



Ocean's Mist Press



Felicia Anthony
VALENTINE LOVE

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Valentine Love

By

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Chapter One

“Man, I bet you don’t have the balls to do it.” Murphy snickered at his friend Darren, daring him to go through with their bet. “Admit it, my sister scares the shit out of you.”

“Oh, I have the balls, but I don’t know about this one.” Darren shook his head.

Murphy Browning had just thrown down a gauntlet. He’d dared his best friend, Darren DeLuca to deliver a box of chocolates and flowers to Murphy’s sister, Olivia on Valentine’s Day.

She’d been a thorn on their sides since their high school days. Too many times Murphy hadn’t been allowed to go to a lot places without having to lug her along. Soon enough, the boys managed to figure a way to ditch her so they could escape for a few hours without having a girl dogging their every step.

Now ten years later, Murphy and Darren still maintained their friendship and Olivia had become too occupied with her own life. She turned out to be a hottie, but he'd kept his distance for many years out of respect. Then he'd tripped up one time almost two years ago. That was a secret he and Olivia maintained.

"Come on, it'll be fun. My sister is so involved with work at the hospital; she doesn't take the time out to enjoy life anymore." Murphy had been harping about how his sister needed some distraction.

"So why don't you just hire someone to deliver one of those singing grams?" Darren sipped on his rum and coke, still not feeling comfortable with this idea Murphy had proposed.

"Naw, this has to be special, a personal touch to show her someone is thinking about her on Valentine's Day. Come on, it'll be easy, just show up, present the candy and flowers and be on your way." Murphy made it sound so simple, Darren knew better.

Darren kept having second thoughts, but he could feel himself giving in. He'd always had a soft spot for Olivia. If he were going to be honest with himself, he had a thing for her that he hadn't ever allowed himself to follow up on. It would be too complicated if he let go anywhere.

When he'd first met Murphy, they'd been sophomores and they were both fifteen years old. Olivia was two years their junior and already a beauty in the making. Throughout high school and then college, the three kept tabs on each other. He'd watched Olivia from afar, admiring, wanting and lusting. Yet he hadn't allowed himself to make a move.

About eighteen months before he'd lost it; they'd had a pool party in celebration of her completing medical school. When she'd shown up in a tiny

thong bikini that displayed all her wears, Murphy had to tip him on the chin to make Darren shut his mouth.

“Man, your drool will slip out if you don’t shut your mouth.” Murphy laughed as he pushed Darren’s chin so his mouth snapped shut.

“You see what she has on? Or rather, what she doesn’t.” Darren looked around at the other men present. He swore all eyes were glued on every inch of the five foot eight beauty.

“She’s not wearing anything different that the other ladies aren’t sporting.” The amusement shining in Murphy’s eyes pissed Darren even more.

“Dude, he’s your little sister, you gonna let her walk around like that!” Darren ran a hand over his dark head of hair.

“Um, she’s a grown woman, why don’t you go tell her she needs to cover up. Let’s see where that takes you.” Murphy shook his head as he moved away to go speak to a group of ladies who were similarly clad as Olivia.

“I sure will.” Darren shot back before he moved to where Olivia stood talking to some tall basketball looking guy.

He could hear her throaty giggle from the distance. He could see Olivia was flirting with the guy as she brushed her hand across the tall dudes arm. Something deep and hot stirred in Darren’s chest. He didn’t like the murderous feelings coursing through his slim frame. He wanted to punch the other man dead in the face. A man he didn’t even know.

“Hey, Olivia, can I have a word with you.” Darren stopped near the pair. “In private...”

Olivia turned to face him and arched a brow.

“Right now?”

“Yes, now.” Darren motioned inside the house before he walked in that direction.

"Excuse me, Billy, I'll be right back." Olivia's sugary voice told Darren that she wasn't happy at by the interruption.

Darren entered the house and proceeded to the den sitting to the side of the kitchen. Olivia paused at the center of the room, her arms crossed over her abundant breasts. He shut the door behind him with a soft click.

