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Please remember that this is just a story, and not reality. Doing some of the things described in this story could result in very serious consequences. Be smart and be safe.

## **FRIDAY AFTER FIVE**

by Brian Carlisle

"Love in an elevator,  
Livin' it up when I'm going down  
Love in an elevator,  
Lovin' it up 'til I hit the ground..."  
Aerosmith, 1989

I work in the IT department of a large financial services company in the city, on the 27th floor. It's a long ride up from the lobby, and it's an even longer ride down. Especially when you're in a hurry to get away for the weekend.

Most of my work has to do with maintaining the company's computer software systems and managing database integrity. Put into english, that means I basically keep people from complaining about their files being 'eaten' or this program or that program won't open right. Sometimes our department will take on special projects, like integrating data files whenever we buy out another company (more often than I'd like, I might add) or doing mainframe virus scans. They even have me doing the branch web site updates, since I spent three years chugging out HTML at my former job. I guess I'm your typical jack-of-all-trades techie, really...Overworked, underpaid, you know the deal.

Now don't get me wrong...I'm not a computer geek like most of the guys in my department. While they're salivating over the latest PC Magazine or defragging their hard drive, I'm at home benching 175 in my home gym. Sure, I'm not a muscle-head either, but I keep fit and live well, which gives me an edge over the guys I work with. I'm pretty sure that 6'1" with spiky black hair, brown eyes and bronzed skin beats out the pasty, white look any day of the week.

Anyway.

Five o'clock came way too fast that Friday afternoon, and it found me scrambling to finish a building-wide e-mail about the software upgrade we were doing the following week. I would have waited until Monday, but our department head had wanted to give the grunts down on the floor below 48 hours notice that the network was going to be down. Seeing that Wednesday was the big day, I had no choice but to get the memo off before I left the building.

Typing furiously to beat the clock and make it out to my train on time, I completely missed the light sound of footsteps leading up to my desk. Sensing someone, I turned as a familiar face popped above the edge of my cubicle.

"Hey there, you!"

Her name was Rebecca Monaghan, but everyone in the office called her Becky. She worked in the payroll department on the other side of the building, and was the object of desire of no less than a dozen guys on my floor alone. Including me. Every day, whether I was passing her in the halls or the company lunch room, I took an extra moment to gaze across at her long, brown hair, and soft, ivory skin. And, of course, more than a few carefully hidden glances at her slim, sexy body. I especially liked watching her walk down the halls. her curvy ass shaking from side to side and bouncing ever so slightly beneath her thin skirt.

But unlike most of the guys chasing her, I had developed a good rapport with Becky ever since the day she started at our company. We usually grabbed lunch together when we weren't too busy, which led to a lot of great conversations. And through those talks, I learned a lot about her. She was twenty-four - just a year younger than me - a graduate of West Virginia University, and an accounting major at that. It's not too often that you find a smart girl with a knockout body and killer eyes, but that was Becky. She had the whole package.

My thoughts dissolved back to the sexy face above me.

"Heya, Beck! You ready to get out of here?"

"Just as fast as my little legs can carry me!" she said, grinning. "What about you?"

"Nah. Hold on a second," I said, finishing the last strokes of my e-mail and hitting "SEND". "Let me just shut down here and I'll ride down with you."

"Sounds good!"

She came around the corner and stood in front of the cubicle entrance. I clicked around on the XP taskbar and found the shutdown menu after a couple of long moments. Over my shoulder, I could feel her presence, making a very large and visible bulge begin to rise in my pants. No matter how much I tried, I could never ignore her body, and it always sent me into a minor trance of arousal. Of course, from the way I was turned in my chair, I couldn't see most of her shapely body. But the gentle curve of her breasts outlined in a thin, cream-colored shirt caught the corner of my eye, drawing my gaze sideways to her lightly rounded form. That in itself was enough.

As the computer screen turned black with a light spark of static, I stood and turned my back completely to her, hiding my obvious erection. Pretending to search for my keys, I made a quick adjustment and thanked the fates that we had casual Friday at our company. If I had been wearing dress pants instead of loose-fitting jeans, I wouldn't have stood a chance. I whipped back around and faced Becky.

"You okay?" she asked, with the faint trace of a smile on her lips.

"Of course!" I replied, grinning sheepishly. "Shall we go?"

