

# Nine Floors

Keith J. Bowers

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Published by Keith J. Bowers  
[kjbowers1@hotmail.com](mailto:kjbowers1@hotmail.com)

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The cell phone crackled in her ear, the voice distorted from the translation from the landline in the hospital to the wireless. There was thunder in the air as the rain poured down from the darkened sky.

“What room is she in?” Dawn asked.

“Room 913,” Katherine told her, her voice fading over the bad connection. “You’ll...” The line hissed again, drowning out the words. Thunder cracked and the road went white for the briefest of moments. Her husband swore beside her, cursing the weather, hunched down over the steering wheel in pensive agitation.

She repeated the room number back to Katherine. “The storm is murder,” Dawn told her as lightning struck again simultaneously with the sharp report. “I haven’t been to this hospital before, where do should we park?”

“Don’t worry, the garage is just around the corner and I’ll send David down to fetch you and the boys. These babies are beautiful! You won’t be able to believe it!”

“I can’t wait!” Dawn replied, ending the call. Her cousin Joanna had given birth the previous night to twin redheaded girls. The tan and orange monolithic structure of the hospital loomed in the distance. The streets were packed and there wasn’t a parking spot in sight. The signs informed them that the garage was half a block away. The rain poured down, the wipers swamped as the car slowed outside the main entrance. Ambulances were littered around the front access.

“I’ll let you out here and we’ll meet you up there,” her husband told her. Jimmy hated driving in the rain and hated family events such as these. The celebration of new life

meant nothing to him. “What’s the room number?”

She repeated it for the third time as the car came to a stop. They couldn’t get any closer, so she smiled at her two boys in the back seat and opened the car door, stepping out and dashing through the downpour, up the concrete incline, through the auto opening doors and into the lobby, completely forgetting her purse in the car.

Forgotten because David was coming down to meet her.

Already her breath had quickened, her heart beat suddenly racing. She wiped the rain drops from her face, scanning the lobby for him. The place was crowded, but then they were near the Emergency Room. On the way to the hospital, she heard on the radio about a five car pileup on Route 30. Her eyes bounced around the lobby as she moved across it, slowly approaching the receptionist’s desk.

She felt his hand on her waist a second before he whispered into her ear. “Hey. There you are.” A quick rush flowed from her chest to her nether regions, causing her to gasp and turn. He kissed her cheek – the faintest of touches, before steering her away from the questioning look on the receptionist’s face. They crossed the lobby, entering a long hallway. His hand slid off her hip and into hers, his warm fingers contrasting with her nervously chilled ones. She felt her wedding band press against her finger, the sensation nagging at her conscience.

“Nervous?” he asked, clearly calmer than she was.

“No,” she lied. “It’s raining outside.”

Abruptly, he stopped, catching her unprepared. Turning, he pushed her gently back against the wall. He leaned close to her, looking to his right - back the way they came. She followed his eyes, watching as a scrub-clad woman crossed the hallway. Then she felt his lips on her neck below her ear, soft and inviting. Moving to face him, her mouth opened of its own volition, meeting his in a wetness that provoked her. It seemed to go on and on, his arms encircling her, pulling her closer to him. His desire for her was palpable, and her own ardor rose to meet his.

What was she doing? Not again! She wanted to pull away, wanted to separate herself from him, but she couldn’t – no – she wouldn’t let herself. Gods, how she needed this!

Her own marriage was troubled, deficient. Not from lack of trying on her or Jimmy’s part, but... She didn’t know why. But she knew she wanted David. Again.

Their attraction was purely sexual, and they had played before. At her invitation, he had come to her home after the children had left for school, but she had not really expected that he would show up. But he did. And they spent the day writhing in each others sweat. *Goddamn!* she thought. *What a day that had been!* Just the briefest thought of it brought both joy and guilt to the forefront of her mind.

The guilt she felt after that day had led her to not speak to him for several months, but now, seeing him again made her blood rush and her breath sharp.

Then his mouth was gone and she felt her head swimming as he continued to lead her down the hall. She blinked to clear her eyes, clearing her mind of the passion that now filled her.

A small elevator stood against the smooth walls of the hallway, next to a larger service elevator.

“The main bank is on the other side of the hospital,” he told her as he pushed the button marked up. “This one is less traveled.”

She pressed up against him, this time forcing him against back the doors of the elevator. The hallway was quiet - the only sound was the rapid pounding of her heart. She hovered close to him, the scent of his cologne rousing her further. Their lips met again, her arms encircling him as his hands explored the softness of her belly under her blouse. Moving on, his hot fingers dancing around the base of her back, tempting the waistband of her skirt, teasing the exposed thong she wore. *Lower*, she thought, *oh god, go lower - please*, but then suddenly a bell chimed. The elevator.

With her hard pressed against him, David fell back as the doors slid open. He caught himself and her, pulling them both into the elevator. He smiled sheepishly as he regained his footing and began pressing every button for every floor on the panel, while his other hand clutched onto the waistband of her skirt, pulling her closer.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“We’re going to take our time getting to the Maternity Ward,” he told her. “But we’ll also have to be quick.”

