

# ***Porn Interrupted***

A Valentine's Day story by

Victoria Blisse

## Porn Interrupted

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*P*orn. I love it. Some people probably think I am pathetic. All alone on Valentine's night surfing the Internet for interesting (and, preferably free) porn. I, however, am not pathetic. I don't need pity or sympathy or setting up on a blind date. I have my porn and I'm happy.

What, you don't believe me? No. I've not convinced myself quite yet either but what else can I do, eh? SHE left me last year, not long after I bought her that expensive silk nightdress for Valentine's. SHE said I no longer fulfilled her needs (my credit card did, though) and ran off with some young millionaire or something. SHE got half of bloody everything and *she* was marrying a frigging millionaire. What did I get of hers? The bill for all her sexy Versace numbers and her "because I'm worth it" make up. Thanks a lot, Bodgers & Sons, solicitors extra bleeding incompetent.

Anyhow, I'm not bitter. I'm searching for porn.

I've got it down to a fine (or is that phallic?) art now. I have all my favourite pages in a folder ready for my masturbating pleasure. Hot Horny Honeys is one of my favourites, but even the sight of those young pussies dripping in glorious Technicolor isn't working. Not even a stirring in the crotch area.

Damn woman. I might not have fulfilled her but I was pretty damn satisfied by her. Now there is this huge void inside which I try to fill with all kinds of stuff, but nothing seems to work.

I believe in the power of porn, and as I log in to Fetish Fun I switch on my messenger programme. I guess there's not much chance of anyone being online tonight of all nights; most of my "friends" are married or

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at least shackled up with someone, but you never know your luck, do you?

Now, what to choose? Tied up Tina or Sandy Spanked? Decisions, decisions.

Beep -boop!

Ooh, a message, from Tina.

Tina? I thought she was going away with Bob for the weekend. Hmm, weird.

*Pete? Are you there?*

*Hey, Tina, yeah I'm here. What are you doing online?*

*Oh, thank God you're here! I've had a totally awful day, Pete.*

*Why, love, what's happened?*

*He's left me. Bob has gone.*

I can't believe it, but I keep typing. Turns out he'd been cheating on her for months. Yep, decided he couldn't lie anymore, today of all days. Fuck. Tina is one of the loveliest women I know. She's sweet, kind, and sexy as hell. Yeah we've done the cyber thing and, bloody hell, that woman knows how to turn a man on! Mostly, though, we just chat and flirt, and I have to say I kind of like that. I hate knowing she's upset.

*Pete -can I ring you?*

The words stand out on the screen like they're written in neon lights. We did speak on the phone once. She rang me and we chatted. She has the most beautiful voice. It's sweet and soft and sticky, just like honey. Oh yeah, I got so hot talking to her, but we just chatted. I masturbated hard after we spoke, exploding with the echoes of that voice spinning in my head. Damn, that was good.

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She's not going to be up for sexy flirting stuff this time, though. It's going to be a heavy conversation. I can't leave her upset like this though, tonight of all bloody nights.

*Of course you can, Tina. I'll be by the phone waiting.*

I let the phone ring just a couple of times so I don't look too sad, and then I hear her voice.

"Hey, Pete." I can hear she's been crying, can guess she probably still is.

"Hiya, Tina. How are you?" What a goddamn stupid thing to ask! Idiot!

"Coping. I think. Thanks for letting me ring, Pete. I dunno who else to turn to."

Suddenly she's in floods of tears and I am a jittering, useless fool.

"Oh, Tina. I'd kick that fella's arse from here to December if I could get my hands on him."

Really helpful, I know, but it's my man coding kicking in.

"No, no. It's okay Pete. I've been expecting it. Things haven't been right with Bob and me for ages. It's just like the little bugger to do all this on Valentine's Day."

I am listening to her as she tells me her woes; how he's been avoiding spending time with her and how she'd found several things that made her think he might be having affair. I only butt in when she's putting herself down. She's a good woman and she needs to know that.

"You're too good to me, Pete," she sighs, "I bet I've just totally ruined your night."

"God, no!" I exclaim. "I was just surfing for porn. Valentine's isn't anything major for me now."

Why do I have to be so truthful, eh? This woman disarms me and I just blurt out what I'm thinking.

“Porn, huh? Did you find anything good?”

Now the conversation is taking a strange turn.

“Not really. I was just looking at some new sites, you know, with a bit of bondage, a bit of spanking, uniforms. That kind of thing.”

“Kinky stuff then, huh?” She chuckles throatily and my cock jumps in response. “Can I tell you something?”

“Sure.” She can tell me anything, especially if she makes that noise again.

“Well. I’ve always been a bit kinky. Bob was never into anything different, though. I’ve always fantasised about dressing up and being tied down. Oh, and being spanked, that kind of thing, you know? I always wanted to be taken,” she giggles nervously, “in public or with someone watching, I like that idea a lot.” She takes a long shuddering breath and then continues, “I have this fantasy of just some random guy pouncing on me and pinning me down and pulling my panties down, fucking me and leaving me there so I’d never see his face, never know who it was. Yeah, that excites me.”

