**The Bus Tour**

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On a recent trip to Europe, my husband and I checked into a small, boutique hotel, which was really cute and located right downtown in the old city. Basically, it was nothing more than a bed, a dresser and a bathroom, which was fine, because it is Europe and that is to be expected.  
  
We checked the room for towels, soap, etc. and made sure the view was acceptable. We were on the second floor right across from an old cathedral so it was nice and quiet. My husband had to do some work, made a telephone call and set up an appointment with some people he was working with. I decided to unpack, iron a few things and relax a bit.  
  
It took me a while to figure out how to setup the iron board, but finally did and decided to take a shower first. I was a little uncomfortable from the long flight and dragging around the airport and taxis. I finished my shower and dried off, which felt pretty good. I began to iron, which I had set in front of the door, as that was the only place in the room it would fit.  
  
I was ironing and suddenly the room became darker. I could not figure out what happened and thought the sun went in, but it seemed much darker than that. I turned around to look at the window and was stunned by what I saw. A double decker tour bus was parked right in front of my window. I grabbed what I was ironing and tried to cover myself, as best as I could and suddenly the bus moved on and the sunlight came back. I was trembling from the shock and was trying to understand what had happened. I went to the window, looked out and saw another tour bus loading passengers just next to the church. It appeared the tours originated there and the first stop was the old church across from my hotel.   
  
The prospect of what had happened excited me. I enjoy being viewed by strangers when I can pretend not to notice and went back and moved the ironing board slightly so I could stand behind it (between the board and the door) in anticipation of the next bus coming. That way the passengers would be able to see my upper body and it gave me an opportunity to glance at them and pretend not to be seen. Sure enough a minute later a bus came by but this one did not stop, but i did see a number of people staring in the window at me, as they went by.  
  
I looked out and saw another bus loading but I wasn't sure if they could actually see inside my room or if the window was tinted or not. I turned the hall light on above where I was ironing and waited for the next bus, it was only a few minutes and this one stopped. I glanced up casually without anyone seeing that I was looking and saw people staring and at least two men using their cameras. My husband called to say he would be out for a few hours and made arrangements to meet me for supper at a restaurant about half an hour away.  
  
I decided to get dressed and investigate the tour company and maybe take a sightseeing tour to see how much people saw when they looked into my room. I put the ironing board away, but left the light on. I decided to wear some really short white pants and a tight T-shirt as it was quite warm and I was feeling pretty amorous.  
  
I walked past the church to the tour company kiosk and discovered they do a dozen or so different tours all which leave from the same loading zone about 10 minutes apart. This takes place all day long, starting at 9 AM. I booked a city tour which could drop me off near the restaurant I was to meet hubby at. When the bus came I boarded and sat in the top on the side that would travel past my hotel and sure enough, we had no sooner left when we stopped at the church and I had a clear view of my entire room. My mind raced to the event earlier and I pictured what the tourists had seen. I was really turned on by the whole idea of being seen nude.  
  
I spent the rest of the day with my husband, but of course never told him what had happened. He explained how he would be busy the next morning and that evening I lay awake planning how I would spend the following morning.  
  
We woke at 7, dressed and went down for breakfast. He left and I went back upstairs, read a little and about 8:45 began to put my mischievous little plan into motion. I undressed and crawled back in bed. I sleep nude.  
  
I kicked the covers down around my waist and waited. Sure enough the first bus came by just after 9 and when it stopped I could see people staring in at me. For the next hour I continued doing the same thing each time a bus came by, but with each tourist view I became a little more promiscuous. I became so wet that I kicked my sheets all the way and started fondling myself. My rules for this naughty little game were that I could only move when there was a bus in front of my window. It made the time pass slowly, but extremely pleasurably.  
  
I became braver and began to masturbate and watched as passengers stared in disbelief and many took photos. I thought I saw the same man twice, but i think it was just self-flattery. The next bus brought me really close to orgasm and when it left I was very close to cumming. I laid there not daring to move because the slightest vibration would bring me off. The next bus came and stopped and for the first time I made direct eye contact with the passengers.  
  
I saw about 10 people and my eyes locked with those of a boy who appeared to be around 12-14 years of age. He stared in disbelief with his mouth open and I drove three fingers into me and came like a volcano. I literally shook so hard that i almost fell off the bed. It was one of the best orgasms I have ever had.  
  
When I finished I was still quite amorous. At home I normally cum two or three times in a row, but here I was so sore i didn't dare do it again. I did however decide to go for a swim in the hotel pool and put on my swim suit, wrapped a towel around me and off i went. The pool was on the 8th floor and the water was quite refreshing. There was only one family there and the husband, I think he was Italian or Spanish couldn't get his eyes of me. So I made sure he could see lots, without of course taking my suit off.   
  
They eventually left and I did as well but decided to stop on each floor and pretend my room was there. If there were people visible it would give me the opportunity to walk along the hall, wait a minute or two and make sure they had a full view of my body in my tiny, white, two-piece. I spent about an hour doing that. Everyone I encountered stared at me. Men smiled, boys gaped and most women gave me a nasty look.  
  
One time, after about an hour of parading through the hotel two boys came out of their room on the 3rd floor and were wearing swimming trunks. They were American by the accent and when they pushed the elevator button I quietly joined them and went to the pool as well. They kept staring at me from behind not realizing there was a mirror in the elevator and that I could see them. They were eying me up and down, checking out my butt and laughing to each other. One even tried to look at my boobs from the side.   
  
At the pool I sat on a chaise lounge beside a big window to catch the sun rays and the boys were playing in the water. No one else was there so I decided to go topless. When they came out of the water and saw me they couldn't get enough of the view. Finally they left and I made sure no one else was there as I slid my hand into my panties and fingered myself to another great orgasm.  
  
I put my top back on and took the elevator to the second floor. My room was about ten doors down and I decided to try something. I took my top off and walked down the corridor with my breasts swaying freely, but no one came by.  
  
I stepped into my room, closed the door and took my bottoms off. Just then another bus came by and I pretended to be shocked, trying to cover myself. I was running late but decided one more orgasm would be necessary. I lay on the bed but came before the next bus arrived I experienced another great climax.  
  
I dressed, met my husband and enjoyed the rest of my stay. I could not shake the morning's events from my mind. Simply amazing.