**Kristen's Risky & Revealing Red-Eye**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

All was quiet at 1:30 AM on Frontier airlines flight 1418, or at least as quiet as an Airbus A319 at 32,000 feet gets. Despite having pushed back from the gate at Las Vegas a few minutes late, the pilot had promised as they taxied to the runway that the flight would arrive at O'Hare a little before its scheduled arrival time of 6:39 AM. The sparse collection of passengers appeared to be seasoned travelers, settling in and making themselves as comfortable as the coach seats allowed. The flight being less than 20 percent full made things a little more comfortable, or at least less cramped, as each passenger had a row of three seats to themselves, with many having nobody to distract them in the three seats across the aisle either.

The better than usual conditions for sleeping weren't enough to allow Kristen to expect to get any sleep; she was a fairly nervous flier in the best of times, and traveling during the Covid pandemic added to her anxiety. She looked enviously at the stocky middle-aged man in the window seat across the aisle, who had leaned over against the window and begun snoring loudly before the plane had even pushed back from the gate. She wondered if wearing a sleep mask like his might make a difference, but doubted it; the light level wasn't her problem, and the idea of wearing both the sleep mask and the obligatory surgical mask over her mouth and nose wasn't very appealing. If she hadn't been required to make this trip for work there was no way she'd have been where she was right now. The mostly empty cabin and noticeable odor of whatever sanitizer the cleaners had recently doused the interior with helped her get somewhat more comfortable, but nowhere near feeling like sleeping.

"Thank God I can get away with putting the fee for high-speed wi-fi on my expense account," she thought to herself. The second one of the flight attendants announced that they had reached an altitude allowing the service to be used she connected her tablet and set it up on the tray table of the middle seat in her row. She set up her folding keyboard on her own seat's tray table, completing the setup of gear she would rely on to stave off boredom for the next 4 hours or so. She browsed for an episode of one of the series she had been watching, finally settling on an episode of Outlander. One episode led to another, getting Kristen to almost 3 AM. She switched to catching up on the latest news on a handful of sites, not improving her stress level.

She was just about to go back to choose another of her Netflix options when she received a text from Dave, at a little after 4 AM his time! She wondered what her husband, a confirmed morning person, was doing up so late.

He asked, "How's your flight going?"

She tapped out a reply, "Okay, but you know how I hate flying. What are YOU doing up so late?"

"Thought I'd keep you company for a little while, because I DO know about you and flying. I had a nap earlier this evening to be ready for this."

"Aw, that's so sweet! Have I told you lately how lucky I am to have a husband like you?" Sorry I didn't call earlier; how was your day?"

They each shared some of the high and low points of their respective days and chatted via text for almost an hour. Kristen noticed Dave's texts were beginning to seem like he was about to nod off, with some of his two or three-word messages taking 2 or 3 minutes. "I feel a little guilty for keeping you up so late, like I should let you go back to bed," she typed, "but I'd miss your company."

"I'm taking tomorrow, or more accurately today off, so I don't mind, but I have to admit I'm fading a bit."

Kristen picked up her tablet, switched to her camera app, and held it up over the top of the seats, panning around to show Dave the quiet scene.

"Cool!" he replied, "I can't believe we've been chatting all this time via text and neither of us thought to use the cameras. It looks like everyone else is asleep, judging by the darkness all around you." He turned his camera on; now they could see each other.

"Too sleep-deprived, I guess, though it's too loud to talk with you anyway, maybe that's why I didn't think of it," Kristen replied, "and yes, I wouldn't be surprised if I was the only customer still conscious."

"Nice to see you, anyway. Am I mistaken, or is that a new outfit?" Dave texted.

"Sharp eye for a drowsy guy," she replied, "the cardigan and skirt are new, I did a little shopping the night before last. Don't worry, they were both on sale!"

"No complaints, you look great," he replied, "I have to admit I was only referring to the cardigan, it looks long enough to mostly cover your skirt, so I didn't notice the skirt." She enjoyed the compliment but noticed him fighting off another yawn.

She wanted to keep the conversation going, and had an inspiration. "I actually picked up a few other things while I was shopping, should I show them to you?"

"Sure, why not," he replied, without too much enthusiasm. His interest in Kristen's clothes was generally limited to how they looked on her.

"Should I..." she typed, then raised her eyebrows as she moved her hands to the top button of her new knit cotton cardigan, just below the deep open v neck. She unfastened the top button before he had a chance to reply, wanting him to understand that she was currently wearing at least some of the new items she had proposed showing to him.

"Yes, please do!" he replied, suddenly more alert. He watched with renewed focus as his wife slowly unfastened all five buttons, gradually opening the cardigan between her navel and the hem, around the middle of her thighs. With the cardigan fully opened he could see a top he was sure was not new, a white silk scoop neckline tank he'd seen her wear many times. He also could now clearly see what he was sure was a new skirt, gray linen with a row of buttons over her left leg. "New skirt, I see, very nice!"