We trotted down the corridor separating my department's end of the building from the rest, headed toward the main hall with the elevators. I trailed a step behind her, just enough so that I could gaze over at her curvy bubble butt swinging beneath her knee-length jean skirt. Silently, I hoped that she wouldn't notice, but even if she did, I knew that I couldn't take my eyes off her.

Something about her was radiating waves of energy that I found impossible to ignore, turning me on beyond belief.

"After you," I said, grinning and motioning to the open doors with a half-bow.

"Ooh, Jason," she purred, stepping in front of me. "You're such a gentleman!"

"Only when I'm sober," I said, as I winked and followed her in.

She caught the joke and laughed out loud, a soft lilt that echoed off the metal doors as they closed. We both turned and stood there facing the shiny wall in front of us as the computerized display beeped and we started to slide downward.

"So what're you up to this weekend?" Becky asked, turning towards me with a grin on her lips.

"The usual hellraising," I said coolly, grinning back. She laughed.

"That's about what I expected from you," putting a strong, playful emphasis on the last word. Her eyes were dancing in an almost mysterious way.

I chuckled back, flashing a grin. "Nah, seriously, I'll probably just be hanging around the house, sucking down drinks and watching sports until the wallpaper peels. Or Sunday night. Whichever comes first."

"Ahhhh," she said, nodding in mock agreement. "So just your typical male-pattern weekend, then?"

We both laughed. "Male pattern" was a private joke we'd developed over the past couple of months. If something was typically grunt-male, like downing beers, or driving fast cars, or eating junk food til you retch, it was definitely "male pattern" to us.

"Yeah, basically!" I chuckled. "What about you?"

Becky smiled. "Well, I-"

Suddenly, the elevator lurched with a rumble, a brief but earsplitting metal screech that rang through my ears. The bright lights that filled the small room disappeared in an instant, leaving us completely in the dark. Before I could figure out what had happened, we were stopped. Thrown off balance for a long second, we both wobbled slightly until we got our footing. I leaned back against the wall-mounted railing as I realized that we were stuck in there.

"You okay?" I asked Becky, half-guessing at where she was standing.

"Yeah, I think so," I heard her reply. "What happened?"

"Don't know. I think we're stuck."

After a few moments, a small, dim light popped on above, bathing us in a soft illumination. I blinked a couple of times, my eyes adjusting to the sudden intrusion, and saw that Becky was doing the same. I gazed at her face for a couple of hot moments, stealing glimpses of her

rounded cheeks, milky skin and soft-looking bangs hanging just above her hazel eyes. The light shone down on her, making her look even more irresistible than usual.

As I looked away for a moment, a crackle of static loudly hissed and a disembodied voice came from the speaker under the blank digital display. It was a man's voice, gruff and sounding like some sort of building tech.

"Hello? Anyone up there?"

"Yeah, we're here!" I called back, leaning over to speak into the panel. "Two of us."

"Sorry about that, folks. Looks like we've got a tripped sensor somewhere in the shaft. We should be able to get someone up there in a few minutes to check things out, but it might be a while before we find the right one."

I groaned. So much for getting home on time.

The man continued. "I'll keep you all updated. If you need to talk to anyone, just press the red button next to the speaker and we'll hear you."

"Right," I replied with a touch of annoyance. "Thanks."

A squawk of static ended the transmission. I slid back against the wall, finding a seat on the hard floor next to Becky.

"Well, I guess we're in here for a while," she said quietly.

"Yeah."

"Did you see what floor we stopped on?"

I paused, trying to remember. "Twenty-one, I think, but I'm not sure. The lights went out too quick for me to see."

Listening to myself, I realized that my voice revealed a touch of annoyance and that I was extremely impatient, even for the situation. Maybe it was that I knew I was going to miss my train, and have to battle the crowds at the station for the next one. Maybe it was the cramped quarters of the elevator, knowing that we were stuck. Or maybe it was the tension that had been going on between me and Becky since before I could remember when. I couldn't tell. All I knew was that one part of me wanted to get out of there as fast as I could, while the other wanted to never leave and just eat up every last moment with her.

A seemingly endless silence hung in the air between us. I wanted to come up with something witty and daring to say, something that would attract her to me like the hero of a million romance novels. I knew this was the perfect situation - alone, in the dark, with all the time in the world for \*whatever\* to happen.

But before I could find the right words, she spoke out of the blue. And sent me reeling.

"You know, I saw you checking me out back there," she said into the dimmed void between us.

Her words caught me off-balance, and I stumbled to come up with a decent thought in my mind. Blood drained from my head, it was all I could do to stutter back a meager response.

