**Shy exhibitionist story**

*After a hotel maid is flashed by a guest, she’s inspired to try exhibitionism herself. Her first attempt however, was a disaster. She’s torn between shame from her first try and the uncontrollable urges growing inside her. Now she’s giving it a second shot, whether she wants to or not.*

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**Excerpt from “The Nude Hotel” by C.M. Noe-Flores**

The shock from the death at the Banos Hotel threw Rebeca Santos into a week long stupor. The farther from the incident, the more she blamed herself. The serendipity of it all caused her to feel punished by a prudish god. She had ignored her mother’s religious insistence her whole life and now it had come to haunt her. She swore she’d never try anything remotely exhibitionist again. But at the same time, she couldn’t deny a feeling stirring back inside of her, that same dangerous feeling she felt on that fateful night. It was Wednesday. Rebeca didn’t have work and she was bored. So far she hadn’t made any real friends in college. It was hard to when she lived with her family instead of on campus and always had work anytime she caught wind of any sort of get together. “Mom, I’m going to a party tonight on campus. I’ll be staying at my friends dorm,” Rebeca lied on her way out the door. “Oh! Alright, well you’re an adult. Call us if you get into any trouble. Love you.” She made the sign of the cross over Rebeca so that God would watch over her, reminding Rebeca of the guilt and shame she had felt all week. Rebeca got in her car and started driving, but not to her campus. She drove straight to the Shoreside Hotel. She felt a different kind of guilt as she passed the Banos Hotel, seeing it in her rearview mirror as she crossed the interstate bridge to the Shoreside. It was a betrayal, but it was the only way she could satisfy her urge. She was breathing fast, a tingling already rising within her. But a fear competed over control of her body. This was a bad idea, she thought. Only more trouble could come of this. Nonsense, she argued. She should do it and prove once and for all that there’s no sex patrol god watching over her. She turned her car off and looked into the well lit Shoreside lobby, where a clerk sat behind the counter reading a magazine. On her way in, Rebeca saw the same electronic doorbell that they had at the Banos Hotel attached to the doorway. But when she opened the door, the bell didn’t ring. This caught her attention. That bell could be so annoying when she was working the front desk. The Shoreside employees were lucky to have a broken doorbell. The clerk didn’t notice Rebeca until she cleared her throat, standing in front of the counter. “Need a room?” the clerk said. Rebeca nodded. Within minutes, she was on her way to her room. So stupid, she thought to herself, I’m wasting most a day’s wage on this. But the impulse was too strong. She was far more horny than she was reasonable. Fueled by the stories she had read on the online forum, Rebeca shed her clothes and called for room service to send up dinner. Just talking on the phone naked sent chills up her spine. Wait, she thought, it won’t seem natural if she’s just standing there naked. She ran to the bathroom, turned on the shower and popped in. The urge was strong to lower her hand and pleasure herself right there as the steam rose. It was probably the smarter thing to do. It might drain her libido and prevent any further risky behavior. But then she heard the knock at the door. She turned off the shower and ran out naked, slipping a little on the bathroom tiles but catching the towel rack, preventing a collision with the floor. She yanked the towel off and brought it into the bedroom but didn’t wrap herself in it. She laid it on the bed and stood a few feet away with her legs and arms bent in a position that made it look as if she was in the middle of running over to the bed to grab the towel. She stood in that position waiting for the door to open. What if he didn’t come in? What if it was a woman? What if it was a giant menacing gargoyle of a man? Rebeca had to know, so she started towards the door to check the peephole. She reached the door just as another knock came, making her leap back in shock. “Room service,” came the male voice from the other side. Her insides felt like they might explode. She held her eye up to the peephole. He was young, early 20s, dark skin, smooth face and sleepy eyes. Cuter than she expected. She suddenly felt a wave of vulnerability wash over her, her arms instinctively covering herself. “One sec, hold on,” she said grabbing the towel on the bed, wrapping herself in it but rolling the top a few times to bring the bottom up so that it came right