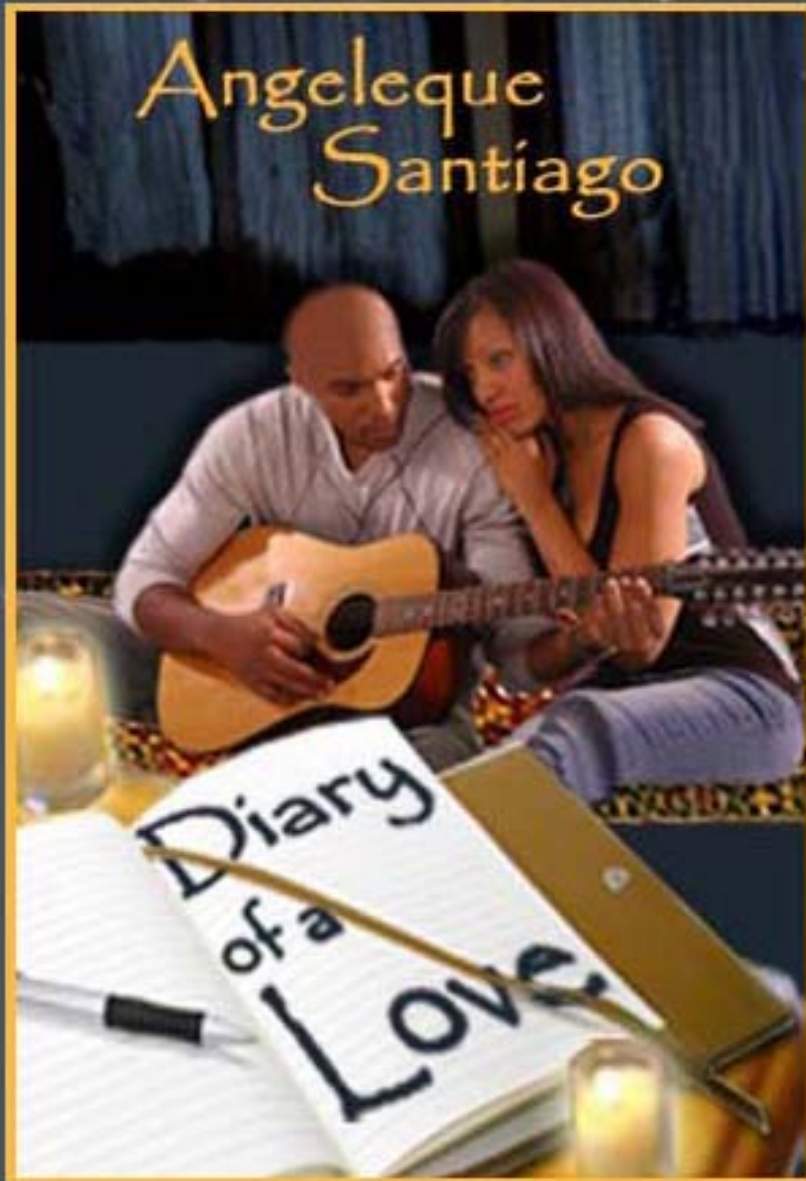


Aphrodite Unlaced Presents



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Diary of a Love

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Prologue

July 2000

Trina Oliver hated being late. Especially when the cause of her lateness was her overbearing ex-boyfriend and the result was that she missed the first three innings of her six-year-old nephew, Trent's, little league playoff game.

She slowly made her way up the bleachers, walking at an angle so she could keep an eye on her nephew who was currently pitching and making sure she didn't step on anyone. Finally reaching her sister Carla, Trina looked down at her attire. Compared to the way the other women were dressed - in miniskirts, heels, dress sandals, designer and dress jeans, fitted tees and midriff exposing shirts - she felt out of place. She wore her favorite old light blue tee with the word 'Trouble' sprawled across it in big white letters. The edges of the t, r and l were beginning to peel and various paint spots decorated the shoulders. Looking at the comfortable, well-worn blue jeans and the white and blue canvas sneakers she wore, she knew she was underdressed.

"Is there a party after the game?" she asked, voice low as she leaned in close to her sister.

"No." Carla frowned, taking her eyes off the action on the field to study her younger sister. Carla was dressed in a style similar to Trina in black jeans, white tank top with an unbuttoned black and red plaid shirt, which obviously belonged to her husband Anthony, covering her arms. "Why?"

"Because it looks like Friday night at one of the clubs instead of a kid's little

league game up here.” Trina stood and cheered the strikeout her nephew had just pitched, “What’s all the fuss?”

“Him.” Carla nodded towards the coach who had just high-fived Trent. “Coach Derek Murphy. Little League coach, musician by night, architect by day and free agent.” She gave his vital stats, “Someone every single lady and some of the married ones would love to spend a night with, for a little one on one coaching session.”

Trina looked to where Carla had just nodded and her breath caught in her throat. Trent’s coach stood about 6’ 4” in height, with nice bronzed skin made even darker by the sun’s warming rays and the deepest green eyes she’d ever seen.