"What are you doing out there dressed like that?" Darren chose not to mince words.

"What?" Olivia's eyes widened, aghast at his daring.

"You're practically naked, flaunting your stuff out there." Darren held his hands at his waist, one foot tapped against the tiled floor.

"I'm not naked," Olivia stepped forward. "And even if I was, it's none of your damn business. Who are you to tell me what to wear or not wear?"

"Someone who cares. I don't want people judging you or your character." Darren moved in a fraction of an inch. "You want people to think you're easy?"

The incredulous look on her face told him she couldn't believe she just heard him say what he had. Her face seemed ready to explode as her eyes bulged and the color heightened in her cheeks. Then he watched as her hand swung around.

Chapter Two

Olivia's hand swung in an attempt to connect with his cheek, but Darren wrapped his fingers around it and pulled her to him. His mouth came down onto wide open mouth. His mashed against hers as his tongue sought entry. Their bodies melted into each others and as if on their power, her hands wrapped around his head, shifting the angle of their mouths looking for better access.

Her tongue peeked out to clash with his and that broke the camel's back. His hands reached down to squeeze her exposed ass, pressing his stiff erection close to her groin. He ground his hips against hers, as if showing her what she did to him. She let out a little mewl into his mouth.

The kiss was meant to be a demonstration of pent up desire. His lips slid against hers, building moisture as it brushed back and forth, then he nipped the plump bottom lip.

Olivia groaned into his mouth before tightening her hold on his head. His lips pressed against hers seeking to access to the moist, inner recesses of her mouth. She complied by opening her mouth to his seeking tongue.

"Damn," she breathed into his mouth as her fingers clenched within his hair, bringing Darren much closer against her throbbing, heated body.

He was on fire and it was all her doing.

His lips trailed a path along her face, placing kisses against her tightly shut eyelids, before venturing to the column of her neck.

"What are you doing?" She cried out as he placed kisses against the wildly beating pulse at her neck. Although his touch electrified her, the feel of his lips was divine.

“Do I need to explain?” He spoke against her lips then returned his attention to her sensitive flesh and suckled hard. Her knees buckle, making him hold onto her by wrapping his arms around her waist and she responded by tossing her head back to accept his caresses. His hold was so tight that he’d pressed her against his body so she wouldn’t fall flat on her ass.

He watched as her skin became covered with goose bumps. Her nostrils flared as she bit her bottom lip. His touch excited all her senses, sending them into a tailspin tearing down all the walls she’d erected.

Their bodies pressed the way they were allowed for her to feel how she was not the only one getting aroused by the foreplay. The proof of that was pressed up close and personal against her flat belly. He stood hard and, by her estimation, thick and long.

Darren licked the length of the column of her neck causing a long shudder to run the span of her body. *She’d fix him*, she thought as she slid her body, pressing herself against every hard plane. Their bodies touching that way made it so every inch of her bikini clad body caressed his as she slid up and down against him.

She felt his fingers begin to toy with the strings tied behind her back that kept the top of her bikini in place. With one tug, he set it loose and her tight, rigid nipples and breasts bounced out of the skimpy material. His hands wrapped around then and he tweaked the tight peaks before massaging the globe.

Olivia ground her groin against his while sucking on his tongue simulating the sex act. That spurred him on. He rolled down the skimpy thong down over her hips and thighs. Fingers began to caress and stroke until they found and concentrated on her clit. She split her legs wide open to allow him room for movement.

“Shit, you’re hot and wet.” Darren murmured against her lips before bringing up his fingers to lick off her juices. He returned them to her pussy, seeking entrance between the swollen nether lips. “Let me in.”

Olivia’s eyes glazed over, all she could do was shake her head in acceptance. After receiving her approval, he continued massaging, stroking and inserting his fingers inside her slick folds until she began to tremble.

She pulled his red tank top t-shirt out of the waist band of his shorts and tossed it over his shoulder. Running her hands over his chest, she then did the same with her breasts. With slow precision, she ran the tips of her nipples over his chest. His cock grew harder and harder, causing a tent affect against his shorts. His hips ground against hers following the pace she’d set.

