



**Call Me**  
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## Chapter 1

Amber Lewis tossed her backpack onto the library table. The “Shhhhh” from the guy sitting at the table next to her only caused her to feel more depressed. She opened her bag to take out her English Lit book and saw the mail she had grabbed out of her mailbox on the way out the door earlier on top. Junk, junk, a disconnect notice from the electric company she didn’t bother to open, more junk, and an envelope with an unfamiliar name and address. *Maybe a rich unknown relative died.* Opening it, she discovered a letter from her landlord’s attorney. She’d be out on her butt, if the rent wasn’t current within thirty days. Definitely not the best day of her life. Piled on top of flunking a history quiz and car trouble, this was the last straw. The tears she’d been fighting all morning flowed down her cheeks.

“Hey, you okay?”

Amber nodded her head in response to the question from the girl who had sat down beside her.

“I don’t know. You look more like you could use a friend. I’m Jill Nelson. We’re in the same history class. I know the pop-quiz sucked, but it’s nothing to cry about.”

Amber looked at the well-dressed blonde sitting beside her. She’d seen her in class, but never worked up the courage to talk to her. The pretty blonde always seemed surrounded by the beautiful girls, or the hot boys. No doubt about it, Jill Nelson was beautiful, and from the looks of it, rich too. “It’s not the quiz,” she managed to gasp out.

“Come on, I’ll buy you a cup of coffee and you can tell me all about it. Sometimes all we need is to talk about a problem and it will seem smaller.” Jill packed up Amber’s books as she talked.

“You don’t have to do this,” Amber said as they entered the coffee shop.

“Sit.” Her new friend pointed to a table in back. “I’ll grab us a couple of coffees.”

Amber did as she was instructed and inhaled deeply when Jill place the dark brew was in front of her. She hadn’t had a cup of coffee since a fire brought an end to her job at the Quick Stop. She’d used her last paycheck to buy food, and coffee wasn’t on the shopping list. She’d invested in the usual staples of peanut butter and bread, plus the Ramen Noodles she’d found on sale—cheap. She was down to the Ramen Noodles. The thought of the leftover noodles waiting for her at home made her gag.

“So give. What’s got you in such a funk?” Jill had returned with cream and sugar.

Sighing, Amber bit her lip, trying to decide where to start. “Well. The thing that finally pushed me over the edge was a letter from my landlord’s attorney. Seems his client doesn’t want me to

continue living in the dump he calls an apartment for free. I've got thirty days to come up with this month's rent, plus two months back rent." Amber stirred her coffee. "Then there's the electric company. I'm not sure when they plan to cut me off. I was afraid to open it because it would only depress me more." She started to giggle hysterically.

Jill smiled and waited for the fit of giggles to pass. "By the way, I don't think you told me your name."

This caused another round of giggles before Amber was able to get out her name. "Amber. Amber Lewis."

"Well, Amber Lewis, you definitely have money problems. Have you thought about getting a job?"

Amber sighed and stirred her coffee. "That's the problem. I had a job, but it burned down." She saw Jill's puzzled look. "The Quick Stop on the edge of town. The owner can't afford to keep paying employees when he has no business. I've looked everywhere, but no luck. Not even waitressing."

"Yeah, this is a hard town to find a job in. Most college towns can be, but with this one being so small, it's even worse." Jill took a sip of her coffee.

"Well, I always have Rosie, if worse comes to worse."

"Rosie?"

Amber grinned. "Yeah, my car. I figure I can park in the school parking lot, or on some side street, and sleep in her. Food—now that's another problem. Maybe I should check out the dumpsters behind the cafeteria. Do a little dumpster diving. I'm so sick of Ramen Noodles the thought doesn't even disgust me."

Jill shuddered. "I think we can come up with a better idea than that. You've got a nice voice and from what I've seen in history, you're definitely smart. How are you on the phone?"

Fine, I guess. I've never talked to myself."

Jill laughed. "Well, how do you feel about sex?"

"Sex? The few times I've tried it, it was pretty good. Well, at least okay." Amber stopped. "Whoa, wait a minute. I think you're really pretty, and I like you, but I prefer guys. Girls aren't my thing."

Jill cracked up. "Silly, I'm not talking about you and me getting it on. Listen, I'll tell you how I earn my money. You can think it over and if you want to give it a shot, I'll help you get connected."

Amber frowned. "I thought your Daddy was rich, the way you dress and all. What are you trying to tell me? Are you a hooker?"

“Don’t be ridiculous. I don’t sell my body. I sell my voice.”

“Your voice?” Amber arched a brow, definitely intrigued. “How do you sell your voice?”

“Phone sex.” Jill sat back in her chair.

“Phone sex? How do you do sex on the phone? I don’t get it.”

Jill rolled her eyes. “God help me. A true innocent. Okay, here’s the deal. You don’t actually have sex. You just talk about it. How do you feel about talking dirty?”

“I—I don’t know. I’ve never really tried it. Damn is about the extent of my swearing vocabulary. My Daddy used to tell his friends that I couldn’t say shit if my mouth was full of it.”

“Oh, honey, if you decide to give this a try, we definitely will have to work on your education. The guys you’ll be talking to will want words coming out of your pretty little mouth a lot stronger than shit and damn.” Jill laughed with delight at Amber’s red face. “It’s okay. I didn’t know much when I started either, and if I could learn to say the things that come out of my mouth, well, anyone can. This is how I pay my school tuition and cover my living expenses. All you need to get started is a telephone.”

“That presents a problem. Even if I could make enough to prevent the electric being turned off and the landlord bouncing my ass into the street, I don’t have a phone. Never could afford one. The job at Quick Stop barely covered rent, electric, a little gas for Rosie, and my menu of peanut butter sandwiches. I have a scholarship that covers books and tuition, or I wouldn’t be here.” Amber’s shoulders slumped. She felt her anxiety increase as she watched Jill drum her fingers on the table. It seemed like an eternity before she stopped and looked at Amber.

“Tell you what. You think it over, and if you decide you want a career change, I may know how we can make it work. I gotta run now. My shift starts in about thirty minutes, but I’ll see you in class Wednesday. You can let me know your decision then.” Jill got to her feet. “If you come up with something else in the mean time that’s more comfortable for you great, if not we’ll work on the details for this. How’s that sound?” Jill waved as she headed for the door.

Amber finished her coffee, her mind whirling. This just didn’t sound like something she could do. She decided to cut behind the cafeteria and check out the dumpster on her way across campus. Lifting the lid, she stood on her tip-toes and looked in. Flies crawled across a slice of uneaten pizza that lay on top. Underneath was a mixture of exactly what it was supposed to be—garbage. Caught along the lip was a collection of old stuff in which maggots were happily holding a party. Slamming the lid down, Amber fought to keep from losing her coffee, the only good thing she had consumed in weeks.

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Amber awoke at sunrise with new determination to find a job. Stop after stop resulted in, “Sorry, we don’t have any openings.” Her heart skipped when she saw a sign in the window of the Merle Norman shop: “Help Wanted”.

“What experience do you have in applying makeup?” The elegantly put-together woman asked.

“None, to speak of,” had been Amber’s honest answer. Lying about it wouldn’t get her anywhere. All the woman had to do was look at her. Makeup was a luxury she couldn’t afford, and hadn’t bothered with since high school.

“I’m sorry dear. I need someone who looks the part.” The woman had smiled sympathetically

“Hi, Mrs. Brown,” Amber greeted the little old lady coming down the steps as she went into her apartment building.

“Mind you own business,” was the kind greeting she received in return.

In the hall, the drugged out neighbor who lived above her, knocked Amber against the wall as he lumbered toward the door. “Watch where you’re going Butch,” she yelled at him.

“Fuck you bitch,” Butch slammed the door.

Feeling her neighbors’ love, Amber closed her door and looked around at what she’d called home for the past two years. A woman’s home is her castle, she thought as she surveyed the single room. Even her efforts to keep the place clean did nothing to relieve the dinginess. A fold out couch served as entertainment area and bedroom. The single wood slat chair, pushed under a rickety table, was dual study and dining room. Her stove was a hot plate on one side of the only countertop. This covered a couple of cabinets, with a dollhouse size sink in the middle, leaving only a small area to do prep work. One small cabinet centered above the counter, contained her few dishes and any groceries. The vintage refrigerator was dump material when it quit working. Once white walls were now a dull fly-speckled grey, and what was left of the green floor tile had curled corners. Added to this ambiance, which no amount of cleaning or lack of available food changed, was the cockroach population.

“Definitely my castle---Not.”

Opening the upper cabinet door, Amber surveyed her supplies. Several to-go packs of salt and pepper, along with three packages of Ramen Noodles were the sole food contents. The left over Ramen Noodles from last night were in the refrigerator. Eating a starvation diet of half a package of noodles once a day, she could stretch her food supply to seven days. After that, it was dumpster diving if she wanted to eat.

As she heated the leftover noodles, Jill’s proposition sounded better and better. After all, Jill said she’d had to learn, so why couldn’t Amber.

A cockroach ran across her toe as she started to pour noodles into a bowl, startled, she jumped, dropping the pot. Staring at tonight's dinner now on the floor, she made a decision.

“Oh yeah Pop. I'll say shit, without a mouth full, along with a lot of other words that would surprise you and your friends. Just wait until you hear about my new job,” she whispered.

## Chapter 2

“Okay. I’ll do it.” Amber fell in step with Jill as she entered the classroom. “I thought about it a lot, and decided to give it a try if you’ll still help me.” She tried to cover her anxiety with a smile.

Jill smiled back. “Tell you what, after class we’ll discuss my idea and go from there. How does that sound? I---”

“Excuse me ladies, but I do believe this is a classroom, and whatever the important personal discussion you’re having can wait.” Professor Williams eyed them sternly.

“Yes sir.” Both girls replied and took their seats.

The history class felt like an eternity to Amber. Would the professor ever shut up? She needed to know what Jill had in mind, so she could decide how hungry she had to be in order to hit the dumpsters in search of food. Jill said phone sex, but was that all that was involved?

Finally. Class was over.

“When’s your next class?” Amber blinked, lost in thought Jill’s question startled her. “I thought if you had the time we could go over to my apartment where we could talk without being interrupted.”

“Uhh, I don’t have another class today.” Amber was anxious to see if Jill’s place reflected her taste in clothing.

When they walked through the door of Jill’s apartment, Amber couldn’t help comparing it to her dump. They entered into a spacious, well-decorated living room from which you could see a dining area, and an actual kitchen. “This is really nice.”

“Let me give you the grand tour.” Jill motioned with her hand, “As you can see, living, dining and kitchen.” Amber followed as Jill proceeded down a hallway. “This is my bedroom—the master bedroom of course—and bathroom. I turned one of the bedrooms into a study room.” A quick look in revealed a computer desk, and two comfortable chairs. “Then down here is the spare bedroom. I’m thinking this would be a good place for you. So, what do you think?” Jill turned to face her.

“I---I---What are you saying?” A stunned Amber asked.

“I’m saying that if you moved in with me it would solve the rent problem. I also have an extra telephone line because my former roommate was in the business too. When she moved out, I kept the extra line just in case. Looks like it’s a good thing I did.”



Amber looked around the tastefully decorated room. It was larger than her current apartment even if you included the closet of a bathroom. “If you’re serious, I say yes. I’d be stupid not to.”

“Well, there is one drawback. You’ll have to use the bathroom down the hall.” Jill said.

“I think I can manage.” Amber looked around the room. “Yes. I could definitely manage. But there’s a problem. No way can I afford the rent.”

She heard Jill chuckle before replying. “I know where you’re coming from. I’ve had some rough spots too and someone gave me a little help. Okay, here’s the deal. I have the rent covered for now, along with the phone, utilities and food. When you’re making money from your new job, then we’ll set up shared expenses. This way you’ll have a chance to get on your feet. It takes a little while to get the checks rolling in. So, what do you say?” Jill asked.

Amber couldn’t believe her luck. All her life she had to focus on the money she didn’t make, now here she was being handed the opportunity to focus on the money she could make, without having to worry about where the next meal was coming from. “I’d be a fool not to say yes. You have yourself a roommate.” She felt like pinching herself as she looked around. This was far nicer than any place she had lived, even when she lived with her parents.

“I think the next thing we do is take a ride over to Morgan City so you can meet Dulcie.”

“Who’s Dulcie?” Amber wasn’t familiar with the name.

“Dulcie, my dear is your ticket to a richer life. She owns the service I work—we work for. I’ve told her about you and she wants to meet you. She’s also the one who trained me, and will work with you. I told her you are greener than I was,” Jill grinned and winked at her new roommate.

“What did she think of that?” Amber was feeling a little anxious.

“She laughed. You’ll like Dulcie. She’s cool.” Jill grabbed her car keys and headed for the door. “Get a move on. You’re about to begin a new life.”

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Amber felt like a bug under a microscope. The tall, ebony woman, dressed in rich African fabric, stared at her without trying to hide the appraisal. My God, she’s over six feet tall, Amber thought. Unable to take the scrutiny in silence Amber stuck out her hand, “Hi.”

