

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Lacey
Savage

Voices
IN
THE DARK

Merry Kinkmas

Voices in the Dark

Lacey Savage

Maddie's coworkers have no idea that she gets off on calling random men, whispering raunchy fantasies in their ears and hearing them orgasm at the sound of her voice. Her fetish is fun, daring and most importantly, safe. That's paramount for a transplanted Texan now living in New York.

Sex with strangers is risky. Phone sex is totally anonymous. Until Maddie calls a coworker by mistake. And when Adrian recognizes her voice, he turns her safe little fetish into a dangerous game. One that Maddie can't possibly win.

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Voices in the Dark

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VOICES IN THE DARK

Lacey Savage

Dedication

To Peter, for the love, support, faith and, most important, the endless supply of chocolate.

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Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation

Krispy Kreme: Krispy Kreme Doughnut Company Corporation

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Chapter One

I began doing it in my thirties.

I know, I'm a late bloomer. Most people start in middle school or in high school if that's how long it takes to convince enough of their friends to come along for the ride. You see, for most folks, this isn't a solo sport. Rather, it's something to be shared and enjoyed with others.

Not for me though. I do it alone, in the dark.

"Hello?"

The voice on the other end of the phone is female, and I stifle a flash of disappointment. I've never had a meaningful experience with a woman, and something about this one's voice—worn down and exhausted, making me think she spent all day chasing after kids, cooking dinner and doing three loads of laundry—tells me she's not going to be the one who changes my mind.

Still, I can't help but try.

"What are you wearing?" I ask in my sultriest tone.

"Excuse me? Who is this?"

I bite down a sigh, clench my fingers around my favorite vibrator. Already I can feel my lust dimming.

Her anger flares up another notch. "Who the fuck is this?"

"Wrong number," I say, and hang up.

I let my body drop back against the mound of pillows crowding the headboard of my bed. It hasn't been a good night. Out of six calls, three numbers were out of service, two rang through to answering machines, and the only one that put me through to a real person gave me the harried housewife.

My pussy throbs, and I run my fingers along the silky sheen of my black satin panties. The vibrator comes to life at a flick of the switch, humming on the lowest setting. I press it against my clit, and the wash of sensation burrowing deep in my cunt rips a groan from my throat.

I wish I could just relax into it. I wish I could fuck myself into oblivion with this rubber, battery-powered cock and lose myself in the experience, but I know better.

There's only one way to achieve the orgasm I so desperately want, and that's with the help of another piece of technology. I grab the disposable cell, bring it back to life with the click of a button. The screen lights up, and the sickly green glow splashes over my pristine white sheets.

I choose the buttons at random, as I always do, not looking at where my fingers land. I count out the number of key presses to give myself the best possible chance of discovering a number that's in use and feel a flutter of excitement against my belly as the phone begins to ring.

I turn up the vibrator's pulse another notch, pressing it closer to my sex. The phone rings again, and the sound sends a shiver of anticipation through me. I bite down on my lower lip to stifle another groan. Lust rises inside me, making my pulse skitter and my heart pound against my rib cage.

"Hello?"

The relief I feel at the sound of his voice—male, young, eager—knows no bounds. I lift myself on an elbow, cradling the cell between my shoulder and ear. I could put it on speaker, but disposable cell phones are notoriously unreliable. I want to hear this man's voice when I speak to him, not the buzz of static or the clipped tones of an interrupted conversation.

"How big is your cock?"

There's a pause on the other end of the line. While I wait patiently for an answer, I conjure his image in my mind. Tall, blond, built like a linebacker. I tell myself he's just out of college, finishing up an internship at a law firm. It's only a few minutes past

seven, so he's probably just arrived home and hasn't had a chance to change out of his pinstriped business suit.

I picture his cock stiffening, trapped between cloth and flesh, creating a mouthwatering bump along the front seam of his pants.

"Simone? Is that you?"

Ah...he has a girlfriend. It doesn't surprise me. He sounds much too sexy not to have a woman melting like ice cream in the heat at the sound of his seductive voice.

"I want you to take off your pants. Will you do that for me?"

I push my panties aside while I wait for his answer and slide the toy down between my slick nether lips. The tingling vibration purring against my folds makes me arch my back. The phone nearly slips from my shoulder, but I recover quickly and hold it firmly in place.

"Sure," he says at last.

It never fails to delight me how easy it is to get a man to play along with some good, old-fashioned, dirty talk. And is it my imagination, or has his voice dropped a notch?

"Good boy. I bet your cock's nice and big, isn't it?"

Every man wants to think he's hung like a thoroughbred Arabian stallion, and that's fine with me. Oh I know as well as the next girl that the average man's cock is nowhere near that impressive, but this is my fantasy. If I wish it, the guy on the other end of the phone is built like an Adonis, with a cock to rival an elephant's trunk. That's part of the appeal. In this short-lived liaison, I can have anything I want.

"Uh huh." He's definitely panting now.

I picture him slowly lowering his zipper, reaching into the slit of his boxers and releasing the erection constrained within. He's in bed—no, wait. I'd like it better if he was in the kitchen, standing in front of the open refrigerator. Yes... Perhaps I caught him just as he searched the nearly empty shelves for something to throw together, and

now there he still is, one hand around his cock, the other bracing his body against the fridge door. A rush of cool air escapes and wafts over his eager dick, making him shiver from head to toe.

I spread my legs wider and close my eyes. This night isn't going to be a total waste after all.

"Simone?" he tries again. "Baby, you're driving me crazy."

I chuckle, low in my throat. I don't care if he thinks I'm his girlfriend. If I can make up everything about him, he's entitled to do the same about me.

"My pussy's so wet... I'm parting it open with my fingers. I want you to put your mouth on it. Give me a good tongue lashing while you stroke your big cock."

I do as I describe and part my folds. Moisture escapes my channel to trickle down the inside of my thigh. My sex pulses, desperate for something to fill it. I could give it the dildo now, but I'm not ready. Not yet.

"I sure would love that, baby," he says. "Why don't you come over and we can do this for real?"

"I'm shoving two fingers inside my cunt now. Oh...so fucking good." I struggle with each word, though the vulgarity comes naturally and not just because I've discovered men respond better to crude descriptions. Lust is spreading through me at a frenzied rate, fogging my mind, tensing my muscles. The hornier I get, the coarser my language becomes.

My inner walls clench down on my fingers, but I know it's not nearly enough. I want more. I want the thickness of the dildo, yes, but more than that, I want to hear this man come. I want to know what he sounds like when his orgasm rushes through him, when his balls draw up close to his cock and his seed spills from his dick to stain his perfectly pressed pants.

"I want you in my ass," I moan, teasing my puckered sphincter with the tip of the dildo. "I want your big cock stretching my hole, filling it, fitting tight and snug, like a hand in a glove. I want you to bury yourself inside me and punish me with your dick."

“Oh shit.” His voice has definitely gone up an octave now. “You’re not Simone.”

I have no intention of confirming or denying that. It’s irrelevant to my purposes. He must be close now. I can hear his ragged breathing, can feel him struggling to hold on to the last remnants of self-control. I just pray he doesn’t get pummeled by a wave of morality and hang up on me.

He can’t. Not before we finish what we started.