Olivia shoved her hands inside his waist band to rub his muscular butt cheeks, pressing him closer to her. They both knew he’d have to be inside of her to get any closer. With one push, she had his shorts down by his ankles and his cock sprang out to rub against her bare pussy.

“Take me inside, Livie.” Darren half begged, half pleaded. Something in his voice made her accept without putting up any protests, because she pulled him toward the couch, pushed him so he ended up sitting on the couch.

Looking at him with such an intense stare, Olivia didn’t want to break the hot, intense electrical charge fueling their encounter. She pushed the thong the rest of the way down her smooth cocoa legs and kicked it to the side. Leaning in, she parted her legs so she could straddle his lap.

Her breasts sat near his mouth, leaving him no choice but to wrap his tongue around one of her dark, chocolate tips. His tongue laved and licked the center causing it to tighten into a small bud. Then he sucked it fully inside his mouth.

The twinges tightening her insides at his assault on her breasts fueled on her desire to have him fully embedded inside of her hungry pussy. She reached down to hold his cock in her hand while she sank down over it.

Darren let his head fall back, enjoying the feel of her sliding down his cock. The slick, wet flesh had him quivering. She knew he wanted to thrust up so bad and just keep pumping inside of her until they were both spent, but he didn't make a move. He waited for her to set the motion.

Olivia held onto the back of the sofa with each hand to brace herself while she glided up and down over him. Holding on gave her the leverage she needed so she could move at her leisure.

"Yes, Livie, that's it, fuck me." Darren pressed his forehead against her chest; he wiggled his hips as if relishing the feeling of being imbedded inside of her to the hilt.

"Shit, that's good. I love your cock inside of me." Olivia whispered against his ear as she gyrated her hips then renewed her efforts.

Darren surprised her when he braced himself and stood up. Her legs straightened down flattening her feet on the tile floor. He twisted her around where her knees were on the couch she bent forward, pushing her ass up in the air.

Darren slapped her ass, knowing he'd cause a sting.

"That's for being a naughty girl and showing your wears out that way." He held his cock in his other hand and rubbed it against her entrance, teasing her as she pushed back against him.

"I've been a bad, bad girl. Punish me some more." Olivia looked over her shoulder. She licked her lips, gliding her tongue over the bottom lip and wiggled her ass against his cock.

"Hm, give me that pussy." Darren had been waiting so long for this moment and he still couldn't believe they were together like this, but he'd enjoy every minute.

"Take it, baby, it's your pussy. Punish me, I was bad." Olivia chanted, twisting from side to side.

He'd always known her to be a sensual woman. He'd watched her bloom throughout these years and hadn't dared touch her. Today was the culmination of years of torture watching her flirt, date and be with other guys.

Against his better judgment, he pushed aside any further thought and gave in to what they both wanted. He sank all the way in and began to pump in and out feeling her pussy walls tighten around his cock. She milked him, squeezing him tight. He knew she was close to her release. So much so that she began to shove back as his hips moved forward. With each thrust, she shivered some more and soon, Darren felt his body begin to shake too.

"Oh God, I'm going to come." Olivia cried out.

Darren leaned over their bodies and let his hand encircle her slim waist until it reached her pussy. He quickly found her enlarged clit and he began to massage it.

"Go ahead, baby, come around my cock. Squeeze it so tight to make me come too." Darren continued thrusting while paying attention to her clit.

"Yes, do that, fuck me good." Olivia chanted as she widened her legs. "That cock of yours feels damn good."

Those words spurred him on to massage and tweak her clit.

"Yes! I'm coming!" Olivia threw her head back to cry out while moving her hips to the tempo he'd set.

Her rapturous shout brought on his release.

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Olivia slunk onto the sofa. Darren sat next to her and leaned his head back. She'd left him speechless. Then he watched her eyes snap open, a horrified expression on her face.

"This is so wrong." She retrieved her garments, set them back into place and raced out of the room.

