**Vanessa's Interminable Night**

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**Chapter 1:**  
The burger restaurant across from the movie theater was bustling with loyal patrons eagerly awaiting their chance to devour scrumptious food. Friday nights were exceedingly difficult for the staff — especially when popular movies debuted. Vanessa tried her best to accommodate the customers in an expeditious and amiable way; however, the high volume prevented her from providing the excellent service she desired to attain quality tips. She told herself multiple times that another job would eliminate much of her stress, but procrastinated when opportunities became available. Besides, with tips, she was pulling in $18 an hour (not bad for a college student).   
  
As the night was coming to a close, Vanessa approached her locker and gathered her personal belongings. Just then, the shift manager, Julie, barged through the employee door with a frantic look on her face.  
  
"Vanessa! Oh, thank god!" Said Julie. "Everyone else has left for the night and I need to run home — the babysitter said Johnny has a fever."  
  
"How terrible." Said Vanessa. "I'll hurry up, then."  
  
"No time!" Said Julie, shoving a ring of keys into Vanessa's hands. "You'll need to close the restaurant for me."  
  
"But...but I don't know how." Said Vanessa, with an anxious look on her face.  
  
"Super easy." Said Julie, as she put her coat on. "Turn off all the lights, lock the doors, and set the security alarm — the password is 9528."  
  
"9..5..2..8" Said Vanessa, repeating the numbers over and over in her mind.  
  
"Exactly!" Said Julie. "Just remember that the--" Ring! Ring! Ring! "Hello...oh my...okay...okay...I'll be there right away."  
  
"Just remember wha--"  
  
"Bye, Vanessa." Said Julie, interrupting her question. "Please leave the keys in the manager's office, I'll use my spare set to open up tomorrow."  
  
And with that, Vanessa was alone without any clue as to what Julie was about to say. Flabbergasted by her new predicament, Vanessa stood idle for a moment to gather her thoughts. Biting her lip in frustration, she quickly realized that now was not the time for dawdling. The only reasonable course of action was to complete Julie's instructions (or lack thereof) and hope the security of the restaurant was not compromised.  
  
Setting the alarm seemed like the most logical first step, considering she did not want to forget the password. She walked through the kitchen towards a small rectangular box hanging from the wall. She opened the box, revealing a ten-number keypad that was used to set the alarm. After entering the password, the LCD display prompted her to set a timer, after which time, the restaurant would be inaccessible until the following morning.  
  
Knowing that she had to lock five doors and turn off the lights, not to mention, collect her belongings from her locker, she wagered that 10 minutes would be sufficient to accomplish the task. She pressed the number one on the keypad and something bizarre happened: the timer initiated its countdown from three minutes. Vanessa panicked, quickly realizing that there were instructions on the inside cover, indicating that the timer could not be manually set, but rather, the numbers corresponded to a predetermined time frame.   
  
"Oh, my God!" Said Vanesa, panic-stricken. "This is what Julie was probably going to tell me, before she got distracted."  
  
Without wasting another moment, Vanessa dashed through the kitchen towards the main dining area. She veered to the left, approaching the first of five doors. Without hesitation, she swiftly locked the door and made her way to the next one.   
  
Speed was imperative, otherwise, the alarm would go off, triggering a call to the police and an embarrassing situation — possibly putting her employment in jeopardy. The second, third, and fourth doors were locked with relatively ease, leaving a single door in the far corner of the restaurant. As she approached the final door, she stepped on a menu that had been left on the floor, causing her to slide into the corner of a nearby table — rip -- and face first into the ground.  
  
Luckily for her, the carpet absorbed much of the impact, leaving no visible bruises; unfortunately, she soon realized that her skirt had been torn substantially. To the point that it would not hold up without the support of her hand bracing it into place.   
  
Realizing that the clock was still ticking, she clenched her skirt with her left hand, while simultaneously grasping the keys with her right hand (creating a maladroit situation), and proceeded to the final door. It was exceedingly difficult to lock the last door with her left hand preoccupied, in fact, she slightly loosened her hold on her skirt, revealing the top part of her underwear.  
  
The salmon-colored hipster panties were exposed for just a moment, but it was sufficient for Vanessa to feel embarrassed, causing her to alter her stance to conceal any further exposure. A range of emotions manifested after the near blunder: anxiety, nervousness, regret, and...excitement?  
  
