

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*  
*Naughty Nuptials*  
*The Cake Babe*

M.A. Ellis

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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The Cake Babe

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# ***THE CAKE BABE***

**M.A. Ellis**

## *Dedication*

For Elliott,

Your belief was the foundation. Your encouragement built the stairway. Your strength pulled me back on the treads when I threatened to careen over the side. I cherish each and every day I've been blessed with you by my side and love you with all my heart.

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## *Trademark Acknowledgement*

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## Chapter One

Marissa Hughes heard the commotion in the distance and chose to ignore it. She rotated the turntable another two inches and pulled the spatula upward with a final flourish. *Ta-da.*

"Now that's what I'm talking about," a boyish voice echoed from the doorway of the private kitchen.

"Hey, Randy." She offered a quick smile to the shamelessly beautiful brother of the bride-to-be. He, like the rest of his siblings, was proof that perfection ran through the gene pool of the McLaughlin clan.

"Sissy's *chatting* with the caterer right now. She's already reduced the florist to tears. I was worried you might be next."

"No chance," Marissa replied confidently. She did excellent work. Her wedding cakes had become the talk of Grand Harbor and the surrounding enclaves.

"You're pretty confident, gorgeous."

"Gotta be, and save your flirting for the mindless horde of adoring females at the reception. Those smooth lines don't work on me, buddy."

"Geez. Talk about cutting a guy off at the knees." He walked behind her as she rinsed her utensils off in the sink.

"I'm sure you're ego will survive." She adored Randy. He was as equally spoiled, and privileged as the rest of his siblings. Yet, in stark contrast, he was genuinely kind. His mother and Marissa's sister were best friends. She'd known Randy since the day he was born, all red and wrinkly. At fourteen she had found a surrogate baby brother. She smiled at the memory. He wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his chin on her shoulder.

"There's leftover iiiii-ciiiiing," he singsonged next to her ear, and she had to laugh. "Come on, Auntie M. Just one teeny taste?"

Jay turned the corner into the country club's guest kitchen and halted mid-stride. When the "Wicked Bride of the West" had issued her order, he'd been more than happy to oblige. He heard that laugh and quickened his pace. He never expected to find her, *the cake babe*, wrapped in a pair of lanky, teenage arms.

He'd caught glimpses of her all morning as she worked, seemingly impervious to the flurry of activity that was striving for a *Grand Harbor Packet* headline proclaiming this the wedding of the season. She'd been focused on her work. This was a giant plus for him. He didn't have to worry about her noticing him staring a little too long at the hint of lush curves under her white chef's jacket. She had a great ass. He noticed that when she bent over a large plastic storage bin on the kitchen floor. He nearly dropped the case of beer he'd been holding. The loose, striped pants had stretched taut over her roundness and his mouth had actually gone dry. Much like it was now.

He cleared his throat and they turned as one. The McLaughlin brat apparently felt no need to release her. She looked pretty comfy there too. Shit. Maybe she liked them young and pliant in her tiny hands. Or perfectly formed mouth. *Who wouldn't want to be pressed against those full lips?* His cock twitched in response.

"The bride wants a bottled water." His words came out harsh and both pairs of eyes widened.

"I'll get it," the kid offered with a laugh and Jay didn't miss the little squeeze he gave the cake babe. Mental images of her interrupted his work more than a few times that morning. She was fantasy material for sure, all in a neat "hi, I'm your neighbor" package.

"See you guys later."

He barely heard the kid as he closed the distance between them. A few tendrils of chestnut colored curls had broken free from her ponytail and Jay couldn't resist the

urge. He reached out and rubbed the silkiness between his fingers before brushing the strands behind her ear.

“So. You offering free tastes?”

The breath Marissa was holding hitched. From his touch, from his words, she wasn't sure which. *Wouldn't it just suck to faint when things were suddenly getting interesting?* She'd seen him that morning when he slid a case of beer into the industrial refrigerator. She pretended not to notice, but anyone with half a pulse would have responded. Now he loomed before her in all his yumminess. Sandy blond hair framed his chiseled face. Eyes the color of warm maple syrup bore into her. His chest was wide, the muscles corded under the worn damp t-shirt that proclaimed *Tattooed In Places You'd Love To Lick*. If only he knew.

“Are you?” His voice was low, utterly seductive. Marissa gripped the sink and eased her legs together against a rush of unfamiliar warmth.

“Am I what?” Heat was creeping slowing into each and every pore.

“Giving out free tastes?” He looked ready to devour her.

*Oh, yeah!* “No,” she replied, trying to get her heartbeat under control. He had the nicest lips. Her fingers itched to trace them.

“No?” He sounded disappointed, but the corner of his mouth rose.

“I can't waste any. I need to make sure I have enough.” How could a supposedly mundane conversation about frosting make a person so damn hot? She knew the answer, of course. It had nothing to do with talk and everything to do with timing. The girls had predicted just last Tuesday over margaritas she was due. According to Tarot-reading Tessa, the cards told it all. Eleven months of self-imposed celibacy was too long.

“And when will you know if you have enough?” His lips parted to reveal straight, white teeth.

Concentrate. Focus. So hard to do when she could feel the heat rolling off his big body.

“Later. After I get the latticework and edging on.” *Good job, Marissa. That sounded pretty normal.* “When all the flowers are done. I’ll be here the rest of the day.”

“Maybe even into the night?”

*Oh, lord.* Need reached lazily outward in a big, giant yawn. “Maybe,” she whispered.

“So, not even a little taste now?”

The amber gaze bore into her and she licked her dry lips. He gave her a sexy grin that made her belly clench and her heart stumble.

“I’m a patient guy; I’ll see you later.”

Body thrumming, Marissa watched him walk away, enjoying the way the faded denim hugged his ass. He didn’t turn and wave when he reached the door. *Why would he?* Hot guys didn’t wave bu-bye. Hot guys caused nothing but pain where she was involved. To be fair, so did the not-so-hot ones. Her relationships had been few, usually short-lived and always disastrous. She had sworn off men and it had worked.

Her business had grown rapidly and she pushed relationships to the back far right burner, the one for extra low simmer. She didn’t need to date. That was the mantra she repeated most evenings and every weekend. Her friends believed all she needed was a quickie—a little mindless sex to take the edge off her periodic loneliness. That wasn’t, as the saying went, how she rolled. But damn. She might just reconsider if it was Mr. Tall, Ripped and Gorgeous for just one night.

The thought sifted in and out of her mind all day. She worked steadily on the wedding cake, the intricate details failing to keep her as focused as she wished. Her nerves were strung so tight she literally jumped when the pizza guy popped his head in the door and asked where the delivery went.



A fragile petal crumbled in her hand. *Fifth one today.* She was having serious trouble concentrating with each passing half hour. Her back ached, the pressure between her thighs had never truly abated and she was starving.

"They must belong out back, in the tent. I didn't order," she said, tossing the ruined flower in the trash. The wafting smell of pepperoni made her stomach growl.

No sooner had the guy left than another man walked in.

"Scuse me. Do you know where Jason put the beer?"

Jason. *Nice.* But it became apparent with each passing minute there really wasn't going to be time for the "I'll wait 'til later" moment she'd been picturing all afternoon. *Get a grip, girl.*

"I think he put it in the walk-in cooler," she replied.

"Wow. Pretty cake," he said on his way past. "All those flowers made from icing? They look real."

"All edible," she smiled. "The bride wanted roses, lilies and forget-me-nots."

"Yeah," he snorted. "What Sissy wants, Sissy gets." He pulled open the cooler and retrieved the beer. "Want one?"

"No thanks, I'm almost done. Have a nice night."

"You too. It's gotta be better than the day," he mumbled on his way out.

Marissa smiled. She'd been spared Sissy's prenuptial wrath. In true bridezilla fashion, the woman had turned into a profanity-breathing dragon and cut a swath through the ranks that afternoon. It wouldn't have mattered if Sissy's ire had come in her direction; Marissa would have tuned her out and kept all thoughts on him. *Jason.* It was nice to put a name to the man behind the daydreams. The very wet daydreams.

