

One Minute Until *Valentine's Day*

~India "Innocent" Norfleet

"Camille! What in the hell are you doing—the caramel goes on the inside of the brownie!" Arron yelled and shoved the glass bowl of caramel to the floor.

"Arron what in the hell is your damn problem?" Camille screamed as shards of glass went flying all over the bakery floor. She jumped back.

"*You* are Camille, can't you do anything right? You've been fucking up recipes for the last few days. You know how busy this time of year is for us—so either get your mind in the game or take your ass home and don't bother coming back."

"Fine, I'll do the stuffed brownies over." Camille said as she rolled her eyes and reached across her work station for another mixing bowl. Arron could be a real prick this time of year. He was definitely not his sexy, charming self—the boss she could stand more often than not.

"No, don't bother, just go and make the cake batter for the heart shaped cakes."

"Fine. *Asshole*," Camille mumbled as she walked off toward kitchen pushing the stainless steel double doors open in her wake.

"Camille, you're skating on thin ice." Arron yelled.

"Screw you!" Camille shot back as she grabbed a mixing bowl from the bottom shelf of the dish rack.

Camille slammed a bag of flour down on the countertop and took a deep calming breath. She loved her job as pastry chef at *The Chocolate Stick* but her boss was another issue all together. Arron Green was a great head pastry chef—one the best—but every holiday season he becomes a short-tempered boss and could be pretty nasty. As of late, Arron had been riding Camille for no reason at all, making her stay after work later than all her other co-workers, piling a much harsher work load on her and changing recipes on her while in the middle of her prep work. And let's not forget the damn snapping at her every five minutes or so which was really driving her up the wall.

Camille didn't know how much more of Arron's harassment she could take. She didn't want to quit because Arron did pay her quite handsomely. And she loves the bakery area, customers and staff. They were like family after only three years. Well everybody except Arron's rude ass.

But Jesus why did he have to be so damn fine? Camille frowned and continued to gather her ingredients. He could be so charming when he wasn't such a jack-ass...

Deciding to let the matter go, Camille began making the batter and prepping for the heart shaped cakes for Valentine's Day tomorrow. Arron came busting through the kitchen doors yelling so loudly that he startled Camille and she spilled the batter onto the prep table, watching in horror as the large glass mixing bowl hit the floor. Arron was reaching for the storage door when he turned and witnessed the mess.

"Reese, let me call you right back, one of my incompetent employees has just cost me a shit load of time and money."

Arron ended the call and just stood here watching Camille scurry around, cleaning up the mess.

"I'm so sorry Arron but you startled me." Camille said carefully picking up the big pieces of the glass bowl that shattered all over the marble floor.

"I startled *you*?"

"Yes you did, and I'm not incompetent Arron. It's called a mistake, and everyone makes them, including you."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, really."

"Well your mistake has just cost you overtime tomorrow."

"Wait. It's already after ten o'clock and I have Valentine's Day plans tomorrow."

"Then I guess it looks like you're going to have to reschedule, huh?"

"But Arron I—"



He walked over to her and slid his finger in her batter, tasting it. She stood up and tried to plead her case. "I really don't care to hear what you have to say Camille. So you better get whoever you're screwing a bottle of lotion and a porno and tell them you'll be *really* late." Arron snickered and walked off.

That's it! That is the last damn straw. "Hear this asshole, I quit. I fucking quit!" Camille screamed as she pulled her white, icing-stained coat off and threw it in Arron's face.

"Camille—" Arron was completely caught off guard.

"No. Camille my ass. You had your say, now it's my turn—you inconsiderate bastard." Camille stormed toward the break room.

"Camille?" Arron said as followed behind her.

"Are you hard of hearing? Cause I said—"

"I'm sorry." He sounded broken and defeated for some reason.

"Why do you do this, Arron? I'm the best damn chef you have. You're too much... I'm tired..." Camille met his softened stare and for a minute wondered if maybe she was being a little too hard on him. But then she thought back to how he'd treated her today alone and decided that she wasn't backing down this time and that quitting was indeed the best option.

She hardened her glare. "And it's funny how you're so damn sorry now, but you weren't sorry when you were just yelling at me! I refuse to take this from you. So find some other poor soul to abuse 'cause you got the wrong one today," Camille said as she unpinned her long, jet black wavy hair.

"Camille. Please don't quit, just let me explain. I apologize for how I've been talking to you lately...and I know you're the best I have." He blocked her entrance to the lounge, grabbing her hand and leading her back to the kitchen. "It's just that I've been under so much str—"

"You really should've thought about that—"

Arron quickly closed the distance between them, picked Camille up, sat her down hard on the edge of the long, wooded work bench and silenced whatever else she wanted to say with a passionate kiss. Cupping her face, Arron deepened the kiss before he slipped his tongue inside and explored her chocolate flavored kisses.