“Girl, sure am glad this is phone work you’re gonna be doing, or I’d have to loan you money to buy a decent wardrobe. Can’t say the last time I saw somebody so in need of new clothes,” Dulcie said as she took in the faded, baggy sweatshirt and worn jeans.

“So, Jill tells me it’s hard for you to say shit, even with a mouth full.” This resulted in a booming laugh from the Amazon woman as she took the offered hand in hers.

“I’m working on it.” Amber blushed as she thought of words she would soon be saying—and to men at that.

“Well, let’s hope you’re a quick study. I’m a little short handed right now so we need to get you on the phone pronto. Come on in and I’ll explain the way things work around here. While you’re going through training we’ll make sure Jill’s around the first few times you get calls.” She headed for her office motioning Amber and Jill to follow.

“Okay honey, get me your class schedule and I’ll set up your training around it. Your job is to fulfill the customers’ fantasies by telling them what they want to hear. You don’t ever, ever meet with them, no matter how close they live, or how good they sound. And you definitely don’t give them your real name. Am I making myself clear?” Dulcie fixed Amber with her dark eyes.

“Never, ever meet with them. Don’t give your real name. Got it?” Amber nodded.

“Good. Now the first thing I’m gonna do is give you a stack of magazines to read. You pay close attention to the letters in the columns describing sex the people writing in have had, or at least wished they’d had.” Dulcie paused and looked hard at Amber. “You’re not a virgin, are you?”

Amber felt the blood rush to her face in spite of willing it not to. “No, I’m not a virgin. I’ve been with a couple of guys—in high school.”

“Oh Lord help me. Almost a virgin. Just as bad. No wonder you don’t know shit from shine-ola.” Dulcie shook her head. “Oh well, by the time we finish with your training you’ll be one well rounded woman.”

Amber gulped as she took the stack of magazines handed to her. The cover of the one on top promised detailed instructions on ‘How to Eat Pussy So It Will Make Her Scream,’ and ‘Talk Your Way to the Anal Sex You Always Wanted.’ Mumbling her thanks she headed for the door.

“Don’t forget to get me that schedule, and factor in your study time,” Dulcie called after her.

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Amber’s head was whirling with images of sexual positions and dirty words. She felt like she was studying for an exam, as she went through the stack of magazines Dulcie had sent home with her. She was learning as much from the pictures as she was from the writing. Her exposure to sex had been mostly in what she now learned was the missionary position, and one doggie style tryst. Never, in her

wildest dreams was she aware of most of the positions she now saw pictured. As for vocabulary, hers definitely expanded. Sure, she had heard some of the words before, but to know what they actually meant gave a whole new meaning to the world of sex.

“Anybody home.” Jill stuck her head around the open door and grinned. “How goes the education?”

“Boy, have I lived my life as a sheltered innocent.” Amber held up the page she was studying for Jill to see. “How does she get her body twisted like that? She must have the genetics of a pretzel in her family tree.”

Jill laughed. “Come on, let’s have a glass of wine. It’s been a bitchin’ day. To top off my hatred of Economics, today the bad breath prof hit on me. Told me he knew a way I could get an “A” without having to study. Of course, while he was explaining his theory, he was trying to snake his hand up my sweater. I’m telling you, his breath was so bad I almost puked before I could free myself from his clutches. Told him I’ll get my “A” the old-fashioned way. I’ll study.” She handed Amber one of the glasses of wine she’d poured while relating her story.

After the third glass of wine, Amber felt comfortable enough to ask Jill a question. “What was this tandem thing I heard you talking with Dulcie about before we left the other day?”

Jill thought for a moment. “Oh, that. Well sometimes you get a guy who wants to talk to a couple of girls at the same time.”

“So, how does that work? I mean he wants two girls to talk dirty, or what?” Amber still wasn’t clear on why a man would want one girl to talk dirty to him, let alone two.

“Okay, it works like this. Dispatch gets the call from a guy who says he wants to talk to two girls---say a couple of lesbians. The dispatcher will call the more experienced girl and explain what the customer wants, and if she agrees, then dispatch calls another girl. If she says yes, then the two girls are connected to plan out their roles. The one with the deeper voice usually plays the bull dike, while the other one plays the sweet young thing. When they’re ready, dispatch patches in the customer.”

Jill yawned, and stretched. “It’s actually kinda fun. When I get the next tandem, I’ll have them use you. We’ll work it so the guy gets his money’s worth.”

Amber mulled over Jill’s explanation. “What the heck--I mean hell. I’m game for anything.”

Laughing Jill took her glass to the sink. “I’m off to class. I sure hate night classes, but with core classes, you take’em when you can get’em.

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The phone rang just as Amber returned to her magazines. “Hey girlfriend, is Jill there?”

“Sorry Dulcie. You just missed her. She’s on her way to class.”

“Shit. That’s right. I forgot she has a class on Thursday nights. What fuckin’ bad timing.” Dulcie’s frustration was obvious. “Hey sugar, I know we start your training tomorrow, but I’m in a world of hurt here. We’re getting slammed right and left, that flu bug hit a lot of the girls. Damn men *would* pick tonight to get horny.”

“What can I do to help? Do you need me to drive over and help in the office?” Amber asked.

“Actually no. I wonder if you could take a few of the lighter calls. You know, just the guys that want to hear a few dirty words from a woman’s lips. That would really help.” Dulcie listened to the silence. “Have you been reading those magazines I gave you the other day?”

“Yes. But Dulcie, I don’t know that I’m ready to do this.” Amber could hear the panic in her own voice.

“Oh sugar, please. If I wasn’t so desperate I wouldn’t ask. I’ll pay you double for tonight’s calls if you’ll do it.”

Double. Amber couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Well, she had to do it at some point, and she had learned a few things from the magazines. “Okay. I’ll do it, but I’m not sure how good I’ll be.”

“Just take your lead from the customer, honey. You’ll do fine, and I really appreciate this. Stay by the phone. We’ll call you,” and Dulcie hung up.

When the phone in her bedroom rang, Amber jumped a foot even after finishing off the bottle of wine for courage. Taking a deep breath she picked up the phone. “H—hello,” she managed to stammer out.

The dispatcher chuckled. “Settle down Amber. Remember; don’t give your real name when he asks what your name is. This is just a simple talk dirty call. Just say hello like you would on any call, and then ask him how he is. He’ll go from there. Relax and let your imagination run. I’m transferring him over now.”

Amber released the breath she had been holding. “Hello. How are you this evening?”

“Better now that I’m talking to you, sweet thing.”

“Well, that’s good. What’s your name?”

“My name’s Tom. What’s yours, darling?”

Name, name. Everyone says never give your real name. Amber was on the verge of a panic attack when her eyes fell on the candy bar beside the bed. “Candy. My name is Candy.”

“What a sweet name. Why did your Mama name you Candy?”

“Because I’m sweet enough to eat.” Amber couldn’t believe how easily that slipped out.

“Well Candy, I could definitely gobble you up if you look anything like you sound. What are you wearing?”

Wearing, wearing. Sheeesh. “Nothing.”

“You mean you don’t have any clothes on?”

“That’s right. I’m just laying here as naked as the day I was born.” *Maybe that was a bit too much.*

“Ooooh, baby. My Candy is laying there naked, and sweet enough to eat. A man can’t get much luckier than this.” Candy heard Tom’s lips smack. “Do you like to have a man eat your pussy?”

“Oh definitely.” *Shit, I hope he doesn’t want to know more. I’ve never had my pussy eaten.* Panic was returning. “Tom, tell how you’ll eat me.” *Oh please, please, keep talking so I don’t have to.*

“Oh Candy baby. First I’ll kiss you, long and hard. My tongue will know your mouth almost as good as it knows mine when I’m done. Then I’ll start working down, stopping at those luscious breasts. What size are you sweetness?

*Oh, oh. I guess there’s no need to lie.* “I’m a thirty-four D.”

“Oh yeah. I’m gonna work on those nipples for awhile, until they’re standing up like mountain peaks. After I get them where I want’em, I’ll work my way lower, kissing you all over, down to your pretty little feet. Then I’ll start again at your toes and run my tongue up your leg. When I get to your honey pot I’ll kiss all around it while you squirm with pleasure. I’m gonna start licking your clit in long, slow licks. Next, I’ll hold those pretty little lips apart so I can nip at that little bud hidden in there. Just barley grazing my teeth across it, before I start sucking, and pulling the juices out of you.”

Amber could hear Tom breathing heavily. She could also feel the heat rising between her legs. She started crossing and uncrossing them trying to get the itch to go away.

“Then when you are so hot you can hardly breathe and your juices are all over my face I’m gonna---.”

“You’re gonna what?” Amber held her breath. She didn’t know what was happening on Tom’s end, but she definitely was turned on. “Tom, you’re gonna what? Tom. Hello Tom, are you there?” The only answer was the dial tone echoing in her ear.

### Chapter 3

“Oh shit, oh shit. I suck so bad he hung up on me.” Tears burned her eyes. No doubt about it, she wasn’t cut out for this job. Her first call didn’t last five minutes. Guess she pissed him off, since he did most of the talking. Dulcie was going to kill her. She felt sick to her stomach as she dialed the office number and asked to talk to Dulcie.

“Dulcie here.”

Hearing Dulcie’s voice Amber burst into tears. “Du-Du-Dul—cie, I know I really screwed up. I’m so sorry.” A fresh burst of tears erupted.

“Sugar, what’s wrong? Are you okay?” Dulcie recognized Amber’s voice through the tears.

“I’m okay. But you’re going to be so mad with me, and you’ve every right to be.” Amber sobbed.

“Now honey, calm down. Tell Dulcie what’s wrong,” Dulcie coached in a soothing voice.

“Dulcie, I’m so bad the customer hung up on me.” Amber waited to hear you’re fired.

“Excuse me?”

“He hung up. He wanted to know my name, so I told him it was Candy. Dumb I know, but it was the only one I could think of right then. He told me I sounded good enough to eat and did I like have my pussy eaten. I said sure. But Dulcie, I’ve never had my pussy eaten. So I had him tell me how he’d go about it. He started telling me, and then when he got to the part about my juices on his face, he—he hung up. I guess he’d had enough of doing my job.” Amber waited for the explosion from the other end. Silence. This was worse than she expected. Dulcie was so mad she couldn’t talk.

“Hold on sugar. I’ll be right back.” Dulcie’s voice sounded strange. Amber heard noise in the background. Was Dulcie was beating on her desk? Then it was quiet again.

“You still there sugar?” Dulcie was back. “Let me tell you, it’s been a long time since someone caused me to laugh so hard I pissed my pants.”

“Peed your pants----laugh? Why were you laughing? I just lost a customer for you.” Amber felt like crying again.

“Oh you little innocent. What do you think these guys are doing when they call to talk?”

“I don’t know. Having a beer I guess.” Amber hadn’t thought to ask.

Dulcie didn't try to hide the explosion of laughter that burst out. "No you Ninny, they're jerking off. Don't matter whose talking, when they get what they called for, they usually hang up."

Amber felt like an idiot. "You mean when they achieve orgasm they hang up." *Dumb, dumb, dumb*. Remembering how hot she had gotten as Tom told her what he wanted to do to her; she beat her head against the pillow. "I'm such an idiot."

"No sugar, you're just ignorant in the ways of the world, but we'll get you up to speed. I needed a good laugh tonight. You are priceless." Dulcie was still laughing when she hung up.

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Amber was sure she would be the laughing stock of the office when she went in Saturday for training. Jill laughed almost as hard as Dulcie when she told her about the call. Maybe one day she would be able to see the humor herself, but right now, it was still embarrassing.

"Good morning, good morning." Dulcie was wearing another bright African inspired outfit. This time she even wore a headdress of some sort, made out of the same fabric as her dress. "Oh, honey. You gave me such a good laugh last night, I'm gonna love having you around." Dulcie gathered Amber in a bear hug.

"Dulcie. I think she's ready." Amber remembered the petite blonde who stuck head around the door from her first visit.

"Thanks Denise. Oh ladies, I've got a surprise in store for you today. We'll get business out of the way and then we'll have a little party." Dulcie said party with a smirk, making Amber wonder what was coming.

"This should be fun," Jill whispered as they followed Dulcie into the next room.

Amber saw a group of about twenty women gathered around a table before Dulcie announced, "Okay, ladies. Take your seats and let's get down to business. Anybody got any special problems they want to share?"

"Dulcie, I got this guy who keeps wanting me to meet him. He's getting pretty rude about my saying no," said a skinny Asian girl.

"Cindy, as long as it rude on the phone, don't sweat it. Just keep telling him no. If it gets to be too much trouble for you, let me know. We'll stop putting him through."

"Anybody else?" Dulcie surveyed the room.

“Dulcie. My man came home sick from work the other day when I was on a call. He got real mad and told me I have to quit,” a large black woman said.

“Well Sherrie, since you’re still here, I guess that means you’re not quitting?” Dulcie asked.

“Hell no. I told him to go fuck himself. He knows what I do. In fact he was the one who brought the newspaper ad home and showed it to me when you were hiring.” Sherrie laughed when she received a round of applause.

