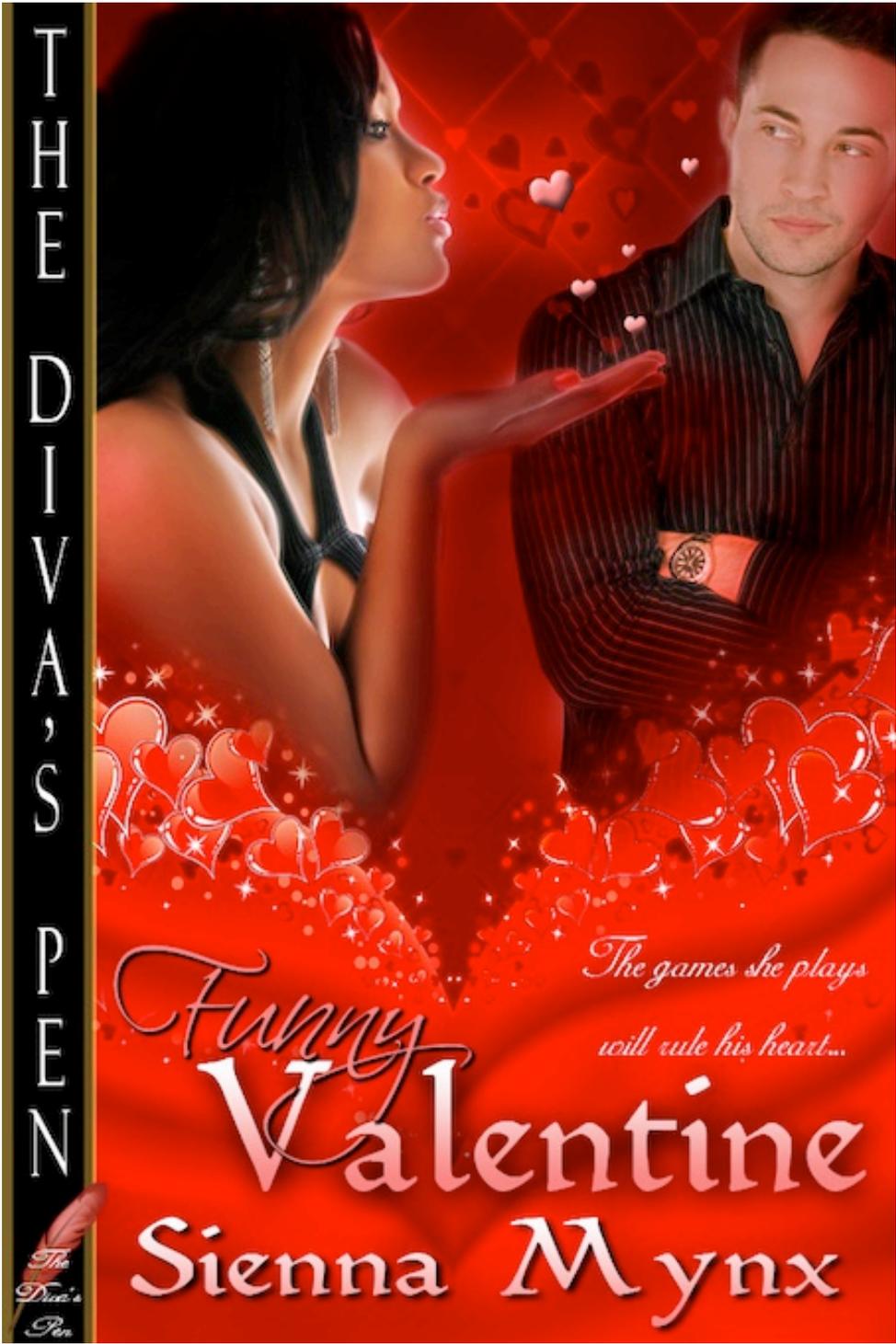


Funny Valentine by Sienna Mynx



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Funny Valentine

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Dedication & Thanks

To the fans of Mel and Tia for your continued support. A couple that has grown dear to my heart. Special thanks to my editor Rie Langdon, my critique partner Janet Tillman, and that sneaky devil Cupid who drew his bow and shot arrow flaming with common sense. Mel and Tia should be released for all to read.

