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K.S. HARVIN

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VOL # 1

Blue

K.S. Harvin

This book is dedicated to my family and friends who believed in me and this book becoming a reality.

To my late grandmother, Irene W. Stanback who always told me prayer is the key and faith unlocks the door.

To my mother, Helen M. Stanback who encouraged my sister and I as beautiful and intelligent young black ladies.

To my girls (Aja included) remember with God all things are possible.

To my husband Shawn, I thank God for blessing me with you. Thank you for being my inspiration.

I love you all!

Introduction

Blue dealt with so many mister wrongs, while waiting to fall in love with the mister right. She thought alas she had gotten rid of them all. She had dated men who wanted to control her. One man who seemed to be the total package but decided that he would try his luck with putting his hands on her. After she returned the favor and showed him some love with her hands she bid him farewell. Over time he too became a distant memory. She had her affections sweetly placed on another suitor, but he felt it would be in her best interest to make her feel inferior to him first and put her right below him and try to keep her there. She tried love time and time again and no one seemed to match her heart or the passion it contained. The newest potential could be the one, but only if he had not come with so many issues. He came with trust issues. Issues that he was only willing to cover up. He was not interested in addressing his issues just continuing to mask them and putting the blame on others. She assured herself if she showed him she loved him that he would make the choice to love her. To not to fall in love with him was not an option. She wanted to be his wife. She wanted to love him past all his hurts and pain, but they were greater than she. How does she break the barriers down? How does she let him know she is his best choice? Finally after a betrayal she decided to put herself first. Meanwhile, her best friend feels for her the way she feels about her lover. He yearns to be the center of her love. He makes the decision to profess his undying love to her. They were the words she desperately wanted to hear. As they decided to venture out in love with each other. They run into a life changing event that could potentially change how her best friend feels about her. A true friend indeed he loved her through her dilemma and made provisions to take the friendship to another level.

CHAPTER 1 She's humming a tune as she dries off in the shower. She needed the

force of the water as she had been stressed by the demands of her fast pace career. She was winding down from the curve balls of life that come with being the woman she was. She was single, but dating and looking, yearning, wanting the feel and touch of preferably a strong chocolate brother but not needing him. She came from generations of strong women and she didn't want it to end at her. She was not opposed to someone working with her to meet their common goals, but she never wanted to be in the position of being allowed to just be solely dependent on a man. She wanted a man that loved God and was dedicated to their family.

Preferably in that order. She had an abundance of love to give yet it seemed no one to give it to.

Night after night she comes home to her empty three-bedroom penthouse that overlooks the city of bright lights and some of the hottest clubs within walking distance of each other. There were to die for restaurants that catered to the taste buds from simplistic to the most exotic complexed dishes that would ever hit the tongue's pallet. There was much to do in the city to keep the single occupied. Even still she viewed it with a loneliness that could not be contained by the plethora of gentleman callers that unknowingly competed to be in the same space as she. It was a must that he has the guts to show the world and her that he loved her and there was no one who could take her place. Someone God sent and who she was enough woman for. She didn't want someone too hardcore, but she didn't want a hen-pecked yes man either. He needed to have endurance in every sense of the word. He had to be able to match her wit and stamina. He had to be confident and secure in his manhood enough to accept her as the woman she was and most definitely the woman he couldn't live without. If only she could completely give herself to someone she could love and who could love her genuinely in return. Although there was one who came close to being all she wanted she knew that he was not ready to give up his fan club just yet. His name

Terrance aka Mr. Big the football player. His caramel skin showed the ripples of a body which was time well spent in the gym. He wore a bald head and kept just enough shine on it. His eyes captured the soul of a woman and entangled her within them. His smile was the icing on the cake that kept a lady right in the web he spawned. He was fine. He had great potential, but he hadn't tapped into it as far as loving her was concerned. He was smitten with her and the feelings were mutual, but he had his own demons that kept him from giving his one hundred percent.

