

# The Call: a very short story

By spitfire

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*sometimes memories are the best inspiration*

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I was laying naked in bed listening to the phone ring, so eager to steal a few minutes with you. You picked up on the 5th ring, exasperation in your voice tempered by tenderness because you knew it would be me. "hello?" I could hear Joshua crying in the background and your friend Tim still talking to you as you answered the phone. "Hello Love" I whispered "Baby" In my mind's eye I could clearly see the smile spreading on your face. "Sounds like you have your hands full Love" "Not full with want I want them to be" You quipped back "Tim, can you take Josh into the other room and keep him busy for 5 minutes? thanks\* You sighed into the phone, Josh's cries fading into the background "I miss you Baby" Smiling I told you I missed you too. The words had barely left my mouth when Josh's cries became louder again. "He's frustrated because he can't make his toy gun pop on his own" You told me "Here Bubby. Daddy will show you one last time" I layed there listening, smiling at the interaction between you and your son. No sooner had Josh left the room again that I decided to distract you. I reached into my nighttable and pulled out my little silver vibrator. The silver bullet you so fondly call it. My pussy was already wet and I didn't hesitate to push the vibrator into my body in one fluid motion. You heard my small gasp and chuckled a little nervously "what are you doing Love?" I laughed softly into the phone and answered you in a soft husky voice. \*what does it sound like I'm doing Love?\* I hear you groan almost inaudibly then silence. By this time I'm sliding my vibrator in and out of my pussy at a good steady pace. I know you're listening to every shallow breath I take. I could hear your breathing change. "Baby..." you say through clenched teeth. "hmmmmmmmmmmmmmm" I moan and hear a door shut. Footsteps on stairs. Your harsh breathing. The tightness in your voice. "Love...Tim is here. Do you have any idea what you're doing to me? Any idea at all? You know I can't listen to you without getting hard. I can't get hard now. If I go back in there with a raging hardon Tim is definitely going to ask me what's going on...." "hmmmmmmmm...Baby...do you want me to stop?" "Yes!..No!.." You groaned. I laughed softly "....Dammit Jenna..you sound so good..." "I..I.. f-feel good too Baby\* I crooned, breath catching in my throat making me stammer. You cursed under your breath. Your voice tight and full of tension. I could tell your teeth were still clenched when you said "Do you have any idea what you're doing to me? Do you have any idea at all how much you're turning

me on? Do you woman?!! I can't get turned on!..I'm in my backyard..pacing..wearing nothing but boxers..listening to you fucking yourself..making yourself cum...and you KNOW i can't touch myself and play with you..you KNOW that...you're doing this on purpose...I'm trying NOT to get turned on and that's an even bigger turn on....." I didn't mean to but I laughed again and stammered out "I told you Baby..just say the word and I'll..." You cut me off. Your voice low. If I didn't know you any better I'd think you were angry. "Jenna..wait until I get you alone in a hotel room again...I'm going to make you pay for this....I am going to drive you crazy the way you're driving me crazy right now....I'm going to touch you and whisper things into your ear until you beg me to fuck you....and then, after I laugh into your ear, I'll say no....and make you beg for more...until your body is quivering, covered in a fine sheen of perspiration and I know you can cum at the first touch of my finger..." Your breathing was ragged as you spoke to me. One orgasm after another washing over my body. Crying out into the receiver, our voices mingling on the line. "You may think you're cumming long and hard right now Baby.." you continued "but it's nothing compared to how you will cum the next time I see you...what you're doing to me now is as erotic as anything you've ever done but it's nothing...nothing compared to what I will think up for you" I laughed again, my voice soft and low, struggling to catch my breath. "Thank you Baby..thank you very much" your voice dripping with as much sarcasm as I knew your cock was dripping precum. "Now I have to go back into the house and act normal..pretend I didn't hear what I just heard...pretend I don't want fuck you..hard..from behind..my balls slapping against your clit....yeah..Thanks a lot Baby" "You're welcome Baby" the smile evident in my voice. "Oh..and Love?" all I heard was a frustrated grunt. "Have a good night" I heard your outraged groan before I put the phone back in it's cradle and burst into laughter. There would be hell to pay tomorrow night. I made myself cum again just thinking about it. Jenna Baker © 2001