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# Let's Talk About Sex

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LaRue

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LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX

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Let's Talk About Sex  
By  
Emery LaRue

"Good morning and welcome. You're on the air with Dr. River LaBeck. What's your name caller?"

"Norma."

"What can I do for you, Norma?"

"Well, it's about my husband and his needs."

"Go on."

"Recently, he decided to ask me to participate in a threesome." She sighed. "I just can't bring myself to have sex with another woman. I worry I may lose him if I don't give in."

River tried to be patient. She took one of these calls at least once a day. Her assistant Trudy screened calls, but this was a general concern. However, this woman sounded more like a sweet, set in her ways lady.

"How old are you, Norma? And your husband?"

"I just turned sixty, my husband is sixty eight."

River about choked on her coffee. She loved it when the older generation called her hotline. It was very healthy, and to her it seemed the public didn't take notice of that. All the billboards and ads spoke to the younger generation.

"Tell me, Norma. Does your husband have another partner in mind for his fantasy?"

"Oh yes, she's just next door."

"And you could never see yourself with another woman?"

"No."

"I'll tell you what you should do. First, set the mood. Light some candles, and seduce your husband the old fashioned way. Odds are he is feeling a little bored. Spice it up, and you will win the day."

"You really think so?"

"Absolutely." She smiled. "Give me a call and let me know how it goes."

"Thank you, Dr. LaBeck. I will do that."

River smiled as she disconnected the line, nodding at Trudy when she motioned for the five minute break for the weather.

"It's that time folks, your local weather is coming up next. Don't tune us out; I will be back in five to take your calls."

When the all clear was given, she removed her headset and snagged her cup. She needed fresh coffee.

Walking down the hall, she thought of Norma with a smile. God, she could only hope she had a sex life at that age. She was almost thirty and couldn't keep a man if she tied him down. River considered herself pretty enough. At five foot seven she was of average height. Her hair and eyes had to be her best feature. Not many ladies could say that their raven black hair and green eyes were really their own.

It was her radio personality that got her most dates. She was not innocent, but she was tired of the game. They would date her for awhile, then when a petite little honey in a slinky outfit walked by, they forgot she was even there. River wasn't petite. She was a little more than average, but she thought she was well portioned for her height and size. Her hips may flare a little more, her tummy slightly rounded. She considered herself curvy.

Since she started here at TALK radio, she had moved her office to the first floor of the building. Two hours a day, five days a week, she was on the air. Then it was down stairs to her walk-in clients. She loved helping others work out their differences. Too bad her own sex life was in the toilet.

Walking into the break room, she poured herself some coffee. The place was empty at this time of the day. She sipped the warm brew, refilled her cup and made a fresh pot. Just when she would have headed out the door, it opened. The door smacked her mug, and hot coffee splashed all over the front of her blouse.

"Shit," she muttered, snagging some napkins and dabbing at the front of her white silk. "Have you any idea how much this cost me? It's impossible to clean coffee

stains from white silk. Why don't you look where you're going?"

Finally she looked up, and the breath left her. Brice James, the man of her fantasies was standing before her. He was a walking dream. Six foot four of pure male. His sandy hair complemented his gray eyes, which now looked amused. He was sexy, hot, amused, and her boss. He owned TALK radio, and she just all but told him off.

"I'm sorry, Mr. James." She blushed. "I was just startled."

"Now, River, when will you call me Brice?"

"Okay. I am so sorry, Brice. I was rude."

"Nonsense. I ruined your blouse. Send it to my office and I will have it cleaned. If the stain won't come out, I can replace it."

"That won't be necessary, but thank you anyway." She refilled her cup, and turned again to leave the room. "Have a good afternoon."

"I will, River."

Something about the way he said her name sent chills all through her. Damn, but that was one fantasy she would love to eat with a spoon.

\* \* \*

Brice smiled, watching her walk down the hall. River was one fine piece of woman, and he had thought many times on asking her out. He knew she was single, but he also knew that one taste wouldn't be enough. Seeing her again, he knew he was fighting a losing battle.

Coffee in hand, he walked back to his office, closed the door and tuned into her show. He loved her voice. Many nights he lay awake, thinking of what he would do to her long silky black hair. It reached her ass when it was down. Her green eyes were another story. He would stare into her eyes while he took her. Watching them flare as he brought her to climax.