She'd tried love a couple of times before, but it always ended rather badly. There was Lamont who wanted to slap her around and not in a sexual manner, so she quickly let him go. She wasn't in the business of being a punching bag she had too much self-esteem for that. He'd experienced his dad beat her and his mother. Beating them to the point she would miss work and he would miss days of school. The school social worker tried to get involved but the dad was such a prominent figure in the community that he made it hard to believe that he was doing such horrible actions within the home. It wasn't until Lamont went off to college and came back when he got the courage to protect himself and his mother. It only took his dad one last slap across his mother's face to get a clear view of hell and he never put his hands on his mother again. Lamont hit Blue once out of anger and was very apologetic and she accepted his apology but not before she picked up the lamp off the table and introduced it to his head.

"Dang girl, I said I was sorry! I never meant to hit you. I love you."

"I heard you," she said, as she gave him his jacket and a bag of ice for his knot. "I like you a lot, but I love me more. I suggest you get some counseling because this is bigger than you."

She opened her door and wished him well. And after that she happened upon David. David was an aspiring artist who hung around people he could make fixer up projects out of. He was

good for tearing you down and then feeding you his unwanted opinion about your life when he clearly needed to take his own advice. David was over before the picture on the canvas he painted for her could dry. As she lotioned down her brown 5'4 body her phone rang, it was Mike. Mike Long. His name spoke for him. Mike was an attractive man not very tall and in his mid-thirties. Mike had just opened a quaint upscale jazz spot for the grown and mature which was the refresher the city needed. He didn't get to the gym often because of his new business but looking at the landscaping of his body the moving of boxes, tables, and chairs did a brother just fine. He had it bad for Blue. Blue was her nickname; she got the name because she loved the color in every shade. Her car, her home, her clothes were assimilated around the color. Blue was a gifted pediatrician. She graduated top of her class in her residential program. Business was booming and she had a waiting list of parents trying to get their children in her office. "Hello," she said in a sultry low tone voice. She knew how to answer. She saw the name of the prey saved in her phone.

"Hey Baby Blue. What's going on?" He asked.

"Nothing much. What's up with you?"

"I'm good. Are you busy?" He questioned.

"No just got out of the shower. Hang on let me put on a t-shirt. Ok," she continued.

"Have you eaten yet I was gonna try out a new spot and wanted you to join me."

He was praying she would say yes. He wanted to share the same space with her. He fantasized about touching her in those places that he knew not even a handful of men had seen. He wanted to make her scream out in passion and make her lose herself in him, but he knew he had to play those cards very carefully because her body was connected to her

heart and that she wouldn't separate the two. He was very persistent and strategic in his pursuit. He was hoping, pleading, and praying to God for a sign to jump in his Range Rover and get the opportunity to put his hands on her sweet and ripened skin. His passion for her burned like oil that couldn't be contained. There were times he had been over at her place and on more than one occasion he caught a glimpse of the hourglass she possessed. She was wearing her short bathrobe when she answered the door. To Mike she was perfect or as close to perfect as one could get. She was cursed with a tone physic. She looked as if she always worked out. Her skin was silky; soft to the touch and she was told that her body was like a pillow. Soft enough to lie on, but firm enough to get a great night's sleep. She did run in her down time which wasn't as often as it used to be since she opened her practice but all in all she had the body, she had the look, and she had the attitude of confidence that made many men want to get in her world. She even had her own scent. Her homeboy had a fragrance line, and they came up with the patent-to die for. He didn't put it on the market because it was especially made for her as a birthday gift.

"Well Blue, what do you want to eat?"

"Wait, who said you were coming over?"

"Really?" Questioned Mike. "I just said I was coming to get you, might want to cut your miracle ears on girl. You have to eat and I'm hungry so what will it be?"

"Ok. How about you pick up something and drop it off to me. I'm tired and I can barely keep my eyes open. I love you friend."

"You better be glad we cool, or you would be hungry. Do you want the usual from your favorite spot?"

"Oh yea. I hadn't had that in a minute!"