"Ah, look, Becky...I'm real sorry about that. It was totally unprofessional of me to...uh..."

Before I could say another word, I felt her cover my lips with her index finger, a totally foreign but very pleasant sensation in the dimness. Her skin was cool and smooth, and I could feel her faint pulse through it.

"No, no, it's okay," she whispered. "I've...well, I've had a thing for you ever since we started getting lunch together and all. So I'm glad you were looking."

Stunned, I sat there as we lapsed into an awkward, yet tingling silence. Not even in my wildest fantasy did I imagine that Becky was actually attracted to me. I mean, I'd had the usual male daydreams at work, at home, on the train...but I'd never thought it possible that could be real. Yet, there it was, exposed for both of us to see plain as day. Alone in the gloom together, things became hazy as my mind stopped and my hormones took over.

Finally, I spoke. "Well, yeah, I was. And I'm glad, too...'Cause you're quite a hottie. You know that, right?"

Becky emitted a short, soft giggle that radiated femininity. "Thanks! You're not so bad yourself," she remarked slyly.

I slid over next to her, and we lapsed back into silence for a few long moments. Our bodies glanced together in a soft touch, with mine at an angle to hers. I cocked my head and looked at her, trying to figure out just what in the hell I would do next.

Just like every other business out there in corporate America, our company frowned upon office dating. "Frowned upon" meaning "don't do this or we might be liable for a sexual harassment suit, schmuck." I'd been to enough of HR's seminars to know that. But at that moment, I couldn't care less. She was pulling me towards her with her very presence, and I couldn't do a damn thing to resist.

Aw hell, I thought, You only live once.

Feeling like it had a mind of its own, my arm slid around Becky's shoulders in a smooth and swift movement. I felt her respond instantly, a pleasant reaction that caused us both to turn toward each other and complete the hug. She was warm all over, and I could feel the soft thumping of her heart through her chest. Nestling my head against her silky hair, I picked up the faint scent of lavender. It was sweet and pleasant, and set my senses on fire. Suddenly, she felt softer, more feminine. More real.

After that, everything was different.

I didn't know exactly what it was for or what it meant, but our hug just seemed \*right\*. Like nothing else in the world could possibly be better at that shining place in time. My mind whirling like a top, I could sense that we were both spiraling completely uncontrolled into some unknown, exciting abyss together.

Somehow, I managed to speak. "How long...have you felt like this?"

She didn't move an inch. "For as long as I've been here, basically," she whispered into my ear. "I mean, you were so nice to me when I got here...And it wasn't the same kind of nice that the other guys throw my way...the kind that's only because -"

"They think you're hot, too," I finished for her. She nodded.

"But you treat me different than that...Like I'm a person instead of just a body, or a piece of meat. That means something. And then there are our conversations...We always have something to talk about and it's always fun...And our lunches together...we always get the same kind of stuff..."

It all started tumbling out, like an avalanche. I knew that she was right, that we did have so much in common, and that made us both feel good.

"Mmm...I know what you mean, Beck. I mean...I've been thinking about that stuff a lot lately, actually."

"Really? Me, too."

Silence filled the elevator once again, as we just sat there, holding each other in a loving, yet confusing embrace. It's hard to guess just when our heads started sliding towards each other, but once it started, there was no way it could be stopped.

And then it happened. With a soft touch, our lips connected in a passionate kiss, letting go all that we'd held back for as long as we'd known each other. Jolts of excitement surged through both of us as our lips pressed and our tongues twirled together wetly. The heat from Becky's body spread to mine like a blanket, setting me on fire and driving me out of my mind. Entranced, we held each other tight as we slid slowly along the wall to the floor.

My hands skimmed up and down her sides a few times and slipped slightly under the edge of her shirt, pressing against her soft, silky stomach. Thinking that she'd throw me off her if I went too far, I moved slowly and tentatively up her body. But instead of an angry shriek, Becky's only response was a soft coo that quietly begged me to go on.

I rolled on top of her, my knees resting on either side of her legs, as we kept making out and feeling each other's body with our roaming hands. The small space between us was quickly turning into an overheated sauna, burning through both of us like wildfire. I was getting turned on in the worst way, and I had to do something about it. I had to have her.

My hands slid up to the corners of her bra, touching the smooth, lacy material and the creamy flesh beneath it. I couldn't tell what color it was - something dark, like blue or black. But that was the last thing on my mind. Reaching around to her back, Becky let go a long slow sigh that turned into a low moan as my fingers reached the clasp and undid it, setting her firm, round breasts free. I lifted her blouse and exposed them, my hands sliding back to cup around them and feel them all over.

