

A Noble Romance Publishing
Naughty Nibble



Keta Diablo

Valentine's
VINDICATION

Keta Diablo

Noble Romance Publishing, LLC



www.nobleromance.com

Valentine's Vindication
ISBN 978-1-60592-017-7
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
Valentine's Vindication Copyright 2009 Keta Diablo
Cover Art by Fiona Jayde

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any existing means without written permission from the publisher. Contact Noble Romance Publishing, LLC at PO Box 467423, Atlanta, GA 31146.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. The characters are products of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

Book Blurb

The dreaded day had arrived. And this year, February 14th had a dual meaning. Not only was it Valentine's Day, but it was also *Valentine's* day. Since his breakup with his boyfriend, Valentine Giovanni, a month ago, Deke's life seemed meaningless. What had he expected? The moment Val found out he'd cheated on him, the shit hit the fan . . . and Deke's shoes hit the pavement.

He didn't have time to explain the *why* of it. Val wouldn't believe him, and even Deke didn't fully comprehend why he did it. He told himself Val deserved better, a submissive who completely trusted him, who'd commit wholly to his rough sex and demands. So rather than talk over his fears and insecurities, Deke forced a breakup by admitting he'd cheated.

It was a painful scene, an angry, gut-wrenching, debacle that ended in a screaming rage. Deke thought he'd feel relief when it was over, but every day was more dismal than the last, and all he felt was emptiness. He'd never loved anyone like he loved Val. He realized that now.

And tonight, he planned to prove his love to Val.

Chapter One

The dreaded day had arrived. And this year, February 14th had a dual meaning. Not only was it Valentine's Day, but it was also *Valentine's* day. Since his breakup with his boyfriend, Valentine Giovanni, a month ago, Deke's life seemed meaningless. But what had he expected? The moment Val found out he'd cheated on him, the shit hit the fan . . . and Deke's shoes hit the pavement. He didn't have time to explain the *why* of it. Val wouldn't believe him, and even Deke didn't fully comprehend why he did it. He told himself Val deserved better, a submissive who completely trusted him, who'd commit wholly to his rough sex and demands. So rather than talk over his fears and insecurities, Deke forced a breakup by admitting he'd cheated. It was a painful scene, an angry, gut-wrenching, debacle that ended in a screaming rage. Deke thought he'd feel relief when it was over, but every day was more dismal than the last, and all he felt was emptiness. He'd never loved anyone like he loved Val. He realized that now.

The invitation to Val's annual Valentine's party had arrived in the mail last week. Perhaps Donna, Val's assistant, had sent them out and didn't realize she shouldn't have sent one to him. Every year, Val held a party at one of his restaurants, and this year his large group of friends and clientele would celebrate at *Casa Macaroonis*. Veal Cavatappi and Shells Pomodoro would be served, washed down by Pinot Grigio and gold label Chardonnay. Win or lose, Deke intended to take full advantage of Donna's faux pas and show up. The most Val could do was ask him to leave, and even if he did, Deke wouldn't be any less miserable than he was now.

Deke walked up the steps of the red brick building with his heart in his throat. What would he say to Val? Would his former dom be with someone else? The thought made his stomach pitch. Red heart-shaped lights flashed from the vintage building's overhang and Val had placed red bulbs in the lamp posts near the entry. He had to hand it to Val; the man had a sense of humor.

Deke opened the door and came face-to-face with Val's maitre d'. "Good evening, Deke. Glad to see you could make it."

"Thanks, Geoff. Donna sent me an invite." He looked around the crowded dining room, but didn't see Val sitting among the merry revelers."

"Val's got his bartender hat on."

Deke nodded, walked over to the polished mahogany bar and plopped onto a stool. At the moment, Val was at the far end, filling two glasses with champagne. As if feeling Deke's presence, Val looked in his direction. When their eyes met, Deke couldn't help but notice the man's body tense. A stab of jealousy pierced his heart as a tall, nice-looking man gave Val a familiar smile and took one of the champagne flutes from Val's hand. Could he be his ex-dom's new lover?