"Ok I'm on my way," he said.

They hang up. As Mike jumps in the jeep, he calls the restaurant and places the order. He wanted as less time as possible to stand in the way of him and Blue. He couldn't wait to see her and look at her beautiful face. He would get lost in her eyes as they still held a sense of innocence and when she was excited about things, they ignited with a dance. She had high cheek bones and when she laughed hard or smiled too big, they would make her eyes close. She had the cutest nose and a pair of lips that screamed "Taste me! Kiss me! Touch me!" She had to be mindful when she talked to men because her "bedroom eyes" and full lips would always seem to solicit unwanted advantages especially from men she was not interested in.

"Oh crap." She quickly picks up the phone and calls Mike back.

"Hey baby girl, what's wrong?" He asked with concern in his voice.

"You are going to hate me, I just remembered that I have to prep an infant for an all-morning surgery so I'm going to have to pass on the company I am so very sorry. I promise I will make it up to you this weekend, dinner on me!" She said as she tried to make him feel better.

"I could never hate you baby girl," he said in a sulking voice. "I have already stopped and picked up dinner, so I will just drop yours off and head on back to the house. Is that cool?"

“More than cool,” she softly stated. "See you in a few. I need to go. My mom is beeping in."

Blue's mom, a sophisticated older lady, and her daughters did not fall far from the beauty of her tree. Mom was an almond-colored woman with a sexy raspy voice. Although she was still very desirable and appealing life had started to age her in the hair and slightly in the face. Even in that she could still give the young girls a run for their money and it didn't bother her if they were all out and she was mistaken for the older sister. Mom was a nurse. She graduated at the top of her class as well. She set the bar high for her daughters and they knew they only had the option of meeting it. She lived in a four-bedroom house that she had made home for her and her two children. The home that was once filled with the laughter of children is now a home that is quiet because the girls have set off to live their own lives. Blue was the youngest of two and her older daring sister Celeste was already married. She met her husband in Maui celebrating her thirtieth birthday. She and Delmar met one morning while they were jogging on the beach. It was mutual love at first sight. He was there on business, talking to the board of directors about extending an extra unit to their existing hospital and the benefits that would come with it. They found they had much in common even that they live in two different towns in Georgia. Six months later they were flying back to the islands where they exchanged their vows. Delmar spared no expense. Anything Celeste thought about wanting, he certainly obliged. Delmar was in his mid-thirty's and was a well-known neurosurgeon. He was skillfully blessed at what he did, so he had pretty much written his own ticket. Three years later, Celeste had their first daughter McKenzie and eighteen months after that, their son Delmar the second. He put her in a six-bedroom mini mansion

on five acres of land in the suburbs of Georgia where she lived as a nurturing housewife. She always had his dinner cooked and ready when he came home, kept him above and beyond satisfied in the bedroom and she was an excellent and loving mother. They decided she didn't have to work until she wanted. She wanted to stay home rearing and being there for her family and he supported her in doing so. Make no mistake, she too was educated. She had her master's degree and gave up her six-figure job to be with Delmar. Their mother didn't raise fools, she had rainy day money stashed aside. If ever a day came when Delmar wanted to trip, she and her children would be well taken care of. She liked the comforts that came with being married to him, but they meant nothing to her at the sacrifice of her or her children.

Blue sighed and answered the phone. She wanted this conversation to end as quickly as possible. She loved her mother dearly but sometimes she could get a little long winded and Blue just wasn't in that kind of mood. She was determined to try extremely hard to tread waters carefully with her mother. She didn't want her to go into one of her advice column moments and she ended up in a conversation where all she could say was, "yes ma, I know ma, ok ma."

"Hello mommy," she said as she yawned in the phone.

"Hello dear, how was your day?" she asked.

"It was ok. I am a little tired though, what's up?" Blue replied.

"Nothing. I talked to your sister earlier and thought I would check on my baby girl and she how things are going with you."

“Hold on mommy, Mike is at the door.”

