**Naked in a Hotel Corridor**

by [naughtyannie](https://www.lushstories.com/naughtyannie)

*In which I discover the thrills of a special type of exhibitionism*

*This story is affectionately dedicated to NudeClaire, whose own story "Claire's Nude Hotel Exhibition" inspired it.*

I was slightly tipsy as I stepped out of the lift on the tenth floor. The official Conference Dinner had dragged on as long as I’d feared, and only copious quantities of alcohol had made the endless parade of speeches endurable. There are only so many times you need to be told what a good year it’s been, and how we’re looking forward to an even better one next year. But of course it’s hard to keep track of how much you’re drinking when solicitous waiters keep topping up your wine glass, and I’d certainly had more than I’d planned.

After the final toast, most of the guys had headed straight for the free bar to get as sloshed as possible at the firm’s expense, but I’d had enough for the night. I agreed to have just one more with Ed, the guy from the next office, and we flirted for a while, in that fun, relaxed way when you know it’s not going to go any further. After a while, I made my excuses, and let him have a little snog and a stroke of my bottom before reminding him of Mrs Ed at home. I may be an easy lay, but I’m no home-breaker, and, to be fair, neither is Ed.

Up here, away from the event, everything was eerily quiet. The usual harsh hotel lighting illuminated the endless perspective of the long corridor, one of the lights flickering annoyingly. I found my room and rootled in my handbag for my key-card; found it; looked up; and my heart leapt in shock. Out of no-where, a woman had appeared, just where a side corridor angled off.

And she was naked.

I mean, properly naked, no shoes or anything. For some reason, the thing that struck me first was her luxurious blonde pubic bush, curling over her mound. She was gorgeous, too; tall, slender, with blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, and firm breasts that stood out proudly even without the support of a bra, surmounted by a pair of pale nipples.

For once, I was lost for words. She looked at me, and I looked at her. She was swaying slightly, as if unsure whether to run away or stand her ground. Nervously, she raised her hand and ran it through her hair.

“Erm…are you okay?” I stammered at last. “I mean, have you locked yourself out?”

She shook her head, and seemed about to speak, but then stopped, as if unsure what to say.

“Well, do you need a hand or anything?” I queried, still slightly unsure about the correct etiquette when meeting a naked woman in a hotel corridor.

“No; I am sorry; please. I’ve probably offended you, and please don’t call the security. You see, it’s just that I enjoy it, being nude like this.”

As soon as she spoke I recognised a French accent, although her English was excellent.

“Well, no, not offended, just surprised,” I said, which was the honest truth. “So you’re really okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine, thank you. But I’m what I think you would call an … exhibitionist,” the nude woman went on.

“This is what I do; leave my clothes in my room, and walk around, hoping I’ll meet someone…like you. But I’m sorry, I’d better go.”

“Oh no, don’t go,” I said in a rush, almost surprising myself. “I think you’re awesome. And gorgeous.”

And she was lovely, the more I looked at her. She had big, sparkling eyes, a full mouth with lusciously kissable lips, and all that flowing blonde hair. And then she was slim too, but not skinny, with a nice trim waist and firm smooth thighs tapering into long legs. I guessed she was maybe a few years older than me, but not much. Even if she’d been fully clothed, I’d have looked at her. Naked, she was irresistible.

I put down my handbag by my door, and took a few steps towards her. As I got closer, I noticed how big and hard her nipples were, aroused and standing up. There was a thin sheen of perspiration on her face, and she blushed as I looked her up and down.

“So it turns you on, being naked like this?” I asked.

She nodded. “Oui, a little. No, a lot…”

I stopped, not wanting to scare her into running away. I wanted to tell her how great she was.

“I get it, I really do,” I said. “I like being naked outdoors, and sometimes I’ve flashed myself before, in the park and on trains, but what you’re doing, it’s so cool. I…I…I love it.”

There was a pause, almost Pinteresque in its length and significance, and she smiled. “In that case, why don’t you join me?”

And then of course I knew that this was what I wanted, more than anything; to be naked in this hotel corridor, with this beautiful Frenchwoman.

It was simple; all I had on was my little black dress (no bra to spoil the shape), my shoes, and a pair of black lacy panties. I bent down, still looking at her, afraid she might turn and bolt if we lost eye contact, and pulled my shoes off, kicking them against the wall. I reached under my skirt, and pulled down my knickers, throwing them after the shoes.

Then I straightened up, reached behind my back and unzipped my dress. I let it hang loose around me, and for a moment I hung onto it, afraid to let it drop.

“Go on,” she said. “Once you’ve let go, it’s easy.”

I slipped first one strap, then the other, down my arms. With a little shimmy, I let it loose, and felt the dress slide down my body and onto the floor.

And there I was, as bare as she was. It was her turn to look at me, taking in my small perky breasts with their pink areolas; my firm tummy; the closely trimmed triangle of brown hair on my pudendum. She reached out her hand, and touched my cheek, then ran her hand down my neck and across the smooth curve of my breast, lingering at the hard little bud of my nipple.

I shivered at her touch, and she murmured under her breath, “Si belle, si belle.” Then she smiled again. “So, how do you feel?”

I giggled nervously. “It’s awesome. But what if someone comes?”

“That’s when the fun begins. Come with me, and I’ll show you.”

She put out her hand, and I took it. Mine was sweating a bit, but her grip was firm and confident. She squeezed.

“Now, put your clothing in your room and give me your key-card,” she said. I did as she told me, and she slipped the card into a small pouch on a leather cord around her neck, next (I presumed) to her own. She really had come prepared.

I felt a bit giddy as we walked down the corridor together. I looked at her, saw her bare breasts swaying, her nipples still aroused and erect. We came to the junction with another long corridor, another pair of lift doors at the far end. She held me back.