Darren sat on the couch feeling lower than a sewer rat.

Chapter Three

That episode had taken place almost two years before. Darren could still taste her on his lips. Her scent still clung to his body. Showing up at her doorstep would be tantamount to playing with fire. They'd kept their distance from each other for this amount of time because they hadn't wanted to face each other or the temptation that meeting would present.

He was beginning to think that it was time to get them over this one misdeed. He didn't see it as a misdeed, but apparently she was seeing things differently. He *would* take Murphy up on his offer.

"You know what, Murph, I agree." Darren drank down the rest of his drink and slammed it down against the bar where they were sitting.

"Yes! You're the man." Murphy enthusiastically pounded him on the back. His decision made, he now needed to go do some shopping.

"I better go get some shopping done for tomorrow night." Darren pulled out a few bills and placed them on the bar. "I'll see you later."

Murphy waved as Darren exited the dark, smoky bar.

The previous afternoon, he'd bought a five pound red heart shaped box of candy. Today, on Valentine's Day, he now held a dozen red, long stemmed roses in his arms. Then he proceeded to pay a visit to an adult toy store and stood in front of the display, trying to figure out which Valentine toy to pick. Now he wanted something that said he had ideas going on in his head.

He looked at the different items and stopped at the warm, massaging lotions. There was one with a soft, rose scent that he found appealing. He figured Olivia would get his message once she saw the gifts he'd chosen for her.

He hoped this would break the ice and open up dialogue between them. Maybe it would even lead up to her understanding how he felt? It was time to come clean. He approached the cashier, paid for his purchase and headed to Olivia's house.

Now butterflies swirled inside his belly as his car approached Olivia's ranch style house. The sun was setting, casting shadows around the place. The soft glow of her living room table lamp shone through the sheer curtains.

"Well, it's now or never." He told himself as he walked up to her front door.

He juggled the box of candy, the flowers and the bag holding the massage lotion. With a free hand, he pressed the buzzer and waited for her to answer the call.

Olivia swung the door wide open and eyed him from head to toe. She leaned her torso against the door, her face stood motionless, except for an arched brow.

"You're going to invite me in?" Darren eyed her back.

"Sure, come in." Olivia walked back to the living room and sat on the couch. She grabbed one of the throw pillows and pressed it against her chest, squeezing it in the process.

"How you been?" Darren began, as he set the stuff he'd carried in on the coffee table and took a seat across from her.

"You didn't come all the way over here to ask about me. What did you want, Darren?" Olivia didn't cut him any slack.

"I want to talk about us." Darren crossed his legs and leaned back.

Olivia's insides twitched as her body teased her by recalling how it'd felt all those months ago during that one occasion where they'd thrown caution to

the wind. Now almost two years later, she still remembered how much pleasure she'd found during their short time together.

"What is there to say, Darren?" Olivia didn't really see where they could take this. She wasn't interested in a 'friends with benefits' relationship. As a second year resident, she really didn't have the time or energy to maintain a relationship. She didn't need complications in her life right now. There was too much at stake.

"Why haven't you spoken to me in all this time?" Darren voiced the question that burned a whole in his head during all this time that had passed since they'd been together.

"It's not like you've sought me out either. Where have you been all this time? I've never gotten a phone, letter or any for of communication." Olivia pointed out. "Besides, we can just go on the way we were before all that, nothing to dwell on as far as I'm concerned."

Darren's facial expression said he couldn't believe what he'd just heard. He moved to sit near her.

Olivia watched him as he placed the flowers, candy and the bag on the coffee table. She hadn't expected any valentine gifts. Her brother had called to cut Darren some slack when he showed up. Murphy seemed to know that something had happened between them, but she hadn't elaborated.

She focused her attention back to the only man who'd ever captured her heart. At twenty, Olivia had foolishly given her body to a football player at the University she attended in hopes of exorcising Darren's image out of her mind. She dated what's his name; she didn't even remember that about the boy she'd given her virginity to, for three months. Then she'd ended it as easily as she'd started it.

