

Ciara Jones

The
Con
Pt. 1

An Embarrassed Naked
Female Story

The Con, Part 1.

“You’re too shy, Mei,” said Clara, poking Mei in the sides.

Mei kept her arms pressed over her bare breasts. She giggled.

“Stop it. *Stop it!* Clara, seriously.”

“Come on, just one quick peek. You’ve seen my boobs before.”

Clara pulled Mei close and went behind her, pressing her hips into Clara’s swimsuit-clad butt. She started fake-humping Mei, making jokey moans of pleasure. Mei could see them both in the mirror in front of her. It was a silly sight. She couldn’t stop smiling.

“Come on, quit it. Clara. Respect my boundaries.”

“What boundaries?” said Clara, grabbing Mei’s arms and lifting them.

She didn’t expend much force, but Mei was unprepared for the sudden movement. Her arms went up and her breasts fell free, two round, well-formed, not-huge-but-not-small tits jiggling upon her chest. Mei squealed and pulled her arms back down. Clara let her go.

“God, you’re so fucking perky. I would kill to have tits like those.”

“Yours are bigger,” said Mei, still giggling. She grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her chest.

“Fuck that. Future lower back problems, that’s all they’re good for.” Clara leaned forward and pulled down her shirt front, revealing an impressive amount of cleavage. She squeezed her boobs together to make it even more pronounced.

“You’re so beautiful, Clara.”

“So are you, you adorable little won ton.”

“Racist.”

“Shoot me.”

Now that her modesty had been officially violated, Mei took a little less care keeping herself covered as she examined herself in the mirror. The chlorine from the pool hadn't hurt her hair dye, a beautiful shade of shiny jet black that she'd feared would turn purple. She'd reapplied some makeup before Clara had rudely shoved her way into the bathroom, this exotic style of eyeliner in that winged pattern that Clara had taught her, and just a touch of foundation to keep her skin tone smooth. She was wearing her best blue swimming bottoms with the lacy ties on both hips. The bikini top was drying on the shower curtain rod. She let the towel slip a little to steal another glance at her breasts. Not-huge-but-not-small, not a bad size for an Asian girl. Mei's nipples were poking out a little bit.

Then Clara smacked her ass and Mei started to regret leaving the door unlocked.

“Come on, ho. We got a rave to get to.”

“Not yet. I'm still touching up.”

“You look glorious. You look like an angel. Let's go. I want to grind on strange men.”

“You can go ahead, I'll catch up.”

“*Nooo*. I want you hanging off my arm when I get in there. You're my wingman.”

Clara had been calling her “wingman” for the entire convention. It made sense on Friday when they were dressed like winged fairies, but today they'd worn a steampunk ensemble and the pun was wearing thin.

“You know, I might dip in the pool again.”

“We *literally* just did that.”

“Yeah but, you know...”

“What? You think your *boyfriend* will be there?”

“I plead the fifth.”

Clara was so perceptive about this stuff it was scary. Brian had been hanging out with his group for most the con, they'd only seen him twice all day. But he'd mentioned something about wanting to hit the pool later that night so that's where Mei tried to steer herself. He'd been a no show, but Mei was still holding out hope for an “accidental” encounter... hopefully while she was still dolled up, in her best bikini, and not too sweaty.

“I. Want. To. *Dance.*” said Clara. She stared directly into Mei's eyes.

“You're more than welcome.”

“Ugh. You're no fun. We can swim anytime. Conventions are about the *par-TAY!!*”

“I want to party, Clare-bear. I just need to get this out of my system first.”

“*UGH!* Fine! You want to swim again? Let's swim. Again.”

She stomped out of the bathroom and let the door close behind her. Mei shook her head in the mirror and applied the last of her eye liner. Perfect wings. If Brian wasn't there, she'd stab him.

Then Mei heard the door close. The hotel room door. To the hall outside. Clara had left her.