The game went on, ending with Trent’s team losing by two runs in the last moments of the ninth inning.

Trina and Carla waited, chatting while the coach talked to the kids. Soon, Trent came running over, pulling his coach behind him.

“Coach Derek, this is my Aunt. Auntie Trina, this is my coach,” Trent said with a half-smile.

“Hi.” Derek said, sticking his hand out. His eyes widened when he felt her strong grip and his gaze traveled down her body and back up again as they shook hands.

“Hi. Nice to meet you.” Trina nodded before turning her attention to Trent, “You played a good game buddy.”

“Yeah. But we lost.” Trent kicked the dirt in front of him.

“I know. But you played well and that’s important, too. Next time, you’ll know what to do differently and maybe you’ll win then.” Trina kneeled in front of Trent.

“That’s what Coach Derek said.” Trent pouted.

“How about we go out for some ice cream to go with that pizza?” Trina offered.

“You mean I still get pizza?” Trent brightened up at the idea of still getting to spend time with his aunt.

“Yeah.” Trina laughed, standing, “A deal’s a deal.”

“Can I get a game, too?” he asked hopefully.

“Don’t push it.” Trina smiled at him, but seeing Trent’s frown, she relented. “We’ll see.”

“Okay.” Trent said, looking around, “Momma, can I go talk to Keith?”

“Yeah. But stay where your aunt can see you, OK?” Carla cautioned. “I have to go and get dinner started for your dad and sister.” She gave him a hug, before he dashed off to see his friend. “I’ll talk to you later, Sis.”

Trina nodded, “Yeah. I’ll drop Trent off in the morning before I go to the store.” She watched as Carla walked to her car, “I’m sorry you lost. Well, the team lost.”

“It’s okay. They played hard and clean,” Derek said. “It’s nice to finally meet you. Trent talks about you all the time.”

Trina smiled, fully and without hesitation, “He’s a good kid. He loves baseball.” She said, “My sister mentioned you’re a musician. What instrument do you play?”

“Saxophone, guitar - both acoustic and electric - keyboards and drums. I also sing, too. Do you play?”

“No.” Trina shook her head. Her hair that was braided in loose individual braids and pulled back into a ponytail swayed with the movement. “I’m completely tone deaf. People would probably pay me *not* to sing.”

“I’m sure you’re not that bad. Anyone can sing, they just need the proper

training,” Derek explained.

“Maybe. So, where do you find the time to coach little league since you’re like a regular one man band?”

He shrugged, his broad shoulders lifting and pecs flexing with the motion. “Sports were important to me as a kid. Playing sports taught me a lot. It gave me an outlet and kept me out of trouble. I make time. Plus nothing teaches patience like trying to teach the fundamentals of sportsmanship, teamwork, integrity and perseverance - like coaching six, seven and eight year olds how to play baseball.”

“True. But isn’t that expecting a lot of these kids? It should be fun, too,” she said, looking up into his eyes.

“Yeah. And I make sure they have fun. Winning isn’t the only philosophy; that’s not what it’s about. It’s about the experience and education they get. It’s the lessons they’ll learn from the game. From this, it will help them as they grow, when they become men. I’m not just a coach who goes home and takes off his cap when the game’s done and it’s over for me.” He paused, following her gaze watching Trent talking to his friend and another little boy. “If I can do or say something that will help them down the line, stop them from turning to crime or something else, then I’ve done my job. We have to start when they’re young, not wait till...” he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, “I tend to get carried away. This subject’s close to my heart.”

“I see. And don’t worry, it’s refreshing to hear and see a man passionate about something besides being a playa and the next booty call.” She paused, watching Trent for a moment. “I’m sorry about the way I’m dressed. I didn’t expect there to be a dress code.”

Derek laughed a full hearty laugh. “It’s stimulating to see a woman dress for the occasion. It’s nice to know that you’re here for the game and the kids, not to meet men.”

“I’m too busy for a relationship right now. Men just complicate things and I haven’t met one who’s been man enough to handle me or my aspirations,” she explained. “I have no idea why I just told you all that,” she laughed nervously.

“No harm.” He spoke to her but glanced at his watch, “I’m late for rehearsal right now though.” He looked her in the eyes. “My band, Throwback, plays every Thursday night at Breaker’s. I’d love to continue this conversation then, if you’d like.”

“That’ll be nice,” she said. “What type of music does Throwback play?”

Derek smiled, his eyes taking on a happy glow. “Jazz. Blues. Soul. We try to keep it modern, contemporary with a retro jazz or blues spin on a current hip hop song or R&B tune.”

“That’s good. Do you play the original song first? Segue from the original version to the newer one?” She leaned against the fence.

“Exactly,” he nodded, his smile widening, “That’s one of the reasons the guys and I settled on Throwback as a name when we started the band. We wanted to mix the old and new, give the oldies a contemporary feel with a twist.”

“Do you have a CD yet?”

“One day,” he responded.

“How many band members are there in Throwback?”

“Four others. Greg, Larry, Kelvin and Raymond. Larry is the horn man, Greg percussion, Kelvin and Raymond are strings. We all do vocals and mix up the arrangements since we all play more than one instrument.”

