

Going Down (now with 99% less cringe)

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by [tikli](#)

Summary

The new intern at Miss Fell's office has caught her eye. They've been flirting for two weeks. What happens when they get stuck in a lift together?

or: Older Busty Blonde Seduces Hot New Intern

Notes

I wrote some smut with a bunch of non-erotic words. I intended it to be horrible and hilarious. To my surprise, many people also said that it was hot, even if the vocabulary was what it was. So, as a treat, I edited a version with better smutty words, just because I could. Why waste a good story for just shits and giggles, right?

If you haven't read the original fic, I suggest you give it a go, too. Should you start with that? I'm not sure. I guess it depends on whether you want to laugh and cringe first and get hot and bothered later, or vice versa.

EDIT

I guess this is also Cheesy Porn Trope kind of a situation, so I added another description to the summary.

Content warning

The sexual encounter depicted in this fic does not count as safe sex.

- Inspired by [Going Down](#) by [tikli](#)

Up until two weeks ago, Miss Fell had always packed a homemade lunch for the office. It was cheaper than getting takeaway or eating in a restaurant. She also enjoyed her own company more than that of her colleagues, so she didn't feel the need to spend her break with them. She would eat at her desk while reading a good book, and then get back to work. That way she didn't even have to use her precious break time for transitions between the office and whatever lunch place the others had picked for the day.

This all changed when the new intern, Anthony, had started at the office. He'd been tasked with odd jobs that nobody else had time to do. That included the things that didn't even require any sort of degree, namely making sure there was always fresh coffee in the break room and organising the takeaway lunch for those who wanted it.

The first time the intern approached Miss Fell to ask if she wanted to order some lunch, she surprised herself by answering in the affirmative. Anything to keep their interaction going. She could always save her sandwiches for later.

The lad was a sight for sore eyes. Tall and slim with sharp features and fiery hair. Almost too pretty for his own good. He was also young. Miss Fell could have been his mother. Her feelings towards him were all but maternal, though.

The next day (and every day after that) she was eagerly waiting for Anthony to come and collect her lunch order and return with her food some time later. The reason for her enthusiasm was that the intern was being an incorrigible flirt, all crooked smiles and winks and compliments, sometimes even innuendos. All in all, a delight to have around.

Sometimes they bumped into each other during the day, when Miss Fell left her desk. There were moments when they had time to change some pleasantries, but other times a nod and a smile had to suffice.

Every encounter left Miss Fell hungry for something else than lunch.

It had been one hell of a Friday. There had been A Situation, and Miss Fell had to work overtime to get everything in order again. She felt grumpy, because she was supposed to leave the office a good while ago. Everyone else seemed to have gone home already.

When she was finally done with her assignments, she turned off her computer, collected her belongings and headed for the lift. She had to wait for it to descend to her floor. It was a slow old thing, the building was tall and Miss Fell's patience was growing thinner by the second.

When the doors slid open, her mood was immediately improved.

"Going down?" Anthony asked with a flirty smile.

On you? You'd only have to ask, Miss Fell thought and felt a blush creeping on her cheeks.

"Yes," she sighed and stepped into the lift.

"Rough day, huh?"

"Very. The sooner I get home, the better. I thought I was was the last one to leave."

"I feel you," Anthony sympathised.

Oh, you can feel me all over, pretty boy.

They rode in silence for a moment. Miss Fell was just about to ask Anthony about his plans for the weekend when the whole lift suddenly came to a halt between floors.

"Shit," Anthony muttered and turned to look at the buttons. He gave the emergency stop button a couple of pushes, but nothing happened. He tried pushing the buttons for other floors, with the same result.

The emergency call button worked, though. He got through to the lift maintenance company. Unfortunately they couldn't send anyone to repair the lift immediately.

"It'll be at least an hour before anyone can reach the site, and there's no knowing how long it will take for them to fix it," the person at the other end of the line explained. "I suggest you make yourselves comfortable while you wait. Sorry for the inconvenience."

"*Sorry for the inconvenience?!*" Anthony repeated with clear annoyance in his voice, but the line had already gone dead. He sighed deeply. "Guess we'll just have to wait then."

Miss Fell touched his arm gently, to soothe him, but also to feel the muscles underneath his tight shirt.

"Don't worry, dear, it could be worse," she reassured. "I could be claustrophobic and then you'd have to take care of me."

"That doesn't sound too bad," he smirked. "Taking care of you, I mean."

Miss Fell smiled coyly at him. "I'm sure you'd do a splendid job."

Anthony fixed her a questioning look, searching for cues that weren't that hard to find. Miss Fell was feeling bold, so she took a step closer, lightly pressing her lush breasts against Anthony's chest. She looked up at him under her eyelashes.