“At this hour?” Her mother questioned.

“Yes ma'am, but it is only 8:30.” Blue insisted.

“To you but to him it is booty call hour he better be glad I like him, or he would get an earful.”

Blue laughs hysterically and then quickly stopped. She clears her throat and immediately apologizes. She goes to the door and lets Mike in holding her finger up to her mouth to signal for him to be quiet.

"He is bringing me dinner," she explained.

Instantly, Blue's mother went into her spill.

"Yes ma, ok ma, I know ma," she exhaled.

By this time Blue is at the table with her head in her hand and Mike is on the couch laughing but trying not to be heard. Blue sees him runs over and hits him with a pillow.

"Sorry," he whispers and chuckles a little more.

"I know you have company, so I will let you go. Oh, Delmar is taking Celeste to Hawaii for their anniversary. They wanted me to watch the kids.”

"Are you going to do it?" Blue asked. “It has been quite a while since you have had little people in the house with you.”

"Chile who you are telling. I told them I would. I hope the baby is sleeping thru the night. I'm catching a flight to Georgia. I don't want the babies to have to be uprooted from their beds and

belongings. So next week I will be down there with the grandkids, I may even take your grandma.”

"Ok, that sounds like fun and a win-win for all involved. Big Mama's gonna love that! I may ride down there late Thursday and come back on Sunday to help you out. I haven't seen my babies in a while. Even though Celeste and I Face-time it isn't the same,” Blue talked.

"Oh, and another thing, give Mike a chance. I have seen how that young man looks at you. He loves you Christen.”

Blue swallowed very hard. She knew mama meant business when she called her by her birth name.

"Ok Ma, I gotta go. I love you and will see you next week Lord willing.”

They hang up. She looks at Mike as if she had seen a ghost and then she shook her head as to shake it off.

"Are you ok?" he asked.

"Yea I'm good," she says.

"What did you bring me to eat?"

“What you always get. You need to change it up, try something new on the menu the rest of their food is slamming too.”

"Ha ha! I like what I like! Leave me alone guy!" She said as she jokingly rolled her eyes at him.

"Easy now lil tiger." he said as he burst into laughter. "I know you have to get up early in the morning and start your day. I am going to head on out."

"Ok, Mr. Long I will talk to you when I can catch a break," she yawns.

"Ok lady Blue, enjoy your dinner."

He kisses her cheek and pulls the door closed. As she locks up and sits down to eat, she couldn't help but quickly entertain the last portion of the conversation that her mother specified about Mike. It was no secret he liked her. He'd liked her from the first time they bumped into each other running to class in college. Professor Smith was notorious for locking doors. Right before she extended her arm to close the door, Blue and Mike slid through the door like two baseball players sliding to the home plate. Since then they have been inseparable and the best of friends. He was a non-traditional student finishing up his degree. He made good money without it, but he just felt he owed it to himself to finish what he started. He had a minor setback of baby mama drama by the girlfriend who swore she was faithful. The baby turned out to be the homeboy they made Godfather. He could not thank heaven enough for ending that relationship. Even if it did end in a bit of pain, the pain would be greater had he stayed with ole girl. During the baby mama incident, Mike dropped out of school on a full baseball scholarship in order to take care of who he thought was his son. He had a gut feeling that the kid wasn't his, but since she was sneaking to see him, and he was creeping in and out of their hometown sometimes for a quick lay without his parents knowing he assumed the responsibility. Mrs. Long stated her opinion and watched him to do what he felt was best. She trusted God to keep him from going a complete fool. His parents were heartbroken and felt he would be throwing his life away, but through it all they stuck by him. Besides his mother knew she wasn't the chick for her son. It was