It was one lewd image after another, some of which had Marissa appalled at her depraved train of thoughts. Ever devoted to her craft, most of those fantasies involved melted dark chocolate, a pastry brush and double sifted powdered sugar. She looked

down at the royal icing she had just formed into the final perfectly shaped lily petal and relaxed her tightening fingers.

She placed it carefully with the others that had survived her total lack of concentration and unbuttoned her jacket. There was only the small bowl of butter cream icing to put away. *He's not coming.* The five layers of red velvet cake were completely iced, reinforced and ready for assembly tomorrow. *No hot cocoa fantasy.* Then she'd attach the flowers, stack the tiers and wait for the oohs and aahs. *No oohs and aahs for you.*

"I. Am. Tired," She stretched her neck with each word.

"But are you hungry?"

Marissa spun around and her jaw slacked. He was back, as promised, his hair damp, slicked back from the fine planes of his face. He had on a fresh t-shirt and jeans and the sporty scent of body wash enveloped him and he held out a paper plate.

"Have a seat." He hooked a metal stool with his toe and pulled it out. "You look exhausted."

That brought her out of her stupor. "Thanks," she grimaced. "I bet you say that to all the girls." Self consciously she rewrapped her ponytail, walked to the island and plopped down on the tall stool.

He laughed. "Yeah. I do. But usually not until a lot later in the night."

Images that had swirled all day slammed into her.

"Want a beer?" he asked, waving the two bottles he carried in his other hand.

She shook her head. He put the pizza down and slid it toward her. "Start eating, I'll get you some wine. You want white or red?"

"White, please." There. Her voice was back. She picked up a slice of pepperoni and took a bite while he rummaged in the industrial refrigerator. It was delicious and her stomach rumbled. He looked up and gave her a playful grin. She could barely swallow. "Should you be stealing the alcohol?"

"I don't think anyone will miss it." He wiggled the cork from an already opened bottle. "The chef's a lush; he's not going to tell anyone since he's probably pilfering it himself." He grabbed a plastic cup from a pantry shelf then stopped before he poured. "You want me to go to the bar, get you a real glass?"

"No, that's fine." Her hands weren't too steady. She needed that wine.

He poured a generous amount. His hand brushed hers as he set it down and a jolt shot up her arm.

"What's your name?" He pulled the other stool out from beneath the counter and twisted the cap off his beer. He took a long swallow and she watched the muscles in his throat work.

"Marissa." She sipped the cold wine, felt its path down her throat and into the hotness of her belly.

"Nice to meet you, Marissa." He touched the tip of his bottle to her cup.

"You, too. Jason."

His brows rose, just a little. "You know my name." He rolled the bottle between his fingers. "What else do you know about me?"

She chewed thoughtfully. She might be out of practice, but she knew the first steps of the game he wanted to play. *Go Marissa, go Marissa! It's your birthday!* Well, not really. But boy if it was, she knew what she'd wish for.

"I know you work hard," she looked down at his huge arms and hid a smile when his biceps jumped. She'd imagined how they would flex when his weight was propped onto them and he was rocking into her.

She finished the first piece of pizza and moved onto the second—four cheese, her favorite. *Forget about the calories, this is refueling.* In those fantasies, she needed all her strength.

"I know you like pepperoni and *quattro formaggi*."

"Pretty insightful," he smiled, taking another sip of beer, handing her a paper napkin and taping the corner of his mouth.

Marissa licked away a bit of sauce with the tip of her tongue, ignoring the napkin, but not the way his smile faltered. She could be brazen. That's what the girls would tell her to do. She took a final bite, pulled the cheese away from the crust and wrapped her tongue around the long, gooey string repeatedly until she worked her way back to the crust. She bit the cheese free. He quickly drained the beer and stood up.

"I know," she said, looking at him over the rim of the cup, "you're probably going to kiss me sometime within the next ten seconds."

"Well, see," he moved behind her stool and bent down next to her ear. His warm breath tickled her neck. "That's where you're wrong."

She felt his hands grab the edge of the stool, his thumbs brushing her hips a second before he pulled her back from the counter. The sound of metal against the floor startled her and her heart began a quickening pace.

His warm fingers reached beneath the collar of her jacket and slowly pulled the garment down her arms. He tossed it on the counter and then his hands were on her shoulders, scorching her flesh.

She knew he could feel her pulse thrumming. One long finger trailed a path up and down the side of her neck. The stroking felt so good, she arched back.

"Oh no you don't." He ran his hands halfway down her spine, applying pressure on the way back up. "Relax your body, lean forward." He circled around her shoulders before running just his fingertips down her arms. He grasped her elbows and moved them outward then retraced his path and pressed her torso forward firmly.

"What you don't know is I'm one of the best stress relievers in the tri-state."

*Oh, baaaby!* She rested her forehead on her hands while his thumbs worked methodically around her top vertebrae then slowly moved lower. He worked his way up and down her spine for what seemed like hours.

"Aren't your hands getting tired?" Her voice muffled against the countertop and she hoped she wasn't drooling.

"I work with them all day. They're pretty strong."

"Mmmmm." Her bones felt like warm molasses.

He moved across her shoulder blades, worked up and down her ribs, stretching his hands wide. He stopped a third of the way down and simply rubbed his thumbs back and forth and she couldn't help but moan. With each swipe he moved his hands closer to her sides.

He leaned forward and nuzzled her, his hands never stopping. He placed his lips against the exposed column of her neck. She wanted that coolness against her heated skin. *I'm gonna take control again in just...one...second.* Her breasts began aching, swelling beneath the fabric of her tank. His hands were too far away. She wanted them on her.

She squirmed on the seat, clenched her fingers. She felt his lips open and stretch across her skin. He nipped her neck as his hands moved forward to cup her breasts. His tongue swirled against the skin he held between his teeth. He sucked gently as his thumbs brushed her nipples. The sensation brought her up and off the seat, her hands splaying flat against the counter.

"Oh god," she moaned.

"You got that right," he whispered against her neck as his hands left her breasts and skittered downward across her flat belly, coming to rest on the waistband of her pants. He shifted and she felt his hardness press into her.

"I've been praying all morning and afternoon for this." His fingers worked on the drawstring and if Marissa thought her legs alone might hold her up she would have helped him. He was draped over her back, his power unmistakable. "It's not fair that a man has to dream about what's under these oversized clothes you cake babes wear."

"Cake babes?" Marissa gasped through the lust that assailed every inch of her body. His fingers worked the ties loose and snaked their way over her bare stomach, around her navel and downward, barely slipping under the edge of her panties.

"I didn't know your name. I had to call you something when I was in the stall, eyes shut, pumping off like there was no tomorrow."

Him fondling himself while he thought of her hadn't been one of her fantasies. The thought caused a tiny ripple and her juices dripped.

"Mmmm, cotton. Are they white, too?" His fingers rubbed the fabric slowly. The tip of his thumb brushed the top of her curls. She nodded her head and he groaned. "Nothin' hotter."

He pulled one hand from under the thin material and moved it down to cup her mound. "No, this is hotter and so damp."

Marissa couldn't stand it. She ground against him and whimpered. It had been too long. So, so long.

"Shhh," he said against her hair, moving his hand slowly, fingers just missing her swollen clit. "Easy, babe."

She spun around in his arms and pressed herself against the length of his rock-hard body. She rose up on her toes, wrapped her arms around his shoulders and stared boldly into his eyes. She saw desire reflecting back.

"I don't want to take it easy," she said, pressing against the firm bulge of denim that proved he was definitely as wanting as she was.

"Do you always get what you want?" His hands rested lightly on her ass.

*Grab it. Press me closer.* "Rarely. It's been a while since I've gotten anything," she admitted, pulling herself higher. That revelation was rewarded with a purely masculine smile that made her catch her breath.

He leaned forward and pressed his forehead against hers. "Then let's see if we can't remedy that."

In the space of a heartbeat he hauled her off the floor, spun her around, planted her ass firmly atop the opposite counter and wedged himself between her thighs.

