

Long Distance

An erotic short story by

Stevie Woods

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“Oh, Philip, it’s wonderful to hear your voice. I’ve missed you so much.” Ross tucked the phone in closer as he made himself comfortable.

“Me too, Ross, me too. Sorry it took so long. This is the first time I’ve been given a room on my own.”

“Four days, Phil, four fucking days. It seems like a lifetime!”

“I know, me too. Crazy, isn’t it? We’ve been close friends for years. Spent weeks apart sometimes and it was never like this.”

“I know, I know. Three months as a couple and now it’s so...lonely. I’m lonely for your voice.”

“Your eyes.”

“Your hands.”

“Those strong fingers. Oh, God, I can almost feel them.”

“Can you, Ross? Really?”

“Oh yeah, so strong, yet so tender.”

“Can you feel them caress your cheek, lingering as my fingertips brush your lower lip?”

“Philip, please don’t. I miss you so much.”

“Bear with me, Ross. What are you wearing? Where are you?”

“I’m lying on the sofa. I’ve got those old grey sweats on, the ones you like.”

“The ones that slip down at the whisper of a touch?”

The tension in Philip’s voice was clear even over hundreds of miles of phone line. “Slip them down for me, Ross. Let me imagine them sliding down revealing those long muscular legs, sleek and tempting.” Ross did as he was bid and as if knew the exact moment when they slid to the floor, Philip continued, “Can you feel my hands as I push them down, sliding them off?”

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Sucking in a breath, Ross said, “Your hands tenderly caressing my thighs, Philip.”

“My hands drift down the outside of your thighs and behind your knees...”

“That spot that always makes me quiver,” Ross said shakily.

“Down your calves until I reach your feet. You know I’ve got a thing for your feet.”

“Oh, yeah.”

“But I don’t want to linger there tonight; I want to move back up the inside of your legs.”

“And I open them wider, can’t help that...” gasped Ross, sliding his hands up and down the inside of his thighs and up over his belly, teasing himself by ignoring his cock.

“It turns me on that you want me so much.” Philip’s voice was husky. “I glance up trying to catch your eye, but your head is thrown back, neck arched. I don’t know whether to stay where I am or lean over and kiss you. I compromise, leaving my hand caressing your inner thighs while I stretch up to suckle on your neck.”

“I angle my neck to give you better access. I love it when you kiss just there, where my neck and shoulder meet.”

“You squirm when I move my hand up to cup your balls...”

“Oh, God!” Ross’ hand dropped to his balls, rolling them between his fingers.

“I love the feel of them, the weight in my hands, the way you freeze for a second before you give yourself over to the feel of my touch...”

“Never knew you noticed,” Ross murmured.

“I notice everything about you, babe. Every moan, every gasp. Like the tiny moan when my fingers drift across your opening.”

“Babe! God, you and your endearments. Suppose I can put up with that, just don’t call me baby. Ever!”

Laughter drifted down the phone line.

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“I want to kiss you, can I?” Ross asked.

“My lips are occupied with your nipples at the moment, but just for a second I lean up, wanting to taste you.”

Ross sighed, his hand sliding up and down his cock, imagining Philip’s hands on him.

“You know what else I like?” Ross pondered.

“Tell me, Ross.”

“Tasting myself on your tongue.”

After a moment of heavy breathing, Philip said, “In a while, give me time.”

“Don’t make me wait,” Ross begged, “my cock is rock hard and weeping.”

“Oh, God, Ross, what you do to me...even from so far away.”

“Just now I’m drawing circles on your back, trying to reach as low as I can, but it’s hard because you’ve just slid down to take my cock in your mouth. I can feel your warm breath gusting across the head and it’s making my head spin.” Ross’ eyes were closed as he visualized the scene he was describing, his hand moving faster and faster over his cock.

“I lick the tip of your cock, taking the precum onto my tongue,” Philip breathed. “I glance up at you, feeling your eyes on me. Your pupils are nearly black and it makes me so hot that I make you feel so much. I pull my attention back to your cock, opening my mouth to take it in. Slowly at first, my lips working their way down from tip to root.”

“I can feel the heat and the pressure. My breath is coming in gasps, and then I don’t think I’m breathing at all as I feel your finger enter me.” Ross’ heart beat faster as his orgasm gathered. It wouldn’t be long now.

“Just one finger at first to get you used to it, but I think it might be enough if I can just find the special spot...”

“Fuck! Every time you touch me there I think I’ve died and gone to heaven, until you do it all over again,

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your mouth on my cock...” The words died as Ross climaxed, shooting all over his belly and chest. “Philip!” he cried.

As if in response to Ross’ cry, Philip panted and murmured Ross’ name repeatedly, Ross hearing him as if from afar.

“Wow, Phil, that was something else. I would never have thought I could come that hard just from hearing your voice.”

“Came pretty hard myself. It felt as if you were with me, Ross. I could almost hear you muttering.” Philip laughed. “Course, the only words I can get are the odd ‘yes’, ‘more’ and Philip!”

Ross giggled. “There’s no way I can claim to know exactly what I’m saying when you’ve turned my brain to mush, but I guess somewhere in there I’m saying *I love you.*”

“I know,” Philip said softly, “but still it’s good to hear the words. Particularly as I have a question for you.”

“Question?”

“I was going to wait until we were together again, but I don’t want to wait one more minute; I need to know now.”

“What is it? Is something wrong?”

“Only if you say no.”

“Please, Philip, what is it?”

“Sorry, didn’t mean to worry you.” There was the sound of Philip taking a deep breath. “Ross, I want you to move in with me. Permanently.”

“What?”

Philip laughed. “You heard me.” There was silence for a moment until Philip added quietly, “Will you?”

“I...I never expected you to ask me that so soon. I know we’ve been friends for years, but we’ve only been together for—”

“Stop waffling,” Philip interrupted, amused, exasperated. “Do you want to? Will you?”

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“Oh, God, yes!” Ross declared.

“Thank God! You had me worried for a moment. As soon as I get home we’re going to make plans to...”

“I’m not waiting until you get home, love. I’m starting my packing tomorrow. I’ll have everything organized by the time you arrive home.”

Philip laughed. “Such enthusiasm. It’s good to be wanted.”

“Oh, I’ll prove to you just how much you’re wanted the moment you walk in the door.” There was a short silence. “Philip? Hurry home.”

About the Author

Stevie Woods lives in the Northwest of England and enjoys reading and writing stories of romantic adventure. Stevie is happy to hear from readers via <http://www.steviewoods.com>.