“My cunt is desperate for you.” I slam the dildo into my pussy, and the sensation of being filled sends a jolt of pleasure deep in my core. I slide it in as far as it’ll go and hold it there, firmly inside my body, while I flick the switch to a higher vibration.

Shudders threaten to rock my body and shatter my self-control. I grit my teeth, will myself to hold back. I won’t come. Not until he does.

“Who are you talking to?”

Another man’s voice. It sounds vaguely familiar, but I’m too far gone to try to identify it.

“Fuck.” I hear my guy shuffling around, and I think I catch the sound of a zipper being yanked up.

A mournful cry escapes my parted lips. “No... No, you can’t stop. Please stroke that cock for me. I want to hear you come. I want to drink every last drop of liquid that spurts from your dick. Oh please oh please oh...”

My voice echoes back at me and I lift my hips, pressing the dildo deeper inside my cunt. I can’t help but rub my clit with the heel of my hand. God, I’m so close. I need to hear his groan of release. I want to know I’ve made him lose control.

“Damn, man... You’ve got to hear this girl.”

I’m not sure what he’s doing, and in truth, it doesn’t matter. A sob catches in my throat. I have to give it one last try.

“What do I have to do, huh?” My voice shakes with desire and desperation. “Do you want me to stick a butt plug in your sexy ass? I can do that. Or maybe you want me

on my knees, all tied up with rope. Handcuffed? Maybe you want to take me over your knee and give me a good spanking. Is that it? Do you want to turn my pale cheeks red? I can—”

“Jesus Christ! Maddie? Madeline Jones, is that you?”

Chapter Two

I drop the phone as if it just sprouted thorns.

The sound of my name is like a bucket of ice water flung at my face. I fumble for the button to end the call then throw the phone as far away from me as I can get it. I hear it land with a soft thud—probably on top of the laundry hamper at the far end of the room.

My heart feels as if it's about to break out of my chest. I slide the vibrator out of my pussy, cringing at the slight spike of pain from pulling it out too fast. My libido has cooled to Arctic levels, leaving me bereft and shivering.

Oh God...I have to think.

Who was that?

I rack my brain, trying to fit the voice to a face I recognize. Deep and husky, with a touch of an accent. British maybe or Australian. If I wasn't so damn terrified, I'd be turned on. He had the kind of low bass timbre I love, with a slight natural rasp to it.

And then it hits me.

"Adrian!"

An abrupt ringing startles me. I don't recognize it at first. It's not my home phone, and it's not my cell, which I programmed to play the theme song from *Sex and the City*.

It must be the disposable cell. My heart sinks all the way into my stomach. Damn technology. Can't even make a prank call anymore without someone being able to call me right back.

Well, I'm not about to answer. What would I say, anyway? I can't exactly fess up to making lewd phone calls while I masturbate, now, can I? And certainly not to Adrian Morgan, who sits in the cubicle behind me at work and who's been a giant distraction

ever since he started working for the collections call center of J&J Credit two months ago.

I groan and roll over, burying my head under a pillow to drown out the ringing. Nearly ten million people live in New York City. I limit myself to the 212, 718 and 247 area codes—mostly to avoid long distance charges—which means my chances of randomly dialing someone I know should be slim to none.

Of all the people who could have recognized me, why did it have to be Adrian? He's been pursuing me relentlessly ever since arriving at J&J. I've been steadfast in turning down his invitations for dinner dates, coffee dates, movie dates and getting-to-know-you walks in the park.

And now *this*.

I've only just managed to convince him I'm not interested. Which is a giant lie, of course, but it's a whole lot better than the truth. I know where one date will lead, and it's not a place I want to go again. I learned the hard way that I can't simply confess my little fetish over a cocktail. If I had a penchant for being whipped or burned with hot wax, well, I could share those sexy kinks with a partner.

Telling a new lover that I need to call a random stranger while we're having sex so I can get off? No man is quite that understanding.

I found this out when I let a boyfriend in on my secret. The aftermath of my revelation wasn't pretty, nor was it something I ever want to experience again. So now I have two rules. No casual dating, and no sharing of kinks. I haven't broken either in over two years, and I have no intention of starting now.

That would all be fine and good except that Adrian Morgan has discovered my secret. And he's going to want to *talk* about it.

I shudder at the thought. It's human nature to want to get the dirt on someone. I know this. Over the years, I've doled out morsels of speculation and gathered more tidbits of juicy information than I care to remember.

The seedier and more sexual a topic, the more intriguing as a topic of conversation. Which makes my particular fetish damn near irresistible. By tomorrow, the entire eighth floor of the J&J building will know what I do in my spare time.

Bile rises in the back of my throat. The phone has gone silent for the moment, but I suffer no delusion that it'll stay that way.

I force myself out of bed and fumble with the bedside lamp. My terrycloth robe is hanging off the top of the footboard post, and I wrap it around myself. I've just finished tying the belt when the disposable cell's shrill ring pierces the silence of my bedroom.

I'm beginning to hate that sound.

I walk over to it. Like I suspected, it's lying innocently enough on a red lace bra at the top of my laundry pile. The screen glows that sickly neon green color, but no phone number or name shows up on the display. It's a disposable cell; I didn't spring for the caller ID package.

In a fit of red-hot desperation, I grab the phone, march over to the window and lift the heavy pane. Outside, snow swirls in massive spirals, obscuring most of the dark alley that my apartment backs on to. Bits of ice spit at me as soon as I open the window. I hurl the cell as far as I can and feel an immense burst of satisfaction as it lands in a powdery pile of snowdrift beside the bottom of a metal trash bin. The pearl gleam of moonlight is mostly hidden behind dark clouds, but I can still see the phone's neon glow, tainting the fresh snow an accusing green.

I slam down the window, draw the dark curtains and huddle deeper inside my robe to banish the chill.

There. It's done. I can no longer hear the ringing, so I can pretend Adrian's given up.

My relief lasts for about a minute. And then my home phone begins to wail.

I know, even before I pick up, that it's him. Our personal information, including our home address, email and phone number, is circulated to all team members. It's company policy—in case of emergency. Somehow, I don't think this qualifies.

I make my way into the living room. My fingers tremble as I pick up the handheld receiver, but I'm thrilled when my voice doesn't. "Hello."

"Maddie. It's Adrian."

I don't know what to say, so I don't say anything at all. Instead I sink into my thickly cushioned recliner and pull my feet up under me. "Yes?"

"Maddie, I...I know it was you."

I press a hand over my chest in a futile effort to stop my heart from hammering its way out. "I'm sorry, Adrian. I have no idea what you're talking about. Is this about work?"

"No. It's about you."

"Oh? Look, I thought I made it clear that I'm not interested in dating you. If I somehow led you on—" I grimaced, knowing as soon as the words were out of my mouth that by prattling on about all manner of raunchy things that was exactly what I'd done. I have to fix this. Fast. "I'm sorry. I'm not comfortable with you calling me at home."

There's a long moment of silence on the other end. I can picture him rubbing the bridge of his nose, frustration warring with desire on his handsome face.

