**Friday Night**

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When Jimmy and I started our little exhibitionist games, we realized right away that a major part of the thrill was leaping off into the unknown. If it was too planned, it lost some of that adrenaline rush that is so intoxicating. So, Jimmy tried to come up with a plan that included an element of chance. I wouldn't know what I'd have to do until we were into it, but we agreed that each time he'd find something a little more daring for me to try. Before last week, we'd done a few, and they were fun, but now I realize they were pretty tame -- up until this last one.

It was Friday night. Jimmy picked me up from work a few minutes past five and told me I was going on another naked adventure. I had no idea what it would be, but a small flock of butterflies started flitting around in my stomach in anticipation. We drove downtown and parked in a garage near the financial district. We left the garage and walked into an office building next door. Jimmy was carrying a small canvas bag that started me thinking about what he might be up to. I have to admit, I was scared. If I was going to do one of my exhibitionist adventures in that building, it seemed like it would be a lot more risk and exposure than I was used to. The junior executive types were still walking through the building like it was mid-day, and I was praying he'd take me to some empty conference room where I could get nude and do a quick twirl and that would be it.

My prayers seemed to be answered when we took the elevator up to the seventh floor and went down the hall to the restrooms. Maybe he'd just have me do a couple quick dashes out of there when there was no one in the hall. Or maybe not.

He told me to go in the lady's and see if there was anyone else in there. When I found there wasn't, he came in and told me to take off all my clothes. As usual, I did exactly what he said. That's part of the game. I put myself totally in his control. It's better that way, but that doesn't mean it didn't scare me half out of my mind. Actually, that's the best part. Anyway, he put my clothes into the canvas bag and gave me my assignment. He was going down to a bar for a quick drink, while I was to make my way to the men's room on the second floor. He would be there in fifteen minutes and would wait for ten more. If I didn't get there by then, he would get the car and drive home, taking my clothes with him.

I'm sure I turned four shades of red before I went white with shock. "How ..." I stuttered.

"That's up to you," he said. "I'll do my part, and I'll be punctual. It would probably be a good idea if you were too." Then he turned and walked out the door.

I almost peed on the floor. I was stuck in the lady's room, stark naked, with six floors of men and women running around in unpredictable patterns between me and my clothes. I had never been in the building before, so I had no idea how it was laid out or what kind of offices there were. I knew where the elevator was, but I immediately realized I couldn't use that. When we came up it was almost full and it had stopped at several different floors. That kind of exposure in close quarters was way beyond anything I had ever done. I wasn't ready for that -- not by a long shot.

I shook my head, rousing myself from these terrifying thoughts, and then I had another. I didn't have a watch. I knew Jimmy would keep his word about the times, but how could I know how much time I had left. I had been so shocked and scared by the whole situation, I was already unsure how much time had passed. Was it a minute? Five minutes? I really didn't know, but I knew I had to get moving if I didn't want to hitch-hike home in the nude.

I went to the door and opened it a crack. I couldn't see anyone in the hall, but I could hear noises from right around the corner, near the doors to the elevator. I looked the other way, hoping to see an Exit sign indicating the fire stairs. I was dismayed to see the hall dead end with no Exit sign, no stairs.

When my snapping nerves settled down enough to let me think, I realized the stairs must be on the other side of the elevator. Oh my god, I was wasting time. I hadn't moved a step, and now I was sure that at least two or three minutes had passed, probably more. I took a deep breath and stepped out into the hall.

I scampered like a mouse to the corner where the hall turned toward the elevator doors. Fortunately, Jimmy had taken my shoes, so my feet barely made a sound flying across the floor. I peeked around the corner and froze again. Three guys and two girls were standing near the elevator doors. I was hoping they were all waiting to go down, but it didn't look like it. Two of the guys were still in shirtsleeves, and only one of the girls had her purse.

I decided to wait to see what they would do when the elevator came, but then I got scared of that, too. There were three doors into the hall behind me. If someone came out of one of them, I would be trapped. I had no idea what I would do. It took a violent effort of will to keep myself from collapsing into hysteria right then and there.

That's when I noticed yet another problem. My whole body had been so overwhelmed with fear and nervous stimulation, it had somehow started to secrete a heavy flow of vaginal juices. I could already smell myself, and there was no time to go back in the bathroom and clean up. Could I have possibly put myself into a more humiliating situation?

I waited until the elevator came because I couldn't think of what else to do. By that point, I had lost all track of time. Jimmy might have been finishing his drink at that very moment. The hysteria started bubbling up again when I thought of that, but I finally got a break. The elevator came and two of them got on. The other three said good night and walked back to one of the offices down the hall. A ray of hope shined into my chaotic mind.