Enjoy!

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His voice drops an octave—Barry White low—and when he speaks, I get that tingly feeling between my legs. Squeezing my thighs tight, I try to focus on his flow.

“I know because there ain’t enough stupidity out there for three men in a row to let you slip away.” He touches my hair, just the ends. Kind of samples the texture like a winemaker in a vineyard. His eyes lower, half-mast, they’re heavy with desire. I may not be experienced, but I know that look. What’s happening? How did I end up here? The alley behind my family restaurant with some gardening dude setting me to drool. Is he for real?

“I can explain...” I croak.

To this, he smiles. “No need, Princess. You have your reasons. I respect that. Just know I’m the real thing. No need for games.”

* * *

She’s blowing my mind. Did she even know the power she wielded over men, me in particular? Either she’s the greatest tease or...

“So beautiful,” I mumble.

I want to share with her what being this close to her does to a man. My eyes lower to her exposed shoulders and I can see the tiny goose-pimples form. Baby-girl is cold. Stepping back, I remove my blazer. She hugs herself, watching me, but comes forward for me drop it around her shoulders. “Better?”

“Yeah,” she says in a soft voice. Ms. Sass has checked out. I’m standing face to face with Tia now. It’s about damn time.

“My father says that Deacon Reed is your dad. You’re adopted, right?”

“I am.”

“They were good people. I knew of them from church. I used to see you, and your brother, I think. Yeah, I used to see you there. Took me some time, but I remember now.”

Her mentioning Nicky lets the air out of the balloon I’m carrying for her. Dropping my hands in my pockets, I withdraw.

“Does he work with you?”

Funny Valentine by Sienna Mynx

“He’s dead.”

“Oh. I’m sorry,” she says, stepping forward. Her hand reaches out, then touches my arm. It is a touch that warms me against the night wind. “How’d he die?”

How’d the questions turn to me? She’s looking up at me, closer to me than she should be. The urge to curl up against those sexy breasts of hers and tell her the long story has me grinding hard on my molars for restraint. Then there’s a soft squeak. An unmistakable sound of scurrying that sets hell to break loose.

“RAT!!!!” she screams and leaps three feet from the ground, onto me. I catch her, but lean back. She’s kicking her feet. She buries her face deep into the side of my neck. Her sweet breath makes me loosen my hold. Her arms are so tight around my neck I’m strangling, stumbling. I can’t see down or around and she’s holding on for dear life.

“It’s gon’ be okay Prin-Princess... cal-calm down..” She’s in my arms, but my blazer drops from her shoulders as she tightens her hold on me. Kicking her feet and squealing, I’m positive she’s not listening. She keeps repeating ‘rat... rat... rat... rat...’

So I’m forced to put her up against the truck. Press my weight into her to hold her still. “Hey, it’s gone... I swear it, sweetheart.”

Her eyes are stretched so wide they look like they may drop from their sockets. “Y-y-you sure? It’s gone?”

“Yes. It’s gone.” I breathe hard and deep as adrenaline rushes through my veins, her body all up against mine. Fuck that. I’m not moving either. It was such sweet torture to be up on her like this. My face so close I can smell the mint she rolled over that sexy tongue of hers until it dissolved into nothing. Should I do it, go for it, take that plunge and ask for forgiveness later?

“I’ve wanted to kiss you since I laid eyes on you tonight,” I confess.

Fuck it. I’ll ask for permission. She’s the kind of woman you have to, because she reads all kinds of shit into a man just being a man. Sadly, she overthinks the feeling and misses the sexy pangs of desire in moments like this.

“You have?” she swallows.

