

Big Fox Trouble

by Cerine Hero

Cerine pushed the “down” button on the panel beside the elevator doors and stepped back. Slowly, the illuminated number above the doors began to decrement, heading towards her floor. There was a bit of a crowd at the elevator banks in the office building, but it was almost lunchtime, so lots of people were likely headed out to get something to eat. Cerine stepped back and stood next to a shorter ferret who was also waiting for an elevator.

The vixen was big. There was the *most obvious* way, but those distracted from the other ways that she was a rather large fox. She stood at six-foot-one without even counting her velvety ears, making her one of the tallest people waiting for an elevator. Only a deer in a sharp suit and tapping idly at his phone nearby was taller than her. Sometimes it was easy to forget how tall she was, especially when her posture wasn't the best. She tried, but often she got tired and slouched forwards some from the weight.

At least she had a sizable counterbalance behind her. Covering the fox's booty, her legs, and a significant amount of floor was thick, fluffy tail more than a foot longer than she was tall. It was so big, and potentially a tripping hazard, that everyone gave the vixen a wide berth from behind as the tail wagged back and forth. It made a good broom, at least.

Of course, the thing far more attention grabbing than her height and the size of her tail was Cerine's chest. As the vixen waited for the elevator to reach this floor, the ferret beside her was openly gaping at her bust. She was *enormous*, especially for her otherwise fairly slim build. The edges of a black sports bra peeked around the vixen's gray tank top, itself stuffed near to bursting as it struggled to hold up a pair of watermelons. If she wrapped her arms around her chest, she'd barely be able to touch fingers.

Cerine noticed the ferret staring at her. She looked over, pushed her glasses up her muzzle, and smiled. Blushing, the ferret looked away, his eyes now boring a hole in the wall in front of him. The vixen just grinned and rolled her eyes. Staring was preferable to constant comments, at least.

The elevator doors opened and, sure enough, the elevator was already pretty packed with people heading down. There was room for only one more person. The ferret, still blushing, offered to let Cerine go first. She thanked him and stepped into the elevator. There was a little bit of grumbling and remarks muttered under breath as Cerine squeezed in with everyone else. Everyone had to shuffle and pack in tighter like sardines as the big fox stepped in, chest-first. Given her height, the vixen's bust pressed against several cheeks and chins before everyone was able to back up. Several people had to duck or lean well out of the way as she turned around the face the door, blocking the view for everyone behind her.

“Sorry,” Cerine told everyone, trying to hide her smirk.

As she turned around, another problem presented itself: Most of her tail was still outside the elevator! Cerine tried curling it around her legs at first, but it still hung outside of the elevator that way. She definitely didn't want it getting caught in the door, or worse, in any mechanisms. So, apologizing, Cerine fed her tail backwards into the crowded elevator, wiggling it in between everyone wherever it could fit. The fluffy, sleeping-bag-sized tail took up more room than the vixen herself did, and it was now tangled around everyone's legs and waists.

After a few seconds, the elevator doors began to shut. Cerine, not paying enough attention, didn't notice she was sticking out far enough to be a problem. The doors bumped into the sides of her chest and then the safety mechanism immediately reversed them, bringing them open again. There were grumbles of annoyance from everyone behind her. Cerine, flushed from embarrassment, took another step backwards into the elevator, forcing everyone to get *really* friendly. Already packed in with her tail and now six feet of fox, there were shoulders and elbows making new friends everywhere in the elevator. Cerine tried to adjust and find ways to stand without smothering anyone, but in doing so she

broad-sided a cheetah lady in a business suit across the head with one of her boobs. The cheetah glared at her, rubbing her face, and the vixen could only burn as bright as a torch behind her glasses.

Finally, the elevator doors were able to shut, as long as Cerine sucked in her chest as best she could. She relaxed once they closed, and her breasts pushed against the doors in front of her. Everyone else in the elevator collectively pushed the fox forward now that she was inside, squishing her boobs on the doors and almost bumping her nose into them. Cerine flicked her tail in annoyance, the white tip of it swatting someone in the muzzle.

Hopefully no one was standing *too* close to the doors on the other side down below.

They waited as the elevator descended slowly. Very slowly. Someone coughed and jostled for more space, causing a ripple effect that led to Cerine being nudged further against the door. Her bust was soft, yes, but it's not like it could compress *that* much. The vixen's cleavage was practically up against her chin already. Someone was squished against her curvy hip, keeping her from moving backwards. She turned her head, but some of her long, white hair was stuck between herself and another person.

The elevator light finally hit the "2" overhead, signaling they were almost to the ground floor. Everyone waited with bated breath to get off, especially as the smell of strawberries in the enclosed space only seemed to get stronger, wafting off the pink vixen's inconveniently-sized tail.

That was when the floor suddenly fell faster than they did. The elevator car slipped, plunging several inches downwards before the safety brakes caught it. The lights flickered and everyone in the elevator cried out, spooked.

Fortunately, they were all cushioned, bouncing against something soft as they came to rest. When the lights came back on, everyone's view was full of pink and white fluff. Everyone's fur was up after the unexpected shock, but Cerine's gigantic tail had almost tripled in volume, like a cat's when startled. The passengers tried in vain to push the poofed-out tail down, or at least out of their faces. Cerine "tried" to help, but moving her tail only buried someone else in it. There were outright shouts of annoyance now.

It took a while for the elevator to crawl the rest of the way downwards to the first floor after the slip. But it arrived, and the doors slid open in front of the two waiting people in the building's main lobby. The ones waiting to get on the elevator were a bit surprised when an incredibly buxom fox pushed her way out of the elevator immediately, hardly waiting for the doors to completely open. She stepped out, scowling, and then her tail followed her. Her tail was completely fluffed out, and just kept coming... and coming, unthreading itself from the crowd in the elevator. Once Cerine was completely free, she spun about, looped her arms, and ran her tail completely through her arms to smooth it down, all while staring grumpily at the crowd in the elevator. Then she raised her muzzle and stormed off.

The two people waiting on the elevator watched her go and then turned to the rest of the people still inside. They were all picking little puffs of pink fur off their clothes, looking a little more squished for wear.

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