“You have to walk down towards the lift doors,” she said. “If you hear the lift coming, you have to keep going, until the doors open. Then you can come back.”

I must have looked nervous, because she hugged me. I felt her large firm breasts against mine, as she whispered softly, “Do it, ma chérie, you’ll love it, believe me.”

The corridor looked very long. For some reason, I thought of “The Shining”, with the lift doors seeping blood, before bursting in a torrent of gore down the corridor. I got rid of that thought quickly, and started walking. I looked down at my bare feet, making no sound at all on the soft carpet. I looked round, and she was still there, smiling, her hand between her legs. So she was turned on watching me.

I kept walking. Each pair of doors loomed up, then disappeared past me. I suddenly wondered what would happen if a door behind me opened at the same time as the lift in front; I’d be trapped. That thought almost stopped me, but I kept going, I’d never felt so naked in my life, even when stripping for the first time in front of my first boyfriend.

And rarely so aroused, either. I could sense my pussy getting wet, and paused and slipped an exploratory finger into my vagina. Oh lord, I was absolutely soaking. A little squirt of my juices actually spurted out and onto the carpet. I breathed in deep and walked on.

Then it happened. I heard a distant “bing”, and the numbers on the lift lit up. I could read them from where I was: one, two, three, four… oh heavens, they were coming. I stopped, too afraid to go on, but then the sign stopped at five. I breathed a sigh of relief, and kept walking.

Then the lift started again, very quickly: six, seven, eight, nine…ten.

And the bell “binged”, and the doors began to open.

That was it for me. I turned tail and legged it back down the corridor as fast as I could. I heard a pair of voices behind me, surprised, as I looked up and saw her egging me on. As I reached the end or the corridor, still running, she pulled me quickly to one side and through a fire door. I was about to go down the emergency staircase, when she stopped me.

“Up,” she said, “No-one ever goes up.”

Up we went, quick and silent, two whole floors, before she paused and hushed me. My heart was thumping like crazy, I was sweating with fear and excitement, the pair of us standing naked on this hotel staircase.

There was silence. No-one was coming.

She looked at me, and I smiled.

“How did I do?” I asked, my breast still heaving.

“You were … amazing,” she said. Suddenly, she pulled me towards her, kissing me hard on the lips. I opened my mouth and felt her tongue slip inside, wrapping itself round mine. I wanted her too, and I put my hand up and squeezed her bare breast, gripping her hard nipple. Her leg rubbed against mine, and I felt her hand slide up my bare thigh and knead the firm muscle of my bottom, slipping between my cheeks and touching the tight pucker of my anus. I thought she was going to push her finger in, but instead she moved her hand away and pushed between my legs, finding my wet hole. I let her ease my legs apart, and finger the soft folds of my labia.

“Yes,” I gasped, and her fingers slipped inside. I felt a gush of liquid spurt out, I was so wet and aroused, and couldn’t helping a little squeal as she began to piston her fingers in and out of my vagina, while still kissing me hard and deep.

“Uh, uh, uh,” I gurgled with each deep thrust. She began to alternate each push with circling her palm against the hard bud of my clitoris, and I felt my orgasm rising up inside me. She sensed how close I was, and focussed on my clit, her rhythmic rubbing lifting me to the final heights, and I climaxed, unable to suppress a louder squeal of pleasure as my orgasm fizzed through me, my whole body shaking.

Slowly, I came down. She was still holding me.

“You were amazing,” she said. “You got so much further than I ever did, my first time. You should have seen their faces, coming out of the lift, seeing your bare behind running away.” She was giggling, and I had to join in. It must have been a sight.

She looked at me. “But I think maybe that’s enough for your first time,” she said, “Come on.”

Hand in hand, we went back downstairs, and she looked carefully through the fire-door and down the corridor before we both slipped through again. Quickly, we walked back together to my room, and she gave me back my key-card. Outside, I began to speak.

“I don’t even know your name,” I began. “And you don’t know mine. I’m…” but she shushed me with a finger on my lips.

“Not tonight,” she said. “But don’t worry, I know where you are.”

I tried to speak again, but she raised an admonitory finger, and was gone round the corner.

Quickly, I opened my door and slipped inside. I staggered over to the bed and sat down on it. My head was still spinning. Had all that really happened? When would I wake up and find it had all been a dream? Had I really been running naked down a hotel corridor towards another naked woman, who’d then fingered me to orgasm on a staircase? The orgasm had been real enough. I was still tingling.

My mind was still a-whirl as I sat on the loo and pissed, my pee splashing into the bowl. I looked at myself in the mirror as I brushed my teeth, and decided that yes, it had really happened, and began to suspect that my life would never be quite the same again. I knew that I wanted to do it again, and soon. The feeling of being so very naked, at risk of discovery at any time, had aroused me sexually more than I’d have thought possible. And I also knew I wanted her to be there again, to show me more of what I’d been missing.

Sitting at breakfast the next morning, trying to make conversation with my hung-over colleagues, I was continuously looking around to see if I could see her. I was so frustrated at the thought that I might never see her again, and began to wonder if I should try to describe her to reception, make up a story about finding something she’d lost.

I was almost angry as I went to reception to sign out before getting on the coach back to London. Then, as I handed back my key-card, the receptionist looked at the number.

“Oh, Ms Harrison, someone left a note for you,” she said, and handed me a hotel envelope. I swear I could hardly open it, my hands were shaking so much. There was a single sheet of folded notepaper in it; mouth dry, I looked at the two things on it.

A name; “Claire”.

And a mobile phone number.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

Sure enough, the fun had only just begun.