

## You'd Still Crave More

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## You'd Still Crave More

by [tikli](#)

### Summary

There is undeniable chemistry between Toni and Mr Fell, even if it is aided with monetary incentives.

### Notes

Mind the tags. If you are squicked by the idea of a gangbang, you might want to nope out.

Beta by [Epimeliad](#). I am once again very grateful for your help. <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Toni smiled at the bartender who placed her drink on the counter. She took a sip, nodded in approval and turned her barstool around, getting a proper look of the nightclub. The night was in full swing, the club was packed and people were enjoying themselves. She could feel the vibrations from the low throb of the bass. Had it been any other night, she would have joined the writhing masses on the dance floor, grinding herself against the sweaty bodies of strangers, dancing

until her legs gave out. Tonight, she had a prior engagement.

She was scanning the tables, searching for a familiar figure. In a place like this, Mr Fell would stick out like a sore thumb, with his endearingly outdated sartorial choices and prim appearance. Yet it had been his suggestion that they meet here, instead of their usual hotel. Given what they were planning to do, a hotel room wouldn't really have worked as a setting.

Their mutually beneficial arrangement had been going on for a while now. It was a business transaction, sure, but Toni had soon realised how compatible they were. She felt safe with him and was willing to push her boundaries and explore new things. When Mr Fell had casually mentioned the topic of public sex, it had taken her an embarrassingly short moment to become invested in the idea.

Of course it was risky. Toni was fully aware of it, she had a lot to lose if they'd get caught. Risks could be minimised with careful planning, though. Since they already negotiated their sessions beforehand, it wasn't a hardship to take into account some outside factors. Mr Fell had said he knew a club where any possible troubles could be settled with a wad of cash. Eventually, Toni had been satisfied with their precautions and had agreed to go through with the plan.

So, here she was, in a crowded club, about to engage in some sexy shenanigans with a man who looked like a frumpy librarian. Oh, how looks could deceive! Toni smiled to herself when she remembered the first time they had met. When she had laid eyes on Mr Fell, she had felt like calling the whole thing off. She went through the interview, so that she could decline based on something that would pop up during it. Instead, she found herself mesmerised by this innocent-looking soft gentleman, and the potential that was hiding just beneath the unassuming appearance.

She glanced at her watch and noticed it was past the time they had agreed on. With her drink in hand, she stood up, straightened the pleats of her short black skirt and walked around the bar to see if Mr Fell had gotten a table at the back. It would make sense, really, to settle in a dark corner instead of a table closer to the dance floor. The thought made her heart beat a little bit faster and she could feel herself blushing.

Mr Fell had indeed found himself a booth in the corner that was farthest from the bar. Toni headed towards him and it didn't take long for him to notice her. Their eyes met briefly, but then Mr Fell's gaze wandered downwards along her body. Toni was pleased. This was the reaction she had been aiming for when she picked up her outfit. It wasn't downright slutty, but revealing enough for it to be considered improper in some situations.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting." She slid into the U-shaped booth, sitting next to Mr Fell, angling her body so that their knees were almost bumping against each other.

"Good things come to those who wait," Mr Fell smiled. He leaned in and greeted her with a gentle peck on the cheek. His manners always took her by surprise, even though she had learned to expect them.

"Is that what I am now, a good thing?" she teased.

"Aren't you?" he whispered with a low voice, his lips gracing the shell of her ear. "I believe you can be really good for me, can't you?"

"Yes, Mr Fell," she sighed, her eyes fluttering closed. Every time they did this, she was amazed by the way her body reacted to whatever Mr Fell decided to do with her. *To* her. There was undeniable chemistry between them, even if it was aided with monetary incentives.

She felt his broad hand on her knee, his fingers feeling out the texture of her fishnet stockings.

"These are a little bit naughty, though?" he murmured in her ear. "And your skirt leaves little to the imagination."

His hand was travelling upwards on her thigh, fingers brushing the hem of her skirt, then diving under it. Toni opened her eyes to glance at the bar, then at the nearby tables. Nobody was paying any attention to them. She let out a nervous little giggle. Mr Fell stopped moving his hand, resting it on her upper thigh, over the top of her stocking. Toni could feel his fingertips against her bare thigh.