He groaned, his body responding to his thoughts and the sound of her voice. Sultry and seductive was the way to describe it.

The topic was fantasy. Callers shared their every thought with her. Then it hit him. She never answered her own questions. A smile curved his lips as an idea came to mind. He turned down the radio, and picked up his private phone.

\* \* \*

"You're on the air. Tell us your name and your fantasy."

"My name's Sabrina and my fantasy is a little strange."

"We like the strange here, Sabrina. Share with us and maybe someone out there will get a tasty idea."

"Well, I always wanted to do it while on horseback. You know, the ones you read about in those romance novels."

"I believe I've read a few of those. Do you own a horse?"

"Several."

"Then what's stopping you, girl? Saddle that pony, get your man in the rig and live it."

"You think he would go for it?"

"You never know. If it works out, let us know how it went."

"Will do."

River laughed at Trudy who gave her a little dance, fanning her face. She held up a sign that said Yahoo Buckaroo.

"You're on the air. What's your name and your fantasy?"

"You can call me, B.J."

"And your fantasy, B.J.?"

"My fantasy, Dr. LaBeck, is to know your fantasy."

River sent Trudy a questioning look, but she just shook her head and shrugged. She had to answer him. The callers would wonder why she could hear theirs, but not one of her own. Well, hell. What a fine pickle!

"Alright, B.J., here is one of my fantasies. A perfect stranger comes to me at

night. He brings me to life with his touch. He blindfolds me, and I am forced to use all my senses. When he is finished bringing me pleasure like I never have known, he is gone. I am left to wonder who he is, and when he will come to me again."

"That is a true fantasy, Dr. LaBeck. Thank you."

The line went dead, and she was quick with her closing words. She had to get out of this booth.

"That's all for today folks. Be sure to tune in tomorrow morning, as we will keep the fantasy chat going for a few days. Until tomorrow, this is River LaBeck signing off."

The all clear flashed and River hurried from the booth. Trudy met her at the door, a smile on her face.

"A perfect stranger?"

"Trudy, did you screen that caller?"

"Yes, River. I can't help it that he decided to ask you your fantasy."

"Well, it's done. I have an appointment downstairs." She winked. "And I like the idea of a stranger ravishing my body."

River hurried down the stairs. Her schedule was busy today, but it would take her mind off that caller. Why did it bother her so much? In her office, she changed her shirt, finally, and welcomed her first clients. When she sat at her desk, she noticed an envelope addressed to her sitting in the center. A single red rose lay across it. She picked up the flower, sniffed, and opened the card.

"Under the cover of darkness, I will come to you. If you want your fantasy to come to life, leave your bedroom window open. Until then, sweet lady, I will remain your fantasy lover."

River gasped, holding the card in her hand. Oh boy, she really went and done it this time.

\* \* \*

She showered, dressed in her floor length gown, and paced the floor. The rose in



one hand, the card in the other. Was she really considering this? He could be another Bundy or Manson. Why not just hand him the knife? But something inside her said she had nothing to fear. It was in his voice, like she could trust it. Like she knew it. But that was just silly. How could she have known him?

What are the odds it will really happen? She chewed her lower lip. Oh, for heavens sake, River. Open the damn window and go to bed.

Her mind made up, she walked into her bedroom and turned the covers down. Laughing at herself, she opened the window, and then lay between the sheets. For awhile she just lay there, then she sighed, flicked the lamp off and closed her eyes. River slipped into a dreamless sleep.

The feel of something soft covering her eyes woke her with a start.

"Easy, Dr. LaBeck. I won't hurt you."

River couldn't believe it. He was really here, in her house, in her bed. He had crawled through her window, and was proceeding to be her fantasy. She didn't even know what he looked like. But, that was the point, right?

"Now, how should I begin, Dr. LaBeck? I think your hands first."

A whisper of silk and she felt ties around her wrists. He secured them to the headboard. She felt a moments panic.

"I won't hurt you." He whispered in her ear, and she shivered. "I am only going to be your every desire."

He stood, and she heard fabric hit the floor. A zipper sounded loudly in the quiet room, and she somehow knew he was undressing. Another thought hit her. He would be undressing her. She panicked. River never had, and never would be a perfect woman in a man's eyes. She thought she was comfortable with her body. Until now. Her thighs and hips curved nicely for her size. But suddenly she didn't want him to look at her.

