**Working Late**

by[Timeris](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1686353&page=submissions)©

It was a late Friday afternoon, and this was the day Erica planned to indulge another long term fantasy. She contrived to work after hours, under the guise of catching up on a project that was due the following week.

Her coworkers streamed out over the next hour, waving goodbye and wishing each other a nice weekend. Her boss Amanda stopped by and admonished her to not stay too late.

"I won't. I just want to get ahead of the deadline," Erica replied.

"Okay then, see you Monday."

At around 6:00 PM, she got up from her desk, and casually made her way to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee. She took the long way around the floor, Checking to see if there were any other stragglers. It was still too early to begin her plan, but she wanted to be sure she was alone.

She looked out the kitchen window, which opened up onto a large terraced patio. Her company was on the fourth floor of a building in the town's small business district. She took her coffee, and went out on the patio, looking down to see how much activity was still going on. There were some small shops across the parking lot, but she knew from experience that they closed at 7:00. There was a restaurant with outside seating as well, just starting to fill up with Happy Hour patrons. She bet some of her coworkers were probably over there even now.

She went back to her desk, because she did legitimately have to catch up on her project. Granted, she'd taken her time this week, just to make this evening necessary.

A half hour later she jumped when she heard the distant elevator bell. "Dammit! Who's that?" she thought to herself.

A little while later she could hear several people quietly talking and a vacuum cleaner starting. Of course. the cleaning crew.

She went back to her work, smiling at the cleaners as they came through to empty the trash, and vacuum the floor. A hour later, the crew was gone.

As the clock approached 10:00 PM she decided it was late enough for her plans. She felt butterflies in her stomach, as she anticipated what would come soon. She quickly finished up the last of her work, saved everything and shut down her computer.

Before anything else, in a small fit of paranoia, she quickly did another walk around the floor, to make absolutely sure she was alone. Once assured, she headed back to her desk again.

She set her phone down in a place where the camera had a full view and started recording. This would be an amusing surprise for Sandy and Tom.

With a nervous grin, she began unbuttoning her white cotton blouse, removed it and set it over her chair. She unfastened the button on her denim skirt, and slowly lowered it off her hips. She savored the sense of wickedness, of being naked where she wasn't supposed to be, instantly aroused.

Of course, since her change in outlook a couple of months ago, she no longer wore underwear. Her skin was covered in goosebumps and her nipples hardened as the cool office air struck her bare skin. She stood there for a moment, enjoying the feeling.

After a short time, she gathered her extremely small collection of garments, and placed them in the small gym bag she'd brought for the purpose. She also removed a small stainless steel butt plug, with a large fake gem. She turned her back to the camera, making sure it had a good view, and ran the sex toy along her wet slit, and then slowly working it past her tight sphincter. With a small pop, it was pulled into place, giving her asshole a pleasant sensation of fullness.

"Something new I thought up," she said to the camera.

She closed the drawer and pressed the button that secured it shut.

Now, all she had was her phone, and her ID lanyard, to let her out of the building. She attached the phone to the selfie stick she'd gotten for the purpose, inspired by an online exhibitionist who did similar exploits. She slowly walked around the floor, stopping occasionally to pose, and to look in offices. Eventually, she reached the patio by kitchen and decided to step outside.

Not all the lights on the were on, but she was quite visible if anyone looked up. It was unlikely that it would register that she was naked, but her figure would be seen. She could see people moving in the distance, but was insulated by the anonymity of being high above and not obvious.

She began to masturbate, partially willing someone to look up and see her. Nobody did in the dim twilight though. After a couple of minutes, she decided to head inside, perhaps to leave the building and find her way home.

Walking towards the elevator, she suddenly froze, her heart in her mouth, as the door chimed and began to open.

She quickly came to her senses, and ducked into the nearest office, frantically looking around for a hiding space. She crawled as quietly as she could under the desk, her heart pounding, as she anticipated her impending humiliation.

Two men were talking as they casually walked past her hiding space, as she tensed in fear.

"I can't believe we have to do this on the weekend. There are much better things I could be doing than this on a Friday night."

"Well, Greg, that the annoyance of being in IT. Server upgrades can't happen during regular hours, so we get to suck it up and waste our evening."

