

PHAZE FLARE
FREE FICTION



BLEEP!

Alessia Brio
WILL BELEGON

Bleep! – Alessia Brio & Will Belegon

Bleep!

A Phaze Flare by

Alessia Brio and
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Bleep! – Alessia Brio & Will Belegon

Also by Alessia Brio and Will Belegon

*Amichu
San Diego Sunset
Switch*

Also by Alessia Brio

*Coming Together: Special Hurricane Relief Edition (ed.)
Erotique
fine flickering hungers*

Authors' Note

In the spring of 2005, the Belegon-Brio writing team was born. The very first of our collaborations hit cyberspace and began an exhilarating journey that neither of us anticipated. This tongue-in-cheek story entitled *Bleep!* took fifth place in Literotica's first Free Speech contest. Fifty bucks prize money. A money-making team right out of the gate. Yet, in spite of such an auspicious beginning, we really didn't have any idea just how special our collaborations would become. Writing together was just a hobby, not a vocation.

Our second collaboration, *San Diego Sunset* (originally written in July 2005), made us realize that, hey, maybe we're on to something here. *Bleep!* wasn't just a lucky chance. We were good together. Damned good. *San Diego Sunset* first appeared on Literotica as part of the 2005 Nude Day contest. We expanded it and polished it, and it's now one of Phaze's Snuggler HeatSheets.

The stories for which we are best known involve an upwardly-mobile and sexually-charged couple from Philadelphia: Bruce Winfield and Mandy Long. Alessia created this banter-loving pair in her first published work, *Erotique. Switch*, our third collaboration (and the first to be professionally published) is a sequel to *Erotique*. Following that is *Amichu*, an erotic Indiana Jones-style adventure. The fourth installment, *Closing Arguments*, wraps up the print anthology entitled *ArtiFactual*, due to be released from Phaze in Spring 2007.

Artistically Inclined—our nascent company's namesake—is published by Venus Press. It continues the establishment of our style: compelling characters, hot sex, and a touch of humor.

Our journey into the world of romance and erotica is still

gaining speed. We hope that you enjoy this exclusive glance into where it all began. We resisted the urge to do extensive edits, opting instead to preserve the roots of our partnership.

Alessia Brio
Will Belegon

That law passed, y'know. The high-tech obscenity one. Did you read about it in the paper? Didn't think so. Few people did. Happened on the sly, after all. Some ultracons tacked it onto the omnibus spending bill in the wee hours of the morning. Fucking pricks. Dems had called it a night after barely defeating the homosexuality vaccine legislation. No one was there to fight it, and it slid right through without any additional lube. That was two months ago.

Oh, there was a little fuss about the First Amendment, but it was quickly squelched since the law technically doesn't prohibit folks from expressing themselves. It merely prevents the electronic transmission or display of certain forms of expression—the "obscene" forms. Plus, they control the media now. Funny word: *control*. It can be overt (like the leash on your dog) or passive (like one of those invisible fences). The end result is the same.

Anyway, the law took effect yesterday. Did you notice? I sure as hell did. Let me tell you about it while I still can. It's downright creepy. Hope it scares you as much as it did me.

* * * *

I was driving home from a business meeting last night, and I got a call from this guy I met online. We've been chatting for a few weeks, and things are progressing in a relaxed, fun, no-strings kinda way. I just love his voice. It's soft and inviting. We talked for about twenty minutes or so about random stuff, and then he whispered, "What are you wearing?"

His tone sent a shiver down my spine: teasing with a hint of longing wrapped up in four innocent words and tied with a velvet bow. It might as well have been spoken against the skin of my neck, since it had the same effect. For a split second, I was tempted to invent something sexy but decided instead to stick with the complete candor that was so refreshing about our nascent relationship. "I stopped at a gas station and changed into sweats.

Wanted to be comfy for the long drive."

"And underneath?" he asked. "I know you well enough by now. Are you still wearing what you wore under your meeting clothes?"

"I don't understand." But, of course, I did—and I wondered just where the conversation would lead. We talked about sex all the time but hadn't crossed certain lines. Part of me found the idea of phone sex rather tacky in a desperate sort of way. Another part—a bigger part, I guess—found it an incredible turn on.

"Yes, you do. I don't think you ever really feel presentable unless you feel that way right down to your skin. Is it silk? Lace? What kind of agenda did the meeting have? Did you need to feel the power of red? Or did you go with the purple because you wanted to feel more subtle? Did you wear a thong or something with lace across your ass to remind you that you're in control?"