"I've been waiting all day to taste you," he said huskily. His lips brushed gently then firmed to envelop hers. He murmured something about honey, trailing a line of feathery kisses to the shell of her ear, licked his way down her neck, finally resting at the sensitive hollow at the base of her throat. "Sweet, sweet, sweet."

"And here I thought it was my famous butter cream you were after," she said through the haze that clouded her vision. She dropped her head backward to allow better access, but his lips abruptly vanished. Calloused thumbs took their place, tracing lazy circles up, down. Up, down. Up, down.

"I'd love to taste your cream," he rasped. The pulsing between her thighs intensified.

His hands slid down her shoulders and hooked the material of her tank top. He grinned like a wolf as he eased the fabric down her breasts. Her nipples were achingly tight. He stopped, pulled the edge of the fabric back and forth over the distended tips and Marissa couldn't repress a cry. She tried to press her legs together but his body blocked her progress.

He took a step back and simply stared at her. "Christ. Lean back, babe," he said, voice strained.

Marissa placed her arms behind her. The movement caused the already taut material to push her breasts upward. She felt completely wild. Half naked, pussy ready to explode, gorgeous guy unbuttoning his jeans.

"So how good's that icing?"

"W-what?" *What kind of question was that?* She watched his hand reach under the waistband of his boxers. He shifted, repositioned himself and brought his hand out empty. *Not fair. So, so, so not fair.*

"Where is it?"

"What?"

He tipped her chin upward. "The icing," he purred.

"In that bowl," she motioned with her head. "I didn't have a chance to put it away."

"My lucky day," he reached for the bowl, his heated gaze never leaving her. With one finger he scooped a small amount and stuck it in his mouth. His eyes drifted shut and he hummed when he pulled his finger away clean. Marissa's mouth relaxed. She wanted a taste.

As if reading her mind, he dug in again and brought a sample to her lips but stopped short.

"What tastes better, babe? You or the icing?"

"I-I don't know," she said. "I've never tasted myself." His eyes darkened, and her face flamed.

"Then I guess I get to be the judge."

His finger traced a path around the outside of one nipple and she gasped. He reached back in the bowl and she braced herself for the sensation of him touching the turgid peak. It never came. He repeated the process slowly on the other side, avoiding the center once again.

"Do you think that's enough?"

She stared at the smooth, ivory-colored frosting surrounding the dark pink tips, waiting. Wanting. She'd never done anything so daring, but it felt so right.

"No," Marissa boldly stated, "you missed a spot."

"Here?" He asked, touching her nipple again, tracing an elongated figure eight up and around. Her muscles began to tighten.

"Not there," she breathed, anticipation building as he dipped his finger into the bowl again.

"Then here?" The rich icing was responding to her body heat. The first layer had softened. It caused a silky smooth friction as his fingers teased the other nipple, purposely ignoring the aching bud.

"The centers. Please," she pleaded. "Touch me there." Her thighs began to quiver.



"I will. I'm gonna touch your very center," he promised, "but not yet. I've waited too long for this."

Marissa's back arched as his tongue licked under than over. He licked his lips clean before he turned his attention to her other breast and laved it in a similar manner.

"Jason! Oh god. That feels so good." Her breathing became labored.

"All I can taste is the icing, I want to taste you." She watched, transfixed. He opened his mouth wide and covered her breast. His tongue swirled as he sucked hard. He looked up into her eyes, long lashes dropping as he slowly pulled away, letting go completely just before he reached the peak.

"No," she cried, shaking.

"I need to try the other one." He moved his arm behind her and pushed her hips to the edge of the counter. His other hand lifted her breast and brought it to his lips. She closed her eyes and flung her head back threading her fingers through his hair to press him closer. He twisted, his free hand inching its way under her waistband, into her panties. The sensations were swirling, building. The pressure between her thighs, his kneading lips.

Just as his fingers began to snake through her damp curls he pressed his lips hard around one dark tip and she crested, the orgasm rocking her backward.

*What the hell just happened?* Well, he knew what happened but *shit* he couldn't believe it. Her hand had his wrist in a tight grip and her breathing was still erratic. It wasn't a giant screaming orgasm, but just like that, she came. He hadn't even made it to her pussy. "Holy fuck."

"Yeah," she said, her eyes blinking open slowly. "Ditto."

He stared into their deep blue depth, still clouded with desire and reached for his remaining buttons when her grip tightened.

"We can't do this."

"What," he croaked, gently tugging his hand free.

"Health issues," she said, her eyes clearing more rapidly than Jay would have thought possible.

"Jesus. Not a problem. I'm clean," he offered, "and it's been awhile for you, I take it." If she shut him down now, he might actually cry. She was hot and sweet and her essence hung in the air between them.

"That was pretty evident," she blushed. "I don't mean we can't do *this*," she made a little back and forth motion between them. "I mean we can't do it here. This is so not up to code. I can't have my worksite contaminated." A weight lifted from his shoulders, but not from his balls. He'd never wanted a woman more.

"Oh no. Do you think there are security cameras here?" she looked quickly around the room, panic filling her voice.

He pushed his fingers into her hair and brought his lips down in a silencing kiss. He expected her to break free and argue, but she wrapped her arms and legs around him. He picked her up and deepened the kiss. When the tip of her tongue touched his bottom lip he pulled her tight against his rock-hard cock, which was probably a mistake since he was trying to think where they could go.

The locker rooms were out since people were still golfing. They couldn't use any of the offices in the clubhouse, there'd be too many workers around. There were banquettes in the adjoining lounge, but what if Sissy and the bridal party showed up to store more shit for tomorrow? *Think!*

What was he doing, anyway? Anyone could have walked in on them. He wasn't some horny teenager, for fuck's sake. Wouldn't it have been grand if one of his brother's had strolled in—

"Come on," he said lowering her slowly down his body. "You up for a quick run?"

She glanced down at his boxer-clad erection pressing through the vee of his jeans. "You can run with *that*?"

Jay chuckled, grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the door. “It’ll hurt like hell but for you, babe, I think it’ll be worth it.

## Chapter Two

Marissa looked over her shoulder, waiting for someone to catch them as she followed Jason down the stairs. She felt like a very naughty schoolgirl sneaking out of the house to meet a boy her parents didn't like. She'd have had a lot happier childhood if there had been a boy who could have made her come like that without even getting into her pants. She grinned and promptly bumped into Jason's back. She peeked around his shoulder as he fished a small key ring out of his pocket and opened a door.

"It's not the Ritz but private enough that no one will hear me scream." He held the door open to let her pass.

"You're a screamer?" The storeroom was large with tall shelving. An old leather couch sat in a corner. There was a desk next to it, piles of invoices neatly stacked on top.

"Well, I bet I can't hold a candle to you when you really let go," he teased. He turned on the small desk lamp then flipped a switch. The harsh fluorescent ceiling lights went off.

"That was...unexpected," She placed her palms against heated cheeks.

He pulled her hands away. "It doesn't happen all the time?" His voice was low, his eyes searching hers.

"It rarely happens at all. And never from just—touching." She saw his surprise, but his brow furrowed.

"What kind of assholes have you dated?" he asked incredulously.

"The usual," she said, only half joking. "You're going to find out soon enough I'm pretty hometown white."

"Hometown white?"

"Yes, as in bread. You know. The ordinary, the predictable." She looked away but he grabbed her chin and forced her back around.

"You think what happened upstairs was *predictable*?"

She bit her lip in response. He scooped her off the ground and tossed her on the couch. Her bottom hit with a long whoooooosh.

"Hell, babe. There's nothing ordinary about that *or* you." He reached behind his neck and pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it aside. "Don't you know how beautiful you are? Sure, you've got great breasts," he winked. He had her tank top up and over her head before she knew what happened. "And I'm pretty certain when I *finally* get to see this ass," he punctuated his words by sliding his hands between her and the cushion and grabbing tightly, "it'll bring tears to my eyes. You're not ordinary, Marissa. No where near it."

She raised her fingers to his chest, circling his small nipples before trailing a path over stony abs to the fine line of hair leading downward.

