

A TEASE VALENTINES DAY SHORT

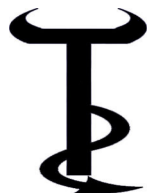
*Take This
Man*

YEVETTE HINES

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Chapter One

Tyler loved watching her ride his cock. In the pre-dawn light his heart raced at seeing Mari's plump breasts bounce and jiggle above him. With her head thrown back and her thighs spread wide over his hips, he had an unobstructed view of her and their morning activity. *Ahh, what a way to wake up.*

"Tyler, you feel so good." Her voice echoed into the soft gray light in the room, accompanying their sounds of sex.

"Keep it steady, right there, sweetheart," he encouraged. Squeezing her hips as she slid up and down his hard length, his gaze at the point where they joined. His dick glistened with her thick cream. Licking his lips he wished he'd had a chance to taste her before entering her body. But, a man didn't complain when he awoke with his woman stroking his Johnson. He was instant putty in her hands; however she wanted it, she got it.

Mari normally wasn't an early riser. He usually had to do a lot of coaxing to get her up, which he loved. A lick here and there and she was thrashing about the pillow fully awake and ready.

Her hands slammed onto his chest, her fingers dug into his pecks as her pace increased. Feeling her pussy tighten around his cock he knew she was about to come. Mari always reached a passionate insanity at the moment just before ecstasy claimed her. Not caring how, or where she got it, just as long it brought her to an electrifying end. It was that and so much more that made Mari his perfect match.

Placing one hand on her breast, he gently pinched her nipple allowing the slight pain to heighten her pleasure. His other hand shifted in, away from her hips and he pressed his thumb against her clit. With firm circles he slipped through her juices, stroking and playing with her hard nub.

"Babybabybabybaby,oooooh,don'tstop,pleasedon'tstop..." Mari's pleading and moans came out in a long stream, barely even forming words.

Her eyes were squeezed tight as she focused on her body's satisfaction. He knew what she needed to take her over the edge.

Smiling, he bent his legs, buried his heels into the mattress. He lowered his knees behind her plump ass and arched his hips allowing him to jam the full length of his cock inside of her.

This was the only time she could take all of him, when she was sopping wet and so aroused she couldn't see straight. He wasn't a slight man, and over the years he'd learned how to temper the depth of his drive inside a woman. But the first time he'd had sex with Mari and she'd screamed more and harder as she approached heaven's gate of pleasure, he'd found home.

"Ooooo,rightthere,rightthere,rightthere..." she chanted. Then her mouth dropped open, her body tensed and locked onto his dick before she broke.

Feeling the bite of her nails and the tight sheath of her sex as it quivered and her small form bucked against him, pushed him into a mind blowing orgasm. Clinching his teeth, his groan was rough and broken as he experienced the joy of his hot sperm leaving his body and filling his woman.

His woman, that was exactly who Mari was to him and he never planned to let her go. He was ready for the next stage of their relationship. He just hoped he could convince her. Pulling her down, he began to relax as she laid her head on his shoulder and burrowed her face along the side of his neck.

"Good morning, Tyler," she whispered, her breath fluttered across his skin.

"Good morning, Mari." He smiled and kissed her forehead using her middle name as he'd done since they'd become serious. Everyone else called her Liza, but he wasn't everyone else.

"This is the moment I hate." Leaning up, she kissed him.

“Don’t get up. Go in late,” he said as she wiggled out of his arms and got up from the bed. “Hell, I’m greedy, call in sick.”

Glancing over her shoulder she gave him a smile as she headed to the bathroom to clean up and brush her teeth. “You know I can’t do that, I have a meeting with the boss lady this morning.”

Sliding off the navy blue sheets covering his bed, he grabbed a pair of sweats from a chair and a t-shirt. “She’s your best friend, do it via telephone,” he shouted to be heard over the running water.

Peeping around the door armed with her sudsy toothbrush, she said, “Yeah, right, I doubt that you’d leave me alone to conduct the call. Chantal and I are close, but the last thing I want is her hearing my boyfriend banging me.”

Lifting his eyebrow, he smiled at her as he pondered the image of her words.

Mari wiped her mouth and tossed the hand towel at him. “Freak!”

“And you love it.” He pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply, tasting the minty freshness coating her mouth.

With a sigh, she moved away. “I need to get dressed otherwise I’ll take you up on your offer.” Sashaying her sweet little ass across the room, she put back on her clothes from the night before. Once dressed in shirt, jeans and heels, Mari quickly fingered her short curls on her head.

Tyler watched her as he did every night she slept at his house. She wouldn’t have to leave so early in the morning if she left clothes at his house, but her convictions on “shacking up”, were just as strong as those about marriage. He was making plans to change that.

“Ready.” She turned and smiled.

He noted the lift of the tiny mole gracing the corner of her mouth. Moving toward her he placed a soft kiss right on top of it, then followed her out of his house.

When they reached her car, he unlocked the door and handed her the keys. “Will I see you tonight?”

“No, I have to work late so I don’t have to come in over the weekend.”