“Why not just pull the Hold button between floors? Like they do in the movies?”

“Because in places like these, doing that sets off alarms. Alarms are something we don’t want.”

The doors began to close. “What if someone sees?”

“It’s a risk we’ll have to take,” he told her with a perverse smile.

“I don’t…”

“Yes you do.” His hands gripped at the material of her skirt, while she met his assault with her own frantic clutching at his pants. As the doors slid shut, she knew she was committed, knew she was rushing down a highway of desire and fraught with peril. But she couldn’t resist him and she couldn’t deny herself any longer.

His button and zipper fell open, her hand gripping his cock, it nearly fully erect. Tugging on it, she met his lips as she felt his hands pulling at her skirt. His fingers slipped into her wetness – not too deep, just enough to send a charge through her groin and creeping up her back.

“You’re not wearing underwear,” he whispered between kisses.

“Learned from the best.”

The elevator began to move. She squealed with the movement, inherently not liking the moving boxes. Wetness crept down her leg.

A bell chimed and the elevator stopped. Second floor. Her breath hot and panicked, she looked over her shoulder expecting to see someone – anyone as the door opened.

There was no one there.

David chuckled at her startled look, leaning forward to push the Close Door button. The doors slid shut, as he kissed her neck again, licking her, teasing her. Buttons on her shirt came undone, her shirt open, bra exposed.

Deliciously lustful, just what she needed. Terror and desire all rolled into one. Dawn slid her hand up and down his dripping rod, meeting his eyes as he lifted her left leg, opening her to him. She adjusted her skirt, tucking it into her waistband so their mingled fluids wouldn’t mess or expose their liaison. His belt held his pants up around his waist, yet his fly and button were opened wide.

Bing. Three. Another chiming of the bell. Another shock of fear and possible discovery. She twisted again, but this time, he bit her neck, holding and sucking lightly.

“No,” she whispered, but he held her tight. Her eyes on the door…

Opened. No one. A rush of relief flowed through her and then his cock slipped past her defensive lips, into her wetness. Solid. Hot. Damn hard. Eager.

Clearly, so very clearly, David wanted her. The thought made her gush again, bathing him with her juices. He held her there as she heard the door close.

As the elevator slowly began to rise, he began to rock his hips, sliding in and out, her walls stretching to accommodate him. It felt so powerful, so wonderful having him inside her again.

Bing. Four. The door ground open, and he went still, pressing deep inside her. She met his tongue, wrangling in increasing faster circle, dodging, teasing.

“Christ, get a fucking room.”

The voice stole her breath away. She broke the kiss, eyes wide, looking over her shoulder. An intern walked in, staring at them coupled, her raised leg opposite to the man. He shook his head and stared ahead as she felt David slowly rock inside her, squeezing his cock with his ass muscles, his face buried in her neck.

Dawn stared at the intern. Wasn't bad. Young. Twenty five tops. She envisioned having him drop his pants and sucking on him while David took her from behind. Christ, why wasn't Jimmy into this sort of life? Why was he always so jealous, so controlling when it came to sex? She'd make sure he'd be taken care of - she'd make sure that there'd be women for him... A place to put his cock... So many options, so many cocks, so many tongues and fingers, so much sex and pleasure and fun they could have. Together. Katherine allowed David to play, though she didn't know about the two of them. Why couldn't she play?

Bing. Five.

The door ground open. “Have fun,” the intern told them as he walked off and down the hall. Immediately she began arching her back and hips, wanting to feel David's cock move inside her.

“I want you to fuck me,” she told him, tugging on his goatee. “Hard.”

David moved her back against the wall of the elevator, resting her ass on the handrail. Pulling her other leg up, he pushed himself hard into her. His tempo increased, sending piercing slivers of joy up through her ass, back and into her brain.

Yes, this is what she needed. She craved this. Illicitness. Dangerous. It was her right as a woman. Her right as a sexual being. It was her right before all that was holy to take his cock and make it her own.

“Fuck me,” she whispered. “fuckmefuckmememememfuckme...”

“I’m trying,” he gasped out, pulling at her hair.

Bing. Six.

“Don’tstopdon’tstopdon’tstop...” she whispered, her eyes on the opening door. She watched a nurse cross her field of vision and a sneaking stealthy orgasm hit her out of nowhere. “Uuuugggghhh,” she moaned, biting her lip to keep from crying out. The orgasm went on and on, even after the door slowly closed.

He pounded into her pussy, impressing her that he had such control. Rolling and flowing, slipsliding, stroking long and short, quick and strong, deep and shallow. A drop of sweat formed on the tip of his nose. His eyes were closed and she pulled his face close, licking the drop from it before latching onto his mouth, struggling with taming his tongue.

Bing. Seven.

The sound of flesh wetly slapping together was all that Dawn heard, masking the opening door.

“Oh my god!”

Jerking, both Dawn and David’s eyes went to the open door, both of them freezing. There stood an old lady, her frumpy dress and clutched purse burning the image into Dawn’s mind. Her gaping mouth slipping open in horror...