After a couple more questions, Dulcie closed the business portion of the meeting and introduced an older woman who had been sitting quietly off to the side. “We’ve got a special visitor today. This is Naomi Rand. As some of you already know, Naomi comes in occasionally to show us her toys, and shows up the happening trends in the world of sex toys.”

Oh my God. She could be somebody’s grandmother, Amber thought as she watched the silvered haired lady adjust her glasses as she stepped forward. “Old folks don’t do it, do they?” she whispered to Jill.

“You’re kidding, right?”

“I brought a few toys for us to play with today. I’ll tell you about each one before I pass it around. We have some great gels and lotions, which I’ll put on a q-tip for you to feel and taste. The left hand is for smelling and the right hand for tasting. Now remember, don’t taste your smeller and sniff your taster. As always, you can try on any of the lingerie items, but keep your panties on because I don’t want bunch of stinky displays.”

Naomi then held up the item she had in her hand. “For you ladies whose boyfriend or husband falls into the ‘Johnny Come Quickly’ category, you might be interested in this cock ring.” She held up a plastic device with what appeared to be a little handle. “This little jewel will not only slow him down, but it will feel good to your clit as this part hits against it. My husband doesn’t have the quick issue, but I still like him to use this once in awhile, for the pleasure it gives me.”

“Does that answer your questions?” Jill asked Amber.

“I think so,” Amber replied feeling dazed. “I guess some people never quit doing it, but I can’t imagine my parents. Yuck.”

“You think you were conceived by Immaculate Conception?” Jill cocked an eyebrow at Amber.

“Ladies,” Naomi dropped her voice slightly, “if you find yourself without a man in your life, or just plain don’t want one, maybe BOB is the answer to your situation,” This was greeted by applause and laughter.

“What’s BOB?” Amber whispered to Jill.



“Battery operated boyfriend,” Jill answered

“Oh.” Amber’s stared at the plump grey-haired woman at the front of the group.

“This is one of my personal favorites. You may have seen the episode of Sex and the City where the girls discovered this little toy. “Naomi was holding up a device that looked phallic, with ears growing off to one side. “This is the Rabbit. Girls, this little number will have you screaming your own name.” Naomi smirked. “Of course for you beginners, we have the Bunny. Starts you off a little slower.” Naomi passed the Rabbit off to one of the girl’s in the front row before picking up what looked like a plastic tube.

“Now ladies, if you’re gone a lot, or have a male in your life who thinks he’s the Ever Ready Bunny, and you need a break, this little item is your dream come true.” Turning the object in her hands end ways so the opening could be seen, she squeezed lubricant into it. “When he slips this on and closes his eyes, he’ll think he has plunged into the real thing. Stick your finger inside when I pass it around and you’ll understand what I’m saying.”

After going showing a few more battery operated toys, Naomi held up a box in front of her, and then proceeded to introduce them to a beginner’s bondage kit. The fur-lined handcuffs, the whip, and non-piercing nipple ring received ooohs and aaahs from the room full of women.

“Now, for those of you who’ve had children, here’s just the thing to help you tighten up those muscles down below.” She held up a set of silver balls. “Even your gynecologist will tell you this is a great way to exercise them,” Naomi grinned. “Me, I’m as tight as a virgin from using these on a regular basis.”

“Holy moley. Where do you put those?” Amber whispered to Jill.

“Guess.”

“No.” Amber looked at the two balls Naomi held in her hands, then back to Jill. “No way. How would you keep them in?”

“That’s the point sugar. It tightens everything up by contracting the muscles needed to hold’em in.” Dulcie had come up behind them in time to hear Amber’s question.

“Okay ladies. Come on up and touch, feel, taste, and try on. I’m here to answer your questions, and show you how to use anything that confuses you.” Before Naomi finished her sentence, a group of women surged toward the table to get a closer look at the items she hadn’t been passed around, and another group headed toward the rack holding the lingerie.

“Sugar, I think you better go with Jill and have a closer look. Maybe she can help you pick out something to play with.” Dulcie said.

“Yeah, maybe the beginner bunny,” chuckled a deep voice.

Amber whirled around and connected with the greenest eyes she had ever seen. They were set in the chiseled, tanned face of a man, who only could be described as drop dead gorgeous. Her fingers itched to reach out and brush back the lock of black hair hanging across his forehead. “Oh,” swished out of her as she stared at him, her mouth maintaining a perfect circle.

“Honey, I’m going to consider that an invitation if you keep holding your mouth like that,” the hunk said.

Even an idiot would get his meaning Amber thought. “Oh—oh—you--you. You asshole. What makes you think I’d invite you anywhere?” Amber was proud of herself for countering his innuendo.

Dulcie laughed. “You have to forgive my friend here. He doesn’t realize what an innocent you are, sugar. Ken this is our newest team member, Amber. Ken helps me out occasionally with problems. He’s a private detective. You’ll see his smiling face around here from time to time. He also gives talks to the girls on how to make sure they don’t be giving out information that could help someone locate them if they decided to.”

“Hi ya, Ken,” Jill slipped an arm through Amber’s. “We’re gonna take a look at Naomi’s wares. I know you two probably have business to discuss.” Jill pulled Amber with her toward the lingerie rack.

“What’s the deal with the jerk?” Amber inquired as she was forced across the room.

“Ken? Oh, he and Dulcie have known each other for years. Seems he helped her find some guy who was stalking her. Now anytime one of us has a problem with a customer, or with someone in our personal life, we just tell Dulcie and she gets Ken in to take care of the situation.”

“Enough about Ken. We need to talk business here, roommate. One of the things I find to be fun and helpful in this business are costumes.”

“Costumes? Why do you need costumes? It’s not like the customer can see you.” Amber was confused again.

“True, the customer can’t see you, but it does great things for you. You know, get you in the mood, put you more into the role you’re playing. I don’t even wear them, but just having them laid out on the bed to look at seems to give me more ideas.”

“But, I’ve no idea what kind of costumes to get. Plus, I don’t have the money right now to invest in costumes.” Amber said as Jill pulled her along.

“I’ll show the more popular ones, and you can pay me back. Now look at this little black number here.”

Amber stared at the barely there pieces of leather. “What on earth would someone wear that for?”

“This is a fairly standard dominatrix outfit. You get the beginner bondage kit to go with it. Looking at the outfit and playing with the handcuffs and nipple rings will give you some great ideas. When you get someone who really wants to be dominated, hitting the whip against something gets them really going. You’ll be surprised at how effective this can be for the customer, and for you.” Jill grinned at the frown on Amber’s face.

“I don’t know. Let me think about it.”

“Okay, but I’m telling you. There will be some of those calls. Seems guys like to at least have the fantasy of a woman in control. They’d probably shit their pants if the woman in their life tried it on them for real.”

“Well then.” Jill thought for a minute. “How about this little French Maid outfit? It inspires you to use a French accent, and lots of ohh-la-la’s, while you’re telling them all they want to hear.”

“Hummm. Do you really use this stuff?”

“Honey, not only do I use the outfits, but I have a few of the toys. Sometimes a guy will want you to use a vibrator while you’re talking to him. I just hold it close to the phone and make groaning noises. You’ve got to be able to fake realistic in this business.”

“Okay, okay. I get the picture. I’ll go along with whatever you think I need. Just don’t put me too much further in debt to you. I feel like I’m going to have to sell my soul pretty soon to cover all the advances you’ve made so far,” Amber sighed.

“No problem. We’ll get you a couple of outfits and a few pieces of pretty lingerie. You’ll be surprised how sexy a silk thong between your butt cheeks will make you feel, compared to a pair of cotton granny panties. Let’s get the shopping done, and get your training session over so we can get on the road. Saturday night is always busy.” Jill nodded her head at Naomi indicating they were ready to order.

“Let’s see what you got here.” Dulcie was poking around in the bags Jill and Amber set in the corner of her office. She nodded as if satisfied with what she saw. “I’ll walk Ken to the door, and then we’ll get down to work.”

Amber watched as they stood at the door and continued to talk. Ken had barely looked at her when she and Jill came into Dulcie’s office. She tried not to look at him either. But she definitely had to admit he was a hottie. Men like that were out of her league though. She didn’t have the looks or the class to catch their interest.

“Ken’s something else, isn’t he?” Jill asked.

Amber didn’t realize her staring was so obvious. “I was just wondering when Dulcie was coming back. It sure takes her a long time to say goodbye.”

“Yeah, right.” Jill winked at her.

“Okay. So he’s what a romance writer would use in their description of a Celtic God, or something. But he’s definitely not my type. Too arrogant. And rude.” She cast another glance in the direction of the man departing through the door.

“Dulcie. Looks like our little Amber here has the hots for Ken,” Jill teased as Dulcie came into the office.

“Don’t say. My, my, now that could be interesting.”

“Knock it off you two. I don’t have the hots for any man. Especially that arrogant asshole.” Amber had a determined look on her face. “Now aren’t we supposed to doing some kind of training here?”

“Sure are, sugar. I think a little role playing is a good place to start,” Dulcie said as she and Jill exchanged smiles behind Amber’s back.

## Chapter 4

The role-playing had been exhausting. Amber felt Dulcie and Jill had way too much fun at her expense. They threw situations at her that were beyond her wildest ideas, even after studying the magazines Dulcie had given her.

“You can listen to a few of my calls if you’d like. Then we’ll call in and tell dispatch you’re ready to start taking calls yourself. How’s that sound?” Jill asked as they entered the apartment.

“Works for me.” Amber was relieved to have to have the opportunity to listen to someone else on a call, instead of being in the hot seat. “At least hearing your end of the conversation will give me an idea of how real situations are handled.”

“Oh, you’ll be listening to both ends of the conversations. I have a y-splitter that I’ll put on the phone, and an extra headset. You’ll be able to hear it all, but we’ll keep you on mute so the customer doesn’t hear your gasps,” Jill grinned. “Put your stuff in your room and I’ll make us a couple of sandwiches. My shift starts in a few hours, and I want to show you my props set up.” Jill headed for the kitchen.

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It was the first time Amber had seen Jill’s room since the door was usually closed. She noted it didn’t reflect the cool sophistication of Jill’s public persona. Instead it was soft and feminine, with lots of lace and ruffles. The floor to ceiling pole on one side of the room was a puzzle. Curiosity won over her normal ‘mind your own business’ philosophy. “What’s with the pole?” she had to know.

“Oh. That’s one of my exercise options when I can’t get to the gym. It’s fun and beats the hell out of crunches. I even use it on a call sometimes.”

“Huh?”

Jill laughed. “I tell the guy I’m dancing for him, and describe what I’m doing. I pretend to be an exotic dancer.” She went over to the pole and proceeded to demonstrate. She basically made love to the pole, sliding up and down, twirling around and gyrating in ways Amber had never seen anyone do.

“Wow.” She was definitely impressed and told Jill so as she watched her pull different clothing items out of labeled drawers, and laid them out across the bed. In addition to the dominatrix ensemble, there was a short nurse’s uniform, a cowgirl outfit, something that looked like it came out of a Heidi movie, a really pretty teddy with tap pants, and a Greek toga looking thing. “What’s that one for?” Amber couldn’t contain her curiosity over the long white flowing number.

“That’s for me to wear. I like to be comfortable. Usually, I just pull the items out of the drawer when the dispatcher tells me what the caller wants. I just wanted to give you an idea of how it works. See, I have the drawers labeled with the name that goes with the outfit.” Jill was placing a leather strap, cufflinks, nipple ring and several vibrators on the nightstand. “I don’t think I mentioned you need to try on the stuff you bought today. That way you get the feel of what it is like to wear it. Another little trick to play on the imagination,” Jill said as she plugged in the y-connector to the phone. She held up the headset with the longer wire. “This one’s yours. I use a portable phone most of the time, so I can move around, but for our purposes tonight we’ll go this route. Pull that chair over so that you’ll be close enough and comfortable. I’ll prop on the bed.” She rearranged her display for her comfort. “Oh, I almost forgot.” Reaching into the nightstand drawer again, she pulled out a bag of tootsie pops. “Some gals use lollypops, but me, I like to get to the gooey chocolate center,” Jill laughed.

“Why do you need either?” Amber was confused once again.

“It helps make the slurping noise when they ask for a blowjob, or if it’s two girls and one is supposed be going down on the other. You just suck on it,” Jill demonstrated by putting a tootsie pop in her mouth as she held the phone. “It gives a little more reality to their visualization.”

“Good grief. The tricks of the trade are endless. I’ll never learn all of this.” Amber felt overwhelmed.

“Oh, don’t worry about it. About the time you think you have it all down, someone else comes out with an idea you’ve never heard of. It’s all part of the game and helps keep things fresh. To be honest, after about a thousand calls, you get pretty tired of telling some guy how you’ll make him come. New ideas help at least keep the boredom from your voice.” Jill pulled a note pad off the shelf under the nightstand drawer. “Now, let’s make a list of names with character descriptions for you.”

When the list was finished, Amber had to admit she had fun making it up. She found empty boxes and assembled her wardrobe. The pictures she cut from magazines told her at a glance what was in each box, and what the outfit would look like if she actually put it on, as well as a description of the character personality. For Candy, she had the sweet pink and white teddy outfit. A picture of a blond, blue-eyed young woman, in frilly lingerie depicted the innocent girly-girl. The black leather was for

Monique, the Dominatrix. In her French accent and barely there pieces of leather, she ruled men with an iron will, leaving no room for argument. Her dark sultry looks demanded submission and any disobedience led to punishment; a crack of the whip getting the point across. By the time they had finished developing images for her, Amber had four characters to call upon without having to think too hard to fill in the background.