He pushed the thought from his mind and concentrated on the speech he'd been preparing for days. God, this was going to be much harder than he'd anticipated. Val oozed sexuality and strength. Never more so than now. Deke had an overwhelming urge to bolt from the stool and reach out and touch that long, sable hair, run his hands over the ridged muscles of his chest. His white cotton shirt was open at the neck, but Deke didn't need it to be to remember the feel and scent of his skin. What a damn fool he had been.

He drew a deep breath and thought of his mother's words that afternoon. Thank God, she accepted that he was gay. "You're no longer a child, Deke. Be a man, tell Val you made a mistake and you want him back," she had said. With that in mind, he commandeered his courage as Val walked toward him.

Deep, blue eyes looked into his. "How goes it, Deke?"

Val's familiar, rich voice sent Deke's heart into triple beats. The room stilled and Deke had the feeling everyone was watching them. "Good, fine."

"I see you got my invitation. What are you drinking tonight?"

"Huh? Oh, nothing for me, thanks." Deke ducked his head to avoid Val's curious gaze. "Things aren't good; I'm not fine. Can I talk to you . . . in private?"

Valentine's Vindication

There was a long pause during which Deke held his breath.

"What would we have to talk about? It's all been said."

"No, it hasn't. At least not on my part. Two minutes, Val, that's all I ask."

Val leaned back against a large wall mirror. Long minutes later, he walked out from behind the bar and stood in front of Deke. "Two minutes, outside."

Thank goodness for the temperate weather in St. Louis this time of year. No snow, sleet or rain in the last month, and even the nights only required a lightweight jacket. By the time they walked outside, Deke's courage wavered like the flickering lamplight in the front yard.

Val broke the ice. "How's it going at the radio station?"

"Okay, we've been busy as usual. How are the restaurants doing?" All three of Val's restaurants were located in St. Louis' prestigious downtown neighborhood and every one was financially lucrative.

"Busier than hell this week with Valentine's Day reservations."

Deke watched his lips move as he spoke and before he knew it, he closed the short distance between them and covered his mouth with his. In an instant, his cock grew hard. Val didn't try to stop him, but he didn't respond like he normally did, either.

Moments later, Val pushed him back. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Apologizing, trying to show you I made a mistake."

Val's brows drew together as he scowled. "You think it's that easy. You just come waltzing into my restaurant after a month of not talking to me and kiss me?"

"I-I thought—"

"That you could fuck someone else and I'd be here waiting?"

"No, please, Val, I made a mistake. It wasn't about him; it was about . . . about my fear."

"Fear of me?"

Deke expelled a long sigh. “No, I didn’t realize it at the time, but now I know I did what I did because I was afraid I wasn’t good enough for you. I thought you deserved someone who willingly”

“Are you shitting me? You cheated because you believed you weren’t making me happy; you weren’t good enough for me?”

Deke nodded. He felt Val’s rage in the space that separated their bodies. This was going to be much harder than he’d imagined. Even if Val gave him another chance, which was doubtful, Deke would have to prove once and for all he could take whatever the man dished out.

Deke closed the distance between them again. “I’m asking for one more chance. I won’t ever hurt you again.”

Val stared at him and pushed a long lock of hair from his forehead. When his blue eyes narrowed, Deke almost dropped to his knees and begged.

“Why should I believe you wouldn’t cheat again?”

Stammering like a school boy, he said, “I’ll prove it, do anything you ask.”

“Anything?”

“Yes.” His heart thudded. “Whatever it takes to have you back again.”

“Your punishment will be severe.”

Deke swallowed. Hard. “I expect it to be. I can take it; just let me come home with you.”

Val grabbed his shirt and sent the buttons flying as he ripped it apart.

“We’re meant for one another and you know it,” Deke whispered. “Let me show you it can work.”

“You trust me not to hurt you after everything that’s happened?”

