

Phone Sex

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And this is what Mike does to Aly...

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The absolute best, and worst, part of summer is all the free time I have to lounge about. Unfortunately, that is also exactly the atmosphere that fosters boredom and restlessness...there are only so many days a girl can spend tanning in her backyard or going shopping for clothes she will never wear. And so it was with a listless lethargy that I got up this morning, en route to a nice, intensely cold shower. I took one look in the mirror and shook my head; underneath the light tan I work so hard to obtain, my skin looked flushed and overheated. I pushed my messy bed hair out of my face, where the light sheen of perspiration was causing it to stick. At least Mike isn't around to see this trainwreck. Mike is my boyfriend, whose sweetness always leads him to tell me how pretty I look, regardless of how I feel. Obviously he is blinded by love because this particular look was not what anyone would call "attractive". Pushing these thoughts aside, I eagerly ran the water and stepped under the freezing spray. Ten minutes later, I wrapped myself in a towel and let my hair drip a puddle onto the bathroom tiles. I couldn't quite shake the feeling of laziness settled in my every limb. Most mornings I go for a run, but it's just too damn hot to consider that today....besides, I was already showered. Why on earth would I subject myself to sweating myself back to a melted mess? A little ashamed, but hot enough to ignore the nagging feeling I should do something productive, I headed back to bed with the idea of reading a book and seeing if any motivation strikes me to do anything (yeah, right, Aly...). Towel dropped carelessly onto the bedroom carpet, pulling a pair of panties on while my other hand reached for the dial labeled "Maximum A/C"... Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. It's a text from Mike, who apparently just woke up. Good morning, baby doll...wanna talk for a bit...? My fingers immediately typed out a reply, as a smile finally crept onto my face. Yes, please! I adore talking to Mike on the phone. He doesn't know it, but sometimes when he's telling a long story, I half listen and just admire his voice. He picks on my New England accent, but all I know is his voice is wicked sexy, whether he agrees that "wicked" is an adverb or not. The phone rings, and I take a deep breath before answering. Mike! Hi! Well, that was sophisticated. Keep squeaking, Aly. Hey there, gorgeous. Shit. Shit, shit, shit. Why was I suddenly blushing and well, let's be honest, wet between my legs? My brain wasn't registering this conversation anymore. You could offer me a million dollars and I still wouldn't be able to recall what was said. It must have somehow led to a double entendre though, because what caught my attention was one word. Say that again. Say what again? Oh, you mean you

wanna hear me say “pussy”... That asshole, of course I wanted to hear him say that, mine was melting from the sound of his voice. Baby, please repeat the dirty thing you just said. I want to be so deep inside your tight, wet pussy, Aly. Soooooo deep... My hands were suddenly caressing my breasts as I noticed vaguely that my nipples were as hard with arousal as my pussy was wet with it. I found I couldn't answer for a few moments, but he must have heard the slight exhale I gave when I tugged at my hard peaks because he didn't stop. You're touching yourself, baby. I bet you want to slide a finger into your panties and run it over that clit. Mmm, I know you baby doll...you're aching... I could imagine how his beautiful cock was springing to attention, listening to my breathing get heavier as my hand worked its way into the soaked lace of my panties. I wanted to tell him how turned on, how wet I was, how desperate I was for the release he could bring me to but all I could do was clutch the phone to my ear and start to moan. I hear that, Aly. What a bad little girl you're being for me, I'm stroking myself listening to these hot little moans of yours. You want me to fuck you hard, don't you? Impaling you on my throbbing meat...mmmhmmm, that's my sexy little girl... And this is when I started to lose it and got my voice back...quite loudly, actually. Fuck me, Mike! Yessss, just like that...fuck, baby, you always hit all my spots...shit, yes fuck me HARD! I heard him groan when he heard my request. My red-faced embarrassment was forgotten as I buried my fingers inside my aching cunt. I could hear his pleasure and it only spurred me on to go harder, faster, and deeper...just like that throbbing dick would be doing to me. The conversation deteriorated somewhat, each of us lost to the sensations of pleasure rolling through us. Every few seconds another filthy demand would come out. Fuck me harder, Mike! Oh baby you make my pussy feel so fucking good, pound my pussy mmmmmm OH MY GOD! You're so damn tight, baby! Shit, Aly, don't stop clenching my cock like that...my filthy little whore taking my cock deep and hard, over and over... And then, when it started to become unbearable, he interrupted my screams with an order. Fucking cum for me, Aly! Right now! Cum all over my cock, and I'm gonna fill your tiny little pussy full of my cum! There were incoherent moans, screams, and Mike's name poured out of my mouth over and over before I seemed to think begging God was the way to get over that edge. Oh God, please...please....so fucking close OH MY GOD, PLEASE! Prayers do get answered. I closed my eyes and flooded the sheets on my bed as I vaguely registered Mike telling me he was cumming as well. My pussy throbbed out almost painful waves of pleasure that seemed to go on and on before I was laying there, gasping for breath. A couple breathless minutes later, I gained control of myself and my mouth, always so smooth and sexy, blurted out the first thing that came to mind. Damnit, Mike! You made me forget to turn the air conditioning on, I'm overheating over here! He just laughed at me, and suddenly the intensity was broken; we were just reveling in a post-orgasm blissful mood together. Until the sneaky bastard got hard again and started talking about my pussy...and he blames ME when he's late for work?