Vacation Trouble

by Dawn

Sun Mar 29, 2009 03:02

99.238.232.242

Wow, it’s been quite a while since I’ve been in the mood to do any writing at all, which is unusual since I tend to spend a lot of my free time writing. What’s even more odd is that the first thing I’ve decided to spend time on is amusing random strangers with my own humiliating experiences, of course, that’s probably because my sis has been bugging me to write this particular experience out.

For anyone who’s read either of my previous posts, thanks for being interested enough to read another one, for those who haven’t, I hope you’ll be suitable entertained and go back and take a look at them. For those who don’t know, I am one half of a pair of identical twin girls, currently eighteen years old, though turning nineteen soon, just four foot nine, with black hair and blue eyes.

Just last month, that is, February of 2009, my family, consisting of my parents, sister and myself, went on vacation to the U.S. As part of that vacation, we ended up staying at a fairly fancy resort hotel which consisted of a number of motel style buildings, that is, multi story buildings with balcony like hallways and doors that opened right in to the outside. Sorry, I can’t explain it very well, but hopefully it’ll become more clear as I go on.

Anyway, due to a minor mix-up in the reservations, the two rooms we rented, one for our parents and one for my sister and me, ended up being in different buildings entirely. Of course, being that my sister and I consider ourselves quite mature, we convinced our parents that the locations of the rooms didn’t really matter, since we’d only really be spending the nights there anyway, and they eventually agreed.

The first two days of the trip were uneventful, or at least, uneventful in that nothing happened that anyone on the site would be particularly interested in, but that changed on the night of the third day there.

Having returned from our day of activities, my sister and I were sitting in our room, watching TV and talking about the days events, you know, just sort of relaxing. Though it was a little after midnight, we had just returned from a quick swim in one of the resorts pools, and neither one of us had bothered to change out of our swimsuits since we weren’t really tired yet, despite having had a busy day.

After a while of lounging around, I decided I wanted something from the snack machine, which was located near the elevator on the floor below us, and I asked my sister if she wanted anything. I remember she gave me a bit of a funny look and asked if I was just going to wander around in my bathing suit. I didn’t really see any problem with it, and told her so, but before I could leave, she got a look on her face that I’ve learned to both dread, because it usually means trouble, and anticipate, because that trouble is usually pretty fun.

To make a long story short, she basically said that if I was willing to walk to the snack machine in a swimsuit, I shouldn’t have a problem doing it in nothing but my bra and panties. As some of you might have figured out by now, I have a bad habit, in that I rarely, if ever, turn down any kind of challenge presented by my sister.

Obviously, I accepted her challenge, taking off my swimsuit and changing into a matching pair of panties and a bra, grabbing the money for the machine and the cardkey that would open the door when I got back, and stepped out into the open air.

When that door closed behind me, I almost panicked and ran back inside, as I said before, the building is totally open, like each floor in a big, long balcony, and the hallways were well lit, so anyone standing outside and looking in my direction could have seen me. Of course, we were also on the third floor, and it was after midnight, so it was unlikely that anyone would be looking, and even if they were, from a distance, my attire wouldn’t have looked any different from a swimsuit.

With a deep breath, I turned and started down the hallway towards the elevators. I had to pass about a dozen other rooms, each with outwards facing windows, but fortunately, most of them were dark, and even the lit ones had the drapes closed.

The trip to the elevator seemed like it took forever, but it was really only a couple of seconds, and without a second thought I pushed the button for the elevator, stepped inside and told it to go down a floor. It was only when the elevator started moving that I suddenly realized that I’d locked myself in a small box with only one exit, and that if anyone happened to be waiting for the elevator when I got off, they were definitely going to see me in my underwear, and from up close, they didn’t look anything like a bikini.

Holding my breath, I couldn’t really do anything but wait for the doors to open, revealing, to my great relief, an empty hallway. Swearing I would take the stairs back up, I slipped out of the elevator and into the small side room that contained the vending machines.

As stupid as it sounds in hindsight, I actually stood there for a few minutes, trying to figure out what I wanted, having completely forgotten my current state of dress. I was so focused in fact, that I totally missed the sound of footsteps approaching until they were literally right next to the room I was in, and I turned my head just in time to see a man walk past the opening.

I think my heart actually stopped for a moment, because he glanced into the room as he went past, but to my great relief, he didn’t stop, in fact, he didn’t pay me any mind at all, save for the glance, and a moment later I heard a door open and close up the hall. All I can think in hindsight, is that he either didn’t see me at all, or he didn’t realize I wasn’t wearing anything but my underwear, because I can’t think that he wouldn’t have had at least some reaction otherwise.