“Thursday?” she asked, looking up into his eyes.

“Yeah.”

“I can’t wait to hear more about your band, and you,” Trina told him.

“I...” he paused, “I really enjoyed this. You’re going to have me looking forward to Thursday for more than just playing in front of an audience.”

She laughed, her head tilted back and she smiled. “I’m glad I could inspire you. I’ll see you Thursday, Derek.”

“OK. I look forward to seeing you then, Trina,” he said with a smile before heading off.

Trina exhaled slowly as she watched Derek walk away. He was nothing if not attractive and she couldn’t figure out which turned her on more, his looks or the conversation. But she did know one thing: she was looking forward to Thursday night.

* * * *

Derek sat in his jeep, car idling and radio on low to the local R&B and Hip Hop station. He watched as Trina and Trent walked across the field to her car. He shifted, adjusted himself. Though he didn’t have a full hard-on, his body hadn’t reacted like that towards a woman in.... He blew out a breath.

It had been far too long, he thought and chuckled.

“Come on, Murphy.” He scolded himself aloud, “You’re not a school boy and this is not a crush.” He sighed. He hadn’t wanted to leave and would have been happy just standing there and talking to her all night.

He watched as Trina helped Trent into her Dodge Shadow before going around to the driver’s side.

She was a beautiful woman but it wasn't just that which had made his pulse quicken and his cock stir. It was her attitude about the game and the fact that she hadn't been trying to get his attention as the others had. He liked how the nutmeg color of her skin glistened in the sunlight. The dark chocolate brown of her eyes reminded him of his grandmother's brownies.

Yeah, he thought, his eyes lighting up. Trina Oliver was an attractive woman. Her body full of her curves. The arch of her behind and the way those full hips of hers filled out her jeans magnificently. Those voluptuous breasts, which stretched the word, 'Trouble' across its expanse. He nodded, licked his lips, then shifted the truck into reverse and headed towards his apartment. He was looking forward to seeing just how much trouble they could get into. Thursday wouldn't come quick enough.

Chapter One

Nearly Five Years Later - March 2005

Trina knew she should be finishing getting ready and not writing in her journal but she wanted to give Derek more time. He'd promised to take her out that evening - something they hadn't done in a while. Sitting on the bed, she turned the page, rereading the entry she had just entered into her diary.

With a smile, hopeful that Derek would be ready, she put the book back in the chest at the end of the bed before heading downstairs to the studio. On second thought, she went back upstairs and grabbed her diary out of the chest. "I might as well have something to read just in case he's still working," she muttered as she headed back downstairs.

* * * *

It was getting late. She had known he was lying; Derek hadn't done it on purpose. Trina doubted if he really knew how much time he spent in the studio. But it was only supposed to be a few moments, an hour, tops, he'd said. Now it was going on three hours and Derek was going into his "just five more minutes" routine.

She'd come downstairs to the studio he'd created in the basement of the condominium because they were supposed to be celebrating, making wedding plans. She flipped a page in the magazine she'd been occupying her time with and her gaze fell on the small, marquise cut diamond engagement ring she now proudly wore on the ring finger of her left hand. She hadn't taken it off since Derek had placed it on her finger exactly at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve.

Putting the magazine down, she picked up her diary and thumbed through the pages until she got to the entry she was looking for. Unlike most people who started new journals on New Year's Day, Trina's began with her birthday. She read the passage and allowed herself to be transported back to that time.

"What's wrong Derek?" Trina asked again as she watched him pacing and glancing at his watch.

"Nothing." He shrugged, "Just something on my mind." He shoved his hands into the front pockets of his trousers.

He had been so nervous, but it had been so beautiful. She laughed as she thought back on that night. She briefly looked away from the journal to where Derek was working in the booth, smiling as she watched him. He winked when he looked up, noticing her watching him. She went back to reading her diary. She remembered it all so vividly in her mind.

Kneeling in front of her, Trina touched the side of his face and he leaned into her hand. "Baby." He paused, taking a deep breath. "I love you. I... I never wanted, never thought I wanted this. A relationship. I had my career, the coaching and the band. That's all I needed. All I thought I needed until you came into my life." The corners of his mouth curved upwards in a smile, "I used to ask God why you were brought into my life and then I realized the answer. I needed you then and I need you now. You balance me... my life... and help me not to take things so seriously. To stop, relax and have some fun." He reached up and wiped a tear from her cheek with the pad of his thumb, "I didn't mean for you to cry. I hate to see you cry." He straightened, leaned forward and kissed her briefly on the lips. "I never want to be the reason for tears in yours eyes."

“These are happy tears,” Trina whispered, her voice cracking over the tears. “I love you, Derek.”

“I...” He glanced at his watch, blew out a breath. “It’s funny, when I write songs or start a poem, I’ve never had this much trouble coming up with words. And a million times I’ve told you I love you. But I’m in love with you. Even though you know how I feel, ‘I love you’ doesn’t seem enough.” He closed his eyes. “I can’t sleep without you near me. I don’t breathe without your touch. I don’t live without you. I need you. I love you. Marry me?”