Her nipples were plump and firm, small bumps jutting out proudly from her warm flesh. The rings around them were small and slightly puffy, a dark color setting them apart from the rest of each luscious breast. For a second, I marveled at how wonderfully round Becky's tits were, and how they looked even better bare. Then my instincts took over.

My mouth dropped to her chest in a slow, swift motion, taking one of her stiff nips into it and forming a round "O" as I started to suck. Soft at first, but more firmly as the moment went on. As I touched her with my moist lips, she squealed a little giggle that turned into a moan as I took her titty between my teeth and started to knead carefully. All the while, my free hand squeezed and fondled her other breast, feeling the blood pulsing through her heart below. I roamed my hands over her milky skin as she grasped my butt and pulled me closer to her heaving body.

I could see her bite her lip slightly as she reached down to undo the button of my jeans. Sensing her intentions, I eased back up onto my knees a bit to give her hands some room to move. With her eyes closed, she felt around for a second, landing one hand on my pulsing erection before finding what she was looking for. She unbuttoned me and pulled down the zipper, making a loud noise that echoed off the walls. My dick poked out of the fly as it opened, covered only by my white cotton Hanes. Becky's hands slid up softly and started stroking up and down my shaft with her palms, making me want to explode against them. She was driving me out of my mind!

I moaned softly into her ear. "Mmmmmm...I want..."

"Please..."

We both knew it wasn't a request - it was a command. And I wasn't about to object.

In less than a heartbeat, my hands pounced upon her chest, unbuttoning her shirt and snatching her bra away from her breasts. Becky returned the favor just as quickly as her hands lifted behind me, sliding my jeans and underwear off my ass towards the floor. I kicked them off along with my shoes and ground my hard dick between her legs, my hands raising her skirt on either side of her shapely thighs. Her white panties came into view from the corner of my eye, glowing softly in the low light. Driven by some unseen force, the tips of my fingers were pulled to her mound, finding a large wet spot soaked in her feminine juices. Just like that, my stiff fingers massaged her through the fabric, making her gasp in pleasure.

My eyes darted up and down her body, from my flexing hand right up to her head, tilted back against the elevator floor in deep passion. After massaging her mound for a few moments that seemed like an eternity, I pulled the band of her panties to the side and spread her legs, exposing her bare pussy. Glancing down again, I could make out the form of Becky's beautiful vulva, wet and spread wide open just for me. The short, curly hair there was of a dark color, soft as silk as I ran my fingertips through it. Her clit stood proudly below, jutting out ever so slightly from under the flesh surrounding it inviting me to touch...and more. I flicked my fingers up and down her pussy lips, lightly stretching each one between my thumb and forefinger, and skimming over her clenched opening. I swirled around her clit rapidly, pressing down with light precision. Over and over I touched her, making her more and more aroused with every passing moment as I teased her pussy.

Becky inhaled deeply as I reached down and guided my dick to her mound, rubbing it against her slowly. Through her silky pussy hair, I stroked my dick against her stiffened clit, causing her to gasp against my chest. Soft, sticky beads of precum seeped from my opening, coating her vulva in a warm film of my juices. I could feel the heat flowing out of her, a fiery torch that beckoned me to slip my penis ever lower, over her moist lips and into a pool of her arousal. I lingered there, swirling around her wet opening with the lightest of touches, and reveled in the sizzling paradise of her sex. Then I pushed forward.

She inhaled deeply as we surged together, her pussy yielding to the pressure of my cockhead against her. I slid inside her with agonizing slowness, sending jolts of desire down my rock-solid dick and into my balls. In that moment, I knew I just had to fuck her, as hard as I could. Wrapping my arms tightly under her shoulders, I pushed against her harder and groaned as I felt her envelop me completely, sucking me within her tender walls. My cock nestled against her cervix, my balls resting on her silky ass, I clutched at her as we began to fuck.

Like lightning, pulses of excitement surged up and down my cock as I made her even wetter inside. I grasped her shoulders from below as we fucked, holding her body firmly in place while I drove my rock-hard dick into her with a fervor. But Becky wasn't one to just lie down and take it - to my great surprise and excitement she fucked me back, raising her butt off the hard floor to meet my thrusts, stopping just before I rammed the end of her canal and dropping back down again.

