From business to pleasure

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I enjoy our conversations. At times they are businesslike and at other times, they are more personal. Either way, though, there is always a strong undertone of inner thought and emotion.
When I speak to her on the phone, I picture her so strongly. That image and her soft mellow voice causes me swell so quickly. It happens every time we speak. Every time my wandered in her direction.
I shall call her now.
And even as I dial, I fantasized about what she might be doing. Maybe she was doing what I was doing when I thought of her.
I see her sitting by the phone, the receiver cradled in her neck. The neck I loved to nibble. And as we talk, I can see her casually brush the hair from her forehead. She smiles when she talks.
Most of the time, when she talked, I only pick up a word or two. I am much too busy trying to picture her.
Her hand would drop slowly, lightly touching her breasts over her t-shirt. She would let out a slight gasp. Just enough that I would hear it…tease me, make me wonder whether it was my imagination or not.
She would pat her tummy before she would slowly slide her hand under her T, upward toward her delicious breasts.
Touching herself, feeling her warm chest. She would tell me how good she felt. She would tell me how hard her nipples were getting as she squeezed and pinched them. Caressing herself.
Then there would be a long period of silence.
A hand would slowly slide down to her waistband. I imagined hearing the bottom being unhooked and hearing the sound a zipper being lowered. I would then hear a slight gasp, as the pressure of her shorts was eased.
I could see her lightly running her hand over her red panties. Feeling lower and lower, until she centered on her sweet mound. I could almost feel the heat rising as I knew it does. Maybe a little damp spot appearing through the red.
A gentle little touch. Then a firmer one. She raises her legs up onto the nearby table. She spreads them ever so slightly. And now her hand is at the waistband of her panties. She slides them over a bit, as her moist lips begin to pout from below.
At first, a little bit hesitant. Then bolder. She slides her finger into herself. Along her silky lips. She moans with pleasure.

She touches her clitoris and sighs. Now, she is rubbing it. Circling it. Pinching it. She is breathing heavier. Her eyes are closed and she has an expression of euphoria on her face.
She has trouble holding the phone and fingering herself at the same time. She manages while moaning and breathing heavily into the phone. I can hear her. Picture her.

She tells me what she is doing. How she feels She is close. Offer encouragement.
She is about ready to cum. She is louder and louder.
Rubbing her sweet spot. Oh, how I love to taste her. Nibble on her. Run my fingers through her hairy mound. Taste her flow. Feel her between my lips. He ay she raises her hips against my mouth. The sounds she makes as she pushes her hips against my chin.
No, wait! That’s not her! No at all. “Oh, sorry sir, I must have misdialed. I apologize. Have a nice day!”