



Oral Expressions

By

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Dedication

To Luscious: You are my best friend, and without you, I would still be hiding my work, afraid to send it out.

To my Husband: Thank you for saying "I do" and meaning it no matter what.

Chapter One

Trey Cano glanced around his upscale condo apartment. Lights from the Austin skyline twinkled through the darkness outside his tenth floor windows. The bachelor party was in full swing. Beer and shots were flowing freely, and the groom was having a great time.

"Where's the stripper?"

Several of the partygoers had already asked the same question.

The groom, Richard, swayed toward Trey. "Jessica said no stripper. You didn't get a stripper, did you? She'll kill me if she finds out."

"No, Richard, we didn't, but we did get you the next best thing."

Paul, one of the groomsmen, slapped Richard on the back. "I got an hour with a phone sex girl. The cost was about the same, but your wife-to-be can't get pissed about it. No tits in your face, nothing to touch, just some sexy voice coming out of the speakerphone. And she knows it's a party, so she's willing to give us all a go."

"I don't know." Richard shook his head. "I don't think Jessica would approve."

Paul roared with laughter and glanced around at the other guys. "I guess we all know who'll be wearing the pants in this relationship."

"Knock it off, Paul," Trey said. "If he doesn't want to, just leave him alone. Doesn't mean the rest of you can't call her."

Paul was a good guy, but once he got a few drinks in him, he could turn into a dick.

"Hell yeah, we're going to." He turned and called to the rest of the guys, "Hey, who wants to call the hooker?"

Trey groaned. "She's not a hooker."

Paul shrugged. "Same difference. She's getting paid to fuck. Even if it is just phone fucking." He clamped a hand on the grooms shoulder. "Come on, man. Time to grow a pair."

Richard shook his head. "I can't. You guys go ahead."

The groomsman grumbled. "Naw. I can call my girl and get real pussy. No sense wasting the money on a voice when I can have a body for free." Turning, he made his way back into the living room with the rest of the guys.

Richard turned to Trey, his eyes glassy. "I'm sorry, I just know Jessica wouldn't approve."

Trey smiled. "No big deal. I respect your decision." He blew out a deep breath and grabbed a fresh beer. "I better go call her and let her know there won't be a party tonight." Half a dozen steps down the hall and he entered his bedroom.

Bailing out on the call made Trey feel like shit. Not that he was overly interested in calling a 900 number, but those girls had to make a living too, and they made money based on how long they could keep a guy on the phone. When Paul made the arrangements, he'd booked an hour, and now that wasn't going to happen, and at two-ninety-nine a minute, missing an hour call could really dent a paycheck.

He snatched the portable phone from its cradle by his bed, set the bottle of Beck's on the nightstand, and locked the door. No sense giving the others the opportunity to be jerks while he made the call and ruined this woman's night. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he dialed the number. The low ringing hit his ear and traveled straight to his cock, making it twitch beneath his jeans.

Shit, was it the fact that he was calling a woman who talked dirty for a living, or had it just been too long since he'd gotten laid? Trey adjusted the front of his pants as the sultry voice purred in his ear.

"Hey, baby. I've been waiting for your call all night."

His dick jumped to attention. Her voice skimmed over him like liquid silk, soft and inviting. No wonder she worked for a phone sex company. Her voice could turn cocks hard with just a whisper.

"I'll bet you say that to all your callers."

She chuckled. "No, baby, you're the only one."

A smile played at his lips. "I may be new to phone sex, but I highly doubt I'm the only one you've ever spoken those words to." He cleared his throat. "There's been a slight change of plans. It seems the groom has cold feet."

"No bachelor party?" The disappointment in her words rang clear.

"No, I'm sorry." Even disappointed, the sound coming through the phone made blood rush south.

"Are you the groom?"

"No, just a friend hosting the party."

A beat of silence. "A party for two, then?"

The breath stilled in his lungs. "Would that number include you?" His cock pressed into the zipper of his jeans. Was he really this hard up? No, he'd realized about a year ago he didn't need sex to survive, but son of a bitch, this woman's voice had him hard as a rock. What was the harm in a little dirty talk between two consenting adults, especially when one of them was being screwed out of a decent chunk of change? He could talk to her, have a little fun, and make up, in a small way, for the fact that she was not going to be getting the hour she'd been promised.

"Do you want it to?"

Trey couldn't believe he was even thinking about doing this. Even in college, the idea of dialing a 900 number had never appealed. They were for guys who didn't have girlfriends and couldn't get laid. Weren't they? Currently he fit one of the criteria. No girlfriend. Could he get laid? Sure, if he wanted to, but right now sex just wasn't at the top of his To Do list. At least it hadn't been until the silky strains had melted out of the cordless phone he currently had a death grip on.

"I've always said one should be open to trying new things. You can be my first."

"Tonight can be full of firsts for both of us."

His cock hardened further as a faint rustling seeped through the earpiece. "Is that your motivation, to play a dirty-talking virgin?"

"I can be whatever type of woman you desire."

Her last, well-chosen word delivered a tingling rush straight to his balls. Unlike some men, a virgin wasn't exactly what he desired. A sexy

woman who knew precisely what she wanted? That was more his style. And this particular woman didn't strike him as the virginal kind. "How about you just be yourself?"

"I think I can manage to accommodate you." A touch of southern accent tipped her sensual voice.

Trey toed off his running shoes and stretched out on the bed, leaning back against the headboard. "Is there any particular name I should call you?"

"You can call me anything you'd like."

"Since we're on the phone, it really doesn't matter."

"Then call me Belle."

The name slid across him like an ice cube on hot cement—sizzling as it went. "Beauty. I like it."

"And what should I be calling out during my throes of passion?"

Should he use his real name? It was a certainty Belle was just a stage name for the sake of anonymity and character. Perhaps he should use one too, but then again, what were the chances they would ever meet? None. Trey glanced around the room and his gaze landed on the frosty bottle by the bed. "Beck."