"Now, Dr. LaBeck, you are way over dressed." His hands gripped her gown and she tensed. He paused. "Problem?"

His voice was so deep, so soothing, and so familiar. Where had she heard that voice? What if it was the guy from the TALK mail room with the nasal drip and pocket

protector? No, he screamed at a rat once, so she couldn't see him as her fantasy lover. But she damn well knew that voice.

"I'm not so sure this is a good idea," she said, hating how her voice shook. "Or maybe you could just leave the gown on?"

"No."

A ripping sound filled the room, and she gasped as her breasts were exposed. She could feel the heat on her face.

"Now, why would I leave the gown and miss these beauties?"

Beauties? Her breasts were large and would more than fill a man's hands. He proved that point when he cupped them, rubbing his thumbs over her nipples. She gasped, arching into his hands.

"They are perfect." He licked each nipple. "I knew they would be."

River couldn't think. His hot breath against her breasts, and the wet licks of his tongue had her mind whirling. She stiffened again when his hands tore the gown completely down the center.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked, running his hands over her.

"I'm not exactly a size six."

"No, you're not, but let me fill you in on a little secret." He placed his arm over her middle, while his other hand stroked her curls below. "I'm a big man, Dr. LaBeck, and you are woman enough for me."

River cried out when one long, thick finger pushed into her. She had been wet from the moment he placed the blindfold over her eyes. He worked that one finger slowly in and out of her. When she thought she could take no more, he took her with his mouth. Her hips rocked, and she no longer cared that a stranger was in her bed, no longer cared that he was looking at her exposed and vulnerable body. All she could feel was his mouth and hand.

"Nice and tight. You'll hold me like a glove," he said against her, drawing her clit between his lips and flicking it with his tongue. "Take a little more, and you'll be ready for me."

He pushed another finger into her, and she arched off the bed. She was on fire, greedy for more. Still he loved her with his mouth, giving her no quarter. He pushed his fingers deeper, and she came with a low cry, rolling her hips and holding him inside her. His mouth replaced his fingers, and he drank her into him, moaning at her taste.

"Sweet, so sweet," he said, against her. "But then, I knew you would be."

River tried to focus on his voice, but she was still humming with pleasure. His tongue licked a path from her clit to her belly and on up, pulling a nipple deep into his mouth. She felt sensitive, raw with lust and need. Then his mouth was on hers, and she tasted herself on his lips. She returned his kiss, feeling the fire build inside her once again.

"I'm going to make love to you now," he said, his lips still against hers. "Before this night is over, you will never again doubt you are a desirable woman." She heard the crinkling of foil, and guessed he was putting on a condom.

His hips spread her thighs wide, as his tongue lapped at her mouth, and his cock slowly began to slide inside of her. She was right, he had sheathed himself.

River gasped at the welcoming sensation of being filled so full with him. He seemed to be never ending, sliding deeper, touching places never touched before. When his hips rested against her own, she felt as if she might burst.

"Relax, baby. I know you feel full of me. You're so very tight." He kissed her gently. "But I can promise you, I won't hurt you. We'll take this slow."

He pulled out only a little, and slowly pushed back into her. Her hands gripped the silk binding her to the headboard. With each stroke he made inside her, she pulled her bindings, arching her hips. His mouth took her breasts, sucking a nipple in time with his strokes.

River tossed her head on the pillow. The pleasure was so much more than the pain. She never knew a man who could fill her so completely. Her hips began to meet his thrusts, and she was suddenly begging him for release.


His knees rested on the bed and he leaned over her, braced on his arms. His strokes became quicker, harder, deeper with every cry.

"Let go, baby. Take what you want." He drove into her harder. "Oh, damn, River."

She felt the hot pulsing inside her. Knowing he was coming sent her flying over the edge. Over and over her body trembled, and if he hadn't been lying on top of her, she would have doubled over.

He kissed her gently, then stood. He was dressing. When she felt him release the ties on her hands, she moved to uncover her eyes. His hand stopped her.

"No. I am only a fantasy. For now."

She waited until she heard her window shut, then pulled the blind from her eyes. River hurried to the window, but he was gone. Turning back to the bed, she spotted a single red rose. She sat and lifted it to her nose, breathing in the sweet scent. It hit her like a blow then. Her fantasy lover had brought her to the highest peak, pushed her off the cliff of atisfaction and caught her as she fell. And he had called her River.