“Derek.” Trina spoke his name softly. Her eyes shined with tears of joy, love and anticipation as her voice thickened with tears. “Yes.”

The ball dropped on the TV in the background and the numbers lit up announcing the New Year just as Derek slipped the ring on her finger.

Trina put the journal down and stood up. Going to get a bottle of water from the mini fridge in the corner, she grabbed a bottle for Derek. She was in the control room of the studio he and the band had built. It was a small studio layout, professionally speaking, but it took up three-quarters of the basement of their condominium.

Through the clear Plexiglas window, she watched as Derek played around with melodies on his saxophone. His guitars, a Fender Marcus Miller Jazz Bass Guitar and an Epiphone Zephyr Blues Deluxe Electric Guitar, were laying in their cases, opened on the table behind him along the back wall of the main room of the studio.

“I’m sorry, Baby, but this is taking longer than I expected,” Derek said from where he sat in the booth, still trying to work out the arrangements for one of the songs for *Throwback’s* upcoming CD release, *“diary”*. “Do you mind if we don’t go out? I

want to get the guys over here and work this out.” His tone was hopeful and his fingers clutched his saxophone.

“No problem. There’s a book I’ve been meaning to finish up anyway.”

“Why don’t you go?” he asked, “You and Carla, you haven’t been out in a while.”

“One, she’s out with her husband. And two, Carla isn’t the one who I wanted to spend my night with.” She sighed, stood up. “It’s okay, Derek, work on the CD,” she paused in the doorway of the main studio. “But when “*diary*” is done and released, once you have more time to focus on the other areas of your life, we’re taking a long vacation.”

“Whatever you want, Baby.” He paused, then hit the switch to talk again. “I love you, Trina. You know that, right?”

“Yeah. It’s just nice to be reminded.” She smiled. “I love you, too. Remember, a nice long vacation somewhere tropical,” she called back as she left to go upstairs.

Chapter Two

Trina had left work early because Derek was supposed to be coming in from an out of town gig that afternoon. Checking the messages on the answering machine when she got in, she found one from her sister, one from the band's manager, two from the wedding planner and one from Derek.

"Trina, this is your sister. Call me."

"Trina. It's Maria. Could you let Derek know that I need the measurements for him and his groomsmen so I can schedule the fittings? I haven't been able to get in touch with him."

"Derek, it's Elliot. I already left messages for the rest of the band, the A&R guy loved "*diary*." But he wants alternative name suggestions. Other than that, it looks like we're close to a deal."

"Trina. Maria again. I need to schedule a meeting with both you and Derek about the wedding. We need to talk expenses and make some decisions if you don't want to go over budget."

"Trina. I'm heading to the studio, we got in early. Don't wait up for me, Baby. It's almost over. One track just needs tweaking and then I'm all yours. Sorry. Love you."

With a low growl, she picked up the phone book and threw it. It landed with a thud halfway across the room, its pages spilling open and various business cards and small bits of papers with numbers scribbled on them scattering around it.

Fist balled, she closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths to calm herself down.

She'd known it would be like this. They'd discussed his music and career when he decided to pursue the music on a full time basis. Angry, she got her diary from the bedroom. Sitting on the living room sofa she wrote fast, soon filling up a few pages with her thoughts. Pausing, she shifted back, settling deep into the couch, causing the book to fall off her lap and to the floor. It fell open to an entry she'd forgotten she'd written. Her mind drifted back again.

Derek slammed into his townhouse, throwing his keys on the entryway table. He growled, stalked into the living room and punched the wall with his fist.

"Are you okay?" Trina asked looking up from the TV. She reached for the remote and turned it to mute.

Surprised, Derek turned around and leaned against the wall. His shoulders sagged and he rested his head back against the silver-gray walls of the living room.

"I quit. I can't take it anymore. All this company politics and brown nosing, the favoritism." He scowled. His eyes narrowed, his nostrils flared and he dragged in several short, angry breaths. "It's a bunch of bullshit." He paused. "What are you doing here?"

"You gave me a key. We have a date. Or had a date since you seem to be having such a rough time of it today." Trina cocked her head to the side, studied him. "You wanted to check out that new female singer that they have playing at Waterfalls."

"Damn it." He hit the wall with his palm. "It slipped my mind." He shook his head. "I didn't expect you to be here. Didn't expect you to use your key today, you haven't before."

"It's been four months and I was going to cook something for you before we went out," she replied, rising.

Derek allowed a half-smile to form on his lips. "I like that. Like the sound of that... you here waiting for me. Having dinner ready when I get home."

"Well don't get used to it. I'm just in a domestic mood today," she laughed. "So wanna tell me what happened at work?"

"Not really. I just want to forget about it," he said, closing his eyes for a brief moment. He reopened them when he sensed movement and heard the casual squeak of the sofa as she rose from its overstuffed depths. Derek watched the sway of her hips as she walked over to him. And even though he wasn't really in the mind frame for a round of hot sex, the way she was moving and the way his pulse quickened as she got closer to him made his body stir, giving him other ideas.