"A sexy name to go with a sexy voice. It should be illegal."

"My name?"

Honeyed laughter teased him. "No, your sinful voice."

"I had similar thoughts about yours." A smile tugged the corners of his mouth. "So, how do we do this?"

"We could jump right in to the flames, or we can just dance around the edge of the fire for a little while. It's really up to you." Another rustle through the line.

Jump in with both feet or prolong the pleasure of her voice? Decisions. Mentally, he could see the dollars ticking by the longer he stayed on the phone with Belle. Was he really willing to spend money to talk to a woman, get worked up, and then still have to handle the problem himself? Normally no, but with the sexy way every word sounded coming from her mouth, he was willing to pay the bill even if it wasn't his preferred method of release.

Muffled laughter sounded from his living room. The guys seemed

to be having a good time without him. He glanced at the clock on his dresser. Ten minutes. What would it hurt? He would give her ten minutes and then call it a night.

"Beck?"

"Yeah?" His cock bumped against his fly at the breathy way the named rolled from her mouth.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to."

Oh, he wanted to all right. He wanted to push down his pants, wrap his fist around his dick, and stroke to all the dirty words she wanted to say. Fuck, she could talk about the weather for all he cared, so long as she was talking. "What do you look like?"

"What do you want me to look like?"

Images of a woman filled his mind. She worked in the research department of his law firm and was nothing like the women he usually dated, but there was something about the quiet, efficient way she worked that had his hormones racing. Elle was punctual, thorough, and the best damn research assistant in the firm.

"I used to think it was the tall, blonde bombshells that turned me on." Trey grabbed the bottle of beer and took a long swig. Shit, it had gone warm.

"And now?"

The bottle thumped lightly as he set it back on the nightstand. "Now it would appear I like brunettes who try to blend in."

"I guess you're in luck, then."

"You're a brunette who blends in?"

She chuckled softly. "Beck, I'm a phone sex operator. That isn't exactly a job you take to blend, is it?"

"It's not as high profile as a porn star."

Her laughter sent a bolt of heat coursing through his body. "I guess you're right. We could meet on the street and you'd never know who I was. Anonymity is one of the nice things about this job." She drew in a deep breath. "You know, as much as I'm enjoying our conversation, this is costing you a lot of money. Rather than talking about my career choice, wouldn't you rather know if my nipples are hard?"

His balls ached. "Uh...I'm not sure how to start something like

this."

"Have you ever talked dirty to a woman?"

"Of course, but she's usually in bed with me and not on the phone."

"But I am there with you. Just close your eyes, imagine me there in your bed, and tell me all the things you want to do to me, and I'll tell you what I want to do you."

A million scenarios flashed through his mind. They raced by so fast he couldn't focus on just one. He closed his eyes.

"Beck?"

Elle stood in the center of his bedroom, bathed in soft lighting, wearing his favorite blue dress shirt. Her dark, honey-colored hair, shimmering with golden highlights, was unbound and flowing free. Missing were the reading glasses she wore at work, leaving her emerald-green eyes open for exploration. High cheekbones and pouty lips scrubbed clean of makeup gave her just a touch of an innocent look. The cuffs of his shirt were rolled up to her wrists and the hem draped to mid thigh, giving him an inviting look at a vast expanse of tanned, shapely legs. She was beautiful.

He kept his eyes closed, visualizing with perfect mental clarity. He stared often enough at Elle to commit her pouty lips to memory. "Sorry, usually I'm a bit more active when I talk dirty." *The site of her made his groin tighten.*

She padded barefoot across the hardwood floor and stopped at the foot of the bed.

"How active?"

He swallowed hard. "I'm usually fucking the woman when I start."

Her eyes dark with lust, Elle started slipping the buttons open on the shirt.

"How do you fuck her? Is she on her hands and knees with her ass in the air? Is her pussy wet?"

After the last button slipped free, the material parted, allowing him a tantalizing peek of cleavage. "I know mine is," she murmured and shrugged the shirt off her shoulders, leaving her naked but for a skimpy, white satin thong.

"Yeah?"

Elle moistened her lips, placed her hands and knees on the mattress, and

crawled up his body, her bare breasts swaying slightly. "Mmm, your voice is so sexy. It makes me hot."

"My voice isn't even my best feature."

She straddled his thighs and sat up. "I can imagine what your best feature is. Long and hard and thick. Just waiting for me to run my tongue all over it," she moaned and traced the bulge with her fingers, "until I suck you deep."

"Would you let me come in your mouth?"

"I'd swallow every drop." Elle pulled her bottom lip between her teeth and reached for the waist of his pants.

He grabbed her wrists and tugged her back down over him. "Not so fast. We've got time, and I want to see what you're hiding under those sexy little panties."

The desire in her eyes was apparent. "I don't plan on stopping you. In fact, the sooner you get them off of me, the faster we can both get what we want."

His gaze roamed over her face and down across her breasts. "I plan on taking my time and enjoying this." Lifting his head, he flicked his tongue across a dusky nipple. Elle gasped and arched her back. "I think we're both going to enjoy this very much."

"Play with your nipples." Trey cupped her breasts in his palms and grazed his thumbs over the taut peaks. The delicate mewling sounds she made ratcheted his desire up another notch. With calculated precision, he drew one of the delectable buds into his mouth. A gentle nip with his teeth was rewarded with a low moan.

"Oh, that feels so good." She speared her fingers into his hair and raked his scalp with her nails.

"Not half as good as what it's going to feel like." His left hand trailed down her stomach and across her hip, snagging the thin satin band of her thong. "Take off your panties." Her hips lifted, and Trey slid the offending barrier down her legs and dropped it to the floor.

A neatly trimmed triangle of hair covered her mound. His fingers teased her slit and delved between the damp folds to graze her clit. Elle moaned and tightened her grip in his hair. Trey laved her beaded nipples lovingly and eased one finger into her damp channel. Internal muscles clamped as he slipped another

finger in to join the first.

