**Floor 13**

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**Part 1**

Like many ideas conceived after too many beers in a pub, it sounded better than it was.

"I'd give my right tit to get my own back on Adriana!" Daphne exclaimed, slamming down her empty pint glass.

Traditionally, our ICT team goes for a drink after work on the last Friday of the month. There were only four of us: Daphne who had to put up with constant Scooby-Doo references because of her name and fiery red hair; Eric, the youngest of us at 23 and usually rather quiet; Todd, best described as all mouth and no trousers and often making inappropriate comments to Daphne (however, she knew she could easily call his bluff); and me, Gyles, the oldest of our group at 29.

It was just after 9 pm, we'd been drinking since just before six, and realistically we'd only have one more drink before getting taxies home. Eric was drunkest, followed by Todd. Remarkably, despite her size, Daphne always kept up pint for pint with us.

"Interesting image, but why this time?" I asked.

Adriana worked at our company and was a pain in the neck for all of us. Bitchy to anyone she thought was below her and simpering or flirting with anyone she thought could progress her career. Pretty, in a very obvious way, too much makeup under her short blonde curly hair, and usually dressed just short of inappropriate for the office.

She had reported more than one male at the company to HR if she thought they were eying her wrongly. On top of that, she thought she was far smarter than she actually was. If she were as smart as she thought, she'd know how unpopular she was. And she was always inserting herself into other people's conversations and moving the topic to herself. Alternatively, she would eavesdrop to listen for the information she could use for her own advancement, and other peoples' detriment.

"I applied for a job as supervisor of our team."

"Excuse me?" I asked, shocked. "I never heard about that job going." As the longest-serving person on the team, I was the de facto leader, even if we all worked at the same level.

"I think it was affirmative action or something. Not enough women in management roles. However, Adriana fucked me over. She spread a rumour I'd fucked up something, which I didn't. However, it couldn't be proved either way, so I was told I'd have to wait 12 months before I could reapply."

I was a little pissed by that. Reverse sexism and creating a role just to tick an equality box. However, it was not Daphne's fault.

Todd, however, was more interested in the previous comment.

"About that tit? What do you mean you'd give it? If we helped, would it be a quick glimpse or a leisurely viewing? Would there be any touching?" I slapped him gently on the back of his head and Eric chuckled.

"I'd let you kiss it if I can see Adriana fucked over like she's fucked me." Todd looked down at the aforementioned breast and without thinking licked his lips.

"OK, that's it. We've officially all had too much to drink if we're talking like this. Time to go." I declared.

With a little grumbling, we finished our drinks and headed off to get taxis home. Todd and Eric shared one, and Daphne and I the other. In the back seat, she snuggled up against me, putting my arm over her shoulder. I mentally sighed.

Three years ago, when Daphne joined our team, it was obvious we both fancied each other. After a few nights out, we shared a taxi, and there was a definite tension between us. I wondered how she'd react if I tried to kiss her. Instead of finding out, she admitted she was attracted to me and knew I felt the same. However, because we worked in such a small team, it could never happen and reluctantly I agreed.

However, after three years I was still attracted to her. Having to behave like a big brother on our nights out made me wish I had a girlfriend, or she had a boyfriend. Just to ease the tension.

After helping her out of the taxi and opening the door to her flat, I decided to walk the short distance to my home. It was less than 5 minutes and I needed the fresh air.

However, the idea of doing something to Adriana appealed to me. Moreover, whilst I was certain Daphne was joking about her boob, I went to bed thinking about what we could do. During her time in the company, she'd sometimes called for favours from ICT. She'd be all sweetness and light until she got what she wanted, and then her attitude would change as if she was the one giving the favour.

Once or twice, I'd given her false information, but sufficiently close to the correct information, so I could claim she'd written it down wrong. Obviously, Daphne wanted more than that, but without getting us in trouble. Adriana would run to HR if she suspected.

In the morning, I had an inkling of an idea and called Daphne.

"Hello?" she said, sounding hung-over.

"What are you wearing?" I asked in a creepy voice.

"Fuck off!" She replied with a chuckle. "What are you after?"

"Were you serious about getting back at Adriana last night?"

"Letting you guys kiss my right tit?"

I chuckled. "Actually, I meant the other bit about getting her back."

"Sure. She's a bitch and needs to get her face smeared in the shit she shovels." She groaned. "God, I feel like crap myself. What time did we leave the pub?"

"It was only around 9 pm. Wanna grab a greasy breakfast? I've got the start of an idea and I need someone to bounce it off."