Arron sucked her soft bottom lip into his mouth and kissed the smooth flesh there. And just like that, he was addicted to the taste of his best pastry chef. He had been always secretly attracted to Camille and had been fantasizing about kissing these soft lips since she first walked into his bakery for her interview.

As Arron moved his hands up under Camille's blouse, he couldn't help but wonder if the feelings were mutual, especially since she had yet to slap him for trespassing. Arron slowly began pulling away to gauge Camille's reaction.

"Camille?"

"Yes?"

"I'm so sorry for how I've been treating you." Arron kissed her neck. "Will you reconsider quitting 'cause honesty I don't think that this place will run the same without you."

"I know you can't do this without me," Camille grinned. "But I don't —"

"Please?" He circled his finger around her nipple as it peeked up through her blouse.

"Well, maybe if I were persuaded to stay," Camille smiled. "You know...as compensation for all my pain and suffering..."

"I'll give you a raise."

"That's a good start but—"

Arron couldn't resist another kiss of Camille lips. She was just so beautiful and just looked so sweet and innocent up on the bench. Reaching for her legs, he opened them wider and slid one hand up her shirt and the other hand under her skirt. Camille jumped when Arron slid her panties to the side and spread her slick lips.

"A—Arron?" Camille broke free of his lips.

"Yes?" he said as their foreheads gently met.

"I don't know if—"

Camille inhaled when she felt Arron's fingers slip inside her wetness.

"You don't know if what?" Arron asked as he pulled Camille closer to the edge of the bench and his growing bulge.

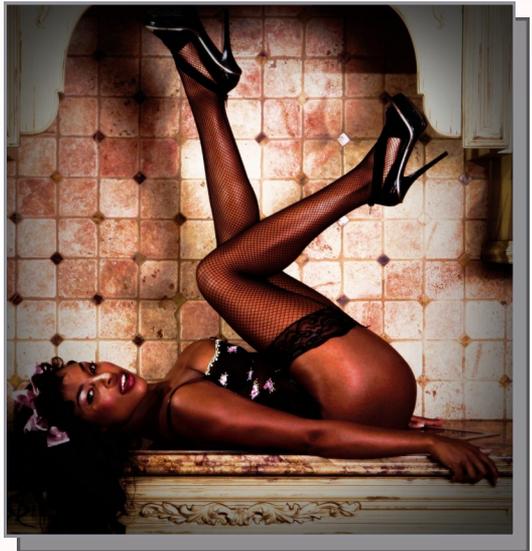
"I—I can't remember." Camille moaned as Arron found her G-spot.

"Well, let me show you how much eating this head chef can do," Arron said as he dropped to his knees, placed Camille's long legs over his shoulders, and slipped his tongue between her lips and into her dewy wetness.

"Arron...Oh my God. Please don't stop." Camille said as she held Arron's head in place and slowly began to massage it at the same time.

He couldn't believe how wet Camille was and how good she tasted as he continued to lap, lick and suck her up. Camille almost slid off the bench when Arron tongued her swollen clit, gently sucking it into his mouth before sliding a finger inside her drenched creamy opening.

"Arronnnnnnn, I'm about to cum." Camille screamed as she tightened her grasp on Arron's head.



"Then cum baby, cum for me." Arron said as he licked her sweetness once more before standing back up to see her release.

"Wait, no. Don't stop..." Camille begged.

Ignoring her plea, Arron stopped long enough to lay her down flat and spread her legs wide and went to town lapping up her honey like it was his last meal. Holding her legs in a firm grasp, He took one long lick of her sweetness before taking her lips and clit back into mouth and when he had the perfect hold he sucked ever so gently.

"Oh god I'm cumming right noooowwwwww..." Camille screamed as she came all over Arron's face.

He slowly eased her trembling legs back down to the bench and unbuckled his pants. Arron leaned over and smiled at Camille as cum glistened on his face.

"So you *will* reconsider?"

"*Uh huh...I'll stay.*"

"Good, but now I have a much harder question for you." He glanced over at the clock then back into Camille's beautiful orgasm-induced gaze. It was 11:59.

"Will you be my Valentine?"

"Yes, I sure will." Camille whispered, smiling.

"What? I didn't hear you, so I'm going to ask you one more time. Will you be my Valentine, Camille?" He slid his long, thick chocolate stick inside Camille's slick honey and buried himself there.

"Yessssssssssssss, *Arron!* I'll be your Valentine. *Shit!*"

"Happy– Valentine's-Day –Camille," Arron sputtered out with each slow, deep stroke.

As he continued to pummel Camille's addictive heat, he couldn't help but grin at how committed his best pastry chef was to him. It was surely turning out to be the best Valentine's Day that he'd had in a very long time.



India "Innocent" Norfleet ~

India was born and raised in Detroit Michigan. She has been writing poetry, short stories and journaling since she was fourteen and can best be described as a hopeless romantic who will always write romance to make up for the lack of happy endings in real life. India is currently penning her first novel.

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