"Glad you approve. I like the way it can be safe for work, but can be, well, not so safe depending on how you wear it," she replied, then started undoing the skirt's buttons, starting at the bottom. Keeping one eye on the screen of her tablet, she loved seeing how her in-flight fashion show had perked Dave up; she was feeling more lively herself as she finished unfastening the fourth button, leaving only one button near the waist in place.

"Pretty hot with that many buttons undone! But could you ever really wear it that way?" he quickly typed.

"Probably not, but the buttons keep me from showing you another one of my new items," she replied, "would you like to see a little more?

"YES, PLEASE," came his reply in a few seconds.

Dave expected the skirt's last button to be where her show went next, so when Kristen shrugged the cardigan off her shoulders and let it slide back off her arms he was confused. This did give him an unobstructed view of her arms and shoulders, but that wasn't what he had expected when she asked if he wanted to see more, and he was now sure the top, while flattering, was definitely not new.

"You look disappointed...were you maybe expecting to see a bit more skin?" she tapped out, smiling wickedly as he looked on sheepishly.

"Not disappointed, just confused. You look great in any amount of clothing, so no, not disappointed."

"Good answer!" she typed, then lifted her top up high enough for him to see her bra! She hadn't planned on actually taking the bra off, so she just held the bunched up top at shoulder height. Seeing the look on Dave's face a few seconds later made her want to surprise him even more than she did a moment earlier, so after a long look around to be sure nobody was up and moving around, she pulled it over her head and completely off!

Dave thoroughly enjoyed his first look at her newest bra, white and mostly sheer, with enough lace to hide her nipples, but light enough to show how her impromptu long-distance striptease was making them stand out. She leaned forward, filling her camera's field of vision with a close view of her chest, hoping Dave could see exactly how aroused she was becoming. She folded and rolled the silk top up and slipped it into her tote bag.

"WOW! WISH I WAS THERE!" he texted.

"Me too, babe! By the way, the bra is part of a set..." Kristen typed before shifting her tablet to the aisle seat's tray table to give Dave a wider angle view. She turned sideways and brought her feet up onto the aisle seat, then reached for the last of the skirt's buttons and slipped it out of its buttonhole; she felt herself breaking out in goosebumps as she lifted her butt enough to slide the skirt out from under her, then folded it neatly and put it away in her bag along with her top.

She certainly hadn't planned on being dressed in nothing but some skimpy lingerie, at least not before she reached home later this morning, but here she was, lounging across seats 18 A, B, and C, all but naked in the middle of an Airbus coach cabin. She shivered a little as the thought came to her that even if all of her fellow passengers were sleeping, she had no guarantee they would stay that way. With her top and skirt tucked away as they were, she knew there probably wouldn't be enough time for her to get them back on if someone were to wake up and make a trip to the rest room a few rows behind her! Without thinking about it, she pushed her tote back to its normal spot under the middle seat of the row in front of her.

"See? I told you. A matching set. What do you think?" she typed. She knew exactly what he would think, but liked to hear it anyway.

"Very sexy! Can't wait to see you model it in person!" Dave replied.

"Yeah, it's hard to show them properly in these tight quarters." she typed before trying to turn enough to give her husband a look at the sheer back of her panties, "and unless I turn on my reading light the lighting here is pretty poor."

"You're hot in any lighting, and I suppose you probably don't want to call attention to yourself right now by turning on your light! Not that I want you to stop doing what you're doing, but are you worried at all about the guy I saw across the aisle when you showed me your surroundings?"

"Nah, he's been snoring since we left the airport, and he's wearing a sleep mask," she texted back. "I think if I were to get caught it would be by someone I don't see until they're practically on top of me!" Until now she hadn't had time enough to be worried about being caught in her barely dressed state, but now that Dave had brought it up she was having a hard time avoiding the thought. The fact he had made it clear that he didn't want her to stop what she was doing proved he wasn't too disturbed by her risking being seen this way.

Just as she hit enter to send her latest text, she noticed some movement towards the front of the cabin. A quick peek over the seat in front of her let her see one of the flight attendants striding quickly towards the rear of the cabin! Dave knew something had changed as he saw Kristen sit back down, looking nervous. He watched as she pulled her cardigan up from the seat it was draped over and frantically searched for the armholes. He realized she must have seen someone coming towards her; she finally got both arms through the sleeves and buttoned a couple of buttons, just before he saw her seeming to be having a conversation with someone. It was way too noisy for him to make out any of the conversation, which was over in less than a minute.

Seconds after Kristen had partially buttoned the front of her cardigan and arranged it to cover as much of her legs as possible, one of the two flight attendants stopped at her row and smiled hello. "Hi, I just wanted to tell you that since you seem to be the only passenger not sleeping, we're going to skip the beverage service. Don't hesitate to call for us if you want anything, but it doesn't make sense to haul the cart all through the cabin and risk disturbing the sleepers."

"Thanks, I've got a water bottle in my tote, so I'm all set," Kristen replied, relieved that her previous state of dress seemed not to have been noticed. As for her current state, even with the cardigan tugged down her legs about as far as was possible, she thought the flight attendant must have noticed the tops of her stockings and a few inches of thigh visible below the hem of the cardigan! After a minute or two to let her pulse come back to normal, she texted Dave, filling him in on what had been going on.

