

## Anything You Need, Boss

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## Anything You Need, Boss

by [tikli](#)

### Summary

Flirty Redhead Secretary Gets Banged By Her Boss

### Notes

This is my first smut fic ever. [Ineffablexxx - Directors Cut](#) made me do it!

Beta by [potatowrites](#), thank you for taking the time!

Mr Fell was going through last week's reports when there was a knock on his office door. He frowned, because he had told his secretary he shouldn't be disturbed.

"Come in," he barked.

The door opened, revealing the secretary in question.

"I'm sorry, Mr Fell, I know you said you wanted to be left alone this afternoon, but..." she hesitated.

"That's all right, Toni. You have interrupted me already, so you might as well tell me why."

She took a couple of steps into the office, bunching a stack of papers in front of her pert bosom.

"The administration just sent these contracts, they need your signature as soon as possible. I wouldn't have bothered you if it wasn't urgent." She was looking at him apologetically.

"Well, let's see them then, shall we," he said and gestured for her to hand the contracts to him. Toni walked next to his chair and placed the papers on his desk. This close, he could smell her perfume.

There weren't that many contracts, so he got them signed in no time. Toni leaned in to collect the papers from the desk, her arm brushing against his slightly. She quickly straightened herself and took a step back. "I should... I'll just... leave you to it, then," she said and walked to the door.

Mr Fell was momentarily hypnotised by the swing of her slim hips under the tight black pencil skirt. *I've lost my concentration now anyway, so why not*, he mused. Before she could close the door behind her, he called: "Toni, when you are done with those, could you bring me a cuppa?"

"Certainly, Mr Fell," she smiled over her shoulder and took her leave.

Some ten minutes later there was another knock on the door and Toni came back with a tea tray.

"Close the door, please," he told her.

Toni obeyed, and then brought the tea tray to the desk.

"Was there anything else you needed, Mr Fell?" She was standing next to his chair again.

Mr Fell took a sip of his tea, looked up at her and saw a coy smile playing on her red lips. The look in her amber eyes wasn't as coy—it was downright flirtatious.

"Well, now that you mention it," he said, cradling his cup of tea. "There is something you might be able to help me with." He turned his chair to fully face her, spread his legs a bit and fixed his eyes on hers.

"Anything you need, Mr Fell." She wasn't shying away from their eye contact.

"Anything?" he asked, suggestively.

"Anything," she whispered.

"I was hoping you would say that," Mr Fell smiled and took another sip of his tea. He set the cup back on the tray, resumed their eye contact and started to unbuckle his belt. "You are quite a tempting sight, Toni. Every time you come into my office, I can hardly take my eyes off of you." The belt and the button were now undone, and he was unzipping his trousers.

Toni was blushing. Her eyes flickered down to his crotch, where his tartan boxers were tenting over his rapidly hardening cock. Her mouth opened a bit, tongue wetting her plump lower lip. She

looked back into his eyes, hungrily.

"Mr Fell, may I..." she asked with a breathy voice.

He pulled the boxers down, releasing his cock. "Go ahead, dear, it's all yours," he nodded at Toni.

She didn't need to be told twice. With one step she was close enough and kneeled between his legs on the carpeted floor. She leaned in and tentatively gave his cock a small lick.

"Now, dear, don't be shy. I would love to see that pretty mouth of yours stretched around my cock," Mr Fell encouraged.

Toni let out a small moan, grabbed the base of his cock with her hand and kissed the glans. She pushed her tongue out to lick the underside of the cock and then wrapped her lips around it. It took her a moment to get accustomed to his girth. She started sliding her lips up and down on his shaft, taking him deeper and deeper with every slide.

"Oh, you are taking it beautifully, my dear. I knew you would," Mr Fell panted.

Toni opened her eyes when she heard his praises and looked up, halfway down his shaft that was now stained with her lipstick. She twirled her tongue around his cock and that had him grabbing the armrests of his chair so hard his knuckles almost turned white. Toni noticed this, batted her lashes and reached with her free hand to remove the hair pin that was keeping her auburn hair on a bun. She slipped her mouth off his cock to shake her curls free. Then her mouth was back around him. She looked up at him, tried to smirk with her mouth full and slid down again.

Mr Fell got the message loud and clear and didn't hesitate to push his hand into her hair. This earned him another moan from Toni and he chuckled. "You are positively exquisite," he sighed, moving his hand on the back of her head and grabbing a fistful of curls tightly. Toni whined around his cock, giving it a hard suck and then urging it even deeper. "You poor thing, you are gagging for it, aren't you?"

Toni was lost, moaning and whimpering with her mouth full of Mr Fell's thick cock. He kept tugging her hair every now and then, and every tug was instantly reciprocated with needy sucks and licks. Mr Fell tried to keep his hips steady, but finally he couldn't help thrusting into that wet mouth. Toni stilled, relaxed her tongue and jaw and let him fuck her mouth. He pushed his other hand into her hair and held her head steady.

"You are so good for me, dear, I could come like this, spill myself into your throat," he purred. "But I do feel like I have been neglecting your needs." He pulled Toni off his cock with a sigh. Toni whined and looked at him with half-lidded, hazy eyes.

"No needs here, 'm fine, just lemme..." she protested.