He was right on the money, in one sense. Every choice had the potential to influence my mood. Yet, I had to stifle a laugh. *Lace? Me?* It reminded me how little we really knew about one another, and there was a measure of safety—of comfort—in that realization. He didn't know me all THAT well...yet. The question then became: Did I want him to? I took a deep breath, audibly, but didn't respond.

"So let me take you back an hour or so. I'm standing invisible in the hallway, and I can see you sitting in the conference room. The meeting has ended, and you are organizing your papers to file them away. Your face is slightly flushed with the success of your trip, and I know that a little of the adrenaline is still flowing. Not just from the meeting, but because of something else—something I can't quite discern. You stop for a second. You spin the chair so you are facing the window, turned away from the prying eyes of the office; no one able to see through the back of that wide red chair. Although I can't see it, I know when you put your hand on your knee. Slowly, you run the fingers up the inseam of your slacks. What do you feel there under the thin material?"

"Okay, you win!" I interjected. "Thong and matching bra. And yes, I'm still wearing both."

"What color are they?"

"Black." I inwardly scolded myself for the one word response. If this dialogue was going where I thought (*hoped?*) it was going, I needed to hold up my end of the bargain. So I added, "There's something about black underthings that make me feel desirable, even though no one can see them."

"Umm hmm," he said. "And what is there about a Saturday afternoon board meeting that makes you want to feel desirable? Not that I think you need to try very hard. But you're not wearing them for me, are you? Who was there that so inspires you, I wonder?"

"Aren't we nosey?" I teased. "Let's just say that I've more than one reason to make this trip."

"Are you using your earpiece? Are you on a straight stretch or is the road twisty?"

"It's fairly straight for this area, and I've driven it so often I could do it in my sleep. But if you're gonna keep this up, I'd better put you on speaker. No! On second thought, the earpiece is better. I want your voice against my skin. Hang on a sec." I pulled to the side of the road and rummaged through the glove compartment for my headset.

"Much better," I purred as I eased back onto the Interstate. "You still with me?"

"Shhh. Just do what you're told. I want you to take your right hand and put it under your shirt. Run it along side the underside of your breast. Tell me how the fabric feels against your fingers. Tell me how it feels underneath as your fingers trace the curve."

"It's warm—almost hot—and soft. I know it sounds odd, but I can feel its color."

"Now try to forget that it is your hand. Pretend I am there in the car beside you.... No, wait. Pretend you decided to carpool with.... Is it a man or a woman?"

"Yes," I grinned, unwilling to share too much about that part of my life. "It is a man—or a woman."

"Fine. I can play your way. I'm going to say it's a she, both because I am selfish enough to want you to have been dreaming about another woman, and because I want you to notice the shape of

her hand as it caresses you. I want you to contrast that with the depth of my voice in your ear, to imagine not only that she is there but also that I can somehow share it, without her being aware of me.

"Okay," he continued. "You carpoled with her. You've been talking about what you would do if you could: if there was no one around to see. Like now. She takes a deep breath and reaches out tentatively and slides her hand under your shirt until the fingertips touch your breast. That's whose fingers you feel. Now slide them beneath the bra ..."

"You don't play fair," I replied, following his instructions. He was entirely too perceptive, which I found both comforting and disconcerting. My mind was filled with the image of another's hands as my own fingers slipped inside to caress my breast. They weren't my fingers anymore. His voice, from almost 2,500 miles away, was so hot against my ear. I was convinced I could feel his breath, and it made the fine hair on the back of my neck stand.

"No, I don't. I never promised that I would. She slides her open palm around the edges of your breast and gently squeezes to bring the blood rushing. She circles her fingertips around, switching from the softness of the flesh to the hard scrape of her nails. She lets her fingers drive towards your nipple, only to suddenly change direction at the last moment and trace agonizingly past its hard point. You are so focused on your mental plea for her to touch you there that it comes as quite the sudden shock when she slips her finger inside the ring and gives a gentle tug to complete the capture of your attention."

I forgot that I had told him about my piercing. My left hand grasped the steering wheel with white knuckles as I braced myself for his next words. The warmth between my legs was growing exponentially, and I ached to touch myself there.

"She pinches and slides apart the front clasp on your bra, and the tension pulls the cups aside, allowing the soft inner fabric of the sweatshirt a chance to tease. Even though you are still covered and inside the safety of the car, you feel the danger of being exposed. She still does, too. You can tell by the shaking of her hand and the

quickness of her breath. The public-private disparity is exciting, and your pulse races with the truth of how daring you can actually be. The risk already being taken frees the two of you to take other chances. With a deep breath and a sigh of determination, she makes the decision to move her hand lower."