He understood that, they both had demanding jobs. “We are still on for tomorrow, right?”

“Of course, it’s Valentine’s Day and I wouldn’t want to spend that with anyone else.” Winking at him, she slipped behind the wheel of her car and started it.

Closing the door, he waited until she rolled the window down. “Your house at seven.”

Reaching out, her warm hand caressed his cheek. “Until tomorrow. Have a good day at work. I’ll call you when I get home.”

Kissing her palm, he stepped away and watched her back out the drive.

* * *

Mari sat across the desk from her best friend and head of Montgomery Hotels, Chantal Lexington. She watched Chantal rub her burgeoning belly as she reviewed the prints before her. Married to the head of Lexington Jewelry for over a year, Chantal glowed from the affection that her husband doted on her, as well as the six month pregnancy.

She didn’t allow herself to envy Chantal and all of her good fortune with her relationship. Mari had convinced herself that some women’s paths naturally led them to the altar and others just concentrated on a successful career.

Hell, Chantal had a legacy to hand down. She on the other hand had nothing but what she had achieved through her education. Besides, with the exception of Tyler, men in her past had only wanted one thing from her, sex. Even that didn’t keep them for long.

She and Tyler had a great relationship, but she kept herself focused. Even though she’d begun to think of herself by her middle name; all because of him, she’d become Mari. On a weekly basis, she reminded herself not to become attached. He would become bored soon enough and if she’d fooled herself into thinking their relationship was permanent she’d be the one with the wool covering her eyes in the end.

Nope, not me.

“The prints look great for the new brochure.” Chantal’s voice pulled Mari away from her thoughts.

“I’m glad you like them. The team decided to keep things simple.” *Just like my relationship with Tyler.*

Chantal passed the mock-ups back to her. "Call resource management and tell them it's a go."

"You got it boss lady." Mari smiled at her friend, took the sample tri-folds back and placed them in her portfolio.

"Now, that all of that is out of the way, there's something else I want to talk to you about." Chantal took a minute to jot down notes on her legal pad, then closed one folder beside her and opened another one.

"Let me guess. Your husband has decided to design me a necklace for my birthday next month?" With fiend excitement Mari waved her hand before her face and blinked rapidly as if warding off impending tears.

As always, Mari watched Chantal roll her eyes and shake her head.

"You're a nut." Chantal rolled her eyes and shook her head again, her cheeks lifting as she laughed. "What is Tyler going to do with you?"

Taping her lip, Mari said, "Chantal, you naughty girl. With that hunk of a hubby you have, don't tell me you're already living vicariously through your friends?"

"Trust me, even pregnant, Stephan and I are doing well. Pregnancy makes one very creative." Chantal leaned back in her chair as she bowed her head admiring the ring on her left hand.

Mari saw the soft flush of her friends' cheeks. Chantal and Stephan had something special. They may have started off rough, due to *The Marriage Clause*, that forced them together, but soon they learned to inspire the best out of each other. "Well, Chan, what was the other thing you wanted to discuss?" Mari wanted to move the conversation to more safe territory.

"Yes." Chantal sat up, boss lady once again. "Yesterday, I got a call from C-Kam Network. They would like to use Luxury Hotel in New York for their 2010 New Year's Eve bash and celebrity performances."

"Ooo-lala." Mari wiggled her shoulders in excitement. "You think we can get backstage passes to meet all the stars? Maybe Tank will be there. I love his sultry voice."

"He is great." Transcribing some information onto a small sticky from the open folder, Chantal said, "I need you to call Lenard Damble, he is head of their public relations department in New York. I want you to get an idea of what they are looking for. I already have Tamala arranging a meeting with our team to include the manager for the Luxury Hotel New York, Cedric Dennis from Montgomery P.R. and you."

Mari flipped her tablet to a fresh page and began scratching out notes as she nodded, confirming her understanding of Chantal's instructions.

"When we all meet I want you to come in with boards, advertisement ideas and sample flyers. I want them to know from the outset that we take care of business at Montgomery. That way next year they will consider using us again." Chantal paused for a moment then said, "Can your department handle that?"

Halting her pen mid-stroke, Mari looked up at her friend. When she saw Chantal hiding a smile behind her hand, Mari did the childish thing and stuck her tongue out at her boss.

"I'll see what we can drum up. Maybe a few stick figures, I hope you don't mind."

Closing the folder, Chantal said, "I trust your talent and judgment immensely."

Even though she already knew that Chantal had confidence in her, Mari was still moved by the compliment.

"So, what are you and Stephan planning for Valentine's Day?" Mari inquired, finished with her annotations and relaxing back in her chair. "Paris, London...*Ja-mai-ca mon?*"

Giggling, Chantal patted her stomach. "Oh, no, we aren't going anywhere that far. Since this will be our last Lover's Holiday without a child, we are going to fly up to New York this evening. Saturday we'll catch Color Purple, and have dinner at The Russian Tea Room and sleep at the Ritz Carlton. We will be back late Sunday Night."