Vanessa couldn't quite explain it, but her heart began to flutter in a most peculiar way. Similar to when you are in line for a roller coaster ride -- nervous, yet thrilled. Before attempting to analyze the meaning of this incident, pragmatism kicked in, forcing her to strengthen her hold on her skirt, grab the keys, and lock the final door.  
  
With athletic-type speed, she turned off all the lights, tossed Julie's keys in the office, and burst through the kitchen, glancing at the timer while in motion -- it read, 8 seconds. The overwhelming situation startled her, causing a brief lapse in concentration, enough time, however, for her skirt to plummet towards the ground. Vanessa was mortified, but could not justify bending over to retrieve her skirt, otherwise, she would jeopardize her employment with the alarm being triggered.  
  
She made a mad dash towards the exit, unsure whether she would beat the timer. She flung the door open, jumped through the opening -- tripping in the process -- and rolled onto the rough pavement. The door sealed shut, leaving Vanessa linger on the parking lot ground, as she waited for the alarm to activate. Fortunately, her efforts were not in vain, the alarm remained silent -- meaning, the police were not coming.  
  
Vanessa couldn't help but smirk, considering how much turmoil she felt during the stressful experience. She elevated her body to a sitting position, allowing herself to catch her breath, before realizing that her underwear was on full display. She quickly scanned the parking lot, looking to see if anyone had spotted her.  
  
Fortune was in her favor, the parking lot was vacant, except for her car. The nervous-excitement reemerged (precipitating into an accelerated heart beat), further complicating Vanessa's feelings about the situation. Without thinking, Vanessa rubbed her hand from her knee, up her thigh, and towards the edge of her undies. The sensation felt soothing, stimulating her thoughts into the realm of erotic pleasure -- suddenly, she stopped.  
  
Why-why did I do that? Vanessa thought. I must not allow myself to be enveloped by my dormant desires. Whatever I'm feeling can be suppressed, I will not acquiesce to illogical fantasies and risk public humiliation.  
  
With that, Vanessa stood up, and stretched her shirt over her undies, hiding her shame from plain view. The shirt was by no means long, in fact, it only barely covered Vanessa's undies, extending a few inches past them. Luckily, the veil of darkness reduced visibility, making it difficult for observers to see what had happened.  
  
Vanessa looked around once more, verifying that no one was secretly watching her from a distance. She then proceeded to walk towards her car, preparing to put this lamentable experience behind her. As she approached her car something troubling dawned upon her -- she did not grab her keys from her locker.  
  
When Vanessa was at her locker, Julie's frantic state caused her to forget about grabbing her personal belongings, including: her car keys, cellphone, and wallet. Without these items, she had no means of getting back to her apartment, except by walking -- with no skirt!

**Chapter 2:**  
Procrastinating was not an option, Vanessa needed to get home as swiftly as possible to avoid being caught. She scurried over to the wall of the restaurant, leaned her head around the corner, and analyzed the terrain for the path of least exposure.   
  
She considered using the sidewalk, providing a fast and efficient means for reaching her apartment, the downside, however, was the risk of being seen by cars and other pedestrians out for a midnight stroll. Given that it was Friday night going into Saturday morning, many young adults would be celebrating the weekend, yielding a high probability of being discovered and publicly disgraced.  
  
The other option, however, presented total seclusion from the prying eyes of perverted individuals. It was a bit more roundabout than the sidewalk, but given the circumstances, it offered a chance of maintaining her decency. It was a small woodland path that lead straight to her apartment building, the catch was this: the entrance to the forested area was behind the movie theater across the street. Meaning, she would have to walk across the street and through the parking lot of the movie theater, risking potential exposure along the way.  
  
Neither plan was ideal, but she opted for the woodland path, as it would supply some form of protection, whereas the sidewalk would not. Vanessa eased her way along the side of the building, quickly surveying the crosswalk to see if any cars or people were obstructing her path. When the coast was clear, she scampered through the intersection, across the sidewalk, and into the movie theater parking lot.  
  
After completing the task, she took shelter behind a large sedan to catch her breath. As she inhaled deeply, producing a subsequent exhalation, she observed a strange phenomenon — her breast were extremely perky, especially the nipples! The enlargement was quite strange, not that this has never happened before; but, the situation usually occurred during sexual arousal, typically when she pleasured herself.  
  
"What is going on?" Whispered Vanessa, puzzled about her own feelings  
  
First, she caressed her leg in the restaurant parking lot, and now, she was experiencing breast expansion. Her body was presenting clear indications of secret desires, making Vanessa insecure, and concerned about her own conscious control if the situation spiraled into further states of undress.  
  