Mr Fell gave her a stern look and she shut her mouth with almost an audible click.

"As I was saying, *your needs* should not be neglected," he said and stood up. He offered his hand to Toni to help her up from the floor. "But do not worry, my dear, I'm going to enjoy tending to you. Thoroughly." He pushed the chair away from the desk and led her in front of it. "Now, bend over, darling."

Toni pressed her chest against the desk, the edge of it pushing into her upper thighs. The hem of her skirt rose and revealed the tops of her black stay-up stockings and a sliver of skin above them. Mr Fell traced the edge of one stocking with his finger. Toni's hips jerked.

"Oh, you are sensitive, aren't you, dear?" He repeated the movement on the other thigh. Toni's legs fell apart and she exhaled sharply. Mr Fell slid his palms upwards on her thighs, rucking the skirt up and revealing black lace knickers that were barely covering her tight little arse. He hooked his fingers under the waist and pulled the knickers down with one swift move. He slid them down on her legs and urged her to lift her feet so that he could get them off. "My, my, these are soaked!" he tsked. "Do you have any idea how that happened, dear?" he asked while inching one finger up the inside of her thigh.

"Stop teasing," Toni whinged.

The finger stopped its infuriatingly slow ascend.

"Please, Mr Fell, please touch me," Toni whimpered.

"You only had to ask, darling," Mr Fell cooed and slid his finger all the way up her thigh, finally reaching her cunt. She moaned and he gasped with surprise. "You are so wet and ready for me, aren't you, dear? Did you really get this worked up just from sucking my cock?"

"Can't help it..." she mumbled and tried to hide her blushing face in the crook of her arm.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, my dear," Mr Fell assured. He slid one finger between her slick folds, and when he reached her clit, Toni moaned and jerked her hips. He added another finger and kept rubbing her cunt, up and down, sliding his fingers on both sides of the sensitive nub, avoiding a direct contact. Toni was gasping air, her hips jerking non-stop now. When he pushed one finger inside her, she all but wailed.

"Please please please, *fuck me*, please, Mr Fell, please I can't..." Toni babbled.

"Soon, my darling, very soon," Mr Fell promised and added another finger, keeping his thrusts shallow and slow. "I just want to make you feel good first."

"Is good is good is sso good already, need your cock, need *you*, fuck, pleasse..." she begged.

Mr Fell moved his very slick fingers upwards and started circling her puckered hole. Toni was trembling and moaning. He pushed with his index finger and the ring of muscle gave in with only a slight resistance. His left hand had found her cunt and was teasing her clit while he slowly finger-fucked her arse.

"Come *on!* Please! I've been ready since last week!" Toni growled after a moment.

"Well, when you ask so nicely..." said Mr Fell and suddenly his hands were gone. Toni started to protest, but before she could utter a word, he had grabbed her hips and slammed his cock all the way into her cunt.

"FUCK!" Toni yelled.

"Indeed," grinned Mr Fell and started fucking her in earnest. She grabbed the far end of the desk and pushed back. After a few deep thrusts he moved his right hand from her hip and brought it to her mouth, pushing his thumb between her lips.

"Now, make this nice and wet for me, dear."

She twirled her tongue around the thumb eagerly and let go of it with a *plop*. He brought his hand back to her arse and pushed the saliva-slick thumb into her hole, making her groan with pleasure. He didn't move the thumb, just kept it there, grabbing the tight arse cheek with the fingers. After

securing his hold, the other hand still grabbing her by the hip, he continued fucking her, now with a more leisurely pace. She was sobbing and gradually coming apart.

"You are so good to me, your cunt so wet and hot around my cock. And this tight little arse, oh my, the things you do for me, my darling. You feel absolutely *sinful* and I love it. I love *you*." He was losing his self-control now and his thrusts started to become erratic.

"Ngk, 'm close, so close, angel..." she gasped.

He nudged her to lift her hips up a bit so that he could slip his left hand from her hip to her front. He pressed between her legs, covering her clit.

"Yessss..." she hissed.

He kept fucking her deeply, every thrust pushing her against his hand, every pull against the thumb in her arse.

"Come for me, my love," he urged.

With a sob she let go, and her orgasm washed over her, making her scream. The throbbing of her cunt was enough to push Mr Fell over the edge and with a final thrust he spilled inside her, his cock pulsating while he hollered her name.

They lay on the desk, slowly catching their breath.

"Crowley?"

"Mmmm..."

"Did I render you speechless again?"

"Hmnnng..."

"Oh, you poor dear," Aziraphale chuckled while standing up and snapping his fingers to miracle them both clean. "Come along now," he said and gently lifted Crowley off the desk. Another snap, and the office vanished.

He carried Crowley to their bedroom, laid her on the bed and miracled their clothes away. Then he got into bed, cuddled next to her and nuzzled her neck with small kisses. Crowley was just humming contently. Aziraphale's lips trailed upwards and finally met Crowley's, with a sweet and loving kiss.

"Oh, angel," Crowley sighed when they broke their kiss. "You spoil me."

"The feeling is mutual," Aziraphale beamed.

"Although, you are a bit of a bastard from time to time," she grumbled.

"And that's why you love me."

"And that's why I love you."

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