Guilt welled up suddenly in Mei. She didn't actually want Clara to go to the rave alone, she just wanted her one good shot with Brian first. Mei stepped out of the bathroom and scanned the hotel room. Nope. No Clara. Just odds and ends of costumes on the two beds, a few bottles of booze on the table, half-eaten room service on a tray by the balcony. Mei turned towards the front door and paused. She wrapped the towel more tightly around herself, covering even her bikini bottoms. It would look a bit goofy, but no one was likely to be in the hall anyway. She just needed to poke her head out.

She opened the door and peeked outside.

“Clara?” she said.

She looked to the left. No one. She looked to the right. Nothing. Clara had left her there. Fuck.

And then two hands pushed her roughly at the small of her back. Suddenly, she was out in the hall, barefoot, in only a towel, some bikini bottoms, and some nice makeup. Clara followed swiftly behind her, letting the door shut behind them both.

“You ready to go?” she said excitedly.

“What? *What? Clara!!*”

“Come on, let's get raving!”

Clara grabbed Mei's arm and wrapped it around hers, dragging her along as she walked down the hall. Mei struggled to keep the towel on.

“Clara. *Clara, no!*”

“What?”

“Clara, I'm not going like this!”

“Like what?”

“I’m *naked!*”

“No you’re *not.*”

With her free hand, Clara grabbed Mei’s towel and pulled. Once again, Mei found herself unprepared to defend herself. The towel almost totally came off her body, leaving her bottoms exposed. Mei managed to snatch the corner and hold it before her breasts were totally revealed.

“Now you’re closer.”

“You *bitch!*”

Mei pulled away roughly from Clara, who released her arm but held onto the towel. A short of tug of war ensued as Mei desperately tried to cover herself. They were still the only people in the hallway, but that didn’t mean other tenants weren’t peering out through their peeking holes. And of course, they might not be alone for long. Just as she felt a blush spread to her cheeks, Mei gained control of the towel, frantically wrapping it around herself as she spoke.

“This isn’t funny, Clara. I’m going to kill you. Let me back inside the hotel room.”

“Not if you’re going to kill me.”

“I mean it.”

“Me too. There’s a knife in there on the tray by the window. I don’t know *what* you might do.”

“Swear to God, Clara, if you don’t let me back in I’m going to fucking...”

There was a pause.

“Fucking what?” said Clara.

“I DON’T KNOW, OKAY? I’M...”

Mei’s voice dropped to an angry whisper as she realized she was shouting.

“I’m naked in the hallway, okay?? Please. Give me the room key. Now.”

“I’ll let you have it if you catch me.”

“Wait, what?”

And then Clara was running down the hall, around the corner, and out of sight.

For a long moment, Mei was paralyzed. She could not adjust to the fact that she was wearing a hotel towel. And a small one at that, one that barely covered the important bits. She had her bottoms on, and she couldn’t decide if it was best to let them show or keep them hidden. Let them show and people might think she had the full ensemble on. But she didn’t like the idea of exposing more skin than she had to. And the bottoms weren’t exactly the ass-covering kind. They’d felt delightfully sexy when she’d planned on lounging in a chair and making chit-chat with Brian, but at this moment, she wished they were plumber’s overalls.

All of these thoughts receded rapidly as she realized Clara was getting further away by the second. Clutching her towel tight to her chest, Mei started to run, feeling air conditioned air buffet her whole body. She made it round the corner just in time to see Clara head up a flight of stairs halfway down the hall. Mei increased her speed, blushing furiously, feeling the towel flap behind her like some awkward cape. She felt the carpet pad

beneath her bare feet and felt truly exposed. Goosebumps appeared on her shoulders and shivers went down her spine.