He really is sexy. He has a strong jaw, usually peppered with a hint of shadow, and clear blue eyes. His nose is straight and narrow, his lips full, his hair short and black. And he's got twin dimples that flash in his cheeks when he smiles. My knees go weak when I see those dimples. Ah hell. My muscles are practically turning to putty now, and I'm only imagining them.

"Okay," he says at last, and my pulse skitters in my throat.

Could it really be so simple? Will he give up, just like that? I'm not sure why I'm disappointed, but regret coils inside my stomach and presses down like a heavy weight. I stretch out my legs, confused. This is what I want. Isn't it?

"So..." I'm prompting him, though I know I should hang up. Just take the out he's given me and be grateful for it.

"So we'll talk about this tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," I echo. "At work."

It's not a question, but he grunts an affirmative answer anyway. "I'm sorry to have bothered you at home."

I bite back the urge to say *I bothered you first*. "Good night, Adrian."

"Sweet dreams, Maddie."

When I finally sink into them, my dreams are anything but sweet. They're naughty, filled with more sensation than my body can handle. I'm enveloped by blackness, shrouded in shadows, blinded by the dark.

But I can feel. There are fingers all over me, touching, pinching, sliding between my legs and sinking into me. I part my thighs, welcome them deeper. Teeth scrape my breast. A mouth suckles my nipple, while a thumb presses against my back channel, demanding and insistent. A cock nudges my lips. I open, obediently, to it.

I curve my back, lift my hips. I'm aching for more. My sex throbs, and I need so badly to come.

I know this dream. It should be comforting. Familiar. Alongside all the erotic stimulants, there are always voices. Strangers' voices, whispering raunchy things to me in the dark. Gasps and groans, cries and moans.

Tonight, the dream is anything but reassuring.

There is only one voice reaching out from the darkness. It's rich and smooth, like aged whisky. A hint of a British accent gives it an erotic quality that makes me melt. It glides over me, setting my nerve endings on fire. And it whispers the same words, over and over again.

"I know it was you, Maddie... I know it was you."

* * * * *

“Good morning!”

The silvery tones of my coworker’s voice rake the inside of my skull. My head’s pounding, and despite the double dose of aspirin making its way through my system, I can’t shake the ache behind my temples.

I inhale the earthy aroma of freshly brewed coffee, grab the pot and fill my cup. It’s not often that I don’t have to fight someone for my first sip of caffeine, but I came in early today. I didn’t get much sleep, anyway. And besides, I know Adrian rolls in just a few minutes before nine so I beat him here by nearly an hour. I figure I can avoid him by keeping my headset on all day and doing my job.

“Yeah?” I reach into the communal fridge for the cream and check the expiration date, then turn and lean against the counter. “What’s good about it?”

“Umm...” Maria’s face goes pale, and her hand flutters at her throat. But then she brightens a little, and I can almost see the light bulb go off over the top of her cheery blonde curls. “Well, it’s Christmas in three days and—”

I growl low in my throat. The sound stops her cold.

There’s only one holiday worse than Christmas and that’s Valentine’s Day. The sentiment must be written all over my face because Maria swallows hard, bobs her head and vanishes out the kitchen door and into the cubicle farm before I can say a word.

Damn. That was uncalled for. I’m not usually such a giant bitch. I make a mental note to apologize to her tomorrow with an offering of Krispy Kreme donuts, since I know they’re her favorite.

I smooth a hand over my hair and tug at the ponytail gathered high on my head. The tight elastic keeping my thick mane in place can’t be helping my headache or my mood.

I’ve just turned my attention to pouring cream in my coffee when footsteps ring out on the tile behind me.

I close my eyes, take a deep breath. I'm a little ashamed of the way I treated Maria, but small talk isn't in my repertoire today. Still, I suppose I should make an effort. I work one desk over from her. If I don't clear the air now, I'll have to put up with her sulking and sighing all day.

"So, you got all your Christmas shopping done?" I ask brightly, then spin around, only to come face to face with a pair of clear blue eyes.

My coffee nearly spills over the rim of the cup. I tighten my grip on it and gape at Adrian.

He watches me intently for a moment before the corner of his mouth turns up. "Just about. You?"

I nod, not trusting myself to speak. In truth, I've done nothing of the sort. I'd given up on the whole buying-wrapping-mailing thing a couple of years ago. My family's spread out all over the great state of Texas, while I'm here in New York. So I discovered it's much easier to pick up a digital gift certificate on December 25 and be done with it. Gift giving and family pleasing all with one easy click.

Gotta love technology.

He moves a little closer, intruding in my personal space. I can't back up any farther—my tailbone is already glued to the counter. I catch a whiff of cologne, something spicy, and feel my nipples harden. I'm suddenly absurdly grateful I threw on a black blazer over my white cotton dress shirt.

"We need to talk about what happened last night. My roommate is very confused." A shadow darts behind his pupils, and I imagine it's jealousy taking shape. "You got him really worked up."

"And you?" I say before I can stop myself. "How are you feeling this morning?"

It could be an innocent question, but we both know it isn't. He glances over his shoulder to make sure we're alone. We are. The office kitchen is empty, and the call center doesn't officially open for another hour.

He takes my coffee cup, sets it down on the counter then grabs my hand. I should pull it back, I know, but I'm curious to see what he has in mind.

He leads my open palm to the bulge in his pants, presses my hand against his erection and hisses out a breath between his teeth. "How do you think I am?" He leans in closer, and I can feel his minty breath caress my lips. "You drive me crazy. I've been thinking about you for months, fantasizing...hoping. And then last night when I heard your voice... God, Maddie. Do you have any idea what you do to me?"

His voice cracks a little, and a frantic thrill goes through me. I love that sound, that tiny hitch in his breath that tells me he's losing control.

"Go out with me, Maddie. Please."

He's not begging. Not really. There's a certain cockiness in his tone that startles me. He's sure I'll say yes.

Because he'll blackmail me otherwise? Tell our boss that I get off on talking on the phone in a way no one else here does? I'm not certain, but the idea that he'd do something so nasty turns my stomach.

I pull my hand away, slide aside so he's no longer trapping me with his body.

"The answer's still no," I say as I walk out of the kitchen.

It's not until I'm settled at my desk that I realize I forgot my coffee cup. I'm not brave enough to go get it, so I resign myself to getting through the morning without that much-needed dose of caffeine.

A couple of minutes later, the scent of Adrian's cologne tickles my nose. I stiffen as he comes up behind me, and gather my wits in preparation for another argument. This time we can be overheard, and I pray he'll be discreet.

But he's done talking to me. He simply sets the coffee down to the right of my keyboard and walks away.

There's a yellow sticky note attached to the side of the cup. It reads, *For a good time call Adrian Morgan*. A phone number is scrawled at the bottom.

I laugh, despite myself, and peel the note off the cup. I have no intention of calling, of course.

But I still fold the paper neatly and slip it in my purse.

Chapter Three

"Cheese-a-Roni's Pizza Parlor. This is Jesse. May I take your order?"

I bite down on my lower lip to hide my squeal of delight. Jesse sounds downright adorable. His Brooklyn-accented voice has a slight lilt to it, and I have him pegged as a college kid from the first couple of words. I love college boys. They're the easiest to seduce over the phone, right up there with exhausted new dads who are so starved for a quickie they'd hump the sofa cushions when their wife isn't looking.