"I'll come as long as you pick me up and don't literally bounce off me."

"I'll pick you up in the mystery machine." That earned me another groan as she hung up.

I called Todd and Eric, as I got ready, to invite them to meet us at our local greasy spoon cafe. I grabbed my car keys and left.

I held open the cafe's door for Daphne, the others were already there and looking rough.

"OK Genius, what's this cunning plan of yours?" Todd asked grumpily.

"Floor 13," I replied, looking smug at the puzzled expressions from the other three.

"I may still be hung-over." Eric replied, "But we don't have a floor 13 at work. Some superstitious developer decided to skip it. It goes from 12 directly to 14."

"Yep," I replied.

"So, you intend to trick her with a floor that does not exist?" Todd asked and I just nodded in reply. Daphne shook her head.

"My head hurts too much for this. Eric, can you kick Gyles for me?" Daphne asked.

"Wait! Let me ask you this. How gullible do you think Adriana is?" I asked, and the others all agreed that she was quite gullible. "And how far do you think she'd go to get ahead?"

"I heard she offered her boss a blow job to get a promotion." Eric piped in.

"Sorry, I started that one," Daphne admitted.

"Damn! I really wanted that to be true." Todd exclaimed.

"I'm pretty sure it is, and more. One of my girlfriends saw her coming out of her boss's house early on a Sunday morning last year." Daphne added.

"So, we think she'd do pretty much anything to climb the slippery pole for promotion," I asked.

"I know what slippery pole I'd like her to climb." Exclaimed Todd, earning a shake of the head from the rest of us. Even hung-over he never gave up.

"I've not worked out all the details, but this is what I've got so far..." I went on to explain the outline of my plan.

**Part 2**

It took us nearly a month to get ready, and we added details and polished the plan as well as we could.

We had a few things going in our favour. Firstly, our company only operated in the top half of the 20-story building and the staircase was communal. Meaning, you had to swipe your card in and out of the stairwell. Following the smoking ban and some people caught smoking in the stairwell; the company discouraged anyone from using the stairs and fitted CCTV.

Secondly, it turned out each of us had a skill to offer. Todd's dad was a builder, and he'd picked up enough knowledge from watching him to do what we needed. Daphne was artistic and Eric had spent years working with a local theatre group as a stagehand and props master. I wrote in my spare time, so I had to script out dialogue.

When everything was ready, we met in the pub to go over the plan again.

"Are we sure she'll fall for it?" Eric asked.

"That depends on our acting skills." Todd commented.

"I'm still worried something might blowback on us if she rumbles us," I replied.

"Relax; we've gone through the script often enough and we can call it off right up to the final stage. If we get her that far I'm sure we'll have her."

"Are we all in?" I asked, and everyone raised their glasses in salute.

**Part 3**

It started in the break room. It was the middle of Friday afternoon and Adriana was sitting at a table alone, sipping her coffee. Picking a table just within hearing distance, Daphne and I sat. Eric was taking his time at the fridge to see how Adriana reacted.

"So, tell me about it," Daphne asked.

"What?" I replied.

"You know. It!"

"I've no idea what you're on about. But if it is what I think it is, you have to drop it."

"Come on. You cannot only tell me just that one thing and leave me hanging."

"I shouldn't have said even that much. You caught me at a weak moment."

"You were pissed, more like. Come on. Spill."

"I can't. I'm not really in on it, anyway. If they didn't need my technical know-how, I'd never have access. Remember, these people are likely the future company leadership. I'm not about to break a secret with the likes of them. So, drop it."

Daphne sighed dramatically, overacting in my opinion. When Eric came over, he sat with his back to Adriana and gave us subtle thumbs up. Stage one complete.

In the lift back to our office, he explained.

"You should have seen her. At first, I thought you must have been too quiet, but then I saw her straining to hear you. I think she's nibbling at the hook."

The next stage required all four of us, and careful timing. Adriana worked on the 16th-floor and at 4 pm each day she had to print off a report and take it down to the 10th floor for the finance director to sign it off. We had Eric lurking on her floor to text us the moment she headed to the lift.

Todd and I had been waiting on the 17th floor and jumped to the lift. Waiting for the lift to move, I punched floor 11, which is our floor. Adriana ignored us as she got into the lift and hit 10. Todd had his phone primed to send me a message, and he hit send.

"Damn!" I said as I read the screen on my phone. It was just a winky face emoticon in reality.

