

Stuck Elevator

Roxikat is © John Barrett

Roland stepped into the elevator, his shoulders sagging, his legs dragging. It had been a very long day at the con, and he was eager to return to his room. The fox's ears were drooping, and his tails had stains on them, which he could not place, nor did he particularly want to. His bag was digging into his shoulders, and his eyes were just barely able to remain open. He almost fell over hitting the button for his floor, and was glad to lean on the wall as the elevator doors began to close.

"Myah! Wait for Roxi!" said a voice from outside the elevator. Started into action, he hurriedly thumped the "Door Open" button on the elevator. The doors dinged, and then opened fully to reveal a smiling and cheery Roxikat, her massive breasts jiggling inside a constrictive yellow shirt as she bounded onto the elevator. With her cheery demeanor and seemingly limitless energy, Roxikat was the polar opposite to Roland in his present state.

The elevator moved slowly, and Roland eyed Roxikat out of the corner of his eye as she blithely watched the numbers above the door, waiting for the time to exit. She was wearing a black leather jacket, which didn't even attempt to cover her beyond-ample chest, along with tight Daisy Duke-style cutoffs that barely managed to contain her ass. As tight as they were, Roland half wondered if they were applied with a spray or if she was just poured into them. Roxi was also wearing white gloves and a small collar with a kitty bell that jingled as she moved, and Roland found himself staring as she became more and more excited. Clearly she was on her way to something interesting, and the nearer she got, the happier she was.

Roland had always admired Roxi's attitude, not to mention her appearance. While certainly much more wild and hyper than his usual fare, Roxi had a certain "flair" to her that made her quite approachable and, in Roland's mind, attractive. Like some exotic fruit, Roxi hung there, waiting for him to approach. Well, two fruits really. Two melons. He coughed and averted his eyes, a bit bashful at his own lust.

Without warning, there was a large screeching noise from above the elevator. The lights flickered for a moment, and Roxikat squealed in surprise and alarm. Roland, hit by a sudden endorphin rush, leapt at the door and began pulling on it, as if he meant to force it open. Of course, this wasn't possible, but it quickly became clear it wasn't necessary either. The elevator was stuck, but in no danger of falling.

"Myah, what happened?" said Roxi, staring at the ceiling. Roland couldn't help but stare at something a bit more eye-level, though he blushed when he realized what he was doing.

"Oh, this happens at least once a con," said Roland. "The elevator gets overloaded, or used too much in a day, or whatever, and

then it gets stuck. Someone will be along to open the doors soon, and then we'll climb out and go about our business." The fox sat down and began rifling through his bag for something to read, trying to keep his eyes off of Roxi's chest. The more he stared, the more aroused he got, and he wasn't exactly sure what Roxi might think if he noticed he had a boner.

"Myah, that's bad," said Roxi. Roland looked up for a moment to see her massive gloved hands gently groping and caressing her chest. "Myah, Roxi feels so naughty...She was on her way to a party, myah, she's so worked up!" Roland winced as his boner pressed roughly against his jeans. Of all the days to wear the ones that were a size too small!

"Well uhh, don't worry," said Roland. "They're usually pretty fast about fixing these things, and-" Roland's sentence was interrupted by a sharp "ting" of metal on metal. Looking down, he realized that the button on Roxi's jeans had given way and flown out with enough speed to leave a tiny dent in the elevator door. As his eyes craned upward again, he was startled to see Roxi's enormous cock, quickly growing out of Roxi's now-torn pants with surprising speed. He'd never seen anything so huge go from flaccid to erect so quickly, and even when it was hard it kept growing.

"Myah, Roxi is so backed up, myah, so worked up from the art show..." Roxi's chest was growing as well, and soon her top was in ribbons, her massive gloved hands rubbing and squeezing gently across her massive pink nipples. Roland gulped and pushed himself into the corner of the elevator, deeply frightened yet slightly aroused.

Roxi's tip was glistening and dripping pre now, filling the elevator with the thick smell of sex. Taking a deep breath and figuring that now would be the best chance he'd ever get; Roland stood up and gave Roxi's massive length a firm grope. Warm and throbbing, he could barely get his fingers around it. Roxi cooed as he did so.

"Myah, Roland foxie has soft hands..." Roland couldn't believe what he was doing. He gently caressed and worked her length with both hands, then gently bent forward to kiss and nip at Roxi's large, glistening nipples. Just like in the pictures he'd seen, she was already milking a little. "Myah, Roxi feels so naughty...Roxi feels so good!"