"Wow, that explains the panicked look you had as she was approaching you. I wonder what she'd have thought if you hadn't managed to get the cardigan on in time! I thought it might have been another passenger," Dave replied, "I suppose after a scare like that your little fashion show is over."

Kristen found herself imagining both scenarios Dave mentioned; she couldn't decide whether it would be worse having another passenger see her nearly nude or having a flight attendant catch her that way. She wasn't sure if she could go much beyond what she'd already done for Dave's viewing pleasure, but she was aware of how excited showing off for him was making her, giving her multiple reasons to want to go on with her tease. She thought for a minute about how she might be able to proceed, then texted him again, "Show not necessarily over, just a break to think about my options; none of this was planned, so I'm kind of winging it here, but I think I might be able to take something else off if you'd like me to!"

"Do you have any doubt? As long as you feel safe, I'm always happy to watch you removing your clothes!"

"Then sit back and enjoy!" Kristen replied. She undid the two buttons she had managed to refasten, then began slowly removing the cardigan, one sleeve at a time. This time around, she didn't think of what she was doing as any kind of fashion show; she was thinking striptease, drawing out the emergence of her bare shoulder then slowly sliding the cardigan down her upper arm and past her elbow before finally pulling it down over her hand. When she had finished the same process on her other arm and the cardigan was completely off, Dave was expecting to see her take her bra off next, but she surprised him yet again.

She brought her feet up on the seat in camera range and slipped her sandals off, kicking them to the floor. With her mask on she realized he couldn't see her facial expression, but she couldn't help smiling, knowing how much he must be enjoying her show. She brought her left leg up to the middle tray table pointed right towards her tablet and slowly rolled her stocking off. Once her left leg was uncovered she draped the loose stocking over her shoulders like some sort of transparent scarf, then moved on to working the stocking off her right leg. When both stockings had been removed she wadded them up and stuffed them into one of the pockets of her cardigan.

"See, I told you I could take something else off," she texted Dave.

"Full of surprises, as usual!" was his reply. He was all smiles until he saw her pulling her cardigan back on and watched as she buttoned the top couple of buttons, "Well, that was pretty damn hot, but I understand if you're not comfortable going any further."

"Giving up on me already?" she typed, raising an eyebrow.

"No, but it seems like you're getting more covered..."

Kristen wasn't sure if Dave was just making an observation or if he was challenging her to be bolder. It really didn't matter now, she had already decided on her next move and answered his latest text without touching her keyboard. She ran her left hand down her neck, then continued down over her cardigan, running her fingers through the cardigan and her bra all around the outer edge of her right breast, pausing a moment to give it a firm squeeze, knowing Dave would be imagining doing the same thing himself. When she'd done about all she could think of to tease him with her hand in sight, she slipped it inside the cardigan and continued massaging her breast for at least a minute; during the last half of that minute, her fingers were busy tracing small circles at her nipple. Without letting up on her left hand's activity, she followed the same steps with her right hand and left breast. She noticed a running stream of short texts from Dave confirming the effect her behavior was having on him, but was too busy to take a break to read or answer them.

Kristen took a deep breath as she finally left her breasts alone so she could reach around behind her back to unhook her bra. She felt herself shaking as she felt the hooks come loose; despite the combination of the loosened bra and her cardigan still keeping her breasts covered, she knew that by going this far she was making it more likely than not that she'd end up topless before she was through with her show. "Would that be so bad?" she wondered, "Dave is the only one who's going to see me, and he's pretty much always in favor of me showing more skin." Still, taking off her bra in even a sparsely populated airliner seemed plenty risky to her. The flight attendant had almost caught her earlier, and she started from the front of the cabin; what if a passenger only a few rows ahead of her headed to the restrooms behind her?

Thinking about the possibility of giving some stranger an eyeful with nowhere to escape to until the flight ended in a couple of hours gave Kristen chills; in her handful of previous experiments with exposing herself, she had usually had some kind of option to cover up, hide or get away. Not this time.

Whatever misgivings she still had about getting out of her bra were apparently not enough to stop her; still in the middle of her internal debate about whether to go for safety or arousal, she noticed her left hand was moving on as if the debate was over and arousal had won, sliding her right bra strap off her shoulder and stretching it down the cardigan's sleeve towards her hand. Once her left hand had finished its mission, her right hand took the left strap down. Kristen didn't remember having made a conscious decision to go ahead and remove her bra, but that part of her psyche which sometimes took over in this kind of situation had apparently made the call, and was now having her left hand pull the bra out the open v-neck of her cardigan. She still had some measure of control over the increasingly reckless behavior she was indulging in, taking care to hold the deep v-neck sides at the front of the cardigan close enough together to limit the exposure of her breasts to a generous amount of cleavage; daring, even dramatic, but probably no more than you might see at a dance club. "Or at least not much more," she thought, smiling as she saw Dave's reaction to her latest moves on her tablet's screen.

"You like?" she asked, asking another question she knew the answer to, just because she enjoyed hearing it, or in tonight's case reading it.