"Hush now, pet. You can be still and quiet, can't you?" Mr Fell soothed her, his warm breath tickling her neck. "If someone looks, they can see your face, but they can't see under the table."

"Okay."

"What's that, pet?"

"Yes, Mr Fell."

"Shall I continue?"

"Please."

Mr Fell's hand was moving again, fingers fanned out and nudging their way between her thighs. She bit out a sigh and let her legs fall slightly apart, enjoying the way he was rubbing small circles on the softness of her inner thigh. She couldn't stop an impatient twitch of her hips. It brought Mr Fell's fingertips in contact with her cunt.

"Oh, you naughty little minx, forgot your knickers, did you?" he chuckled, sliding one finger between her folds, spreading her wetness.

"Depends on the definition of forgetting," Toni quipped. Her voice was trembling, and she was sure Mr Fell's ministrations would make her incoherent in no time. The way his finger was massaging her cunt made it impossible to think.

"They would have been ruined anyway, seeing as we've barely started and you're already dripping wet," Mr Fell mused and kept teasing her with two fingers, keeping his touch light and avoiding her clit.

Toni pushed herself against Mr Fell's hand, but instead of getting his fingers where she needed them, he withdrew his hand. She hissed in disappointment.

"So needy," Mr Fell chastised, leaning away from her and straightening his back. "What am I to do with you?"

"Gimme your fingers," Toni whined. Mr Fell shook his head disapprovingly, but did as she asked.

"Will that be enough, though?" One finger was circling her opening. "With a greedy cunny like this, you'll soon be begging for more."

His finger slid into her cunt excruciatingly slowly and Toni bit her lip to stop moaning out loud. Then she felt his lips on her neck and couldn't suppress a full-body squirm. She threw her leg over Mr Fell's thigh to be able to get closer to him, then leaned against him to hide her face into the crook of his neck.

"Poor pet, so easily overwhelmed," Mr Fell cooed, clearly amused. He started pushing his finger in and out of her cunt with a leisurely pace.

"More," Toni whispered.

"Hmm?"

"More, Mr Fell, *please*."

The stretch of two fingers felt delicious. It took every ounce of Toni's willpower to stay still, to keep up the facade that there was nothing out of the ordinary going on here. Her breathing was heavy against Mr Fell's neck.

"I wonder what would happen, if I'd just bend you over this table."

Toni felt her heartbeat quicken and she had to bite down on her lip again to keep quiet.

"I'd lift your skirt up to see you properly. Take out my cock, then push it in this eager, wet cunt of yours. You'd take me easily, wouldn't you, my pet?"

She knew how it would feel, to be impaled on Mr Fell's thick cock. But she was beyond words at this point, Mr Fell's fingers rubbing her walls and playing with her hole.

"I'd fuck you in front of the whole club, and you'd let me. Slutty little thing, you'd enjoy being used like that." Mr Fell's words were controlled, but there was a tinge of lust underneath. He pressed his thumb over Toni's clit and started rubbing it slowly. "It wouldn't be enough for you, you'd still crave more. I'm sure someone would rise to the occasion to help you out."

Even the heated haze in her head didn't stop Toni to mentally snort at the terrible pun. But she was too far gone to actually care about it at this point.

"You'd get to stretch that pretty mouth of yours around someone's cock, have him fuck your face while I take care of your cunt." Mr Fell was fucking her with his fingers now, his thrusts more demanding, while his thumb was still teasing her clit. Her heart was hammering in her chest and she could feel her orgasm approaching.

"I wouldn't last long like that, watching your mouth getting ravished while I take you. I'd spill inside you, fill your cunt with my come—and it still wouldn't be enough." He pulled his fingers out of her cunt and then Toni couldn't feel his hand at all. Her head snapped up and she stared at Mr Fell, confused. He smiled at her, then brought his fingers to her lips. "I'd make you clean me up," he continued, pushing his wet fingers in her mouth. Toni sucked at them eagerly and the taste of herself made her moan. His fingers felt heavy on her tongue, and she would have given anything to have her mouth filled with his cock right there and then.