Funny Valentine by Sienna Mynx

“I have,” I say. And now my mouth is just centimeters from hers. She’s pinned up against the back of the Suburban. This isn’t where I had hoped it to happen. In my dreams, she would walk straight up to me in front of friends and family to stake her claim. Not ashamed or hesitant in any way. I’d be her King and she’d be my Queen, it’s done. Yeah, I like that, her boldly putting a kiss down on me until I drop to my knees for mercy. Hell yah, that’s how I wanted it. But right now, a man will take it anywhere he can. That is, especially now, ’cause I’m not leaving this alley without some sugar.

“I’m curious, Princess, what you taste like...” My eyes lower, our noses touch and our lips are so damn close.

“You know what they say.”

“No. What do they say?”

She gives a nervous chuckle. Again, she isn’t fighting me, trying to downplay the heat. Baby-girl feels it: those pretty tits are rising and falling with her attempts to breathe. In fact, her hands come to rest on my shoulders like a good girl. She’s knows it’s going down.

“Curiosity killed the cat.” She exhales and that mint-sweet breath curls up in my nostrils and warms my lips.

“Yeah, baby, but satisfaction brought him back.”

* * *

He’s going to kiss me. Before I can object, it happens. His lips press into mine and my eyes drop in pure feminine submission. I kissed Bobby Franks in the sixth grade with no tongue and Eddie Crane prom night with a little tongue and enough saliva to make me hate the action. A couple of other men have brushed my lips, but I keep them closed. I can’t stomach the thought of an exchange of body fluids. But this contact rocks me to my toes. My feet dangle from the way he has me pinned and I kick them lightly.

He sends all my denial into a downward spiral as the seal of my lips is broken. His tongue rolls in and grazes the roof of my mouth, with its tip shooting a

Funny Valentine by Sienna Mynx

bolt through me. Then, with a controlled sweep, he devastates my mouth. It's a deep, probing kiss. The fusion of our mouths made his pent-up agony and mine explode. This is all nature. I didn't need practice to know where this was going. Gripping tight to the sides of his waist, a deep shudder ripples through my body like a free-flowing waterfall. But my heart can't take it. Spontaneous heart failure comes from lick after lick, and I swear my brain is about to melt. Too much pleasure, too quick. It's a junkie rush. And this man, this beautiful man has all his might up against me, making me wet my panties. Lord, help me. I can't breathe... I can't...

He caresses my hips with his open palms, flat, tracing them, pushing the boulder between his legs up against me. When did he get this power? The power to blast the wall of defenses it took me damn near twenty years to build. Damn him, yes! More... give me... take it there... do it...

"Tia!"

We both freeze. His lips lift from mine and air floods my lungs as I groan at the interruption.

"TIA! MELVIN!"

"Yeah, we here..." I say, stooping to pick up his blazer and dust it off. I can see his erection in the dark and pass him his jacket with a blush. Did I do that? He turns away from me to shake it off. Wow. I did do that.

"We're over here!" I walk around the truck. Margie is staring at me curiously.

"Well, come back in. Sherry is about to dance, then we doing the soul-train line. You know how we do it. Where is Melvin?"

"I'm here," he says, reappearing at my side. I'm too embarrassed to look over, but I think he's okay.

"What ya'll doing out here in this funky alley?"

"Get all out of my bizzness, please!"

Margie smirks. "Un huh, check you out, girl! You blushing!" Margie laughs. "Well come on... time to party. Show us what you working with, Melvin. See if you can hang." She throws her hips from side to side and goes through the door.

Funny Valentine by Sienna Mynx

Arms folded, I'm walking back inside with him. I should tell Margie the truth. He just showed me what he was working with, and damn it all to hell but it was nice. I likey... I likey a lot.

Funny Valentine by Sienna Mynx

About the Author

Sienna Mynx is your naughty writer of Paranormal, Contemporary, and Historical Interracial Romance. Her tales are for readers that love the bad boys but desire to be the women that tame them. A current resident of southern Georgia, Sienna Mynx has just emerged into the e-publishing scene. Her novellas reflect her thirst for romance told from a dark, sensual perspective with the diversity women of all colors crave in Erotic Romance. Look for more to come. Visit Sienna Mynx at <http://siennamynx.com>