up to the edge of her butt. If she didn’t stand perfectly straight, the towel would pull up and reveal hints of her naughty bits. Rebeca hesitated, feeling much more nervous than she thought she would be. She turned the doorknob slowly, her heart throbbing. “Hi,” she said swinging open the door. The boy’s eyes woke up real fast at the sight of Rebeca, dripping wet, her towel hardly covering herself. “Come in,” she said turning and walking into the room, her towel inching its way up with every step, revealing in short bursts the the roundness of her cheeks. The boy stopped the cart in the middle of the room and set up a standing tray. Rebeca noticed his eyes strained on the tray in front of him. “Ahi tuna,” he said, standing up straight and looking down and to the right. He was almost as embarrassed as she was. Rather than release him, Rebeca decided to see how long he’d stay and chat. “I noticed something on my way in. There’s an electronic doorbell. But it didn’t go off when I entered?” she asked, wondering how much torment she could inflict on this young man. “Oh yeah. Some of us turn it off because they find it annoying,” he said struggling to make eye contact. “Ah, I didn’t know you could do that. I used to work in a hotel, that’s why I noticed it.” The end of the boy’s lips curled. He was suppressing a smile. “Can I just get your signature right here please?” he said holding out the bill. “Sure thing.” Rebeca imagined her towel falling in front of him. This was the perfect moment, as she’d be holding the bill with one hand and the pen with the other. She held her arms away from her body as she signed so they provided no friction to keep the towel up. Unfortunately, she had rolled the top too tightly and the towel didn’t budge. She handed the bill back and the boy began wheeling the cart backwards. Tip! She had forgot the tip. Maybe he’d accept a flash in lieu of payment, she thought. But she wasn’t that daring, not yet. If these adventures became a habit however, there was no telling what kind of mischief future Rebeca might get into. “Hold on! Let me get your tip,” she said turning around and leaning over the bed. Her purse was on the floor on the other side. She bent down, unzipped the purse, grabbed a few dollars and then realized how incredibly exposed her behind was in that position. She shot up straight and turned around. She said, “That was genuinely unintentional.” It was unclear whether the boy heard her. He was frozen, his eyes in a daze, his dark skin touched with a flush of red. Rebeca forked over the money muttering something unintelligible. She was flabbergasted. The boy backpedaled out of the room, the look on his face unchanging. He simply said,”Thank you, have a good night.” With the door closed, Rebeca tore off her towel and flopped onto the bed, rubbing between her legs. Her chest was still erratic and she played the moment in her head over and over, imagining it from every angle, his eyes staring directly at her revealed wet pussy. She couldn’t repress the moans escaping from her fluttering lungs as she rubbed faster and faster. KNOCK. Rebeca sat up. She wondered if she had been too loud. Did a neighboring guest hear? The knock came from the door. She went to it and peered through the peephole. The room service boy was back. Her heart flipped. Why was he back? She turned to get her towel off the bed but stopped. No, she didn’t need it now. She cracked the door, keeping her body behind it. “Hello?” “Hi, I’m so sorry,” he said with the same dazed look he had when he left. “I don’t have my key card. I think I left it on the tray with you, but I’m not sure.” “Let me check,” Rebeca said walking over to the bed completely nude, leaving the door cracked as it was. It would be so easy for him to just push the door and expose all of her, but he didn’t. The key card was indeed on the tray. Rebeca giggled. He had been so dumbfounded by her nudity that he left his master key. She picked up the card and thought for a second about rubbing it along her pussy, but quickly abandoned the thought, knowing exactly how dirty these cards are. She returned and handed the boy the card through the crack in the door. “Thank you,” he said. “Sorry again. Have a nice night.” But he didn’t leave. Rebeca watched through the peephole. He just stood there gazing through the door crack, maybe hoping he’d get lucky and catch a glimpse of her walking by. She was rubbing with one hand and squeezing her left breast with the other, careful not to push her pleasure to the level where she’d moan again. But it was too intense, so she finally closed the door with the intentions of laying on the bed and properly finishing herself. That’s when she saw the mirror on the side of