"Ooo, not staying at Luxury." Mari pretended to zip her lips and whispered, "I promise not to tell the board."

"Have no fear, I'm checking out the competition." Tilting her head, Chantal asked, "What are you and Tyler doing? Did you buy a gift for him?"

“Nope. We talked about it and decided just to spend a romantic evening together. We’re going to cook dinner together and relax. No stress.”

“That’s sweet. It’s been a--”

“So, I see this meeting is over.” Mari sprang out of her seat. She had a good idea where her friend was leading the conversation, towards the possibility that she and Tyler were moving in the direction of making goals for long term. Mari did a good job of keeping those thoughts out of her mind, and she wasn’t going to allow anyone else to place them there either.

“You can’t avoid this discussion forever. It’s been over a year.”

“And I’ve dodged it so far.” With a broad smile, she headed toward the door. Marriage proposals from rich good looking men happened to the Chantal’s of the world, who’s inheritance rivaled their own, not bi-racial little girls that were the daughter of a gardener and cook.

Rising, Chantal rubbed her protruding tummy. “Tyler’s not like those other guys. Give him a chance.” A tone of warning laced Chantal’s voice.

Mari had years of bad relationships to help her remember how this always played out. Turning at the door, Mari faced her. “I am. You said it yourself, it’s been over a year.” She shrugged. “We’re having fun, Chan. A no pressure kinda relationship.”

Chantal raised a concerned eyebrow.

Before her friend could continue the conversation, Mari quickly pulled the door open and slipped from the room.

Rapid strides carried Mari down the hall and to her office as her heart and mind warred against each other. She’d spoken the honest words of her mind to Chantal, this relationship with Tyler from the beginning was designed to be no strings attached. However, it was the other organ in Mari’s body that continued to remind her how deeply she was falling for Tyler. That tall dark dream of a man had wormed his strong, romantic, considerate and gentle way into her heart and buried himself deep inside. If she didn’t end this soon than it would take a surgeon to get him out once he walked away.

Entering her office in the marketing department, she plopped down in the seat behind her desk. Rotating her chair to the large waterfall in the corner she took several breaths and tried to allow the sight to calm her. Help focus her creativity on work, instead of the man that did a great job of consuming her thoughts and turning her body inside out. She had a meeting in a few minutes to review some mock up graphics for Luxury Spain’s website for their refurbished nightclub that hosted local acts.

Regardless, her thoughts wouldn’t be squelched. Conceding defeat, she closed her eyes and allowed the memories to surface.

A wave of heat rushed along her body, as she remembered the morning’s events. Her sex started to throb. Moaning she squeezed her thighs together for a moment to intensify the sensation. Wake-up sex with Tyler really ought to be patented and molded into some erotic toy. It could be fashioned into some type of nighttime strap on device that a woman could wear to sleep. In the a.m. instead of the obnoxious sound of an alarm jarring a woman from her dreams, this toy could be set with a timer and awaken them with light tickles along their clit and gentle thrusting.

Oh, yeah, women all over the world would pay to awaken to an orgasm to begin their day. Hell, naptime would probably become popular once again.

Mari stifled a giggle as one of her staff members knocked on the door.

“Enter.” She called out.

“Wow! That’s a smile that could light up Manhattan.” Caitlyn pranced toward her desk, bubbling with energy as always. “Want to share?”

The twenty-three year old design tech was six two, with long legs, blond hair, big boobs and short skirts that kept all the men in the office panting.

Shaking her head, Mari entered the password into her computer to access the file on the share drive for her meeting. “Not until the patent and trade office contacts me.”

Shimmying her shoulders as she slid into a seat in front of the desk, Caitlyn said, “Then it must be real good. Can’t wait to hear it.”

Mari smiled, but kept her ideas to herself.

Chapter Two

“A solitaire cut black diamond set in pink and white gold.” Stephan strutted into Tyler’s office and set the small black case in the center of his desk.

Tyler stared down at the box without opening it. His hands started to tremble as Stephan moved closer to his desk.

“I worked for days designing this ring and several hours crafting it just right. Aren’t you going to open it?”

Having a best friend that was a gemologist had its perks, but like all creative geniuses, Stephan was testy about his creations.

“Of course, I am.” Tyler clinched and relaxed his fist under his desk, but still didn’t reach for the jewelry.

Leaning a hip against his desk, Stephan stared down at him. “You know just touching it doesn’t make the deed done.”

Arching an eyebrow at him, Tyler growled, “I know that.”

“Well, Einstein, also know that you don’t have to go thorough with it if your not ready. It’s a big step that you don’t have to take now...” Leaning over, Stephan whispered, “Unless she’s knocked up?”

“Mari’s not pregnant,” Tyler mumbled and refocused his eyes on the box. Images of how she would look swollen with his baby filled his mind, but first he had to get the ring on her finger. Stephan was wrong. This was something that he had to do. It was just as right as taking his next breath. The apprehension wasn’t tied to him popping the question, but something else. “What if she says no?”

“Then we’ll have her committed to Bedlam. Because any woman that turns down this ring is crazy.” Reaching across the desk, Stephan opened the case. “Oh...you too.”