Oh yeah. This is going to be easy. A few dirty words and I'll have Jesse creaming his jeans right there in the back room of the pizza parlor.

"Hi, Jesse," I whisper, dropping my voice to a sultry murmur. "Do you deliver?"

"Uhh...yes, ma'am. I can have your pie there in thirty minutes or it's free."

Some of my excitement dissolves at being called ma'am. How old do I sound, anyway? I'm only thirty-two, though I suppose to a nineteen-year-old I'm downright ancient.

That thought sobers me a bit, and I wonder whether I should try dialing another number. But there's no guarantee I'll find another willing participant tonight, so I'm determined to give this a solid try.

I shift a little on the bed, run my fingertip along the thick girth of the dildo lying beside me. "I have a special request."

"No problem, ma'am. We can accommodate any dietary restrictions. We also offer thin crust, whole wheat crust and —"

"Would you deliver it naked?" I cut his salesman spiel short. It's cute, but I'm not in the mood for a pizza pie, whole wheat or otherwise.

I think maybe I hear a strangled squeak come out of his throat, but that could just be the bed springs compressing beneath me.

"N-naked, ma'am?"

"Yes. And stop calling me that."

"I don't understand."

Great. A dense college boy. Well, I'm more than happy to spell it out for him. "Do you watch porn, Jesse?"

"Porn, ma'am?"

I roll my eyes. I'm starting to get the feeling I'll have to earn this one. "Yeah, you know, the kind where the pizza delivery man rings the doorbell as he's stroking his cock through his jeans, and then when the door opens he's greeted by a woman wearing a see-through corset, a semi-transparent thong and black leather thigh-high boots?"

Now I'm certain he's swallowing hard. Finally, he seems to be getting the message. When his voice drops another octave, I know I have him. "Is that what you're wearing?"

He's dropped the *ma'am*, and I'm not above thanking God for minor miracles. "Mmmm...I'm not wearing anything at all."

"And...you'd like me to come over? Now?"

Ah, not so fast, kiddo. "First, I need to make sure you're the kind of man I'm looking for. Take out your cock."

"But...my boss is due back any minute. I have customers—"

"No buts, Jesse. Do as I say. Take out that big cock and describe it to me."

He groans, and a moment later I hear the sound of a zipper being lowered. I can picture him pulling his hard shaft through the parted zipper. My pussy gives an answering throb, and I pat it, gently, with the flat of my hand. Hot wetness fills my palm.

“Oh man. This kind of stuff never happens to me.”

The lustful awe in Jesse’s voice gives me pause. Is it fair to tease him like this? I have no intention of inviting him over, but he’ll end up with a hell of an orgasm out of the deal, so it’s not like I’m only using him.

Right?

I push down the lump of guilt creeping up the inside of my throat and grind the heel of my hand against my clit. The shiver of sensation that runs through me brings me back to the task at hand.

“Mmm... It’s only going to get better from here. Now, tell me, how big are you?”

“Uhh...about...” He pauses, and I can picture the wheels turning in his head as he gropes for an answer. “The size of a ripe banana?” he asks hopefully, as though this is a question on a test and he’s desperate to pass.

I don’t bother hiding my grin. “Nice. Tell me more.”

“I’m cut, and the head of my dick is flushed, kind of a dark pink color. There’s a drop of pre-cum at the tip and—” His hoarse groan drowns out whatever else he’s about to say.

“Are you stroking it? Are you stroking your cock for me, Jesse?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I slip two fingers along my folds, forcing myself to ignore the honorific. “Good. I want you to squeeze the shaft right at the base then drag your fist all the way up.”

“I’m doing it.” His breathing comes ragged now, and I believe him. The thought that he can get caught at any moment must be spurring him on, exciting him even further.

“Good.” I grab my dildo, part my sex with two fingers. “Now I want you to—”

The shrill ring of my home phone interrupts my next command. I swear low under my breath and try to ignore it. Nothing ruins the mood faster than struggling to

remember how long it's been since I've called my mother or wondering whether my sister wants to talk about my niece getting suspended from school again.

"Ma'am? I'm getting close. Tell me what you want me to do."

Oh yeah, I have him all right. "Cup your balls for me, Jesse. I want you to tug on the tender skin, pinch it for a bit of pain."

He moans. "That feels so fucking good."

I can hear him jerking himself. The sound of skin on skin spurs me on, and I tremble as I slide the dildo inside my channel. His strokes grow faster, harder. I'm eager to match him thrust for thrust.

"Hi, you've reached Maddie. I'm not here to take your call right now but leave a message and I'll get back to you."

If I'm very lucky, whoever's calling me will hang up right now. If my mother once again starts regaling my answering machine with a story about cousin Steven's third wife's mysterious mole, I'll have to get up and close my bedroom door.

But that would mean stopping, and I don't want to stop. Not now, when Jesse's so close. When *I'm* so close.

"I bet you like to be spanked, Maddie. Maybe with a ping-pong paddle or a rubber spatula. Have you ever had a rubber spatula smack your ass, Madeline?"

I freeze at the sound of Adrian's voice. Desire spikes inside me, and my pussy clenches tightly around the dildo.

"Ma'am?" Jesse's frantic now, his strangled moans hitching on every breath.

"Pick up the phone, Maddie. Let me hear you come for me."

I'm moving toward the living room even before I can process my actions. It's not an elegant walk—more like a waddle, really, with the dildo still shoved up my pussy and the phone clenched tightly between my shoulder and my ear.

"I'm sorry, Jesse. Something's come up."

I hang up the disposable cell, cutting off his cry of protest. Or maybe that was his orgasm. I can't tell, and the fact that missing his sound of ecstasy doesn't bother me worries me more than a little.

Phone sex is the ultimate in safe sex. There's no exchange of fluids, so I don't need to worry about pregnancy or disease. But that's not why I do it.

I do it to be in control. Getting a stranger off over the phone is an amazing act of power. It turns me on more than anything I've ever done with a partner, and yes, I know how that makes me sound. Depraved, warped, maybe a little twisted. I've been called all those things and more.

So I understand what I'm setting myself up for when I pick up the phone. No one I've ever confessed my kink to has ever understood it. I have no reason to believe that Adrian will be different.

And yet...he called me. He knows what I do. He heard it himself. But here he is, murmuring filthy things to my answering machine, giving me more blackmail fodder than he's got on me.

Surely that deserves a little of my trust.

Maybe that's what leads me to pick up. Or maybe it's just that I'm horny as hell and desperate to come. Whatever it is, I know I want him to hear me when I do. And I want to hear him—I ache for it, long for it, need it more than I've ever needed to hear a man's guttural groan of release in my life.

"I'm here," I say, and I swear I can feel Adrian's grin even through the phone. His satisfaction is electric; it sizzles through my nerve endings, makes my hand tingle and sends a flurry of sensation through my body.

"I'm not going to insult you by asking what you're wearing."

"A dildo," I say bluntly.

I've stumped him. There's silence on the other end of the phone, and I can't help but giggle. The tension that's been coiling in my gut dissipates on that burst of laughter.

He joins in, though his laugh is husky and sexy as hell. "You're kidding."

"No."

"I interrupted something."

"Are you disappointed?"

"I wanted to be your first. Tonight, I mean."

