**Laura**

by Altan

Laura knew it would be another boring day the moment she opened her eyes. She looked at the white walls with the obligatory semi-rustic picture, the large mirror next to the 32-inch television: a hotel room indistinguishable from all the others. Yes, it would be another day of standing at the booth, waiting for customers that would not come, watching the business men in their blue and gray suits pass by without even glancing at her company’s brochures. A complete waste of time and money.

With a deep sigh she got out of bed and walked over to the open window. She felt the early morning sun warming her bare skin. “At least it is not raining,” she thought to herself. “That’s an advantage of a Dallas tradeshow.” She gazed out at the street below, the toy cars and small figures rushing through the streets. A city waking up to another day.

She realized she was standing here naked for everyone to see. A little smile curled around her mouth. “Well, let them look,” she thought. At twenty-nine, watching her diet and working out regularly, she had nothing to be ashamed of. Five foot eleven and a slender figure, with long legs and a narrow waist. Her brown hair fell over her shoulders, almost covering her firm breasts. She had turned men’s heads as long as she could remember.

Standing here naked in the hotel room reminded her of the games she used to play with her roommates in college. “Truth or Dare,” they called it, but it was always the dare parts that were interesting. Once they had dared each other to walk through the local mall in very skimpy clothes. Heads had been turning towards the three of them, and in the end they almost ran to their car. It had been scary, but also exhilarating, just like the thought that people could see her now from the street.

Slowly, Laura turned away from the window and went into the bathroom. When she emerged twenty minutes later, she felt fresh, awake, and very angry at her boss. He had used a lot of nice words when he called her into his office, but it had boiled down to the fact that the company had decided the tradeshow was not worth the effort after all. All sales people but Laura had been pulled from it, and she would have to do it cheaply.

It wasn’t even the fact that she was considered the least important of all the sales people that made Laura mad. She knew she wasn’t as aggressive as the others. But when her boss told her that she would have to limit her expenses to forty dollars a day, she felt insulted. The anger welled up in her every time she thought back to the conversation.

With the anger still boiling inside her, Laura began dressing. What were they thinking? Participating in a trade show costs thousands of dollars for just the space and the booth, and now they wanted her to save a few lousy pennies? What did the company think—that she was throwing money around? Didn’t they trust her? Why would she stay loyal to them, when they were using her like this?

She stopped. “Why, indeed?” she thought. Something else crept into Laura’s mind. There was nobody at the show that she knew, or was likely to run into ever again. She was only there to take care of the booth, to uphold the image of the company. Well, she did not care about the company’s image, and was not going to go through another boring day at a boring show. Her anger began to fade. Today, she would have some fun.

She looked again at the clothes she had selected. A white satin blouse and a light brown skirt with buttons on the front. Calming down, she smiled at her reflection in the mirror. Yes, that would do perfectly. Quickly, she took all her clothes off again and then put the blouse and skirt back on—nothing else. She could feel her excitement grow as she examined herself critically in the mirror. The lack of panties and hose were hardly noticeable at all. Her nipples thrusting more than usual beyond the curve of her breast were the only hint to the missing bra.

She walked around the room a bit. The soft silk smoothly slid over her sensitive nipples, building her arousal. A glance in the mirror showed how the nipples had become clearly visible through the thin material. Would she dare to leave her room like this? She was surprised how easy it was to answer “Yes.”

Being in a strange town, not knowing anyone, made her feel safe, willing to go further than she would ever do at home. In fact, she would go even further than that. Feeling very daring, she counted the buttons on her clothes. Nine on the skirt and seven on the blouse, sixteen in total. The alarm clock next to the hotel bed said eight o’clock, sixteen hours until midnight. Today, she would undo one button every hour. That would mean that at the stroke of midnight...

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Laura walked over to the convention hall, leaving her jacket in the room. The excitement she had felt in the safety of the hotel room started to subside. Out in the open, she started to wonder how far she would really dare to go. It was a scary thought, exposing herself bit by bit. She could get arrested, and then what?

A man turned his head when she passed him. Was he looking at her breasts? She thought so, but couldn’t be sure. No one else seems to notice anything out of the ordinary, not even the security guard who checked her “exhibitor” badge before letting her in the hall. Then a carpenter, on his way out before the public arrived, whistled as he passed her. Laura pretended not to notice but felt rewarded as she hurried to her booth.