"Hell yeah! You should always wear the cardigan like this!"

"Sure, I'd be a legend in the office if I came to my Monday morning staff meeting dressed this way. Unemployed, but a legend."

She held the bra up to the tablet's camera as close as it could focus, saying, "I just thought you'd like a closer look at the material, isn't it pretty?

"Looks like a fine garment, very sexy. Thanks for the closeup. You said it and the panties are a matching set, didn't you?"

"They are." she typed once she'd added her bra to the growing collection of clothing in her tote and shoved the bag back under the seat, giving him a look that, even with her mask covering much of her face, left no doubt that she knew he was challenging her again.

"He wants me to get out of my panties. Here. Now. Incredible," she thought to herself, still locking eyes with her evidently very horny husband, "Lucky for him I sort of want the same thing! Still, I'd like him to come right out and say what he wants."

"Is that your way of asking me to get out of them? I just might, if you ask nicely!" she finally answered.

"I admit it, I would LOVE to see you take off your panties. Please, I'll do whatever you ask. Only if you would like to, of course."

She couldn't help raising her eyebrows in surprise at his reply; she'd just meant to make him ask for what he wanted, but now that he'd made the offer..."Show me your cock!" she replied, surprised at her message even as she was typing. Dave was at least as surprised as he read it a few seconds later! She felt herself blushing, realizing that she'd just agreed to lose her panties if he obeyed her demand. She hoped the cardigan was long enough to keep the absence of undies her secret, but was committed to keeping her side of the bargain if Dave came through, regardless of how much the cardigan did or didn't cover!

Seeing his camera shift position, she sat back and waited to see what he would put on her screen. After a minute or so of Dave fiddling to find the right position and angle, she was shocked to see her husband's erect cock filling the screen of her tablet! It was only what she'd asked for, but the sudden appearance of his hard-on still stunned her. She had kind of expected he'd be in this state, but vaguely thinking about it and seeing his dick bobbing up and down on her screen were very different things.

After getting past her surprise, she couldn't help but be flattered that she could get such a strong reaction from him without any physical contact. "Very impressive," she finally texted him, "but please put that thing away for now, I'd like it to be ready to do some work when I get home!"

Dave reluctantly agreed to leave his dick alone and promised to give Kristen a warm welcome home, adding,"Tell the pilot to hurry!"

"Should I go ask to see the flight crew and pass on your request?" she asked, winking.

"Sure, go for it," he replied, adding a smiley face emoji, but first I believe we made a bargain about your remaining item of lingerie, no?

"Yes. We did," she replied. Once she hit send she reached up the too-short distance between the bottom of her cardigan and the waistband of her panties, lifting her butt slightly to allow the panties to slide smoothly down and away from her ass. A few seconds later she was sliding them down her thighs, automatically holding her legs together until she'd lowered the flimsy garment down past her knees.

She felt her heart pounding as she let them go. Her mask kept Dave from seeing it, but she had a slightly dazed look on her face, her mouth agape as she felt the panties drift down her calves and settle at her feet. She started to put them away in her tote before remembering to give Dave a close look, holding them up to her tablet. With her hands inside the panties, he could see for the first time just how sheer most of the material was. She enjoyed the look on his face as he imagined seeing her wear them in person.

As she finally put the panties away in her tote with practically everything else she'd been wearing a few hours ago when she boarded the plane, Kristen couldn't believe she was down to one last piece of clothing between her body and the world, one definitely not designed to be worn on its own. She wondered if she could get away with leaving all her non-cardigan clothing in the tote and making her way through O'Hare dressed as she was now. She shuddered as she imagined stepping off the jetway into a crowded gate area full of people waiting for their flight to start boarding.

She got chills trying to figure out how the straps on her carry on backpack might affect the way her cardigan draped over her body; she wouldn't be able to afford having the hem of her last piece of clothing to ride up even an inch or two. She shivered even harder imagining how easy it would be for her nipples to be exposed if the backpack's straps pulled the fabric at the plunging neckline out to the sides even a little, or pressed her unrestrained boobs together. If both effects somehow occurred at the same time she might end up with her boobs completely exposed!

"Look what you've made me do! I was having a quiet flight home and now you've talked me out of my clothes. A bad influence, that's what you are!" she texted, winking at Dave as she saw him look up when he finished reading.

"You were bored. I'm just trying to help. Besides, I haven't talked you out of ALL your clothes, it's not as if you're naked!"

There it was; he'd finally put the idea out there. Of course he had; though neither of them had mentioned this possibility before now, it was the obvious next step in the game they'd both been enjoying. "But completely naked? Here? It's a big step to go from being dressed provocatively, which I definitely am, to not being dressed at all," she thought, "I have to admit, I've actually enjoyed myself the handful of times I've done this kind of thing, at least once I get past the being terrified part! That said, I've never intentionally gone that far without either a plan, a way out of the situation, or Dave nearby. Sometimes all of the above. Why am I not just saying no way, forget it?" Just acknowledging it to be a possibility, Kristen felt her stomach suddenly fill with butterflies.