I sigh, walk over to the recliner and lift one leg onto the cushion. The dildo has started to slide out of me, so I take it out altogether, gasping as it leaves my pussy.

"Tell me what you want me to do." My heart skitters as I say the words. I'm always the one giving orders. I don't even know what I'm asking for or whether this is going to work. He's turning my fetish inside out, but for some reason, I like it.

I'm going to go with it, for now. I can always stop, hang up at any time. I'm still in control.

"Did the thought of being spanked with a rubber spatula turn you on, Maddie?"

I don't even think about lying to him. What would be the point? "Yes."

"Then get one for me."

I do as I'm told, taking the cordless phone with me into the kitchen. It takes me a couple of minutes to find what I'm looking for. I'm not much of a baker, but I know I got a spatula as a present a couple of years ago during a Secret Santa exchange at work.

Is it any wonder I hate Christmas?

"Got it." I hold the tool up triumphantly then bite my lip, embarrassed, when I realize he can't see me.

"Good. Now kneel on a kitchen chair. You got one of those?"

"Two of those, actually." I pull one away from the tiny breakfast nook in the corner of my minuscule kitchen and climb on it.

I'm feeling a little silly, but my nipples are hard and my pussy's pulsing with excitement. Blood roars in my ears. I tremble as I wait for Adrian's next order.

"I want to hear you when you do it."

"When I do what?" It actually takes me a moment to clue in to what he has in mind, but when I do, my eyes go wide and my jaw hangs open. "No way. You want me to spank myself? For real?"

"I'll jerk off for you," he says, and I think maybe that's the most romantic thing I've ever heard in my life.

Yes, I know how that sounds. I already admitted I'm twisted.

"Start with three smacks on your right ass cheek. And I want to hear every one. If I don't hear it, it doesn't count. Got it?"

There's something hypnotic about his voice. It lures me in, makes me lower my defenses.

My answering groan to his carnal demand echoes through the kitchen. I have to grip the chair's backrest with one hand, nestle the phone in the crook of my shoulders so it doesn't fall and still reach behind me and spank myself with the spatula.

I never realized I could be so coordinated. If I knew I could pull this off, maybe I'd have left the dildo in me.

Perhaps something to try later.

For now, I focus only on following his command. The first strike lands on the outer curve of my hip, just above my buttock and the sharp flash of pain surprises a cry from my throat. I didn't actually expect it to hurt.

I don't really know what I expected, but the tingling ache rushing through me and burrowing deep in my cunt wasn't it. My legs quiver, and I slap myself twice more in quick succession, biting back the cries that amass in my throat.

"Oh, good girl," Adrian croons. "I wish I could be there to see you. I have my cock in my hand. It's throbbing for you. I've lubed it up a little, and my hand's gliding easily down the thick length."

"Tug on it for me." I can only manage a soft whisper. "Now make a fist, stroke your shaft, squeezing as you near the tip. Imagine it's my pussy gripping you that tight."

“Oh, baby...” He groans, and his voice takes on a husky edge. “Your other ass cheek. Five this time.”

I wince, knowing what’s coming this time. A burst of heat creeps up my right buttock. Wetness has made my folds slick, and a few beads of cream drip down to pool on the wooden surface of the chair.

I widen my stance, grit my teeth and let it fly. The first smack isn’t as bad as I remembered, but the wave of pleasure crashing into me catches me completely off guard. I never realized I enjoyed the mix of pleasure and pain. Never had reason to consider it before.

I’m eager to keep going, so I do. Every slap of the spatula against my flesh brings me closer to release. My limbs quiver, and I can hardly recognize the small whimpers escaping my throat as my own.

“That’s it, baby, two more.” He’s breathing hard too. I can hear the rawness in his voice, the hoarseness in his groans. He’s nearly at the brink of release.

I shut my eyes, wanting to concentrate on nothing but the sound of him in my ear and the feel of the spatula on my ass. I can picture him, muscles taut, firm belly rippling as his orgasm nears. Though I’ve never seen it, I imagine his cock, thick and slightly curved toward his stomach, flushed just as he described, balls drawn tight against the base. In my fantasy, the narrow line of hair leading from his bellybutton to his cock arches nicely toward trimmed pubic curls.

He’s gripping his cock so tightly I can see the veins stand out in his arms. His knuckles turn white, and his back arches as he nears his peak.

The fifth blow lands against my tender skin and I yelp, both relieved and disappointed to be done. My inner walls clench, desperate for the dildo I left behind in the living room, but I can’t bear to walk all the way back there to get it.

My fingers would work or—

“Is it a rounded handle?” he asks with considerable effort.

"Yes." My acknowledgement is nothing more than a breathy squeak, but it seems to be enough.

"Shove it in you, baby. Ride it for me. Pretend it's my cock."

I do, but I know even as the handle slips easily inside my soaked channel that this is nothing like his dick. His beautiful shaft would be thick and long, satin over steel. This is a poor substitute, but it's all I have.

I ram it into me anyway, over and over, and I know we've matched our strokes to each other's rhythm. Our breaths are loud but evenly spaced, steady and perfectly in sync.

My orgasm starts low in my belly. It coils there and my clit throbs for a moment before I allow my thumb to flick over the small, needy nub. The wave of pure liquid pleasure rushing over me is overwhelming. It nearly drags me down into a sea of blackness and threatens to topple me off the chair.

The sound of Adrian's guttural cry steadies me. He comes, and I can picture the jets of white cream splashing his taut belly and matting that lovely pubic hair.

We descend from our ecstatic high together, not talking but listening to each other's breathing. It's enough, just being with him like this. My calls always come to an abrupt close the moment after the man unloads, but Adrian lingers, and the sound of his steady breathing in my ear is soothing and alarming at once.

I don't know how to end this call. I'm not sure what to say. *Thank you? Call again?*

"See you tomorrow," he says at last, taking the pressure off me.

Before I can reply, he's gone.

I spend the rest of the evening curled up in my recliner with a hardcover mystery novel spread open on my lap. The black-on-white words blur in the background. Only the yellow sticky note I've affixed to the page stands out, as does Adrian's neat scribbling. I've memorized his phone number long ago, and now I'm working on making a permanent imprint of the way he crosses his Ts and curves his Rs.

I trace the loops of his name with the tip of my index finger. I know there's a dark, scary part in all of us just waiting to come out. We fear showing it to the world, because we're terrified of being judged on that ugliness alone. But Adrian has seen my inner shadow, and he hasn't run. Yet.

Was calling his roommate truly an accident? Just a simple coincidence? Or was it something stronger, such as fate, which tugged at my hand and led me toward my Christmas miracle?

I push that corny thought away as I rise and thump the book closed, trapping Adrian's note between the pages. As I slide the novel onto the nearest bookshelf, I resolve not to look at it again that night.

An hour later, I fail miserably.

* * * * *

Aside from having sexual needs that are abnormal to say the least, and being snarky and rude to my coworkers on occasion, I'm also a coward. Which probably explains a few things about the reason I choose to get off with strangers over the phone.

The ultimate in safe sex, indeed.

Anyway, I'm not proud of it. But it's who I am.

So that's why the next morning, I call in sick to work. Just the thought of facing Adrian, of having him corner me in the kitchen again, sets my knees to knocking.

