A Very Important Elevator Ride

By Kim

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Trapped in a stalled elevator, Gracie meets a stranger with a unique way of curing a phobia.

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Gracie sat at her desk. It was after 7 pm, and she was still working on the Rockman file. Frustrated and mad, she sighed heavily. It would take another two hours to go through all the compiled data, which meant no social life for her…again…this weekend. With luck, she might get home before midnight, but the way it was going, that was hardly likely.

“Damn him!” she growled, referring to Mr. Bradford Rockman.

Slamming the door to the filing cabinet and listening to it echo in the dimly lit and deserted office, Gracie sat back in her super uncomfortable chair. Lifting her slim, toned arms up, she stretched her cramped back. She got up and grabbed her purse. Hoping that the café in the lobby was still open, Gracie trotted to the elevator and pushed the button. Impatiently tapping her foot, she watched the elevator make its way to the 76 th floor.

“It’d be faster, if I just took the stairs,” she grumbled.

The elevator continued its journey, bypassing her floor. Now pissed, she punched the button several more times and stared up at the numbers above the wretched piece of crap. It stopped on the 85 th floor; the penthouse, and then started its way back down. Gracie knew from first hand that the ride to the ground floor would take at least ten minutes.

“I don’t have time for this!” she exclaimed.

With a ding from a bell, the elevator opened, and she stepped inside. Still grumbling to herself, she didn’t notice the grinning man behind her. Pacing back and forth, she talked to herself; gesturing wildly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him, and her brain finally registered that she was not in the elevator alone. Cautiously, Gracie turned toward him, and with a weak smile, acknowledged his presence.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t see you standing there,” she mumbled; face bright red.

“That’s understandable, seeing as you were busy cussing up a storm. I would hate to be the “asshole” that pissed you off,” he laughed.

If possible, her face got redder. She had been cussing Mr. Rockman, even using his name at times. If this guy had been listening to her, then he knew exactly who the “asshole” was.

“uh…yeah…again, I apologize,” she squeaked.

“No apology necessary. From what I hear, Mr. Rockman is an asshole…and worse,” he said, winking at her.

Gracie laughed. The tension in the air was relieved, and she found herself covertly sizing this stranger up. It was obvious that he was tall. She was only 5’4”, and it looked like he was almost a foot taller than she was. He was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest; his jacket pulled tight over his wide shoulders. In the dimness of the elevator, it was hard to tell if his eyes were brown, but they were dark for sure. He had a square jaw and a strong Roman nose that was slightly crooked, as if it had been broken at one time. He wasn’t a pretty boy; he was rugged.

The stranger was fully aware of her perusal. In fact, while she checked him out, he was checking her out and liked what he saw. Tiny and delicate, this lady was intriguing. Her temper matched her fiery red hair that was pinned up in a messy bun. Clear green eyes were set into a heart shaped face with pale skin. He wondered if the freckles that dotted her cheeks extended down to other more enticing places. Her body was trim, but not skinny, which suited him just fine. In his opinion, most women these days were too thin. He liked the gentle, rounded curves that adorned her form, and for someone her size, she had a damn fine rack.

“So…what’s keeping you here this late?” he asked; silence broken.

“My boss, in his infinite wisdom, thinks that I like being tortured,” she answered.

“Huh?” he inquired.

“Well…he thinks I’m the perfect person to work on Mr. God Damn Asshole Rockman’s file, and let me tell you…that fucker is too damn picky. It has to be this way at this time, or my ass is fired,” she grumbled.

“Fired? Your boss is gonna fire you…,” he asked; eyebrows furrowed in annoyance.

“Mr. Rockman is a rich…mega rich man, and my boss kisses his ass. I imagine his nose is brown from being so far up that VIP’s ass,” Gracie stated.

The stranger burst into laughter. Gracie flushed. Her mouth had a bad habit of getting her into trouble, and perhaps, it might be a good idea to do some damage control. She didn’t know this man at all. It would do her no good, if he ran into her boss and said anything. She smiled at him and was about to face the front of the elevator, when the lights started flickering. The elevator made a whining noise and lurched to a stop somewhere between floors 34 and 35. Her heart started hammering in her chest. While she wasn’t afraid of elevators, she was afraid of being stranded.

“Hmm…seems like we have a power failure,” the man mused.

She watched him walk in front of her and grab the emergency telephone. Gracie couldn’t hear what he was saying, because her ears were buzzing loudly. She was dangerously close to a panic attack. Her body trembled, as a thin sheen of sweat covered her skin.

