

There's something about traveling far from home that always makes me a little more outgoing. Sometimes I think it's because the chances are slim of ever running into the people who witness my most outrageous acts, and that's definitely a part of it, but I think the real reason our trips make me so bold is that I love sharing that secret side of me with a whole new audience.

I feel like a rock star on a world tour, playing for a new crowd each night, the set list never getting old because there's always new ears to take in what could easily be considered the same old sounds. But instead of rocking out onstage with an electric guitar, I can be found fucking my brains out on my own makeshift stage, giving my audience a better show than any rock band could.

It all started when I was in college and my friends and I would travel all over the country on spring break. Our first trip was to San Francisco, and while most of my group was touring Alcatraz or hanging out at Fisherman's Wharf, I was busy in the hotel room with my boyfriend. It wasn't until halfway through our ten-day trip that Emmett and I finally ventured farther from the hotel than the diner around the corner, and being outside the room was driving me crazy. All I wanted to do was climb back into bed with him and go back to our much more private activities. Our friends wouldn't stand for it, though, and I was forced to endure hours of "fun" as we toured the city.

Late in the afternoon, a group of us decided to make the trek to the Golden Gate Bridge, and, I must admit, I was looking forward to seeing the architectural marvel up close. I'd watched so many documentaries about its construction with my dad that I was willing to sacrifice my alone time with Emmett in order to test its strength and take a few photos for the old man.

The bridge at sunset was gorgeous—and arousing. By the time we were ready to start walking back to our hotel, I was feeling incredibly horny. Emmett seemed to be feeling the same urges I was, constantly pulling me closer to him and kissing me over and over again, even though he hated public displays of affection. The more he kissed me and touched me, the hotter it made me, and by the time we were halfway down the hill from the bridge, I was ready to jump Emmett.

We were on the same page again, and when we passed a deserted picnic table in a fairly overgrown area, we slowed to the back of our group, pretending to be admiring the bridge from afar. When everyone had passed us, we raced over to the abandoned table and I sat down on the warped wooden tabletop before pulling Emmett down with me. It took us only a few moments to undo zippers and buttons and tug open shirts and pants just enough to reach inside, and then we were fucking frantically, our usually casual lovemaking thrown out the window in our quest for instant gratification. It was awkward and hurried, but fantastic all the same, and the prospect of being caught at any moment had my heart beating wildly—in the best way possible.

It was over almost as soon as it began, but it sparked an entirely new desire in me. From that moment on, I wanted to search out the riskiest locations for encounters with Emmett, and the boyfriends that followed. Something about being out in the open and having strangers “catch me” in the middle of such a private moment made my heart race and my pussy tingle. Bathrooms to bar rooms, kitchens to conference rooms, I dragged dates to every single public place I could think of that would allow for private—but incredibly risky—moments of coupling.

I wasn't nearly as daring as I thought, however, and aside from someone overhearing us in a bathroom and turning around to leave, or a friend walking in on us and then bolting, I never seemed to get caught. Which was, for the most part, all right with me. Until I met Felix.

Felix and I were introduced by mutual friends and we hit it off immediately. We had similar values and morals, the same sense of humor and the kinds of busy schedules that made it hard to date. When we discovered that we had an equally intense sexual chemistry, we knew we were it for each other.

Felix loves to show off, whether it's winning at board games, impressing the boss during a meeting or fucking for an audience, letting the world know of his sexual prowess. When we first met, he was far more adventurous than I was, and whenever he'd pull me aside for a secret rendezvous, we'd always get caught. While I opted for spaces with doors and a semblance of privacy, like restrooms or dark, hidden alleyways behind even darker bars, Felix preferred much more open spaces, like in a hotel pool with others swimming nearby, crowded airplanes—and I don't mean in the bathrooms—or under the bleachers during one of his summer softball games. And we always had witnesses, usually several at a time, from fellow passengers, flight attendants, and vacationing businessmen to our coworkers and friends—who probably witnessed our escapades more times than they'd like.

When we got married, I was determined to show him that I could be as out-there as he was, and I begged him to let me plan the last weekend of our honeymoon in Germany. He'd already planned most of the three-week trip already, but he was happy to hand me the reins when it came to planning our time in Berlin.

I already knew exactly where we'd be staying and what we'd be doing—and it had nothing to do with the city's many tourist stops. In preparation for our trip, I'd been watching the Travel Channel nonstop, making sure not to miss a single program if it mentioned Germany. During one of my marathon viewing sessions, I came across a show called *Passport to Europe*, and I just so happened to catch it on the day the host was visiting Berlin. The city, which I'd never been to before, was beautiful, but it wasn't the historic or tourist sites that caught my attention. What really drew me in was the hotel they featured.