Tyler chuckled at his best friend’s words. Finally reaching up, he pulled the ring out of the box. It was a beauty. He hadn’t given Stephan any guidance except on the type of stone he wanted. The black diamond was his personal tribute to the tiny mole that graced the corner of Mari’s mouth. His personal sweet spot. He loved kissing it and licking it when he was thrusting deep inside her tight wet pussy.

“You did a great job, Steph.” The head of Lexington Jewelry had crafted the pink gold into small petals surrounding the ebony diamond and the white gold band offset it nicely.

“Great is what you find in your standard mall jeweler.” He folded his arms over his chest. “I believe the word you’re looking for is outstanding.”

Holding the ring into the sunlight, he agreed. “You’re correct. It’s a superior design, by an amazing gemologist.”

“You always were a quick learner, Tyler.”

“Yup. One of my many talents.” Returning the ring, Tyler snapped the lid closed.

“I do envy you, Tyler.” Stephan rose off the desk and walked to the large window.

Swiveling around to face him, Tyler leaned back in his chair and frowned. “Why would you be jealous of me? You’re already married to a beautiful, successful woman with a child on the way.”

Glancing away from the Alexandria downtown view, Stephan said, “Yea, but I never got to choose the woman I wanted to marry and go through the anxiety of a proposal.”

Tyler couldn’t stop the bark of laughter that erupted from him. “Steph, trust me. At this moment I’d give anything to find out that my father had already pre-arranged a marriage to Mari. Then she’d have no choice but to agree to be my wife.”

“Yea, but at least she’s your choice.”

Tyler knew the circumstances of Stephan and Chantal's contractual marriage arrangements, but he also had no doubt of how much Steph loved his wife. The two CEO's had lucked up and fell in love with each other.

"But am I hers?" He questioned, his doubt sneaking out as he rose and stood next to Stephan before the window. "She's been hurt so many times before. Mari is pretty adamant about keeping her independence in this relationship. Hell, if I didn't do my damndest to ensure she was exhausted every time we made love, I think she'd kick me out of her house."

Stephan laughed this time. "Well, I don't know anything about your sexual skills, but I've seen the way she looks at you, Ty. Both when you're looking and when you're not. Mari cares deeply for you."

He sure hoped Stephan was right.

"Have you considered how you're going to handle this Valentine's Day proposal?"

"Not really, but I'm not doing it on Valentine's Day."

His friend's brows scrunched. "Why not, it's women's most romantic day of the year."

"Yea, but, we agreed not to get each other anything. I'm not going back on my word."

"Well, whenever you do it everything will work out." Stephan patted him on the shoulder.

"Thanks, Steph."

"If not, I'll approve your transfer to the Italy office."

Tyler nodded. If Mari turned him down he'd convince Stephan to open a store in Yugoslavia... Italy wouldn't be far enough.

* * *

"Okay, mom, dad, I'm heading out of here." Mari finished washing the last plate, dried it and placed it in the cabinet. The second Saturday of every month she spent with her parents having brunch.

"Don't think that I don't know you haven't answered my question." Carol Baxter approached her, standing equal in stature and leaned against the counter eyeing Mari.

Mari purposely shifted her gaze to her father who sat quietly at the table sipping his second cup of coffee and pretending to be more interested in the newspaper than their conversation, sinking further behind the *Washington Post*. Which wasn't easy for a six two man, with thick curly brown hair and broad shoulders. She could see her father was going to be no help.

"That's because I don't have anything to say on it." Draining the water from the sink, she continued, "I can't make a relationship happen just to give you and dad grandkids."

Placing a gentle hand on her arm, her mother said, "Yes, but spending less time at Montgomery Headquarters might help to make you more available."

Stifling a moan, Mari faced her mother. "Mom, I love my job."

"Lord, I know, Mari, but just once why don't you try loving a man. Better yet, letting him love you." *Ouch.*

"Carol." Daniel Baxter never looked up from his article, yet his one word spoke volumes.

Grateful for her father's subtle interference, Mari sighed with relief.

Her mother lifted one of her sable eyebrows, but didn't contradict the warning, instead, opted for a new course of conversation. "What about, Tyler, Mr. Lexington's friend. I know he's always had a thing for you."

That got her father's attention. He gazed up over the top of the paper; his hazel eyes a mirror of her own, and awaited her response.

Damn, why did her mother have to have a memory like a steel-trap? Not to mention that since her mother was the cook, for Chantal and Stephan since they'd moved back into the Montgomery home, her mother had been present for the five dinner parties her friends had hosted. Which meant her mother didn't allow it to slip her mind that Tyler sat next to her every time.

Glancing at her watch, Mari knew if she wanted to get away from the interrogation anytime soon in order to go Valentine's shopping for tonight then she needed to be upfront with her mother. "Look, mom and dad, Tyler and I have been seeing each other for a little while."

Her mom beamed a smile that could rival the sun.

