

Question of the Night

By Deatri King-Bey

“Okay folks.” She nodded a hello to the late night guy. “We only have time for one quick call.” She pressed the button for line three. “WKRZ, you’re on the air with Jay Lynne. So what ya got for me?”

“Oh, am I really on the air?” screeched the voice of an excited young woman. “I can’t believe it. I listen to you everyday. My name is Donna.”

“Why thank you, Donna. I’m glad you enjoy the show. We don’t have much time.”

“Oh I know, I’m sorry. I even wrote down what I wanted to say so I wouldn’t forget when I got on air.” Jay could hear paper crinkling over the line. “Here we go. I want you to answer the question of the night?”

Jay laughed. “Me? Honey, tonight I ask the questions, others answer.”

“Oh please. Everyone wants to know. Let me see if I have it right. I’m nervous, so forgive me, but would you like to meet...I mean, what would you do if you met someone whose sexual pull on you was so strong that when they stepped in the room you became wet with anticipation?”

Jay fanned herself. “Whew, I feel like I’m on the hot seat here. I’m not as brave as most of the callers, so I’d run the other way.”

“Somehow I don’t believe that, Jay. You don’t seem to back away from anything.”

The late night guy signaled for her to wrap it up. “Well, you have me there, don’t you? I hate to answer and run, but my time is exhausted. Tune in tomorrow at ten, and we’ll do this again. Goodnight everyone.”

Flowing through the evening’s calls in her mind, Jay walked down the darkened hallway toward her small office. Shocked it took so long for someone to ask her to answer the question of the night, she grinned. *I almost made it.*

“That’s my girl,” came a soft, low rumble of a voice from out of the blackness.

Her breath caught. “What are you doing here?” she whispered. She could feel him coming closer, but she refused to turn around. Mere memories of his strong, dark masculinity raked havoc on her mind. If she looked at him, her chances of resistance were futile. “I told you not to come here.” No, instead of facing him, she’d stare at her office door and act as if he didn’t affect her.

He loved these games of cat and mouse. “You asked me to come.” He placed either hand on the door, surrounding her with his body, yet not touching her. He inhaled deeply, allowing her aroma to caress his senses. “Umm, my favorite perfume.”

She closed her eyes but couldn’t close her mind to his presence. “I’m not wearing perfume,” she murmured.

He lightly traced her ear with whispers of “I know” and promises of what was to come. Her heart raced, she wanted nothing more than to succumb, but she wouldn’t. “I didn’t ask you—mmm...” she moaned as he rested his hands on her thighs and pulled her into his slow grind.

He throbbed for her, ached for her. He knew that soon she’d be his. “You asked by the topic.” He brushed her braids out of the way and kissed her neck lightly while

continuing to grind. “You called to me, so I came.” He opened the door and walked into the office, never losing contact with her body, then kicked the door closed.

She hated the way he could make her moist with a simple whisper. It wasn't fair for one person to have so much allure. “I can't do this.” She turned in his arms, hoping her eyes hadn't had time to adjust to the tiny bit of moonlight that seeped into the small room. “Not here.”

He brushed his lips over hers. “How about here?” He kissed her lips but pulled back before she could get a full taste. “Or here?” He made tiny circular massaging motions with his tongue along her neck. “Let's not forget here.” He skimmed over her hardened breast with his flattened hand.

One of his hands eased its way down her skirt and into her panties where he found her liquid heat. Her head rested on his chest. So many wonderful sensations flowed through her body, she couldn't figure out why she resisted. She pulled off her shirt and tossed it to the side.

A rush of ecstasy urged him forward. He helped her finish undressing, then quickly disrobed himself. His eyes had become accustomed to the lack of light, and now he enjoyed her curvy silhouette. “Come here.”

She stepped to him, and his hands cradled her protectively as they knelt to the floor.

“You teased me four long hours.” He situated himself so the head of his hardness pressed gently against her heat, throbbing in the moistness that escaped. She gyrated under him, but he wouldn't penetrate. “Can you go four hours?” he teased. She ran her nails along his spine to his shoulders. “You're not playing fair,” he murmured.

She couldn't wait any longer. She wrapped her arms around his neck to pull him down to her mouth while at the same time coiling her legs around his thighs. His strength kept her from accomplishing her goals, but his need for her gave her the results she wanted.

His penetration was harsh, yet sweet. She took him into her body and enveloped him with her soul. With every glorious stroke, he could feel his soul reaching out to hers.

Breathing ragged, she could barely cry out his name. Pleasure engulfed her, then pulled him in. She drew her legs back, tilting her hips, and he drove in deeper, harder.

She knew she'd burst like a hot water balloon, but didn't care. It felt so good.

He could feel her climax flow over him and mix with his. "Oh sssht," he cried, thinking how could anything feel this fantastic. He drew in several long breaths before he could slow his body. He kissed her lightly, then lay on the floor and pulled her to lie on his body.

Still tingly inside, she whispered, "You're gonna get me fired."

He brought her left ring finger to his lips and kissed the second half of his wedding band set. "You started it."