"That doesn't mean I have to like it. Let's get that unloaded and set up so I can get back to a life."

"I hear you."

Erica began swearing in her mind. That was this weekend? How did she forget that? In her haste to do this, she'd completely forgotten the emails going around talking about it.

Down the hall, she heard the door to the server room open and the two guys talking. It seemed that she was undetected. she suddenly realized she was still filming.

She carefully positioned herself so that the camera got a good view and whispered "There are two guys down the hall. I came within a couple of seconds of getting caught. If only they knew what they were missing."

She began using her free hand to masturbate, alternating between her aching clitoris and pulling on the steel plug filling her anus. She had to stifle a moan as she began experiencing a massive orgasm. Her foot reflexively shot out, making an audible noise as it struck the inside of the desk.

She froze, as up the hall she heard "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what? No, stop screwing around and help me out."

"I guess it was nothing."

"Of course it was nothing. Here, hold this."

She let out her breath, still incredibly aroused by the risky situation. She would probably be less concerned about getting caught if she didn't know these guys. If she was discovered, there was a 100% chance that it would be common knowledge in the company before lunchtime on Monday.

Her legs were starting to cramp. This was not a comfortable hiding place. She began to wonder if she should find someplace else, or try making a run for it.

She thought about it, and decided to sneak her way to the Ladies room. She put down the phone, and carefully removed her shoes, figuring it would be much quieter without the heels on.

Slowly, anticipating any sound to dart back down, she crawled out from under the desk and stood up. She realized that it be difficult with the shoes, and carefully hid them behind a corner of the desk.

She tiptoed to the door, and looked out. Up the hall, she could see light spilling out the open door to the server room, and heard relaxed voices talking. She pointed the camera that direction, to give her erstwhile audience some context, then quickly ducked down the hallway, furtively glancing over her should for sounds of pursuit. No voices of alarm, and soon she turned the corner.

She stood there, momentarily safe, with a quandary. To one side was the Ladies room, which offered likely sanctuary, but would mean she was trapped here for the duration. To the other side was the elevator bank, offering the chance of a getaway. She hopped from one foot to the other, caught in the open, unable to make a decision.

The decision was made for her, as she heard Greg's voice getting closer. "Hey Brian, do you need anything from the kitchen? I've got to take a leak, but I'll grab something on the way back."

As Erica scrambled to get into the Ladies room, she heard Brian asking for a soda. Looking around, she ran to the farthest stall from the door, and quickly closed it behind her.

A minute later, the door to the Ladies room banged open as Greg poked his head in saying "hey LADIES!" and laughing.

She barely stifled the yelp, and held her breath, lifting her feet from the floor. The door banged shut, and she could hear Greg walking away.

She waited a couple of minutes, to give Greg a chance to head back to work, and slowly lowered her feet to the floor. She decided a long shower was in her future, because the idea of walking barefoot in this bathroom was not something she had in mind.

She went to the Ladies room door, and pulled it open a crack. Looking out, she could see freedom in sight, the elevators, if only she could make it there.

She listened carefully and realized that Greg and Brian were back at work, and far enough off that she couldn't make out the conversation.

She screwed up her courage, and bolted across to the elevator bank. She quickly stabbed the Down button, and began hopping up and down, willing it to hurry. After what felt like an eternity, should heard what sounded like the loudest sound in the universe, and the door chime rang with enough volume to wake the dead.

She quickly jumped in, frantically pressing the Door Close button as she heard Brian calling from up the hall, "Who's there?"

Thankfully the door closed before she was found. She was now in the position she had anticipated in her fantasy, leaving the building naked, with a slight risk that someone could be in the lobby.

The adrenaline rush as the doors opened was exquisite, although unnecessary, as the lobby was empty. She walked quickly to the back door, and crossed over to the parking garage. As part of her plan, she'd parked on the top floor, under the open air. Someone in the building would see her if they were looking in that direction, but it was unlikely anyone else would.

She walked up the five flights of stairs, feeling the rough concrete on her bare feet. When she got to the roof, she crossed to the back where her car was parked. Rather then getting in right away, She masturbated for the third, but not last time that evening. When she climaxed again, she unlocked the car, got in and drove out of the garage, heading home as quickly as she safely could.

She was sure her friends were going to love the video.