The convention doors opened for the public at exactly nine o’clock. Fifteen hours until midnight. Laura undid the top button of her shirt. She felt a surge of anticipation rush through her, and she had to concentrate not to flush. Not much would be visible yet, she knew that from the experiments in front of the mirror. Still, she had taken the first step.

For the next hour, her attention was on the sensation of her shirt against her breasts. With each turn, the fabric brushed her sensitive nipples, which stayed hard in response. As on the previous two days, nobody stopped at her booth. She was very aware that selling kiosk applications at an industrial hardware trade show did not make much business sense. The company had figured that out as well: the VP who had booked this show was gone and she was left to pick up the pieces.

At ten, Laura undid the second button on her blouse. More people passed by, leaving her with ample time to think. In her mind, she kept going back and forth between exhilaration and dread. She had always enjoyed attention from men, and even though she was critical of her own body, she knew that she was very attractive. For almost as long as she could remember, men had tried to steal peeks down her blouse and up her skirt. At times she had helped them by bending over at the right moment, but she could always pretend it was an accident. If she was going through with this button-per-hour idea, there would be no pretending.

Halfway through the hour, she crossed the aisle to a booth that had been manned by a lone young salesman all day. She had noticed him glancing at her all morning and decided to take the initiative. She could see it took him some effort to move his eyes from her breasts to her face.

“Hi,” she said. “You seem to be having a quiet show?”

“Eh, yes,” he answered almost stuttering. “How about you?”

“Haven’t had a single customer all week,” Laura replied. “I’ve never been to such a boring show. By the way, my name is Laura.”

“Oh, hi, I’m Pete. I haven’t had much traffic here either.”

They talked a little bit more and then Laura walked back to her own booth. She could feel his eyes in her back, but when she turned around, he quickly looked the other way.

Her mind took her back to her high school days. Her best friend, Joan, had felt ignored by the boys so she had come to a school party wearing a see-through blouse and nothing underneath. Joan had been careful to keep her jacket on until she was on the dance floor, which teachers avoided. Within minutes, she had become the center of attention of the boys, and she had enjoyed every minute of it. Eventually she was caught, of course, and sent home with a reprimand. She later described to Laura how wonderful it was to have all these boys stare at her. Laura still remembered the envy she had felt that evening.

Eleven o’clock, another hour had passed, the third button went. She knew the third button was lower than her nipples, and a little bit of her breasts would now be exposed. Nothing indecent yet, but she was starting to attract attention. People were feigning interest in her company as an excuse to stop and get a closer look. Laura had put the box of company literature on the floor, so she would have to bend over to get a brochure. Sometimes she thought she could see a bulge in the men’s pants and the thought that she had caused that invariably made her nipples swell.

When her booth was empty for a moment, Pete walked over to her and they continued their conversation. Laura leaned on the small counter and put her head in her hands. She knew that her blouse would fall open and Pete could see all the way down to her belly. She saw his eyes widen and then quickly return to her face. Laura smiled again.

“At least there is a nice view around here,” she said innocently, which instantly made Pete blush. Fearing she had been too assertive, Laura kept smiling, trying to reassure him. When he shyly smiled back, she knew that he would be part of her evening.

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Lunch break was at noon, right after Laura undid the fourth button of her blouse. In the restroom she carefully studied how she looked. With four buttons undone, the sides of her breasts were exposed even when she was standing up. She practiced bending over in front of the large mirror, imagining how a man would react. If she bend over just a little bit more, her shirt would fall open completely and her hanging breast would be exposed. Her nipples were in plain view and getting hard as blood-red pebbles. Some of the other women looked shocked at Laura parading herself in front of the mirror, but she did not pay any attention to them.

The lunch area had a number of self-service counters for hot and cold food. Laura went to the salad bar first, making a point of reaching over to get a salad that was almost out of reach. She enjoyed the heads turning away as on an unheard command when she straightened up again. Only one man did not turn and she rewarded him with a smile. He smiled back and went to the cash registers.

Laura finished collecting her lunch, paid, and sat at an empty table. She ate slowly, looking around her. It didn’t take long for someone to join her and within five minutes the table was filled with men, all eager to chat with her. Laura did not say much. Every now and then she would bend over her plate, letting her blouse drop open. The thought that there were seven men here intent on watching her was exciting, and she enjoyed every moment.

