

The Phone Call

By rogerjar

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A phone call that introduces a whole new world of pleasure.

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Samantha is a sweet girl. Kind, loving, friendly, and beautiful. She always achieved good grades, ran track, acted in the school play, and detested her family. All in all, a stereotypical high school senior. She was 5'7" tall and had a toned but rather shapely body. Her body looked not like the typical modern day peppy girl, but rather old fashioned, like she was born in the wrong age and should have been in Marilyn's movies. Her brunette hair swept down over her shoulders in a simple wavy fashion. Her smile lit the room and her eyes reflected the essence of her personality. Sweet, kind, loving, and beautiful. This is her story. "Take my love, take my land, take me where I cannot stand. I don't care, I'm still free, you can't take the sky from me." Her ringtone rang out as the screen on her phone lit up, showing the caller i.d. Jon is calling "Jon, you spell your name like a pretentious son of a gun, you know that?" Her laugh bubbled out as she joshed with her Jon. "Take it up with my parents. They're the ones who inflicted me with it." Jon was tall. To say otherwise would be moronic. He hadn't grown into his height yet, so his body was abnormally lanky. If you looked at him, you would figure him for a mama's boy who played Dark Heresy in the basement with his smelly friends. If you figured that, then you are spot on. What is left out of your figuring is that he has a wiry strength that is characterized by his legs. Strip Jon naked, as Samantha frequently dreams about, you will see a toned muscular framework that is the product of frequent runs and long distance bike trips. No six pack exists, yet he is no slouch either. His hair is short yet tousled, skin occasionally pockmarked with faded acne, and a voice that can be used, and had been, to sing the way into a girls heart. "Where's that CD you promised me? I want to hear your songs!" As Samantha demanded this of her friend, she looked idly at her computer, scanning through facebook. Her mind was distracted when she heard Jon's reply. "It should be sitting in your computer right now. I bribed your brother to put it in for me. And while I might not have a lollipop anymore, I think it was worth it." "What?!" Samantha shrieked. She quickly went to iTunes to look for the disc. She saw an audio CD had been inserted. She clicked on it and went to the first song. "I had a house while you were gone. The week after you left me, I found a couple acres, near Severna park." As Jon's voice drifted out of Samantha's speakers, Jon started scoffing at his voice. He couldn't stand his own work. "Jon, that really is lovely. Congratulations. Your first CD!" "Thanks Sammy." "So what are you up to?" Silence answered her. "Jon?" "Hey, um..." his breathing

had oddly gotten heavier. "I need to get off... the phone." "Are you doing what I think you're doing?" Her voice had gotten quiet. "Yes ma'am.... running." His loud laugh slammed into Sam's ear, making her flinch from the sudden volume. "Why... you!!" "Yes, I tricked you. Like a small... something." His ripostes weren't exactly witty. "I thought you were...!" "Were what?" Jon and Samantha had dated once upon a time. Years previously. After a struggle for Jon to grow up and Samantha to calm down, they had finally reconciled to the point where they could laugh and go into hysterics over the slightest thing. Ever since they became friends, their conversations had slowly drifted into the "slightly more than friends zone... again." This manifested itself in the way of other such relationships. Long talks, increasingly dirty jokes, and a flirty conversational tone. "You are so bad, Jon. Why do I let you rile me up as you do?" "Because I'm just so devilishly handsome and shmexy." His Irish accent slipped into his tone. Every time he did such a thing, Samantha knew that Jon was thinking quite the opposite. Or just thinking in general, which was quite a revelation. His voice returned from the Twilight zone with a small chuckle. Then a rather long sigh. "Hey, I kinda gotta go. Chores and crap. Ugh." "Oh, sure thing. We can talk later. Bye!" "Bye." Samantha's hands drummed against the table. "Boooooored." She groaned. Her eyes flickered over to the computer screen. "Hmm..." Her right hand moved to the mouse and turned the screen back on. She went online and skipped from facebook to Google. She keyed in several words and hit search. Her other hand slipped into her pajama bottoms and slowly massaged her thigh as she looked at a picture of a man slipping into a woman. She clicked on it and a video began to play of a couple in a hot tub, the women moved up and down on the man as she spat out a series of cuss words all designed to make someone wet or hard, depending on who was watching the video. Her hand slowly inched into her white panties, where a wet spot was growing in size. She massaged her clit through her panties. A moan slipped out of her lips as she increased the pace of her motions. As she finished the video, her hand pushed aside her panties, delving into her folds as her palm pressed against her clit, continuing her ministrations. Her juice slowly spread throughout her panties, wafting the air with the aroma of her scent. Her right hand clicked on another video of another couple, but this time in a bed. The woman was sucking the man's cock while her hand pushed in and out of her hole. Sam brought her left hand out of her pants and used both hands to pull her t-shirt up so her voluptuous curves spilled out, not in the slightest constrained by a bra. Her hands then rushed downwards to pull her pants and panties down so that her bum was pressed fully against the chair and both hands were freed to frantically rub her clit and fill her hole with fingers at the same time. She tried to contain her moans, but they flowed out despite her best efforts. Her moans increased in tempo and they crescendoed along with her flooding orgasm. Cum flowed from her pussy to the chair into the form of a small puddle. She took a minute to breathe and try to stop the tremors that continued to rack her body. As she settled down, she looked between her legs at the sticky puddle of girl cum that had covered her thighs and the wooden chair. She sighed as she stood up and took some of the juice along her legs. She found tissues and started cleaning up. "Take my love, take my land, take me where I cannot stand. I don't care, I'm still free, you can't take the sky from me." She looked at the caller i.d. and she picked up the phone, put it on speakerphone and answered. "Hey Jon! What's up?" "Are you panting right now?" ... To Be

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