“I trust you. If those old feelings of vulnerability surface, I’ll tell you right off, I promise.”

“One thing I don’t understand, Deke. You always had a safe word. If you were so afraid, why didn’t you use it?”

“You wouldn’t understand. You’re not a submissive, Val, you’re a dom, through and through. I felt weak, and I hated myself for being scared. I thought

if I talked to you about it, you'd dump me in a heartbeat and find a more experienced sub."

"Jesus, Deke. I could search the world over and not find another like you."

Deke traced Val's bottom lip with his thumb. "You mean it? You're willing to work on this?"

"With two conditions."

"Tell me. What?"

"If I ever find out you've cheated on me again, the rage you saw before will be minor in comparison."

"What's the second condition?"

"I don't ever want to know his name, don't want to know anything about him."

Deke crossed his heart. "Agreed. Punish me and let's be done with it, never talk about it again."

"You sure?"

"I've never been surer of anything in my life."

Val placed his hand on Deke's crotch and rubbed his cock. "I'll let Geoff know we won't be returning to the party, and I have to find someone to take my place behind the bar."

Deke nodded.

"Tonight, we find out if you can trust me completely. If so, I'll do everything I can to keep you. If not, we agree that we both move on."

Val squeezed his cock one more time then turned to walk into *Casa Macaroonis*. Moments later, he returned and pointed to his car parked in the street. "Get in, and fasten your seat belt; we're going for a helluva ride."

Val's condo was only five miles away, but it seemed like a hundred to Deke. He'd hoped Val would give him another chance, yet couldn't really believe he'd agreed to it. Now that he was within minutes of feeling his Dom inside him again, he could barely contain his lust.

Chapter Two

“Here we are,” Val said, pulling up to the curb in front of his condo. “I’m so hard, I don’t think I can walk.”

Deke unfastened his seat belt and stared straight ahead, not daring to look at him without permission. “Please, Master, let me take care of that.” He couldn’t make any mistakes now, knew Val was testing him.

“Suck me, hard and fast.”

“Yes, Master.” He eased himself down, unzipped Val’s jeans and freed his cock. With one hand on Val’s balls, the other on his hard shaft, he ran his tongue up and down the full length. He was rewarded with a low groan. Val pushed his head down, an indication he should swallow the entire length. Deke felt his own dick throb and expand with the thought that soon Val would work him hard and brutal.

“Harder, suck me, take the whole thing down your throat. Yes, like that, oh, God.”

Deke felt Val’s body convulse just before his cock spewed cum into his mouth. He swallowed it and then licked the shaft again, nipping at the mushroom head the way his dom liked it.

“God, I’ve missed you,” Val said. “And I plan to show you just how much.”

“I want you to punish me, Master.” Deke sat up in the seat again and waited for his instructions.

Val grabbed Deke’s cock through the fabric of his pants. “Oh, I will punish you and you will do everything I say and willingly.” When Deke shuddered, Val asked, “Are you afraid?”

He shook his head.

"Look at me."

Deke gazed into Val's face and saw the challenge in his eyes.

"Tell me what our safe word is."

"Capricorn."

Val squeezed his cock hard. "That's right, and if at any time those old feelings come back, you'll use it, right?"

"Yes," he said with a hitch in his breath. "But I won't need to use it."

Val withdrew his hand and opened his door. "Let's go in."

The familiar scents of the condo tickled Deke's nose the minute he stepped into the entryway, more so after Val lit two large candles on the coffee table. Whatever conflicting emotions he'd felt a month ago evaporated. Four weeks away from Val had convinced Deke he'd never be happy with another man. He craved everything about his dom—his touch, his kiss, even his rough discipline. Whatever the man had in store for him, he would submit without fear. If he didn't, he would lose Val forever.

Val tossed his jacket onto a chair and turned to him. "Take your clothes off, everything, and get on your knees in front of the couch."