The full length of my cock stroked her pulsating muscles, the swollen head stretching her pussy lips obscenely before plunging back in with a quiet slurp. With each rapid thrust, my tender balls slapped against her ass, banging the curvy mounds of flesh and rubbing over her puckered rosebud. She moaned out loud in a fit of passion and slid her hands down to squeeze my butt tightly.

Raising up on my fists and hovering above her, I continued to fuck Becky with all my strength, every fiber in my body. I looked down into her eyes as they opened wide, seeing the unbridled lust running through her and the building wave that was above to crash over her. My glance darted lower, down between her legs as I fucked her hard. Just then, my cock head pulled almost all the way out of her, revealing just how swollen and large it was. To my eye, it looked even bigger and much wider than my usual size, stretching the sensitive skin there damned tight. But in a heartbeat, it was swallowed by her hungry vagina, disappearing into her insides with zero resistance. We were both getting close, so very close, to finishing...

Suddenly without warning, as my dick drove deep into her slick pussy, the elevator lurched and began to move downward. Slowly at first, but gaining speed with every passing moment.

The soft glow of the incandescent lights came back on, and I saw her beautiful, creamy form nude, heaving as we descended. A weightless sensation flew through us as I continued to fuck her on the thinly carpeted floor, listening to her cries of pleasure. Panicked, fleeting thoughts screamed at me to stop, before it was too late. Thrusting in and out of her rapidly with my balls spanking her ass, I quietly prayed that there weren't any stragglers below us wanting on the elevator. Because as she moaned and panted out loud with me, I knew that we were *\*way\** beyond the point of stopping. A primal need in both of us compelled us to fuck each other faster, harder, deeper, driving against each other as we rose to a fevered pitch of excitement.

Flashes of the scene we'd create if someone got on flew through my mind, sending a shiver through me. I knew that we'd both be in *\*huge\** trouble with building management and our bosses, maybe even get fired. But at that moment, none of it seemed to matter a damn to either of us. If anything, the beautiful, nasty pleasure surging through the both of us made the whole affair a million times more exciting.

The elevator rushed downward faster and faster, driving us into a state of madness. The matted hair around my cock crushed against her slick, pussy lips with every thrust, we came closer and closer to the edge, teetering on the edge of cumming. And then, in one glorious moment, the dam holding us back burst.



Passing the fifteenth floor, I lost control and gasped loudly as I squirted hot, sticky jets of cum into her pussy, flooding every corner of her love canal with my seed. Becky pressed against me and drew my length all the way inside her as she moaned and spasmed, clutching my shoulders tightly with her fingertips and gripping my skin hard with her nails. In those glorious moments, my cock sprayed her pussy over and over, filling her up deep inside. Letting go completely, Becky emitted a long, low cry into my ear as she felt the warmth entering and enveloping her, cumming on my dick one, two, three, a dozen times over. We floated in heaven like that, mated together in the most carnal of fucks.

It was heaven. It was amazing. And then, it was over.

Like a thunderclap, we both came back to earth and realized just where we were. A quick glance up at the dial revealed that we had just nine floors to get decent.

I slid out of her with a loud slurp and we jumped to our feet, furiously throwing our clothes back on. A flash of denim, cotton and polyester whizzed around between our naked bodies as we dressed, anxiously watching the digital numbers flash for an instant and then disappear as the floors wound down. 3..2..1..It was going to be close...

Somehow, we made it.

Mussed, yet fully clothed, we stepped away from each other just as the elevator halted and the doors opened wide for the entire lobby to see. But far from being filled with a crowd of potential gawkers, the once-bustling ground floor was nearly deserted. In the far corner of the atrium, a few temps from one of the other offices gabbed, their giggles echoing through the ritzy chamber. Over by the information desk, a security guard sat hunched forward, reading the sports page. Other than that, we were all by ourselves, with not a soul looking our way.

Not a soul.

"You know..." I began, with a sideward glance. "I'll bet the IT department is still empty. The cleaning people don't come around until at least nine...And there's plenty of room on my desk..."

A naughty grin spread across Becky's face as I turned toward her. One look was all I needed to know her answer.

"Mmmmm...I *really* like that idea."

"Going up." I grinned, punching the button on the wall with playful zest.

She just laughed and drew down my zipper as the doors closed, sending us into the air once again.

**Questions? Feedback? E-mail me at [quickturn5@yahoo.com](mailto:quickturn5@yahoo.com).**