"Well, they did suggest we make ourselves comfortable," Anthony murmured, bringing his hand to Miss Fell's cheek, stroking it with his thumb.

Miss Fell turned her head towards Anthony's hand, opening her mouth a little and inviting him to trace her lips with his thumb. She closed her eyes when the thumb dipped into her mouth. Anthony

groaned when she closed her mouth around the digit and sucked.

“You minx,” he whispered, amazed. “You have no idea how much I want you.”

Miss Fell let her hand wander, feeling the growing hardness beneath his tight trousers. She let go of his thumb with an audible pop. “I might have *some* idea,” she teased. “But I’d like you to show me.”

Anthony’s hands went to his belt buckle in an instant. Miss Fell took a step back and shook her head.

“Nuh-uh, not like that. We’ll save it for later.”

She moved to lean against the lift wall, hiking her skirt up to her hips, revealing her stockings and the pale blue cotton knickers underneath. There was a darker spot where she had already soaked through the thin fabric.

Anthony stared at her with a hungry look, his focus switching between her face and the small piece of cloth that was the only thing keeping her somewhat decent anymore. He licked his lips and moved to kneel in front of her. Hooking his fingers under the waistline, he lowered the knickers slowly, trailing small kisses on her plump thigh and then on her shin. The sheer nylon wasn’t really doing anything to stop Miss Fell to feel the heat and wetness of Anthony’s mouth. She shivered with anticipation. When he reached her ankle, Miss Fell lifted her foot just enough for him to slip the knickers off, leaving them hanging around her other ankle. She was free to spread her legs properly now.

Anthony made his way up along her other leg, and finally reached his destination, burying his face between her thighs without hesitation. Miss Fell moaned and pushed her hips against his face. Anthony gripped her thighs and pushed back.

“Just relax, I’ve got you,” he purred and gave her clit a teasing lick that made Miss Fell shudder all over. “And I’d love to hear you while I’m at it.”

He got to work and Miss Fell’s world exploded into a swirl of colours. The lad had no right being this good with his mouth. His tongue was doing some really weird things and Miss Fell couldn’t stop moaning and gasping. When he pushed a finger inside her cunt and started to fuck her slowly with it, she thought she might lose her mind.

“Such a good boy,” she panted. “Going to make me come.”

Anthony added another finger, and the stretch was so delicious Miss Fell couldn’t fight her impending climax anymore.

“Ooooh, yes! *Yes!*”

She rode the waves of her pleasure, her cunt spasming around Anthony’s fingers. Her legs gave up, but the sweet lad truly got her, keeping her from sliding onto the dirty floor of the lift. He gazed up at her with hooded eyes, the bottom half of his face glistening with the mixture of slick and saliva.

“Splendid job indeed,” she giggled. “Come up here.”

Anthony got on his feet and Miss Fell tugged him closer, bringing their lips together, not minding her own taste in the least. The kiss was surprisingly gentle, even if there was still a lot of banked heat underneath.

“I want to taste you,” Miss Fell breathed when they parted. “Get your cock out for me, there’s a dear.”

Anthony didn’t need to be told twice. He made a quick work of his belt, button and zipper, then lowered his trousers and underwear to mid-thigh. His cock was standing proud for Miss Fell to admire.

“Oh, would you look at that,” Miss Fell cooed. “That’s simply delicious.”

“It’s all yours,” Anthony rasped.

Miss Fell backed him against the opposite wall and started to get down on her knees, but Anthony grabbed her arm.

“Wait, lemme just…” He took off his jacket and laid it on the floor at his feet.

“I seem to have found myself a proper gentleman,” Miss Fell said, kissing his cheek before sinking on her knees.

She curled her fingers around Anthony’s cock, enjoying the silky smooth feeling. She tightened her grasp and moved her hand along the shaft a couple of times. Anthony’s head hit the lift wall with a loud *thunk*.

“Careful now, I don’t want you to hurt yourself,” she chided softly.

Anthony whined in response.

“Patience, my sweet boy,” she purred and moved her hand lower, to feel his balls. They were drawn up so tightly they were surely aching. She returned her focus on his cock, giving a broad lick to the underside, from root to tip, where she was greeted with a mouth-watering drop of precome.

“Miss Fell, please…” Anthony squeaked.

She closed her mouth around the cockhead and gave it a gentle suck, drawing a stuttering gasp from Anthony. She took his cock deeper, working her tongue around it, loving the taste and the feel. After a couple of bobs up and down she felt Anthony’s hands on the sides of her head. *How audacious*, she thought and was just about to scold the lad when she realised he was pushing her head *away* from himself.