"What?" Todd asked as I moved to block Adriana's view of the lift buttons.

"An emergency from..." I glanced at Adriana. "You know where." Waiting until the lift passed 14, I hit the 12 and 14 buttons at once and prayed Daphne was on the ball.

The doors opened and instead of the usual sign, showing the floor and the departments, there was a fancy new sign painted by Daphne. It said Floor 13, Accelerated Management Placement.

Stepping out of the lift, I looked at Adriana.

"You didn't see this."

"Excuse me?" She asked, annoyed.

"You weren't supposed to see this. Moreover, for your own sake, don't ask anyone about it. It could cost you your job."

The door closed and a few seconds later Daphne appeared, quietly applauding my performance.

"I think we should get Eric to talk you into joining his theatre group. That was pretty convincing."

"Really?"

"Yup." She replied as she took the sign off the wall revealing the regular sign underneath.

A minute later Eric appeared out of breath after rushing down the stairs.

"How did it go?" He asked.

"Perfect," Daphne stated.

Todd added, "She asked me what it was about and I ad-libbed saying I wasn't allowed to say."

He held up a hand and Eric gave him a high five.

"How long until the next stage?" Daphne asked me.

"This is where it gets tricky. Eric, have you got the door access system rigged to send you a message every time she uses her card?" He nodded and held up his phone.

"We need to keep track of her from now on when she's in the building. We need to catch her again in the break room. Just like the last time. Give her the next breadcrumbs, and then I think we have to be ready tomorrow night."

**Part 4**

Actually, the next breadcrumb dropped just before the end of the day. I got a call from Adriana asking me if I could come to her desk and help her with a problem. I told her I could connect to her PC and she could talk me through it over the phone. However, she insisted I should go to her desk.

"Bingo guys!" I exclaimed, hanging up.

"What?" Daphne asked, swivelling her chair to face me.

"Adriana wants to see me. I wonder what that's about." I asked in mock innocence.

"She's just exited her floor. So, I expect she's going to meet you at the lift." Eric chimed in.

"Showtime!" Exclaimed Todd giving me jazz hands. "Break a leg."

I tried to act surprised when the lift doors opened and Adriana was standing there.

"Tell me about floor 13." She stepped into the lift and pressed the door close button.

"There is no floor 13, at least officially."

"And why would knowing about it cost me my job?"

"Look, I'm sworn to secrecy. I really cannot say."

"If you don't tell me, I'll go to HR and say I caught you leering down my blouse." Then she surprised me by grabbing the neck of her blouse and pulled it down. Letting me see her creamy breasts in a sexy pale pink bra. "There you go. Now you cannot say you didn't."

"Fine, but it's not a good idea. Have you ever wondered why we get so many visitors from other offices all over the world? It's not like we are the head office."

"No, not really. Why?"

"We are conveniently located, so they set up the facility here. Globally the company operates an advanced management development scheme. They look out for people with potential, assess them and some very lucky ones are selected to come here.

"If they graduate, they are marked for success, given accelerated promotions and some will probably be the directors of the company in the future. However, it's hard work. 10 or 12-hour days for weeks. More than once I've heard people weeping under the strain. However, the best people in the world train you. I know it's fucking expensive and only about 1 in 10 graduates."

"I still don't see why knowing about it could cost me my job."

I let out a sigh, as if to say I thought she was being dim.

"If only 1 in 10 graduates, there are 9 who fail. In addition, if you failed, would you want anyone else to know? They all sign nondisclosure and secrecy agreements before they start. Plus a few other things. They all get a bonus to keep it secret, and even those who fail get world-class training. If people knew about this, or more specifically who was in the courses and who failed, it's possible someone would try to use that to their advantage. Hence the secrecy."

"What about you? You're just a computer techie. You're not advanced management potential?" I might have taken offence, but as this was all bullshit, I let it slide.

"Correct, however, you cannot do anything without techie support. Projectors, laptops and phones for starters. I had to go through some very invasive background checks before I was told about it. Now have you really got a problem with your computer or did you just want to grill me about a floor that doesn't officially exist?"

She looked deep in thought and released the door close button. Then stepped out and walked away.

I tried to keep it cool when I got back to my department, despite the others doing Meerkat impressions over the desk partitions. I mimed casting a fishing rod and reeling it in again and got a cheer.

"One last crumb tomorrow and I think we're done."

"Oh yeah!" Todd exclaimed and held his hand out for a high five, but nobody returned it.

We'd almost reached the most dangerous bit.