“You know, that was fun,” Amber told Jill as the phone rang.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet. The show’s about to begin,” Jill said as she handed Amber her headset.

“Hi Jill, got a bad boy waiting.” dispatch said when Jill answered the phone. “His name is Frank and he needs to be punished.”

“Bring him on,” Jill said with a laugh. She heard clicking sound of the connection when he was transferred. “Hi Frankie. This is Ingrid. I understand you’ve been a bad boy. What am I going to do with you?”

“Punish me?” The male voice quivered.

Amber couldn’t believe the man sounded so close to tears.

“What have you done this time?” Jill fingered the dominatrix outfit lying beside her on the bed.

“I spied on the neighbor’s daughter as she was getting ready for bed. I used my telescope and watched her undress----and masturbated.”

“Frankie, Frankie, Frankie. How many times do I have to tell you not to do that? What did you see? Come now, tell Ingrid.” Jill winked at Amber.

Amber smiled as she listened. Jill was good, no doubt about it. Hearing both sides of the conversation had definite advantages. She listened eagerly for Frank’s response.

“Well, she’s about eighteen, tall and lean like a dancer, only she’s got these really big tits. When she took her bra off the nipples got all hard and puckered. I wanted to bite them. Just take them in my mouth and roll them around and bite and suck them. When she ran her hands over them, I thought I was going to come. Then she pushed one of them up and sucked on it herself.”

“How did that make you feel Frankie?” Jill asked.

“I---I had trouble breathing. Then she slid her panties off. There was this glorious fluff of blond hair between her legs, and she slid her fingers right in there.” Frankie was breathing hard.

Amber was amazed at the heat she felt visualizing what Frankie was describing. And she wasn’t even into girls. Even more amazing, Jill didn’t seem to be effected as she kept rolling her eyes toward Amber and making faces.

“Frankie, I going to have to punish you. Spying on someone like that is bad. You know that don’t you?” Jill picked up the leather strap that was on the nightstand.

“Yes, yes. I know.” Frankie sounded as if he was sobbing.

“Get your hands off your cock Frankie. There’s no relief for you until I get through punishing you. Now bend over, and keep your hands over your head. Do you hear me?” Jill demanded as she snapped the folded leather strap close to the microphone.

“Oh, oh.” Frankie sobbed.

Amber couldn’t believe Jill knew Frankie had been playing with his penis. But, from the way Frankie had responded Amber knew he had been.

“Tell me Frankie, did you want to stick it in her? Did you imagine it was her hot little pussy you were sliding in and out of instead of your hand, as you watched her fingers slipping back and forth into that blond fluff?” Jill demanded.

“Yes, oh yes. I wanted to fuck her real bad.”

“Get your hands back over your head. Don’t you dare touch your cock.” Jill cracked the leather strap again.

“Please Ingrid. Please.”

“Please Ingrid, what?” Jill demanded.

“Please let me touch my cock. It aches so much I think it’ll explode,” Frankie begged.

“Not yet darling. Take some deep breaths and think about something else.” Jill’s voice was calm and soothing. “Think about work. What you do Frankie? Tell me about it.”

“I—I’m a computer programmer.”

“How interesting.” Jill faked a yawn as she winked at Amber. “Do you have lots of friends?”

“No. I like being alone.”

“Alone is nice too,” Jill said as she noted the man’s breathing had slowed. “Is your cock still hard?”

“Yes.”

“Does it still feel like it’s going to explode?”

“No, it just aches now.”

“Good. Ache is good. Now here’s what I want you to do. I want you to pretend I’m the neighbor girl. Only this time you’re not watching me through your telescope. I’m in your room, and you’re going to take off my bra. Not so fast. Slow down.” Jill slapped her hands together. “I’ll slap your hands every time you go too fast Frankie. Now lick and suck my nipples so I don’t have to.” Jill



pulled the wrapper off a tootsie pop and started sucking. “Enough of that. I’m getting bored. Let’s put that tongue to better use. Slide down my panties.” She slapped her hands together again. “I don’t want to keep slapping you, but you leave me no choice. Come on, come on. Get them off. Now put that tongue of yours to work. Put it between my legs. Bury your face in my muff.” Jill sucked loudly on the tootsie pop as she listened to the labored breathing in her ear. “Oh yeah, that’s it Frankie. How does your cock feel now?”

“Ingrid, please I need relief. Let me touch it. Please, I’m begging you,” he groaned.

“No. Not until you make me come. You can eat me better than that. Get in there. Lick me. Suck my clit. Now. Ohhhh that feels so good. Oh Frankie, I’m gonna---ahhhhhhhh, ohh, oh. That was nice Frankie. I liked that.”

Amber was stunned. During the whole orgasm Jill had been studying her nails. Yet from the sounds coming from Frankie he couldn’t hang on much longer.

“Ingrid---please, “Frankie gasped.

“Okay Frankie. Spank that monkey. Let it go big boy.” A guttural roar was heard before the dial tone echoed in their ears.

Jill removed her headset, and placed the tootsie pop on a saucer she kept on the nightstand. She stretched, then shrugged her shoulders as she rolled her neck from side to side. “See how easy it is. Like taking candy from a baby. And about as boring when you do it for awhile.” Picking up the glass of water she had on the nightstand Jill took a big gulp. “A nap sure would feel nice about now,” she yawned and fell back against the pillow. The ringing phone had her reaching for her headset again. “Guess there’s no rest for the wicked,” she laughed as she adjusted the headset.

Amber realized as she joined in the laughter her new career was definitely an education, without the high cost of university tuition. She was excited to find out what fun learning experience awaited with this call.

## Chapter 5

Amber couldn't believe how quickly the past few months had gone. She'd definitely learned a lot about sex and as well as about herself. She was still couldn't believe it when she looked in the mirror and saw the woman staring back at her. The chin length bob and auburn highlights were amazing. What a good haircut and makeup could accomplish for one's appearance and ego was unbelievable.

Her wardrobe was totally different too. Gone were the faded sweatshirts and raggedy jeans. Jeans were still in her wardrobe, but they were stylish and fitted. Skirts and dresses, which she had avoided in the past, took up a major portion of the closet; plus they carried labels that she couldn't afford to look at six months ago. And shoes—she couldn't keep track of the shoes that made their way home with her. Now that she was making good money she could afford to indulge in what was now an obsession.

The breasts she once tried to hide were now out front where they could be seen, and the plunging necklines she wore these days definitely put them on display. Jill had convinced her she needed to be proud of her assets instead of hide them. “A lot of women would kill to have what you have naturally. Look at the number of breast implants. In fact, I'm considering going that route myself after I graduate, and before I hit the corporate world.”

The telephone interrupted Amber's admiration of the coat of crimson red she had just applied to her toes. “Shit. Wouldn't you know it? I forget to bring my phone.” She heel waddled into the bedroom, trying not to dislodge the toe spacers. “Hello.”

“Amber, you sound out of breath. What've you been doing girl?” Denise, the new dispatcher, asked.

“Painting my toe nails. Do I live the exciting life or what?” Amber said as she propped her feet on the bed willing her nails to dry quickly.

“Well, you can watch the polish dry while you talk with your customer. He's foreign, name's Anand, but his English is easy to understand. In fact he has a great accent. Says he is looking for a young, sweet thing. Sounds like a job for Candy.”

“Put him through,” Amber said as she hobbled over to get the teddy and tap pants out of her work drawer. “Damn.” She stubbed her toe against the dresser.

Denise laughed. "Okay, here he comes."

"Hi Anand, this is Candy. What can I do for you today?" Amber asked in her breathless little girl voice.

"Ahhh, Candy. You sound as sweet as your name. What are you wearing little one?" The accent was soft and lyrical.

"Well, I have on a little white teddy with lots of lace and pink rosebuds around the top, and matching panties. It's silk, and so soft. I love the feel of silk rubbing against my skin. Do you like silk?" Amber asked as she studied the toe she had bumped against the dresser. Maybe she could put another coat over it and not have to re-do the polish.

"Yes, silk is nice. In my country we love to wear silk. Our women, they make lots of their clothes from silk."

"Where are you from Anand?" Amber was still unable to place the accent. It was British, but not.

"India. I am from Calcutta," he said.

"Ooooh, India. It's one of the places I dream of seeing one day."

"Do you like to travel sweet Candy?"

"I'm not sure. I've never been out of state. My Daddy says I need to stay home so he can keep an eye on me. Otherwise I might get in trouble."

"Your father is probably right. There are many bad men who would love to get their hands on someone as sweet as you."

"Hmmm," Amber was unsure where this was going. He seemed to just want to talk, but most guys quickly got around to more than chit-chat for what it cost them.

"What do you look like Candy?" Anand asked. "Tell me what color is your hair, your eyes. Are you short or tall?"

*What the heck.* She'd never meet the guy and she felt like a little honesty today. "I'm tall and slender with full breasts. Black hair, brown eyes, and pale skin which all my friends tell me they envy."

"That sounds lovely. How old are you?"

From the sound of it, this guy liked them young, but she had better not be too young. It might scare him away. "I'm seventeen. I'll be eighteen next week." It was amazing how easily lies rolled off her tongue these days.

"I definitely understand why your father keeps you close to home," Anand said. "A girl like you could get in much trouble."

“Oh, I can get in trouble at home, too. Daddy should be worried about the men around here. Several of his friends have hit on me.”

“Hit on you?”

“Yeah, you know. Tried to feel me in places they shouldn’t, or get me to go out with them.”

“I see. Tell me my sweet Candy. Are you a virgin?”

“No. Not since last week. I did it for the first time.” Amber thought that was a nice touch.

“Tell me about it,” Anand said. “Did you like it? Did it hurt? Who did you do it with?”

“I’m not sure if I like it, because it did hurt a little. It was only the one time, so maybe next time will feel better.” Amber felt this was the right touch. Not quite a virgin, but virginal enough to meet his fantasy.

“Who was it with? Was it a boy your age, or an older man?” Anand was breathing a little faster.

*Gotcha.* Amber smiled to herself. “Well, this friend of my father has been after me for sometime.”

“How long?”

“He started when I was around sixteen. Guess you could say I was a late bloomer. My breasts didn’t start developing until the summer I turned sixteen. It happened overnight. One day I was my old flat self, and the next, I needed a thirty-four D bra. Daddy’s friends began to notice me like they never had before, especially the neighbor next door. John started brushing against me every chance he had. He’d always hugged me a lot, but it was different. He would crush me against his chest and whisper in my ear about how beautiful I was. If no one was around, he let his hands wander down and squeeze my butt.”

“How did this make you feel, my delicious Candy?” Anand was sounding aroused.

“It was a game. I started to enjoy it. One day he came over while my parents were out shopping. He hugged me as usual, and then kissed me. Only this time I let his tongue snake into my mouth, and he pressed me against him. I could feel how hard his thing was. Then we heard my parents coming up the walk and he let me go.”

“When you felt his hard thing pressed up against you, were you aroused?” Anand asked.

“I felt a little tingly. But you have to remember this was a friend of my parents, and I’ve know him most of my life. In fact I call him Uncle John, and his wife, Aunt Martha.”

“So, it made you feel guilty to have these feelings for Uncle John?” Anand’s voice was raspy.

“Yes. But at the same time it was exciting. Then I started making up ways to get my thrill without really doing anything physical. I figured that way it was okay.”

“How so? What did you do?”

“My bedroom window faced his house. I knew Aunt Martha went with my mother to play bingo every Friday night. On Friday nights I started turning on the lights in my room and undressing with the curtains open. At first it was just my blouse, and then I’d go over and stand in front of the window for a minute, before closing the curtains.”

“How did you know he was watching you?” Anand wanted to know.

“He made a comment to me a few days later about what pretty bras I wore. So I got bolder. Next I took off my skirt or jeans before I stood in front of the window in just my underwear.”

“Did he say anything about that?” Anand asked.

“Yes. He whispered one time that Friday night was becoming our thing. He started squeezing my nipples when he had the chance, or running his fingers across my bottom when everyone’s back was turned. One day my mother sent me over to his house with an extra pie she’d baked. Aunt Martha was at the grocery store. We made out there in the kitchen because she was due back soon. He kissed me and felt me up real good. He stuck his hand down my panties and started to rub me. I started rubbing him through his clothes. He was so hard I couldn’t believe it. I never knew that part of a man could get so hard.”

Amber felt herself being affected by the story she was weaving. She envied Jill her ability to not get turned on with a call. Maybe she’d get there when she’d been at it as long as Jill had.

“Did you like it when he rubbed you?”

“Oh yes. My legs got all rubbery and my nipples felt like they were on fire. I unbuttoned my blouse and pulled out one of my breasts so he could kiss it. He devoured it like he was starving. Then we heard the garage door opening and pulled apart to tidy ourselves up. He stuck his finger into the center of the pie and licked it, telling me he wanted to do that to me. Aunt Martha walked in about that time and asked what were we doing?”