Deke removed his shirt, jeans, socks and shoes while Val walked into the bedroom to retrieve whatever he planned to use. Shivers of excitement coursed through Deke as he shucked his boxers. He knew he could trust Val, knew in the man's heart, he loved him. By the time Val returned to the living room, Deke was buck naked and on his knees with his head resting on the leather sofa.

"Still time to back out," Val said, running his hand over Deke's ass.

Deke felt his body tense with anticipation. "I don't want to leave."

"Good," Val said. He pulled Deke's hands behind his back to put the handcuffs on. "I suppose you know what's coming next?"

"Yes, Master, I hope you're going to spank me. I mean, I want you to spank me."

The first blow from the hard paddle sent a jolt of searing pain through Deke's body. He braced himself for the next and the next. Val alternated the smacks between his butt cheeks and then occasionally smacked his upper thighs. Deke felt his cock leak between gasps of alternating pain and pleasure. Val put the paddle down and spanked Deke's ass with an open palm. With every blow, Deke's body rocked and his cock expanded, but he didn't utter a word. Val knew how much he could take and also knew how much he loved to be ass-whipped.

Val grabbed a shank of Deke's hair. "Tell me how much you missed me, missed this."

"More than you'll ever know, Master, I swear. I love you and don't want to be parted from you again." Deke ached for relief, but knew that to come now would be a breach of conduct. Val would be the one to decide how much punishment was meted out and for how long. His dom would decide when it was time to fuck him, but waiting was excruciatingly painful. Behind him, Deke heard Val remove his clothing and couldn't help the moan that escaped from his lips.

"Don't turn around."

Deke felt an electric charge rip through his body when Val's cock nudged his butt cheeks.

"You want this inside you?"

"Yes, Master."

Val slipped his hand around Deke's waist and grabbed his pulsating penis. "You've done very well so far. I think you deserve a reward."

"Please, yes."

"Hold very still." With one hand stroking his cock, Val slid one thick finger into Deke's asshole.

Deke groaned.

"Let's see if I can get my hands to work in sync." Val set a tempo with both hands that had Deke undulating beneath him.

"Don't you come until I tell you to, do you hear me?"

Between ragged breaths, Deke nodded.

"Say it; say you won't come until I give you permission."

"I won't come, Master." The brown leather couch swam before his eyes. His need for relief was so great he bit down hard on his bottom lip. Val worked his asshole with one finger and stroked his cock with the other. Deke cleared his mind of everything but his desire to please his dom. If he disobeyed now, it would be over. He couldn't remember a time he'd been so tested, but determination outweighed the overwhelming throbbing of his cock.

His body wracked by shivers, his relief came seconds later when Val said, "Come now into my hand, sub."

His climax came so sudden and intense, Deke almost passed out from the power of it. No one could please him the way Val did. The man had only to touch him, and every sense in his body reeled.

Val leaned over him and nibbled his ear with warm lips. "Did you like that?"

Between raspy breaths, Deke replied, "Oh, yes, Master, thank you."

"We've only just begun, so get your breathing under control." Val unfastened the handcuffs, then walked to the couch and sat down. "Come here."

Deke crawled on his hands and knees and stopped before him, keeping his eyes downcast. Val pulled him up onto his lap, pushed him face down and held his upper body down with a strong arm. He ran his fingers the length of his spine slowly, his touch light and meant to heighten the tension. Deke's body trembled. Val spread Deke's cheeks and found his hole with his finger again, circling the outer rim gently.

Deke emitted a soft moan. "Oh, God, Master."

"Time to get that puckered hole ready for the ass plug." He slid his thumb in and applied pressure down and then up, left to right, stretching it amid Deke's cries of bliss. Without uttering a word, Val picked up the anal plug and

brought it up to where his finger worked its magic. With expert skill, he positioned the plug next to his finger, removing it at the same time he slipped the toy inside.

Instinctively, Deke jerked forward and upward. "Oh, God, oh."

Val twisted the plug and moved it in and out, his movements tortuously slow as he held Deke firmly over his knees. "Feel that? It's all the way in, and I didn't use any lubricant.

