

# Wrong Floor

Narrator: Emma · Reader: you

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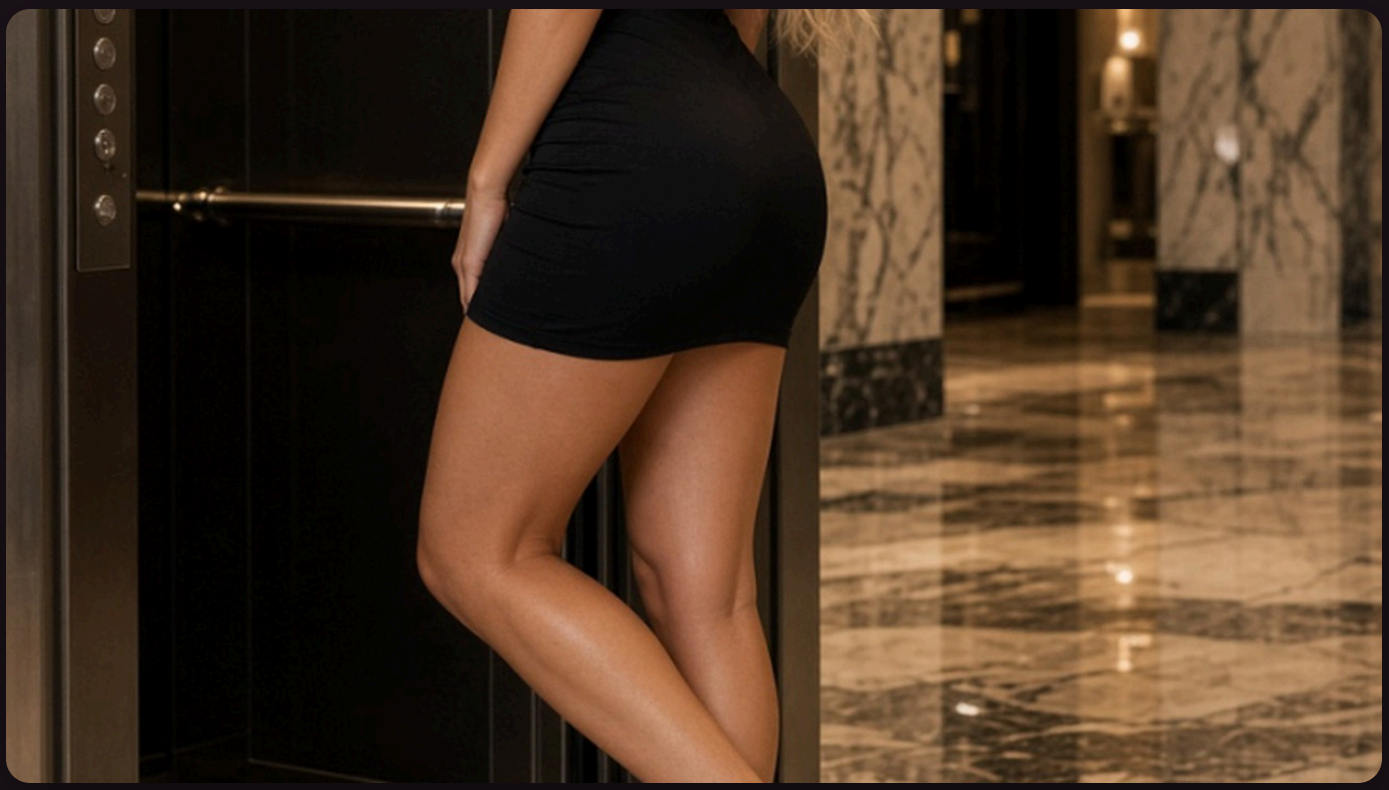


The work party finally spit us out into the hotel lobby sometime after midnight — heels clicking on marble, someone still laughing too loud by the bar, and me in the little black dress I'd pretended was "office appropriate" for six whole hours.