After a pause to consider her reply she texted him, "I don't know, sweetheart, I know you enjoy seeing me get naked in unlikely settings, and I'll admit I've come to like doing it for you, but this situation seems a bit scary. I'm not flat out saying no, but unless you can give me one good reason I should, I think this might be as far as I can go tonight. Sorry."

Dave recognized her nervousness as he read her text, finally responding, "Oh, Sweetie, don't be sorry. I never meant to pressure you, I thought you were having fun. As far as giving you a good reason to get naked, I have a shortlist of candidates, you can tell me if any of them qualify as good. If not, it's already been an amazing night, thank you and go put on some clothes! His list followed:

1) You aren't likely to have this sort of opportunity again, eventually planes will be crowded again.

2) It would be a great memory when we're old and feeble.

3) You look PHENOMENAL naked!

4) You kick ass in scary situations on a regular basis, and not just this kind.

5) You almost certainly could get away with it without being caught if you don't get too ambitious.

6) Okay, I'm selfish, I find it INCREDIBLY sexy when I see you nude out in the world.

7) I'm pretty sure it excites you too.

Dave hoped she didn't feel like he was pushing her to do something she didn't want to do; he waited nervously for her response. What excited him most about these adventures was the idea that despite her nervousness, she really seemed to get aroused during them. If it turned out that she wasn't into this sort of thing after all, he knew deep down that he shouldn't urge her to do them. After what seemed like a long delay, she finally replied, "You didn't follow directions; I asked for ONE good reason, and you gave me at least 2, maybe 3, so I guess the show is over."

Before Dave had a chance to show any disappointment, Kristen sent a quick follow up, "KIDDING! Still nervous, still not sure, but I'll check out my surroundings. Maybe! No more texts for now, I need to focus if you want there to even be a chance of me showing more skin tonight.

Dave nodded and smiled as she looked at him, then lost sight of her as the view on his screen spun around wildly for a minute before settling on a look back towards the rear of the cabin. All he could do was wait to see what his beautiful, daring wife would do next. Just knowing there was a chance he might shortly be seeing her naked in this setting was getting him hard again!

After asking Dave to refrain from texting her while she scouted around the area where, incredibly enough, she was considering taking off her last piece of clothing, Kristen set up her tablet on the floor of the aisle a few rows beyond her seat towards the front of the cabin. The stand built into the tablet's case allowed her to aim the camera to show the aisle all the way back to the area outside the restrooms at either side of the end of the aisle.

She walked nervously towards the front of the cabin, checking to see if any other passengers were still awake, and also to see where the two flight attendants were. She had gone forward 7 or 8 rows beyond hers before she could see the flight attendants, seated in jump seats near the main door. They were both belted in and slumped forward, clearly asleep! As far as she could tell, their position wouldn't have given them a view all the way to the end of the cabin even if they had been awake. She felt a full body shiver knowing there was now nothing to stop her from putting on a once in a lifetime strip show for her husband!

Without having even made a single move to start to strip out of her cardigan, Kristen's heart was beginning to race as she completed her reconnaissance. Even though she'd found no obstacles to her newly hatched plan, just the anticipation of what she was about to do was enough to make her pulse race as if she was in the middle of a spinning class!

As she made it back to her row, Kristen knew every condition she had set as a requirement had been met. "Oh, God, am I really doing this?" she wondered as she turned to face the rear of the cabin, this time not just doing reconnaissance! She took the first small step towards her goal, unbuttoning one of her cardigan's five buttons! Her legs felt like lead as she started back toward the rear of the cabin. "Slowly," she reminded herself, forcing herself to walk at a pace slow enough to allow her to undo one button for each row she passed, turning back to briefly face the camera as she finished the separation of each button from its hole.

Two rows and two buttons along on her path to being naked, Kristen froze in place as she remembered that she hadn't checked the rows between hers and the back of the cabin to confirm that all the passengers in those rows were sleeping! She peered out at the remaining eight rows, able to see only the passengers in the next couple of rows from where she now stood. She hadn't gone beyond undoing a few buttons, so she could put her act on pause and carefully check the last six rows worth of passengers, but knew the odds were good that nobody in those rows was awake. She decided to carrry on and take her chances without knowing for sure that she alone was awake. Despite feeling fairly sure she would get away with the rest of her striptease unseen, she felt her pulse throbbing in her head as she resumed her march.

At the sixth row from hers, having run out of buttons to undo, she slid the cardigan off her left shoulder, letting it drop halfway down her upper arm before walking on to the seventh row, where she uncovered her right shoulder; having both shoulders bared let the upper edge of the cardigan drop lower, past her elbows and partway down her forearms. Kristen was shaking as she felt the border between fabric and her exposed skin move lower; she could tell the upper edge of the cardigan was already resting on the upper slope of her ass, easily a couple of inches lower than the point where her back ended and her ass began. She was already showing much, much more of her body than she would have been if she was wearing her most daring bikini, but knew she would soon be far more exposed! While she was quivering as she felt her body being revealed, her fear was slowly being replaced by excitement as she anticipated being utterly exposed in this setting!