No longer really caring what I was getting, I put my money in the machine, pushed the buttons for the first snack that caught my eye, grabbed it and headed back up. This time, I ignored the elevator completely and took the stairs, then hurried back up the hall and practically ran back into our room.

Upon returning, I gave my sister the details of my trip, and giddy from my success, she decided to make her own excursion to the snack machine, however, she decided that instead of wearing her underwear, she was going to instead wear nothing but the light t-shirt she usually wore to sleep. At first, that might make it seem that she was covering up more than I had been, but her nightshirt was an old one, threadbare in a lot of places, entire holes in others and not really large enough for her, by which I mean that when she was standing, it just barely covered her.

I can only really give second hand details of her trip, since I stayed in the room and waited for her, but her trip was less eventful than my own, and when she returned a few minutes later, she told me that she hadn’t seen any hint of anyone at all, though she had been smart enough not to use the elevator.

If that had been the end of the nights adventures, I probably wouldn’t have bothered writing anything about it, but that wasn’t the end at all. About twenty minutes after she had returned from her trip to the machine, my sister suddenly stood up and said that we should make one more run.

With a devilish smile, she told me that we were going right down to the first floor to get drinks from the pop machine down there. I asked her why we didn’t just use the ones on our floor, and she replied that it wouldn’t be nearly enough of a challenge, because this time, we were going to make the trip naked.

I’ll admit, normally, I probably would have been very reluctant, but I’d gotten a bit of an adrenalin rush from the last trip, and after only a moment’s thought, agreed to go along.

We decided that we were going to go completely nude for this run, meaning that we’d leave anything that could be constituted clothing behind, even our socks and shoes, which we’d worn for the last two runs. That being the case, we quickly realized that we had nowhere to store either the money for the machine or the key card for the room, so we ended up deciding that one of us would carry the money and the other would carry the key, leaving the second key in the room.

My sister is insistent that I point out that when I say we left everything behind, I really mean it, jewellery, hair ties, her watch, even my anklet, we had literally nothing with us except the money and the key.

Anyway, having stripped down and left our things behind, we stepped out of the room and into the hallway. This time, when the door closed behind me, I was much more calm than I had been the last time, whether that was just because I had already done it before or if it was because I was still riding an adrenaline rush, I couldn’t say.

We only stood there for a few seconds of course, before starting out. We moved a lot slower this time than I had on the first trip, both because we were being more cautious, and because the cement floor beneath our feet was colder than we had expected, considering how warm the air was.

The trip to the elevator hall was pretty well uneventful, though we did have a minor scare when the lights of one of the rooms turned off suddenly as we were walking past it. In any event, we made it to the hall safely, and started descending the stairs, pausing at every landing to listen for signs of people, but not hearing anything of note.

We reached the bottom floor, though of course, it took much longer than it normally would have, and stepped out into the elevator hall, when I was confronted by something I had completely forgotten about, and so, it seems, had my sister. On the other floors, the snack and drink machines were located in small, out of the way alcoves, out of sight of everything, but here on the bottom floor, they were located right out in the open, clearly visible from just about everywhere.

They were located directly across from the elevators, in the large open passageway that was the, well, lobby is the best word I can think of, a big room that was open on one side so that you could either walk out to the pool or past it to the main building. To make matters worse, we could see people still in the pool area from where we were standing, meaning that they might be able to see us if we went out into the open, though because of the distance, we couldn’t be sure they would actually see anything.

We probably stood there for two or three minutes, trying to decide what to do, when my sister suddenly grabbed my hand and led me out into the open. I expected a cry of discovery at any moment, and my heart was beating so fast that I’m honestly surprised that it didn’t either burst out of my chest or wake everyone in the building.

My sis looked as terrified as I felt, but she didn’t back down, leading me right to the machine and stopping, both of us now standing right under a light, and pointed to the drink she wanted. Remembering only then that I was carrying the money in my other hand, I started to feed it in. Of course, the money simply refused to stay inside, the first two coins I dropped inside fell right through to the coin slot, and I had to bend over to pick them up, forgetting, for the moment, what a view that might have given someone if the elevator had opened.

Finally, after numerous attempts, dropped coins and muttered curses, I finally managed to get the machine to give up the first drink, then realized that I was going to have to do it all over again. I made the mistake of looking over at the pool, where the people had been before, and finding that I couldn’t see any of them from where I was standing, which only made my nervous terror even worse.

I really have no memory of getting the second drink, save that I kept shooting looks up the hallway, and picked the first drink I saw when the last coin fell into place.

