

# ***Daring Hearts***

**A Valentine's Day story by**

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Daring Hearts

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*B*rady Garriston settled on the couch opposite his best friend, Cal Briscoe, and nursed his after-dinner cocktail. He let the dwindling ice cubes swirl and clink together in the golden amber Scotch before savoring a sip. “Dinner was fantastic, as usual,” he complimented the chef—Cal’s wife Sue—as she joined them. “What’s for dessert?”

“Don’t you mean *who*?” came a playful retort from behind him. Brady’s wife, Ellie, leaned down to drape her arms about his neck. She planted a gentle kiss on his neck and purred laughingly as he reached back to press her into him.

The foursome had enjoyed a delicious pasta dinner with a bottle of Viognier from the local vineyard. Yet with it being Valentine’s Day, all present knew the night was far from over. Despite having just eaten, appetites stood far from sated. Ever since their double wedding—to be exact, their no-holds-barred double wedding night in a limo circling the Las Vegas strip—the two couples continued to enjoy sexually charged play sessions. This holiday for lovers promised another eventful night of lovemaking, and Brady could feel the anticipation crackling in the air.

Sue Briscoe had in her hand a thin, red box, soft as velvet and tied with a wide, ornate ribbon. “I did get a cheesecake from Jake’s,” she said, “but as I was leaving Lauren handed me this box of truffles. Said they were too good to resist.”

Brady set his drink down, then leaned over to study the box as Sue squeezed in between the two men. A challenging task to pay attention, as the low cut blouse Sue wore provided a more enticing view than the package. Now, those creamy breasts could melt in his mouth as easily as any confection.

He recognized the Tish’s Riches logo, embossed in gold leaf on the lid. “I wouldn’t doubt that,” he agreed, and settled back to allow Ellie to take a seat on his lap. The local chocolatier made excellent concoctions. “Break ‘em open.”

“Dibs on coconut,” Cal called, helping Sue with the ribbon and receiving a slap for his eagerness.

“Is coconut even kosher?” Sue chided.

Cal shot her his patented evil grin. “I’ve eaten a lot of things that weren’t.” His voice rumbled low, and Brady could sense the

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affect on Ellie from the way the skin on her bare arms prickled.

That earned a second slap, to which Cal responded with a sudden searing kiss on Sue's parted lips. Brady rescued the box of chocolates just as they appeared ready to tumble from her loosening grip.

"Oh-kay, what do we have here?" Brady peeled away the top paper layer to reveal twelve round truffles, each an inch in circumference and individually decorated with a tiny valentine. The different colors used for the hearts promised a dozen different, tempting flavors.

A small slip of paper provided the key to decipher the bonbons. "Here you go, buddy." Brady plucked a corner dark chocolate candy bearing a white heart. "Coconut. And for Ellie...what's that?"

Cal already had broken into the candy shell and scraped a sliver of chocolate from the corner of his mouth. "Whah's wha?" he asked around the bite.

"There's a picture in the wrapper where your truffle was."

Three heads now bent close to Brady to see. Sure enough, lining the bottom of the brown, ridged paper cup was an image of a woman's bare breasts, cut in a circle to fit. Even though the picture was small, the bust on display looked just as mouth-watering as the candy that hid it.

Ellie let out a loud chuckle. "Methinks Tish really has the Valentine theme nailed down with this truffle selection."

"Sure, if you're giving candy to a guy, or a lesbian," Sue said, laughing in kind. "But this isn't Tish's style..." her voice turned quiet and suspicious, "and Lauren's the one who gave me the box."

Cal licked the remains of the truffle from his fingers. "You sure this box was meant for us? Maybe she's getting dirty pics taken of her again, and this was really Jake's gift?"

That theory brought more laughter, all around, then a negative consensus. "No," Sue shook her head, "she was adamant about giving me this, for free."

Ellie, as though wanting a surprise, didn't peek at the key as she selected a blue-topped candy. "Wonder what goodie I'll get, and what flavor this is." The candy cup revealed a small photo of an erect cock, sheathed by a pair of cherry-red lips.