She reached the staircase in the middle of the hall, this big fake marble construction with a flight going up and a flight going down. The flight going down was clear. The flight going up had two girls on it, wearing tank tops, checking their phones as they walked down one awkward step at a time. Mei nearly cried out when she saw them. She stumbled and found her footing again, clutching the towel tighter around herself. *I'm just a girl coming back from the pool*, she thought. *Easy. Just a girl in a towel coming back from the pool. In full makeup, for some reason. Not a topless girl chasing her former best friend through a hotel so she can kill her and take the room key from her lifeless body. Just take it one step at a time.*

She stared down at the steps as she moved past the two girls on the staircase. If either of them looked up from their phones, they made no noise as they did so. The fake marble felt icy on Mei's feet but she tried not to vocalize her displeasure. She scampered from step to step as quickly as she dared, eventually making it to the next floor up.

Clara was at the far end of the hall, standing there, waving. By the elevators. Mei jogged towards her, and when she saw an elevator open and Clara get in, she turned her jog into a sprint.

She made it just in time. She had to hold out a hand to keep the doors from closing, and in her frantic dash to the elevators the towel had completely come off her body. It had waved behind her in one clutched hand as she'd run like some flag of surrender. Mei felt her breasts bounce freely, completely unrestrained. It was such a strange feeling, so deranged and wrong, having her tits out in the open where anyone could see them.

And they were *bouncing*, god, that was a rare sensation. She always wore a bra when jogging, walking, sometimes even when sleeping. All this physical activity felt so uncouth without something holding her chest in place.

The elevator was empty except for Clara. Mei pushed her backwards against the wall.

“God. Dammit. Clara.” Mei realized she was huffing. “You can’t... keep doing... that.”

“Doing what?”

“Oh my god.” *I have got to get in shape.* “Clara, I swear to god, give me the key right now. I’m serious.”

“Aw, come on, I thought you wanted to go swimming.”

“No. Fuck that. I’m going back to the room. You can go to hell for all I care. Give me the key, I’m turning in.”

“I’m sorry Mei, I’m afraid I can’t let you do that.”

“Ex-fucking-scuse me?”

“Mei, conventions are supposed to be adventures. You’re in this big, beautiful hotel, surrounded by hot nerds and drugged up ravers, and you’re stuck pining over one boy who probably thinks League of Legends is a good idea for a first date. No. We’re throwing caution to the wind tonight. We’re going to rave or swim or do something crazy that we’ll probably regret because fuck it, life’s too short.”

“Key. Now.”

“Can’t. Don’t have it.”

Mei turned pale.

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU-“

It was just then that the door dinged open and four chubby convention-goers entered the elevator. Mei yelped and frantically readjusted her towel, repeating *just a girl in a swimsuit, just a girl in a swimsuit* in her head. Clara seemed completely unfazed by the sudden crowd that had formed around her and her nearly naked best friend. The con-goers let their gazes linger on Mei, who tried desperately to avoid eye contact, but after a few moments politeness won out and they turned to face the doors.

“*What the fuck do you mean you don't have the key?*” whispered Mei, standing rigidly next to Clara as if the smallest move would tear her towel off.

“I accidentally left it at the pool. I was going to suggest you go down and get it for me before the rave, maybe bump into Brian on the way, but now I don't think I want you alone with him. You're too obsessed, you might murder him so you can wear his skin.”

“*Oh trust me, I'm thinking about murder a lot right now.*”

Her whispering was only increasing the four stranger's curiosity. There were two men and two women, all with varying degrees of chub. The men were more discreet about trying to sneak stares, but the women made no secret about their looks. Mei decided to shut up for the rest of the elevator ride.

Oh god, she realized. We're headed to the lobby.

“Look, I get that you had a plan tonight,” said Clara, talking at full volume, “I'm sorry if I fucked it up. I'll make it up to you, promise. But right now we have to get back to the pool. The key should be on the table right next to the potted plant in the far corner. Easy-peasy.”

“And if it isn’t?”

“Speak up, I can’t hear you.”

Two of the strangers turned to look at her openly. Mei accidentally made eye contact with one of them, a youngish bearded man wearing a Deadpool hat. She flushed bright red and smiled a reflexive smile.

“What if the key isn’t there?” she said to Clara.

“Then I guess we’ll have to get a spare from Joan. I gave her the third room key just in case she wanted to come over to the room and get wasted sometime.”