"I want to lick every inch of you." The tone of his voice made her shiver. Strong hands moved to her sides. He yanked her pants and underwear off her hips. The cool leather shocked her.

"I want to know every taste, every smell," he growled and slid the fabric down her legs pulling them and her work clogs off together until all that remained were her socks.

His hands pressed at her knees and a purely feminine response made her resist. His hands moved higher, to her thighs. He rubbed methodically upward until she relented. It wasn't a great sacrifice. She'd wanted him with a need that was all too consuming.

"I want to hear each and every one of your cries when I drive you over the edge, Marissa and I want you to hear mine." He pressed his thumb against the very bottom of her slit and she shuddered at the single, teasing trail it followed. He licked her dampness off his thumb and rose to his feet, looking deep into her eyes. "What do you want?"

She lay back on the cool leather and opened her arms.

Her chestnut hair was tussled, her nipples dark little peaks and her pussy gleamed. But it was the tiny white socks that did Jay in. He pushed his jeans and shorts down over his erection in one smooth move and went into her arms praying, seriously praying, that he could last. He pushed the thought and everything else aside the minute she clutched his back.

He drove his tongue into her mouth, licking and stroking. She tasted like wine and pure sugar. Her tongue met his, dancing, and she squirmed beneath him. His cock was throbbing and with each movement Marissa made, he was slicked with her juices. He placed a firm hand on her hip and stilled her.

"Babe, you've gotta stop that or I'm going come all over you."

"Would that be so bad?" she asked, eyes tempting him. But she hadn't moved.

"Hell, no," he laughed, the conversation giving him the time to grasp some control. "But not being the world's best planner, I've got one condom at my disposal." His elbows rested on either side of her shoulders and he brushed her hair off her forehead. "We can play. But this first time, I want to be inside you when you come."

"Too late."

"There's coming," he grinned wickedly, "then there's *coming*." He emphasized that point by rolling his hips.

Her blue eyes twinkled and her lush lips, moist from their kisses, turned upward. "Let me look at you," she said.

He pushed himself up and onto his knees and her smile wavered.

"Good, lord," she whispered.

Here it comes, he thought. *It's too big. It's never going to fit.* There were times it hadn't, but it couldn't be that way with Marissa. He closed his eyes, willing things to be all right.

"Can I touch it?"

His eyes shot open. *Can I get an amen?* He rolled back on the couch and stacked his hands beneath his head. "It's all yours."

Her hand hovered then cool fingers wrapped around him. His loud groan echoed through the room.

"Smooth and silky, and sooo thick." Her fingers didn't meet and her grip was far too loose for his liking. She worked him up and down, never touching the darkened head. She exhaled, the rush of breath caressing the taut skin and his cock jumped. "It's beautiful. I've never had the chance to be this close and really look before."

"You're kidding," he asked and she laughed. Her soft breath hit him again.

"I *have* sucked cock," she smiled up at him. "But it was always pretty straightforward. No *playing*." She stressed her point by rubbing her thumb across his cleft. A drop of pre-cum oozed out. She turned her head to study it and her hair tickled his thigh. Her tongue reached out and touched the tiny bead. He clutched at the leather and closed his eyes.

"Mmmmm. Not as good as Godiva, but awfully close." Her hands gripped him tighter and he shifted toward her. "But I'm a little disappointed, Jason. No tattoos."

He opened his eyes in time to see her lips part and take his tip into her hot mouth. She swirled her tongue and he nearly cried when she let the swollen head pop out. "Anywhere."

She pursed her lips then ran them down the side of his shaft. "I want to lick," she pressed her tongue flat against him and ran from base to head, flicking lightly at the top.

Tattoos? What the fuck was she talking about? Where she wanted to lick? Then it hit him. The shirt. The latest wager.

"I lost a bet. My brother's idea of a joke." He saw her lips a fraction from where he wanted them and replied desperately. "Look, babe. I'll get inked tomorrow if you'll just please quit talking and put your mouth back on me."

She chuckled just as she slid over and pulled him in. The vibration made his balls tighten. She sucked the long path down to his root. Once. Twice. A third time. It was soft warm velvet up and down his shaft and he touched her hair gently. She picked up the pace, rotating her head every so often until he was twirling right out of control. He cradled her head firmly.

"Marissa, stop. I-I'm a little shaky here."

"That happen a lot?" she asked teasingly, a small thread of throat lube stretching from her lip to his shaft as she pulled away.

"Never," he replied honestly. He never lost control. Ever.

"I don't mind if we do this first." She stroked his thighs, close to his balls, her smile catlike.

"Well I do," Jay said, easing away from the attraction of her lips and tongue and soft fingers. *Liar, liar, liar*. "I'm going to make this special for you."

"You already have," she whispered and leaned back into a reclining position. "I'm ready for you."

"You're *ready* for me," he snorted.

She looked at his cock and scooted back a little more.

"You're nowhere near ready for me," he said with a devilish grin. He grabbed her ankle firmly and moved her foot to the floor.

"I am," She said, her hand drifting to the damp brown hair between her thighs. "I'm wet."

He spread one leg wide and looked her straight in the eye. "If you're still able to form cohesive sentences, babe, you're nowhere near ready." He rolled off the couch and crawled toward her. "But you will be soon."



Marissa felt the cool air on her pussy and let her eyes drift shut. His finger inched up her leg, tickled behind her knee before resting in the sensitive crease of her thigh. His thumb stroked through her pubic hair softly and her skin prickled.

He wasn't in a hurry, although his cock was plastered against his stomach. He was taking his time and she marveled at his control.

"Remember what I told you? I want every feel, every taste. Are you ready?"

He palmed her, rubbing gently before spreading her pussy lips with thumb and forefinger.

"You have to speak, babe."

He spread her lips wider and with the other hand slid one long finger inside. "Ohhhhh." Her inner muscles clenched around him.

"Just what I wanted to hear. You're so snug, Marissa. Open your eyes. I want you to see."

She watched him pull one finger out then let his middle finger take its place, higher and deeper than before. He worked it around, slow and steady. Never picking up the pace and soon she had no control as her legs opened farther, her hips moving on their own.

"No way, babe. None of that yet," Jay ordered, withdrawing his finger completely.

"Nooooo," Was that a whimper?

"You want it back in?"

She nodded quickly but he shook his head.

"You have to talk to play the game."

"I don't want to play any game," she said, a note of pleading in her voice. "I don't play games."

"You sure as hell do," he said, rubbing his finger around her opening. "You played a hell of a game with my cock a few minutes ago."

She ignored his words, but not the sight of the creamy wetness that seeped out of her. "I want you to fuck me."

"And I want to fuck you," He pushed two fingers into her pussy as his thumb slid upward toward her clit. "Bad."

"Then do it," she pleaded. "Now." She pushed her hips forward only to have him move his thumb away.

"Soon, baby. Soon. Promise you won't move."

"You're crazy," she groaned. He was sitting there, his fingers buried inside her, her juice dripping down his hand and he wanted her promise to keep still.

"I want you to lie there and let me fuck you with everything but my cock," he said softly. "Let me."

Had he been rough and demanding she could have easily told him to screw himself. But here he was, a total stranger more attentive to her than anyone had ever been. *Don't read anything into it, Marissa.* Right.

"I'll try." It was the best she could do, as promises went. His determined smile told her she'd made a delicious choice.

"I know you love when I suck you here," he said, lowering his head to draw one nipple into his mouth. She slapped her hands against the cushions, his lips a pleasant torture, but she didn't move.

"Your pussy just hugged me again. Will it do that if I squeeze like this?" He rolled the peak between his fingers and pinched gently, forcing her inner shell to bear down.

"God, Marissa. You're so tight. I'm taking these away before you break them in two," he said removing his fingers.

"Look. Look how wet they are with your sweet lube. It'd be a shame to waste it. One for me."

She watched him lick his finger, more thoroughly than he had upstairs when he'd sucked the butter cream, and she felt another hot trickle of liquid seep out.

"And one for you," he moved his finger forward and for one heart-stopping moment she thought he was going to offer her a taste, but then his finger dropped. Its slick wetness encircled her clitoris and she cried out, fighting the urge to grind into him.