“Wait, mom.” Mari held her hands up to calm her mother down. Any minute Carol Baxter would be talking about inviting Tyler over for tea and cake to discuss his intentions with her father. That was the last thing she needed. “I care a lot about him, but, I refuse to see any future in it. Tyler hasn’t made any commitment and neither have I. Besides, think about the biggest difference in our lives.”

Crossing her arms over her ample bosom, her mother waited. Even her father put down the paper and stared at her.

Waving her arms around to encompass the large kitchen, Mari said, “Tyler was raised to live in houses like this. But, I was brought up working--”

The flush to her mother’s brown cheeks and her mother’s words cut Mari off. “All these years, I can’t believe you’re still ashamed--”

The scrape of her father’s chair as he rose silenced them both. “Mari, it doesn’t matter if I was the great-grandson of the Rockefellers. You’ve got to believe you’re worthy of being loved by *anyone*. You’re too smart to allow the spiteful behavior of a few rich boys to taint your opinion of yourself.”

Daniel Baxter crossed the room, kissed his daughter on the cheek and his wife on the lips and walked out.

Mari didn’t have to be a genius to realize she’d hurt her father and mother. They were two hardworking people who had no shame in their honest jobs. They’d saved all their money to ensure they could send her to the best college, regardless of Chantal’s father leaving her funds for school.

“I’m sorry, mom, you know I love you and dad.” Mari tucked her chin, embarrassed, not of her parents, but of her own thoughts. When it came to her job she had no problem in having pride in her accomplishments as her parents had taught her. But, love was another thing.

Hugging her, her mother said, “We know that, honey. Just let someone other than us and Chantal love you.”

Too choked up to respond, Mari returned her mother’s embrace then left with minimal comment.

Did my parents have to bring up the conversation of love and marriage on Valentine’s Day? She sighed as she got behind the wheel of her car and pushed the discussion to the back of her mind, not wanting anything to ruin her night with Tyler.

* * *

Mari carried the grocery bags and the things she picked up in the shopping center while she was out, into her apartment. After the morning with her parent’s she’d managed to return her spirits to the amorous mood of the coming evening.

With one hour to spare before Tyler arrived, she had just enough time to set the mood. All week she had been thinking about this night. She wanted to make it special, for no other reason than because it was Tyler. Even though she fought hard to convince herself and everyone who would listen that she wasn’t allowing her heart to become involved in the relationship, secretly she knew she’d already fallen hard for the tall dark-skinned man. One day he would end the relationship and she would be crushed, but until then she was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

They had agreed not to buy gifts, but she took the liberty of picking up a few items they both could enjoy that night. After all, it was the day for lovers.

* * *

Tyler maneuvered his car beside Mari’s in the parking lot. Turning off the engine, he looked down at the ring case in his hand. He had held it during the drive over, trying to figure out the best way to propose. Still coming up empty, he took a deep breath and placed the ring into his coat pocket.

Getting out of the car he hoped that an idea would come to him before the night was over. His cell phone chimed, *You’re the First, the Last, My Everything* by Barry White signifying it was Mari calling.

Barely eight feet away from her front door, he spoke into the receiver, “Hello, sweetheart.” He hoped she wasn’t getting ready to call the evening off.

“Hi, yourself,” came her throaty reply. “I just wanted to tell you to just come in when you get here, the door is open.”

His dick sprung to life at the sound of her voice. He hadn’t seen her for a day and every part of his body, heart and mind missed her.

“Great. I hope you haven’t started cooking without me?”

“I haven’t started *anything* without you.”

Allowing her to hear his groan of pleasure, he said, “I’ll be right there.”

The conversation ended and Tyler turned and paced a few steps back to his car. He needed to get himself together. The raging hard-on in his pants was going to make cooking with Mari impossible. There wasn’t enough room in her kitchen for him, her and his cock. It might be Valentine’s Day, but the last thing he wanted to do was run into the house slipping his dick inside of her before saying hello.

Counting to fifty helped him feel a little more in control of his body, so he moved toward Mari’s apartment again.

Just as she had said, the door was unlocked. Tyler walked in and secured the door behind him. The room was brightly lit and he could smell the soft scent of Mari’s perfume, however, he had assumed by her phone call that he would be greeted by the clanging of pots and pans from the kitchen.

Taking off his coat, he draped it over the arm of her couch, then headed in that direction, he called out her name, “Sweetheart?”

“Looking for me, big boy?”

The sultry words hadn’t come from the kitchen, as he’d expected, but behind him. Halting in his steps he pivoted toward the voice.

There at the entrance of the hallway leading to the two bedrooms was Mari leaning against the wall.

At that moment, all the counting and breathing in the world wasn’t going to keep his cock from pressing against his zipper. She was seductively dressed in a black and pink lattice bustier with matching panties, including a garter holding up, sheer black thigh-highs and a pair of sweetheart pink stilettos.

The red sucker she was pushing and pulling in her mouth made the erotic picture complete. She was his fantasy come to life. For a moment he was paralyzed as he watched her slide the heart-shaped lollipop in and out of her mouth. He became more turned on as he saw her lips stretch around the wide top of the candy as she played with it, licking the sides and moaning.