Located in the heart of Berlin, the Velvet Hotel was a modern luxury hotel that had every amenity I could hope for. The restaurant was classy, the service seemed to be top-notch, the price was right and the rooms were gorgeous. It was also an exhibitionist's dream come true. The outside wall of each room was a giant window, the width and height of the room, and gave a great view of the city—and gave the city a great view of the rooms. While the host prattled on about admiring the city at night, all I could think about was having the people of Berlin admiring Felix and I.

For weeks leading up to our wedding and honeymoon, I found myself constantly daydreaming about our weekend in the Velvet Hotel. I imagined all the things we could do and how many people would be watching us. I envisioned the crowd that would appear while we made love, our bed right next to the window. Or maybe Felix would take me from behind, fucking me hard while my breasts pressed up against the cool glass of the window. I'd get so lost in my fantasies that I'd end up getting horny while reading travel books or watching the dozens of Travel Channel programs I'd saved on our DVR. I constantly masturbated, my fingers idly playing with my pussy as I worked on planning

our trip. Other times, I'd sit down at the computer with my vibrator and let it buzz deep inside my aching cunt while I looked at the hotel's Web site, the exterior photos exciting me more than any of the real porn my husband liked to bring home. I'd never been so turned on in my life, and it was all over a silly hotel. It excited me so much that I was in a constant state of arousal, and I feared my fiancé would grow suspicious. Luckily, Felix never found out about my travel porn, and I was able to keep secret our planned rendezvous at the Velvet Hotel—though I did have to replace a few overused travel guides, their tattered predecessors hidden in the bedside drawer where I kept my vibrators and lubes.

When our wedding—and subsequent honeymoon—finally rolled around, I was more than ready to take off with my new husband. I still had to wait a few weeks to get to Berlin, though, and I wasn't sure I could keep the secret much longer.

After weeks of fantasizing, however, we arrived in Berlin. Our first stop was, of course, our hotel, and when we were standing in front of the grand building, my husband couldn't stop staring up at the hundreds of windows—and neither could any of the passersby on the street. Not a single person walked past without glancing up at the elaborate glass hotel, and my heart started racing as I imagined them looking up at those same windows once Felix and I were inside. What would they see? Would they stop and stare, or pretend they were unaffected and keep walking? I could feel my pussy tingling with each thought, and I knew I had to get my husband inside immediately and put my plan into action or I'd come right there on the sidewalk.

Felix was too surprised—too turned on, really—to help with the check-in, but the second I tipped the bellman and closed the door to our room, he was right there, pulling me into his arms and kissing me wildly. It appeared he was pleased.

“What is this place?” he asked, his breathing ragged and his eyes shining with lust.

“A hotel,” I replied, doing my best to keep a straight face.

“You know what, never mind. I don’t care,” he said, and then he was pulling me to him again, attacking my mouth with his own.

His kisses were hungry and demanding, and when his tongue begged permission to enter my mouth, I eagerly allowed it, my own tongue darting forward to welcome him. From the corner of my eye I could see the light pouring into our third-floor room through the window and it excited me even more. I became more aggressive, pulling Felix tight against my body and hooking a leg around his waist. I could feel his arousal through his pants, and I knew I had to get us over to the window before we wasted perfectly good sex on a private room.

Dropping my leg from his waist, I started leading my husband away from the door and closer to the window. When we reached the bed, he broke our lip-lock momentarily and started to turn toward the bed, but even though I knew the bed was, for the most part, visible from the street, I wanted to be right up against the glass. The thought of fucking him against the smooth surface, of being completely on display, had been making me wet for weeks on end and I wasn’t going to settle for anything less now that we were finally in my dream hotel.

When we were standing right in front of the wall of glass, I held Felix's hand tightly and turned to stare out the window for a moment. The city really was beautiful, and I could see why people—even those who aren't exhibitionists—wanted to stay at the Velvet Hotel. Of course, when I looked down and saw dozens of people on the street in front of our hotel, all of them pausing to look up into the windows when they passed the spectacular building, I remembered why *I* wanted to stay there, too.

Turning back to my husband, I said, "We're a bit overdressed for this afternoon's activities," and Felix immediately jumped into action and began tugging at my shirt and his pants, unsure of who to undress first. I laughed briefly at his excitement and then got to work helping him, unbuttoning his shirt and undoing his belt while he tried to remove my own clothing as quickly as possible.