Roland bent down and worked Roxi's massive length into his mouth, panting and gasping as a steady trickle of pre worked its way into his muzzle. Too "into it" to notice that salty fluid was already dribbling down his chin and staining his shirt; Roland moaned and worked his tongue back and forth across Roxi's dripping member, his chest heaving with the effort. "Myah, Roland is naughty too..."

"Yes, very naughty," said Roland, panting. He stood up and started to work his pants down, part of him shocked at what he was about to attempt. He let his pants fall to his ankles, and then braced himself against the door, curling his tails back and closing his eyes.

What ensued surely violated several laws of physics, as Roxi suddenly drove her massive shaft deep inside Roland's tailhole, making him emit a yelp of pain and surprise? Once he was content that the not-entirely-pleasurable feeling wasn't going to kill him, however, he groaned, gasping and groping at the wall as Roxi began to work him over.

"Myah, Roxi feels so naughty now! So naughty with Roland!" It was all Roland could do to keep upright as Roxi pounded away at him. His own shaft, now fully erect, was dangling and bouncing between his legs, but it was dwarfed by Roxi's hyper monstrosity. Roland groaned, and Roxi mewed as she worked herself into a fervor, her massive shaft now spilling fluid out of Roland's strained and well-fucked tailhole.

Roxi mewed, her shaft exploding with juice, the force and her sudden change in state causing her to stumble backwards. Roland slid down the wall until his knees were on the floor, trembling. Despite this, Roxi was still pumping out fluid, soaking Roland's back and drenching his hair. "Jeez Roxi, do you ever run out?" asked Roland, panting. He turned his face to smile at the hyper herm kitty just in time to take a white glob to the face.

"Myah, not when Roxi is naughty!" Roxi was still milking and working her shaft, which was now shooting constantly like a pressure hose. Roland stood up to move out of the line of fire, and as he did so he noticed that there was an inch or so of liquid on the floor, the thick spooage-and-milk combination smelling heavily of sex and salt. He grabbed at his bag and held it over his head, glad that he'd wrapped his sketchbooks in plastic as a precaution against stains. He had no idea his forethought would become so relevant so quickly.

Roland could hardly believe what he was seeing. Somehow, Roxi just kept on cumming, her shaft sending out a steady stream of spooage as though she were a faucet. By the time he was able to tear his eyes away from it, the level was well above his ankles, and his socks had a very disturbing squishy feel to them. "Roxi wait! You've got to stop!" said Roland. "You're filling the elevator."

"Myah, but Roxi is just starting! Roxi has MORE!" Roxikat moaned, and then somehow her tits and shaft increased in size yet again, upping the rate of flow and sending spooage out with amazing speed. Once again gripped by a mixture of arousal and fear, Roland began pounding on the elevator door.

"Somebody get us out of here!" said Roland, frantic. "I'm trapped in an elevator with a horny hyper herm! If I don't get out soon I'm gonna drown in the most erotic way possible!"

Outside, elevator repairman Mitch Stevens sighed. He could hear noise coming from the far side of the doors, but couldn't make out the words. Doubtless the trapped passengers had heard him coming and, despite the fact they were in no danger of falling, begun to panic and demand he open the doors. The old cat hated cons, especially ones with lots of big fat nerds. Normally he'd only have to fix one of the elevators every few months, and even then it was usually something minor, like a broken light or a sticky door. At this con alone he'd

already repaired four of the six elevators in the building, and this one was on its second breakdown. What were they DOING in there anyway?

"Hold on, I'll open the damn door," said Mitch. He twisted his key in the emergency override slot and then pried at it with his fingers, and was immediately inundated by a flood of white, hot sticky liquid. Blown clear of the door by the force coming down on him, he saw through the mess one haggard and gasping fox desperately trying to keep his head and some books above water, along with a massively endowed pink cat. The cat's tits were bigger than her head by a bit, and she had a massive shaft, which was throbbing and shooting out a fountain of liquid. "What the FUCK is going on?" said Mitch, suddenly gladder than he ever had been of his safety goggles.

"Oh thank goodness, the whole thing was about to fill up!" said a very soggy Roland, extending a drippy hand. Mitch, though equally coated himself, recoiled in horror.

"Myah, Roxi's not done yet!" said Roxi, groaning and still working herself on the floor. Mitch sighed. Of all the days for the rug shampooer to be out of action...