"Well, I can leave if you want. I don't want to intrude. I know you probably needed some time to think and most likely expected to come home and be able to vent and relax without an audience." She stood in front of him, back a few feet to give him space and breathing room.

"Something like that," he murmured as his arms reached out, snaked around her waist and pulled her in closer.

"Mmm." A soft purr escape her lips, reminding him of how she sounded when he stroked her pussy with his fingers and played with her clit. "I absolutely adore the feeling of your arms around me." She purred again, causing his cock to respond and stay at near full attention. Trina's arms went around his neck and she raised her head towards his. Though Derek was leaning back against the living room wall, he was still quite a bit taller so, at only 5'4", she had to stretch to kiss him. He didn't mind the foot height differential because he got to see her body in motion and feel the curves of her

body as she stretched her torso against him. The extension of her legs, the lift of her ass and the crush of her breasts pressed into his chest as she reached for him.

His lips matched hers and their tongues glided alongside each other in the warm, wet caverns of their mouths.

She pulled away, her breath shallow, her lips puffy and her eyes glazed. She wore the satisfied look of a woman after she has just been truly and deeply kissed... and had enjoyed it.

Derek ran a hand through her hair. Trina had stopped wearing braids and getting relaxers during the middle of last year, it had been part of her new career move and outlook. She now wore her hair in a natural style that fell in tight, wavy locks to the nape of her neck.

Fingers intertwined in her hair, he pulled her closer. Trina snuggled her body as close to Derek's as space and nature would allow. He kissed her again, this time more intensely. He licked her lips with his tongue, moving it along her upper lip, slipping it partially inside before retreating and caressing her lower lip. He nipped at her lower lip and pulled it gently between his teeth. While he sucked it gently and impatiently, she tickled his lip, wanting him to kiss her fully again. Her tongue darted between her parted lips to heighten the passion of this sensual dance. Their tongues dueled in a heat-filled, passion inspired, desirous soul kiss.

Trina pulled back, catching her breath. After a settling moment, she finally spoke, "I'm sorry about your day, Baby." She paused. "What are you going to do if you quit?"

"I'll give my two weeks notice, of course. I want to invest my time and attention

wholly to the band and my music. There's money that I have saved plus the extra money I get from the weekend fill-in radio DJ gigs and composing, along with the money from the regular gigs the band does and touring. I'll be okay." He swept a lock of hair away from her eyes. "I don't want you to worry about me. Though I love that you do and the fact that you care. It's not something that I'm used too." He kissed her forehead. "But the question is will you be able to handle it?"

Trina frowned, her brows furrowed and her mouth pulled down. "Why would it be a problem for me?"

"Because music already takes up a lot of my time. But devoting all my time to my music will mean less time for you." He stroked her cheek. Looking directly into her eyes, he spoke again, "I want you in my life, Trina. I love you. I am in love with you and I don't think I can stand losing you, now or ever. When I think of the future, down the line, I see the band and you by my side."

"I'm here, Derek. I want you in my life for as long as you want to be here." She kissed him on the cheek and he smiled. "You supported me when I wanted to quit the paper and switch careers, when I started my own business. You've supported me when things got lean and really bleak and I wanted to go back to the safety of my other job." She kept her gaze locked on his. Sliding her hands easily from his neck, she pressed them against his chest and gently pushed him further into the wall. "I'm here for you. I support you." Her mouth found his in a soft, chaste lip lock. "Music is your dream, your passion. Follow it as far as you can. I'm not going anywhere."

Shaking the past from her thoughts, Trina knew she shouldn't be upset. He had warned her it could happen.

Walking into the kitchen, Trina stopped to pick up the phone book and papers that had fallen out after she had thrown it earlier. She got a bottle of water, drinking slowly, to calm herself. Then she picked up the extension in the kitchen and dialed Derek's cell phone number.

"Hey, Baby," she said once he answered.

"Hi." He waited for a moment. "You're mad, aren't you?"

"No." she told him. "Disappointed that you'd rather be in the studio with the guys working on the CD instead of with me. Hurt because it's been six weeks since I've seen you and ten since we've spent any real time together. But no, I'm not mad. And do you know what's really ironic?" She paused just a moment before continuing without giving him the opportunity to speak. "I've been going over my old journals and diaries, old entries to get a glimpse of my Derek, remember why and how I fell in love with you."

"Hold on a moment, guys," she could hear him saying in the background.

A few moments later Derek came back to the phone. "I know it's been hard but it's almost over. It's hard on me, too, not seeing you, being able to be with you the way I want. But I do come home at night." His voice was tense as he spoke.

"You're right. You are here, Derek, but that's about all. I want more than a lukewarm body lying next to me in bed. Or phone sex." Trina hesitated only briefly, willing herself to speak out and let her unhappiness with the way things had been going between them out, "I love you, Derek. I love what you do, who you are and the fact that you have the courage and conviction to follow your dreams instead of just talking about them."

"That's because of you. I know that Trina."