As shirts were torn off, I felt my pulse speed up a bit. When pants and shoes were kicked away a moment later and lips joined in a hot kiss, I felt my pussy start to throb, moisture already leaking out into my thong. And when panties and boxers were tossed aside and we were both left standing naked in the window, I came. I had yet to touch or be touched, and while our kiss was passionate, it wasn't quite that heated. No, the thought of all those tourists looking up and seeing me naked in the window, my husband standing in front of me, his cock erect, well, the thought had been too much for me. It set me off, making me moan in pleasure while my juices flooded my pussy in anticipation of the next step.

Felix made the next move, and before I could look away from the glass, he'd pushed me up against it. My breasts were flattened against the cool, smooth surface, and when I looked down, I could see several people looking back up at me—or at least I told

myself they were all looking at me; it was hard to tell which window had captured their attention, and I was a bit distracted. I sighed as I stared down at them, and then Felix was pressing his body against mine, his stiff dick nestling between my ass cheeks as he kissed my neck and ran his hands up and down my body, eventually wrapping his arms around me and letting his hands wander down toward my pussy. When a finger brushed my wet pussy lips, I moaned and pressed my forehead against the window, my eyes closed tight. When I opened them, however, there were still people staring up at me. And this time I was sure it was me they were watching, because the handful of people from a minute earlier were still there and were now joined by others, some of them pointing up at the window.

“They’re watching us,” I breathlessly told Felix, and he mumbled something in my ear that sounded a lot like, “No, they’re watching you,” though his voice was so rough with passion that it was hard to make out his exact words.

Part of me wanted to drag out the experience, make it last as long as possible, tease the audience, Felix, myself, but a bigger part was so turned on by the scene we were creating that I wanted to dive right in. We had three more days for slow and sensual, after all, and I needed Felix to fuck me right that minute or else I’d go crazy with desire.

Reaching back, I grabbed his cock and stroked it several times, letting him know what I wanted without saying a word. He responded quickly, pulling my hips back from the window and positioning me so that I could still look out the window while he took me from behind. I’m pretty sure he wanted to gaze at our audience, too, and I couldn’t blame him. The thought of dozens of strangers watching while he had his way with me created the most natural high, and I couldn’t deny my husband the same pleasure.

With one swift, strong thrust, he entered me, pushing my chest even harder against the window. My moans were creating fog on the glass and my sweaty breasts were leaving their marks as well, but for me it all added to the show we were putting on, made our actions more real for the curious onlookers, not like we were some sanitized porn stars or worse, faking it.

Almost immediately, Felix started pumping in and out of my soaked pussy. For the first few strokes, I was too busy watching the people on the street below to pay attention to what I was feeling, but when he started moving faster, his flesh slapping against my own, I got lost in the sensations he was creating, the tingles traveling from my pussy to the rest of my body. I almost forgot about our growing audience. Almost, but not completely. The entire time Felix was pounding my pussy—expertly, I might add—at least a small part of my mind was focused on the people on the street who were watching us. I wondered what they were thinking and who they thought we were. I wished for the ability to read minds so that I could find out who down there was turned on by us, who was embarrassed to be watching, who wanted it to be them up in our room, fucking for all to see.

My imagination was running wild again, like it had when I'd been planning our stay, but now it was even more graphic because I had so many visuals to work with. I was no longer imagining only Felix and I making love with some faceless stick figures watching us. Now I knew what our audience looked like, and I began envisioning them cheering for us, clapping wildly when we came. I even imagined a few of them trading places with us, them up in the room making love for all to see while Felix and I stood down below, staring up at them with lust in our eyes.

The feelings were becoming too intense for me—and my husband, too, who was grunting and moaning loudly, the way he does just before he comes.

“I’m going to come!” I cried out, my pussy spasming wildly as soon as the words left my mouth. I writhed against the glass, smearing sweat all over the otherwise crystal-clear window. It was the most intense orgasm I’d ever experienced, and all I wanted to do afterward was collapse in bed with Felix and relive our show in my dreams. But when he announced his own release a moment later, I knew there was one last thing I had to do before I could rest.

As I felt my husband’s dick begin to twitch between my legs, I shifted slightly, his cock popping free of my pussy. Then I grabbed it with my right hand and began jerking him off, not stopping until he’d exploded, shooting all over the pristine glass. The sight set me off again, and after one more intense climax, I dragged Felix over to the bed and we fell onto it in a sweaty heap.

I know we’re not the first couple to have sex in a hotel window, and we won’t be the last, but I like to think we did it best. At least until we find a way to top our stay at the Velvet Hotel.