Vanessa, once again reminded herself about the inherent dangers of losing control, and refocused her efforts on carving a course towards the woodland path. A few movie-goers were thinly scattered across the parking lot, but nothing crowded enough that would inhibit her ability to stay concealed. The key was to stay vigilant, along with being patient and seizing opportunities when they presented themselves.  
  
With meticulous precision, Vanessa maneuvered her way through various cars, ducking and stopping when someone entered her immediate vicinity. Within a couple minutes, she made her way to the third row of cars from the front entrance, making her task look easier than expected, then it happened — flashing lights surrounded her as someone used their keys to unlock their car.  
  
Vanessa heard the footsteps approaching at an alarming pace, the anxiety buckled her knees into place, leaving her unable to escape. She fell to her knees, doing the only thing she could, and rolled underneath the car for protection. Immediately upon doing so, she saw a pair of shoes on both sides of the car, stranding her into a forlorn position.  
  
Upon backing up, they would surely see her lying on the ground, leaving many questions to be answered (perhaps, the lack of a skirt would be the least of her problems). With the driver and passenger entering the vehicle and starting the ignition, Vanessa could not risk exiting from the side and getting run over; therefore, she engaged in crawling towards the front of the car, hoping she could close the gap to the next car quick enough to avoid exposure.  
  
She carefully avoided getting trapped underneath, but when the driver began to back up, she felt a tug — her shirt was stuck! The driver, rushed to beat traffic, recklessly backed up as quickly as he could, tearing Vanessa's shirt, straight off her body, leaving her lying on the ground with only her bra and panties on. Vanessa screeched, placing her hands over her partially-exposed breasts in a desperate attempt to relief her embarrassment.   
  
The driver of the car, unaware of what just happened, peeled off down the street, not noticing Vanessa's precarious situation. Despite not being discovered, Vanessa was beyond apprehensive, causing her to climb to her feet and start running towards the woodland entrance. Her bouncing breasts (a voluptuous 34C), were beyond excited, creating an uncomfortable tension with her undersized bra. Furthermore, the awkward pressure of the fabric caused her minor pain/pleasure on her sensitive areola and nipples. Her subconscious concupiscence convinced her that the only mode of escape was to remove the barrier of garments; liberating her from the restraints of modesty, and for once in her life, experiencing sexual nirvana.  
  
Vanessa, in a semi-cognizant state, deviated from her current trajectory (the woodland path), and made her way to a known side entrance in which the door never locked correctly. Her breathing intensified, taking small bursts of intermittent breaths, while her stomach became incredibly tensed, and her legs quivered incessantly. Like a pot with an excessive amount of boiling water, the situation was becoming unstable, ready to pour over in a most chaotic fashion.  
  
Mere feet from the movie theater side-entrance, Vanessa, involuntarily, unhinged her bothersome bra, dropping the straps straight toward the ground, as her two beautiful breasts emerged with curvaceous elegance, magnificently illuminated by the shimmering moon-light. She clasped her hands over her buxom breasts, squeezing them together, and with her eyes closed, lips pursed, she moaned softly. The ebullience she perceived was incomparable to any other sexual experience she ever felt. She caressed herself with indescribable pleasure, making certain to touch every bare portion of her skin: starting with her soft toes, working her way up her long silky-smooth legs, gliding across her curvy hips, fondling her splendidly-round breasts, massaging her neck and delicate face, and ending with her hands sliding through her silky hair. "Marvelous," she thought.  
  
She opened her eyes, walked towards the door (undaunted by what lay ahead), and entered the movie theater, with her salmon-colored-pink-hipster-panties — and nothing else.

**Chapter 3:**  
The lights in the hallway were quite luminescent, highlighting Vanessa's obvious lack of clothing. Still in a mesmeric-like state (similar to a daze when one daydreams), Vanessa drifted towards the nearest theater, entering without considering the negative repercussions of being caught.  
  
The theater was pitch-black, as Vanessa crept her way forward, approaching the end of the barrier that separated the entrance from the seating area. Before Vanessa turned the corner, possibly exposing herself to a crowd of unknown movie patrons (albeit, with limited light) — BOOM! — a massive explosion from the movie startled her. She looked around furiously (regaining control over her consciousness), frantically attempting to discern what had just happened. Before identifying the source of the sound, she realized with great remorse of her current dilemma.  
  
"Why am I NAKED!?" she thought, fidgeting with fear. "I--I have to get out of here — right now!"  
  