As she reached the eighth row beyond hers, Kristen shuddered, feeling like she was on the verge of passing some sort of point of no return, but carried on with her show, feeling a warm glow as she imagined Dave glued to the screen of his laptop. She shook the cardigan completely off her right hand, leaving it to dangle from the fingertips of her left hand. She hadn't turned back towards the camera since she began actually taking off the cardigan, but was now completely nude, showing the camera her ass and every other bit of her body from behind. "I can't believe I'm doing this! This is bat shit crazy!" she thought, "And Dave had damn well better be recording this, or I'm never going to believe this wasn't a dream."

At the ninth row beyond hers, Kristen pulled the cardigan up from the floor and held it over the front of her body. Partially fearing someone in the twenty-odd rows between her and the front of the cabin might have woken up and noticed her striptease since she last faced that way, but mostly wanting to make Dave wait just a little bit longer before treating him to a full-frontal display of her naked body. She turned to face the camera, and several dozen sleeping passengers, holding the cardigan loosely over her breasts, belly and pussy. Her breasts were still mostly concealed, but one nipple popped into view when her somewhat careless positioning of the loose garment allowed most of her right breast to become uncovered as she stepped back to the last row of seats.

Kristen felt a small jolt when she noticed her right breast was uncovered, but didn't think it really made much difference since she had reached the point where she was planning on uncovering them both anyway. Her plan was to slowly lower the bunched up cardigan, wait a minute or so, then drop the fabric completely. The more insistent jolt she felt as the fabric fell away from her chest made her speed things up slightly. Just seconds after her breasts were uncovered, she took a couple of steps back beyond the last row of seats, near the restrooms. Once she was in the much better-lit space between the two restrooms she let go of the cardigan entirely.

"Un fucking believable!" Kristen thought as she looked down at her uncovered breasts and her discarded cardigan on the floor in front of her, "How is it even possible that I'm naked, here of all places, surrounded by all these people? She knew that her potential audience all being asleep was what had allowed her to dare to get naked in the first place, but now she was starting to feel like she had missed out on an even more powerful experience. She wondered if she should be worried that she was actually disappointed that nobody had seen and reacted to her striptease. Still astonished by what she'd just done but also beginning to feel proud to have been so bold, she walked briskly back to her tablet, picked it up, and saw Dave's face filling the screen, grinning from ear to ear.

Standing naked in the aisle as if it was perfectly normal, she noticed that she was something like twenty feet from where she'd dropped the only piece of her clothing not packed away in her backpack or her tote bag; she decided to leave the discarded cardigan right where she'd left it for the time being, more or less daring someone, anyone, to wake up and find her standing in the aisle wearing only her disposable surgical mask! she held the tablet in her left hand and tapped out a message, "Love you, hope you've enjoyed the show so far." As she hit send she wasn't sure why she added the "so far", she couldn't get any more naked than she already was!

Dave wondered about it too, "So far? Is there more?"

"Don't know, is there something else you want to see?" she typed.

"I'd like to see anything you'd like to show me, what've you got?" he replied.

"I wish I could show you how I feel right now, like I'm on fire and shivering at the same time. I can't begin to explain how my nipples feel, they're begging for attention!"

"So show me. Give them some attention, or maybe a lot of attention!"

There was a long pause, over two minutes, before Kristen replied, "Are you sure you want me to do that right here? If I get started I doubt I'd be able to stop!"

"Yes... but only if you want to..." was his whole reply.

"No fair! He has to know how wound up I am by now," Kristen thought, shocked she was even considering something so shameless. She thought about his last text, and finally admitted to herself that she wanted to take her show to the next level, maybe even more for herself than for him! She dreaded being caught in the act by someone on board the plane and felt like remaining naked such a long time was pushing her luck, but her fear was mixed with something new, a growing curiosity about what it would feel like to actually have some random stranger see her that way!

She didn't think there was any way she could knowingly start to masturbate with anyone except Dave watching her, but thought, "If one of my fellow passengers were to wake up while I was already doing it, would I stop or keep going?" She felt herself blushing just thinking about it. Knowing she was about to risk possibly having to make that choice was both exciting and terrifying!

Kristen set her tablet down in the aisle, pointing it back towards the restrooms again, this time several rows closer to the back of the plane.

Taking her position in a well-lit spot in front of the wall next to one of the restroom doors, she leaned back and was startled to feel the coolness of the painted aluminum partition against her naked skin. The reminder of how vulnerable she was brought on another small jolt as she scanned the cabin ahead of her, looking one last time for any sign of activity before allowing herself to risk getting lost in her pleasure; seeing no immediate danger, she began sliding her fingers up away from the outside of her thighs to the more sensitive areas now demanding her attention. As her fingertips began lightly tracing the outer lips of her pussy, she felt the strongest jolt yet, which didn't fade away quickly as its predecessors had, but slowly transformed into a steady low-level buzz, gaining intensity as her other hand found its way to one of her nipples. Soon beyond caring if anyone besides Dave was watching her, she closed her eyes as two fingers of her left hand, then three, found their way inside her while her thumb gently massaged her clit.