It wouldn't have struck her as odd, but since he had called her Dr. LaBeck all night, until he was coming with her, inside of her, she thought it was strange.

And damn it, she knew that voice!

\* \* \*

Brice sat at his desk the following morning, sipping his coffee and wondering about River. He had wanted to remove her blindfold, show her his face, and make love to her all over again. But would she want him? He had a reputation as a playboy, though it was more rumor than fact.

She had been shy about her body. River was rounded in all the right places. He loved touching her, and her taste was addictive. Her sweet flavor had exploded on his tongue, invading his senses. He wanted more of River LaBeck.

He switched the radio on, and her sultry voice surrounded him. The callers loved River, and she related to them all. She was continuing the fantasy theme today, and he was waiting to call in. It was sneaky, but he wanted another night with her. He needed

another fantasy.

When her five minute break for the weather was announced, he grabbed his cup and headed for the lounge.

She was standing at the coffee machine when he arrived. Her back was to him, and he took a moment to admire her hair and the curves of her body. He walked slowly up behind her, and reached around her for the pot. It brushed him against her.

"Excuse me."

"Oh, hi, Brice. Sorry I was in the way." She smiled and stepped aside.

"You're fine." He poured his coffee. "So, how's the show today?"

"Busy. Its fantasy theme and they are eating it up."

"Glad to hear it. You doing something different with your hair?"

"No." She raised a brow at him. "Same as usual."

"Well, you look great. I better get back to the office."

"Okay. Thanks."

He winked and walked from the room. He smiled all the way to his office.

River was still frowning when she walked back to the booth. Brice James had told her she looked great. Was the sky gonna fall or something? And why did her nipples get hard the minute he looked at her? Brice was every woman's fantasy, but he was known for his conquests in the bedroom. Would she really want to be a notch on the bedpost? She smiled to herself. Hell yes she would. But men like Brice didn't go for the full figured woman.

River, you are a freaky woman today, she said to herself as she took her seat. She was still reeling from last night, and yet Brice talks to her and she's on fire all over again. Damn, what was wrong with her?

"Hello and welcome. Tell us your name and what's your fantasy?"

"Hi Dr. LaBeck. I'm Laura, and I have a fantasy about making love in public."

"A common enough fantasy."

"But I wanna do it on the top of the empire state building."

"Ah, the risky type. As fun as that sounds, Laura, it's jail if you're caught. You

may just wanna keep this one in the fantasy category and experiment with something else."

The woman laughed and hung up, leaving River shaking her head.

"Welcome caller. Tell us your name and what's your fantasy?"

"I think you already know what I will say, Dr. LaBeck"

"Well, B.J., welcome." She couldn't fight the heat that coursed through her. "Is this a new game we will be playing?"

"You tell me yours, and I will tell you mine."

"Well, B.J., my fantasies all revolve around my secret lover. Only this time, I am already blindfolded in a hot bath with bubbles and candles. He comes to me, baths my body, and then leads me into the bedroom, where he loves me in ways known as taboo, or the forbidden."

"You have wonderful fantasies, Dr. LaBeck."

"Your turn, B.J., What's your fantasy?"

"My fantasy, Dr. LaBeck, is to give you yours. You know the rules of the game. The question is will you play?"

The line went dead and River was a puddle in her chair.

"Yes, well, that's all for today folks. Be sure to tune in tomorrow for our final day of fantasy. This is Dr. River LaBeck, signing off."

She hurried from the booth, passed Trudy, and all but ran to her office. Damn but her body felt like he was there with her. She was on fire and wanted her fantasy man here and now. Oh damn, why didn't she say her fantasy was for him to be in her office naked and waiting? Damn, damn, damn.

"Damn." She groaned, sitting in her chair. "It's going to be a long day."

\* \* \*

River pinned her hair up and slid into the hot water. The candles flickered all around her, and the scent of honeysuckle rose from the bubbles floating over her body.

She had left the window open. She was ready to play the game. Only this time, she would know who her lover was. It felt naughty, but not right to allow a stranger to bring her to such pleasure. She only hoped neither would be disappointed.

She lay back, adjusted the cover over her eyes, and relaxed.

The water swirled and a hand touched her thigh.