“This is really good, do you want some?” One of her knees bent as she propped a single heel against the wall. “I’m willing to share.”

He shook his head. “What I want is to see your sweet ass.” Tyler knew there was probably a more eloquent way he could have made his request, however with his level of excitement and expectation she had caused, he was feeling more feral than articulate.

Giggling, Mari pushed away from the wall, her walk saucy and fluid, like a stripper headed center stage before her admirers.

His wait wasn’t in vain, five steps before him, she twirled around, showing off her café au lait ass. It was just as he’d hoped the backside of her panties would be, G-stringed, revealing the full curves of her luscious ass, his favorite cut. Giving into his urge, Tyler leaned forward and licked a single swell.

He clearly heard her sigh and took note of the subtle lift of her behind toward him. Stepping toward her, he pulled Mari into his embrace. “I missed you today, sweetheart,” he whispered beside her ear.

“Good, because I thought I was the only one going insane today.” She smiled over her shoulder. “Why don’t you sit down on the couch and I can show you what I’ve been fantasizing about all afternoon.”

Pressing his hard length to her backside, he said, “After you finish, it’s my turn to show you what I’ve had on my mind.” This woman was perfect for him in so many ways. He just hoped that he could convince her of it before the night was over.

Shifting, she faced him, placed her small hand on his chest and walked him backwards toward the couch. “I can’t wait.”

Before he sat down, Mari took her time unbuckling his pants and lowering them to his thighs. When he was seated, she kneeled before him. Leaning forward she rested her lips against his and

began kissing him. As he returned her kiss, slipping his tongue into her mouth and tasting the blend of the cheery pop and Mari, her hand circled his shaft.

As she pumped and squeezed his stiff cock, the kiss ignited between them. Palming the back of her head he held her mouth in place as he deepened the kiss and fondled her breast through her sexy top with his free hand.

She moaned and shivered against him.

They parted with labored breath. He loved seeing the bright glow to her hazel eyes. She was just as aroused as he was.

“I do believe it was my turn.” She chided him.

“Forgive me for getting carried away.” He winked at her.

Smiling, she leaned back, still stroking his cock. “You’re forgiven.” Staring down at his shaft, she spoke aloud. “Now, where was I, before I was so tantalizingly interrupted?”

He chuckled at her words, but it was quickly cut off and became a groan as she took the head of his dick between her lips. She suckled and played with the tip as she had done to the lollipop. Relaxing back along the couch, he watched her until the moment she deep throated a significant portion of his length and he saw stars.

“Shit!” he growled. Mari was no novice when it came to any aspect of the bedroom. Many things he’d had to teach her over the course of the year they’d been together, but she hadn’t hesitated in learning every act. She gave each new position and technique an equal level of enthusiasm and loved them all just as much as he did.

Burying his hands in the short ebony curls surrounding her face, he observed the bobbing and twisting of her head. Biting down on his bottom lip, he attempted to stave off his pleasure for as long as possible. Mari must have realized what he was doing, because she used her other hand to cup and squeeze his sack toward the base of his dick as she drew harder on his dick.

He couldn’t hold back any longer, arching his hips, he pumped his erection into her mouth as she hummed her excitement and met each one of his thrusts. Her mouth feasted on him until he came in one wave after another into a blinding orgasm.

Even after his completion she continued to suckle him, keeping him hard as he took in deep gulps of air.

When he recovered enough to move, he pressed her back onto the carpet. “Now, let’s see how turned on your performance has made you.”

Kissing her, he moved from her lips to her pert breasts then dragged his tongue across the revealed skin of her belly between the edge of her top and panties. He felt the soft flutter of her stomach against his lips.

The sweet intensity of the scent of her arousal beckoned him lower. Slipping a finger under the seam of her underwear he pushed it away and gazed down at her bare sex. “Ah, just as I suspected, you’re soaking wet.”

Chapter Three

Mari always loved the feel of Tyler's hard cock in her mouth, almost as much as she enjoyed his thick shaft buried deep inside of her. Spread-eagle on her carpet she tried to keep her body still as the puffs of air from Tyler's speech played along her sensitive clit.

"Don't make me wait," she begged. Her oral act had her near orgasm.

"I wouldn't dream of it."

His words didn't pacify her, but the slow lick from the rosebud of her ass to her clit did. Instant calm, an erotic elixir, balm went through her body first as she settled into the beginning pulses of her arousal. Not shy when it came to his oral talents, Tyler glided his tongue through her juices and dipped into her pussy to stroke her walls, then pulled out and flicked her distended pearl.

"Ohh," she cried as the heavy rhythm of her building climax thumped low in her abdomen.

Rotating her hips, she thrust her sex against his eager mouth, craving and demanding more as she teetered on the edge.

Discerning her need, he pressed her thighs wide and placed two curled fingers inside her sex, while the finger on his other hand diddled the sensitive skin of her ass before slipping inside, a smooth glide.

