



Cricket Sawyer

Valentine Express

An Erotiqué Download

Valentine Express

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Erotiqué Press
9735 Country Meadows Lane 1-D
Laurel, MD 20723

Copyright © 2006 by Cricket Sawyer
ISBN: 1-59080-967-X E-book
www erotiquepress.com

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information address Echelon Press.

First Erotiqué Press production: February 2006
Cover Art © Karen Syed
Edited by Peggy Roberts

Erotiqué Press is a division of Echelon Press Publishing.

Produced in the USA

~*~

She watched the spaghetti sauce erupting like tiny volcanic orgasms. Stirring the thick sauce, the words bubbled up from her long forgotten past, "Slow down, simmer, relax." Alan's image appeared before her. She was back at the dimly lit skating rink, it was cold enough to see her breath in little puffs as she tried partner skating for the first time. Alan was so patient as he gently shook her hand and made her arm do a wave-like motion. "Relax," he said as they circled the ice rink for the umpteenth time. Their hands were criss-crossed between and in front of them the way "real" figure skaters did. Carrie cursed her hockey skates, the first pair of ice skates she had ever owned, her wish for Christmas this year had been granted. He gently shook her hand, "let it loose, relax," and later his hands roving slowly over her body. "Slow down, relax, let loose," the words echoed in her mind and she gently stirred the thick, rich redness of the tomato sauce for her Valentine's Day meal. Carrie turned the burner lower to slow it down, let the full flavors absorb each other into one. Simmer, slow and easy, relax into the flavor of the moment; as she and Alan had done those eons ago when he was so patient, reassuring, and she was so naive.

The decorations were all red, pink, and white, the whole house echoed Valentine's Day preparedness. It was her and Jerome's special anniversary day—every Valentine's Day since...

The pink balloons, were so soft, sensuous in her hands as she squeezed them blowing them to just the right fullness. They reminded her of young pink breasts. Their pink softness reminded her of Valerie and the explorations before they were old enough to know about those feelings. Feelings that aroused a continual curiosity about how touching down there and what Valerie's brothers did with their girlfriends when they thought Valerie was asleep made her feel. Valerie told her she would tiptoe down the stairs and sit and watch.

Her brothers had many girlfriends and they used to talk about their 'conquests' as they called them, then Valerie would tell her and show her. Carefully, and tenderly Val had taken her hand to show her how to explore her body, putting her hand on that delicious place where the swollen nub would make Dale's girlfriends moan when he rubbed it just so. Val explained he would insert his fingers into the hole just beyond that and Val would watch the girls squirm and her brother's pants tent as he tried to hold her still.

"There right there," Val said as she guided Carrie's hand, "you can do it to yourself," but she held Carrie's hand on her spot where the nub was and Carrie's finger explored. It started out small, tiny but it grew as she toyed with it, rubbing it just the way Val showed her. "Gentle, move it slow and gentle, oh yes, oh that feels soooooo good. Let me do it for you," she said. "And sometimes he will put his mouth there, here let me taste yours and see why?"

Dampness seeped between her legs and her tiny nub swelled as memories pulsed through her much like being sucked on her clitoris. She remembered those lessons

from her friend, and her soft touch rubbing her clit as she brushed her mouth over her just beginning nubs of breasts. Those gentle early explorations heated her dreams. She couldn't shake those memories, she didn't want to, they had become part of her and had kept her warm many a night when her ex was too drunk to try or care.

Cassie hung the pink balloons between the red and white ones in the doorways. Why don't they have mistletoe on Valentine's Day? Wouldn't it make as much sense as having it at Christmas, maybe even more so? She envisioned a Greek god tasting the poison berry after he tasted the lips of his one true love, his mouth devouring her slow and gentle, forever.

Mistletoe pulled images of Lawrence the proverbial tall dark, and handsome Lebanese/Italian with eyes that twinkled jet black lit with as much heritage as with mischief. He pulled her under the mistletoe at his parents' house, in front of his parents as he kissed her so passionately, rubbing his rising shaft against her, pulling his hand around to caress one full breast as he slid his tongue into her mouth. She remembered the taste of him. The embarrassed red flush rising to her cheeks when she felt his hardness rise between them. How could he hide that from his parents?

While it embarrassed her, his parents laughed and embraced each other in a long arduous display of how it should be done. His father's hands roaming over the full ass cheeks held tautly in her skintight leather pants, then moving to her ample breasts to tease the nipples to erect into sharp peaks that pressed against her silk blouse.

Carrie tried to turn from watching the couple's groping, prodding each other, but Lawrence held her in front of him with his rod rising and rubbing in the crack of her ass, pressing and rubbing in a dry fuck as his parent's continued their foreplay for the benefit of the young couple.