**Part 5**

When Adriana stayed late, there was tension in our team. What if she tried to find floor 13 by herself? Fortunately, she only stayed a short time, as we needed to sneak in our 'set' and practise setting it up.

Despite strict rules in the company about unauthorised access out of hours, our team had carte blanche to come and go as we pleased. However, the downside was we were expected to work to the job and not the clock. Therefore, if a job took you until midnight to fix, you stayed until it was fixed.

Fortunately, Eric reminded Todd that we were limited to the size of the lift unless we wanted to carry everything up 12 flights of stairs. Not something any of us wanted.

Because we had to make the entrance to floor 12 look entirely different, Todd and Eric had built an 'airlock', a box-like cube pushed up against the proper door, simulating the transition from the regular office to the inner sanctum. The second set of doors was just a fake, but we'd put a few surprises inside.

We'd added plush carpeting and Daphne had painted inspiring quotes in various fonts to add to the impression of a transition to something special. I'd added a few special touches like alarms and strobe lights. Plus, a carefully programmed tablet recessed into the wall had a camera that would record what happened in the box.

We practised building and disassembling the 'box' several times, so it was close to midnight when we called it quits. The disassembly time was critical. We needed to hide the evidence ASAP if things went south.

**Part 6**

I'll admit we got very little done the next morning. We waited until we could find Adriana sitting alone in the break room.

The four of us went, which technically we shouldn't have, but given what we were planning, that was the least of our worries. I sat with my back to Adriana, about five feet away. It was time for Todd's opening lines.

"Come on mate, you have to tell us. What have you seen?"

"My lips are sealed," I replied.

"I still struggle to get my head around the fact that there are naked women wandering around this building," Eric added.

"And men don't forget." I reminded them.

"Yeah, but could you at least describe one or two?" Todd wheedled. Rather good acting on his part.

"Ok, there's this one guy..."

"Hey, you knew what I meant." Todd objected

Daphne chuckled. "Grow up, Todd. You act as if you've never seen a pair of tits. I'm in the fortunate position to see a really nice pair naked every day."

Todd looked confused, and then it clicked. "Oh, right? Yours. I suppose they are pretty nice."

"But why?" Eric asked. "I can't understand that."

I sighed theatrically. "They explained it to me, but it was a while ago. It's a really complicated psychological reason, like an onion."

"What, it makes your eyes water?" Asked Todd with a grin.

"No dickhead. Many layers. I'm sure I can't remember them all. First, to show that you are committed. To get your kit off for the program proves you're committed to the company. Then you have trust. You'll potentially be working around these people in the future, so you have to trust them. Then there's teamwork, the biggie as I understand it. If you cannot learn to control yourself around a member of the opposite sex, it's better to learn now and weed out any potential future sex pest."

"And for naked men, it's easier to gauge that self-control," Daphne added, wiggling her index finger like a penis.

"I suppose it must be easier if you're gay." Eric pondered.

"I refer you to my previous comment about naked men as well as women." I reminded him.

"I cannot believe you have to do it as well." Daphne piped in. "Get naked, I mean. I'm glad it's you and not me. I don't think I could, no matter how much extra I was paid. It must be hard. And yes, I intended that pun."

"It's not easy," I replied. "But think about it. They are from all over the world. They wouldn't know who is supposed to be there. Obviously, anyone who goes onto floor 13 wearing clothes stands out and is not supposed to be there."

"OK, but if you refuse to tell us anything good. How does it work?" Todd asked.

"You swipe your door access card as usual to enter the floor and then there is what I'd call an airlock. A short corridor with another set of doors at the end. There is a high-tech locker system, where you put your clothes into a plastic box and enter the box number and a PIN on the keypad. It whisks your stuff away into storage.

"Then you go through the second doors to do the job. I have to tell you it's pretty embarrassing sorting network cables with your bum in the air and your tackle hanging out. And after you're done, you enter your PIN to get your box back, then dress and leave. Come on, we'd better get back to work."

I was desperate to glance at Adriana as we left. To see if she'd bought that. However, I managed to restrain myself. We'd know most likely tonight.

At 5:40 pm, we jumped into action. Daphne checked the whole of floor 12 to ensure nobody was about and that there were no phones or handbags left behind for someone to come back for unexpectedly. Eric, Todd, and I started to construct our box.

I was impressed with Todd and Eric's work.

In 20 minutes, we had it done. A fake corridor about 8 feet long and 6 feet wide. It had regular office lighting built into the false ceiling. I'd wired up an alarm and flashing red lights and had an Android tablet to simulate the high-tech locker system. The storage box was in place. It had its own little box hanging off the side of the main box.