“I have always stood by you and supported you and your career. I knew it was going to be a harder road for us, more stress and less time but, damn it, you never told me that our relationship would go from just dating to engaged to booty call status.”

“Booty call? What we have is more than just sex! Don’t you realize how I feel about you, how much I care,” he spoke, voice low.

Trina closed her eyes and pictured him in her mind’s eye. She imagined him pacing, teeth clenched and rubbing his free hand over his bald head as he always did when he got frustrated.

Not letting the image sway her, knowing in her heart and feeling in her soul that he was hurting just as much as she was, she plunged on. They had to hash this out or things wouldn’t work.

“Yeah. What else do you call a relationship where you come in at two or three o’clock in the morning... and that’s early and on a good day? Usually it’s more like five or six or sometimes even seven o’clock, Derek. You tap me on my shoulder, expect a little sex before I have to get up and start my day. And I love you, baby, but I hate quickies. I want to be loved by my man, Derek Michael Murphy, not the stranger that I’m in this relationship with.”

“So you want to end things?”

“God, Derek! Listen to what I’m saying,” she snarled. “No!” she almost yelled, her voice filled with frustration. Then, with a tired sigh, she spoke again, “I want you.”

“You have me, Baby.”

“No. Sadly, I don’t. I’m tired of going to sleep alone and waking for a make-out session or quick romp between the sheets.”

“It’s going to get better. Just give me a little time,” he pleaded, his voice still low but strained.

“I hope so, ‘cause it can’t get any worse.” She paused, looked at the chicken breasts she had taken out that were thawing in the sink. “Come home. Let’s have dinner and talk or watch T.V.” She paused, her voice just above a whisper, her tone tired, “Come home and make love to me, Derek.”

“Trina,” he moaned.

“I want you to come home and make love to me.”

“I can’t,” he said in a low voice.

“No. That’s the problem. You won’t,” she said, and hung up.

Later that evening, Trina had cooked dinner, making the same dinner she had on the day they first had sex - chicken fettuccini with sautéed broccoli, mushrooms and garlic. She’d cleaned the condo, called her clients scheduled for the next day, reorganized the bookshelf and did her night run, twice.

Tired, frustrated from lack of sex and time with Derek, Trina went to the bedroom, got “*diary*” out of the player where she had put it last night before falling asleep listening to it. It really was a good CD, despite the fact that it was taking Derek away from her. Nowadays, it was the only way that she felt close to Derek. She had his music, if not him. And because he poured his heart and soul so much into the music, from the lyrics to the composition to the way it fit the band and its sound, she accepted it. She didn’t like it, but she accepted it. She realized he had it hard, being the “unofficial” leader of Throwback, a lot rested on his shoulders and she knew she had no reason to complain, actually. Derek was a good man, attentive mostly, understanding, and her

rock, but selfishly, she wanted him to want her as much as she wanted him.

Taking the CD, she headed for the master bathroom, ran a hot bath and put “*diary*” in the bathroom player letting the mellow, melodic sounds fill the room. She took her bath salts and foam bath gel, pouring in a generous amount. Standing and waiting for the bath to finish, she opened the gel and poured in a little more before closing it and setting it back on the shelf. The heat of the bath filtered through the room as she undressed. Putting her hair up with a scrunchie, Trina stepped into the foam filled tub and sighed.

* * * *

The aroma from Trina’s rose and lavender scented bath carried Derek toward the bathroom.

The door shifted open, dim light from red tea-light candles mixing with the vanilla and jasmine votives she had strategically placed illuminated the room. The room glowed and highlighted the richness and tone in her deep complexion. The radiance of her skin shone like a star brightening the night sky making her exquisite curves even more glorious. Derek leaned against the doorframe and smiled, showing pearl white teeth placed between thick brown lips. The whirlpool jets in the bathtub were humming on high, filling the tub with soft foamy bubbles. Vanilla rose and lavender scented mists of steam arose out of the tub mixing with the vanilla and jasmine from the candles, creating a delicious bouquet.

Music played softly, it was the band’s CD, “*diary*”, made during several late night sessions. It was the first working copy she was playing. He had given it to her as an ‘I love you and thank you for supporting me’ gift. She had just left the small studio in the

basement to go to bed after another night of frustration when their date had been rain-checked for the music.

Derek had recorded the song she was listening to called “*desire*”, that night. Trina was the inspiration for the song and his guitar solo had been all about her. In his mind, that night her body was the guitar, her love the power supply, her passion had been the strings, and he played them both wonderfully. She was his muse.

He inhaled as she extended one long, shapely, nutmeg-colored leg upwards, piercing the water and sending a vanilla steam wafting towards him. He exhaled and watched as she ran lean fingers down her thighs, slowly massaging towards her calves. Then, little by little, she stroked upwards leaving a trail of sudsy foam clinging to the toned muscles of her legs and the thick, pleasing shape of her thighs.

He wanted those hands on her body to be his, but stopped himself from moving forward. He wanted to watch a little longer, savor this luxury as Trina soaked.