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During the afternoon, she left the buttons of her blouse alone and undid one from her skirt every hour. Although that was not adding anything to the attention she was attracting, it filled her with anticipation. At five, when the convention doors closed, she undid the fifth button from her skirt and walked over to Pete.

“Doing anything special tonight?” she asked.

“Well, there are these reports,” he started to mumble, but then stopped. “No, nothing special.”

“Neither am I. I don’t really want to spend another evening in my hotel room. Do you have any ideas?”

“The guys were talking this morning about a restaurant on Fleet Street, and supposedly there is a disco right next door.”

“Sounds like fun,” Laura replied lightly. “Why don’t you pick me up at six thirty at the Hyatt, and we’ll see if your informants are right!”

She gave Pete a wink and walked away to the exit. Laura knew that he must be just amazed at his luck right now, but probably didn’t anticipate what would happen tonight.

Back in the hotel she checked herself in the large mirror again. With the sixth skirt button gone, she was showing more than a little leg. Just to know what would happen, she tried undoing the seventh button and moving around. With only two buttons left, the skirt would open up all the way up and anyone watching would clearly see her lack of underwear. That would be very interesting in the disco Pete was talking about. Quickly, she fastened the seventh button again—that would come later.

There were six hours left to midnight, and three buttons each on her skirt and blouse. Already, she was more exposed than ever before in her life. The woman looking back at her in the mirror was no longer the shy Laura she knew. The afternoon of one man after another wanting to look at her, look down her blouse, had brought out a new Laura, basking in the glow of attention, ready for the adventure.

But still, she had to wonder. It all had seemed so easy this morning, but the moment she would cross from daring to indecent was coming closer. One or two more buttons. She would be looking like a slut soon, was that what she wanted?

The thought hardly bothered her anymore. “Let them look,” she thought, just like she had done that morning standing naked in front of the window. “Let them enjoy it, and if they don’t like it, they can turn the other way. I don’t care.”

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Pete was in the lobby when she came down, and for the first time she could see that he was looking at her legs as well as her chest. Just like before, his eyes quickly returned to her face. Laura pretended not to notice and followed him to the taxi.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the restaurant. All Pete had managed to talk about during the cab ride was the trade show and how boring it was. As they entered the restaurant, Laura undid another button from her blouse.

Sitting opposite her at the table, Pete clearly didn’t know where to look, and Laura decided to try and help him relax him a bit.

“You like to look at my breasts?” she asked, and Pete turned as red as a traffic light.

“Don’t worry, it’s okay,” she said, smiling warmly at him. “I enjoy it when men look at me—particularly sweet ones like you.”

This made him even redder if that was possible, and he clearly didn’t know what to say. But he was no longer averting his eyes. Instead he was looking straight into Laura’s blouse and at her breasts. With only two buttons left, there was a lot to look at. She was trying to sit straight up, bending just a little bit forward, so that the fabric of her blouse was just touching her erect nipples when she was startled by the waitress.

“Hi, my name is Miriam and I will be your server tonight. Can I get you something to drink while...”

The waitress stopped in mid sentence when she noticed Laura’s outfit. “This is it,” Laura thought, “now we will be thrown out of here.” But instead, Miriam cleared her throat, winked at Laura and said to Pete, “while you enjoy the view?”

Pete turned red once more, but checked himself and said, “yes, please.” They both ordered a glass of wine.

When the waitress had left, Pete looked straight into Laura’s eyes as though he was searching for something.

“Who are you?” he asked. “I’ve never met any girl who shows herself like this.”

This time, Laura blushed a little bit herself. “To tell you the truth, I don’t really know,” she answered. “I have never done this before. But you know what—it is fun! I just hope I don’t get arrested or something.”

During dinner she told Pete how bored she had been, and what resolution she had made that morning. He was looking at her with a mixture of amazement and disbelief, when suddenly his eyes got grew wide.

“One button every hour?” he asked. “With the last one to go at midnight? What happens then?”

“I don’t know,” she answered with a crooked smile. “I guess I will leave that up to you...”

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Dinner lasted for over an hour, and the next blouse button was undone at eight. Service was excellent, almost as if Miriam never took her eyes off of them. After a last cup of coffee, they got up and went to the disco next door.