And we were ready. I just hoped that Adriana would take the bait.

**Part 7**

Because the doors inside the box were fake, Todd and Eric had to stay on floor 12 until this was over. Daphne and I returned to our department one floor down and watched Eric's monitor for the use of Adriana's door access card. She was still in the office. Excellent.

Time ticked slowly by and Daphne started to pace the office. Then, just after 6 pm, Eric's computer pinged. Adriana was on the move. He texted a message to the others to get ready. Daphne went out the door to wait in the stairwell, whilst I had to get out of sight. In the next few minutes, we'd know if this was a bust or if we'd massively pranked Adriana.

As I heard the alarm I panicked. I was worried that it was too loud and someone else might be in the building and investigate.

Then I heard our door open and Daphne talking hurriedly. "What the hell were you thinking?"

I wanted to poke my head out, but it might spook Adriana more. Therefore, I waited out of sight.

"I don't know, I was just. Shit, what am I going to do about clothes?" Adriana wailed.

"Perhaps you should have thought of that before you stripped off and tried to sneak into somewhere you shouldn't. I'll see if I can find you something. Sit and I'll go look."

As Daphne came into view, I'd never seen her look so happy. It really made her a lot more attractive. She mouthed 'Perfect' at me and surprised me by giving me a hug, breaking our rules on physical contact.

Instead of ending the hug in a few seconds, she lingered, and I hugged her back gently. We'd agreed to let Adriana stew, sitting there naked for a bit. It was partially to increase her discomfort, but mostly to buy time for Todd and Eric to dismantle the 'box'.

Much as I was enjoying the contact with Daphne. I was worried that Adriana might figure out that she was on floor 11 and had only come down 1 flight of stairs. I think Daphne read my thoughts and stepped back. She wiggled her eyebrows at me and nodded over to where Adriana was. This was where we'd have to improvise some.

As I got closer, I saw her sitting on my chair looking towards the door. She was naked and her fists were clenched and resting on her knees. She might have been a pain in the neck, but her tits were nice. Getting closer, I noticed she wasn't a real blond. She had a small tuft of trimmed public hair of a mousy brown.

She shrieked and tried to cover up as she saw me. "What the hell are you doing here? Go away, don't look at me." She yelled.

"Actually, this is my department, that's my desk, and it's my chair you're rubbing your naked arse on."

"But you shouldn't be here. It's after hours."

"Actually, my team often has to work extended hours to work on projects. I'm more interested in why you're here and why you're naked. Wait! You didn't try to access floor 13, did you?"

"No!"

"In that case, you thought you'd just get naked and wander around the office?"

"No!"

"So, have you a better excuse? It seems to me you were up to no good and ignored my warning."

Daphne called out from the other side of the office, "Sorry, I can't find anything for you to wear. You're stuck naked. Oh, hey Gyles. Look what the cat dragged in. I found her on floor 13."

Daphne came up to stand next to me. The grin on her face was threatening to take the top of her head off. We all jumped at the sound of the door opening and Todd and Eric came barrelling in. There is no way they could have dismantled and hidden the box in that amount of time. They must have not wanted to miss out on a naked Adriana.

Todd walked up then did a rather obvious double take seeing her.

"Whoa mate..." He said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "My birthday's not until next week, but I appreciate the present."

Adriana was blushing and trying to ensure she was as covered up as she could be. However, whilst her crotch was securely covered, at least half an areola and nipple peeked in and out of view.

"I can see her bum from over here." Eric piped up and we looked to see that he was in the next cubicle and looking over behind Adriana's chair.

She jumped up and wedged her back into the corner furthest away from us all.

"I'll report you all to HR for sexual harassment." She exclaimed, and Daphne chuckled.

"Nice try, but I think it's us who could report you. After all, you're the one trying to flash us your bit." Daphne added.

"It's your word against mine," Adriana replied, trying to be defiant.

"Not if the guys take photos of you like that."

"You wouldn't?" Todd's and Eric's phones appeared as if by magic.

"Awesome!" Todd said, and Eric added. "I'm doing a video!"

I was a little surprised to see that Daphne had her phone out as well. I was tempted to join them, but I was feeling a little guilty about this. Daphne might have instigated it, but it was my scheme that had this woman naked in front of us.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Adriana asked.