A long, muffled groan left Deke's lips as he buried his head in the couch cushion.

"I don't have to tell you, another spanking is coming hard and fast. I'm going to turn that firm, ripe ass of yours red."

Quivering with expectancy, Deke's body tensed. Val brought the paddle down hard. Deke didn't bother trying to dodge it, but writhed under the blows and buried his hips in Val's lap. Three times Val whacked him and waited, allowing him time to absorb the pain.

Deke whimpered when Val ran his hands across the raised welts. "Think about that plug up your ass while I spank you. Can you feel it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have the most amazing ass I've ever seen. Taut, smooth and firm, it's perfect." With that, Val launched into serious spanking, the paddle moving over every part of his bottom. Deke imagined it pink and then crimson and reveled in every brutal smack. Before long, he was moaning and rocking his hips in perfect rhythm to the strokes.

Val stopped briefly and slipped his hand between Deke's hips and the couch. "You like it when I beat your ass, don't you, sub?"

He shook his head.

"Yes, you do, you lying little fuck. You're so hot and hard, you're ready to burst. You want to come, pretty boy, want to spill your seed while I spank you?"

"Yes, Master, please let me come."

Val dug his elbow into his back. "Okay, when you come, I'll stop."

He nodded on a groan and exalted in the ripple of excitement coursing through his body.

Val handed him a handkerchief. "You come into this, and don't spill a drop on my couch. You hear me?"

Deke nodded, took the hankie from him and lifted his hips to wrap it around the tip of his cock. Val slapped the back of his thighs hard and then moved on to his flaming ass cheeks until Deke's body jerked upward. He set upon him savagely, brutally until Deke whimpered. And still he did not stop.

"You love it, the pain and pleasure all rolled into one? Don't you?"

"Oh, God, yes, Master, yes."

Deke lifted his ass, his hand pumping hard beneath his gyrating bottom. Strangled moans and whimpers came from the back of his throat. "Oh, God, it's coming, I'm going to come, don't stop. Spank me, hard, Val, don't stop. I'm coming, oh Christ, here it comes."

Deke's body stiffened and his cries of pleasure echoed in the room. His hips jerked up and down, and he pitched forward. At the last second, Val cupped Deke's cock in his hand and felt his release. On and on it went, hot, wet and exploding into the hankie. His cock stopped jerking for a second and then he spurt again and again in an endless stream of thick semen. Val milked his cock, squeezing the last drop of juice from it. Deke felt his ass quiver like jelly and heard his own series of rapturous moans spew from his throat before he collapsed against Val's lap.

"Better than you ever imagined, huh?" Val whispered as he removed the plug.

Chapter Three

Val felt as if his emotions had been wrung through a sieve. He had been turned on by Deke's resistance in the past, his subtle refusal to submit

completely, and he had been devastated by his treachery. Never did he imagine Deke would come to him on bended knee and beg forgiveness. And now, he couldn't remember a time he had been so consumed with need, desire and anger all rolled into one. The emotions threatened to choke him. In any event, he couldn't let Deke know. He had to remain in control, play the dom until he was certain it was what Deke wanted. He had to be sure he'd never think of fucking another man.

"I know what I want to do with you, and you want me to do it. Don't you, or have you had enough?"

"I'll never have enough of you, Master."

It was time for Val to reclaim his sub, once and for all. He thought about the lonely nights and waking up in the morning to an empty bed. He hadn't been able to bring himself to seek out another partner because he knew none would compare to Deke—his sub with the long, blond hair, caramel-brown eyes and a physique most men would kill for. Medium in height, his muscles were tightly-knit, gracing his lean, supple body. His facial features were sculpted, the cheekbones prominent, his nose straight and his mouth erotically generous. In truth, he and Deke complemented one another, out of bed as much as in.