Clutching our drinks close, we moved away from the machine and I started back towards the stairway, only to have my sister grab my hand and instead lead me to the elevators. I was so terrified at this point that I didn’t even object as she pushed the button, causing one of the elevators to open, and pulled me inside.

If anything, that fifteen second elevator ride was even more terrifying than the time in front of the vending machine, and even worse was the fact that my sister positioned us directly in front of the doors as they opened.

It was to my everlasting relief that the hallway was empty when the doors opened, and the two of us hurried back up the hallway to our room, practically running. That was to be a fatal mistake.

As we reached the door to our room, my sister tried to stop, only to slip, her feet, flying out from under her and dropping her on her butt. That would have merely been a somewhat humorous end to our adventure, had she not lost her grip on the key as she fell.

I can clearly remember watching with a sort of detached horror as the key slid across the floor, and, without so much as slowing down, shot under the safety railing of the floor and out into open air.

I quickly lost sight of it as it fell, and sank to my knees, horrified.

We sat there in total shock for what felt like an eternity, my sister half on her back, legs out in front of her as she had landed, me on my knees, gazing out into the darkness.

I couldn’t tell you how long we stayed like that, but when we regained our senses, we quickly tried the door to our room, unsurprised to find that it was, indeed, locked tight, and that without a key, we weren’t going to have any way back inside.

I won’t bore anyone with the details of the conversation we had, but we basically decided that we only had two choices, we either had to try and find the key, or we had to go to the front desk, located in an entirely different building on the far side of the resort, present ourselves naked to whoever was manning the desk, and hope to get a replacement key.

Obviously, we decided to go look for the key.

Fortunately for us, the area below was fairly well lit, and by leaning out over the railing and searching for a few moments, we were able to spot the key from above, having traveled quite some distance to land just off the path in one of the small rest areas. It was only after we located the key below that we realized we’d spent over a minute half leaning over the railings, clearly in sight if anyone had happened to step out of one of the rooms. Clearly, losing the key had unnerved us enough that we weren’t being as careful as we should have been, fortunately, no one seems to have seen us.

Having figured out where we had to go, we turned and started back to the stairs. Despite the fact that we had now made the trip twice, going back down the stairs was nerve wracking, perhaps because we now had no safe place to return to. Before, if we’d gotten nervous, been spotted or decided that maybe it wasn’t such a good idea after all, we could have easily turned around and gone back to our room, but now, we were locked out without the key, and there was no getting back in unless we managed to find it.

In any event, the trip back to the ground was uneventful; we descended the stairs without so much as hearing anyone in the floors we passed. Upon reaching the ground, we could see that the people we had seen in the pool before were gone, which was fortunate as the key had fallen somewhere on that side.

After a quick discussion, we decided that it would be better to stay together rather than splitting up, and after a few long moments to steady out nerves, we left the relative safety of the stairwell and moved out into the courtyard.

The courtyard itself was shared between three buildings, ours at one end, with one to either side, and an open area that led to the rest of the resort at the far end, with the pool in the very centre. The area was fairly large, with hedges that were about shoulder height on my sister and me lining cobblestone paths that led to each of the buildings, to small rest areas and, of course, to the pool and the main building beyond.

S

vacation trouble 2

Sun Mar 29, 2009 03:04

99.238.232.242

Since we knew where the key had landed, we quickly, but carefully, moved to the edge of the pool area, gazing out over the open space for a few moments until we were sure it was clear, then starting across the deck.

I don’t think we took more than two or three steps before we heard the sound of a bell behind us, signalling that the elevator had just arrived in the lobby area of our building. My sister was clearly more alert than I was, because she grabbed my hand and all but threw me into the pool, jumping in behind me.

Of course, our luck being what it was, it was the shallow end of the pool we found ourselves in, barely waist deep on us when we stood, so we had to sit down, with only our head and shoulders out of the water, and watch helplessly as a man and a woman emerged from the elevator and began walking towards the pool.

I’m not sure I breathed the entire time they approached, talking between themselves, while we knelt there, hidden from them only by a short wall and a bit of water. They approached to within a few feet of us, the woman glancing at us a moment, but paying us no further mind, then walked past.

Not moving was the hardest thing I had ever done. As long as they had been walking towards us, the wall of the pool had concealed us mostly from their sight, but now that they were past us, the only thing between us was a thin layer of water. It was then that my heart almost stopped, as the man half turned around to look back at us.

I can’t begin to guess what he saw, maybe the lights above us made the pool’s surface reflective and he didn’t see anything, or maybe the water was totally transparent and he saw everything, all I know for sure is that he looked straight at us for a few seconds, smiled, nodded his head to us, and then turned forward and continued walking.