"You have to ask?" Daphne replied. "You got yourself in this situation. We're just making the most of it because you're a real bitch around the office. Sucking up to some people, whilst shitting on others. I know for a fact you screwed up my last promotion." Adriana didn't say anything, but her expression gave her away.

"Besides, I think a part of you likes it. Your nipples are really hard. I already know you had sex with your boss to get your last promotion."

"What?"

"Yeah, a friend of mine was jogging and saw you coming out of his house at 7 am on a Sunday. What else could you be there for but to fuck him?"

"It was only a blow job. I promise." Hearing her admit that triggered a tingle in my pants. The guilt I'd felt dissipated knowing she'd used her admittedly sexy body to manipulate her boss.

Daphne continued, "Well, now you have to think about what it's going to take for me not to tell everyone. Or for the others not to post the pictures online. And then there's Gyles. You need him the most as only he can get your clothes back."

Adriana looked at me and I could see her struggling to come to terms with this turn of events. I took some pity on her and asked, "What were you thinking? Why would you assume your door access card would work on floor 13?"

"I tried to get my clothes back but the locker thing didn't work."

"I suppose in the same way having someone on floor 13 fully clothed would mark them out as an impostor. Having a naked person running around the building makes it easier to spot who tried to break into somewhere they shouldn't.

"I'm not even sure we can cover this up if we wanted to. Almost certainly, the CCTV camera in the stairwell could have caught you running down the stairs. The card access system will have your card recorded entering floor 13 and trying to access it. And then there are your clothes. After everyone else leaves, yours will still be in the machine. Presumably, your purse and other stuff to identify you are in the storage box?" Adriana nodded, defeated.

"I'm not heartless, but it's going to be at least half an hour before I can try to get your clothes back. Too many people will be running around trying to find out who set off the alarms. I'm amazed our phones aren't ringing off the hook."

"You expect me to wait here naked for all that time? What if someone else comes in and sees me?"

"Fine." Daphne relented. "Come with me and I'll see if we can fashion something to cover you with toilet paper and sticky tape." She gestured for Adriana to follow and reluctantly she scurried after Daphne.

"Nice bum!" Todd called after the retreating pair. Belatedly, Adriana tried to cover her bum with one hand.

"Wow." Exclaimed Eric, still videoing the women.

"Turn that off," I ordered him and he looked puzzled, and then realised what he was doing.

"OK. It's off."

"I take it you didn't dismantle the 'box' in the 2 minutes before you rushed in here?"

"Hey, we wanted to see the show." Todd replied.

"Jesus, if anyone comes..." I replied.

"We know. We'll do it shortly. But seriously you can't expect us to miss out on that."

"OK, fine. We may have her fooled at the moment, but if anyone else finds it we're screwed."

It was at least ten minutes before Daphne emerged from the disabled toilet, with Adriana in tow. It would have been best to describe her as an apprentice mummy. She has toilet paper wrapped around her chest covering her tits and ribs. And then another band around her hips and bum, coming partway down her thighs, but not too far.

After Todd and Eric got a significant look, they scowled and headed off to finish their work.

"Why don't you take a seat over there?" I offered Adriana a spare chair in the cube that Daphne and I shared.

As Adriana sat, we all heard the toilet paper tearing and I could see a split near her hip.

"Here," Daphne said and tossed over the tape. However, as Adriana tried to tape it up, more tearing was heard. Only this time it was from her top.

"I can't do it myself." She objected.

Daphne grinned at me. "Want to do the honour?"

"I think it's better if I leave you girls to it. Would you like a coffee Adriana? We're gonna be here a while, might as well pretend things are normal."

Daphne applied more tape to an outfit that was bound to fail, while I got the three of us coffee. Then Daphne and I pretty much ignored Adriana and talked about work things while tapping away on our keyboards. I got the impression Adriana found us ignoring her confusing. It was almost as if she wanted us to see her in this compromising situation.

If so, then when Todd and Eric came back 20 minutes later and wheeled their chairs to the entrance of the cubicle, it must have pleased her on some level. When I finally announced that I would go to get her clothes, she almost looked disappointed.

"I'll have to get inside the machine to retrieve your clothes. What were you wearing?"

"Grey woollen trousers and a cream blouse."

"Not very helpful. Anything distinctive? What colour is your bra?" Strangely, Adriana blushed as she admitted it was a pale pink. Having been naked earlier and now only partially covered by toilet paper, it was odd that the idea we knew what colour her bra was could embarrass her.