He recalled the first time he laid eyes on Deke. A mutual friend had brought him into the restaurant for lunch and Val couldn't seem to drag his gaze away from Deke's chiseled features. He had teased him about the name Deke, a wily, slippery move hockey players revered. During the ensuing conversation, Val learned Deke had been an outstanding player in high school, but gave up on his dream of playing professionally after his father died prematurely from alcoholism. Deke was devoted to his mother, a fine woman in Val's opinion, one who accepted her son's lifestyle wholeheartedly. Whatever made Deke happy was fine with Eleanor. Val hoped *he* could make Deke happy for the rest of their lives.

He thought about his own parents and their reluctance to embrace his sexuality. A *sexual identity crisis* they had called it when they first discovered he was gay. He had done everything he could in life to please them. At twenty, he bought his first restaurant, and by the time his twenty-fifth birthday rolled around he had purchased three. He was wealthy in his own right and not only did he never ask them for a dime, he shared his financial gains with them. His parents still referred to his sexual orientation as an *identity crisis*. Christ, when would they wake up? And why couldn't they be supportive of his life choices, like Eleanor? Now, at twenty-seven, he was well-established, owned an impressive condo and three prestigious restaurants, yet he was a disappointment in their eyes. Fuck them. He'd continue to do the usual holiday dinners at mom and pop's, send the proper birthday cards, and make the expected Mother's and Father's Day appearances, but other than that, he'd lived his life the way he saw fit . . . the only way he could be happy. Once he met Deke, his future was cemented—or so he thought—and he couldn't imagine changing to fit his parents' expectations. Nor did he want to.

Deke's voice broke his reverie. "Master, have I done something to displease you again?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, you have."

Val watched Deke's Adam's apple bob up and down.

"Whatever it was, forgive me, please."

"You don't know what you did, do you?"

He shook his head.

"About ten minutes ago you said, 'Spank me harder, Val, don't stop'. You know you aren't supposed to call me by my name."

"I forgot, so caught up in the-the moment, I didn't realize it."

"Perhaps I should use the belt this time."

Deke looked at the floor but said nothing. His sub could take a hell of a spanking, but to use the belt now would be too much on top of the raised welts

on his ass. “Assume the proper position again, on your hands and knees, and you better hang on to the coffee table leg.”

Immediately, Deke dropped into position and clutched the leg of the table with both hands. Deke’s ass clenched when Val ran his hands over the red welts and Val’s body vibrated with pent up need. His sub had proven himself, gone the distance, and truth be told, Val could no longer hold back his desire.

“Close your eyes and concentrate for a minute. Tell me what you really want.”

“I don’t have to think, I want you to punish me for all my past indiscretions.”

“For cheating, you mean?”

“Yes, for everything.”

Val reached around and ran his hand down the length of Deke’s cock, not surprised to feel it hard and leaking. “Here you are on your hands and knees and waiting for the belt, and yet you’re harder than a witch’s broom.”

“Yes, Master, ready for whatever you have in store for me.”

Val reached for the condoms and the lubrication he kept in the coffee table drawer. After slipping the condom over his cock, he squeezed a big glob of lube onto his finger and rubbed it into Deke’s puckered hole. His sub quivered and a small moan fell from his lips. Val didn’t know if the sound meant Deke was relieved or lust-crazed.

Val pressed the tip of his cock into Deke’s ass and was met with resistance. He stroked his sub’s cock until his tight hole opened. He entered him slowly, one inch at a time, reveling in the feel of him convulsing around his throbbing shaft. Deke groaned when Val thrust in and out several times, and then rocked back against him in frenzied motion.

“Is this what you wanted?” Val asked.

“Yes, oh yes, fuck me hard.”

“Ask and you shall receive.”

Val set upon him ruthlessly, and Deke rose to the occasion, matching him thrust for thrust. Caught up in the feel of Deke's hot, tight channel, Val lost himself. The harder he fucked his sub, the harder Deke gyrated beneath him.

"You remember the rule?"

"Yes," Deke rasped. "I can't come until you tell me I can."