They condoned their hot-blooded son's lust. "It's healthy for a young man to release himself in sex. It is as it should be," his father said. The discussion had embarrassed her, but seemed to give Lawrence the okay to maul her through the whole evening. He was anything but slow and gentle. That was not what she had determined lovemaking should be about. As hot as he made her feel, as hot as his parents making love in front of them fully clothed had made her feel, she was determined it should mean more than casual groping and release for the male.

So why did she choose spaghetti for her party? She watched the sensuous pockets swell, erupt, and fall in on themselves like lovers not able to get enough of each other, ready to begin again. Like Ronnie, with his navy blue eyes, and blonde hair swept back in the Elvis style.

She recalled the Valentine's Day party when she was sixteen. Carrie had envied Marilyn with her white angora sweater and red poodle skirt; she even had red shoes—her sister's of course. But Marilyn's raven black hair, pale blue eyes and porcelain skin were her own. If Ronnie couldn't have her, he'd make her jealous. Carrie didn't delude herself. She knew why he invited her to Marilyn's Valentine Party.

Carrie was satisfied to be used then, by the most popular boy in school, even though it was Marilyn's

Valentine's Day Party. Marilyn was with Danny; his hands caressed her ass as they danced. He pulled her tight into him rotating his hips while the music played slow, needy Elvis songs. Danny had dimmed the basement recreation room lights the minute her mother went back upstairs after bringing them refreshments. Danny also had poured a small bottle of vodka into the punch bowl when he thought no one was watching, but Carrie had seen him and the effects the punch had on the others. Inhibitions dropped in direct proportion to the amount of punch consumed. Clothes and bodies scattered among dancers on the floor.

Carrie watched Danny and Marilyn all over each other. Ronnie pulled Carrie onto the dance floor and draped her arms around his neck. Whether he was feeling the heat of Marilyn and Danny's explorations, the alcohol in the punch, or some of his own heat with her as fuel she couldn't say. She let him slip his hands under her red, not angora, sweater and squeeze and fondle her nipples until they hardened into painful erections begging to be free of her plain white cotton bra. Marilyn's lacy red bra already lay on the floor at their feet. Ronnie pressed his hardness into her stomach, dancing her into a wall so he could slide his knee up between her legs—his kiss wet and hard smashed against her lips, as his tongue pried its way into her mouth.

When the overhead lights flashed on, and Marilyn's father bellowed "What the hell is going on?" Suddenly, Carrie knew the party was over. Marilyn tried to dress while Danny zippered himself into his tight jeans as they came out of the small room toward the back of the basement. He scooped up Marilyn's bra and tossed it

behind the couch. Girls clutched clothes to cover their naked bodies, boys, and they were but mere boys, held a hand over their shriveling erections as they were confronted by harsh light and hot glares from Marilyn's parents.

Marilyn dropped out of school several months later to go live with one of her married sisters in a distant state. Excuses were given, good excuses, but those who were at the party, and saw Marilyn's shape change, knew it wasn't due to over eating and the excuses didn't hold water.

But, that was then. Adults behaved better, were supposed to at least, and she thought they did once. That was before Peter showed her that adults didn't behave better. Their games involved more elaborate schemes for excitement and diversion. Carrie was bothered by them, never could see why...Hated the idea. The only way out of that was to get rid of Peter Peter and his wife swapping ménage games. 'Adults behave better' as an axiom seemed to be true, except--there were always exceptions.... The strong smell of garlic assaulted her nostrils as she mixed the butter and garlic, which she prepared to slather onto the bread that she would crisp under the broiler at the last minute before dinner. The smell reminded her of Nathan--Jenny's husband, why she would be willing to trade Nathan, toned, beautiful Nathan for scrawny, weak chinned Peter was beyond Carrie's comprehension. Either way, Carrie was not ecstatic about the trading, and when he insisted that Fern and Mycelia join them, it nearly pushed Carrie over the edge. Mycelia was a lesbian, why she was married--well okay Fern was gay so they played off each other to look straight in a hostile small town--but the ménage with them...Carrie felt a hot flash rush to her

vagina. She remembered Mycelia's attentions feeling the way she had with Valerie—mouths on body parts, body parts half here and half there as they each sampled two sometimes three partners at a time.

She quickly brought her mind to the garlic bread and Nathan. The suave, slow handed Nathan whose hands shot electric pulses through her as he ran them slowly, lovingly over every inch of her body—arousing unspeakable pulses pulling on her mons begging for what he withheld until she would call out to him begging him to fill her with his engorged rod. She could barely wait for him to slide the condom over his erection before he pushed it into her, full, slow, easy, in and out, with a rhythm as controlled as Alan's skating rhythm had been. He sucked first on her breasts one then the other and then on her lower lip, all the while easing in and out of her until she wrapped her legs around his waist and arched into him to get him deeper, harder, and finally torrid, fast pulsed jabs that pushed her over the precipice she had been climbing toward. Nathan knew how to pleasure a woman.