She arched her back, her shapely breasts jutted forward. Her hands caressed their way from her hips to the beginning of her breasts. A simple smile formed on her lips as she made frothy circles around her nipples and moaned his name, “Derek.”

“I’m here, Baby,” he said softly, grabbing the towel from the rack. “I’ll dry you off.”

Standing, body wet and slick with tiny bubbles, she smiled. “Then are you going to wet me up again?”

He helped her out of the bath, but instead of wrapping her in the towel, he enveloped her in his arms. His tongue entered her mouth and caressed the caverns of wet and warmth. The sensuous and unexpected feel of his arms around her along with the

passion of the kiss telegraphed tingles of heated passion through their bodies.

She shivered from a blend of heat and cool, her body heading towards sensory overload as Derek turned her around and pressed her back against the cool, mauve-colored bathroom wall.

His mouth moved from her lips to the side of her neck down her collarbone. His tongue brushed against it, lapping circles as he made a wet trail down to her breasts. He bent his head and his tongue caressed her nipples.

Trina exhaled, breathing shallow, quicker. She couldn't contain the moan at the back of her throat and it bubbled fourth. "Derek. Ooh. Baby." She breathed out, "I need you. I want you. Now."

He shook his head, kneeling instead, he kissed her stomach, licked around her navel. His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing and kneading gently. His fingers pulled at her nipples, twisting, twirling until they became even harder. With his fingers fanned out, Derek traced a sensual, slow path down Trina's supple skin to her waist and around to her round, firm ass. His fingers curved under her thighs, languidly massaging downward until he got to the underside of her knees. Gently he lifted each leg until they were both resting on his shoulder. Her body arched, away from the wall as she reached for and held onto the towel rack above.

Slowly he licked the sensitive parts of her body, along her inner thighs, continuing until she felt the heat of his breath against her pussy.

With his fingers, he parted her and inserted his tongue, slowly licking up and down her hot pussy. Varying the speed of his fingers inside her walls, Derek kept up the sensual manipulation until her juices slicked his fingers. He moved faster, then slower,

then stopped. Derek inserted two fingers inside her, driving her closer and closer to an orgasm. His fingers twisted and turned, stroking her inside, his tongue on her clit, flicking it rapidly before closing his lips around it and sucking.

"Please, Derek," Trina whimpered, begging, eyes closed.

He continued his assault of her pussy, shaking his head and moaning as he suckled her clit.

"Oooh, Derek," she panted.

He licked and lapped at her, still playing close attention to her clit. As she was about to go over the edge, he stopped, inserting a third finger inside her tender, silky, aching pussy, before returning to his licking.

"Oh, Derek." She called his name, just as he loved her to do. "Ooh, Baby. Yes." She moaned, moving her hips against his mouth.

With his free hand, Derek held on to her waist, allowing her to begin to give in to the release. Then, pulling away, he lowered her legs off his shoulders and stood.

Trina looked at him with dazed eyes, confused, wanting.

"Two things," he said, his voice rough with heat and thick with need. "One, I have on too many clothes." He stopped her reaching hands and kissed each one.

Derek enjoyed watching her as she watched him undress. First, he slowly unbuttoned the green and white checked shirt he wore, going one by one, taking the time to remove each button from it's hole. The shirt dropped to the floor. Grabbing the bottom of his undershirt he slowly peeled it up, revealing the hardest of his six pack of abs, the tone of his obliques, firm pecs and strong shoulders until the shirt was over his head then joined the green and white one on the floor. Unbuckling his belt, he drew it

through the loops and tossed it behind him. His khaki pants were the only thing left, the only thing standing between them and their desire.

He kissed her slowly as he undid the button at the top of the pants and unzipped them. Her hands went to his waist and covered hers as they both lowered his pants. She kneeled before him, kissed his boxer-covered penis.

“Baby.” He moaned, “Oh, God.”

She smiled, looked up at him and licked her lips. Allowing the silk to rub against the hard shaft of his cock, Trina slowly peeled down the boxers. Her fingers ran down his thick thighs and toned legs, helping him step out of the pants and boxers.

She kissed the head of his cock, drawing it through her teeth and into her mouth. Tickling the head with her tongue, she sucked until he was standing at full length. Licking down the shaft, she tickled the vein and nipped at the head, circling with her tongue and sucking it deeper into her mouth.

“Baby. I love the way you suck my dick. Aah baby.”

She sucked harder, pulling his cock deeper into her mouth.

“Trina.” He growled low, deep and guttural in his throat. “I don’t want to come like this. I want to be inside you. With your tight pussy milking my cock towards heaven as you ride me. I want to come inside you.”

She nodded, reluctantly standing, and couldn’t help but inhale at the beauty of his body. She had forgotten how beautiful he was. His toned abs, tapered down into a deep cut at his waist, thick pubic hair and long, dark cock, which was sticking straight up. Automatically, hungrily, her body moved closer to his. Her body, soul reacted instinctively. All she knew is she wanted him, needed to feel the smooth satin of his skin

under her fingertips. The heat of his cock resting against her cooler thigh aroused her even more and she became slicker at the touch.