"Whoa! Please tell me that's not Jake," Cal said. Brady's laughter shook the box.

"No," he said, and pinched the photo so that he could lift it

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free. “These are magazine clippings. Looks like Lauren sent you home with something extra sweet.” He winked at a smirking Sue.

“Actually,” Ellie held forward the half-eaten truffle to reveal its orange filling, “it looks to me she’s provided us with some kind of visual guide to Valentine’s Day.”

Her free hand snaked under the box, in between her husband’s legs. She cupped his semi-hard erection and fondled his balls through his gabardine slacks. “It’s like some kind of sexual Advent calendar,” she explained. “You pick a candy, you do what you see.”

Brady smiled and eased the box to Sue’s knees. “I most certainly see,” he nodded, and edged his ass forward on the sofa so Ellie could have better access to his bulge. He let a quiet groan escape as Ellie worked his cock free from his now open fly. Popping the remainder of the truffle in her mouth, Ellie chewed quickly before lowering to capture the reddening tip between her lips.

Brady hummed, satisfied at first contact. “I’m starting to gain an appreciation for fine, artisan chocolate.” A side glance to his friends told Brady that Cal had quickly caught on to his visual instructions. Part of Sue’s blouse was pushed aside, exposing one breast which Cal nibbled and sucked.

“Your turn.” Brady nudged Sue.

Sue undid her blouse the rest of the way and pinched the unattended nipple. “Pink’s never let me down,” she said, and selected the corresponding bon-bon. The picture in the cup presented a clear shot of a shaved, spread pussy.

“Nice. Now I can’t decide what to eat first.” Sue looked at the candy in her hand, then at Ellie. The unspoken communication between them prompted the latter’s release from Brady’s cock. Ordinarily he would have expressed disappointment, but the night was young and he had the candy box now. The added bonus of watching Sue lick his lovely wife’s pussy further stoked the fires within.

Ellie shucked her slacks and thong and lay back on the carpet, knees high and elbows propping her upper body. Once Sue extricated herself from Cal’s oral hold, she slid to the ground and crawled between Ellie legs. She fingered Ellie’s pussy lips, as though to encourage her juices to flow, then eased the rounded tip of the truffle into Ellie’s slit.

The candy still in place, Sue kissed the top of Ellie’s clitoral

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hood, then pried the folds apart with her tongue and licked. The truffle burrowed deeper into Ellie until Sue finally removed it and took a bite.

“Mmm, caramel and sea salt. Lauren’s done her homework.” Sue grinned, then buried her face again into Ellie’s nether lips.

Brady selected a truffle bearing a green heart, expecting perhaps mint filling. The bonus treat unearthed was another hard-on.

“Interesting.” No lips, no toys, no map included. Did the cock represent his own, or Cal’s?

He looked at his friend, whose jeans and underwear now pooled around his ankles. His cock stood at attention, wavering only slightly as Cal fingered the base.

Brady bit into the candy. Yep, mint. Good enough to flavor a kiss, which he obliged for Cal. Tongues mated and twirled around each other, and Brady felt the tip of Cal’s shaft brush his hand. “What do you think?” he asked when they broke free.

“I think you should use yours on me,” Cal said and kicked off his shoes.

Brady set down the box and crossed the living room to his hanging jacket for a condom and the trial-sized bottle of lube he’d brought. Cal readied himself by stripping completely nude and sinking to the floor, leaning on the couch and presenting himself for Brady. All the while Sue continued to eat Ellie, jamming two fingers in and out of her slit as she did so.

Oiling a forefinger, Brady readied Cal’s anus while his free hand sought the truffle box. He plucked a red-hearted ball to reveal another pussy, then tossed it at Ellie’s head. “You owe her one, too,” he said.

The ladies got the message. Sue rose only briefly to reposition herself so they could sixty-nine. By then, Brady had his pants down and the condom fastened. He rubbed the tip against Cal’s hole, encouraging him to widen so he could slip past the outer ring. It wasn’t long before he could fully seat himself.