his life and she allowed him to live it. Mike was an only child, and it took his parents a decade and a half to have him. Mike was a miracle baby. His mother was told after three miscarriages to stop trying, it would never happen. Even though she prayed she had almost given up hope. Right before she lost all her faith, she finally conceived him. To make sure she carried him full term, she was confined to bed rest. Mike was spoiled but well-behaved as a child. His parents didn't play that miracle or not. As soon as that matter of the baby mama was cleared, his mother had a stroke, and his dad couldn't handle her by himself so that set him back further. It took his mother a few years completely recover. Finally, it seemed she had gotten most of the functions of her limbs. She still talked with slight slurred speech. It was very noticeable when she was frustrated. Mrs. Long loved Blue, and every chance she got, she let her son know it. The first time Mike brought Blue home; Mrs. Long was ready to call the wedding planner. The whole visit they had to convince her that they were not a couple just good friends and not even friends with benefits. His dad thought that deal sucked. For the longest time, his dad would slip and say, "Son you sure you aren't knocking that lil fine thang down? Come on you can tell your ole pops."

Mike could only shake his head. As she finishes up with dinner, she briefly thinks about the chance of her and Mike and she shrugs off the thought. Mike was like the brother she always wanted. She was ok with that. She looks at the book she thought she was going to read and flung it over on the chair in her room. She decided that she was not in the mood to read anybody else's fictional drama. She had enough of that in her own life. She could write a book and it would be a best seller. She climbed up in the middle of her king size bed and cut on the television hoping to find something that would top off her full belly and send her right on to sleep. She wrapped herself in her blanket and flipped the channels. She tosses back and forth trying to get

comfortable knowing she has a big day in surgery tomorrow. A six-month-old who needed open heart surgery. This was not her specialty and although she had the pleasure of operating before, this was her first time operating at this level. The mom was a good friend of Blue's, family was not allowed in the operating room and the child loved her. It was unanimously decided that she assisted the doctor with the procedure and she humbly agreed. Even though this time she wasn't operating, she still felt the pressure. She said a quick prayer and felt a little better.

She is flipping the channels and she stops on some dumb movie where there is a psychotic woman with a high sex drive, luring men to her house to have sex with them and then kills them. It was one of those movies on HBO for the sex and nudity but should have been on what used to be USA up all night back in the eighties. Poorly written and put together in a low budget hurry. Although she was grossed out, she was quite turned on by the pleasure the men seemed to be giving the crazy lady right before their demise. It also reminded her that it had been a minute since she had enjoyed the ride of a daddy long stroke, or a short stroke for that matter. She saw in the woman's face how they seemed to be giving her multiple rounds of pleasure. Blue imagined she was the woman (without the side of crazy) being pleased by those men; that her areolas were being kissed and sucked and it was her vaginal passage that was being penetrated and massaged by the different "good sticks" that each man possessed. Each pleasure pole- in a different color, shape, size, and length giving her mounds of satisfaction with every stroke. She suddenly began to feel a desired sensation under her covers. Her kitty was purring and needed to be stroked. She began to stroke her kitty and put it out of its misery and quite frankly out of her misery as well. As she stroked herself, she began to reach over to the nightstand where she kept "Big Daddy" when the phone rang. "Crap," she sucked her teeth and snatched up the phone. "Hello," she stated in an agitated voice.

"Dang baby did I catch you at a bad time?"

"No, just getting to a good part in this movie."

"Oh, you want me to let you go?"

"Nah, it's all good what's up?"

"Nothing, in town and wanted to know if you wanted some company?"

"Yea let yourself in."

"Be there in a few."

They hang up. It was him. That guy- that dude he was sounded like she was felt, hot. When Big called she could only do one thing and that was answer. Big and Blue could have great potential. He knew enough about her to know exactly what she liked. To be able to sexually satisfy her, he was on point. Now if he could get the rest of his life together. Just thinking about Big made her body crave him. His voice could make the hello kitty detach itself from a woman's body and go purr and meow around his feet waiting to be petted. Lawd, he knew how to pet a kitty! Weighing in at about 285 and standing at about 6'5. The last time Blue saw him, he was growing a go-tee. He was delicious especially in the physical sense and him with a go-tee really made her want to do explicit adult actions with him. His personality was somewhat to be desired. He was big enough that he could cradle Blue like a baby when they sat on the chair or lay in the bed together. Big had commitment issues and he felt she should be satisfied with occasional shopping sprees and having a key to his place. And when he is not training or playing, she should be glad to go on vacations the average woman could only dream about. Blue wanted more, she wanted him fully, but she wasn't going to continue to wait on him. She had been playing this