"Christ, you're tight." Trey thumbed her clit as his digits plunged into her cream-slicked pussy.

"I need to feel your cock in me." Elle ran her fingers down his neck and across his shoulders.

"Not just yet. I want to taste your pussy." She braced her arms on the headboard and positioned her thighs on either side of his head. The musky scent of her arousal invaded his senses, making his cock throb harder. He withdrew his fingers and spread her lower lips. The sight of her, wet and ready, sent a bolt of electricity coursing through him. Need, raw and powerful, raged. He raised his head and delivered a long, slow lick to her clit. "You taste good."

Elle gasped and arched her back. His fingers teased her hole as he continued torturing her with his tongue. Lick, swirl, and dip. Over and over. He pulled back and gathered her cream on his fingers then spread it liberally across the puckered rosette just behind her pussy. She moaned and lifted her hips in invitation. "Do you like it when I play with your ass?"

"Yes," she hissed.

Applying gentle pressure, he pressed forward and eased just inside the tight hole. "Do you want me to fuck you there?" Her muscles clamped around his invading finger. "Or do you want me to stop?"

Elle gripped his wrist when he started to withdraw from her. "I want you to eat my pussy and stick your finger in my ass."

Her eyes were dark with desire. "I've always loved a woman who knows exactly what she wants." He lifted his mouth, never breaking eye contact, and plunged his tongue into her pussy at the same time his finger slid deeper into her rear hole.

Her grip on his wrist loosened, and her fingers tangled in the sheets. "And I've always loved a man who knows exactly how to please."

His mouth moved to her clit as his thumb slipped into her pussy. With a finger in her ass and one in her pussy, he applied gentle pressure to the thin wall separating the two, and rubbed while sucking and nipping at her clit.

A low moan accompanied a series of rippling spasms. His fingers rubbed faster, and his mouth became more forceful. Suckling and nibbling with fever.

"Oh, God." Elle's knuckles turned white as her grip on the sheets strengthened. A ragged gasp tore from her lips as the orgasm ripped through her.

Before the effects had a chance to cease, she moved back down his body. Straddling his hips, she popped the button of his pants, and his cock sprang free. Her emerald eyes sparkled as she licked her lips. "It's your turn now."

She lowered her head, closing the distance to his pulsing dick. Moist, hot breath fanned across the plum-shaped head in a feather-soft caress. Her unbound hair caressed his hips like satin, drawing his balls up tight. With her hands braced on either side of his thighs, she maintained eye contact and delivered a long, luscious lick from base to tip.

Her hot, pink tongue swirled around the head and lapped at a pearly drop gathering at the slit. "You taste good." She pulled him into the damp recess of her mouth, sucking him deep and moaning. The hum from her throat sent tiny vibrations through his cock and straight to his balls. "Wrap your fingers around the base and squeeze."

He did.

"I love the texture. So smooth yet hard."

The fingers of her left hand wrapped around the base of his shaft and squeezed. "I love you way your cock feels in my mouth." Her pink lips surrounded the head and slid down, meeting her hand midway. Every time she pulled back with her mouth, her hand followed, brushed over the crown, then retreated as her hot mouth followed in its wake. Sipping and teasing. Giving just enough suction to make his balls tingle with anticipation and the need to erupt.

Trey clenched his teeth against the onslaught of sensations flooding him. "I love my cock in your mouth."

Elle ran her tongue down his shaft. She grazed his sac and gently sucked one of the aching jewels into the warm cavern. "Do you want to come in my mouth?"

"I don't know if I can keep from it. You feel so fucking good." He stroked—no, Elle was stroking him. He moaned as she drew her forefinger through the drop of pre-cum on the crown of his dick, brought the finger to her mouth, and licked it clean.

"I don't think I'd mind a bit if you couldn't control yourself." She sucked him deep, her mouth sliding all the way to the root of his cock. The muscles of her throat opened as she swallowed his length.

"Oh, fuck yeah. Take it all." Pressure filled his balls, and his cock swelled again with the desperate need. When she drew him back, his world burst.

Colorful shards of light danced across his vision as his body convulsed with the most powerful orgasm he'd ever experienced. Every muscle in his body felt liquefied, and a satisfying state of euphoria washed over him.

Before his breathing had time to return to normal, Elle crawled up his body, rolling her hips against his still hard cock. She pulled his ear lobe between her teeth and nipped. "I hope you don't think we're finished yet."

Trey gripped her hips and pulled her flush against his body, crushing her breasts against his chest. "I'm just getting started."

Forceful pounding rattled the bedroom door. "Give it to her good, man!" Laughter from the partygoers affected his mood like a bucket of cold water. More chuckles and the sound of retreating footsteps down his hallway alerted him to the group going back to the living room and the alcohol.

Shitheads.

Trey glanced at his deflating cock still held firmly in his hand and blew out a deep breath. The clock on the dresser informed him the phone call had been going on almost half an hour. No wonder the guys felt compelled to tease.

"I'm guessing the mood just evaporated." The silky voice did little to resurrect his passion.

"To say the least." Her frustrated groan made him smile. "But I do have your number."

"You certainly do, and you can rest assured I would be happy to get your call anytime you feel the need."

The chances of him ever calling her again were slim, but there was no way he was going to tell her that. Given the powerful way her voice affected him, he might break down and call her again before the weekend was over. "I may just do that."

"Have fun with the rest of your night."

He chuckled. "You, too."

"Goodnight, Trey."

"Night." He disconnected the call and placed the handset in its cradle. Putting both feet on the floor, he grabbed a few tissues from the box by the phone and removed the evidence of his release from his stomach then tossed them in the trashcan by the bed. Standing, he pulled

up his pants and started to fasten the button when realization hit him. She'd called him Trey.