Dave wasn't surprised that his wife gave in to her need for satisfaction, but he was shocked by her decision to do it while leaning against the wall next to the passage to the restrooms, in full view of anyone who might happen to look towards the rear of the coach cabin. He had assumed she would retreat to the relative seclusion of her seat, but her choice of this more exposed location was just one more surprise in a night full of them.

He looked on in mute amazement as she set one hand to work on her pussy while the other groped and squeezed her boobs and tugged at her nipples. He could tell she was getting close to coming when he saw her lower herself into a crouching position, legs spread wide, still leaning back against the wall. Moments after she raised each breast in turn to lick and suck her nipples, he saw her begin to rock back and forth, then let go of her breasts to be able to brace herself against the wall with her right hand. When he saw her head rock back he knew she was about to come; when her head slumped down and her only visible movement was the rise and fall of her chest caused by heavy breathing, he knew that he'd just seen her have an orgasm!

Kristen took so long to stand up Dave was beginning to worry, but she finally got herself upright and looked around again, checking to see if any of her fellow passengers had taken notice of the naked young woman pleasuring herself behind them. Since it looked as if she hadn't been seen she blew Dave a kiss and ducked into one of the restrooms. Looking in the mirror, lit by the harsh restroom light, she saw her face and upper chest were still flushed. She knew her red face was more from her recent exertion than embarrassment, and splashed some water on her face and chest to cool down. After patting herself dry she used a few tissues to clean up her thighs and mound where they were slick with her juices. Having cleaned up about as well as possible under the circumstances, she decided it was time to go retrieve her cardigan and tablet, say goodnight to Dave and get at least some of her clothes out of her tote and back on her body.

Dave saw what Kristen couldn't from her spot inside the restroom; shortly after she'd entered the room the overhead cabin lights came on and a couple of passengers in the camera's view began stirring! He saw an elderly woman get up and head back towards the restrooms, and said a silent prayer that the woman got into the other restroom before Kristen left hers, and also that a line didn't form waiting for Kristen to come out. He couldn't remember if Kristen had taken her cardigan with her into the restroom and it was close enough to the shade of the carpet in the area she had stripped out of it that he couldn't tell if it was still there. If she was still nude, her chances to avoid being seen that way by one or maybe several people seemed to be disappearing fast!

He continued watching, frustrated at not being able to help her or even give her a warning; all he could do now was wait and see how events unfolded. He felt a little guilty about his part in encouraging her to take the risks which had led to her current predicament, and also a bit guilty that his very real concern and frustration didn't keep him from thinking Kristen's situation was actually kind of exciting.

Kristen's luck held, mostly. She slid the restroom door open, expecting to see the same dim cabin she had left a few minutes ago. She felt her heart skip a beat when she saw the fully lit cabin; it skipped at least a couple more when she noticed several passengers stretching their arms high overhead, clearly awake and working out the kinks their uncomfortable coach seat sleep had given them! She pulled the door closed again for a moment before remembering that her cardigan was still right where she had completed her striptease, a few feet away from the restroom door! She hadn't seen anyone waiting for her restroom and was fairly sure no one had been walking down the aisle towards her, and thought, "I might still be able to get out of this without being seen nude if I can get the cardigan quickly enough."

Kristen's hand was shaking as she held the knob on the door lock, momentarily unable to slide it to the right and then slide the door open. She knew she needed to leave her refuge to get her cardigan, but knowing many of her fellow passengers were now awake made the lock feel like it weighed a ton. "You don't have time for this," she said to herself, "do it now, before there's a damned line outside the door!" She didn't want to let things get that far, at least most of her didn't, so she threw the lock's bolt and flung the door wide open. Peeking around the edge of the door, she saw her cardigan just 3 or 4 feet beyond the doorway. She held onto the door and swung her left leg out, stretching her foot to try and drag the garment back towards her without exposing any more than one naked leg and hip. She was able to get her foot on it but it seemed like the friction between cardigan and carpet kept her from sliding it.

Resigned to having to step completely out of the restroom, Kristen let go of the door and took a shaky step out the door; she could see all the way up the aisle and realized that anyone in the aisle would be able to see all of her as well. She crouched and reached down to pick the cardigan up, but it still refused to budge. She got down on her knees to try to figure out what was holding it down and heard the sound of a restroom door being moved, followed by a loud gasp. She hadn't noticed anyone walk past her to the restroom, but was terrified that someone might have just locked her out of her last refuge. She turned her head back to check the door and came face to face with a slim white-haired woman who had just left the other restroom!

"I don't understand, where did you come from," Kristen asked. She went on, "I checked to see if anyone was awake before I," stopping herself before she mentioned what she did after the before.

"I came from that restroom over there," the woman laughed. "I went in just after the lights came on. I saw this sweater on the floor as I went in and thought it might have been yours."

"What made you think it was mine?" Kristen asked, not at all sure she wanted to know.

"I actually woke up a few minutes before the lights came on. You're one adventurous young woman!" said the older woman, who had joined Kristen, kneeling on the floor.