"So, you do want to play the game?"

That voice again. She almost had it, when a thumb brushed her nipple and sparks shot through her body. Her thighs separated, inviting his touch.

"So, Dr. LaBeck, how would you like this fantasy to go?"

"I want to see your face. And then I want to play the game."

He was quiet so long, she held her breath.

"What if you don't like what you see?"

"Let me be the judge of that."

"Are you sure, River?"

She stiffened. Oh my good lord. She knew that voice, and she was suddenly in a panic. It was him, the man of her fantasies. The one so close yet so far away. How could she stand the look in his eyes when all the barriers were down? But then, he had already seen her, touched her, loved her.

"Oh, I am more than sure, Brice James." She smiled. "Or do you prefer BJ?"

The cover was slowly lifted from her eyes, and she was staring into the gray ones that had haunted her dreams so many nights.


"When did you know?"

"The moment you said my name. Just now."

"Are you disappointed? Or angry?"

"Well, that depends."

"On?"

"Why you are doing this." She settled back in the water, noticing his hand still touched  thigh under the water. "Why are you doing this, Brice?"

He sighed, and slowly stroked her thigh.

"I've watched you for so long, River. Your sweet smile and laughing eyes. But was sure my reputation as a bad boy wouldn't make me look to tempting in your eyes." He grinned boyishly. "I do want to say, however, that most of it is rumor. But you, so sweet and giving, I was afraid I didn't stand a chance."

"Brice?"

"Huh?" He seemed particularly interested in a bubble just under her breast.

"That has to be the biggest load of crap I have ever heard."

His eyes shot to hers, and though she sounded severe, there was laughter in her eyes.

"Are you telling me that you never noticed me watching you? Never knew I was even interested in you? Brice, I've been thinking of you since I started at TALK."

"Really?"

"Well, you don't need to look so surprised. But I'm not exactly what I thought was your type."

"You're very much my type, River." His hand slid higher, stroking her lightly between her thighs. "And this is one game I don't want to see end."

"So, what are you waiting for?"

His mouth claimed hers before she finished speaking. He broke the kiss long enough to shed his clothes and climb in behind her. When he pulled her back against his chest, his hands claimed her breasts and lightly caressed them.

"Now, this feels perfect," he said, nibbling at her neck. "There are so many things I plan to do to you, River."

"And when will the game end?"

"How does, oh, fifty years or so sound to you?"

She turned her head and kissed him, knowing that what she felt inside her now was very close to love. With gentle hands he bathed her, and together they towed off, then retreated to her bed.

"Just what do you have planned for me?" she asked when he lay over her.

"Should I tell you? Or, should I show you?"



He watched her eyes flare as he slowly slid into her. Loving the way her body arched into his.

"Show me. Definitely show me."

\* \* \*

"Good morning. You're on the air with Dr. River LaBeck. What's your name caller, and you pick the topic."

River smiled at Trudy. The little mouse was surprised. River always picked the topic herself.

"You should know me by now, Dr. LaBeck."

She shivered at his voice, knowing full well who her caller was.

"Well, B.J., it's been awhile. What's your topic?" River licked her lips, loving the game that had been started but would never end.

"Let's talk about sex."

"My favorite topic." She crossed her legs under the station desk. It did nothing to ease the ache.

"What are your thoughts on spanking, Dr. LaBeck?"

River smiled wickedly, her mind whirling. Oh, she would tell him her thoughts. She would tell the world her thoughts. Her pulse quickened, knowing that tonight yet another of her fantasies would come to life. With a sparkle in her eyes and that wicked smile on her face, she proceeded to let him know just how much she would enjoy being spanked.

Trudy blushed and covered her ears.

B.J. groaned.

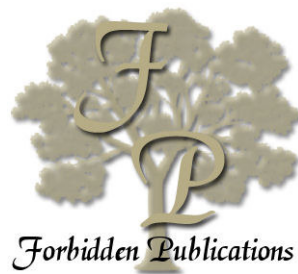
River couldn't wait till midnight.

The End

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

### EMERY LARUE

Growing up with a very talented grandfather, I knew I wanted to write. I love stories with strong and passionate characters, and the promise of true love. With two wonderful kids and my love for them, I stay busy with soccer and football. But I always find time to visit my new friends between the pages. Welcome to my world, I look forward to sharing it with you.



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