"You like that too." His breath was a hot whisper against her thigh. "Now what if we lift right here," he gently pulled back her hood.

Marissa tensed. Ready. So ready. But not for the quick stab of his tongue. Repeatedly. She gave up trying not to move and fought to breathe. The heat was rising, stoking flames that couldn't break free. Just when she was about to tell him she could take no more he changed tack. His full mouth was everywhere. Sucking. Licking. He wouldn't stop. He held her hips firmly in place slanting his mouth this way then that before he thrust his tongue inside her.

"Please," she sobbed, "No more. I can't. I want."

"What, baby?" He flicked his tongue back and forth between open-mouthed kisses. "Tell me."

"You," she panted, reaching for him. "I want you!"

He pulled his lips away and her vision blurred. She clamped her eyes shut. Her pussy throbbed like never before. She heard the tear of foil and prayed he'd get the condom on quick.

"I want to see your eyes, babe. I want you to come when I'm pushing in," his voice was hoarse as he slid the tip of his penis up, down, around her swollen slit, his saliva and her desire the perfect lube.

"No! I want you inside me," she cried. "It's never happened inside."

"We can have both," he promised, snaking two fingers alongside her clit as he pushed into her. She wrapped her legs around his hips, her inner thighs tightening.

"I won't be able to." Her head thrashed from side to side. "Don't. Please. I can't come twice," she cried, and he brought her over the edge.

"Bullshit." His cock slid in to the hilt as the tremors that rocked her massaged him.

"You can," he said, pushing her knees up to her shoulders, rolling his hips steadily. She was sobbing and he wasn't sure if it was from her orgasm or him pounding into her, but he couldn't stop. Her muscles had softened for about a half second before they clamped his cock tighter than his own fist. "You'll go again, baby. Trust me." He'd make it happen by sheer will if he had to.

"Oh god," she said, and he pressed his knees tight against her ass and changed the angle. "Oh, Jason!" Her eyes shot open in disbelief and he smiled through clenched teeth down at her. The freight train in his head roared louder as the contractions around his cock drew him to the peak.

"Marissa," he shouted as he fell over the edge. "Come with me." And she did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Somewhere, in the back of Jay's mind that damn phone just wouldn't stop ringing. He felt a soft hand rub across his stomach and smiled, despite the fact when he tried to turn into her warmth his body stuck to the leather. *That's what a couch covered in wild monkey love juice will do to a guy.*

"Is that your phone?" Marissa asked sleepily, running her hand over his hip and down the leg he had thrown over her. The caress was soft, featherlike. He kissed her nose in response.

He reached around for his pants and dug the phone out of his back pocket as it stopped ringing.

"Not important?" She looked up, snuggled into him and his cock took it as a personal greeting.

"My brother, Tom," he said, flipping the phone open and pressing a few buttons. "I put it on vibrate. If he continues to call back, maybe we can put this to good use."

He wiggled his eyebrows and she laughed, stretching in his embrace.

"Please. I'm completely wiped out."

She said it offhandedly, but he saw her flinch when she shifted her hips.

"You're sore," he stated, brushing her hair behind her ear.

"A little," she said. "But I wouldn't have changed a minute. Thank you."

"Hah. That's a laugh. Thank *me*."

"Hey." She propped her chin on top his chest. "This might have been just another page in your sexual sagas, but I've never, *ever* experienced anything like that. So when I say thank you, I mean it. Just accept my gratitude."

"Okay. You're welcome." He placed his hands behind his head and stared her down. Her love life must have been a crying shame. He watched her eyes get all glassy and wondered if she was thinking the same thing. "God, who knew you hot, cake babes were so ridiculously stupid."

"Thanks," she said softly. "Nice pillow talk."

He urged her on top of him until they were touching chest to toe and wrapped his arms around her back. "If you're going lie there and tell me you don't have any idea what you did to me, than you're an idiot, babe. I don't want your thanks. I just want you."

Her grin was dazzling and when the buzzing vibration of his phone went off, he answered it with a smile of his own.

"Hey, bro. What can I do for you?"

"You can get your fornicating ass out of my storeroom. There's a distinct aroma reminiscent of a Bangkok brothel."

Marissa's eyes widened. She heard every word his brother said.

"I didn't know you were there when I came in earlier. You were both sound asleep."

Marissa tried to scramble off him, but he held her firmly in place with one large hand splayed across her bottom.

"Hey, nice boobs, by the way. Well, nice boob. I only saw one; your damn Popeye arm was blocking the other."

This time Jason let her up when she struggled. Her cheeks were flushed and she crossed her arms over her breasts, looking for her tank top.

"Where are you?" Jason asked.

"In the hall, jerkwad. I need to get in there and get the frosted bulbs we ordered. I'll go get another cup of coffee. You've got ten minutes to clear Miss Tasty Tits out of there."

"Wait. Why are you working so late? Can't you do the bulb thing in the morning?"

"Damn, Jay. She must have screwed you senseless. It's 8:30."

"I know," he said, sitting up quickly.

"Saturday morning."

"Fuck." He snapped the phone shut and shot to his feet.

Marissa heard it all and any mortification of being found naked in Jay's arms evaporated when she learned she had less than three hours to get the cake done, grab a shower and get back for the ceremony.

"I'm sorry," he said, pulling on his jeans and hurrying to close them. "Can I do something to help you?"

She looked at his big hands fumbling with his buttons and laughed. She bent over and grabbed her panties, looked at them angrily, and stuffed them in her purse.

"You're brother's right," she finally said. "It does smell like a whorehouse in here." She pulled her pants on and yanked the drawstrings into a bow with trembling fingers.

"Hey," he wrapped one arm across her chest and the other around her belly, pulling her tight against his bare chest. "Just breathe. Everything's going to be fine." She was beyond skittish, but who could blame her? And when was the last time he'd come so hard he thought he was taking a minute to catch his breath, only to find he'd slept for hours. He kissed her temple and felt her relax. "You'll be at the wedding, right?"

"I'll be there," she said, turning to kiss his jaw. "How about you?"

"Absolutely. On the groom's side."

"I'll be on the bride's," she said, nibbling her way to his lips.

"Thought you were in a hurry?" He caressed her ass and hauled her against his semihard cock.

"I am."

"Then go, you tease," he gave her a quick, open hand swat on the bottom and pushed her away. "You're driving me crazy."

She just smiled over her shoulder and ran.

## Chapter Three

Marissa sat next to her sister on a pristine white folding chair and tried very hard to concentrate on the ceremony and not the second groomsman from the right. He hadn't been untruthful when he said he'd be on the groom's side. If she bothered to ask him what he did for a living she'd have learned his family owned the most successful home contracting firm in the county. As a wedding gift they had done the outdoor setup. Had she asked his last name instead of simply letting him screw her witless, she'd have known he was the groom's cousin.

If she had known any of it she might have shown a little prudence. *Maybe*. Probably not. She was hot just staring at his profile, at the way the tux stretched across his back, the way he kept nervously rubbing his fingers, remembering all the things those fingers had done to her.

"Quit fidgeting," her sister, Amy, scolded in a whisper.

"These chairs suck," Marissa whispered back. It wasn't a lie. An elderly gentleman in front of them turned around and gave her a thumbs-up.

"It'll be over soon."

"Not soon enough," the old man whispered, getting an elbow in his ribs from the woman he was with.

The abbreviated receiving line consisted of the bride, groom and their parents so Marissa had to endure the idle chitchat of her tablemates, the toasts and the bridal dances before Jay made his way to her side.

"You look beautiful," he whispered from behind, his breath sending shivers through her. Her breasts swelled beneath the deep brown lace-over-satin sheath she wore.



"Thanks. You too."

"Men don't look beautiful." He laughed, taking a seat next to her.

"Don't tell that to ninety-five percent of the testosterone here. You're all gorgeous. It's criminal." Her gaze drifted over him from head to toe and back again. "And you know it," she added. He looked just as edible dressed to the nines as he did in those faded jeans and skintight tees and she moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"All I know is I'm getting harder by the second and if you don't stop looking at me like that you're going to have to drop to your knees right here and let me run something a little bigger than that tongue against your mouth."