“Well, I never!” the lady said in a huff, storming off down the hallway. Dawn couldn’t help but smile - she was getting it good where that woman would never have it like this again. If she had ever had it this good. The door slowly ground shut, David slowly regaining his rhythm, his mojo, his thrusting to oblivion.

“Want to risk it?” he asked, drawing back.

“Risk what?” Her throat dry, could barely speak.

“Being seen.”

“We’ve already been seen.”

He pulled away, leaving her feeling vulnerable, alone. His cock pointed towards the sky, glistening with her love juices, calling her to follow him. She didn’t move. Reaching out, he pulled her off the handrail and turned her to face the door. She braced herself on either side of the doorway, and she felt him grab her skirt with both hands,

yanking it down. It dropped to the floor, the soft material tickling her legs as it fell. She stepped out of it as he cupped her breasts, running up under her shirt, under her bra. His fingers rolled over her nipples, setting them on fire even as his cock nestled between her buttocks. She spread her legs, arching her back, presenting her ass to him as he pressed against her, suckling on her neck.

There was no turning back. When that bell rang again and the door opened, she'd be visible to everyone. Not hidden by David's body. Exposed to the entire world. It frightened her, but made her want it more. She wanted to be seen, wanted the world to know that this was the real her – wanton, wanting, demanding. A sexual creature enticed and enflamed and enraged by the man behind her.

What if it was someone she knew? Would she feel shame? Would they even recognize her?

Bing. Eight.

She tried to catch her breath, gasping as the door opened slowly. David's cock slipped slowly inside, his renewed presence reminding her of why she was doing this. A male nurse turned around at the sound of the opening door, heading into the elevator. He stopped dead, a smile creeping over his face as he became aware of what was blocking his entry. Again the sudden wash of an orgasm thundered its way up through her body, making her shudder and clench onto both sides of the doorframe.

“Sorry,” she gasped as the orgasm rolled on and on like thunder through clouds. David forcefully rammed his way in and out of her wetness, one hand on her shoulder, the other cupping her right breast. “This one's... occupied...” Her eyes rolled up into her head as her pussy gushed again, sending David slipping deeper within her. “Yeah... ohhh, yes... fuckmefuckmefuckmeeee...”

“I'll get the next one.” The voice brought her back momentarily.

“If we... had time... you'd... be welcome... to join... us...” she found herself saying, her tongue flicking out to wet her lips. She knew it was the most truthful statement she had ever made in her life. Yes, if she could, she'd have every cock she could. She wanted to fuck for days, have as many lovers as would fit inside her body. The illicitness of it excited her and saddened her at the same time. She regretted that she had to sneak around. She wanted freedom to fuck whoever she wanted. Not isolated like she felt she

was.

David was building up into a crescendo. As the door shut in front of her face, she felt him swell inside her. Close. So very close. “Yesyesyesyesyesyes...” she cried out as she pushed back against his ramming cock, his balls slapping against her clit. The swelling within her sent another orgasm blossoming through her. “Fuckyeahfuckyeahfuckmememe...”

Bing. Nine.

And they were out of time. No more floors.

His cock spurt forth, sending hot semen deep into her body, it felt like it touched her soul. The door shuddered open.

There stood Katherine, blocking the doorway.

“Oh god no...”

Only the words came from Dawn’s lips, not Katherine’s.

Instantaneous fear and shame.

Katherine smirked. “Having fun?”

“What?” Confused and frightened, she felt him withdraw from her body. A rush of fluids ran down her legs. “This isn’t what it looks like...”

Katherine leaned into the elevator, her body providing some protection from the nurses that walked the hallways. “It better be what it looks like. There’s a vacant room just around the corner. Get there before someone sees your naked ass!” Confused, Dawn looked back at David who had her skirt in his hands. Handing it to her, he yanked up his pants, adjusting his cock, stuffing it into his pants. Still hard, it tented the front of his pants. Katherine reached out and stroked it through the material.

“Move Dawn!” she hissed and Dawn jumped, clutching her clothes as Katherine matched her stride beside her, again providing interference. Once in the room, she ran into the disinfectant smelling bathroom and hit the toilet paper roll, spinning out a pile into her outstretched hand.

“I... I don’t know what to say...”

Summer stared at her reflection in the mirror. “I’ve known about you two from the beginning. David told me he was going over to your house that afternoon.”

“He did?”

“Yeah and when he came back he fucked me so hard and long I couldn’t walk for days.”

First awe of the revelation struck her, and then the humor of the situation sank in. Dawn chuckled. “Neither could I. Told Jimmy I was sick and had to stay in bed.”

David stuck his head in. “Better hurry.”

Katherine adjusted her hair in the mirror.

What was the world coming to? Dawn finished cleaning herself, sprayed some perfume to cover the sex smell and slipped on her skirt.

She stood beside Katherine, staring at her husband’s cousin in the mirror.

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Understanding.”

“What’s to understand? If he can satisfy us both, what’s the problem?”

“I never said I was satisfied.”

“Neither did I.” Katherine grinned widely. “But he’s a start.”

They both laughed and walked out, heading back out to celebrate life.