“Joan’s staying over at the Double Tree hotel.”

“Yeah?”

“That’s across the street.”

“Yeah?”

“That huge busy street everyone uses to get to the con.”

“Yeah?”

“How are we going to get over there?”

“I guess we’ll walk, won’t we?”

Mei could feel her teeth grind together. The elevator dinged open and the four strangers filed out, casting farewell peaks over their shoulders as they went.

“Come on then, baby doll,” said Clara, grabbing Mei’s wrist and leading her out. “Let’s go see what’s doing at the pool.”

I’m either going to die or kill someone tonight, thought Mei.

Mei held her breath for a full ten seconds as she let herself be led into the lobby. It was almost 10PM, but the lobby still had a few scattered patrons in costumes or convention gear sitting about here and there, texting friends and coordinating meetups. Mei's towel guaranteed a few eyes on its own, but her bare feet, her makeup, and her companion leading her along made certain she held the rapt attention of everyone who happened to look in her direction. Fortunately, the pool was in the opposite direction of the concierge desk so they didn't have to walk past anyone with any authority. Just geeks with their staring eyes. Mei clutched the towel ever tighter with her free hand, feeling the fabric against her nipples. It made them stiffen. A warm flush reached from Mei's red face to her toes.

The door to the pool was at the end of a hallway in the corner of the lobby. It was just as they were reaching the pool door that Mei realized something.

“God dammit, Clara. *We can't get in without a room key!*”

“Sure we can. We just need someone to let us in.”

“Is... is anyone in there?”

Clara looked in through the glass. There were a few young patrons still swimming about and lounging on chairs.

“We're good. No Brian though. Sorry babe, I know you wanted to show off your special mascara.”

“Fuck you, just, so hard. Okay. Get someone's attention.”

“How?”

“Just knock already.”

“You could flash someone.”

“Fuck you.”

“Come on. Press those perkies up against the glass. They’ll be eager beavers to let you in after that.”

“Just knock on the fucking glass, Clara.”

“Kay.”

Clara rapped three times on the glass. A shirtless young man approached the door.

“Let us in,” said Clara.

“What’s the password?” said the guy.

Oh for crying out loud.

“Haha, no seriously, let us in please,” said Clara.

“First you must answer me these question three.”

Mei loved nerds but there were limits. She pushed closer to the glass.

“Open the damn door or I’ll kill your family.”

The guy frowned at her, then laughed and pressed down the handle. Mei pushed in past him. Clara gave him a “Thanks” as she entered the steamy, warm, chlorine-smelling room. After so much air conditioning, the heat was a welcome relief to Mei’s exposed body. But she didn’t waste time savoring it, just hurried over to the far corner where the potted plant was.

There was no keycard on the table.

“Dammit Clara!” was all she had time to say before another one of Clara’s ambushes caught her by surprise. With aggressive force, Clara’s hands darted out, seized Mei’s towel where she clutched it at her chest, and ripped the fabric downward. Mei’s hands remained in place but the towel

slid free – one moment she was covered in towel, and the next it was only her hands on her breasts and her bottoms on her bottom half.

Mei's mouth hung open in angry shock, trying to form words. She could tell the other people in the pool area were distracted by their own games, even the boy that had let them in had gone back to his little gang in the hot tub. But that wouldn't last long. Instinctually, she turned to face the wall so that only her bare back would be seen by anyone who happened to look over. She hunched forward and tried to find words to express her rage and humiliation. None were forthcoming. She growled instead.

Clara dangled the towel in one hand.

“Come on, babe. Have a swim.”

“Grrrrr!” was all Mei could say. She began to sidle towards the plant with the intention of hiding behind it. She stopped when Clara approached her, holding out the towel.

“Come on babe, I'm sorry. Here. Peace, alright?”