Now ten years later, she still had a thing for Darren, and since she'd gotten a taste of him he haunted her dreams. She'd give anything to have him in her bed and in her body one more time.

Then an idea struck her. "I have the next few days off, I want you to spend them with me."

Olivia reached over to him and began unbuttoning his shirt. She quickly had the polo shirt over his head and tossed aside. She then undid his belt buckle and buttons to his khakis. She unwound the zipper and caught a peek at his jockeys. Her eyes traveled the expanse of his torso while her hands followed the path down to his belly button.

"God, you're gorgeous." Olivia breathed in as she'd pressed her nose against his chest with the soft sprinkle of hair tickling her nose.

Running the tips of her fingers up and down she saw how his skin became covered by goose bumps. She leaned in kissed the warm skin then, licked one of his flat nipples.

He hissed near her ear. Then she felt his hands on her head. His fingers dug into her shoulder length hair. He pressed her closer to his skin, relishing how her lips and tongue felt against his heated flesh. Olivia began to trail kisses down his chest until she reached his belly button. She tickled him there with the tip of her tongue before she moved further down. Her fingers pushed his slacks lower, until they were under his thighs. She was up close and personal with his cock that stood up at attention.

Olivia licked her lips before wrapping them around his impressive flesh. She drew back and forth with slow precision paying attention to the tip where she knew it to be most sensitive. Her tongue swirled around the underside causing him to jerk.

"Damn, that feels good!" He sighed as his head fell back to lean against the back rest.

Olivia smiled as she opened her mouth wider to take his full length into her mouth. Squeezing her cheeks, she applied pressure along the length, working her way up to focus to the tip again. She tasted his pre-cum against her tongue.

"Stop. Stop!" He pulled her head back and off his cock. "I'd rather cum inside of you."

Olivia obeyed and stood up. She took off her tank top and his eyes widened when he saw her nipples. They were tight little buds pointing straight at him it seemed.

She rolled her shorts down her thighs exposing her closely cropped pussy.

"God, you're beautiful, woman." He returned her compliment. His eyes stared over her from the top of her head, down to her almost bare pussy.

"You like what you see?" Olivia struck a pose pushing her chest forward.

He shook his head in agreement, then she leaned in pausing a hair's breathe away from his face. She pressed a soft kiss on his lips then moved back.

"Now you can show me how much you like."

Olivia sauntered off, fully expecting him to follow her into her bedroom. She didn't stop until she reached her bed and climbed on. The juices in her pussy left her feeling slick and burning with desire. Flopping onto her back she watched his approach.

He'd removed his pants and walked into her room bare assed; his thick cock jutted out and from the distance she could see the tip shining with his pre-cum. He stopped at the edge of the bed and devoured her with his lustful stare.

"Lay flat and open your legs," he commanded in a tone that brooked no argument.

Anticipation coursed through her. She grabbed a pillow, fluffed it up and set it under her head. Swinging her legs wide open, Olivia knew she had a huge smile on her face and was feeling giddy.

"Come on down this way," he pointed to the edge of the bed.

Olivia slid down to where he'd indicated. Darren knelt down and wrapped each leg on either side of his head. His fingers trailed a path from her ankle and moved upwards. He paused every so often to massage and caress. His mouth covered everywhere that his fingers touched.

"Your skin is so soft. It smells so sweet." Darren kissed her calf and worked his way up to her thighs. His tongue flickered out to trail a heated path up her thigh and he blew on the skin. Stopping to suck on her sensitive skin at mid point, she twisted her ass trying to get him closer to her throbbing pussy.

She knew he was teasing and tantalizing her. He was dragging it out to drive her nuts.

"Stop teasing me, eat me now." Olivia moaned while wiggling her bottom trying to bring it close to his face.

"All in due time," he promised, before returning to her thighs and continued moving up,

He paused again, now he was near the juncture between her thighs and her crotch. His tongue licked the skin just below her labia. He sucked on the skin between her thigh and her pussy. His tongue licked the bottom opening and stroked upwards. He stopped just before reaching her clit.