Had he slipped and told her his real name, or was his mind still imagining Elle on the other end of the line?

Chapter Two

Elle Dupree breezed into the downtown office building bright and early on Monday morning, still feeling the effects of her weekend. She entered the crowded elevator and smiled. His velvety voice rang clear in her thoughts. Elle choked back a laugh as she recalled something her grandmother once said. *Sexy on the phone, ugly to the bone*. Terribly sad, but usually true.

“Must have been a good weekend.”

So wrapped up in her thoughts, she hadn’t realized the rest of the passengers had exited the car on their floors, leaving her alone with *him*. Trey Cano. The sexiest junior partner in the firm. Six foot four with brown hair and icy-blue eyes, he looked more like a model than a lawyer, even dressed in his Armani power suit. “It definitely had moments.”

The most powerful orgasm of her life was definitely muddling her brain. Was every man she spoke to today going to sound mysteriously like Beck? Or was it simply the fact that she had pictured Trey while Beck spoke to her, invoking all the dirty little fantasies she’d harbored about the man sharing this confining space with her?

“Sounds interesting.” His blue gaze locked with hers. “Any moments worth revisiting?”

Elle swallowed hard. No one in the office knew she had a part-time job. The partners probably wouldn’t smile on the fact that she was a phone sex operator. Hey, everybody had a dirty little secret. Hers just happened to be kinky phone sex.

“None I’m sure you’d have any interest in. My life is pretty

boring." She could feel the heat creeping up her neck. She needed to put some space between them before her hormones took control and she pushed him against the oak wall of the lift and ravaged him.

A slight smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "I wouldn't be so sure about that. What you consider boring, others might find invigorating and interesting."

She let her gaze drop to the green carpet on the floor. "Odd maybe, but not interesting."

Trey shifted his massive frame and turned to face her. "Now you just piqued my curiosity. Maybe you'll tell me sometime what you find so odd about your extracurricular activities. Who knows? Perhaps I'm as odd as you."

God, she wished. Was it her imagination, or had he really moved a step closer? His smell surrounded her. Spicy, erotic, and hundred-percent man. Did he taste as good as he smelled? Heat flooded her pussy at the thought of running her tongue across his chest so she could find out.

Elle eyed him from her peripheral vision. It just wasn't safe to look at him head on. "I doubt anything about you could be considered an oddity."

He stepped closer. The heat radiating off him scorched her arm through her suit jacket. "You might be surprised. Maybe I have some guilty pleasures no one knows about."

The elevator slid to a halt and the doors whooshed open, revealing their shared floor. Relief washed over her. Trey moved away and extended his arm, allowing her to exit first. Elle quickly stepped out and made her way to her cubicle in the research department. The hustle and bustle in the downtown law firm hadn't quite started yet, which gave Elle a few precious moments to gather her composure before the day really got going.

No matter how much her body wanted to act on impulse, her mind knew she wasn't Trey's type. She'd seen him at company parties with a few women. Tall, blonde, and gorgeous women. Elle didn't fit that description at all. Better to keep her fantasies to herself, safe and sound, than have her heart shattered or her feelings hurt.

She drew in a long breath. But damn, it sure was nice to dream

about the *what if's*. The phone call with Beck on Saturday night had been just the thing she'd needed to really rev up the fantasies and get some much-needed relief.

What she desperately wanted was another night, another call to play out the dream fantasy with the one man she could never have. Trey Cano.

After turning on her computer, she sifted through the In Box on her desk to prioritize her duties for the day. Her heart stopped when she came across a manila folder with a hand written Post-It note stuck to the front.

Elle,

Come see me when you get a chance.

T.C.

So much for her panties drying out any time soon.

The phone on her desk began to sing its musical chime. She snatched it up and spoke into the mouthpiece. "Research department, this is Elle."

"Elle, this is Mr. Mathers. I need you to drop what you're doing and work your magic for me. I need all the information you can dig up on Core Star Electric. Mr. Tanner just called. The electric company has been calling him, wanting to buy his property, and I told him I'd get back to him before the end of the day with a game plan."

Elle grabbed a pen and legal pad and hastily scribbled some notes. "I'll make some calls and see what I can find out."

"Thanks."

She hung up the phone and opened the contact list on her computer. Nothing like a good emergency to get her mind off Trey. She could easily spend the next several hours making calls and putting out feelers to discover why an electric company wanted a thousand acres in the Texas hill country.

By the day's end, Elle had all her notes in order for Mr. Mathers to give to his client. She'd just dropped them off at his desk when a voice called her name. Trey Cano stood in the doorway of his office looking sexy as the devil, beckoning her to come with him. Oh, she'd like to come all right, just maybe not quite the way he meant. In her mind, they would be coming together, and in a very pleasurable fashion.

She followed him into the spacious office and sat in one of the upholstered chairs in front of his desk. Her eyes tracked his movements as he sat down and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Busy day?" His lips curled invitingly at the corners, flashing a hint of teeth.

"Very." Elle didn't know how long she would be able to endure being this close to him. Already her heart raced and hormones screamed.

"Maybe we work you too hard."

He could work her as hard as he wanted to and would hear no complaints. "I enjoy my job."

Trey raised a brow. "But do you enjoy your work?"

She'd enjoy it any way he'd give it to her. At work, at home, with her on top of his impressive...desk. "Yes, I do."

"That's good. It's always better for everyone involved if you really take pleasure in what you do, even more so if you're good at it."

Damn! Much more of this and she was liable to come all over herself right here in his office. "I agree."

"That being said, have you had a chance to look at the file I left on your desk?"

Elle shook her head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Cano. I've been working on a project for Mr. Mathers. I was going to head back to my desk and look at it before I left."

"No need to hang around the office just to look at a bunch of boring papers. I was going to head out and grab some dinner. If you don't have any plans, you could come with me and we could discuss it then." Trey leaned back in his chair, sexy as hell, with his dark hair slightly mussed and looking as if he'd been running his fingers through it all day. "And Elle, I've asked you to please call me Trey."