Tyler's groan let her know when he became aware that she'd taken the time to heavily oil her ass, preparing herself for the night's events.

"Mari, sweetheart..." his words drifted away as if her actions had left him speechless.

Instead, he seemed to put all of his appreciation into bringing her to a full body shaking orgasm. Thrashing and screaming as her senses were ravaged and pleased by a thunderous release, Mari would not have been surprised if she'd end up comatose in the hospital. Tyler was the only man who had taken her to earth shattering heights. As her body quivered, slowly bringing her back to awareness, she remembered the first time she'd come with him and how she'd cried.

Tyler had remained silent, just holding her and stroking her back until she had calmed. She'd hadn't cried since then, but each orgasm was still just as moving.

Opening her eyes, she gazed into his face. "Do you think you can handle more?" she teased, kissing him and enjoying the cinnamon spice of her own scent.

Glancing down between their bodies, he commented, "Do you have to ask?"

Seeing his hard impressive cock displayed proudly between them, she reached down and caressed it with her thumb. A shiver of nervous excitement always raced along her spine at the sight of his girth and size. "Let's get you out of these clothes."

Their hands battled and played with each other as they undressed him, between kisses and caresses. By the time they were done, they were both thoroughly aroused. Mari found herself on her knees before him, bare assed, her panties gracing the top of his clothes pile.

His strong hands stroked her back. "Tell me where you want it," his voice rich and husky.

"Where do you think?" she peered over her shoulder, caressing his large dark chocolate frame with her gaze, loving the stark contrast of their skin tones and wiggled her ass in his face.

* * *

Observing the saucy swing of her plump ass, Tyler understood by the heavy cream coating her pussy and the glistening lube coating her cheeks exactly what Mari desired. It had taken him six months to show her the things he liked. He'd feared that she'd be put off by his dark desires. Instead, she'd given him her trust without hesitation. Her belief that he would keep her safe and not hurt her swelled his heart with pride and love.

Guiding his cock to her dew kissed sex, he painted his member with her juices as he stimulated her clit making sure to increase her arousal to help her remain relaxed.

Up and down he stroked her as he pushed two fingers into her puckered opening preparing her for his entry. When she was writhing and grinding herself against him, calling out for him to fill her, he removed his hand. Grasping her hips, he held her in place as he worked his steely flesh inside of her, not rushing, slowly entering her deeper, a little at a time.

Once he was buried to the hilt, he paused, allowing them both to settle into the act. Her muscles surrounding him shuddered as she moaned, dipped her back lower and parted her thighs wide, demanding he take them both to the next level.

Never one to deny his lady love, he began to pump, setting the pace as her ass met his hips with each thrust. When the palm of his hand landed on her ass with a loud *thwack*, she cried out and bucked against him.

Bowing her head submissively, Mari gave him control of her body. Alternating between thrusts and spanking until both her cheeks were a brilliant rosy hue. Gripping her hot ass, he squeezed and watched her clutch fistfuls of carpet. Riding him hard, she threw her head back and came. The tremors fluttering down her walls and along his cock propelled him into erotic oblivion along with her.

Both of their bodies quaked as they collapsed onto the floor. Rolling to his side, he protected her from his weight. There was no need to rush. The room filled with nothing but the sound of their heavy breathing.

* * *

After a playful shower, Mari and Tyler found themselves elbow deep in eggs, flour, water and salt. It took them a few stops and starts, but they finally managed to get enough made to a passable effect to make the lasagna.

“Wow, this turned out better than I thought it would.” Over two hours later, Mari savored the small bite of the Italian dish as she dug her fork into the large platter and offered Tyler a hefty bite.

She was straddling his jean-clad lap, dressed in her short silk robe.

“I’m amazed myself,” he said, as he finished swallowing his portion.

“That’s because you are amazing.” Leaning forward she licked a string of melted cheese from the side of his mouth and followed it up with a lip smacking kiss.

Stroking her back, he said, “I have enjoyed the night so much, I think we might have to make this our V-day tradition.”

Mari began to laugh at his words.

“What’s so funny?” He frowned.

“You do know that V-Day stands for something else other than Valentine’s Day, right?”

“Which is?”

Serving him more of the gooey layers, she said, “Vagina Day.”

His eyebrows shot up and light entered his gaze. “Oh, even better.” Lowering his hand he stroked her sex. “A day set aside for me to pay homage to your sweet pussy.”

With light pats, she tapped his shoulder. “That’s not what it’s for,” her words were husky as she rotated her hips against his hand.

“Then tell me.” He continued to fondle her as he nibbled along the side of her neck.

In short breathy sentences she explained to him the overall purpose and reason behind the women’s day and how they stand together to end violence against women around the world.

When she finished, Tyler stared into her eyes. His gaze was so intense and open, it made her heart clench.

“I think that’s an awesome thing.” His touch was gentle as he rubbed her thigh. “I think every woman deserves to be loved, respected and appreciated. First by themselves, then by a man that loves them.”

The atmosphere in the room had become so heavy with the weight of his words, Mari became overwhelmed with emotion and she had to look away to keep herself from crying, or begging him to love her.