“What did he tell the wife?”

“He told her he was just sampling the sweet thing my mother had sent over for them.” Amber felt the need to touch herself. No, she definitely hadn’t reached the point of her stories boring her.

“What happened next?” Anand was really breathing hard now.

“Well, a few weeks later I went over when he was working in his garage. Aunt Martha was in the backyard planting flowers. We could hear her singing. He took me over into a corner that was hidden from the street and started kissing me. I didn’t wear a bra that time, because I was hoping he’d get the chance to feel my breasts. He slipped one hand under my shirt, and worked his thing out of his

pants with the other. I took hold of it, and it was all hot and hard with a little bit of wet stuff coming out of the tip. He put his hand over mine and showed me how to rub him. I rubbed up and down while he sucked on my nipples. He exploded goop all over my hands, and whispered to me how good it made him feel. He gave me his handkerchief to wipe up with before he went out back to see what Aunt Martha wanted. She was yelling for him.”

“When did you finally do it?” Anand wanted to know.

“I told you. Last week. Aunt Martha and my mother went away for the weekend. Daddy decided to go fishing with some of his other friends, and I went over to Uncle John’s house. I was scared, but I had reached the point I wanted to know what it felt like to have him make love to me.”

“Was he surprised to see you?”

“No. Just the opposite; he was prepared. He took me into the bedroom and there was a towel already spread on the bed. He said that would make cleanup easier. Then he proceeded to undress me, very slowly, kissing as he went. After he had removed all my clothes, he laid me down on the bed. He kissed me everywhere, and I do mean everywhere. It felt even better than I imagined. Then he took his shorts off, and I got a good look at his thing. It was actually jumping up and down it was throbbing so hard. When he put it in it really hurt at first, then it felt a little better.” Amber used her fingers, seeking the relief she needed.

“Really. Did he last long? Did he fuck you hard?”

“Yes. He fucked me hard, and no he didn’t last long. It was over in a few minutes. He collapsed on top of me, then rolled over and held me close for a little while. He wanted to do it again, but I was sore and told him no. I’m supposed to meet him at a motel next week.” Biting her lip, Amber muffled her moan, as she found the relief she sought.

“Oh Candy. My sweet Candy.” Anand groaned his release. “That was definitely the best. I will be talking to you again soon, my darling,” Anand said before he hung up.

Amber sat back with a satisfied grin. This one definitely needed notes. No doubt about it, he would be calling back. Her repeat customer base was growing at an amazing rate. Taking a note card from the file box on the nightstand, she began making notes on the call with Anand. She wanted to make sure she remembered how she had been dressed for him, and she had her story straight when he called again. After all, with regular customers one had to keep the material fresh.

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Denise grinned at the man sitting in the chair across the desk from her. On slow nights the dispatchers sometimes put a call on speakerphone to listen to while they played solitaire. Tonight, it had been Amber's call with her new customer, Anand; when Ken showed up as things were getting interesting and made himself at home. "So, what do you think?"

"Damn. I can't believe that's the mousey little thing I met a few months ago. Are you sure?"

"Yep. Guess you could say our little Amber has blossomed. She's becoming one of our most requested girls. Especially her Candy persona. But she can handle anything, including the BDSM and gay and lesbian calls."

"She definitely handled me with that call. I was probably in as bad a shape as the guy on the phone, and I'm not even into the sweet young things. I prefer a real woman, but young as she may be, this one has me intrigued. When is the next monthly meeting?"

"This Saturday. Think you can wait?" Denise wanted to know.

"Oh, I can wait. And you can definitely count me in for the meeting. I want to see if the cocoon has turned into a moth or a butterfly," Ken said on his way out.

"Oh, I think you'll find a butterfly—with teeth, Mr. Ken," Denise said to the closing door.

## Chapter 6

Ken arrived early to talk with Dulcie. If he admitted the truth, he really wanted to make sure he was there when Amber arrived. His memory of the uptight brunette with large dark eyes, who called him an asshole, didn't fit the woman he had heard on the phone Thursday night. She had sounded young, true. But she had also sounded sure of herself, weaving a tale that sucked him right in, leaving him with one major hard-on.

Okay, so truth be told he was very interested to see if the transition in personality followed through to outside. He recalled her wardrobe of baggy sweatshirt, ratty jeans and sneakers. There was potential in the slender young body, but you had to look hard to see it.

"Hey, Ken. What'cha doing here?" Dulcie was eyeing him from the door of her office.

"Just thought I'd drop by and see how things are going since I missed you Thursday,"

"Unhuh. I heard about your drop in Thursday night. Got'a ear full, did ya?" Dulcie leered at him.

"Let's just say that it was an exciting way to spend a Thursday evening and leave it at that." Dulcie's knowing smirk made him uncomfortable.

"Our little girl has changed since the last time you saw her, don't you think?"

"Sounds like it, but then I don't know her. Maybe I was wrong in my assumption of what she's like." He wished Dulcie would stop staring at him.

"Oh trust me honey. I think you were on the money. But six months is a long time, especially in this business. Our little Amber is a quick learner. Well, I better get my notes together. The girls are gonna start arriving pretty soon. You gonna stick around?"

"Sure, why not. Don't have anything else better to do today. Think I'll grab a cup of coffee." Ken was itching for an excuse to get out from under Dulcie's scrutiny.

In the kitchen, Denise was putting together a tray of pastries. "Hi Ken. Recovered from Thursday night?"

"You told Dulcie, didn't you?" he scowled at her.



“What can I say, lover? That was just too good to pass up,” she laughed over her shoulder as she left the room. “Hey, big strong man, grab the coffee pot and bring it to the conference room, will’ya,” Denise said as she stuck her head around the door.

Ken heard laughter from the front of the office as he lugged the heavy coffee maker to the conference room. “Where do you want this, and why did you have to fill it so full?” He asked Denise as he entered with the forty-cup coffee maker.

“Sit it over here.” Denise indicated a spot by the stack of paper cups. “I’ll get the juice, and we should be ready Mr. Big Strong Manly Man.” She was out the door before Ken could respond.

“Ken, what’re you doing here?” He turned to see Jill had entered the room. Behind her was one of the most beautiful women he had seen in a long time. The streaks in her dark hair caught the sun as she turned her head. The smile that spread across her full lush mouth took his breath away, and when he looked into her dancing eyes he felt his heart skip a beat. “You remember my roommate, Amber, don’t you?” Jill asked.

Amber. Oh my god. This couldn’t be the same girl he met six months earlier. Even her eyes were a different color than the brown he remembered. These reminded him of the golden gem, prized by so many for the different facets reflected in the inclusions of the hardened resin. Amber.

“Amber. Hello Amber. Nice to see you again.” His voice sounded strangled to his own ears. He could only imagine what Jill and the beauty standing in front of him thought. His eyes dropped down and he sucked in his breath. The cleavage was amazing, and the rest of the body that went with it would stop traffic at any intersection, especially with the mini-skirt she was wearing.

“Hello Ken. Nice to see you again, too.” Her nose wrinkled in a cute little way when she grinned at him. No, this could not be the girl he met at the meeting when Naomi demonstrated the sex toys. Someone was having fun at his expense. His attention was pulled away from the Goddess as other girls began to arrive, coming over to greet him.

“Okay, everybody take a seat so we can get this show on the road and you can get outta here.” Dulcie started the meeting as usual, asking if anyone had any questions or problems.

Ken stood at the back of the room, his eyes focused on the back of Amber’s head. He felt like he was observing in slow motion as Dulcie answered questions, and gave out information to the group of seated women.

“Now, for what you’all have been waiting for, the award for high producer this month was tight. Neck and neck there for awhile, but the final figures shows the ‘Hot Mouth of the Month Award’ goes to—” Dulcie paused.

*Always the drama queen, our Dulcie,* Ken thought as he watched the faces of the waiting women. Some looked anxious, others amused, and a couple just plain bored.

“This month’s winner is Amber,” Dulcie grinned as she motioned for Amber to come forward. “Honey, for somebody who had trouble saying shit with a mouth full, well I think it’s safe to say you’ve come a long way. Here’s your check for five hundred dollars.”

The expression on Amber’s face told Ken she had been surprised. Yeah, she’d definitely come along way in six months. If he’d met her any place other than here, he would never have recognized her. And after listening in on her phone call Thursday night, he could understand why she was the top producer. He’d listened in on the calls of other girls in the past, but none had affected him the way that one did. As the meeting broke up he moved forward. He wanted to talk to Amber before she left. She was worth getting to know better.

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Amber couldn’t believe her luck when she followed Jill into the conference room and saw Ken. She felt her knees grow weak at just the sight of him. *How dumb is that, she asked herself? Get a grip girl. He’s only a man. So what if he’s the best looking thing you’ve ever seen and you could eat him up like ice cream. He’s an asshole. Remember that—asshole, asshole.* Then he spoke her name.

“Amber.” It sounded like music to her ears, coming from those perfectly formed lips, with that deep rich voice. “Nice to see you again.” When he said that, she thought she would come on the spot. This was too, too sick. Scary in fact. This man had way too much effect on her. She wasn’t the innocent she was when she first met him. She was a sophisticated woman now. A woman well acquainted with the perversions of men, and how their dirty little minds work.

In fact, just looking at his face, she could tell that was exactly how his was working, as the eyes devoured her body. *Changed hasn’t it bucko. What happened to the sneer that was there when we met before? You look like you’ve been hit by lightning.* Amber was pleased with the reaction. If there was any doubt about how she looked these days, well Mr. Perfect had just dispelled them. Smiling to herself, she turned and followed Jill to their seats as other women came up to talk to him.

Amber knew he was watching her during the meeting. She could feel his eyes on her. It made her want to get up and drag his ass right out the door in front of everyone. To take him back to the apartment and do to him the things she had only talked about the past months. *It’s hot in here. Why doesn’t Dulcie open a window? I don’t care if it’s the middle of January. They need to either turn down*

*the heat or open a damn window.* She fanned her self with an envelope she had taken out of her purse, trying to focus on what Dulcie was saying. Sounds like she's getting ready to announce this month's prize winner, she thought as she fidgeted in her chair. This should be over soon, and then she could get the hell out of here, away from the prying eyes boring holes in her back.

She heard Dulcie announce, "This month's winner is Amber." That's nice she thought and then felt Jill's elbow in her ribs.

"That's you doofus," Jill hissed in her ear.

Then Dulcie was motioning her to come up and accept her prize. A check for five hundred dollars. Unbelievable. Excitement bubbled as she looked at the check and heard Dulcie tell her how proud she was of her. Her life had definitely changed in a short time. Then she looked up and met the blue eyes watching from the back of the room. After that she didn't remember anything that was said. She realized the meeting was breaking up when she saw Ken walking toward her.

*Be cool. Play it cool,* she told herself.

"Congratulations," Ken smiled and took her hand in his. "Hot Mouth of the Month is a big coup for such a new member to the team."

Amber forced herself to return the smile and ignore the sparks zipping through her body. "I've had good teachers, and just got lucky."

"No." He met her gaze. "Luck has nothing to do with it. To rack up the number of minutes required for this award, takes a lot of skill too."

The flood of relief that replaced the sparks when Jill appeared at her side didn't last long.

"Amber, I just remembered I'm supposed to go by my cousin's and help her with something. Ken, would you be able to give Amber a ride home? That way I won't have to back track."

Amber watched in amazement as her friend batted innocent blue eyes up at Ken and waited for his answer. Cousin? Jill had never mentioned having a cousin who lived around here.

"Sure. No problem." Ken told Jill and then turned to smile at Amber.

*Oh shit. I'm in so much trouble. I'll get you for this, Jill Nelson.* Amber returned his smile. "I'm sure I can get a ride with one of the other ladies. I don't want to cause you to go out of your way." Amber, bit the inside of her mouth to keep her lips from trembling as she spoke the words.

"Honestly, it's no problem. I'd love to take you home." Ken told her. "In fact, why don't we stop and have lunch? We can get to know each other better."

"Good idea." Jill was still there, sticking her two cents in.

"I thought you had to go meet your cousin," Amber snapped at her.

“Right. Guess I’d better get going. You two have fun.”

Dulcie walked up as Jill turned to leave and Amber could have sworn she saw the two of them wink at each other.

“Did I miss something?” Dulcie asked.

“No. I asked Ken to take Amber home so I can go help my cousin. Ken suggested they have lunch, so I guess they’d better get going too.” Jill told the boss.

A big grin spread across Dulcie’s face. “All of you need to get outa here so I can get some paperwork done. Now Ken, you take good care of our girl here. She’s valuable property.”

“Oh, I realize that Dulcie. You’re not telling me anything I don’t know.”

Feeling the heat from his eyes as he looked at her, Amber’s skin sizzled as he took her arm.

“We’d better get going since it’s obvious we’re not wanted here.”

Amber felt his breath, warm and soft, against her ear as he whispered the words. *Oh yeah, I’m in so much trouble*, she thought as they walked toward the door.

“Amber. Amber. Wait.” An out of breath Denise called. “I’m glad I caught you. Anand is on the phone and he’s insisting on talking to Candy.”