Oh, yeah. She would happily come with him anytime. Today, however, she was slated to start taking calls at six-thirty. No matter how much she wanted to skip being a phone sex fantasy girl tonight for the chance to see him outside of the office, she couldn't. It was a risk, and she wasn't sure she could keep her body in check without the busy work atmosphere around them. "I really can't tonight. But I will take the documents home and get with you first thing in the morning, if that's

okay?"

"That would be fine." He stood and walked around the corner of his desk, stopping near her chair. "I guess I'd better not keep you, then. I'm sure you have things waiting for your attention at home."

Elle almost choked on her tongue. If only he knew what things awaited her attention at home. She rose from the chair and walked to the office door.

"Goodnight, Elle."

She turned. He stood with his hands in his pants pockets and his thigh propped against the edge of the oak desk. "Goodnight, Trey."

Chapter 3

Monday evenings were always slow. It was already a quarter to ten, and Elle had only had two calls. Another fifteen minutes and she could turn off the second phone line and call the switchboard, officially clocking out. There just wasn't any hope of getting Trey off her mind tonight.

She'd been so flustered after leaving his office at the end of the day, she'd walked off and forgotten the folder she was supposed to look at for him. By the time she remembered it, she didn't have time to go back to the office and get it before her shift started. She decided to just get to the office early in the morning and read over the documents before anyone else came in. Then she could still keep her appointment with him first thing.

A chirp from the cushion beside her drew her attention to the phone. *Shit. Fifteen minutes to go, and I get a call.* Elle picked up the handset, pushed the talk button, and spoke into the mouthpiece. "I've been waiting for you to call me all night."

"That's good to hear."

Elle wrenched upright on the couch. It was *him*. She'd know that honeyed voice anywhere. Even now, knowing it couldn't possibly be, she still pictured Trey on the other end of the line.

"Beck, I wasn't sure you'd call again."

"To tell you the truth, I wasn't sure I would either."

With a flick of her wrist, Elle sent the TV Guide sailing to the floor. She wouldn't need it for this call. "What made you change your mind?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe I had a bad day at work."

Elle chuckled. "That doesn't make me feel memorable."

"What if I told you that you were the reason I had a bad day?"

She closed her eyes and let his words drift over her like a warm blanket. "Makes me feel even worse."

"It should. There is this woman in my office. Every time I looked at her, I would think of you."

"Not very fair to her, now is it?"

"Nope."

Elle grazed her nipples with her fingertips. "Does the woman in your office know how you feel?"

"I seriously doubt it. She's not my type."

"Is this the brunette you told me about last time?"

"Yes."

Her heart pounded. It was amazing that just a few words from this man could work her up so much. "Do you want to fuck her?"

"It's all I could think about all day."

"Mmm, do you want to bend her over your desk, right there in your office, where anyone could walk in and see what you're doing?" Elle shoved her yoga pants down her thighs and spread her legs. So many times while working late, she had imagined Trey whisking her off to his office and having his way with her right there on top of the polished oak top of his desk.

"Right now, I don't know who I want to fuck more...her...or you."

She smiled and dipped her fingers into the silky wetness between her neatly trimmed lips. "She's not here and I am, so I think the votes are in my favor. Do you want to play office?" Elle closed her eyes and let the deep timbre of his voice wash over her.

"I think you need to get over here."

Trey stood in front of his desk, his white dress shirt opened at the collar and his tie hanging limply down his chest. There was no doubt the man was sexy. Hell, her panties grew wetter every time she looked at him. He didn't even have to speak.

"Do you really think we should be doing this here?"

He stalked toward her, stopping scant inches away. Heat radiated off his body. Her knees quivered. "Do you want me to stop?" A long, tanned finger

trailed down her cheek, hooked under her chin, and tilted her head back to look at him. "If you ask me to, I will, but God knows I don't want to."

"No, I don't want you to stop. I've waited for this for too long." Elle ran her palms up his chest, gripped the end of the red power tie, and pulled it free from his starched collar.

"Tell me how long."

She smiled and dropped the silk to the floor. "Since the first week I started work."

Trey growled and tugged her body flush against his. "That's a long time to deny your desires."

"I agree." Her fingers eased over his shoulders and threaded through the hair above his shirt. "It's long past time."

His fingers tightened on her hips as he lifted her. Elle wrapped her legs around his waist as he carried her across his office. Trey stooped in front of his desk and set her down on the smooth surface.

He stood between her thighs and gazed down at her, his blue eyes dark with lust. Deft fingers easily slipped free the buttons of her blouse and pushed it from her shoulders. "I think your blouse will look much better in a different location."

The soft material slithered over her arms and hands. "Where do you suggest?"

A sexy smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. With a flick of his wrist, the blouse sailed over his shoulder and landed in a puddle in the middle of the room. "Anywhere on the floor looks pretty good to me."

She glanced down at the pink lace bra covering her breasts. "What about the rest?"

No sooner had the words left her mouth, than the front clasp popped open, allowing her breasts to spill free from their confines into his waiting palms. "I have plans for you that don't involve you being dressed." Large, warm hands caressed the creamy globes, teasing her nipples to tight peaks.

Elle gasped as he lowered his head and pulled one of the taut buds roughly into his mouth, swirling his tongue across the tip. "But I don't think it's entirely fair for your plans to have me this exposed while you stay covered."

She rapidly worked the buttons of his shirt and helped him rid himself of

the barrier. With his chest bared, she explored the hard plane of rippling muscles and taut skin. Saliva pooled in her mouth. The need to run her tongue across his skin overpowered her, but the aching in her pussy was in dire of relief.

As if sensing her desperation, Trey pulled back from her breast and made short work of the zipper on her skirt. "I can't seem to take my time with you tonight." He lifted her hips and pushed the material down her legs, leaving her bare but for the skimpy lace thong she wore. "Very nice."