"You, you...saw me? And saw what I did?" Kristen mumbled, turning beet red.

"Some of it, but I think right now you need to concentrate on getting this sweater unstuck before someone else needs to use the toilet!"

"Yes, you're right. Thanks."

"Better yet, why don't you get back in your room and I'll try and figure out what this thing is stuck on. I'll pass it in to you when I get it free." the stranger suggested.

"Thank you so much," Kristen replied as she stood up and darted back into the restroom. She saw a man heading for the restrooms, no more than a dozen feet away and looking straight at her as she stood up. She would rather not have been seen by him, but she shuddered to think how many people might have seen her nudity if not for the older woman's help. The devilish side of her enjoyed the shocked look on the man's face, so being seen wasn't all bad as far as she was concerned, and she was sure knowing she'd been caught would add a little more excitement for Dave when they compared notes on this adventure later on.

Less than a minute after Kristen retreated to the restroom, she heard her rescuer knocking on the door. She opened the door and took possession of the much-abused cardigan, thanking the older woman again, "I'm so grateful, you really saved me; I was afraid you were going to yell at me or have me arrested or something."

"Truth is, my first husband and I sometimes got a little adventurous from time to time when we were your age," the older woman replied, "so you reminded me of some good times."

"Thanks again," Kristen replied as she buttoned the last of her cardigan's buttons. She had been so focused on thanking her rescuer she hadn't noticed a man standing behind the woman, waiting for his turn at a restroom. She wondered how much he had seen as she was standing in the doorway getting dressed, but didn't think it mattered much at this point.

Almost as soon as Kristen left the restroom the announcement ordering everyone to be seated and buckled up was made; she took a few seconds to find her tablet, which had been tipped over and had a footprint on the case but still seemed to be working! After reaching her seat she noticed the two dozen or so texts Dave had sent her; she composed one long reply to be sent after she landed.

When the plane reached the gate and the seat belt light was turned off, Kristen tried getting back to the restroom with her tote bag, desperate to get at least some of her outfit on before making her way through O'Hare, but it was like swimming upstream, none of her fellow passengers was interested in letting her go towards the back of the plane. By the time she reached the back of the cabin a crew of cleaners had come in a back door and were busy disinfecting the restrooms. The three-man crew smiled and seemed apologetic, but waved her off as they moved on to the seating, working their way quickly towards the front of the cabin.

Resigned to going at least part of the way through the terminal to her ride home dressed in only the cardigan, she found her backpack and was about to reach for it when she remembered what she was wearing, and what she wasn't. The problem was that the middle-aged man who'd been seated in the same row as her on the opposite side of the aisle and had slept all through her teasing of Dave was still seated, no longer wearing his sleep mask. If she reached on tiptoes for her backpack, the bottom of her cardigan was almost certain to rise to a level sufficient to give the gentleman in 18D a fabulous view of her pussy, right about at eye level and only inches away! Thinking she was deferring to his age and letting him go first, he explained, "I'm waiting for a wheelchair, you can go ahead."

"Okay, then," she thought, "it's not like he'd be the first stranger to see it today. Or even the second or third, for that matter. She reached as far back in the luggage bin as she could reach, figuring if she was going to flash someone she might as well do a good job of it! The cardigan's hem rose as she expected, ending up nearly halfway to her navel; she heard a gasp and smiled as she thought to herself, "I guess my work here is done!"

Kristen had overlooked the latest additions to her audience, but they were definitely paying close attention to her; when her cardigan reached its highest point she heard some excited chatter coming from a couple of members of the cleaning crew, now only 4 rows away. Her semester in Madrid served her well now, especially the vocabulary not covered in any of her Spanish classes that she'd learned from a local boyfriend or two.

She immediately recognized "Mira ese culo!" as "Look at that ass!"

She had to think for a moment before figuring out that "Me cogida que en un instante!" translated roughly as "I'd fuck that in an instant!"

Kristen didn't let on that she understood what the cleaners were saying about her as she debated whether or not she should bother responding to their crude comments. She put her backpack on and tugged the cardigan back into place as well as she could, then surprised the cleaners by replying,"En tus sueños, chicos! Mi culo esta tomado!" which she was pretty sure translated as "In your dreams, guys! My ass is taken!" Turning to face the stunned workers, she pulled the sides of her cardigan's deep neckline open more than wide enough to completely bare her breasts, telling them, "¡Estas también están tomadas!", to let them know, "These are also taken!" She turned and headed for the jetway, blushing again but enjoying the shocked looks they were wearing as she walked away.

Before she stepped off the jetway into the terminal, Kristen heard her phone ringing and saw the number of Dave's cell on the screen. She was happy to hear that he was waiting right outside the terminal, eager to get her home. With him double-parked in a loading zone, she didn't want to take the time to get dressed more modestly in some nearby ladies' room. Besides not wanting to delay her reunion with Dave, the appreciative looks she was receiving from the crowd, which was mostly made up of male business travelers, had her thinking, "I really need to find an occasion to wear this one-piece outfit again sometime!"