## Chapter 7

“Good morning, Sunshine. You look like hell,” Jill greeted as Amber poured a cup of coffee.

“Let’s see you look any better if were up until four in the morning feeding some guy’s fantasy,” Amber snarled.

“Anand?” Jill asked.

“Who else?” Amber sighed as she sipped her coffee.

“Why don’t you go back to bed? Also, you better buy stock in Preparation-H. You’ve got bags so big under your eyes; you’d get an overweight charge if you tried to fly,”

“Can’t. Have a test today.” Amber finished off the coffee and poured another. “A hot shower to go with this caffeine will get me going. Besides, look at all the money I’m making.” Amber watched Jill chewing on her bottom lip, an indication that she had something on her mind. “Okay, out with it.”

“What?” Jill asked innocently.

“What ever it is that you’re not saying,”

“Okay. I’m getting a little concerned about this Anand thing. He seems to be fixated with you. Are you sure you haven’t slipped up and given him any identifying information so he could find you if he’s that kind of weird-o?” Jill wanted to know.

“Don’t be silly. He doesn’t know my real name. He’s enamored with Candy. The innocent he talks with on the phone for hours on end,” Amber said as she headed for her room.

Closing the door she leaned against it. How did Jill know what was happening with Anand? He was beginning to scare her. He was pushing for more and more personal information. She hung up this morning with his last words still echoing in her head.

“I promise you, my sweet Candy. I will find you, and you will be mine,” he whispered before his goodbye.

No. She had laid there for a long time, racking her brain, trying to remember if she had ever given any hints on her location. She was positive she had never mentioned her real name, but had she let something slip on the name of the town? He knew the name of the Dulcie’s service. Could he find out where it was based? If so, did he have the know-how to get into the records? Did Dulcie keep a

record of which clients the girls serviced in her computer files? Amber felt her heart skip a beat. This was really getting scary, and now Jill was expressing concern. She definitely needed to be careful.

Shrugging her shoulders in attempt to loosen the knot between them, she decided the hot shower was a must. “Get a grip girl. Shower, dress, school, test.” She said to the reflection in the mirror. She would worry about the rest later.

Jill called as she headed for the door. “Phone call.”

Amber groaned inwardly. “Please Jill. Have them tell Anand they couldn’t find me. I don’t have time for him right now.”

“It’s not Anand. I think you may want to take this one,” Jill grinned as she handed the phone toward Amber.

Puzzled, Amber took the phone. “Hello.”

“Hello beautiful. I thought since we didn’t get to have lunch the other day, maybe we could work on dinner.”

Amber felt her knees turn to jelly, and she sank down onto the chair behind her. “Ken. How thoughtful. I would love to have dinner with you. When?”

“How about tonight?”

“Tonight?” Amber tried to remember her schedule, but all she could remember was how wonderful it felt when Ken placed his hand on her shoulder as they started to leave on Saturday. Screw the schedule. If she was scheduled, she’d just call in and tell them to take her off. “Tonight works for me.”

“Great. I’ll pick you up around seven,” and he was gone.

“From the look on your face, I’d say you have a date tonight.” Jill had the satisfied look of a cat that had just finished a bowl of cream.

“Could be,” Amber tried to keep her answer noncommittal.

“Bitch.” Jill threw a pillow at her.

“Okay, okay. I have a dinner date. Does that work for you?”

“You bet your ass it does,” Jill laughed as she caught the pillow Amber had tossed back to her.

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“Boy, do you look hot,” Jill exclaimed when Amber came out of her room.

“Think so?” Amber asked as she twirled for effect and laughed. It had taken her a long time to decide on what to wear tonight.

When she got home for school, her first action was to call the service and tell them she was not available. No way. No how. Then the clothes selection started. She had tried on every outfit in her closet. Finally, she selected a black chiffon skirt with a handkerchief hemline that floated around her legs when she walked. The top was black, shot with silver threads and deeply scooped in front, showing off her twin beauties to their best advantage with the help of a push-up bra. The shoe selection had been easy; a pair of ‘fuck me’ black stilettos. She was definitely gunning for bear tonight. The decision had been made on her way home from school. She’d have Mr. Perfect Ken before the night was over. She’d use every trick she’d learned over the past few months if need be; he was dead meat.

“Oh, yeah. Looks like you brought out the big guns,” Jill grinned.

“Exactly. A girl’s gotta do what a girl’s gotta do,” Amber said as she went to answer the knock at the door.

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When Amber opened the door, Ken’s mouth dropped open. Catching himself, he handed her the flowers he had picked up on the way over. “You look magnificent.” He shocked himself at the squeak of his voice. Clearing his throat, he tried again. “I mean, you look great.”

Amber laughed, and buried her nose in the flowers, looking up at him through the thickest eye lashes he had ever seen. “Come in. I’ll put these in water before we leave. Jill just opened a bottle of wine. Why don’t we have a glass with her,” she said as she walked toward the kitchen, the soft sway of her hips causing the skirt to swirl around her.

Ken sniffed the air, submerged in the scent of Amber’s perfume as he followed her toward the kitchen. “Sounds good. We have plenty of time before our dinner reservations.”

“Am I dressed okay? You didn’t say where we were going.” Amber smiled and her nose did the little wrinkle thing that he loved.

“Oh yes.” His eyes focused on her chest. Forcing them upward, he smiled. “Most definitely.” *Shit*. He wasn’t sure he would be able to keep his eyes focused on anything but the creamy orbs spilling from the tight top.

“So, where are you two going for dinner?” Jill asked.

*Thank God*, Ken breathed a sigh of relief for the distraction. He turned his attention to Jill. “I made reservations over in Morgan City at that new French restaurant.” Glancing at his watch, he said, “in fact we better get going. It started to spit snow on the way over and if the roads get bad, it’ll take us longer to get there.”

“I’m ready.” Amber handed him her coat.

“Have fun kids. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” Jill called after them.

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Dinner was amazing. The restaurant was everything he had been told by friends. The atmosphere, dark and romantic, with candles gleaming everywhere, and the food delicious. They had discussed a little of everything over a bottle of wine, sharing their pasts.

Amber shared memories of stepping over her father, who lay passed out in front of the door of the trailer they called home. If she was fortunate enough that her father had passed out before making it home, there was always the welcoming sight of her Pepsi swilling, chain-smoking mother, and her ever-full ashtray overflowing with Camel butts. Mom was always stoned on valium, staring blankly at the television screen, usually not responding to her daughter’s greeting.

In this loving environment, Amber made dinner, and would try to coax her mother to eat, before retreating to the tiny cubicle she called her room. The college scholarship she received her senior year, had been a lifesaver; and ratty as the room had been where she lived before becoming roommates with Jill, it was better than where she grew up.

The amazing thing was, even with a childhood like that, she still viewed life with a positive outlook. And she was smart. And funny. And beautiful. Ken realized before dinner was over that he wanted more than just to take the woman sitting across from him to bed. He wanted to know everything, down to her smallest likes and dislikes.

“How did you become a private eye?” Amber asked as they sipped their after dinner brandies.

“I was a detective in Los Angeles. I got shot during a drug bust, and while I was flat of my back in the hospital, I had time to do a lot of thinking. I arrived at the conclusion that I’d had enough of LA, and needed a changer of pace. Having grownup in the northeast, I decided it would be good to check out the southeast. I ended up here in Georgia, and with my background, it seemed a natural evolution.”

“But, Morgan City? It’s a small town, especially compared to Atlanta. Why not someplace like that? Amber wanted to know.



“I’ve had enough of big cities. I do take jobs in Atlanta occasionally, but this is where my home is.” Looking around the restaurant Ken said, “Looks like we need to go. I think they want to close up for the night.” He nodded toward the restaurant staff huddled across the room.

Amber giggled and ran her foot up his leg. “We could probably find other things to do, besides sit here and talk.”

Ken wondered if that was actually a leer she directed his way before she tried to stand. He caught her as she teetered toward him. The combination of all she had to drink and stilettos made her unsteady on her feet. “Hold on beautiful,” he said as she fell against his chest.

“Oh, I’d like to hold on,” Amber replied as she pressed her body against his. “I’d definitely like to hold on to this,” she whispered in his ear, as her hand caressed his crotch.

“That does it,” Ken laughed, and pulled her along with him as they exited the restaurant. He saw the smirk on the faces of the waiters as they were leaving, and was sure they were thinking the same thing that was on his mind.

The drive back to Amber’s took longer than Ken hoped. Between the snow creating icy spots on the road, and Amber’s teasing he had to really focus, or end up in a ditch.

Once in the car, she had sat close, pressing her body against his side, her hand sliding up and down his thigh. She then proceeded to lick and nibble on his right ear, while running a finger around the edge of his left one.

When he suggested she fasten her seat belt, she had pulled away and sat with her back against the door pouting. Occasionally she spread her legs, giving him a view of the silky fabric which blocked his view to what was possibly heaven.

When they reached her place, she jumped out of the car and started toward the building. He caught up and walked with her the rest of the way to the door, where she turned to face him. “It was a lovely evening Ken. Thank you so much.”

*Whoa. Wait a minute. This wasn’t the signal she had been giving all the way home. But then again, she was pretty tipsy when they left the restaurant. Maybe she was sobering up and had a change of heart.* Ken leaned down to kiss her goodnight and she responded with such passion his lips burned.

“Are you coming in, or are we going to stand out here and freeze? Besides, I have to pee,” Amber laughed as she grabbed his tie and pulled him through the door. “Make yourself at home. I’ll be right back.” She planted another sizzling kiss on his mouth before she ran down the hall.

Ken felt dazed. Talk about mixed signals. This woman was really messing with his mind. He wondered if it was intentional, or just her internal values warring with each other. Or maybe she was just plain drunk, and he needed to be careful. He didn't prey on women who weren't thinking straight.

"So, Lover. Did you miss me?"

She was back, looking sexier than a few minutes ago, if that was possible. The neckline of her top was even lower, showing a lacy edge of black bra. God, she had the most beautiful breasts. Their softness pressed against his chest made him hotter. Pushing her away from him, he stared down at the creamy globes.

"I have a question." His voice sounded strangled to him.

"Yes."

"Are those real? I've been wondering all night."

"I noticed you seemed to have trouble with your eyes." Amber's giggle ended in a hiccup. "But to answer your question, they're all mine"

"Can I touch them?"

She threw back her head and laughed before taking his hand and placing it on top of her left breast. "Touch away."

They felt even more delicious than he imagined. Soft, yet firm, the nipples hardening beneath his fingers when he brushed over them.

"Can I kiss them?"

"Sure," was the breathless response.

He slowly slipped the creamy delights from the lace covering them. The hard pink tips beckoned to be kissed. His mouth tasted one, then the other; sucking, nibbling, and biting. He felt the need to devour them, taking as much into his mouth as he could until he felt her pushing him away.

"Slow down, Lover. We have all night. Why don't you make use of the bathroom while I slip into something more comfortable? I'll leave the door cracked so you won't have trouble knowing where to find your delight," Amber started down the hall, teetering slightly before placing a hand against the wall.

He saw the glow of soft light coming from the cracked door. Opening the door it became obvious she had gotten more comfortable. Amber's nude body lay on top of the covers, her hands cradling her right cheek—and she was fast asleep. He stood beside the bed, appreciating the vision, and listening to the soft snores coming from the sleeping beauty. Taking the afghan from the foot of the bed, he laid it over her. He leaned down and planted a kiss on the exposed cheek. "Sleep tight my love. I

know next time to limit your alcohol consumption. But I'm a patient man who finds you worth waiting for."

## Chapter 8

“God, I didn’t think it was possible. You look worse than yesterday morning. Getting laid obviously doesn’t agree with you.” Jill grinned at Amber over the top of her newspaper.

“Shut the fuck up,” Amber mumbled as she searched the cupboard for her favorite coffee cup. She needed all the TLC she could get this morning, and obviously her roommate couldn’t be counted on for any. She seemed to be enjoying Amber’s obvious discomfort too much to display sympathy.

“Not only does she look like shit, but she’s a bitch to boot. What’s the matter? Didn’t Mr. Wonderful live up to expatiations?”

“How would I know?”

Jill tossed the paper aside. “Well if you don’t, then who does? After all, you’re the one that got it on with him.”

Amber stared into her coffee cup, hoping it would give her some insight into what happened last night. Sighing, she gave up. “I’m kinda fuzzy on the details. I sorta remember a lot of kissing and touchy-feely, and I think he played with my breasts. But when I woke up this morning, I was naked, in bed naked—alone—covered with the afghan from the foot of the bed. I have no idea what happened last night.”

“How do you feel?”

“Feel?”

“Yeah, you know. Between the legs. To put it bluntly, is your pussy sore?”

Amber thought for a minute. “No, definitely not. But my head is about to explode, and my stomach is doing loop-de-loops.” She took the lid off the orange juice bottle, not bothering with a glass, and chugged down half the bottle. “Plus, I’m so thirsty I could drink a lake dry.”

“How much did you drink last night?”

“Not sure. I lost count after the second bottle of wine.”

“Great. Goes out gunning for bear, drinks more than her one glass of wine, and now can’t remember if she got laid or not. A very memorable first date, if I ever heard of one.” Jill laughed.