You were waiting for the elevator. So was I.

We both reached for the call button at the same time. Fingers brushed. The panel lit up like it knew something.

"Wrong floor?" I teased, looking up at you with that smile I save for people who make the air feel thicker. Blonde waves still a little party-wild. Light blue eyes on yours. Twenty-five and not even pretending to be done for the night.



The doors slid open. Empty car. Soft gold light. That quiet hotel hum.

We stepped in together. You hit a floor. I hit… a floor. Maybe the same one. Maybe not. I wasn’t checking carefully. I was watching your mouth.

The doors closed.

And then — nothing. A soft jolt. A pause that lasted one heartbeat too long.

We weren’t moving.



“Is it… stuck?” I whispered, like the elevator might overhear.

The display blinked between numbers and gave up. Between floors. Suspended. Just us, the mirror wall, and the smell of your cologne mixing with whatever perfume I’d dabbed on my collarbone before the party.

I laughed first — that bright, slightly breathless laugh — because if I didn’t, I was going to do something unwise with the three inches of space between us.

“Well,” I said, tipping my chin up. “This is either the universe’s worst timing… or its best.”

Your eyes dropped. Not to the floor. To the neckline of my dress. To the place where black silk stopped being polite.

I didn’t step back.

I stepped closer.



My palm found the cool metal rail behind me. Yours found the wall beside my shoulder. Not trapping — offering. Asking without words.

“We could be quiet,” I murmured, lips almost at your ear. “Hotels have ears. Elevators have worse ones.”

Your hand slid from the wall to my waist — warm through the fabric — and I made a sound I had no business making in a public box hanging between floors.

My dress rode a little. Not on purpose. Not entirely. The hem climbed my thigh when I shifted closer, and for one charged second you could see black lace — panties, not an accident, chosen this morning for exactly this kind of maybe.

I caught your wrist before it wandered too far. Not to stop you. To slow us. Classy. Filthy. Both.



“If this thing starts again,” I breathed against your mouth, “we freeze. Perfect strangers. Deal?”

You nodded.

We did not freeze yet.

We kissed like the floors below us didn’t exist. Soft at first, then hungrier — my fingers in your shirt collar, your thumb tracing the edge of lace under silk, my laugh breaking into a sigh against your lips when the car gave the tiniest metallic shudder…

…and held.

Still stuck.

Still ours.



Another shudder. Stronger. The display flickered to life.

I yanked my dress down. You stepped back half a pace like we'd been discussing quarterly reports. My lipstick was ruined. My hair said otherwise. My cheeks were glowing in the gold light like a confession.

The elevator lurched — actually moved — and somewhere a soft chime threatened to open us to the hallway.

I bit my lip. Hard. Tried not to grin. Failed.

"Hair," you whispered.

I smoothed it. Mostly. You fixed your collar. Mostly. We looked like two people who had absolutely not been one wrong second from getting caught with my thigh still warm from your hand.



Ding.

Doors opened.

Empty corridor. Wrong floor. Definitely not yours. Definitely not mine. Identical carpet, identical art, identical silence — and us standing in it like we'd been delivered to the wrong life by accident.

I stepped out laughing — real laughing, bright and wrecked and sparkling — and you followed, ruined in the best way, glowing the same as me.



“We should…” I started, pointing vaguely at the elevator like it might apologize.

“…take the stairs?” you offered.

“Absolutely not.” I hit the call button again, still catching my breath. “But maybe we aim for the same number this time.”

You smiled. I smiled bigger. The little black dress was back in place. The black lace was a private joke under silk. My mouth still tasted like almost.

When the next car arrived — empty, obedient, moving — we got in like nothing had happened.

Except everything had.



I leaned against the rail, light blue eyes on you, and said soft enough for only you:

“Wrong floor. Right company.”

The doors closed on the glow of it — party perfume, elevator gold, and the delicious knowledge that somewhere between floors, for a few charged minutes, the hotel belonged to us.

— End —

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