"Fuck, you're killing me," Olivia's head thrashed back and forth. A deep seated heat blossomed inside of her the shivers began to make her shake.

"I'm almost there, baby," he chuckled before returning to his task.

Darren stuck two fingers inside her slick passage before returning to her clit. His tongue flickered around her swollen button as his fingers jerked in and

out. She pushed herself upwards to meet his thrusts. His mouth connected with her clit and he sucked, drawing it into his mouth. She couldn't contain herself any longer.

"I'm coming, oh, yes," Olivia chanted, as she felt her world tip on its axis.

Her release shook her to the core. Her body grew hot and slicker.

"Come on, get up here, I want you inside me now," Olivia demanded, reaching, grasping to him.

Darren moved up, his body brushing up against hers, touching every hot point. Her legs wrapped around his waist while his hands clenched her ass as he sat poised near her entrance.

His mouth crashed into hers, his tongue pushing into her mouth the way he'd have his cock shoved into her weeping pussy in a moment. He sucked on her tongue as he pushed his cock inside of her. Olivia greedily shifted her hips trying to meet his downward motion. His cock stretched her pussy with sweet torture and she still sought more.

"Yes, that's it, give it to me all the way in," Olivia sucked on his tongue and turned the tables. She copied his action.

That's when Darren picked up the pace and began to pound into her. He backed his hips to pull his cock almost completely out then pushed himself back in to the hilt.

Olivia wanted to move and found that she couldn't. Her legs were wide open and becoming numb. "Let me shift around. I can't move this way."

Darren didn't say anything he moved off and helped her shift to her belly. Her hips shoved back, giving him a perfect view of her ass and her pussy. She knew he was gazing at how wet she was. When she looked over her shoulder she saw him massaging his cock with one hand. He spread her cheeks to get a better view.

"That looks finger lickin' good." Darren's hoarse voice whispered as he picked up the speed. He positioned himself near her pussy and was welcomed in the slick folds.

"Yes, hm, that's good," Olivia moved back as he pushed forward.

After a few strokes she egged him on by pushing harder and faster against his pulsating cock. She felt the rivulets of sweat streaking down her body and a soft sheen covered both their bodies making them slick and slippery.

Darren pumped into her. She shoved her ass right back, accepting the pounding she was receiving with glee. He leaned over her back to place kisses down her spine while continuing his thrusting.

"That's so sweet, I missed this, Olivia," Darren pulled her hips sharply against his. "Didn't you?"

"You know I did." Olivia crouched down, allowing him more room for movement. "Come on, give it to me harder."

Darren pinched her hips in the tight grip he held. Their heavy breathing vibrated around the room as well as the slapping sounds of their skin. A tightening knot began to swirl inside of Olivia, making her clench her inner walls around his cock. She held a death grip then she swore she shattered into a million pieces.

"Yes! Do me like that, that's so good," Olivia pushed back in a steady beat drawing out his orgasm.

"That's it, give me that pussy, my pussy now," Darren quivered as his cock sprayed her inside.

They both collapsed onto their sides over the bed. Olivia looked into his eyes noting that glazed expression of someone that had just lost total control. Her fingers brushed back thick strands of hair off of his sweaty forehead.

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Smiling softly, Olivia pecked him on the lips. "Wow, that was awesome, wonderful."

Darren held her hand in his and placed a soft kiss on it. "If I had to describe it, I'd use awesome too."

Darren crawled over her and kissed her with passion and fervor. His tongue pried her lips open, seeking entrance. While his lips were busy, his fingers rubbed her side. Then they dug inside her hair, twisting around a strand.

"Damn, I forgot the warming lotion I brought tonight." Darren said while looking her in the eye. "We'll use it next time, because I'm sure there will be since this is where I'd rather be, if you let me."

Olivia kissed him back with her own dose of intense passion. She and Murphy's plan had worked. This Valentine's Day had served to be the right time for her to finally get her man.

"I'll have you for always and forever." Olivia swore.

THE END