He brushed the scrap of fabric aside and pressed a finger deep inside her aching channel.

Elle moaned and thrust her hips against him, needing more. "I think we've played long enough."

Trey straightened and looked down at her. "I couldn't agree more."

"Your pants need to go." Together they made short work of getting him out of his slacks. Elle sighed as she drank in the sight of him gloriously nude before her. Defined muscles bulged on every surface of his form. Smooth pectorals topped with flat, brown nipples. Washboard abs trailed down to luscious hips and rock hard thighs lightly dusted with dark hair. The entire package was simply a sight to behold, but the main attraction was definitely in a class by itself.

"Oh, my."

The breathless murmur brought a wicked smile to her lips.

"I definitely think we've waited too long."

His raw, male perfection bobbed before her, silently begging for attention. The man could put The David to shame. A pearl of moisture wept from the deep slit in the plum-shaped head. Thick veins trailed down the ridged length and disappeared into a nest of thick dark curls. A heavy sac rested just below his impressive cock.

She traced her finger through his essence and brought it to her mouth. With a flick of her tongue, his flavor exploded across her palette. The slight salty tang sent spasms racing through her pussy. She needed him. Now. "You taste good." She wrapped her fingers around the base and slid them all the way to the head. "I want to feel your cock in my pussy."

With a hungry look, Trey closed the distance between them and laid her back across his desk. "I aim to please."

Firm hands slid beneath her ass and lifted her hips. With unerring moves, he found her opening and buried himself to the hilt. "Ah, you're so tight."

Filled to capacity, Elle rolled her hips, urging him to move. She didn't have to wait long. Trey withdrew and plunged again.

She gripped his biceps and locked her ankles around his thighs. "Fuck me."

"If we don't slow down, there won't be much fucking going on. You feel so damn good I don't know how long I can last."

"I don't care." Already the walls of her pussy rippled with her impending orgasm. She didn't want slow loving. She needed him to fuck her.

"Hard and fast right here on my desk?" He slammed into her again. "Is that what you want?"

"Yes, please. I need you to fuck me."

"What the lady wants..." He pulled her left leg up and rested her calf against his shoulder. "...the lady gets."

The new angle proved effective and left her G-spot open to the entire slide of his cock. Delicious friction sent tingles surging over her body.

"Do you like that?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Let's see if I can make it better." With his right hand still on her left thigh, he moved his left from her hip to thumb her clit while he stroked.

"Oh, God." Elle squeezed her eyes closed. Flashes of light danced across the blackness as pressure built deep in her pussy. "I'm going to come."

"That's the idea." He flicked her clit. "I'm not far behind you."

The spasms started deep in her core and radiated outward at light speed. Her entire body felt as if she were standing on a fault line during an earthquake. The grip on her thigh tightened, and she faintly heard him groan her name as he joined her in plummeting over the edge.

Elle lay panting, half on her couch and half on the floor. She opened her eyes and glanced around the room. "Holy, shit."

A deep chuckle seeped through the phone. "I agree. Amazing." His breathing was ragged against her ear. "Has it ever been like that for you?"

"No." Righting herself, Elle stretched languidly on the comfy couch. "And I'm not just saying that either."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Maybe I should be paying you." Her hand smoothed lazily across her stomach.

"There's an idea. I don't think my partners at the firm would like it very much, though."

Elle's hand stilled. "You're a lawyer?"

"Yep. Junior partner for one of the largest firms in Austin." The sound of his satisfied moan echoed in her head.

Thoughts raced at her from a million directions with the speed of a runaway train. What were the chances that a lawyer—from Austin no less—would end up calling her of all the phone sex operators out there? What were the odds that this particular lawyer might work for the same firm she worked for? Slim? Maybe. But it was one hell of a coincidence nonetheless, even if he didn't work for Mathers and Cobb.

The silence on the line was deafening. She needed to say something. Quick. Hell, anything would work. She just needed to get him off the phone. "If I ever need an attorney, I may have to look you up."

"If you ever need an attorney, I'd be happy to help." A deep yawn ebbed over the line. "I better let you go. Maybe I'll call again soon."

"Sure." Knots swelled in her stomach. "Goodnight, Beck."

"Sweet dreams, Belle."

Sweet dreams, my ass. Her mind was trying to process way too much information for her to be able to fall asleep now.

Elle switched off the second phone line and called the switchboard to clock out, but all the while, her mind raced.

His voice. That honeyed, sexy voice she'd always found so appealing in Trey, still echoed in her thoughts. Was it possible? Could Beck and Trey be the same man? If it were true, did he realize to whom he was talking? And if he did, what could the repercussions for her be if the partners in the firm found out what she was doing at night?

"Crap."

Chapter 5

Tuesday morning dawned bright and sunny. Such a shame Elle didn't mirror the weather. Inside, she was a bundle of nerves and knots as she walked down the hallway to Trey's office with his folder under her arm.

She'd come in early and gone over the notes he'd left on her desk and then tried to figure out how in the world she was going to discover if he was in fact Beck. Short of just out and out asking him. It wasn't as if she could just waltz into his office and say, "Hey, did you give me the best orgasm of my life last night while you thought you were calling some random phone sex operator?" Nope, that wouldn't work.

She needed to be stealthy. Perhaps she could get him to say something that might trigger recognition. All she needed to do was get him talking and really pay attention to what he was saying and how he said it, not just the words. Of course, it wasn't as if he was going to talk about how his cock felt in her pussy right there in the office.

Her thoughts came to an abrupt halt when she reached his open door. This was it. Time to find out the truth...maybe.

She rapped on the door.

Trey glanced up from the papers on his desk and motioned her in. Images of what she'd pictured them doing on this very desk assailed her, and heat climbed up her neck. As long as she could keep her eyes off the desk, she might be okay.