the cabinet against the wall right next to the door. She looked back through the peephole. The boy was adjusting his pants as he walked down the hallway. Rebeca cracked the door again to check the mirror. She could see into the hallway where the boy was standing by looking into the mirror, which meant he had been able to see her standing behind the door naked, pleasuring herself. Rebeca’s head slumped against the door. Her body was shaking, her mouth fixed in a smile. She got onto the bed and let herself moan to her heart’s content. Her adventure had been a success. It was exactly what she needed after the disaster that was her first exhibitionist outing. She laid in bed nude wishing she could get walked in on by the housekeeping staff in the morning like so many of the posters on the forum she read. But most housekeeping staff were women, and that wasn’t as exciting to her, so she put on her underwear and got under the covers, ready to sleep. But she couldn’t sleep. It was passed midnight and her eyes were wide. What was wrong? There was a pulsing from her nether regions. Was she still lusting for more? What insatiable demon had she awoken within herself? She called the lobby and asked if they offered hotel massages. “You do? And this late?” They did. She jumped out of bed and peeled off her underwear and unclipped her bra before throwing on the white robe hanging in the bathroom. The Banos Hotel never offered massages, so Rebeca was unfamiliar with what would happen next. She imagined the masseuse would have her wear a towel while he worked. But what if she innocently got onto the massage table sans towel? Would the masseuse put one on her? Or would he massage her naked? Rebeca was quivering. Not a minute had passed before the knock came at the door. She left the top of her robe slightly open, revealing just a little cleavage. She opened the door and saw the same boy who brought up the room service. He looked awkward trying to carry the large folded up massage table. The real masseuse probably went home long ago. But this boy wouldn’t miss this chance for the world. He still needed some pants adjusting from their last encounter. This was too much. Rebeca was afraid she was crossing some boundary. He knew what she was up to. And she knew he knew. With her primal lust, what were the chances her shenanigans would devolve into sex? She didn’t know this boy and no matter how cute he was, she knew she’d regret it in the morning. Her embarrassment had reached a new height. She felt caught. Now was the time to retreat. “On second thought,” Rebeca said, “It’s really late. I’m sorry to have bothered you but I think I’m just going to go to bed now. Here,” she said holding out a tip. The boy shook his head. “That’s alright. Have a good night.” And he turned around and walked down the hall, Rebeca watching through the peephole. As soon as he was out of sight, she opened the door and crept out into the hall in nothing but her robe, still craving one final fix before going to bed. Let’s see this pool I’ve heard so much about, she thought to herself. The pool that stole so much business from Mr. Easom’s hotel. The pool closed at 9pm, but it was outdoors and the gate was unlocked. It was however, in the center outdoor garden, surrounded by the curving hotel. So many windows, some of them still lit, people who might look out and see a young woman swimming when she shouldn’t be and what more, wearing nothing at all. A flourish of euphoria exploded at the thought. Rebeca shook her head, finally accepting the reality; she was addicted to this new sensation. Where it would lead her life, she had no idea. It both frightened and excited her. She went through the gate and dropped the robe by the diving board. Rather than jump right in, she stood there, hands at her hips and took in all that was around her. She was tempted to reach down and begin another stroke session, but reason finally showed up and told her that getting caught masturbating could have much more severe consequences than getting caught simply swimming nude. It was nice to know there was still some reason left in her. Her dive was flawless. The water was cold, but the night was warm and as she glid through the clear water she felt refreshed. She came up, breaking the water with her mind and senses clear and sharper than she’d ever felt them before. This wasn’t just a passing phase, this was the new Rebeca. This was how she was supposed to be. A smile smacked Rebeca’s face exuberant. How fortunate that this change would come at such an opportune time. Her workplace would provide the perfect outlet for her subversions.

- END OF THE EXCERPT –

This was an excerpt from a new book by C.M. Noe-Flores called “The Nude Hotel“.