"You would be far from done. How many cocks would it take to quench your thirst?" Mr Fell's hand found its way back under her skirt. He pinched her clit between her outer lips with his thumb and a finger and started jerking her with a relaxed rhythm. "Five? Ten? Twenty? I wouldn't mind, I'd just sit back and enjoy the show. I'm a generous man, I can share my toys."

His teasing strokes had brought Toni close to the edge again. She slumped against Mr Fell's shoulder and tried to keep her breathing even. His pace wasn't enough to push her over, instead it was keeping her firmly on the brink of her orgasm.

"I'd fancy seeing you like that, being used by strangers. You'd sound so lovely, choking on their cocks. And your cunt would be dripping with their come, it would run down your thighs and smear

your stockings. What a beautiful mess you'd be."

Toni was rocking her hips against Mr Fell's hand, as discreetly as she could. She was *so close*, wouldn't need much more—and of course that was the moment when he lifted his hand, leaving her bereft of touch again.

"Mr Fell," she whimpered. "Please, just let me come."

"I do love it when you beg," he said, his lips against her temple. "Once more, pet."

"Please, I need it." She was almost sobbing out of frustration now.

"Would all those cocks still leave you wanting?" Mr Fell pushed his fingertips against her slit, a blunt pressure against where she was aching for it. Instead of pushing them in, he just kept them steady, and Toni tried to grind against them, with no avail. "Even after being taken so many times, you'd demand more. I couldn't possibly deny you. I'd let you suck me, make my cock hard again. What a sight it would be, your face would surely be streaked with come by then, even when some of the men had made you swallow."

Toni felt hot all over and heard the rush of her blood in her ears. The filthy images Mr Fell was painting with his words were filling her head. Her whole body was thrumming with need—and Mr Fell's fingers just wouldn't budge.

"Your poor cunny would be completely wrecked. Puffy and oversensitive, drenched with come and your own wetness, no use to me at all. So I'd gather some of that wet mess and slick your tight little arsehole with it. Then I'd push the tip of my cock in." He was finally moving his fingers, slowly pushing them inside her cunt, and there had to be at least three of them, the stretch was driving her wild. She was clenching around the more-than-welcome intrusion, chasing her pleasure, when his hand stopped moving again. "Just the tip."

"Please!"

"Though we both know it's never just the tip, is it? Because all your holes are equally slutty, and I'd be balls deep inside you in mere seconds. Wouldn't be able to resist." He thrust his fingers deeper and pressed his thumb over her clit—and then she was coming hard, biting on his shoulder to muffle her scream. Mr Fell kept his fingers right where they were and Toni felt her cunt spasm around them. She was shaking, so Mr Fell curled his other hand around her shoulders, drawing her closer, letting her calm down before easing his fingers out.

When her breathing was steady enough and her pulse wasn't racing anymore, she lifted her head and straightened her posture. Mr Fell offered her a glass of ice water. After a couple of mouthfuls she felt revived enough to speak.

"You've outdone yourself again, Mr Fell," she purred.

"Thank you, I'm glad to hear that," he smiled, bowing his head a little.

"Worth every pound," Toni sighed happily, relaxing against the backrest of the booth. "Although I do miss your cock."

"There's a time and place for everything," Mr Fell said with a wink.

Toni reached for her clutch, drew out her phone and started browsing her calendar. "When can you fit me in?"

Mr Fell already had his pocket almanack in hand. "I got a cancellation on the 21st, 9 pm, two hours. Would that work for you?"

"I'll make it work," Toni grinned, adding the appointment to her calendar. "You'll send me the bill?"

"First thing in the morning."

"Pleasure doing business with you, Mr Fell, as always. I'll see you next week."

"Pleasure's all mine, Miss Crowley."

With that, Toni got up, exchanged a friendly nod with Mr Fell and headed for the restroom to freshen up before going home. She was utterly satisfied and would surely sleep well tonight.

## End Notes

Subversion of expectations? In my fic? It's more likely than you think!

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