Using her arms to shield her breasts, Vanessa made her way back towards the entrance (her only exit), nervously contemplating her next move. Before making further progress, with great dismay, the door began to swing open — people were coming!  
  
Vanessa was startled with her awful luck, wondering if destiny wanted her to be exposed in the most embarrassing of circumstances. Determined not to accept her fate, Vanessa pivoted on her back foot, dropped her hands from their protective position, and started to sprint down the aisle. Upon reaching the end cap, she anxiously leaned her head over the barrier to scope out her surroundings. The theater -- to her amazement -- was sparsely populated, giving her a chance at going unnoticed. Knowing that she was nearly out of time (the people were rapidly approaching), she shuffled into the seating area, lowered her body to a crouching position, and began to ascend the stairs to the high rise seating.  
  
Her full-bosomed chest began to jiggle as she climbed the stairs, distracting Vanessa from her objective, eliciting feelings of lustful adventure and subjecting herself to the cravings of her subconscious. In addition, she couldn't help but recognize the moisture coming from her underwear, quite perplexing given the tumultuous situation. The amalgamation of conflicting feelings baffled Vanessa: she wanted protective cover, yet exposure seemed exciting; she wanted to cease her lascivious thoughts, but enacting them sounded exhilarating; she did not want to cum, but the urge convinced her otherwise.  
  
One more step and the stimulation would be insatiable, Vanessa, thinking quickly, took evasive action, plunging her body below the seats to the aisle on her right, and began crawling towards the other side. She reasoned that she could escape to the exit on the opposite side, but still had no solution as to how she would get home. That being said, Vanessa did not have the luxury of time to compose a detailed plan for her misadventure. She would have to tackle each obstacle as it presented itself.  
  
Luckily for Vanessa, no movie patrons were sitting in the aisle she was crawling in, making it significantly easier to accomplish her task. She used her elbows and knees to push her body forward, but felt substantial soreness and irritation. Deciding to take a short breather, she lowered herself to the floor, gently pressing her breasts into the ground. The cold ground sent goosebumps throughout her body -- including her voluptuous breasts -- causing her nipples to become quite erect, while her pussy tingled with enthusiasm.   
  
Vanessa began to thrust her body back and forth, generating a source of heat from the friction, "that feels good," she thought. She gradually increased the pace, loving the warm sensation she felt on her most delicate areas — especially her pussy.  
  
She grasped her breasts, squeezing them together with great intensity, using her slender fingers to pinch her nipples (ever so softly). Her hips gyrated across the floor, bouncing up and down, pulsating uncontrollably with heated passion. Each thrust stimulated further pleasure, resulting in small audible moans, "ahhh," she exhaled.  
  
Her movements became more erratic, her satisfaction heightened exponentially, as she thrust her body forward across the floor. Intermittently, Vanessa would arch her round-shaped butt towards the ceiling, touching the seats above her, then back down to grind the floor again. The rhythmic motions, along with her absolute concentration on achieving sexual bliss, caused Vanessa to elevate her butt into an armrest that caught her panties, and as she advanced forward, pulled them straight down to her ankles. Vanessa veered her gaze towards her ankles, stared for a brief moment, smirked, then wiggled her feet out of her last piece of clothing — leaving her completely naked. It was time to have some fun!

**Chapter 4:**  
Vanessa flipped onto her back, clenched her breasts with her left hand, clasped her clitoris with her right hand, and surged into sexual liberation. Her pussy throbbed incessantly, producing excessive juices that saturated her fingers. She remedied the situation by inserting them into her mouth and licking them thoroughly.

Containing her volume during her moans was exceedingly difficult, especially when her body was shuddering without restraint. She fingered herself with increased vigor, accelerating the speed as she edged for what seem like an eternity. Vanessa gyrated her hips up and down, and side to side, grinding her bare buttocks across the floor, preparing herself for the inevitable release of sexual pleasure. She squeezed her private parts as firmly as possible as her body mimicked a brief epileptic episode, before..."AHHH!" she screamed.  
  
"What was that?!" yelled a random person.  
  
The usher on duty grabbed his flashlight and rushed up the stairs, shining his light in each aisle to determine the source of the sound. One lady was kind enough to offer her assistance.  
  
"The scream came from the aisle behind me." said an older lady.  
  
The usher entered the designated aisle, examining each seat with meticulous precision to assure success. Distracted from the screen, the movie patrons focused their efforts on the usher as he proceeded through the row of seats. Some looked a bit nervous, not knowing what would come from the situation. The usher, maintaining a stoic demeanor, shined his light over each seat, until he discovered a small piece of fabric.  
  