A soft gasp escaped as my lover's hand left my breast and slipped easily inside my sweatpants. I spread my legs as far as the confines of the car would allow and felt a palm cup my mons. The fabric was already wet and clung to the bare skin beneath. The loud hum of the rumble strips brought me sharply back to reality as I swerved outside my lane.

"I'm—um—gonna pull over," I stammered.

"Perhaps that would be best. Find someplace dark."

We were on the same wavelength, there: dark and secluded—or at least secluded. However, I was rapidly approaching the point when I just wouldn't care about getting caught. My need had been growing all afternoon, and his voice was pushing me closer to the edge of any lingering inhibitions. *Take me there*, my mind growled as I pulled into a rest area and parked at the far edge of the lot, but aloud I merely urged, "More."

I cut the lights, but left the engine running and climbed into the back seat. He was there, leaning against the door, and he instructed me to sit between his legs with my back against his chest. As I complied, I felt his cock against my lower back: hot and hard and straining against the fly of his 501s. I was torn between the intense desire to turn and take him into my mouth, or to let him guide the enticing fantasy lover before me. When his arms wrapped around inside my shirt to cup each breast, my decision was made. *Lead the way, lover*, I thought.

He must have done this before, because he caught on to my switching gears right away. "So now the situation changes," he said, his voice dropping in pitch; his words coming more slowly. There was a bit of a growl to his voice now. "Okay, the difference between my hands and hers is so obvious. My hands are larger and rougher. The strength with which I squeeze your tits pushes you to the edge

of pain. My arms squeeze you tight as I run my hands down your sides and into your lap. I grip your thighs and lift you up off the seat as I pull your legs apart. I hook my thumbs under the waistband of your sweats and push down. The sweats and thong together are sliding down across your thighs to your knees. Then, you feel almost forgotten feminine fingers sliding their way down your belly. They move quickly, for she is afraid to lose either her nerve or her opportunity. Swiftly they make their way down."

"Oh, fuck yes," I moaned as I kicked one leg free of its clothing.

"Her fingers carry no wasted motion but dive straight for your wet cunt. (*click*) The air is cool against your wet pussy lips, and the fingernails scratch delightfully as her fingers slip inside the heat of your cunt and then come away wet. She grins and her hand reaches back up towards your face and then slides past. You hear the smacking of my lips as I take her fingers into my mouth and taste your puss(*click, crackle*) for the very first... What is that? The connection ... Oh, never mind. I don't care. I just want to taste the juice of your (*beep*) on her fing—Okay, what the fu(*beep*)?"

His tone—the guttural way he said *cunt*—echoed in my mind. I wanted to eat those words right off his tongue; devour his need until it became indistinguishable from my own. "Just don't stop," I hissed. His voice was clear, and the signal was strong. There was a full charge on my battery, too. I had to know where he was taking the three of us. "No matter what," I begged, "don't stop."

"Oh, the hell with it! My one finger tugs at the ring in your nipple while my right hand slides across the soft skin over those hard abs to spread the lips of your pu(*beep*). God (*beep*) it! What the (*beep*) is going on with this (*beep*) phone line?"

Jarred by the frustration in his voice, my eyes opened. The view through the rear windshield was dark but for the glow of a billboard. It was one of those annoying ads promoting decency and family values. As soon as the image registered, I understood the source of our communication problems. "(*beep*)! We're being censored," I gasped.

"What? What the (*beep*) are you talking about? We're being..."

Oh, wait... just now I got it. Okay, but how? I mean, it's because of that new law... Oh, never mind. Later. Right now all I care about is the taste of you, the heat of your (*beep*), and the soft silk of your (*beep*). Hmm, I wonder if I can... I slide my fingers around the sensitive edges of your labia. I intertwine my fingers with hers, crossing them together and moving on her lead, the thickness of my finger a counter point to her more delicate, smaller hand. For a few more invasions of your vagina we work together, and then I leave her to continue her attentions to your... um, entrance. I grasp the roundness of your posterior and squeeze and briefly tease at your more forbidden portal before I let my hands track back up to hold your... chest."

I knew from our earlier conversations that we shared this fantasy—to be together with another woman—but it sure seemed as if he was reading my mind. I moved my hands exactly as instructed, feeling her touch and his in places that had only dreamt of it. My hips lifted rhythmically to meet her almost violent thrusts as his hands continued to assault my tender nipples. Coherent speech was no longer possible. My responses were reduced to monosyllabic grunts and long, drawn-out vowel sounds, punctuated by bleeped expletives.