My cock is straining, it so hot and hard and eager. I want to say so much but all I seem to be capable of doing is panting.

“Pete. I’m sorry...”

“Oh, don’t apologise. I was just, well, caught up in your fantasy.” I blush. Yeah, I actually feel my manly cheeks heat up.

“Pete. Tell me one of your fantasies.” I swear I can hear her moving in her seat.

“Okay, well, I’ve got lots. I hope I don’t get too kinky for you.” I chuckle and I hear her make that throaty laughing noise again and I have to stroke myself through my boxers. I did mention whenever I surf for porn I do it in just my underwear, didn’t I? No, well, I’ll tell you now. I’m sitting here in my living room with just my utilitarian grey boxers on, getting hard and wanting to wank. “One of my favourite fantasies was inspired by my old French teacher at school. She was a big buxom

lady and I was fascinated by her. Anyway, my fantasy is to be tied down to a bed, naked, then I want a beautiful, curvy naked lady to come and sit on my face and make me lick her to orgasm.”

There was definitely a moan from her end of the phone. Oh, God, I think we’re doing it. I think we’re really having phone sex.

“I have always had a schoolgirl fantasy.” She’s continuing, and her continuing is causing me to yank my cock from my pants and gently stroke it. “I’ve always wanted to be the naughty school girl, you know? Sent to the headmaster’s room and punished.”

“You are a naughty girl, aren’t you, Tina?” I butt in. I hope this works. I want to join her fantasy, I want to give her something good to remember about today.

“Yes. Yes, I am,” she hesitates a moment, then stammers, “S...sir.”

“Well then, you’ll have to be made to be a good girl. I shall spank the naughtiness out of you.” A sharp intake of breath and a muffled moan lead me to believe she’s playing with herself. I ease my cock from my pants and admire its full aching length.

“You’re being naughty now, aren’t you, Tina?” I growl the question. My cock feels good in my hand and I need this release.

“Yes, Sir.” She’s breathless, panting the words. I can almost feel her breath caressing my cheek down the phone line.

“Tell me what you’re doing, naughty girl,” I demand in my sternest voice. Shit, this is like a dream come true. Well, least I have the audio, better than the crappy staged porn stuff. Fuck the power of porn and all hail the erotic phone conversation, says I.

“I’ve peeled off my wet panties, Sir, and they’re caught around my ankles. I am on my sofa with my legs splayed, Sir, and I’m playing with myself.”

"I need more details. I need to know just how much punishment you deserve." I growl, the arousal evident in my voice.

She is playing with her cute cunt. I know it's cute because I've seen it. Yeah, one night we both got drunk and sent each other nude pics. She was distraught the next day and asked me to delete them, and for some weird reason I actually fucking did. I can visualise her right now, though, her curvy legs bowed wide, her skirt hiked up around her waist, her sweet little brunette bush exposed to my gaze, yum.

"Come on, slut. Tell me more!" I snap the words out, almost roaring.

"I'm rubbing my pussy lips now, Sir. They're so wet. My finger is slipping down between them and, ooh, I'm pressing inside my pussy now, Sir. Fuck, I'm dripping wet. I've got my thumb on my clit, just the slightest little rub and I feel I'm going to explode."

Fuck. I feel like I'm going to bloody explode and I've barely touched my prick.

"Oh, you naughty girl, you know you're forcing me to wank my cock, don't you? It's so fucking hard and I'm stroking it. I'm stroking it and my balls are curling up and I know I'm going to shoot. You'd like me to cum on your cunt, wouldn't you, you nasty, dirty girl?"

"Oh yes, Sir!" the words fall out quickly one after each other, "Oh, Sir. Oh, Sir, I'm going to come!"

"Yes, naughty slut. Yes! Come for me as I explode."

The keening, screaming feminine noise that is flowing down the phone into my ear makes me erupt. I roar as the cum shoots whilst I pump. I see it splattering on my stomach and over my fingers and imagine what she looks like as she orgasms, too.

"Fuck, Tina." I pant, unsure of what to say but needing to say something.

"Exactly," she purrs back. "Thanks, Pete, I needed that."

"No, thank you. Damn, woman, you are hot!"



She giggles and I visualise the blush on her cheeks.

“Pete, I’ve had a great time, maybe we should meet, you know, in the flesh.”

“Sure, I’d love that.” I would, too. Not just for the fucking, just to see her, hug her, be with her for a while.

“We’ll sort something out soon, Pete, I’m tired now. You’ve worn me out.”

“Heh, I’m a bit sleep myself, now,” I admit, “I’ll email you tomorrow and we can arrange to meet up.”

“Okay, Pete, thank you and Happy Valentine’s Day.”

“Thank you, Tina, sweet dreams,” I reply and we put down the phone together.

“Now that is better than porn.” I smile and take myself off to bed with kinky images dancing through my mind of public sex, spanking and Tina. Maybe Valentine’s Day isn’t so sucky after all.

## *About the Author*

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her books please check out her website at <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk> Victoria loves to make new friends, so if you're on Myspace pop over and say hello: <http://www.myspace.com/victoriablisse> or send an email to her at [Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk](mailto:Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk) ..