One foot in front of the other, she crossed the expanse. *So far so good.* She hadn't thrown up yet, but the butterflies in her stomach turned

into stomping elephants.

He motioned to the empty chair across from him without a word.

Get him to say something!

"I've looked over the documents for you."

He nodded.

She swallowed hard. God, he was sexy. Being in his office alone with him was going to be harder than she'd thought. "Do you have time to discuss them now?"

Another nod.

Shit.

He stood and crossed the room.

Cream flooded her pussy as the door clicked shut. She didn't know if she could maintain her composure with the door closed. What if she cracked? Screw cracked. What if she climbed over his desk and jumped him?

Elle squeezed her eyes closed and pulled in deep breaths. *Just stay calm. Just stay calm.*

When she opened her eyes, he'd returned to his chair. Unmoving, he watched her. Her mouth was suddenly dry and shit, he still made her panties wet. How was she supposed to think with him watching her like that?

Just breathe. He doesn't know. You're just overreacting.

"So, how would you like to get started discussing these?"

The dark brow above his right eye twitched, and the corners of his mouth turned up slightly. He leaned forward in his chair very slowly and braced his arms on the edge of the desk. "We could jump right in to the flames, or we can just dance around the edge of the fire for a little while. It's really up to you."

Her eyes widened. She had said those exact same words to Beck just a couple of nights ago when he was unsure how to proceed with phone sex. Elle tried to slow her racing heart. It could all still be a coincidence. Right? "I think we should just jump right in."

His smile widened. "Is that what you want?"

Is that what you want? Beck's words rang in her ears. Only this time they weren't coming through the phone. No, they were coming from the

mouth of the stud she'd fantasized about for two long years. The very same stud she'd pictured in her mind when she talked to Beck both times.

Was he Beck? The timbre of their voices sounded very similar. Monday morning she'd written it off as after effects of a great orgasm, that it was just her mind playing tricks on her. But after last night, and now sitting here with Trey, she wasn't so sure. "Yes."

Trey's eyes narrowed slightly as he sat back in his chair. "What the lady wants, the lady gets."

Elle felt the blood drain from her face. Her stomach somersaulted, and her heart pounded a raging tempo in her chest. "Oh, my God," she whispered.

"Are you all right?" Concern filled his eyes.

Maybe he didn't know. *Keep breathing. Stay calm.* "I'm suddenly not feeling very well." She stood and placed the folder on the corner of his desk. "Would it be possible to discuss the file this afternoon?"

"Sure." Trey scanned his appointment calendar. "I am booked most of the day, but if you come by around five, we can talk then."

Elle forced a smile. "Thank you." She beat a hasty retreat for the door. She needed time. Time to think, and time to regroup. He had given her the perfect opportunity by allowing her to come back this afternoon. Now she just needed to calm down and figure out how she was going to keep her secret a secret. *Fuck, fuck, fuck.* She was his phone sex girl.

Yeah, good luck with that.

* * * * *

Elle entered his office at five o'clock much more confident. She'd decided the only way she would get through this was to play it cool, act as if nothing was awry. Cool. Confident. She could do this. And if she couldn't, she might be looking for a different job, because she wasn't sure she could overcome the humiliation.

Trey stood in front of his desk, his white dress shirt opened at the collar and his tie hanging limply down his chest. His dark hair was slightly mussed, as if he'd been running his finger through it.

Talk about déjà vu.

Her feet refused to move another step into the office.

He stalked toward her, stopping scant inches away. Heat radiated off his body. Her knees quivered. He reached around her and swung the door closed. The distinctive snap of the lock on the door sliding home made her heart lurch.

She was so screwed.

"Do you want me to stop?" A long, tanned finger trailed down her cheek, hooked under her chin, and tilted her head back so she couldn't avoid looking into his eyes. "If you ask me to, I will, but God knows I don't want to."

"When did you know?"

A twinkle danced in his ice-blue eyes. "I started wondering yesterday morning after you called me Trey, but I knew for sure after seeing how you reacted to me this morning."

"How did my calling you Trey tip you off?"

Strong fingers cupped the back of her neck. "You called me Trey on Saturday night when you said goodnight."

"I did?"

He nodded. "Were you fantasizing about me?"

There was no need to answer the question. The burning flush in her cheeks said it all.

Trey lowered his head and brushed his lips across the shell of her ear. "What would you say if I told you I was thinking about you, too?" His other hand dropped from her chin to cup her rear and draw her body flush against his.

"You were?" Her eyelids drooped as his teeth tugged on her tender lobe.

"Both times." The hard ridge of his cock pressed against her stomach.

"Trey?"

He leaned back and gazed into her eyes. "Yes?"

Elle swallowed the lump in her throat. "I don't want you to stop."

"Thank God."

The words came in a rush as he crushed his mouth against hers. There was nothing tender in the kiss. It was a heated meeting of lips and

tongues.

Together, they stumbled to the desk, shedding clothes as they went. His tie. Her blouse. His shirt. Her skirt. All strewn haphazardly across the floor. By the time they reached the oak desk, he had on only his slacks, and she was clad in matching bra and thong.

The need fueled by the phone calls raged through her body, out of control. She couldn't move her hands fast enough, couldn't touch enough. She couldn't taste enough of him to quench the burning desire.

With his arms around her waist, he lifted her up and perched her on the edge of his imposing desk. The cool, smooth surface of the wood chilled her heated skin, sending a shiver of delight coursing through her body.

His skilled fingers made short work of her bra and panties as he gazed at her with dark, hungry eyes. "My *Belle*. You are beautiful."

Warmth flooded her pussy as he dropped to his knees between her thighs. He caressed her from ankle to hip with his hands. Her body hummed with anticipation. The first flick of his tongue on her clit was more than she had prepared herself for. Never in her wildest dreams...okay, maybe in her *wildest*, but dreams and fantasies definitely didn't compare to the real thing.