I'm not sure what I think I'll accomplish by postponing the inevitable. I convince myself that having more time to think about what I'll say will help. And that a few more hours' worth of distance between us will clear my head. I'm determined that when next we meet, I'll be cool, collected and composed.

But I don't feel calm—not by a long shot.

Every time I think about last night, a flush breaks out over my chest and creeps up the column of my throat. My nipples pebble, and my pussy creams as the memory of the most incredible orgasm of my life racks me, over and over again.

Adrian would see right through me. One look at my reddened face, one glimpse into my lust-glazed eyes and he'd know the effect he has on me.

Which means I have to pull myself together today, because I don't have the luxury of taking another sick day tomorrow. I've already booked some time off between Christmas and the New Year to see my family, so that means I only have to get through one day with Adrian. Christmas Eve.

Suddenly, I'm more homesick than I've been since moving to New York six years ago. A wave of loneliness crashes into me, and I burrow under a blanket on the couch. That's when I decide I need a good dose of girl therapy, so I do what I've always done when I need to unwind.

I unplug the phone, pour myself a bowl of frosted cereal, and proceed to spend the morning and afternoon watching *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* reruns on TV.

Night comes early this time of year. By five o'clock, twilight's creeping into my apartment. The wind rises, rattles the fire escape, howls at the windows. I've gotten used to pigeons cooing at all hours of the day and night but even they've disappeared when confronted by this infernal tempest.

I live on the second floor of an old brownstone. There are two other apartments besides mine, but I've never met my neighbors. I hear them every now and again, but for the most part, I pretend they don't exist. I'm thankful they're quiet, and like me, don't get many visitors.

So when a knock on the door echoes through my living room, followed by the chime of a doorbell—a sound I only hear when I order Chinese food from the takeout place across the street—I leap off the couch, hitting the mute button on the remote as I go.

My heart knocks hard against my rib cage. This is New York. I might have been raised a Texas cowgirl, but I know better than to open the door when I'm not expecting company.

I creep toward the entrance, trying to make as little noise as possible. Not that there's any chance whoever's out there will think I'm not at home. All the lights are on in my apartment, and until a second ago, the TV was blaring.

I reach the door, plaster myself against it, and rise on the tips of my toes to peek through the peephole.

I nearly forget to breathe when I see him. Adrian's standing on my grubby welcome mat, holding a brown paper bag in one hand and a bouquet of roses in the other.

Roses, for Heaven's sake!

For a long moment, I can only stand there and drink him in. His hair's disheveled, dark tufts standing out all over his head. He's bouncing on the heels of his feet, no doubt to stay warm. The leather jacket he's huddled in doesn't look to be doing a thing to keep the chill from reaching his body.

Whether it's pity or the sight of those flowers that moves my hand, I'm pulling back the deadbolt before I can even consider what I'm doing.

A blast of cold air hits my bare arms as I yank open the door, reminding me I'm only wearing a tank top and a pair of cotton shorts. I cringe, but it's too late to throw on a robe now. Instead, I usher him in, slam the door shut behind him and lean against it to calm my racing heart.

"Hi, Maddie."

My name has never sounded so sexy on anyone's lips. I want to hear it again, shouted in the heat of passion, murmured in worship, whispered in agonized need.

I wave at the bundles he's holding. "What's all this?"

"I brought you chicken soup." When I just stare at him, he adds, "You know, because you're sick."

Just when I think he can't possibly be any cuter, he pushes the bouquet into my arms. "This is for last night." He leans into me, tilts his head to avoid the plump red

petals hiding most of my face, and places a chaste kiss on my temple. "Thank you, Maddie."

I take a deep breath, inhaling the sweet scent of roses. I can't remember the last time anyone brought me flowers, and for a second, the thought saddens me more than I'd have thought possible. I'm horrified to realize that tears are stinging my eyes, so I blink them back quickly and push past Adrian.

He follows me through the narrow hallway and into the kitchen, where he sets the brown bag down on the counter while I fumble for something large enough to hold the flowers. I don't own a vase, so in the end I settle on a large plastic container. I think I bought it to hold spaghetti, but it looks as if it's never been used.

He doesn't say anything while I arrange the flowers, but I notice him looking me up and down, frowning when his gaze reaches my ratty blue slippers. I fight the urge to kick them off, reminding myself he's the one who showed up at my door uninvited. Did he really expect to find me wearing a teddy and thigh-high stockings?

Absurdly, I wish I had.

At last, he peels himself away from the doorframe and strides toward me. "You know what I thought when you didn't show up for work today?"

He looks so *big*, so menacing in my tiny kitchen. He's not smiling, and the intensity in his eyes frightens me as much as it draws me to him.

I pick up the makeshift vase, hold it like a screen between us. "What?"

He's close enough to touch me now, and he does. The back of his hand skims my arm. Goose bumps break out over my skin. I stare, disbelieving, at the tiny bumps. I don't think anyone's touch has ever done this to me before.

I'm probably just cold, I think, but the blast of heat wafting through the vents tells a different story. A trickle of sweat drips between my breasts.

"It's going to sound crazy." He plucks the flowers from my arms, sets them down on the counter behind me. He did the same with the coffee cup at work. It seems I'm always trying to shield myself from him.

"Okay."

"I thought you'd quit. I thought maybe I scared you and you never wanted to see me again."

My pulse pounds at the base of my throat. I can feel it reverberating in my temples, pounding right along with my frenzied heartbeat against my rib cage. "You didn't."

He releases a sigh, and I realize he's been holding his breath. "Good. I was afraid..."

The idea of Adrian being afraid of anything startles a laugh from my lips. "You? Never."

He reaches up, captures my face in his hands. Far from feeling trapped, the way his palms linger over my cheeks makes me feel cherished, wanted. It's a foreign feeling, one I'm not sure what to do with.

Before I can give too much thought to the uncomfortable sensations streaming through me, I dart in for a kiss. I think I just want to shut him up, but the moment my lips slant across his, I know I can't make do with a quick peck.

His tongue darts over my lower lip, and I'm lost. I wrap my arms around his waist, pull him toward me. He slides his fingers along the back of my head, tugs at the elastic that always holds my ponytail in place.

My hair cascades over my shoulders, and he tangles his hands in it, sighing against my mouth. "You're so beautiful," he murmurs, then parts his lips again and draws me in.

The sweet caress of his tongue against mine sends a shiver through me. I moan, press myself closer to him—close enough to feel the solid line of his cock nudge my stomach.

I need to feel him, to have my hands all over him. He's still wearing his jacket, so I unzip it quickly and nudge it off his shoulders. It falls to the tiled floor with a heavy thud, but that's the least of my concerns. I've already moved on to his shirt, which I'm tugging from his pants with quick, desperate yanks. When it finally comes free, I slip my hands beneath it, letting my fingers glide over his heated skin.

His muscles tense beneath my touch, and I want to commit to memory every dip, every plane and valley on his body, just as I memorized the uniqueness of his handwriting. I run my palms around the front of him, reveling in the rippled feel of his abdomen, in the light sprinkling of coarse hair over his chest and the flat nubs of his nipples.