"What is that?" Said the usher, grabbing the loose clothing.  
  
"What did you find?" Said an eager person.  
  
The usher paused, attempting to discern why women panties were hanging from one of the armrests. He ducked down, shined his light left and right, and to his astonishment: found no trace of a girl, or additional clothing. Puzzled, the usher scampered towards the exit, ignoring the shouts that were demanding an answer, and made his way to the security office.  
  
"John!" Said the usher, bursting through the door to the security office. "Roll back the tape from sectors 4 and 6 — right now!"  
  
"Absolutely." Said John. "What am I looking for, Charles?"  
  
"Not sure," said Charles, the usher. "But, I think we have an exhibitionist on our hands." Showing John the hipster panties he found in the theater.  
  
John snickered, eagerly hoping that Charles assessment was correct, relishing the opportunity to see a naked lady. He rolled back the video footage, looking for any discernible signs of observable nudity; unfortunately, for John, the tapes revealed no definitive evidence.  
  
"I'm sorry, Charles," said John. "There's nothing here."  
  
"Are there any blind spots?" Said Charles. "Allowing her to elude the eye in the sky."  
  
"Well...if she were to hug the wall, and use the west-wing parking lot exit, it would be possible."  
  
"Show me the camera for the west-wing parking lot, then." Said Charles.  
  
John changed the feed to the west-wing parking lot, initiating the footage from one hour ago and fast-forwarding it to present time, in hopes to capture any suspicious activity.  
  
"Its so dark — I can't see anything," said Charles.  
  
"Management has been dragging their feet for weeks, they claim margins are too thin to permit adequate replacement lighting." Said John. "Hold on, I think I got something."  
  
The two saw a curvy silhouette scamper across the parking lot, then suddenly stop. With bated breath, they observed the unknown girl as she walked towards the side entrance, placed her hands behind her back, and dropped what looked like a bra. The cloak of darkness hindered their view, but it was quite evident from her outline that her breasts were on full display. They watched every second of her caressing her body (with the limited view they had), becoming immersed in her every movement. After the provocative show, they saw the girl sneak into the movie theater.  
  
"Oh, my.....god!" Said John. "What I wouldn't give to see her face and assets with the light on."  
  
"Keep going," Said Charles. "She may have used the same exit, and if so, we may be able to ascertain her location."  
  
The footage was fast-forwarded until they saw the door open once more. This time, the girl looked rushed, hastily running away from the building, in the direction of the woodland area.   
  
"Her outline looks different," said John. "Perhaps, she snuck in naked, but one of her friends had clothing waiting for her inside the theater."  
  
"There's a sense of urgency," said Charles. "Why would she run when she has the safety of clothing? It doesn't add up."  
  
The two nodded at each other and proceeded to converge on the west-wing exit. As they approached the exit, they noticed popcorn littered across the floor, along with remanent's from the cylindrical containers used to carry the popcorn. They disregarded this information and continued forward, exiting the building, flipping on their flashlights, and scanning the parking for the mysterious girl. Consequently, they arrived tardy, and were unable to identify the woman's identity or her location; however, they did stumble upon one piece of evidence that confirmed their earlier suspicion — Vanessa's bra.

**Chapter 5:**  
Vanessa traversed the woodland area, lamenting the embarrassing mishap at the movie theater and focusing solely on her prime objective: getting home without being caught. She couldn't believe the level of betrayal her subconscious had engaged in on this night. The unacceptable debauchery would be terminated immediately, by forbidding herself from wearing revealing clothing, and taking every opportunity to cover herself with extra layers when practical.   
  
"Never again," said Vanessa, as she crossed the road leading to her apartment.  
  
As Vanessa approached the entrance, she delicately opened the front door, being careful to close it without too much ruckus. She tiptoed through a long corridor that lead to a staircase and elevator, leaving her with an important choice — "which one?" She thought. "No one should be awake at this hour and my feet are throbbing."  
  
Vanessa pressed the up button, waited for a brief moment, then entered the elevator and selected the third floor. As the doors sealed shut, Vanessa glanced over to her side, noticing the large mirrors surrounding her from every angle. The mirrors highlighted her obvious lack of clothing; however, her once exposed private assets were now hidden from plain view. Vanessa smirked, "thank goodness I'm such a clever girl."   
  
As the elevator reached its destination, Vanessa slid out — not realizing she was still staring at herself — and bumped into a person, causing her to lose her balance and collapse to the ground.  
  