The hot slide of his tongue drew a strangled cry from her lips. Her knuckles turned white as her grip on the desk edge tightened. The first tingles of her orgasm built deep within her. He pushed a long, strong finger deep into her pussy as he lapped and teased her clit with his tongue.

"Trey, I'm going to come." She leaned back on one elbow and fisted the fingers of her other hand in his hair.

"I've told you before, Elle, that's the idea." He withdrew his finger and stabbed her deep with his tongue.

She ground her hips against his assault and exploded against his sinful mouth. Spasms racked her body, one right after the other, draining her. Trey continued to lap her cream as she slumped back against the desk.

He stood and bent over her supine form, drawing a nipple deeply into his mouth. Her breathing hadn't yet returned to normal when

another burst of desire shot through her.

She threaded her fingers through his hair and forced him to meet her eyes. "Time to return the favor."

Trey pulled her up with him as he straightened. "I love the way you think."

Somewhere along the way, he'd slipped off his shoes, leaving one less barrier between them. Elle was quick to rid him of the rest.

His cock was all she'd fantasized about. Long and thick. Perfectly shape to bring a woman to the edge and beyond. And she was that woman.

Pulling him deep into her mouth, she reveled at his satisfied groan. His musky smell mingled with the salty taste of him on her tongue, creating an aphrodisiac that only drove her want higher. She relaxed her throat and drew him deeper, sliding her mouth all the way to the base of his cock.

"Elle, as much as I love what you're doing, you really need to stop." He chuckled at her disappointed moan. "Don't worry, baby, I have other plans."

Trey helped her to her feet, turned her to face his desk, and ran his hands down the ladder of her spine.

Unable to quell her inner vixen, she stretched forward across the desk and glanced at him over her shoulder. "What kind of plans?"

Leaning over the desk, Trey retrieved a condom from the top drawer and sheathed himself. "I think you'll like them." His hands cupped her ass as he nudged her legs apart with his thighs.

"Do you, now?" She wiggled her ass against him. "What if I don't?"

Trey brought his hand down across her ass. He quickly replaced the sharp sting with a soothing massage. "I might have to spank you."

"Mmm, that has possibilities."

The full head of his cock teased her opening. "Does it?"

Before she had a chance to respond, he slid into her, burying himself fully in her slick channel. "Oh, yeah."

The grip on her hips tightened as he drew back and thrust into her again. "You're so tight," he said on a groan.

Elle gasped as he parted her cheeks and pressed his thumb against the rim of her rear hole. Wickedly delicious sensations ripped through her. She'd never experimented with anal sex before but had fantasized about it more than once. More often than not, Trey was the one she pictured in the fantasies.

"Do you like that, Elle?" He rubbed the rosette gently as his cock worked her pussy.

"Yes."

His thumb slid over the rim again, then breached the first ring of muscle and pulled back. A low groan echoed in the room as he pushed his thumb deeper. "So tempting, but I don't think you're ready for a cock in that tight little ass just yet."

Every time he pushed deep with his thumb, his cock withdrew. When his cock advanced, his thumb retreated so she was always penetrated, always being fucked.

"Do you want to fuck me that way, Trey?"

"Would you let me?"

Decadent pressure swelled in the walls of her pussy. There was something so dirty, so naughty about what he was doing to her. Perhaps in part it was because they were right here on his desk in the middle of a law firm. Or maybe the fact that he was buried deep in both her holes, talking dirty to her, that drove her orgasm to new heights. "Yes."

"Oh, fuck." Trey gripped her hips with both hands and slammed his cock into her, driving her over the edge, sending her headfirst into the abyss of pleasure she'd only ever dreamed about.

Time seemed to stand still as the world around her shattered into a million brightly colored shards, dancing through the air and raining down on them from every direction at once. Euphoria bathed her moments before Trey shouted in his own blissful release. Exhausted, she collapsed onto the surface of the desk, sweat slicked and completely drained.

Minutes passed, or maybe hours, before Elle could summon the strength to move. Trey slipped from her body, tied off the condom, wrapped it in a tissue, and dropped it into the wastebasket near the corner of his desk. "Looks like I'll be taking out my own trash tonight," he said as he sat and pulled her into his lap. "Don't want the cleaning folks finding

that little surprise."

Elle giggled and snuggled against him. "I don't think that would bode well for either of us."

"No, it wouldn't." He blew out a deep breath and brushed a strand of hair from her cheek. "I guess we'll just have to find a different place to have our next rendezvous."

Leaning back, Elle looked into the blue depths of his eyes. "Did you have someplace in mind?"

"Actually, yes. I was thinking about my place."

"Your place?"

"Yeah. I thought after dinner tonight, maybe we could go back to my place..." He placed a hot kiss to the side of her neck. "...and talk."

Elle raised a brow. "Talk?"

"Sure. We can talk about work, life, dirty wild sex. See what else pops up that might be of interest." He nipped her shoulder.

"I'm supposed to start taking calls in an hour."

"I think I can handle all your oral expressions from now on, don't you?"

"Now that sounds like a great idea." Elle turned her head and pressed her lips to his. His tongue met hers in a delightful slither full of promise.

"Who knows? If you stay the night, we both might come down with a mysterious case of the Hong Kong flu and have to call in sick to work in the morning."

"That would be a tragedy. Having to spend the entire day stuck in bed? What ever would we do?"

Trey laughed and tugged her closer. "I am sure we could think of something."

"I like the way you think." Elle untangled herself from Trey and stood.

With a waggle of his eyebrows, he said, "If you like the way I think, then I know you'll love my dirty talk."

The End

Author Bio

Ann lives in a small town in Central Texas with her husband and two children. When she isn't being a full time wife and mother, she can be found surround by any number of animals who live on their small ranch, or at her computer pounding away on one project or another. For more about Ann, visit her web site at: www.anncampbell.webs.com