Mei gathered both her breasts in one hand and reached out for the towel with the other. Slowly at first. Then she lunged for it. Clara whipped the towel away with one hand and smacked Mei's ass with the other. Mei gave a hop and a yelp, putting one hand on her ass, feeling hot electricity course through her nerves, this weird cocktail of desirable pain. She lunged again for the towel but Clara crumpled it into a ball and threw it over her head.

When she turned around to go for it, Clara's hands shot forward one last time, undoing the ties on both of Mei's hips. Her bottoms fell away from her body, revealing her perky, well-shaped ass. She cried out, a short sound mostly hidden by the echoing cacophony of the pool-goers, and crouched down without thinking, eager to hide everything she could in that

moment. Clara seized the opportunity to scamper around Mei and gather up the towel she'd thrown away.

Clara began giggling uncontrollably. Her face was wide-eyed, even blushing a little. Mei felt more exposed by every microsecond. She was naked. In public. There were at least eight other people in here, they would all see her body in a few short seconds. She could dive behind the potted plant but, no, that wouldn't hide enough of her. She could try to wrestle the towel back from Clara but that would cause a commotion, everyone would see. The water. It was the only option.

She turned and gingerly hopped, feeling the gentle steam envelope her body, feeling her firm breasts rise and fall with gravity, feeling her hair whip out behind her as her toes entered the warm water. She kept her arms close so she would make less of a splash. Suddenly the water was all around her, hugging her. For one tiny moment, it was the most freeing thing Mei had ever done.

Then reality reinserted itself in the form of Clara, giggling madly, standing above her at the edge of the pool with Mei's towel in one hand and her bottoms in the other.

“Look at the pretty little mermaid,” she said through her giggles.

Mei seethed upward at her.

“*Give. Me. The towel.*”

“You waaaant it?” said Clara, dangling it down towards her. Mei tried only once to grab for it. After that, she refused to play the game.

“Sorry babe,” said Clara. “I think it's time I got to the rave.”

Mei froze in horror. The water around her began to feel very translucent indeed.

“I’m probably not heading back to the room for a bit. A few hours at least. I’ll keep your bottoms with me. And we’ve got spare towels, I’m sure the hotel won’t miss just one.”

Mei tried to plead, to beg, to threaten, but no words would come out. Her whole body felt completely and utterly paralyzed by exposure.

“Sorry about the keycard, I’m not sure where it went. Joan’s got the last spare, you could always ask her. She’s right across the street in the Double Tree, like you said. I forget which room but I’m sure you’ll figure it out.”

Mei almost felt like crying. *No. This isn’t worth it. This is just some stupid, crazy convention bullshit.* Her hands alternated between her naked breasts and her exposed pussy. She tried to angle herself so her ass wasn’t aiming at anyone through the water.

“Man, I sure hope Brian doesn’t show up. That sure would suck. But then, he’s a flaky one, that Brian is. And anyway, the pool closes at ten. There’s not a whole lot of time left to swim.”

Mei tried to shrink, tried to disappear, tried to do anything but exist in this one moment where her best friend was about to leave her naked in a public pool with nowhere to hide and no way to get to safety.

“Anyway, see you later babes. I’ll rave it up for you, promise. Try not to let too many people see that you’re totally naked.”

Mei was about to sink under the water when she realized it would ruin her makeup. She laughed at the absurdity of that thought. *Makeup? You’re worried about makeup at a time like this?!* But then, it was the last thing she had on. In this hopeless moment, she felt she would protect her makeup as if her life depended on it.

She watched from the water as Clara blew her a kiss and started walking towards the pool door. She spanked her own ass as she walked and waved hi to the guy in the hot tub who'd let them inside. She twirled Mei's towel as she went.

Mei was desperately formulating plans as she stewed in the water she was sharing with several strangers who could realize she was naked at any moment. Her thoughts were interrupted when Clara shouted at her from the door.

“Hey Mei!” she said, and suddenly all eyes were on Clara.

“Turns out my key was in my pocket! Whoops!”

She let the door close behind her. The eyes in the room shifted towards Mei. She clutched her naked body tightly and prayed that no one could see.