a close observer could easily make out the change in profile between her legs and the curve of her cheeks, and clearly her companions in the elevator were pretty observant!

Once at the ground floor, Kristen checked the pool area but found it still pretty busy; as much as she now wanted to be seen naked she had no intention of performing for a crowd, so she headed back to the lobby. She enjoyed how her appearance flustered the clerk working the front desk when she stopped there to ask about whether she could make purchases at the snack pantry next to the desk with only a room number, giggling as he said, "Since you don't have much on you, I mean have the card on...yes, a room number will cover you..., er, your purchases..." She would have liked somehow treating the poor guy to the sight of her without the towel, but saw several security cameras in the vicinity so knew she'd have to try somewhere else.

Having bothered to ask and actually thinking a snack later on sounded like a good thing, Kristen studied the small shop's offerings, eventually settling on a couple of splits of wine, a small cheese and cracker snack tray and a candy bar. The clerk noted her selections and told her they would be added to her bill when she checked out; still blushing and clearly distracted he failed to offer her a bag, leaving her to juggle her purchases along with her phone and room key.

Kristen was getting frustrated at not finding a good setting to "accidentally on purpose" lose the towel; she decided to head back to her room, drop off the snacks and reconsider her options. She headed to the elevator and hit the button for the 6th floor, entering it by herself; just as the door was about to close she was joined by 10 or 11 muddy, sweaty, very fit college age men, chattering away in Spanish. Her recall of high school Spanish was just good enough to let her understand that they were on a tour of the US, had lost today's game and were making repeated references to a "chica muy caliente" which she assumed and hoped were about her!

The men weren't rude, but the space available in the elevator was tight with that many people crowded in; Kristen ended up pressed tight against the back wall, shoulder to shoulder with soccer players at either side. When they got off at the 3rd floor she breathed a sigh of relief; having her towel come loose in that crowd would have been WAY too much excitement!

When the elevator stopped again and the doors opened, Kristen stepped forward to get off, but was briefly stopped by something, throwing her off her stride. Whatever held her up quickly ceased restraining her, but her jerky stop-start motion caused her to drop most of her snacks, phone and key, all of which continued forward out of the elevator. Kristen continued out of the elevator as well, trying in vain to catch the falling objects. As she finally caught up with the various items several feet away she noticed an elderly couple stepping past her onto the elevator.

Kristen mumbled, "Sorry, excuse me."

The woman asked, "Are you okay?

Kristen replied, "Yeah, nothing seems to have broken, good thing there's carpet here!"

The woman said, "That's not what I meant..."

Kristen, still not understanding what the woman was going on about finally looked back at the couple, in time to see the elevator doors closing slowly enough to give Kristen a brief glimpse of her towel, still hanging from the railing it had been hooked onto when she had been squeezed up against the back wall!

Kristen scooped up her belongings and headed down the corridor, her mind reeling at her situation; she was shaking so hard she had trouble holding on to the loose items. Finally reaching the end of the corridor she fumbled with her handful of possessions, eventually getting hold of her card key to open her door. One try failed, then another, then a third strike; the lock clicked repeatedly but wouldn't open; Kristen rattled the handle a moment in frustration. Less than 5 seconds after she let go of the door handle the door swung wide open! She gasped as the man who opened the door asked what she was doing trying to get into his room and turned to look back in the room saying, "Come here, Hon, you gotta see this!"

It took a few seconds for Kristen to realize she had gotten off at the wrong floor and been too distracted by her sudden unintentional nudity for her mistake to sink in; the realization she was now standing naked outside room 546 instead of 646 came slowly enough for the wife of the man holding the door open to come to the door, look Kristen over and eventually say, "Sweetheart, unless you're running away from someone I think you'd best take your show away from here."

Kristen mumbled an apology as the man closed the door; she noticed he closed it slowly enough to watch as she walked away. She was about to step into the stair a few feet away, taking the shortest possible route back to the safety of her room, when she had another idea. Feeling her heart pounding, she made herself stroll slowly to the far end of the corridor, where she took the stair most distant from her room up to the 6th floor. Once she was at the far end of her own corridor, she repeated her "accidentally trying to get into the wrong room" act several times as she worked her way back to her room.

Kristen found that this way of being exposed felt different than the original accidental encounter at the wrong door. That overwhelming jolt she had felt when the man opened what she thought was her own door was never repeated, but the slow burn of tension building in her each time she stood naked outside some total stranger's door waiting for it to open was at least as thrilling. By the last stop on her journey down the corridor, she was still having butterflies as she rattled the door but was organized enough to use her phone to discreetly take a video of her last performance!

Finally back at her room, she rewarded herself for completing her most daring exposure yet by cracking open a tiny wine bottle and pouring it into a little plastic cup. She downed the wine in a couple of minutes and was glad she'd bought two. The little celebration reminded her of the champagne she and Tina shared after Tina's own naked adventure; Kristen wondered whether she should let Tina know what she'd been up to this week...

Still naked, she started a Facetime call with Dave, asking him if he'd be okay with her being seen nude, up close, by strangers.

Dave replied, "If you are into it and there's no actual contact, I guess I'd be okay with it....assuming you were being careful and staying safe."

She told him she loved him and needed to sign off for now, telling him, "be looking out for another video and call later tonight!"

Kristen slowly sipped her wine, waiting about 10 minutes before sending Dave the video of her final "naked at the wrong room" prank. Dave enjoyed the video and REALLY enjoyed the followup Facetime session.

Kristen enjoyed getting Dave off with the video and Facetime call, but decided to keep her final tally including the couple from the elevator of 6 men and 4 women seeing her naked to herself!