Kissing her on the cheek, Tyler saved her by breaking the tension. "Did you get dessert or are you it?"

Giving him a small smile, she said, "Both. I bought a better-than-sex cake."

"Really?"

Giggling, she traced the high arch of his ebony brow. "I figure we could compare it to us."

"Now, you're talking." Lifting her with ease he carried her to the counter and set her on top, then rummaged around in the refrigerator until he found it inside the pastry box.

"Should I get plates?" she asked.

"Nope. I'm going to eat it off you."

That's just what he did.

* * *

In the pre-dawn light of Sunday, Mari burrowed deeper below the covers, snuggling her butt against the warm strength of the man behind her. Thoroughly pleased and barely awake, she was amazed to feel her body becoming aroused once again. She became aware that she wasn't just cozying up to Tyler, but was doing a good job of grinding her hips into him eagerly.

She would have felt a small amount of shame, except it didn't take but a second to realize that he was awake and aroused. With quiet whispers in her ear and gentle touches, he entered her. In the tranquil morning, they rocked in harmony, still in the same spoon-like position they'd ended the night in.

Keeping her eyes closed, she enjoyed their lovemaking and listening to Tyler's voice.

His tender touch moved along her hip, down her arm, to stroke her finger, then intertwined their fingers together.

Mari could feel her thoughts becoming muddled as she neared her climax. It was subtle as her body began to tighten and pulse around Tyler's shaft, when the soft words he spoke into her ear began to register. She slowly realized he was saying the same thing over and over again. Somehow her brain put one and one together and came up with two.

The two of them at the altar: *Marry me*, he was chanting.

With each thrust and pull, he murmured, "Marry me."

At first she thought he was out of his mind with lust and hadn't truly meant what he was saying. She'd convinced herself to savor the moment now and pretend later that she hadn't heard it. Then his thrusts and words became more passionate and she knew she had to stop him, otherwise she wouldn't be able to protect her heart when he comprehended the magnitude of his mistake.

Dragging herself out of sexual haze, she opened her eyes and called out to him, her throat thick with sadness, "Tyler..."

"Marry me," he entreated once again.

As her gaze took in the sight before her she couldn't recall what words she was going to say as her mind emptied. Before her eyes were the interlocking of her and Tyler's fingers. However, the cream and mocha braiding was not what gave her pause, but the ring on her finger.

His hand was holding hers directly before her face.

"Marry me, Mari."

This was no amorous rambling of a sex drunk man. It was truth.

When had he slipped the ring on her finger? While she was asleep? During sex this morning?

Unable to think or breathe, she needed him to halt in his movements. Attempting to stop him, she tried to close her thighs and cease her gyrations.

Tyler wasn't having any of it. His thigh insinuated between her own, lifted, leaving her wide for his sensual onslaught as he fed her pussy the full length of his thick cock.

"Marry me, Mari."

"I can't think...with you...doing that, *Tyler*," she finally got out, her words ending on a moan.

"Marry me..." his breathing became labored.

Biting down on her lip, she tried to quell the building orgasm, but it wasn't working. Even her hips had resumed their grinding, seeking pleasure. "Tyler...Tyler," she stumbled and cried out his name.

His lips pressed against her ear. “*Mari... I love you.*” With his other hand around her waist, he began fondling her clitoris. “Say, yes,” he rotated his cock into her, sliding in and out.

Her back arched, as air rushed rapidly into her lungs, then was released forcefully.

Behind her lids she began to see not fireworks or stars, but them, together; laughing, talking, loving, committed.

At that moment, with a flick of his finger and a deep press of his hips Mari knew she’d give anything to feel his baby growing inside of her. Desiring the picture before her eyes, she allowed herself to experience his love and receive the joy of being with him. She imagined hearing the minister asking her if she’d *take this man* to love, honor, trust and obey.

“*Yes...yes...Tyler,*” she screamed as her body quaked with release. She found herself sated as she was filled with the warmth of his seed and happiness.

Turning her in his arms, he began kissing her. When he ceased, he gazed down at her. “You can’t take your words back.”

She giggled. “Not even if they were solicited under duress?”

“Nope. Not even then,” he confirmed.

“Good, because I meant it.” Tracing his bottom lip with her thumb, she said, “I love you, Tyler. Even when I didn’t want to, I still loved you.”

“I was hoping you’d say that.” He smiled.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” her voice was low. “Have me as your wife?”

He kissed the mole below her mouth. “No other. Got that?”

“I got it.” Smiling, she said, “Now, let’s talk about how you broke the Valentine’s Day rule and bought a gift.”

Leaning down, he licked from the mole across her bottom lip. “Sorry, sweetheart. Today is the fifteenth, our agreement ended at midnight.”

“Ah, hell. I can see now I’ve got to prepare myself for a life with a clever man.”

Rolling so she was on top, he said, “Clever enough not to allow someone precious to slip away.”

His words filled her heart as she began to show him the wisdom of his decision.

The End

Happy Valentine's Day!