"Oh, my," Said the man, in a concerned fashion. "I'm terribly sorry, let me give you a han.....d."  
  
The gentlemen was incredibly shocked by Vanessa's appearance, given that she was rather timid in their previous encounters. Avoiding the awkwardness of the situation, the man rapidly shifted his attention towards the ceiling, preventing himself from indulging in Vanessa's marvelous appearance.  
  
"Anthony?" Said Vanessa, faintly. "Is that you?"  
  
"Ummm...yes." Said the perplex Anthony. "I didn't see anything, just so you know."  
  
"Oh, right," said Vanessa. "I'm certain this looks puzzling from your perspective. And I promise I'll clarify the details in due time, but for the moment, could you help me to my feet? I can't maneuver very well at the moment."  
  
Anthony bit his bottom lip with his teeth, rationalizing what Vanessa had just uttered, and the possible implications that it could entail. Be that as it may, Anthony recognized the diffident tone in Vanessa's voice, indicating that she was quite embarrassed, and wanted nothing more than to escape with some shred of dignity left intact.  
  
"I can see the indifference in your face, Anthony." Said Vanessa. "I know that you are a genuine person with no inclinations towards mischievous behavior. That is why I am very grateful you happened to be the person I ran into. And If you happen to see something provocative, consider it your reward for assisting me in this obscure situation."  
  
Vanessa's face turned scarlet red in an instant after completing her dialogue. While someone may have caught a glimpse of her exquisite physique during her escapade, never before has she given permission for another person to gaze upon her beautiful splendor. With mixed feeling about the situation, Anthony, cautiously, adjusted his gaze and extended his hand to the maiden who lay beneath his feet. Vanessa grasped his hand, feeling a brief tingle in her private areas, making her blush outwardly and feel quite embarrassed. Anthony, somewhat oblivious to this phenomenon, elevated her body to a standing position, revealing Vanessa's gauche attire.  
  
"Um...care to explain you odd choice in....clothing?" Said Anthony  
  
"You mean to tell me used tubs of popcorn can't be fashionable when Lady Gaga once wore a meat dress?" Remarked Vanessa facetiously, intending to derail the conversation and return to the safety of her apartment as quickly as possible.  
  
"Fair enough." Said Anthony in a befuddled voice. "I suppose I'll wish you a good night, then."  
  
"Hold on!" Said Vanessa. "I left my keys at work and have no means of reentering my apartment. Do you happen to still have that spare key I gave you?"  
  
Anthony had a slightly bewildered look on his face before realizing that he did in fact have her spare key in one of his cupboard drawers.  
  
"Oh, right," said Anthony. "Let me fetch that for you."  
  
Vanessa breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that her unintended series of mishaps was seemingly about to end. That being said, she felt regret about blowing off Anthony when he asked her a legitimate question. Perhaps she was being too coarse with him, considering that she would be stuck outside her apartment until management arrived in the morning without his assistance.   
  
"I'll be back in a second." Said Anthony.  
  
"Hold up," replied Vanessa. As she leaned into his body and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you for everything. Your the best."  
  
Anthony could barely contain his excitement, he had always admired Vanessa's beauty, but never thought she was someone remotely in his league. Thus, he had never formally requested a date or an evening together, even though he longed to be in her company.   
  
"Um...thank you." Said Anthony. "I'll go get that key, then."  
  
Vanessa smiled approvingly, as she watched Anthony walk into his apartment. While Vanessa never entertained the possibility of conceiving a relationship with her next door neighbor, Anthony, she couldn't help but feel a strong pull towards him in that transient moment — a lustful pull! The identical feeling she experienced at the movie theater seemed to be reemerging, as her hands began to fidget wildly, attempting to relieve the pressures placed upon her delicate assets. "Not again," she reminded herself, attempting to mitigate her hibernating desires. But her resolve, unfortunately, could not be maintained.  
  
"Here are your keys," said Anthony, as he walked out of his apartment. "I almost forgot where I put these, good thing I —"   
  
CHING! The keys came crashing to the ground, echoing across the entire hallway. Anthony, stunned by what he saw, was now staring at Vanessa without the obstruction of two popcorn containers — she was completely naked! And with that, was making no attempts at covering herself up.  
  
"Thank you again, Anthony." Said Vanessa in a strong confident voice (posturing through her fear with the support of her subconscious will). "Perhaps we can do this again sometime." And without another utterance, Vanessa entered her apartment, leaving Anthony taciturn and stimulated about the events that had just transpired.