The sound of the phone ringing in her room cut off Amber response. “I can’t believe I’m on call this morning. You wouldn’t want to get that for me would you?” Amber looked hopefully at Jill.

“Sorry, but my shift starts in about ten minutes.”

“No rest for the wicked,” Amber started down the hall.

“Think it’s definitely safe to say you were wicked last night?” Jill yelled after her.

“Hello.”

“Amber. Is that you?”

“Yeah.”

“What’s wrong? You don’t sound like yourself.” Denise’s voice carried concern.

“Just a rough night. What’cha got?”

“Sorry kid, but Anand is holding. He had fits last night when he couldn’t reach you.”

“Put him through,” Amber sighed.

“You sure you’re up to this?” Denise still sounded concerned.

“Put him through.”

“Candy, my love. Where have you been? I am hurt that you have been avoiding me.”

Anand’s smooth possessive voice grated on Amber’s last nerve. *Think paycheck girl. Get a grip here and do your thing.* “No Anand, I would never avoid you. I’ve been a little under the weather.”

“Under the weather. This I don’t understand. We are all under the weather.”

“Sick. I’ve been sick.” Amber really had to focus on keeping the edge from her voice. He was foreign and didn’t always catch on to American slang.

“Oh, I am so sorry. If only I could be with you. I would care for you, and make you feel better, my sweet little Candy. What can I do to make you feel better?”

*Get me some aspirin and leave me the hell alone.* “Just the sound of your voice is making me feel better, Anand.” *Puke.* “Talk to me. Tell me what you’ve been doing.”

“Well, my sweet Candy, I have been busy. My heart’s need is to find you. I think I am getting closer too. I have never been in the South, but I understand it is very nice.”

*Shit.* Amber felt a chill run down her spine. Fear gathered in her stomach, hard and cold. How did he know? “Are you thinking of taking a trip down South, Anand?”

“I am considering it My Sweet. I just have to narrow my destination down more. When I knock on the door, I want to make sure it is the right house. The one where you live, my darling.”

Amber felt like her heart was going to explode it was pounding so hard. “Anand, you know that our relationship is only over the phone. I can’t meet with you.”

“No. I do not accept that. I want you my Candy. You belong to me and no one else. I will protect you from your family’s lecherous friends, and from the evil boys that want you. You are mine. It is only a matter of time before you accept it. We belong together.”

Amber’s hands trembled to the point she had trouble holding the phone. “No Anand. We don’t belong together. I won’t listen to this any longer. Don’t call me again.” Amber slammed the phone down, and sat looking at it as if it was a snake that would strike out to bite her.

When she finally felt her legs would carry her weight, she walked out to talk to Jill.

“I didn’t think it was possible, but you look worse than earlier. Are you really okay?” Jill got out of the chair and came to Amber’s side. “My God, you’re clammy and shaking. What’s wrong?”

“I—I just got off the phone with Anand. Jill, I’m scared. He’s been sounding more and more possessive, and making me feel the need to be more cautious about letting any information slip on my location, but today—”

“What was different about today?” Jill shook Amber’s shoulder. “Tell me.”

“He said we belong together and that he heard the South was a nice place to visit, but he had more work to do to make sure he had the right house before he knocked on the door.”

Amber faced her friend. “Jill, I’m scared. What should I do?”

“Damn right you’re scared, and the first thing we are going to do is call Dulcie.” Jill was dialing the number as she spoke.

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“Okay children, seems like we got ourselves a problem here.” Amber, Jill and Ken were sequestered with Dulcie behind the closed door of her office. The phones in the outer office were going crazy, and occasionally they could hear Denise’s frantic voice as she tried to cover all requests.

“What’s the problem?” Ken had a voice mail from Dulcie that she needed to see him immediately, but nothing beyond that. When he arrived, the front desk girl who was on the phone pointed him toward Dulcie’s office. He entered with out knocking and immediately his eyes were drawn to Amber, huddled in the overstuffed chair Dulcie used when a quick nap was needed. He noticed how pale she was, and red-rimmed eyes told she had been crying.

*Damn, was he in some sort of trouble over last night?* He could swear to the fact that nothing really happened, but if Amber had been drunker than he realized, maybe she didn’t know.

“It seems our little girl here has an admirer who doesn’t want to take no for an answer.”

Dulcie's tilt of head toward Amber left Ken with no doubt who the little girl was.

*Shit. Dulcie can't believe that I'd force my attentions on a woman. She's known me too long for that.* Ken was beginning to feel anger that his friend of so many years would have such a low opinion of him.

"Sugar, I want you to tell Ken what's been going on, and when things started getting scary."

Ken hoped his face didn't reflect the confusion he was feeling. He turned to face Amber who was nervously chewing on her bottom lip. When her eyes met his, he saw trust, not the fear or anger he expected to see. This definitely wasn't about last night. "What's going on, honey?"

"One of my customers is trying to find me. He's been talking about it for a few weeks, but this morning sounded different. He said he was getting close. He just wants to make sure he has the right house before knocks on the door to surprise me."

Ken felt rage surge through his body. Then his years of training kicked in. "Why was it different this time?"

"This morning he wanted to know why I had been avoiding him. I wasn't available to take his call last night because I had dinner with you. I reassured him that I wasn't avoiding him. Then I lied and told him I had been sick. That led to him talking about how he would take care of me when we are together. That I belonged to him and need to accept that we should be together. He started talking about how he's never been in the South, and he would be going soon."

Ken didn't like the sound of this. The South thing worried him. "Have you given any hints on where you're located?"

"I've been racking my brain, trying to recall if I dropped any in the stories I've been telling him. I honestly don't think I have. But Anand works in the computer area, and he knows the name of Dulcie's business. Is there some way he could track the location on the internet?"

Amber's face paled even more as she shared her story. Obviously this man had her scared. Ken wanted nothing more than to get his hands around the guy's neck. He would think twice before he frightened another girl. "I'm sure you don't have anything to worry about. Even if he does know the location of the business, he doesn't know your location. Phone girls can be located anywhere, not just where the business office is."

"But what if he can hack into Dulcie's files? Her employee files would have my home address and telephone number."

The thought had occurred to Ken, but he wasn't going to scare Amber even more by letting her know. "It would take a real computer expert to be able to do something like that, and you told me this

guy is foreign and older. Older guys don't usually have that kind of know-how." Ken felt like he would definitely go straight to hell for the lies he kept telling.

"Are you sure about that?" Jill had been sitting quietly, but now seemed to be ready to play fifty questions. "I read recently that foreign countries such as India, which is where this guy is from, have a very high—"

"I'm sure." *Shut the fuck up Jill. Can't you see she's finally relaxing?* Ken fought the urge to strangle Jill. "To be on the safe side and let all of you have peace of mind, I'll check it out. Dulcie, can I have access to your phone records?"

"Sure can. Whatever you need, just tell Dulcie. No wacko is going to get to one of my girls unless he goes over me." Dulcie crossed her arms over her chest as if daring the offender to try.

For the first time since Ken had entered the room the tension seemed to lessen. "I'm sure that's true Dulcie, and if things start to appear as if this guy really knows what he's doing, maybe Amber can stay with you for a few days."

Ken glanced at the clock on Dulcie's desk. "Why don't you get me last month's phone bill for the office? If I can't get the information I need from there, I'll make a call to my contact at the phone company first thing Monday morning. I'm sure one way or another I'll come up with this guy's phone number."

"Done" Dulcie handed him a file she'd pulled from a desk drawer.

"Okay. Well I'd better get busy. Amber, walk me to the door?"

"Sure." When they were out of ear range of Dulcie and Jill, she smiled up at him. "Thanks Ken. I really appreciate your trying to find out if Anand is just talking, or if he really is serious."

She seemed to have something else on her mind so Ken waited.

"I—I hope you had a good time last night. I did. Or at least I think I did." Her eyes were full of questions when they met his.

Ken leaned forward and kissed her forehead. "I had a wonderful time. And to put your mind at ease, you didn't miss anything. Nothing happened, though I think it would've if you hadn't fallen asleep."

"Asleep? You're not mad?"

"Nothing to be mad about. There'll be other times." He brushed a soft kiss over her lips and walked out the door whistling. *There definitely will be other times.*



## Chapter 9

Ken spent Sunday researching the numbers on the phone bill Dulcie gave him. Amazing how many times some of those guys called the service. It seemed to be an addiction with certain individuals.

His attempts to reach Dulcie for additional information got him nowhere, until Monday morning. “Where the hell have you been?” He demanded when he finally connected with her.

“I had plans for the weekend, honey. You’re not my daddy and I don’t have to tell you everything.”

He recognized her pissed tone of voice and backed off. “You’re right and I’m sorry. I was trying to hook up with you to find out if you have some information I need. I’m seeing a pattern here with some of the numbers. Do you keep records that link the incoming calls to the girls they are forwarded to?”

“Of course I do, silly. How do you think I track production?”

Uh-oh, he could tell Dulcie was getting on her high horse. “Sorry. I should have known better. You’re a smart businesswoman. Can I get a copy of the ones transferred to Amber?”

“When can you get your skinny white ass over here?”

Ken grinned. Dulcie had her sense of humor back. “Knew you couldn’t stay mad at me. See you shortly.”

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The records produced the desired results. This guy was dropping a lot of money on calls to Candy, and Ken had to make sure once he found him that he ‘Ken’ didn’t slip and use Amber’s name. His call to the multi-listed number got him to a business. His search on the business brought him to a dead end; the company had over a thousand employees. He placed a call to his contact at the phone company, but they were no help. The company had its own internal switchboard and anyone could access outside lines. The only way he could get the information he needed was through a court ordered subpoena, or an inside contact. He had neither.

Ken drummed his fingers on his desk as he sat listening to the sounds of children's laughter coming through the wall next to his office. Noise could be a problem at times when you shared a common wall with a day care. His eyes wandered across the desk and stopped on his credit card bill. *That's it. This guy has to give a credit card for billing when he makes these calls.*

Anand Jhamsie Prasad. The dumb fuck actually used his real name. Ken stared at the information in front of him. To top it off he was also the President and CEO of MEC, the high tech company Ken had called when he originally pinned down the phone number.

Additional research revealed the California branch only housed fifty employees, the rest located in India. *Figures. Stay where the labor is cheapest.* Ken spent the rest of the day digging. A phone call to the California number, and little sweet-talking, along with a few lies, let him know Mr. Prasad was in India, but expected in the California office by noon Monday. Ken planned to be waiting for Anand with a greeting he wouldn't forget any time soon.

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"Mr. Prasad?" Ken stepped up to the man getting out of the BMW convertible.

"Yes. Do I know you?" Anand was studying Ken's face.

"No, but we have a mutual friend, and I'm here to deliver a message from her." Ken's fist hit square in the center of Anand's nose. "That was just a sample of what will happen if you don't stay away from Candy. Don't ever call her again." Ken whirled on his heels and headed back to his car.

"You broke my nose," Anand screamed at Ken's retreating back. "You stupid fuck, you broke my nose," Anand said once again, as he pressed his handkerchief against it to try to stop the gushing blood.

In his rearview mirror Ken saw Anand stopping a passerby. *Probably trying to get someone to call an ambulance—or the cops.* He stepped on the gas a little harder.

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"Alright, alright. I'm coming," Amber yelled as she hurried to answer the door. The idiot who was leaning on the doorbell would get a piece of her mind. Probably a drunk who got the wrong house she thought as she jerked open the door. "Look here you stupid id—Ken, what're you doing here?"

“Stupid Ken. That’s not a very nice way to greet your hero.” Ken’s grin was infectious and she couldn’t help returning it.

“I just came by to tell you that your problem with Anand is finished. He won’t be bothering you again.”

“How? What? I mean, how did you accomplish that?”

“We had a little talk, and he saw that he was in the wrong. He agreed it would be best that he doesn’t contact you again.”

“Wow. That calls for a drink or at the very least a cup of coffee. Come on in.” Amber heard Ken’s sharp intake of breath as she walked away, and knew he had seen the word splashed across her ass. The word advertised the couture clothing line that made them—Juicy. It also described the condition of her pussy right now, only hot and juicy would be more accurate.

She felt Ken come up behind her and leaned against him when his hand touched her shoulder. His arms wrapped her tightly against his body, and she felt the hard maleness of him. Her breathing grew shallow as his hands traveled up under her clothes. A gasp escaped when his hands covered her breasts, playing with the rigid nipples. Twisting in his grasp, she was able to claim his mouth. All the hunger that had building in her over the past weeks exploded. Sex talk without action, was enough to drive a girl nuts.

Her hands tugged at his shirt, needing to feel his skin, while his fumbled frantically with her top. He slipped it over her head and leaned down to take the harden bud of her one nipple in his mouth, and then moved to the other, licking and sucking each with hunger. There was no way she could have suppressed the moan that escaped if she had wanted to.

“Bedroom?” His voice was raspy as he forced out the word.

“No need. Here. Now.” She fumbled with his belt. “Damn, damn.”

He placed his hands over hers. “Let me.”