Carrie couldn't help but wonder how Jenny could appreciate Peter's slam bam thank you ma'am attempts at lovemaking. They were all about his needs for gratification—his McDonald style lovemaking that left her high and dry always.

Nathan's musky smell after love-making reminded her of garlic, in a pleasant sort of way that could still dampen her panties at the memory.

It seemed spaghetti held all the images and ingredients of every sensual or sexual moment of her past.

Jerome sitting alone in a booth at the Liberty Bell ordering spaghetti, flashed across her memory. A train engineer, he told her later when she sat to join him for coffee after her shift as a waitress at the all night lounge. He was the only patron left in the all night diner that catered to non-traditional tastes, hours, and careers. How many train engineers had she known in her life? She couldn't remember any, but she knew the section crew who paused for lunch on the tracks outside her grandparents' home. They'd come to get water from the well out front, with the pitcher pump perched under the big blue spruce tree—the water was always ice cold coming from the depths of some stream far below.

Tracy, with his coal black eyes and ebony hair, thrilled her when he flashed one of his full electrifying smiles, and asked her to join them for lunch. When he put his arm around her shoulders it sent shivers down her spine and a sensation, she was only just beginning to understand, warmed the area between her legs. The seam of her shorts seemed to press into her there and make her want to squirm into the feeling—that resembled what Valerie had shown her years earlier. She wondered then how Tracy could affect that region without touching it.

The other men had laughed and teased Tracy, but she liked the nearness of him, the smell of his spicy after shave and the five o'clock shadow on his rugged face. She inhaled his sweet breath as he leaned over and kissed her so tenderly before he left.

He stole her heart that summer, but summers were so short then and he never returned with the section crew the next year. She let him slip away except in her occasional memory, like now.

Instead, Carl came with a bouquet of flowers from his mother for her grandmother and a question for Carrie.

"Would you like to go roller skating with me?"

"Yes, I would." And they did in his robin's egg blue Ford pick-up truck and the boys in front of the skating rink laughed and whistled and asked him where he found the nice pick-up.

Among the wolf whistles, he held his hand against the small of her back as he pushed her through the doors he opened into the skating rink, where the music, cacophony of voices, and rubber wheels over wooden floors shut out the other boys teasing. Their comments didn't sink in until later when Carl parked near Lover's Leap and he wanted more than a good night kiss for his trouble.

"See that truck," he said pointing to the red lights surrounding the box of an eighteen wheeler streaming down the highway. "Red light district, do you wonder what they are doing in there where no one can see them? I could show you," he said reaching a hand to her knee and sliding it up her thigh reaching her crotch before she pushed his hand away.

"Take me home," she said.

And he laughed a horrid evil laugh. Farm boys! Procreation is second nature when you are around all the cow, pig, chicken, horse, and sheep screwing as a matter of season—a regular sight that holds no mystery, only heightened sexual alertness.

And the engineers waved when they went past her grandparents' house and Carrie thought they blew their whistle for her, not the seldom used crossing a short distance from the farm house. She never knew that the

Valentine Express

blasts, the moans, had significance. Not until Jerome eased his way into her life. But it didn't matter then. Then as now, the whistle of a train, be it the Silverton Narrow Gauge in Durango, Colorado or the Sioux Line/North Western freight train in Michigan, the sound of that whistle swells her center causing a sexual arousal in her clit and pebbled nipples as she fantasizes the slow hands of engineer Jerome Highmark's tugging the switch of that song of the railroad as he tugs on her desire.

The wail in the distance told her he would be home soon and their traditional Valentine's meal of spaghetti would be only the beginning of his homecoming. Her panties dampened at the thought of what those slow hands would do to her body. The spaghetti sauce could simmer while they satisfied the other hunger that consumed them each time Jerome came home from his miles in the rocking, clitoris rubbing, and moaning whistle climax on rails. She had spent enough time in the passenger cars of the trains while they still carried passengers to know the feeling that would work its way up from the rails, through the seat of the car to her hot vagina, knowing that Jerome was thinking of her and what they would do when they returned home –those early days before they got married.

The thrill of a train ride was now wrapped in the loins of Jerome as she rode him and the whistle moaned loud and long....

Cricket Sawyer

Meet the Author:

Cricket Sawyer has written several novels, many short stories, flash fiction, non-fiction articles, and poetry. Her stories have been published in various e-zines and newsletters, both in print and online. Her favorite genres are Romance with an edge, a hint of paranormal, and lots of sizzling suspense.

In her spare time she reads, writes, plays piano, gardens, knits, crochets, and quilts. For almost nine months out of the year she shovels the snow northern Wisconsin gets. Living somewhere without the four seasons is unthinkable. She lives with her husband in the small village of Amberg where the winters are cold and long perfect for curling up in front of a fireplace with a good book, but the people are warm and friendly all year round.