To Laura’s surprise, Pete turned out to be a good dancer. Laura had told Pete she wanted to stick with the slower numbers, sitting out the wilder ones. Fortunately, it turned out to be “Romance Evening” at the disco with a lot of slow numbers. When they danced close together, Laura could feel the bulge in Pete’s pants growing each time she touched him.

At nine, the seventh button of her skirt came loose. Laura knew from the experiments in front of the mirror that with a little shuffling her pubic hair became exposed. At the next close dance, she made sure she could feel the fabric of Pete’s pants on her bare skin. Pete was getting bolder and let his hands slide under her skirt, massaging her bare buttocks.

“Lift my skirt,” she whispered in his ear when they came back on the dance floor after a drink. “Move your hands up to my back, and I’ll pretend not to notice. I want everyone to see my bare ass.”

Pete grinned and slowly moved his stroking hands upwards, all the way to the curve in her back. There could be no doubt anymore that Laura was not even wearing a G-string. Laura’s heart was pounding, she expected a manager to come over any minute. But nobody came and they finished the dance together.

At ten, the last button of her blouse became undone. A series of very fast numbers started and Pete and Laura returned to their table. Everyone in the disco had noticed Laura, of course, but she had refused the other dance offers.

When they were about to sit down, a female voice asked, “may I have this dance?”

Laura turned to see Miriam, the waitress from the restaurant, standing there smiling at her. Miriam had changed into a very thin blouse, knotted in the front, and a long skirt. She stood there smiling, waiting for an answer.

“I’m sorry, I can’t,” Laura said. “Not dressed like this. They would throw me out when I danced now.”

“Of course you can,” Miriam replied. Her smile deepened. “I’ll match your attire.” With that, she untied her blouse so that it hung as loose as Laura’s. Then she took the hem of her skirt, and tore it all the way up to the waistband. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath either.

When they got to the dance floor, Miriam started swinging and Laura followed her. One by one the men in the disco stopped to watch the two girls dance, Miriam leading and Laura following. At the second song, Miriam threw away her useless shirt and without thinking Laura imitated her, barely noticing that Pete caught it. Dancing topless was exhilarating!

When the music finally slowed down to a romantic melody, Pete joined the two girls and the three of them moved together in close embrace. Having lost all his shyness, Pete caressed both of them, and they massaged him where he enjoyed it most.

Eleven o’clock, and the eighth button of Laura’s skirt followed the others. Laura had explained Miriam about her day as the three swayed together on the dance floor. Miriam was enthusiastic, thought it was a great idea.

Now Laura pulled back slightly and looked into Pete’s eyes. “In one hour, that last button is going, and I will be stark naked,” she told him “You decide where you want to be when that happens. We can be here on the dance floor, or back in your hotel room...”

Pete considered this. Taking this wild woman back to his hotel room was very tempting. On the other hand—she was offering to drop her skirt right here, in a busy disco. Now that was an exciting thought as well.

Laura looked at him with curiosity, without any indication of what she wanted him to decide.

“Oh what the hell,” he thought, and added out loud, “let me get us another round of drinks.”

Pete left for the bar and the two topless women went back to their table, ignoring all the men asking for a dance. Miriam was looking inquisitively at Laura. “You are serious, aren’t you?” she asked.

Laura nodded. “Yes. This is exciting, I never knew it would be this much fun. But now I want to see it through to the end. Whatever that end will be.”

“You are one amazing girl!” Miriam exclaimed, then smiled at Pete who was returning with the drinks. “You don’t mind me sticking around, do you?” she asked. “I want to see this.”

Laura smiled broadly at her. Any self-consciousness she had before was now gone.

“No, of course not” Pete replied, sliding into his seat. “You can stick as close as you want to.”

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They watched the others dance until it was a few minutes before midnight. Then Laura got up and took Pete by the hand to the dance floor. They danced slowly while the minute hand on the clock above the bar approached the number twelve.

At exactly midnight, Laura unhurriedly undid the last button from her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Then she put her arms back around Pete’s neck while they continued their slow dance.

Pete let his arms slide down to Laura’s bare buttocks and held her close to him. Dancing around them came to a stop when people noticed Laura’s nakedness. Then the pace of the music picked up and Laura and Pete started to swing. No longer shielded by Pete’s body, men all around them enjoyed the sight of Laura’s nude body and started cheering the couple on.

T H E E N D