Amber focused on getting her pants off as Ken kicked free of his shoes and pants. Her first real view of his magnificent manhood caused her to pause, a slight doubt creeping in. *It had been a long time. Would she be able to take all of that in?*

His mouth covered hers again forcing all doubt from her mind. Her body burned with the need of his touch. To have him buried inside her. When his hand slid between her legs, and stoked her wet clit, an explosion rocked her body. His cry of pain brought in the reality that her teeth had sunk into his shoulder. Through glazed eyes, she saw the bloody teeth marks, but before she could form an apology in her mind, he had reclaimed her mouth.

“I have to have you now.” He lifted her to the kitchen counter and then looked around the kitchen, his eyes wild and frantic. “Fuck, where are my pants?”

“Pants? What do you need your pants for?” *Screw the pants* She needed him to get inside her, right now.

“Condom. Need a condom.” He was frantically tearing open the condom package he pulled from the located pants. Rolling it over his trembling cock, he shoved into her waiting pussy.

The initial thrust hurt, but her as her vagina relaxed, it adjusted to his cock like a well-worn leather glove. She sighed with delight as he plunged in again. “Yes,” she whispered. “Yes, I love the feel of you inside me.”

“Sweetheart, I’m going to make you howl before I’m finished,” Ken said as he slipped his hand down between her legs.

“Oh-oh, that feels so good.” Amber felt the heat rising in her body. Each stoke of his rock hard cock, combined with his fingers massaging her clit, had her body on fire. The slow burning feeling moving through her body made her want to laugh, or cry, she couldn’t decide which. “Yes, *yes*,” she screamed as she was hit with a sensation so intense she lost all sense of time and place. Her pelvic muscles tightened, not wanting to release the prize that was buried so deep inside her.

“Oh my g—,” the rest became lost in guttural roar as Ken impaled himself into her with a final thrust. She felt him tremble as each spasm surged through him.

Leaning against her and the counter Ken fought to get his breath. “That was unfucking believable,” he finally gasped out. “Do you realize how you turn me on?”

Amber nuzzled her head against his neck and giggled. “I think it works both ways. You know, I can’t believe I’m in the mood again, but a shower would be nice.”

“Woman, I think you may be the death of me.” He lifted her from the counter.

“I may never cook here again.” Amber said, unable to believe they’d actually done it in the kitchen.

“We’ll sanitize later. Right now I think that shower would be a good idea.” Ken pulled her down the hallway.

Amber relished the feel of Ken’s wet, soapy hands exploring her body. “Oh yeah,” she groaned as his fingers worked the knot she always got over her right shoulder blade. “I may never take another shower alone.” His strong hands massaged her scalp, the shampoo bubbles cascading down her face. She had always thought the scene in *Out of Africa* where Robert Redford washed Meryl Streep’s hair

was one of the most erotic scenes she had ever watched. Now she was experiencing her own moment of movie erotica.

“My turn,” Amber said as she finished rinsing the shampoo from her hair. Taking the bar of soap, she worked it in her hands before tackling the manly body next to her. God, his muscles felt wonderful. It was a shame that clothes covered such a great work of art, but then again maybe it was better. She’d have to beat women off with a stick if they knew what was under the layer of clothing.

Her soapy hands reached his balls, caressing and squeezing, before sliding along the length of his cock, which instantly sprang to life. “Oh my,” was all he had time to say before she dropped to her knees and drew it into her mouth.

He laid one hand on her head and placed the other against the wall, bracing himself. His moans and groans told her she was doing an okay job with her first real blowjob. Her only other attempt in high school definitely had not been this successful.

She glanced up to see Ken’s head thrown back and felt his fingers tangled in her hair, as she pulled him into her mouth, sliding slowly down the shaft. Louder groans came out when she slid back to the top, swirling her tongue around the tip, nibbling at the sensitive underside. All the books she had read on the subject were definitely paying off, she thought as she played with the ‘taint’ region between his balls and ass. His gasp when she slipped a soapy finger into his ass let her know she had scored again.

“I can’t last much longer,” he managed to say.

Withdrawing her finger from his ass, she let his cock slide from her mouth. Standing she pressed her slippery body against him, gliding her body over Ken’s in a rotating motion. He started to move with her, his pulsating dick slipping between her legs, his hand moving down to insert it into her.

“Oh no you don’t,” Amber whispered. Inserting her tongue and then nibbling his ear, she pulled away.

“Tease,” he groaned.

“We’ve only just started,” she called over her shoulder as she stepped out of the shower and reached for her towel.

## Chapter 10

Ken couldn't believe he was so aroused again. He could have taken her there in the shower, but she had pulled away. That she was a 'cock tease' passed through his mind, and when he called her a tease, she'd only smiled and got out of the tub. Her comment about just getting started had excited him even more.

Following Amber into the bedroom he saw her taking a box from under the bed. "I've been curious to try out some of my toy collection for real," she grinned at him as she held up a strange looking device. "I know we're still new with the vanilla sex, but I thought we'd jump right into the toys. At least try out a few. I've spent all these months reading, hearing and talking about them. I'm calling this research."

Did she actually wiggle her eyebrows at him, Ken wondered? Toys? Damn, this woman was definitely adventurous. He hadn't even had the chance to eat her pussy, and she wanted to try toys. "What the hell. Why not?"

"Well, maybe we can wait until later," she said as he pulled her down onto the bed and started kissing her. Slowly. Starting at her shoulder, he moved down one side, kissing, licking, ever so gently. His hands followed his mouth and tongue. When he reached the left foot, he took it in his hand, sucking each toe, long and hard. Then he did the same to the right foot before starting the path back up to her shoulder.

She tried to kiss his mouth, but he avoided her lips, instead trailed his tongue down the center of her, until he reached his goal. Blowing hot breaths against the soft patch of hair he heard her groan. Pulling apart the lips, he ran his tongue along the labia, occasionally flicking the clitoris with the tip of his finger. He felt the clit growing as the blood rushed to it, and placed his mouth against it. Her bucking caused him to grab her buttocks in both hands to hold her steady so he could feast on the little bud of desire.

"You're fucking killing me here. Stop I can't take it anymore. Oh dear god. If you stop I'll kill you."

Ken pressed his mouth against the womanhood and sucked, then alternated with tongue flicks. Amber rose off the bed, clasp her legs around his head, as a scream tore from her. He felt like his

head was caught in a vise as she held it with her thighs. The scream was replaced by sobs as her body convulsed in wave after wave, as the orgasm ripped through her.

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Amber felt drained. Never had she experienced anything so intense. “Give me a minute to recover,” she said as his hand began to caress her body again. The smirk he gave her was enough to get her adrenaline flowing.

“Oh, the sex isn’t over yet, mister we’ve only just begun to play.” She rose up on her elbow and leered at him. She reached into the box beside the bed and pulled out a mask. “Trust me,” she grinned as she put the mask across his eyes.

“I either trust you or I’m crazy. I’ve never let a woman do this to me before. What are you going to do?”

Amber heard the concern in his voice. “Oh, stuff. Stuff I think you’ll like.” As she spoke, she lubricated him with a slick liquid. Her hands stroked his stomach, then around his thighs, slowly, softly. His moan and the enlargement of his maleness told her she was having the desired effects. When he was standing at full attention, she blew on his cock. “Hot, Hoooot, hooooooooot.” According to the directions on the bottle, breathing out the word ‘hot’ in long breaths would get the best results.

“Things are getting a little heated. What is that?” He squirmed as she took him into her mouth.

“Just a little something to make you feel good. Now be a good boy and lie still while I see how far down my throat this thermometer will go. Otherwise I’ll have to spank you.”

“I’ll be good, I promise. Oh god, that feels so good.” He lifted his buttocks upward as she pulled her mouth away. “Don’t stop.”

“I’m bored with this game. I want to play something else.” She slipped a handcuff on his right wrist.

“What are you doing? Are you nuts?”

“Remember, you trust me.” She pulled his left wrist up and slipped the cuff on it. He lay there with his hands cuffed above his head, his giant cock waving in the air like a flag.

“Yes, you’re definitely a naughty boy,” she batted at his pulsating member causing him to curse, and then moan. She clipped a nipple ring to a nipple.

“Oh.” He withered under her as she straddled his chest. Taking the feathered end of her whip, she decided it was time for pleasure instead of pain. She ran the feathers across his face, then down his

neck, sliding her body down his torso. Letting the wet juices of her pussy leave a trail for the feathers to follow.

Her ass finally pushed against his cock. It was so hard she felt she could impale herself if she threw her body against it.

“Please. Give me some relief. I’m going to burst.”

“Shortly. Shortly.” She slipped off him and picked up another tube of lubricant and another toy. “Soon,” she whispered as she spread the cream around his anus. “Soon.” Slowly she slipped the first bead of the anal stimulator into the opening. He gasped. His cock throbbed. She slipped it up another notch, one bead at a time, until several beads were past his prostrate. He groaned.

Feeling satisfied with the results Amber reached up and opened the handcuffs. Ken reached for her, but she pushed him back. “Slow down. I’m in charge here.”

She took his balls in her hand and massaged them gently. “Do you want to get inside me?”

“Yes.”

“How much?”

“More than anything.”

Amber positioned herself over him. She lowered down, taking him in to her inch by inch. When she had about of half of his shaft inside her wetness, she slammed down hard. “You’re going to come harder than you’ve ever come before.” Payback was a bitch. She wanted him to have an orgasm that matched the intensity of the one he gave her. She felt him tightening and knew he was close. Reaching around, she slipped her hand between his thighs and found the end of the anal beads. When his orgasm started she pulled the beads out, the same way they went in, one bead at a time.

Most of what Ken screamed was inarticulate as the first flood of the orgasm slammed into him. As the final waves ripped through his body, screams of, “Oh my god, oh my god. I love you,” were the only discernable words. Then he lay gasping for air.

Ken’s labored gasps frightened Amber. Maybe she had pushed him too far. She hadn’t intended to kill him. What if he died in her bed of a heart attack or something? She’d heard of things like that happening. As his breathing slowed, she began to relax. Slowly she lifted her body off his.

It then dawned on her what he said. *Holy shit.* He said he loved her. *Wait a minute. Now just wait a minute. That was said in a moment of passion. Don’t get your hopes up, and leave yourself open to being hurt.*

When his spasms finally subsided, Ken pulled her along side him, cradling her against his shoulder. “I love you,” he whispered against her hair.



She felt her body stiffen, then, relax and melt into his. “I love you too. I’ve been trying to talk myself out of it since the night we went out to dinner. Telling myself it was just sex. All I needed was to get laid, and that would take care of what I was feeling.” She sat up and looked into his eyes.

Ken tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “I’ve felt the same way. Now that the animal sex is out of the way, I want you more than ever. I want more than just your body. I want all of you. To be with you. To come home to you.”

“Will you be able to handle my work? To come in and find me describing to some stranger what I’m going to do to him?”

“No, that’s not going to be a problem because the only one you’ll be describing what you’re going to do to them is me. We’ll call Dulcie and tell her you are now in retirement.”

“Retirement?” *Wait a minute here; don’t try arranging my life without me.* “I’m not sure I want to retire. I like the money I’m making. And I’m not going to live a life that is determined for me by someone else.”

Ken seemed to realize he had overstepped the boundaries. “I’m sorry. I jumped the gun, and just assumed you would want out of the business once we’re married.”

“Married? Is that a half-assed proposal?”

Ken laughed. “You’re right, that was rather half-assed. Okay. Will you marry me Amber Lewis? Will you share all the ups and downs life has to offer with me for the rest of our lives? And, I promise to not make assumed decisions for you in the future, whether it’s about your career or any other part of your life.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll marry you.” Amber said. “We’ll give the retirement thing a try, but if I it isn’t for me, the option is always there to call Dulcie and ask for my job back.”

“Speaking of Dulcie,” Amber sat up, and faced Ken, “you’re going to have to be the one to break the news to her. I don’t think she’ll be too happy to learn her Hot Mouth of the Month is retiring.”

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Dulcie looked at the face in the mirror. It seemed to be smirking, and with good reason. Her plan to get Amber and Ken together had worked out perfectly.

Of course she had Anand to thank for that. She owed him for going along with her plan in the first place. She knew Ken would feel protective if he thought Amber was in danger. She just hadn’t planned on Ken breaking Anand’s nose. She owed Anand big now. But there were ways she could

make it up to him. After all, she'd known him longer than she'd known Ken. Anand was part of her past before she had started up her business—"Call Me".

Now all she needed to do was get that Jill girl squared away in the love department. She'd have to work on that one. She'd be a tough nut to crack.

Yeah, she was aware some of her friends thought she was crazy, the way she was always meddling in her girls' lives, costing herself money when her setups worked. But sometimes, she could achieve for them the thing that had always eluded her—love. Just call her a sentimental ole' fool.

"Dulcie, it's time to leave." Denise leaned against the door. "After all you are giving away the bride. Amber would be awfully upset if you're late for her wedding."

"Be right there, honey." She adjusted her hat and smoothed her dress. "This is one wedding I won't be late for."

Linking her arm through Denise's as they walked out the door, she looked down at the petite blonde. Granted she was a little older, but older women needed love too. "So honey, I never hear much about your love life. You gotta man?"