“You have to stop or I’m gonna come in your mouth,” Anthony pleaded in a broken voice.

Miss Fell couldn’t help but smile.

“Don’t you want to?”

“Ngh, yes, but I just need to know if there are other options available,” he mumbled. The poor boy was blushing and Miss Fell found it utterly adorable.

“Since you’re asking so nicely, then yes, there are.” Miss Fell stroked his balls teasingly. “You can finish inside my cunt if you want.”

Anthony’s hips jerked on their own volition and Miss Fell grasped his balls and pulled them gently.

“Yes, I want,” he gasped.

Miss Fell got up and motioned Anthony to turn around while she braced herself against the wall, pushing her hips backwards. Anthony lifted her skirt to get a good look at her bum, letting his fingers skim over the milky skin. He parted her cheeks, and the next thing Miss Fell felt was that clever tongue against her hole, licking and teasing.

“Naughty boy,” she chuckled. “I’m afraid we’ll have to leave that for another time.”

“Would you let me?” Anthony groaned. “Would you really let me?”

“Have some fun with my bum? Yes, under different conditions,” she panted, the thought exciting her as much as it apparently excited Anthony.

Anthony grabbed her hips, angling them better and nudged the opening of her cunt with the fat head of his cock. Anthony’s mouth had left her dripping wet, so he could push in to the hilt with no resistance.

“Fuck you feel good,” he gasped.

Miss Fell could only moan, feeling her cunt filled with that thick cock.

“Move,” she ordered. “Give it to me good.”

Anthony obeyed and started to thrust into her cunt with gusto. One of his hands sneaked around her, reaching her breasts, groping and kneading them with no finesse. She grasped his wrist and guided his hand downwards, and he quickly took the hint. His fingers focused on her clit, rubbing and pressing it in sync with his thrusts.

“Can you come again?” He panted, slowing his tempo.

“Yes, if you keep doing that,” Miss Fell moaned. She was so close.

Anthony kept up the rhythm, relentlessly fucking into her wetness and teasing her clit.

“I wanted this since I first saw you,” Miss Fell panted. “Let you bend me over the nearest flat surface, have your wicked way with me. Young stud like you, I’m sure you can tire me out.”

Anthony’s rhythm faltered and Miss Fell was sure he could hear him grit his teeth.

“The mouth on you, Miss Fell,” he groaned. “Fuck, I can’t—“

He was tipping over the edge, slamming his cock inside her with growing speed and then he was coming inside her with a strangled cry.

“Sorry, ‘m sorry, I couldn’t—“ he sobbed.

“Shh, it’s okay,” Miss Fell consoled him. “You did good. I’m impressed you lasted as long as you did, seeing how close to the edge you were earlier.”

Anthony slipped out of her and Miss Fell straightened herself and turned around to face him. She could feel his spend trickling out of her. She was just about to reach for her bag when Anthony dropped down and pushed her against the wall.

“I’ve made a mess,” he mumbled.

“You sure did.”

Then his mouth was on her, licking her thighs clean of come, tongue delving between her folds, lapping at her entrance. Miss Fell spread her legs to give him a better access, and it took only a short moment for her arousal to spark anew. *This one's a keeper*, she thought while she was being thoroughly ravished by his mouth and fingers. Her release washed over her like a tsunami, and when she came to, she realised she must have been screaming, because her throat felt sore.

“Wow,” Anthony sighed. “You are a marvel.”

“And you, my darling, are a cunning linguist,” Miss Fell jested, making Anthony snort with laughter.

They did their best to clean up with what little they had at hand, and tried to make themselves presentable. Miss Fell had some muesli bars in her bag and Anthony had a bottle of water, so they could get some nourishment. Then there was nothing more to do than wait. They sat on the floor on top of Anthony's jacket, leaning against each other, hand in hand. They talked some, they kissed some. Miss Fell was tired after a long day of work, followed by some unexpected sexy times, so at some point she dozed off, her head against Anthony's shoulder.

She woke up when Anthony kissed her temple and whispered, “The lift is moving again.”

He helped her up and they gave a final check up for each other's attires.

The maintenance people were truly sorry for the delay, but Miss Fell and Anthony both assured them that they were okay. Neither of them felt like stretching out that conversation, because they wanted to get out of the building as quickly as possible.

They stepped outside and breathed in the crisp night air. Anthony glanced at Miss Fell, and she could see when the uncertainty hit him. *Silly boy*, she mused.

“I have a car, just a couple of blocks away. I'll give you a lift. Anywhere you want to go, Miss Fell.”

“Thank you, Anthony,” she smiled and reached out for his hand. “Lead the way. Also, please, call me Aziraphale.”

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