I barely notice when he slides my shorts off my hips. I'm not wearing panties, and his sharp inhale of breath as he discovers this tells me it wasn't what he expected.

We're still kissing when his hand finds my slick folds. I keep myself neatly trimmed, even though no one's seen my pussy in nearly a year. I do it for me.

Now I'm absurdly grateful I've taken the time to groom myself. He slips two fingers along my slit, and his chest heaves, breath catching as I grind down against the pressure he's applying to my cunt.

If I was normal, this would be enough. I'd cling to him, let him take me soaring and lose myself in the intimacy he offers. But although his hand on my sex feels divine, I need more. The absence of voices in the dark stirs my soul, tugs at the emptiness inside me.

The knowledge that I'll have to tell him leaves a bitter aftertaste in its wake.

I'm struggling to figure out how to broach the subject when he breaks the kiss with a groan that seems torn from the depths of his chest. His palm remains where it is, cupping my pussy for a second longer, before it, too, slips away.

A whimper slides from my throat. Panic grips me like a band tightening around my chest. "Don't go."

In that moment, I'm willing to do anything, try anything, if he'll stay. I don't have to tell him. I can pretend to be anyone he wants me to be. I'm so damn good at pretending.

He sinks down to the floor, looks up at me with an amused grin that highlights the twin dimples in his cheeks and makes my stomach flip-flop. "I'm not going anywhere, baby."

"Then..."

"I have something for you."

I can see now that he's rummaging around in his jacket pocket. When he lifts his hand, it's to show me the sleek, flat edge of a cell phone. It's one of the new models, the kind that are all screen and no buttons.

My mouth hangs open, but I'm having trouble getting words out. Is he really telling me I can call someone right now? Is it possible he can understand me so well? And more importantly, that he doesn't mind?

The frisson of sensation running up and down my spine has me quivering. I reach for the phone, but he snatches his hand back just as my fingers make contact with the metal edge.

My heart sinks all the way down to my toes. I should have known it was too good to be true.

Chapter Four

Adrian leans in, drags his mouth up my inner thigh, still keeping the cell phone in his outstretched hand out of my reach. "Let me do this for you."

I part my legs, giving him greater access to my pussy. I don't have the strength to argue, but neither am I insane enough to pass up a good licking when it's offered. Still, I eye the phone greedily, and for a fleeting moment I wonder if I can lean over far enough to snatch it out of his hand while he's occupied with my cunt.

"Don't even think about it," he murmurs against my mound.

I pout, lean against the counter and lift my legs.

Adrian inhales swiftly and grabs my thighs, positioning them over his shoulders. The cold metal edge of the phone kisses my flesh as he presses the sleek device against me while cupping my ass in his hands and bringing my sex closer to his mouth.

His tongue parts my folds, slides easily through the slick, wet flesh. He kisses my labia, sucks the outer lips into his mouth and bites down lightly before releasing that spot and choosing another.

Desire builds inside me. It swirls and blooms, expanding in my lower belly. And still there's something missing.

I close my eyes, lean my head back, and try to ignore the gnawing disappointment that melds with the pleasure sizzling through my veins. Surely, just this once, I don't need the phone. I can come with this man's mouth on my pussy and be satisfied.

Right. I know better.

But I try, anyway.

Adrian runs the tip of his tongue around my clit, sending a shiver straight to my core. His mouth is a staggering work of genius, exploring me thoroughly, marking me with every slow swipe.

I squeeze my eyes closed, tangle my fingers in his hair and tighten my thighs' grip around his head. I start to move, rub my wanton pussy against his face. I want to pull him into me, to fuck his beautiful mouth, to come hard and fast and openly all over him.

But I can't.

I can't.

Tears pinch my eyes. I can feel them leaking from the corners of my eyelids, and I wipe them away furiously with the back of my hand. God, I hope he doesn't notice. I need to focus on him, on his talented tongue, on the flurry of sensation swirling around my clit, bringing me closer and closer —

When the phone rings, I can't help the sob of relief that escapes my throat.

It's Adrian's phone, I realize through my haze of lust and relief. I can feel it vibrating along the curve of my ass, and the ring tone isn't one I recognize. I like it though. It's tinny and old-fashioned, like the ring of a rotary phone.

Adrian pauses to place a slow kiss on my clit then lifts his head and pierces me with a fierce stare. "It's for you."

He slides the phone up along my body, over the tank top I'm still wearing. It skims my ribs, caresses the underside of my breast before sliding across my nipple. Adrian inches it up further, along my collarbone, up the column of my throat, gliding across my cheek and up to my ear.

Then he presses his thumb to the screen, and the ringing vanishes. I hear nothing but deep breathing on the other end.

"Hel... Hello?"

A man clears his throat. "Is this Mistress Lucy?"

My eyes widen in confusion and I open my mouth to say no, when I catch sight of Adrian nodding furiously.

"Err...yes, it is."

"Oh good." The man's relief is palpable. "I've never done this before. The girl who took my credit card number said you're crazy hot, and well, I'm so fucking horny and —"

"Just a moment, please."

I fumble with the phone and finally find the *mute* label, which I touch in a hurry. "What the hell is going on?"

Adrian looks up from between my legs. He's wearing a broad grin, the kind that shows off his dimples to perfection. My heart does a slow somersault in my chest, and suddenly I can't recall what I just asked him.

"I have a friend who works as a sex phone operator. She promised to send through a client for you tonight."

"A...phone sex..."

"Operator," he supplies helpfully. His smile widens further, and I swear I can see his eyes twinkling with pure satisfaction.

He knew exactly what I wanted, and he gave it to me. Just like that.

The tears that fill my eyes now have nothing to do with frustration or disappointment. They're pure liquid joy.

I touch the *mute* label again. "What's your name, handsome?"

"Uhh... It's Mike. Hey, listen, am I going to get charged for being put on hold?"

I have a sneaky suspicion he won't like my answer. Better to not give him one at all. "Mike, picture me right there in front of you. I'm perched on your dining room table, naked, legs spread, pussy open and inviting. What will you do to me?"

Adrian grabs my legs, pushes my thighs further apart. His mouth is a machine, lips and tongue moving in unison around my clit while he slides two fingers inside my channel.

"Oh man, I'd fuck you good."

"Oh yeah?" I purr into the phone. "Do you have a big cock, Mike?"

"Yeah. It's hard too."

Adrian clamps on to my clit with his lips. He sucks deeply, drawing the little nub into his mouth. At the same time, he curls his fingers deep in my channel while Mike pants in my ear.

The orgasm that slams into me is like nothing I've ever felt before. It crashes over my muscles, sweeps through my veins and fills my body with more pleasure than I think I can handle. My pussy weeps, and Adrian licks up the cream with husky little moans that let me know I'm the most delicious dessert he's ever tasted.

"Ohh...stroke that cock for me," I say when I recover enough. "I want it stiff and ready for my pussy."

"Yeah..." Mike lets out a low hiss, and I can picture his fist sliding over the flushed head of his dick. "You like it rough?"

Not particularly, but it's his fantasy. And his \$3.99 a minute or whatever he's paying for this call. He can give it to me as rough as he wants.

"Definitely," I assure him.

Adrian lifts my legs off his shoulders and gets to his feet. His nostrils flare, and his eyes narrow as he grabs a fistful of my tank top and yanks it up, baring my breasts.