Val clasped his hips and drove his cock all the way in, but Deke rocked back hard against him.

"More, you want more?"

"Yes, harder, faster, Master."

Val increased the pace. The sweat ran in streams from his forehead and dripped onto Deke's back. Out of control, he fucked harder, increasing the tempo until his lungs cried for precious air. Beneath him, Deke's ripe, supple body strained and twisted and intermittent cries of bliss spewed from his throat.

White lights flickered behind Val's eyelids and in that infinitesimal moment, he knew Deke could never find this with another man. No more than Val could. Deke's body trembled uncontrollably and Val knew neither could hold out much longer.

"Come now, pretty boy, come in my hand."

Val exploded in Deke's ass at the same time his sub released an enormous spurt of semen. The world spun and a cry that sounded like it came from a wounded animal echoed in the room—his or Deke's, he didn't know. Buried deep, Val felt Deke's every muscle constrict around his pulsating cock.

Val collapsed on top of Deke, pinning them both to the floor.

Long moments later, Val rolled from him and looked into his eyes. "You gave yourself over completely."

"Yes, and I will again and again for you."

"You trust me?"

"Completely."

"Something is on the tip of your tongue, Deke, I know you. Speak freely."

“Do you forgive me?”

“Do we have an understanding that I can tolerate just about anything but infidelity?”

Deke nodded. “Agreed, never again.”

Val drew him into his arms and kissed him, slowly. When he finished, he pulled back and said, “Like any relationship, communication is what makes it work. Without expressing your likes and dislikes, it won’t work. Just because you’re a submissive, that doesn’t mean you don’t have feelings, expectations or limits.”

“I know I handled it all wrong. It was a cowardly thing to do, and all I can do is promise you I’ll never do anything to hurt you again.”

Fair enough,” Val said. “Now, what would you like to do with the rest of our evening?”

“Only this evening? Does that mean you’re not going to let me move back in?”

Val laughed. “Only a fool would turn you out. Do I look like a fool?”

Relief flooded Deke’s features. “Well, for starters, why don’t I pick up where I left off in the car?”

“Be my guest,” Val said.

Deke licked his way down Val’s chest and moved onto his belly before taking the full length of his cock in his mouth. He nipped and sucked, pulled and tugged until Val’s hips rose and fell from the floor. Val’s orgasm came in rolling waves, broken only by his strangled groans of ecstasy.

Exhausted after their night of rough, demanding sex, they half-crawled, half-walked into the bedroom and collapsed on the bed.

“My mother’s expecting us for dinner tomorrow night,” Deke whispered.

Val rose up on an elbow and looked down at him. “You told her we were coming? You knew I’d take you back?”

“No, I didn’t know, but yes, I told her I was going to die trying.”

“What did she say?”

Valentine's Vindication

"She said, 'Be a man, Deke. If that's what you want in life, go after it.'"

"Is it what you want?"

Deke grabbed a lock of Val's hair and pulled him down until their lips touched. "I'm worn out worse than a coonhound chasing a fox, but if you want me to prove it again, I'm ready."

Val kissed him. "We'll work on that first thing in the morning . . . then, we'll go have dinner with your mother."

~The End~

About the Author

Keta Diablo lives on a historical, environmental lake where the cold wind blows and snowflakes in the winter are as prevalent as mosquitoes in the summer. Only a mile from a quaint resort town, tourists come in caravans to shop, water ski, and cruise the lakes from sunup to sundown.

As a reporter for a local newspaper, when she's not covering County Board meetings and various City Council Meetings, she reads, dabbles in genealogy, and writes...and then write some more.

Keta writes erotic historical romance and erotic fantasy.

To find more books by Ms. Diablo, visit her Web site at
<http://www.ketadiablo.com/>

* * * * *

If you enjoyed Valentine's Vindication, you might also enjoy the following stories from Noble Romance Publishing:

Dark Whispers, by Barbara Sheridan and Anne Cain
Beautiful C*cksucker, by Barbara Sheridan