**Part 8**

I headed up to floor 12 to check that Todd and Eric hadn't left any signs of their work. Except for a slight scuff on the carpet, that a vacuum cleaner would remove, there was nothing obvious. The portions of the box were securely hidden in the server room. We could be sacked for that normally, but we were passed that now.

I found Adriana's clothes and was about to head back when I remembered I needed to wait a bit to make it believable. And to be honest, I never thought it would work. It sounded too far-fetched to me, but it seemed she was as gullible as we thought.

Hearing her admit she gave her boss a blowjob had been a surprise, and it unlocked the realms of fantasy that she'd do something similar to keep us quiet. I'd never coerce her into it, and I'd been careful with my choice of words for Daphne's script. She'd asked questions with leading answers, but not suggested anything directly. Bringing it up right after Adriana had admitted sucking off her boss just led you towards a conclusion.

The image of her naked and on her knees, as I sat at my desk enjoying her oral skills ran through my head. However, as with all random fantasies, it morphed uncontrollably until I saw Daphne watching us. Given my attraction to her, the idea of her seeing my dick wasn't so bad. Almost like a 'this is what you could have had' moment. Then the fantasy morphed again. This time it had Todd and Eric watching and that was too far, so I banished the thoughts.

Returning 10 minutes later with her clothes she started to jump up - to the sound of toilet paper tearing. Adriana grabbed at her 'skirt' to stop it from disintegrating, but missed the fact that the underside and areola of one tit was clearly visible.

"Come on, let's get you dressed," Daphne said, taking the clothing.

As Adriana followed Daphne to the disabled toilet, I noticed a distinctly damp patch on the back of her 'skirt' where she'd been sitting.

Once the girls were in the bathroom Todd stood and shook my hand.

"Bloody good plan. You know I think after she calmed down, she almost liked it. I swear towards the end she was swinging her knee about, almost like she wanted us to see up her skirt."

"Did you see the damp patch?" Eric asked with a grin.

It seemed to take longer to get dressed than it should, but women always take longer in my experience. A short time later Adriana hurried from the bathroom and passed us without looking us in the eyes.

When Daphne appeared, she looked not only like the cat that swallowed the cream but also managed the canary.

"Thanks, guys. That was amazing. But I really need a drink to celebrate."

We never usually drank midweek, but it was worth making an exception. Daphne bought the round, but I think we were all buzzed over pulling off a successful prank of epic proportions.

"To Gyles, our mastermind." Daphne held up her glass in a toast.

"I was impressed with Todd and Eric's construction. If I didn't know, I would have fallen for it." I replied and toasted the pair.

"You should have been there when the alarms went off. I nearly shit myself." Todd chuckled.

"And she was trying to get the hatch open to get her clothes back so hard, I worried the whole thing might have collapsed on her."

"Kudos it didn't," Daphne added.

"So, what did we miss?" Todd asked, and I let Daphne take over the story.

"I was waiting on the stairs. Do you realise we nearly forgot to put the fake floor 13 sign over the real one? When the alarms went off, I gave her 20 seconds and yanked open the door. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven seeing her like that. I demanded to know what the hell she was doing, and she just babbled almost incoherently.

"I dragged her down the stairs to our floor..."

"Did she notice what was going on? One of the biggest flaws in the plan was if she had realised she only went down one floor instead of two." I asked.

"Nope, I reckon she'd have struggled to remember her name at the time."

Todd bought the next round and then looked thoughtfully at Daphne.

"You know all this came about because you wanted to get back at her and I seem to remember an interesting offer to anyone who helped you. What was it? 'I'd give my right tit to get my own back on Adriana' if I remember correctly."

I expected Daphne to say she was only joking or that he couldn't expect her to go through with that. Instead, she looked at us gauging our mood. She was certainly high on the exhilaration of what we'd done.

Suddenly she stood up, grabbed Eric by the wrist, and started to drag him away. He stumbled after her leaving Todd and I to wonder what she was up to. A second later, we saw her pull him into the women's toilet.

"Fuck me!" Todd exclaimed and we wait for nearly a minute before she poked her head out and checked that the coast was clear.

Eric emerged with a shocked but silly grin on his face. Given Daphne's blouse was no longer tucked into the trousers we had to deduce she'd paid up on her deal. She pointed at Todd and made a come here gesture and Todd nearly fell over his feet in his haste. The pair disappeared into the women's toilet.

Looking around, I noticed a barmaid had seen this and was scowling. When the pair emerged a short time later, I noticed the barmaid talking to the manager and pointing towards us.