Her eyes widened when he leaned forward, grabbed her hand and brought it to his lap. *Thank goodness for tablecloths.* She fought the urge to stroke him through the fabric of his pants.

"Or I can inch that skirt up and —"

"Stop it," she whispered. His arm moved to the back of her chair, his fingers stroked her shoulder. The touch sent a jolt straight to the spot that had grown moist the minute he'd walked over. "Don't. Say. Another. Word. I'm trying to behave myself."

"That doesn't sound like fun," he said, his fingers slipping under the narrow shoulder strap. "You're shaking. Are you cold? I can warm you up," he whispered against her ear, as he wrapped her fingers around his length.

"Real original, Mr. Smooth," she said, pulling her hand away. "If things go bad with the family business you have a promising career at phone sex."

He chuckled, rubbed the upper curve of her breast with his finger and moved closer.

"Am I making you as hot as you make me? I'd like to hug those breasts as close as that dress does. Have those hard nipples pressing against me like they are through that lace."

She looked down and gasped. The lining was doing nothing to keep his effect on her from showing. She hunched her shoulders and pulled at the low, scooped neckline. Her gaze met his with more worry than lust.

"Don't fuss, Marissa. No one can tell but me."

*Oh, lord.* All she wanted to do was kiss him.

"Auntie M, there you are. I've been looking for you everywhere. They're getting ready to do the cake."

"I'll be right there, Randy. Go on, I'll catch up."

"O-kaaay," he said, looking at them closely before walking away.

"I'm going to have to do something about that kid getting in the way," Jason said. "I was just getting ready to tell you how much I wanted to pull your panties down those hot little legs."

"Good thing he stopped you then, fantasy boy," she said with a wicked grin, patting his cheek as she rose. He stood up and pulled out her chair. "That wouldn't have worked this time."

"You don't think?" He leaned on the back of the chair, his grin sure. "Why's that?"

She straightened her shoulders and whispered, "Cause I'm not wearing any."

The good news was, he hadn't spurted right there in the rented tux. The bad news was he'd taken a long walk, made a beeline for the men's room to douse his face in cold water and he was still aroused. *No panties.* His cock jumped. *Focus on something else.* His phone vibrated in his pocket. He looked at the number and flipped it open.

"Where the hell are you, Jay?"

"I'm in the bathroom. Did I forget my hall pass?"

"Har, har. Get out on the veranda. Mom wants a picture of all of us and she's corralled everyone but you."

That bit of news made his balls loosen up. The last thing he wanted was his mother pointing out the fact he had a boner and could he “please do something with it, sweetie” so it didn’t ruin the photo. He guessed having a husband and six sons made a woman fearless.

“Then we got to do that dumbass garter bit.”

“Not me,” Jay said, wiping his face with a towel and tossing it in the basket.

“Yes you are. Vin said Sissy wants the entire wedding party on board for the flowers and garter since everyone’s single. If we have to do it, you have to do it. Get your ass out here. Mom’s already straightening ties.”

Marissa was happy. And horny. But right now, more happy. She heard the comments from the servers on how great the cake was as they refilled their trays and hit the tables again. The sense of accomplishment she felt when creating something everyone loved was indescribable. She never got tired of those Sally Field “you really like me” moments. She wondered if Jay had got a piece, and immediately tried to divert her thoughts.

Granted, she hadn’t had sex in forever, but last night blew all other memories off the map. She’d never had a reaction to a man like she did to him. Her other lovers had never looked at her with such raw desire she felt the need to throw herself down on the closest flat surface and scream for them to take her.

It was a bit frightening, the feeling there might be more to it than sexy talk and smoldering looks. She would not become one of the huddled female masses who thought she’d found her soul mate during a bout of great sex, despite the fact Jason had taken her to the elusive pinnacle of her first ever multiple orgasm. There had been none of that next day awkwardness she sometimes felt when she’d done something a little bold in the sex department. What happened yesterday went beyond bold. She grabbed a piece of cake and went to find a seat and the man who took her to that bold beyond.

She saw him and two other groomsmen walk into the tent. His brothers, she assumed. There were enough similarities that a person couldn't mistake they were related. Nor were the older couple and three other men who stood behind them. The two youngest jostled shoulders and headed toward the dance floor. She watched Jason take his place with the other eligible males as his gaze swept the room. She wiggled her fingers in greeting when he found her. He gave a halfhearted grin and shook his head. She ate slowly, laughing at the sheer relief Jay and three of his siblings displayed when one of Randy's friends snagged the garter. The two youngest looked thoroughly dejected.

His groomsman duties done she knew he would work his way to her side. He'd want to pick up where his teasing left off, and she wanted him to. This time she wanted to be the one to make him hot. Make him so beside himself with need he'd beg her to leave. She forked another bite of cake in her mouth and closed her eyes. Was she ever going to be able to eat icing again without a flood of memories? *Mmmm*. She scraped up the remaining red velvet crumbs and licked the fork clean before turning to place her plate on the table. She turned back around and a soft, solid object whacked her square in the chest and slid onto her lap. Through all her daydreaming, she thought she missed the damn toss.

Marissa pushed the small lily and tea rose bouquet at her sister who was all but pulling her onto the floor. "Take it, Amy. I don't want it."

"You caught it. What is *wrong* with you? Do not make a scene," she warned. Her sister's idea of a scene was filing your nails in public. "Sit down and let them take a picture."

"I'm too old for this shit."

"Watch your language, for heaven's sake."

*Gawd!* Marissa heard as her sister prodded her past a group of young girls, *It's the old maid patrol.*

"Hey," Marissa called over her shoulder, "Blondie. Here—it's yours." She tossed the nosegay at the girl, who looked at it as if it were a bushel of snakes and threw it back. *Ouch!* Her bottom landed firmly on a folding chair.

She planted on a strained smile and searched the crowd for Jason, assuming he'd be laughing right along with most of the others but when she saw him he was wearing a look that was far from humorous. *It must be worse than I thought.* A nearly thirty-five-year-old with a young Adonis at her feet.

"Hey, you're the cake lady. Randy's aunt, right?"

"I'm Marissa," she smiled. "I'm so sorry about this. I didn't mean to catch the stupid thing."

"No problem. I'm Ben," he said and put out his hand while the photographer positioned them. "The cake was great, by the way."

"Thanks." She smiled and shook his hand. *Flash!*

"That one will be great," he said turning and giving his group of friends a big grin. "My girlfriend is going to be so mad."

Marissa laughed when he picked up her foot and rested it on his thigh. It reminded her of shoe salesmen of old. *Flash!*

"She didn't want to get in line for the bouquet," he said, waiting for the traditional strains of '*The Stripper*' to start before he inched the silk over her toes and around her ankle. *Flash!*

"She said it was stupid, but she's really shy. She left before the garter toss. I think she didn't want some old fart catching it and feelin' her up. She has no confidence in me." He stopped at mid calf to twist a finger around each side of the garter and wiggled the elastic back and forth and up and down. *Flash! Flash!*

"I told her I'd get it," he winked at her. *Flash!*

"I'm varsity basketball at Prep," he added, as if that said it all.

"Her loss," Marissa said, smile never faltering.

Chants of *high-er, high-er* echoed from the crowd. They both blushed.

"You're pretty hot for an old la— I mean, for a being so mature."

"Thank you, Ben. You're pretty hot yourself," she said, looking up to find Jay at the edge of the crowd, his face fierce. It startled her enough she flinched.

"Wow. Sensitive knees, huh?" *Flash!*

As Ben's fingers pushed the material of her skirt upward, as he slowly worked the garter over her knee she knew exactly what Jason was thinking. In that moment she remembered. *I did it for you*, she wanted to scream. His lips thinned into a line.

"Holy, shit."

She'd be fine. As long as she looked at Jason, she'd be fine. Breathe. She could almost hear his voice. Breathe, babe.