I waited a few seconds after the three late workers disappeared into their office, then tiptoed out into the main hall. I was close enough to hear the workers talking, but there was something else. It sounded like another elevator car was coming up. I had only seconds to get out of that hall before the shiny metal door slid back and people stepped out to see the naked girl running down the hall making incoherent sounds. Not only that, but I saw that the three workers had not closed their office door, so they would have a clear view of me as I ran past. The good news was that the Exit sign glowed red just beyond their door. If I could get to the stairwell, I'd have a good shot at making it down to the second floor without the humiliating encounter that was terrorizing my imagination.

I just ran. There was nothing else I could do, no way to hide and no time for that anyway. My boobs bounced wildly as I streaked past the open door to the office, where I saw one of the guys at his desk. He was turned sideways to me, which meant if he turned his head, I'd be right there in all my naked glory, framed in the door. I don't know if he caught a glimpse of me. I don't think so, because I didn't hear any startled sound, but I didn't wait to find out. I ran to the fire stairs and slipped through the door as I heard the elevator doors rumbling open. I quickly ran down two flights before I paused to listen again.

What I heard was not reassuring. It didn't seem like anyone from the seventh floor was coming after me, but there were voices echoing up the stairs from below. It seemed like several people were in the stairwell. What the hell were they doing there? Were they coming up? Going down? I couldn't tell. The only good thing about the sound was that it seemed to be coming from several floors below.

I had a moment to stop and think, which might not have been such a good thing. It just scared me more. I realized that Jimmy might already be at the bathroom, counting off the precious minutes before he abandoned me to utter shame and a nervous breakdown. I had to keep moving, and fast.

I crept down another flight of stairs. Fourth floor -- just two more to go. Also, the sounds in the stairwell had stopped. Maybe there was no one left between me and my objective. I began to think I might make it. I padded lightly down to the third floor and started down the last flight to the second.

Suddenly, there was a loud metallic bang as someone opened the door from the second floor hall into the stairs. I turned and flew back up to the third floor landing. My heart was racing, but I wasn't totally panicked. I'd just wait for them to go down to the first floor and out, then proceed on my merry way -- right? Wrong.

I was listening to the steps from below, expecting to hear them going down. But they didn't. For some unknown reason, this person was coming up. I turned back to the stairs, ready to fly up to the fourth floor, until I heard the door on the landing just above me open and two or more people entered the stairs, talking and laughing. I was caught. They'd be coming down. The person from the second floor was coming up. I had about one second to decide.

I hit the door to the third floor and burst through. I was in luck. I was in some kind of back hall and there was no one there. I quickly sprinted to the end of the hall and paused at a double door. I turned the handle quietly and pushed one of the doors open a crack, but had no time to check for activity on the other side of the door. Behind me, the door to the stairwell began to open. I had to take a chance. I pushed the door open and scampered through.

Game over. There were literally dozens of people in the hall. Many of them turned to look at the naked girl, standing helplessly in the doorway, trying to cover her tits and pussy with her hands. I was frozen like that for several seconds before I yelped and jumped back through the door. There were only five people in that back hall, all staring in shock. At that point, they seemed like the lesser of two evils and I ran past them back to the stairwell.

I tore down the stairs past another five or six startled office workers and ran into the second floor hallway. Mercifully, there were only four people there standing by the elevator doors. They all turned to stare, but after what seemed like fifty people had already seen my humiliating exhibition, that was no big deal. The hallway seemed to be laid out like the seventh floor, so I ran past them, letting my boobs bounce but still keeping a hand over my pussy. The rest rooms were right where they were supposed to be, but I made the mistake of going into the ladies. My brain was sparking and sputtering, but it wasn't doing much to help me.

A middle-aged woman was in there, washing her hands. I stopped and looked at her blankly. She blinked with shock and then broke into a big smile. "Doing a dare?" she asked.

I had to stop for a minute to let my brain form coherent speech. "I ... I guess. Yes," I sputtered. I felt overwhelming gratitude for her gentle smile and the plausible answer she had provided for my inexplicable behavior. I made a weak attempt to smile back.

"Well, dear, don't worry. Anyone that sees you is going to feel lucky. You're very pretty."

"Thank you," I said, somewhat stupidly. Then I suddenly thought of Jimmy, hopefully still waiting in the next bathroom. "I've got to go."

I bounced back into the hall, where several people had clustered near the ladies' room door to see if I'd come out the way I went in. I guess they felt rewarded. One of the guys said, "Way to go, girl."

I managed to flash him a brief and crooked smile as I scampered into the men's room, where Jimmy waited with a big shit-eating grin. He looked at his watch.

"Just in time."