“And?...” she prompted, her hands roaming his bare chest, fingers stroking his broad smooth, chocolate shoulders. “What’s the second thing?”

“I want you looking at me when you come.”

She nodded and slid away from between him and the wall. Turning around so she was facing him, she balanced on the edge of the green and gray marbled sink, her legs spread, waiting for him.

She reached for his hand and he allowed her to pull him towards her.

"I want you," she said.

"You have me." He responded with a kiss on her neck.

She slid forward so she wasn't even sitting on the sink anymore but perched on it with one hand. She lifted her ass off the sink, balancing with her palm until her body hovered above his. His cock waited, stiff and pointing at her opening. Lowering herself down, she guided him into her.

Tongue kissing her, Derek paused for a moment to adjust to the feeling, to her tightness and to keep control.

She exhaled and breathed his name, "Derek." She reached up, stroking the smooth skin of his bald head before pressing her hands in a trail down to his chest.

She arched into him, as he entered her. “Baby.”

He kissed her, then began to move inside her. Slowly stroking in and out, grinding his hips against hers, round and round, moving deep and then withdrawing until only his head was inside her. His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them together,

twisting and pinching her nipples. He kept kissing her, stroking her tongue with his. Their tongues dueled and danced around each other and soon matched the movements of their bodies together. Inside and out. Up and Down. Back and forth.

Slowly at first and then faster and then slow again. Trina moaned, soft and low. "Oh. Oh, Yes. Derek." She crested. "Derek." She spoke with tears in her voice, created from their union, from the intensity of their passion. She had missed him.

He paused, eyes locked on hers. She kissed him, avoiding the powerful look as her forehead rested on his.

"Are you okay? Did I hurt you? Do you want to stop?" he asked, concerned by the tears he saw in the corners of her eyes.

"No," she whispered, "I don't want to ever stop." She continued moving, urging him on, grinding against him, "Don't stop. Please. I ... I..."

"It's okay. Let go," he said, pausing for a moment. "I'm here. I have you."

"Derek," she called out his name gently.

His movements changed inside her - faster and faster, then he began to move slower. Too slow.

"Please," she sighed, begging him, urging him on, her fingers running along the edge of his spine. "Aaah baby, so good. So sweet. Delicious, that's how you make me feel. I can never get enough of you."

He slowed his movements even more, the feelings washing over him as her body tightened and released, repeatedly milking him to his own release.

"Damn. Ooh shit. Baby. I love how we fit together, like a puzzle. Ooh... Hellcat." He murmured to her using the private nicknames he had for her, the names

only he called her. His tempo increased, moving faster, stroking her hair. He kissed her deeply as he came, his body and tongue moving at the same speed, matching stroke for stroke.

Trina met every thrust, urging him on, begging for his release as he came again, "Derek. Yes. Derek. My Derek." She purred his name.

He withdrew, but kept her snuggled close to him, holding her body close to his, running a sweaty, salty trail up and down her arms. He kissed her forehead and then released her from his grasp. Taking her hand, he led her into their bedroom.

She let go of his hand and went to his top dresser drawer, getting one of his t-shirts and pulling it on, covering her naked body.

He laughed. The t-shirt, which fit him, was a dress on her. He grabbed a pair of boxers from the dresser, pulled them on and got into bed.

She crawled up into the bed next to him, snuggling up next to him.

"I love when you come home early." She smiled up at him.

"I love when you come." He kissed her forehead. "And how you call my name." He ran a finger down the center of her face, before placing a sedate kiss on her lips. "I kept thinking about you when the guys asked me what I wanted for dinner," he shook his head, laughing.

She leaned up on one arm, watching him, "What did you tell them?" She prodded, sweeping her locks off her face.

"I said you." He hugged her body closer to his. "And what a great meal."

She settled into his embrace, her head nestled into the crook of his neck. "And I enjoyed feeding you." She kissed him just below his ear. "Get some rest." She flicked

his earlobe with her tongue. “You’re going to need energy for round two.”

“I have good news. We came up with the final name of the CD.”

“I thought you had settled on ‘*diary*’.” She drew lazy circles around his nipples.

“We had. But we talked and realized that all of us were in similar situations. The music nearly taking over our lives and how strong and supportive everyone has been. Then looking at the tracks, and how we came up with them, who inspired them. The name we came up with was perfect.”

“What is the new name?” She playfully pulled one of his nipples.

“*Diary of a Love*.”

About Angeleque Santiago

Angeleque Santiago is the nom de plume for a voluptuous woman whose family heritage is a sensual mix of African-American, Irish, Native American and Italian.

Ms. Santiago has lived her entire life in beautiful Michigan. When she's not writing or working her day job she enjoys cooking, baking, gardening, candle making, crocheting and quilting, bargain shopping and being with her family and friends. She is involved in a healthy relationship and while she has no children, loves her nephew and spoils him with her time and attention.

She loves to travel, has a thirst and passion for life and love that shines through in her writing.

Angeleque is also a voracious reader and a book reviewer.

You can keep up with Angeleque through her [blog](#) and [yahoo group](#).



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