Once they were out of sight, we were able to get out of the pool and continue on our way to where we’d seen the key. From the pool, it took us only a few moments to reach the rest area, basically just a semi-private area with benches and a garbage can with ashtrays on it, and to our great relief, a card key lying in the dirt at the side of the path. We quickly ran forward and grabbed it, then turned back and started heading for our room again.

We were about halfway down the path when we suddenly heard the sound of a voice ahead of us. We quickly turned and started back the way we had come, moving as fast as we could in a running crouch. We had just made it back to the rest area when I slipped, falling into the dirt at the side of the path.

Quickly grabbing my hand, my sister helped me back to my feet and we started to move again, though at a glance, it was immediately obvious that the path out of the other side of the rest area was totally straight, and there was no way we would reach the end of it before the people behind us caught up.

Neither of us can quite remember what we were thinking at that point, but we moved together, towards the only cover in the area, a large iron bench just off the path. Of course, once we got there we realized that the space between the back of the bench and the hedges behind it was almost non-existent, barely large enough for a single person. Again, we didn’t have to discuss what to do, we simply slipped behind it as best we could, me laying on my back and my sister lying half on top of me.

Of course, once we were back there we realized how bad of a hiding spot it was, but we were stuck, because only a few moments later, the group came into the rest area. There were four of them in all, three men and a woman, and we could see them fairly clearly from where we hid since the rest area was well lit.

I think my heart almost stopped when they entered the clearing and moved right towards us, I thought for certain that they were going to catch us, only to have one of the men and the woman sit on the very bench we were hiding behind, and the other two men to stop in front of it. For a long moment, I had no idea what they were doing, and then we began to hear the unmistakable sound of lighters being struck. They had stopped for cigarettes.

For the next several minutes, we lay there, utterly terrified of being caught, soaked with pool water, lying in the cold dirt, trying our best not to make even the slightest noise, and, of course, my traitorous body chose that moment to inform me that I had to pee.

In hindsight of course, it’s kind of funny, and I know perfectly well that it was just my body reacting to the stress, but I won’t pretend for a moment that it wasn’t the hardest thing I’ve done in a long time to lay perfectly still, while these people, only a few inches away, were smoking and talking, totally unaware that we were trapped there, naked, cold, and scared.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, they finally finished their cigarettes and moved off the way they had come. We still didn’t move however, until long after they had gone, and when we finally did get up, we found ourselves coated in the dirt we had been laying in, which was quickly turning into hardened mud.

With the key now in hand and both of us quite ready to put the night behind us, we started back up the trail, moving, in fact, in the same direction the smokers had left in, though moving slowly and carefully so as not to risk catching up to them.

It was to our great relief that the trip back was mostly uneventful, we reached the building itself without incident, and got up to our floor without any sign of people. We did spot someone when we reached our floor, a boy of about fifteen or so, walking away from us down the hall, but he never turned, and so missed out on seeing us.

Despite everything, we were amused upon returning to our door to find that our drinks, which we had left next to the door, were untouched, and grabbing them, we quickly returned to the safety of the room.

Once inside the room, we just collapsed to the floor, terrified and exhilarated all at once. What had started out as, for us at least, a fairly routine dare, had become something much more, and neither of us was quite sure what to think of it. Once we finished calming down however, we were giddy, and, only half jokingly, my sister commented that we should go back out to the snack machine for more treats.

Needless to say, we both needed a long, hot shower to get rid of all the dirt and debris that we had collected in our trip, my hair, to say the least, took forever to get clean.

The rest of our vacation passed relatively uneventfully, though I did lose my bikini on a waterslide a few days later, much to my embarrassment, and we went out for midnight snacks a few more times, though never with such interesting outcomes.

Well, that’s it for this one, we’ve been home for about a month now, and while I originally intended to write this right after we got back, I just sort of kept putting it off, and, as usual, my sister needed to goad me into continuing to write, in fact, she’s been sitting here watching me write and offering ‘helpful’ suggestions as to things to add.

Anyway, I’ll try not to procrastinate so long before I put up something else, but I can’t really make any promises, between schoolwork, practice and my part time job, I tend not to get much time to write, and turning my diary scribbles into something interesting takes time and effort, something I don’t always have.

Sigh, I’ve been informed I’m rambling again, so I’ll cut myself off here. As usual, questions or comments are both welcome and encouraged, and maybe I’ll even get off my butt, follow my own advice and actually comment on some of the other posts on the board.

Anyway, that’s it, hope you enjoyed it. Love.