My chest heaves. My pussy's still tingling from the remnants of that orgasm, and when Adrian starts to unbuckle his belt, a whimper escapes my throat.

Mike's done talking now. He's lost in whatever fantasy he's conjured up, and I can hear the slap of flesh against flesh as he jerks himself into oblivion. His breathing has quickened. It now echoes in rhythmic pants in my ear.

I sink my teeth into my lower lip, watching with relish as Adrian's cock springs free.

God, he's stunning, my Adrian. Even more perfect than I imagined. His cock spears the air, reaching almost up to his navel. His curls aren't trimmed, but it doesn't bother me like I thought it would. He simply looks...raw. Natural, appealing in a way that steals my breath.

When I fist his cock, he lets out a low groan.

"That's right, baby. Give me that big hard cock. Give me everything you've got."

Mike thinks I'm talking to him, and his answering moan is a low, keening sound that tells me he's only seconds away from release.

Adrian grabs my wrist, frees his cock from my grip, and in one smooth thrust impales me with his beautiful dick. In that same moment, Mike howls in my ear. I picture jets of cum landing with slick splashing sounds against his belly.

Adrian rams into me, fast and deep and so intensely that I have to grip the edge of the counter to steady myself. He's still got that grin, but it's a little lopsided now, and a trickle of sweat pours down his temple.

He reaches down between us, gives my clit a tweak, and with that, sends me over the edge one more time. My muscles quake around him as he thrusts into me twice more before following me into bliss.

I grip his face in my hands, watch the smile vanish as he comes. His lip curls and he grits his teeth. A flush creeps up the column of his throat. I stare in awe, amazed to be witnessing this. I'd forgotten the exquisite feeling of being this close to a man when he loses control. He's at his most vulnerable, and at his most beautiful, in this moment.

Before he's finished, I throw myself into his arms fully and slant my mouth across his.

He kisses me back fiercely, wraps his arms around me and lifts me off the counter. The phone tumbles to the floor, forgotten.

I slide my legs around his waist and then I'm floating as he carries me into the living room.

There, he lays me down on the couch and presses his body against mine. His cock is still buried inside me, and as I slide my tongue along his, I can feel it coming back to life, stiffening against my inner walls.

I breathe him in with every inhale. He's a part of me now. He knows my secrets, and he accepts them along with my shadow self.

This time when we fuck, there is no one else whispering dirty things in my ear. It's just Adrian, on top of me, inside me, all around me.

Just this once, amazingly, it's enough.

Epilogue

"Merry Christmas, baby."

I press my body against his and burrow my nose in the hollow of his shoulder. "It is now."

I've been worried, watching slush-filled streets turn to ice as the storm of the century vents its fury onto New York. I thought maybe the snow and sleet would keep him away. I should have known better.

Adrian flashes me his dimples, and my stomach flutters. We've been together a year now, but I never get tired of seeing that smile directed at me.

He picks up a gift bag he dropped in the hallway when I jumped him as soon as he walked through the door. "And happy anniversary, Mistress Jacqui."

I laugh, grab the bag from his arms. The name I chose for myself when I started working as a phone sex operator somehow suits me. It's playful, with a raunchy edge to it. I'm comfortable being called Mistress Jacqui, but I like hearing him call me Maddie more.

He knows it, too, and saves my real name for when he's whispering sweet nothings in my ear while we're making love. When it's just the two of us. When he knows the sound of my name on his tongue can send me soaring like no stranger's voice ever could.

I place the gift under the tree, alongside a large box that holds my gift for him. It's the first year I've bothered with a Christmas tree, but when Adrian suggested we pick out a real one together, I couldn't resist. He carried it inside my apartment, brought over a box of ornaments that had been his mother's, and helped me set it up. Now I know it's as much a part of my new Christmas tradition as being with him.

As soon as my arms are free, he pulls me to him again and claims my mouth in a soul-searing kiss. "Are you working tonight?" His breath ruffles my hair.

I shake my head. The phone's unplugged. I called my family an hour ago, wished them a Merry Christmas, told them the storm will keep me away this year but that I'll visit for New Year's – and that I'll be bringing a friend.

"I've taken the night off."

His low growl sends a trembling shiver down my spine. He slips his hands underneath my silk robe, sucks in a breath when his fingers brush lace.

Oh yeah. I've got a few anniversary surprises for him, too, all bundled up in silk.

He unwraps me slowly by tugging on the belt at my waist. The robe falls open, revealing a strip of red lace encasing my hips and pussy and a second one barely covering my nipples. The two are joined by a band of green lace running up the center of my body. A striped bow sits in my cleavage, completing the cheery ensemble.

But none of those things have his interest. Instead, his gaze is glued between my legs. His eyebrows lift in question, and he knows he doesn't have to ask.

"My new toy. A client told me how much he likes it used on him, and I thought..." My voice fades, and I hold my breath, waiting for Adrian's answer.

He reaches out and runs the tip of a finger over the silicone sheen of the rubber strap-on. "A new fetish? I'm an understanding guy, Maddie, but this might be too much, even for me."

The wink of his dimples tells me otherwise.

He backs up a step, and before I can ask him where he's going, he picks up the gift bag from beneath the tree and shoves it in my hands. "Open it," he orders in a tone I wouldn't dare disobey.

Excitement heats my blood. I tear the tissue paper in my rush to get at whatever's laying at the bottom of that bag. When I pick up the package and slide it out, I can't help the laughter that gathers at the back of my throat.

"The Strap-On-2000. Built for his riding pleasure." I'm reading the text on the packaging, but I know it by heart. It's what sold me on this model in the first place.

We stare at each other for a long moment, me still holding the box, him with his hand on the bulge in his jeans. Tension builds between us. It heats the air, scorches my skin, makes my heart pound.

"My, oh my..." I say at last in a voice I can barely recognize. "What on earth are we going to do with two of these?"

He grins at me and unbuckles his belt. "We're creative people, Maddie. We'll think of something."

"And if we don't?"

"We can always ask one of your clients for advice."

A flutter of excitement starts low in my belly. I'm already eyeing the unplugged phone.

Adrian shakes his head, but there's a glimmer of excitement in his eyes I instantly recognize. He makes his way to the phone, slides the connector back into the wall. "Looks like Mistress Jacqui is back in business tonight."

By the time the first call comes through, I've got Adrian bent over the bed, and I'm coaxing his puckered hole open with the tip of my well-lubed index finger.

"This is Mistress Jacqui," I say after hitting the speakerphone button. Sinking my teeth into my lower lip, I slide my finger inside my lover's tight sphincter. "Tonight, I'd like to play with your ass. Will you let me?"

Twin groans fill my bedroom, causing goose bumps to rise along my arms.

Oh yeah, I think, knowing I'm going to make two men come within the next few minutes and watch one of them up close when he does. *Merry Christmas to me.*

About the Author

Award-winning author Lacey Savage loves to write about her dreams—or more specifically, she loves to breathe life into her steamy fantasies (and she's got plenty!). She pens erotic tales of true love and mythical destiny, peopled with strong alpha heroes and feisty heroines. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships. She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and a mischievous cat.

Lacey welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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