game with Big for almost three years. Even though the sex was great, she was willing to let it go. Until then she would enjoy this fine carefree single man with no responsibilities and no kids. It also helped that he had big strong hands to caress her body. He had an incredible tongue that made a woman's body move in ways unnoted in a regular setting. To top it off his power drill hooked and curved upward and when he put it inside her. It was like it had a mind of its own heading straight for her G-Spot. He was slightly endowed in length and girth. When it came to penetration, going in was uncomfortable until he had settled in the comforts of her walls. She knew she had to get up the next morning but Big was just what she needed to put her in a relaxed coma-like induced slumber that would have her well rested. As horny as she was an opportunity for a good night sleep was an offer she couldn't refuse.

She started to doze off when she heard her door chime. Big came through the door snatching off clothes. He had practice so he needed a shower. He quickly showered and went into the bedroom and immediately began to say "hello," Big style. In between kisses there were some words but the last time he had sex was when she had sex and that was three months ago. He wanted her as bad as she wanted him. Plus, it was understood that the only people they would be sexing would be each other. Big could have all the groupies he wanted providing he didn't allow any other woman to feel the girth of his manhood. So far, the arrangement seemed to be working.

"I missed you," she whispered.

"Oh yea?" he asked.

"Yea," she stated sweetly.

"How much did you miss me?"

"Can't you tell?"

"Yeah, just wanted to hear it as well as feel it."

"Really, so what are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling you put Niagara Falls to shame! Damn baby I make you do that?"

She buries her head in his shoulder, "You know it has been a while, shut up and just put me out of my misery," she begs.

"Well baby, I aim to please."

He lays with her on the bed and continues to kiss and caress her soft, silky brown skin. She moans at his kisses and the gentle way he touches her. She inhales long breaths and fills her lungs with his scent as she breathes him in before she breathes out. They continue with small talk as he kisses on her starting at the crown of her head, down her neck and shoulders, to her breast and stomach.

"Hey baby girl, I'm thirsty," he nudges her legs with his face encouraging them to open.

Her body is feverish as it answers his call with her legs complying. Big kisses her inner thighs and as he goes in, she grabs the covers and takes a deep breath anticipating the greatness of what was about to happen. Her body jerks, spasms, and tremors from the pleasure Big is orally giving her. She releases her nectar multiple times as he sucks and kisses her it passes out of her body into his mouth. Although she doesn't mean it, she pleads for him to stop. Her body has lost all control and she needed a second to get it together, but he won't stop. She doesn't want him to stop. It feels too good to stop. After he gives her all she can handle he continues around to her

butt and kisses it ever so gently and then starts down her legs and sucks ever so attentively on her toes.

"Well I'm not thirsty anymore; he grins, "Did you like that?" he burps.

"What, you're playing right, what do you think? And eeew."

They reposition themselves and Blue begins to kiss on Big. In her mind she is a good girl but when it comes to pleasing her man the good girl role goes out the window. She licks his neck and sucks on his chin and lip as she kisses him. She rubs her body up and down his causing pleasurable friction between the two. She works her way to his chest and stomach. She reaches for his man part. She takes it in her hand and begins to stroke it up and down while sitting on his stomach. She massages it while she strokes it, and he began to squirm. He moans and whimpers as she continues. She pays him no attention as she continues to work. As he gets ready to release, she sits back and watches. He gets up and cleans himself off.

"Whoa girl, I like that but why can't you do that with your mouth?"

"You were lucky I did that. Can't give you all of me at one time, you won't know how to act. And besides there's that one thing I want to save for my husband."