“God, that feels so good,” Cal said on a groan, and pushed his ass into Brady to direct the movement. He reared his head back in an apparent attempt to reach Brady for a kiss. After one hard pump of his cock, Brady leaned forward so they could brush lips.

“Alright, I’m ready for seconds.” Cal kept one arm braced

on the couch while the other searched the truffle box. The paper cup of the orange-heart confection stuck to the bottom, and Cal had to shake loose the picture to see something fleshy and pink Brady couldn't quite make out.

"What is it?"

"Looks like a backside," Cal murmured, grunting with each thrust of Brady's cock inside him. In the backdrop the keening cry of Ellie's climax disrupted them, and Brady turned in time to see Sue collapse on top of his wife.

"Baby." Cal crooked his neck, beckoning his wife closer. "Get your back...back here." He rose slightly so Sue could kneel on the couch, her ass to his face. Curving her back so her buttocks raised high, she leaned over the sofa and let out a satisfied moan when Cal's tongue delved into her cheeks. She used one hand to pry them apart so he could have better access for rimming her.

Ellie came behind a thrusting Brady and kissed her shoulder. "So where do I go now?" she pouted, close enough for Brady to smell Sue's tempting musk on her.

"Do what the candy says," he said. "You know, sex is like a box of chocolates..."

"I know. Full of gooey stuff and nuts," Ellie finished. "Speaking of which..."

She snatched the candy decoder and glanced at it, then grabbed the brown-heart bon-bon from the box. Biting it open, she showed Brady the non-eaten half and the accompanying picture of a man's scrotum. "Almond joyful," she bragged. "If you'll excuse me..."

Brady nudged Cal's legs, and both men spread wide enough so Ellie could slide underneath him. Lying on her back, she raised her head high enough to take Cal's swaying balls into her mouth.

"Fuck, yes!" Cal hissed before returning to pleasuring his wife. Sue jostled on the cushions, rubbing her clit furiously and mewling the onset of a coming orgasm.

"That's it, babe," Brady told her. He wasn't far behind. His own balls tightened, the first sign of impending release. Ellie's reach toward his sac as he continued to slam into Cal's ass served only to speed along the inevitable.

"Shit, I'm gonna come." Soon as the words were out of his mouth, though, Brady did just that. It started with a fire in the pit of his groin that exploded through every nerve ending in his

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body—he felt as if he could come forever. When the sensation passed he fell limp against his friend, lightly feathering kisses down Cal’s spine.

Cal twitched around him, prolonging the ecstasy a bit, but soon Brady sensed Cal’s rough departure.

“Sorry, bud, I can’t hold it much longer. Screw the candy.” Cal wrenched free of Ellie and Brady, turned Sue around and lay her on the couch. The candy box overturned in the melee, and Cal leaped on top of his lady love. With one bold thrust he was inside her, seating his cock deep into her pussy.

Sue gasped and arched in her supine position. “God, I love you,” she cried. More than likely Cal was the one she addressed, but Brady knew their feelings transcended their marriages. They all loved each other, and Valentine’s Day had given them another opportunity to share their passions.

That, and a box of candy. The remaining bon-bons lay scattered on the carpet, separated from their paper cups.

Brady picked up a photo of a cock embedded in a pussy. He grinned at his wife. “Here’s one to try. What do you say?”

Ellie cupped his balls and massaged him to another erection. “I say, I can’t wait until Easter.”

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## *About the Author*

**Leigh Ellwood** writes spicy romances and sassy mysteries. She is the creator of the award-winning Dareville series for Phaze Books, as well as numerous shorts for Phaze and other small publishers. Readers are invited to visit [LeighEllwood.com](http://LeighEllwood.com) for more information on Leigh's books, and to follow Leigh's writing adventures via her blog at [leighwantsfood.blogspot.com](http://leighwantsfood.blogspot.com) or through her Twitter at [Twitter.com/LeighEllwood](https://twitter.com/LeighEllwood).