"My hands leave your bosom for a moment, and you feel them track around your back to the top of my jeans. The denim beneath you ripples against the bare skin of your posterior, and you feel the chill of the metal buttons against your (*beep*). A hard shaft of flesh springs free to caress your nether areas. She reaches over to grasp my pe(*beep*)... Oh, c'mon! Awwwright... to grasp my staff and guide it into your wet and waiting... vaginal canal. The fingers that guide it there remain to play while we begin to slowly rock back and forth."

His voice grew more intense with every word, and I could tell he was enjoying our threesome every bit as much as I. While I missed the coarser language, there was no way to deny the raw passion in his voice. It was something that no amount of censorship could ever suppress.

"We can tell you're getting close now. The way you throw your head back against my shoulder is a dead giveaway. I can hear the passion in you as it escapes in gasping breaths that warm my ear. Give yourself over to the pleasure. Feel me inside your (*beep*) and her on the outside, her fingernails tracing patterns on your flesh, the occasional pinch of your (*beep*) between her fingers. She parts the way and allows the friction of the movements to build, rests her hand so that each new rising exertion causes her fingers to ripple across what is becoming the center of your world.

"The sensation is maddening, and you feel the last barriers to your self-control begin to slide away. There is a rhythm to our breathing now; yours coming in quick hard gasps, mine deep and sucking in power for the muscles in my arms to continue to lift you and slam you back down, hers more hesitant, as though she is afraid that even breathing might distract her from what she sees and feels, that the slightest focus on anything other than you will allow her inhibitions to resurface and conceal her again."

"It's time now," she says to you. "I want to see it. I want to bear witness to your release. Show me. Come for me, lover. Just (*beep*)ing come!" From behind and beneath you I whisper the same command in a low voice, "Yes, come. Come now! Come for us both!"

There was no resisting, not that I even considered it. I threw my head back and captured his hungry mouth with my own. Our tongues danced in my imagination as his voice pushed me ever closer to that exquisite edge. I could taste his need as his cock swelled—filling me, stretching me. Each thrust deeper than the one before; each word harder, more urgent.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" I chanted, even though he couldn't hear me over the near continuous beeping. His own breathing was ragged in my ear as he whispered my name over and over. "Yes!" My song and my scent filled the interior of the car as I fell into bliss. Each pulse made my entire body shudder.

After a few moments of near silence, I pulled on my sweatpants and eased myself back into the driver's seat with a sigh. "Oh,

(*beep*). That was incredible!"

No sooner than the words left my lips, we were interrupted by an announcement: *Due to repeated violations of the Electronic Decency Act, your wireless service will now be suspended.*

Then, the line went dead.

* * * *

So, there you have it. It won't stop with phones, either. That's just phase one. All electronics are covered by the law. The signals will soon be sent to modify all your equipment, and you can't stop them.

Oh, and if you think this law will be overturned after the next elections, I've got news for you. Congress votes tomorrow to repeal the Twenty-second Amendment. Didn't hear that on the news, either. Did you?

(*beep*)ing (*beep*)!

About the Authors

Alessia Brio is a sassy tart from Pittsburgh who burst (or tip-toed, depending on who you ask) onto the erotic romance scene in the latter half of 2005 with two e-book publications from Phaze. Until that time, she'd been giving her stuff away on Literotica. Now, she gratefully accepts money for it. (That, she's aware, is the difference between a *slut* and a *whore*.)

When she's not writing, editing, designing covers, or *researching*, Ms. Brio is performing her domestic duties as a work-from-home mom, kicking ass (or kissing it) as a civil rights advocate/activist, or wasting time on the Internet. She is addicted to SuDoku, rare steak, and sex (not necessarily in that order). Alessia lives in the mountains near Pittsburgh where she masquerades as a soccer mom.

Will Belegon is in his element as an author of erotic romance. It combines his love of moonlit beaches and first kisses with his passion for steamy sex and wraps them all up in a collection of words that conjure the most delicious imagery. (The attentions of the predominantly female readership had absolutely nothing to do with Will's desire to write for the genre. *wink*)

In addition to erotic romance, Will writes both poetry and erotica, some of which can be found at Literotica where his story *Wingman* received an award for the Best Erotic Couplings Story of 2004. His character of MacCailein Mor in *The Interrogation* (also at Literotica) was nominated as the Sexiest Male Character for 2005.

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Will & Alessia are both participants in the philanthropic publishing venture *Coming Together*, multi-author anthologies of erotica & poetry which help to raise money for various charities.

Readers can contact them through their website:

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