The man finished the call and turned back to tell her that help was on the way, when he noticed her dilated eyes and ghost white face. Concerned, he tapped her shoulder. Gracie, startled, jumped about a foot in the air and screamed loudly.

“Hey! Hey! Hey! It’s gonna be okay,” he said, gently.

“NO! It’s not! I’ve seen too many scary movies to know what’s gonna happen next!” she screeched, “The cables are gonna break, and we are gonna fall to our deaths, and then zombies are gonna get us!”

“What are you talking about? The cables aren’t gonna break. I promise,” he answered.

Just then, the elevator lurched again, sending Gracie hollering into his arms. The man looked down at the sobbing woman, clutching his $1500 power suit, and shook his head. It was just his luck that he would be stuck in an elevator with a hysterical redhead. He lifted her chin, making her look up at him.

“It’s gonna be okay. I promise,” he told her.

Gracie stared up into his eyes and slowly nodded her head. Relaxing her fingers, she let go of his jacket; her panic just below the surface.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Gracie,” she told him.

“Nice to meet you, Gracie. I’m Brad,” he replied.

The elevator shuddered, slightly, and she grabbed his jacket again in a death grip.

“Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!” she chanted.

“Easy now,” he crooned.

“Take my mind off this. Please…do something…anything. Just take my mind off the situation,” she begged.

Brad looked down at her. Her lovely eyes were unfocused and dilated; her nostrils flaring. Gracie’s chest was heaving. She was terrified, so he did the only thing he could think of to calm her down. He pushed her against the back wall and crushed his mouth against hers. Gracie’s eyes widened, as she felt his strong tongue push its way into her mouth. She melted against his large chest, letting her terror turn into extreme lust.

Brad, who expected to be slapped, nearly died of shock, when he felt her tongue start wrestling with his. She had a fist full of his hair in her painful grip, keeping him close to her, and in a span of 2 seconds, she was pawing at his jacket, trying to get it off him. It felt like she had grown six more arms, making him think he was wrestling with an octopus. Spurred into action by her contagious lust, he shrugged out the jacket and fisted his hand in her hair. Within seconds, the clasp holding up her hair was on the ground, and a cascade of flaming curls tumbled down her back.

Gracie, not thinking; only feeling, ripped open his shirt; sending buttons flying everywhere; she zeroed in on his flat, copper nipples. Brad threw his head back, as she licked and sucked on his sensitive discs. He felt every nibble, as if his nipples were directly connected to his cock, which was hard as steel. Before he could take another breath, this tiny redheaded whirlwind had dropped to her knees and was working on his belt. She made short work of the belt and zipper and soon had his pants down around his ankles.

She knew that she would be mortified by her actions later, but at the moment, this display of sluttiness was keeping her terror at bay. Gracie sat back on her heels and gazed at Brad’s crotch. He was wearing a pair of expensive silk boxers and appeared to be just as horny as she was. Brad’s meaty tool was peeking out from the hole in the front of his boxers. His thick cock was swollen, with a

huge purple cockhead. Jutting straight up, his shaft bobbed wildly under her stare. A small bead of pearly moisture oozed from his piss slit. She trailed her finger down his shaft, making his big body jerk. His hands massaged the back of her head lightly; gently urging her forward.

Gracie rested her hands on his hips, leaning toward his pelvis. She took a deep breath, inhaling his spicy musk. Her pussy felt thick and warm, and she wanted nothing more than to feel his long dick filling her full. But first, she planned on sucking so good that his eyes caved in. She loved feeling a hard dick in her mouth; the power it gave her was intoxicating. She licked up his shaft with the flat of her tongue, swirling it around his cockhead. With her hand gripping the base, she wrapped her lips around it and sucked gently. His salty pre cum coated her tongue. Squeezing his shaft tightly, Gracie used her powerful suction to propel her way down his pole. She twisted her hand upward and met her lips in the middle. His cock jumped, and he groaned loudly.

“Ughhhh,” he moaned, “Fuck, your mouth is so hot.”

