
FILTHY VIRGIN

Taboo Trio - Book 1

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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Chapter 1

Celeste

“**O**h shit, baby, that’s so *good*. Tell me again,” he breathed heavily into the phone. I could hear his groan and the faint sound of him jerking off in the background.

“Harder, Eric, I need it harder!” My voice got higher on the last word and I stifled the giggle that wanted to escape me, when my words elicited another loud groan from the man at the other end. I swallowed my amusement and sketched another line on my drawing.

This particular caricature was coming along nicely, and I grinned to myself while making all the appropriate noises Eric was expecting. I doubted his real name was Eric, but that’s what he’d asked me to call him and I did what I was told so I could get paid. Being a phone sex operator was fun at first but had gotten old quickly. I’d taken up drawing a caricature of what I imagined the stranger on the phone would look like and it had made everything much more entertaining. I

finished shading the bulging cheeks of the overweight man I'd pictured when he had immediately begun his heavy breathing into the phone that sounded more like asthma than passion.

"Oh..." Eric's grunt of satisfaction rang through the headset I wore, and I made a similar noise like I'd also just orgasmed. He panted for a minute before thanking me and hanging up. I snickered as I clicked the headset off. I rolled my chair over to my laptop and debated on whether I should take another call or just quit for the night. I checked the time, noting it was already 2 a.m. I tapped my fingers on my desk and sighed.

"Just one more call, Celeste, then you can pass out." I spoke out loud to myself and clicked the available icon next to my profile.

I jumped when a call immediately rang through. That happened sometimes, but I was rarely prepared for it. The good news was it always made me sound a little breathless when I answered.

"This is Cassandra, what's your fantasy?" I hated the required opening line, thought it was cheesy and obvious. But whatever paid the bills.

There was silence on the other end, and I frowned but kept my voice light. "Hello? Are you still there?"

A gruff cough sounded in my ear before a low voice spoke. "Sorry, I ah... Didn't expect that opening."

Relaxing, I settled back into my chair. "What did you expect?"

"Nothing so cliché, to be completely honest."

A laugh burst out of me. That's what I'd always thought, but no one had ever said anything about it before. "Next you're going to tell me you've never called a number like this before."

A dark chuckle came through the line and goosebumps popped up on my skin. My mouth dropped open at the reac-

tion. I hadn't responded to the dirtiest of words for months now, ever since my first week of calls had basically desensitized me from getting turned on. Granted, I still held a small feeling of satisfaction that nothing but my voice and words were able to make mysterious men – and a very rare woman – come every time I logged in.

“I haven't, actually.” He paused, then continued, “I'm not sure what made me call tonight either. Or why I'm even confessing all this to you.”

My lips curved into a smile as I basked in the sound of his voice. I grabbed a pencil and turned to a new page in my sketchbook. “Well, I'm here for whatever you need. If you want to get dirty, or sweet, or just talk, it's up to you. You came here to get what you want, and I'm here to give it to you.”

I started to sketch as I waited for him to answer. My pencil glided over the paper, and I could tell this one wouldn't be a humorous caricature. There was something about his voice, his laugh, that wouldn't allow me to draw anything that frivolous. This man was different for some reason.

“What I want, huh? That leaves a lot of options open.” He hummed in thought and my nipples perked up at the sound. “Can I ask you some questions?”

I paused, wondering how to answer that. I didn't want to give anything personal away, but his voice compelled me to be honest. I bit my lip and tapped my pencil's eraser on my page.

“Nothing that would make you uncomfortable, Cassandra. You can pass on a question if you feel like it's too close to home.”

Relief filled me at his clarification. “Well, in that case, yes. I would be happy to answer some of your questions.”

I could hear the satisfied smile in his voice when he responded. “All right, Cassie. Can I call you that?”

“Yes,” I replied. Even though Cassandra wasn't my real

name, something about him giving me a nickname warmed me.

“Perfect. Tell me, what makes your pussy wet, Cassie?”

My pencil stuttered on my page, not expecting that question. At. All.

“Uh...” I couldn’t get anything out, trying to catch my breath.

His chuckle filled my ear again before he continued, “Little Cassie tongue-tied? I’m just wondering what you like. If you like it when a man pounds into you hard from behind, or if you prefer your thighs around his head while he eats you like dessert.”

A small moan escaped me, shocking the hell out of me. I realized then I was wet, my clit throbbing with desire just from a few simple words.

“Are you getting turned on by my questions? Are you a filthy girl who loves getting fucked and talking about it?”

“Oh my god,” my voice whispered out. I cleared my throat before finally getting a hold of myself. I wanted to turn him inside out just like he was doing to me, and I knew just how to do it. “As a matter of fact, I do love fucking. I love the feeling of a big, hard cock sliding in and out of my dripping wet pussy while I beg for mercy.”

I heard him draw in a sharp breath and I grinned, knowing I’d surprised him with my answer. I don’t know why it did; he called a sex line operator after all. He had no idea the things I’d heard or said.

“So you are a filthy girl, my little Cassie? Will you tell me what you look like?”

I hesitated, not wanting to give too much. “Not everything. Pick one thing you want to know.”

He barely took a second to think. “What color are your eyes?”

My eyebrows rose. I'd expected him to ask how big my tits were, but he had surprised me again. "They're aqua."

"Aqua? That's specific. Sounds beautiful. If your voice is anything to go by, then you're probably gorgeous all over."

His words made me blush. Fucking blush! I hadn't even blushed last week when a guy asked me to stick a tailed butt plug in his ass and spank him, all while he barked profusely.

"Th-thanks, I guess."

"You're very welcome, Cassandra. Now, that's all I have time for tonight, but you can expect to hear from me again."

"Why?" The question blurted out of me, my body and mind panicked that he would just... leave like this.

"Why? Because you intrigue me, little Cassie. You're funny, obviously intelligent, and your voice makes me hard as fuck. What's not to like?"

My mouth opened and closed, not knowing what the hell to say to that. I only knew I really, really liked the words.

"Until next time, Cassie."

I heard clothes rustling, knowing he was about to hang up when something popped into my head. "Wait!"

My heart pounded, hoping he'd heard my shout. "Yes?"

"Thank God. I just... I was wondering what your name is. What I should call you."

A pause. "Alex."

"Alex. All right." I smiled happily. "Goodnight, Alex."

"Goodnight, filthy Cassandra."

My body heated up at his words and I smiled even bigger as he clicked off. I took off my headset and shut down my profile before turning my computer off. I looked down at my sketchbook, taking in what I'd managed to get down. A strong jaw, teasing lips, and the kind of neck you knew would lead into broad shoulders and a muscled chest.

I hadn't gotten very far before I'd been caught up in his words, and not even a little part of me was sorry for that.

Something about the way he talked, or maybe his voice, pulled at a memory of mine, but it escaped before I could recall it.

“This job just got a thousand times better,” I said out loud to no one. I shut off my lights and climbed into bed, wondering when I’d talk to the dark and dirty Alex again.