"Lord god, heavenly queen," Ben's voice quavered. She felt his fingers trembling as he slowed his progress to a snail's pace. She heard young, male voices egging him on. *Use-your-teeth. Use-your-teeth.*

Marissa blinked, saw Jason narrow his eyes, and watched his brothers grab his arms. She looked down and into Ben's glazed, green eyes.

"You're not wearing any panties," he whispered reverently, his hands suddenly still.

She was saved a response as his friends took his lack of motion as a sign he wasn't going any higher and ran up and tackled him over backward. He hung onto the garter for dear life and it caught her heel on its way down. Suddenly, Jason was there, holding her calf to keep her from being pulled off the chair, disentangling the thin strip of silk and offering her his hand.

She heard "you're not gonna believe this" from the bottom of the pile and saw one of Jason's brother's haul Ben to his feet and drag him away from the group. She clutched Jason's hand like a lifeline and with as much dignity as she could muster, walked coolly by his side off the floor.

Without speaking, Jay traced a route through the clubhouse to an older section of the building where no one should have been. He pushed the door to the ladies lounge open so hard it cracked into the wall, eliciting a shriek from two elderly women at the sink.

"Good, heavens!"

"Miss Winthur. Miss Grady."

"Oh it's that lovely Henderson, boy. How are you, Thomas?"

"I'm Jason, Miss Grady, and I'm fine but my friend's not feeling well."

"I should say not, she's as pale as a sheet," Miss Winthur said.

"Should we get help, dear?"

"No. No, she'll be fine. We're just going to go in here," Jay said pulling the door to the handicap stall open quickly. "Splash some water on her face. She's a little queasy. It's really hot under those tents."

He shut the stall door and they stood there, staring at each other, waiting for the ladies to leave, a frisson running between them. They heard the shuffle of feet, the outer door open then swish close. He was still upset, she could tell by his harsh breathing. He pushed his fingers through his hair with such force she thought he might pull it out at the roots. She clenched the stupid bouquet she still held tight, a tiny rosebud snapped off and fell to the floor. She loosened her grip and tossed the flowers in the sink.

"I'm so sor —"

He cut her apology off with a scorching kiss, pulling her against him with such force her momentum pushed him back and into the stall door. The metal partition rattled loudly before he righted them again.

"Oh, Jason," she moaned when he released her lips to plant hot, wet kisses straight down her neck and over her breasts. His hand moved roughly down her back, found her zipper and yanked it downward. The material loosened over her chest and he

cupped her breasts pushing them out of the dress. His mouth tugged at one, his teeth grazing her nipple. "Oh please," she grabbed his head but didn't try to pull him away. "Don't be mad at me."

He stopped. His hand, his lips. Everything. Marissa held her breath. His arms wrapped around her back and soon she was engulfed in his warm embrace. He slid down her body, kneeling, and pressed his head against her stomach. He didn't move. "Say something," she finally whispered. "Please."

He took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

"I'm an ass. I'm not mad at you," he admitted, hugging her tighter. "I'm mad at myself." He tilted his head and looked up at her through dark lashes. "That's the second time in two days I've been so envious I wanted to pummel someone."

She smiled and ran her fingernails over his temple. "Of someone young enough to be my child," she asked, terribly relieved.

"Please, make it sound more pathetic than it already is," he snorted. "And FYI, Randy and his pals are nowhere near young enough to be considered childlike anymore."

"Randy! Ewww, you are ridiculous," she laughed, tugging on his head to get him to stand up. "He's like a brother."

She kissed him softly. "No one's ever been jealous for me before. I think I like it," she said, boldly reaching between them to run her hands over his fly. "You deserve a reward for saving me."

"No, I don't," he said, leaning back anyway to give her easier access. "It's a sign of weakness, a complete loss of control." She unsnapped his waistband and pulled his zipper down.

"It's sounding better all the time," she purred, easing into his shorts and grasping him lightly. "You're not hard yet."



He snorted, knowing he'd be completely hard in about ten seconds. "Watching while some punk runs his hands up your leg and nearly falls into your lap in adoration has that effect on me. What about you," he countered, pulling the back of her skirt up and easing her onto the edge of the sink. "Are you drenched yet?"

"I'm afraid the imminent danger of a room full of total strangers sharing in my first Sharon Stone moment dried me up. This freezing cold porcelain isn't helping either."

They stared at each other for seconds then broke out laughing. But then the twinkling in Jason's amber eyes began to change and her nerves sang.

"Not into the exhibitionism huh? I'm glad." He pushed the front of her skirt up to her waist slowly. "It's become suddenly clear I don't want to share." He crouched down in front of her exposed pussy and blew. "We'll warm everything up in no time."

"But I can't touch you from up here," she sighed, waiting for his fingers like a true wanton.

"Later," he said. "My reward. I get to touch you first."

She waited in anticipation and it was his tongue that touched her. He started at her very base and licked back and forth and he moved upward to bypass her clit and sweep into her curls. "Only me," he said, as if he were marking her for himself.

He retraced the path down one side and up the other, never touching her center or the tiny nub that silently screamed for him. She squirmed forward, the fullness rising. Shamelessly, she spread her legs wider and gripped the sides of the sink.

"You can't be ready so soon." He stood up brushed his lips against her parted mouth, sucking her tongue lightly.

"I am," she whispered, catching his bottom lip between her teeth. "Use your cock and feel." She looked down at him, hard and ready against his stomach. He gripped it, ran his fist up and down, and then slowly pressed the head to her clit, moving left and right.

"Ooooh. I love when you do that."

He kept the light, steady pressure and within seconds her juices were dripping down the gentle slope of the sink to tickle her ass. He grabbed her hips and tugged forward, parted her inner lips and moved his shaft up and down until she was begging.

"Now please. I want you in me," she panted.

"Shit," he swore, breathing ragged as he slowed to a near stop and shut his eyes.

"What's wrong" She cradled his face between her hands.

"I-I don't have protection." He couldn't stop his hips rocking, it felt so good. He never thought he'd need to be in her at the wedding, for chrissake. Afterward, hell yes. He'd restocked his supply on the way home that morning because he knew he had to have her again. It wouldn't be a just one night with Marissa.

"We don't need it."

She grabbed his cock and he stopped moving.

"Yes. We do." He hadn't been reckless since he was sixteen, and thank god that hadn't turned out to be the disaster it could have been. That day-by-day wait he'd endured had taught him a valuable lesson, one he never hesitated to share with anybody with a dick who would listen.

"I want you, Jason." She pulled him closer and slid his tip into her drenched lips. He pulled back as if he were burned. She was hot and wet and he closed his eyes, imaging what feeling her flesh to flesh would be like.

"It's okay. I'm on the Pill."

His eyes flew open and he looked at her long and hard. Was she lying? *She'd never do that.* Yeah, but there was still a chance he could get her pregnant. *Slim.* She said she hadn't been with anyone for awhile. *How long?* He suddenly needed to know.

"When were you last with someone?" He thought she'd refuse to answer. It was none of his business. If he pissed her off, maybe she'd change her mind.

"Nearly a year, and if you're going to ask, I didn't stay on it because I planned on sleeping around—

"I never thought that," he interrupted.

"I never got off it. I thought I should, but I kept hoping I'd meet someone." She hooked her legs around his hips and inched him forward. "Even before, *all* the times before, I never let anyone go in bare. I never wanted to. I loved when you were inside me yesterday, stretching me. Filling me like no one has. I want every inch of you touching me. I want to be able to feel it all. And when you shoot into me, I want to feel that too."

His resolve caved like a house of cards. To feel her, touch her soft folds, barrier free?

"One time," he told her, lowering his mouth to her lips, but not touching. "One time then it's back to the extra protection. And if you're offering me the chance of a lifetime, I want to take you the way I want."

"Any way you want," she said pressing her lips to his. "As long as you take me."

## Chapter Four

Jay's hands were shaking when he lifted her off the sink and let her legs fall to the floor. This should *not* be happening in a bathroom, but he wasn't turning back now. He rubbed his thumbs below her hipbones, soothing the muscles that had been stretched tight when she spread herself before him. *What have I done to deserve this?* She was offering a fantasy and he was going to live it.