Urged on by his reaction, Gracie slurped and sucked; her chin dripping wet from spit. His grip on her hair tightened. She bobbed her head faster, until he quickly pulled out of her mouth. Yanking her to her feet, it was Brad’s turn to drop to his knees. He propped her right foot on his shoulder, making her skirt hike up to her waist. Delighted that she was wearing a pair of stockings hooked to a garter belt, he reached up and pulled on her tiny pair of lacy panties. The thin material was no match for his strength and was quickly torn from her hips. Her position had her steamy cunt gaped open, and he could smell her tangy cream. Gracie’s muscles were tense. He watched, as her pussy swelled with blood, making her pink skin rosy red.

Brad, suddenly starving, buried his face in her pussy and pushed his tongue in and out of her slit, until she was panting loudly. He opened her pussy with his thumbs, making her puffy clit poke far out. It was too much temptation. Brad pursed his lips and slurped her clit into his mouth. He twirled his tongue around the base of her bud, until her hips pumped in time. He ran his tongue up and down the shaft of her clit; lifting her hood with each up stroke. Gracie began to whimper; her legs quivering. Brad pushed two fingers deep inside her weeping slit, rubbing a rough patch of skin deep inside her.

Gracie moaned, feeling her legs trying to buckle. She had a death grip in his hair; her hips bucking. Feeling a sharp tingle deep inside her pussy, Gracie’s pussy swelled, and her juices ran down her inner thighs. She could feel her muscles contracting; toes curling. Sweat down her chest in rivets, as she lost control.

Brad caught her, as her knees buckled, while she screamed her release. He guided her to the elevator floor, watching her catch her breath. Her chest was covered in a becoming red flush; her nipples rock hard. Smiling, Brad was pleased to see that freckles were all over her body, not just on

her face. He leaned down and kissed her. Gracie could taste her cream all over his lips and tongue. She trailed her hand down his body, until she reached his cock, which was still rock hard and very wet.

“Isn’t there something you can do about this?” she asked, stroking his shaft up and down.

“Oh, definitely,” he growled.

Brad flipped Gracie over onto her hands and knees. Pushing her head down, making her ass poke up high in the air, he nudged his way between her thighs. He rubbed his granite shaft up and down her ass crack, leaving a slimy, wet trail of pre cum in its wake. She wiggled her hips; impatient to feel his meat inside her, fucking her. Brad was taking his time, though. He slapped her ass cheeks with his cock. Finally, he grabbed her curvy hips, taking his cock in his hand; he guided the head to her pussy hole. Without warning, he thrust all the way inside her warm sheath, until his balls brushed her labia. Gracie howled in pleasure at the sudden sensation of being too full. Brad remained still, letting her flesh soften and mold around his cock, until he was fitted with a custom made velvet glove dipped in liquid heat. She could feel his cock grow harder and swell.

“Fuck me…please,” Gracie begged.

“Say my name,” he demanded, pulling almost all the way out.

Gracie whimpered again. She was so close to cumming again, but all he was doing was teasing her.

“Say it,” he growled.

“Fuck me, Brad!” she screamed.

Hearing his name, he slammed his hips forward and pummeled her juicy slit. Holding her hips in his hands, Brad pounded her pussy over and over. He felt his balls tighten and his cock get harder. Hot cum raced up from deep inside him. It felt like his cock was going to blow apart. He thrust into her hard several times, as his cum sped up his shaft. It was like he was trying to climb inside her body. Brad hollered out.

Gracie felt his warm fluids splash her cunt walls and then run down her legs. He was leaning heavily against her back; breathing hard. His softening cock slipped out of her dripping hole; his cock draining, making a puddle on the floor.

“Wow…what a way to get to know someone?” he panted.

“Not to mention rid someone of a phobia,” Gracie agreed.

“Well, Miss Gracie, how about some dinner? I don’t know about you, but all this exercise makes a growing boy, like me, hungry,” Brad asked.

As if on cue, the lights in the elevator brightened, and then the cab started moving downward again.

“I’d love that. Funny thing…I was just on my way downstairs for a snack to begin with,” Gracie laughed.

When the elevator opened on the ground floor, they walked out into the lobby. People turned to look. As they walked out of the door, the doorman greeted them.

“Evening, Mr. Rockman. Bit of a scare there…in the elevator?” the doorman asked.

“Thanks, James. I didn’t mind. I had great company,” Brad said, gesturing toward Gracie.

Gracie felt the blood drain from her face again.

“Holy shit, batman,” she thought, “I’m fucked.”

She glanced at him, only to find him grinned down at her.

“Oh, don’t worry, little lady. I won’t tell your boss about your comments, but I do expect to see you in my office first thing in the morning,” he said; eyes twinkling.