"I think it's time to go," I suggested nodding towards the bar.

"What about your go?" asked Eric, but noticed my gesture at the bar staff.

"I think we have seconds before we're thrown out."

**Part 9**

Ten minutes later, I was in the back of a taxi with Daphne. She squeezed my hand.

"I take it you'll walk home from my place? If so, why don't you come in for a minute?" The implication was clear.

I'd never been inside her flat before, and she led me to a small lounge and told me to sit on the sofa while she changed. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't more than a little excited at the prospect of seeing Daphne's breast after all this time. Especially on top of seeing a nude Adriana earlier.

Daphne returned in a short robe with bare legs.

"Gyles, because you basically came up with the scheme for Adriana, I figure I owed you more than the others." Without pausing, she slipped off the robe revealing she's only wearing a small pair of panties.

"Is this OK?" She looks a little uncertain. "I mean after seeing a naked Adriana, I might be a disappointment."

I jump up and grasp hold of her shoulders.

"Of course not. You're beautiful. The difference is you're beautiful all the way through and not only on the outside like Adriana."

"Really?"

"Of course. If we didn't have our agreement to keep it platonic, I'd have proven that to you by now."

"Well, in that case, as we're not about to be thrown out of a pub and we've no time constraints. I wonder if..."

"What?" I asked.

"Have you ever wondered what it would have been like, with us I mean? Even just once?"

"I'd be lying if I said I hadn't. And a lot more than once. How about you?"

"Yeah, I've thought about it and it would be a shame if we never found out. How would you feel if we suspended the agreement just for tonight?"

I answered with a kiss, a little hesitant, but Daphne returned it with interest, only breaking it to push me back onto the sofa. She dove onto my lap and kissed me passionately. Her hands were running through my hair, as mine roamed wildly over her back and bum. It reminded me of my first intense teenage hormone induced frenzy of making out.

Daphne was showing the passionate tongue thrusting, kissing and desperate need to consume as much of the other person as possible. And I was almost as bad.

Daphne broke the kiss and grabbed my hands that were luxuriating in the soft flesh of her buttocks, and literally drug them to her breasts. Then she thrust her hands down between us to attack my belt. Much as I didn't want to release her breasts, now that I finally had my hands on them, I knew she would never manage to get into my trousers without help.

Gently pushing her back, she gave me a confused look, until she realised what I was doing. She stood, allowing me to stand and start yanking off my tie and shirt, while Daphne dealt with my trousers and underpants. As I stepped out of them, and kicked off my shoes, Daphne pulled her knickers down with such force I heard the cloth tearing.

With us both naked, she forced me down on the sofa again and straddled me, grasping my dick and pressing it to her entrance. She stared at me intently as we both savoured the sensation of my dick gradually slipping inside. As I bottomed out inside her she let out a long breath and kissed me again, this time more tenderly.

But the tenderness was short lived as she started rocking up and down. Neither of us wanted this to be long and slow. This was a frantic race to satisfy three years of unquenched sexual tension. I grasped her by her hips and thrust up as she came down. It was almost a painful act, as we were lost in a world where nothing but our impending climax had any meaning.

Whatever thoughts I might have had about Daphne sexually fell far short of the real thing. Wild and energetic, greedy even as she rode me demanding more. It was a completely new and very welcome side of her.

**Part 10**

We were both voracious that night. Neither of us wanted to stop, knowing we had just that night to explore all the things we'd fantasized about. To be honest, it was exhausting. It must have been after 3 am when we finally fell asleep.

I woke disoriented in a strange bed with the pleasant sensation of someone sucking my dick. I looked under the covers to find a very smug-looking Daphne.

"I figured the night wasn't over until we had to get up to go to work. So, one last time?"

"I'd love to return the favour."

"And I'm very much enjoying that, but not now. I'm kinda tender."

"Sorry..."

"Hey, it's not your fault. Well, I suppose it's partially your fault, but mainly this guy's..." She gave my dick a squeeze. "But it's mainly my fault; I got a little carried away trying to do everything at once. Bit off more than I could chew."

"Just as long as you're not planning on biting or chewing anything down there."

"I think you're safe for now. Well, I suppose we only agreed to suspend our agreement for a night."

"You know, we could scrap it entirely."

"What, you want me to be your secret girlfriend?"

"Only at work. I'd proudly show you off as my girlfriend everywhere else."

"I'll think about it." She replied uncertainly, and I have to say I was disappointed. For about 2 seconds. "I've thought about it and I want to do it."