"Turn around," he ordered.

Her eyebrows rose, but she obeyed.

He met her eyes in the mirror and reached around to cup her breasts and her eyes fluttered closed.

"Watch me," he ordered. Her blue gaze met his.

He kneaded, tugged the firm little peaks through the lace of her dress. Eventually, when he was no longer able to ignore the restless shifting of her hips, he pulled the neckline of her dress down and eased her arms out. Her breasts were full and high and he watched them rise and fall. He pressed his cock against her back and she inched back, raised her arms behind her head and laid her knuckles trustingly against his chest. *Why the fuck did he still have his shirt on?* He wanted to feel her bare skin.

He leaned back, pulled frantically at the ascot that suddenly blocked all his air. He saw her hide a smile before she turned and helped. The tie was gone, his jacket tossed over the top of the stall. She pulled his suspenders down and studs went flying as he ripped his shirt apart. She started to press her breasts against him, but he spun her back around.

"Marissa. If you touch me, this won't last."

He expected her to tell him to take her. Right then. But she didn't.

"Then make it last, Jason." Those blue eyes dared him. "Make me never forget it."

"Put your hands on the sink. Close to the wall."

Her breasts hung forward and he reached around to fondle them, keeping his cock as far away as he could. He'd love to make her come like that again, just playing with those nipples until she screamed.

"I like that," she said, licking her lips.

She was making it difficult for him to focus. "No talking," he ordered. "Understand?" He pinched one firm peak, then the other. She nodded, saying nothing, but she shifted her legs tightly together. He let go of her breasts and ran his hands down her sides. He hit a ticklish spot and she squirmed. When he reached her hips he inched the silky fabric of her skirt up, one side at a time to bunch high around her waist.

"Your ass is so pale and smooth." He ran just his fingertips over the fullness and watched her shiver. "Like marble." He moved one finger down between her cheeks and saw her body tighten. He looked back to the mirror. "Open your legs."

There was a hint of worry, and he softened his tone while sliding his fingers to her inner thighs and tapping lightly. "Open up, babe. I'm not going to hurt you." He saw the worry change to faith and an ache shot through his chest. "The memories are about to start."

Marissa was fully exposed. Vulnerable. All she wanted was for him to touch her. The dull ache that persisted between her thighs was trying to rise, with her legs spread it wouldn't appease. She needed him. *Him!* He moved to the side and the four fingers of his left hand dipped between her cheeks, each one touching a little closer to her anus before they traveled further and lightly ruffled her curls. *Ohhhh*. She would not cry out. She would keep quiet and then when she got him home, she'd make him pay. The same four fingers followed the same path but this time they brushed her clit.

"Wider," he said and she immediately distanced her stance.

When he repeated the movement again, the last two digits brushed her puckered rim and her eyelids dropped. When he snaked his fingers over her clit, he stayed there, slowly caressing around and around.

"I want to lick you here so bad. I know you want it too." She squirmed in response.

"Not this time, babe. But I have to look." She felt his knees brush her legs, the fabric of his pants rough as he squatted down.

"You're so pink," he said, pulling her lips apart and she groaned. "No airbrushing, no touch ups, just perfectly pink."

She was close to coming just listening to him. She felt moisture rolling down one thigh. He brushed it away before he stood, his fingers prickling her skin. He pulled his jacket off the stall and folded it in half, then half again.

"Lift your arms." He placed the jacket across the sink and lowered her elbows back down. He held her like that for a minute, staring at her in the mirror, his look silent but telling. He lowered his back and let her feel his heat, moving forward to press his erection against her spine before pulling back, letting it slide down over her ass before nudging his engorged tip into her slick wetness.

"Ready, babe?" He pushed steadily forward. It felt bigger, thicker. She could feel his muscles tense with control as he slowly stretched her. It seemed like an eternity of sweet unrelenting pressure.

"I'm not in yet," he rasped next to her ear. "One big push then I'll stop."

She'd barely nodded before he rammed himself forward so fast his balls slapped her and she gasped. As promised, he stopped.

"Marissa, baby. You're like a fucking vise."

She stood there, trying to adapt, listening to his breathing along with hers. If he had taken her this way before she'd have never let him near her again. It felt like a hot steel rod was buried inside her.

"Can I move?" he asked.

She nodded and he gave a little laugh. It caused his cock to leap and she bit her lip. "What was I thinking, telling you I didn't want to hear that voice? Hear all the little noises you make. How you scream my name. Talk to me, baby. Tell me how it feels?"

"Full. I'm so full," she moaned. "It feels too tight."

He pulled out a fraction of an inch and pushed back slowly. He waited a few seconds and did it again. Then again. "Better?"

"That's nice," she admitted. It was still stretching, but oh-so pleasantly now. He kept the pace and it went from being nice to something altogether different. She knew he felt it too, and when he reached around her front she stopped him.

"Don't," she said, grabbing his arm "I want to come from inside."

"Tall order," he said, his thrusts increasing. "I'm gonna feel like shit if I go off like a rocket and leave you behind." He watched the rhythmic swing of her breasts in the mirror.

"You won't."

"I'm not so sure," he said, moving his gaze to hers.

"I am," she said simply. "I trust you."

*Lost, sucker. Lost, lost, lost.* "Bring your legs together, baby."

The minute she did the sensation changed. His cock started bouncing against a hidden spot that had her clutching the sink.

"Oh god, Jason." Her legs couldn't have trembled more if she was standing in three feet of arctic snow.

He kept brushing the spot faster and faster and she hung her head, her breath coming in shallow pants.

"Come on, babe. Come on." His voice sounded far away. She felt him cover her completely and grab her lower belly with one arm. He moved the other next to hers on the sink to entwine their fingers.

He pulled her hips back just as he thrust higher and the white-hot tightness that had twisted her insides shattered. In the distance she heard him call her name as he pumped, his seed scorching into her, hips still moving long after she milked him dry.

He was still in her, shrinking slowly, but still there when she finally got herself under control and raised her head. His eyes were closed, his head resting against hers, his breathing more even than his pounding heartbeat against her back.

"You've ruined me for life," he said, placing a kiss on her shoulder before opening his eyes. "I didn't get to see you come."

He squeezed her hand and she smiled, clenching her sore pussy muscles as hard as she could in return. "Me either."

She was about to tell him how magnificent it was when the bathroom door pushed open forcefully.

"Henderson? You in here? Old lady Winthur hunted me down. Said someone's sick and needs help."

The voice made her stiffen. She quickly reached for the top of her dress, trying to find the arm holes.

"Not a problem. Everything's fine."

The stall door rattled and Jason guided one arm then the next into her sleeves, pulling the material over her breasts. She felt Jay ease out of her and step back. He pulled her hem down and the zipper up just as the stall door popped open. She felt him fumble behind her, hoped he was able to get himself back in his pants before Sissy's brother saw.

"Do you mind, asshole?" Jason said, placing his hand on her hip possessively. She could tell by his voice he hadn't turned around to face Maxwell McLaughlin the Third.

"Whoa! This is primo." Max laughed. "Just like the old days, weeding out the bridal party once again."



"Jay!" She heard a new voice and the sound of shoes sliding on tile. "Jesus, man. I'm sorry. I tried to stop him but the old ladies cornered me."

"It's fine, Andy. Can you two just leave?"

She heard the edge to Jason's voice and wondered if anyone else had noticed.

"Come on, dickhead," Andy said. "Let's get the hell outta here."

"Easy, junior. Aren't you interested to know who the lucky lady is who got to be on the receiving end of your brother's legendary cock?"

"Not really. I figure anyone thinking about another guy's cock has got some major issues. Let's go."

"Look at your brother's face, Andy. He's p-i-s-s-e-d. Let me guess who it is. There are tons of babes in heat out there. He's probably fucked over half of them already, so that really narrows it down. And that's no bridesmaid dress clinging to that fine ass."

"Get. Out" Jay's voice was low and menacing and she wasn't sure why Max didn't turn and run. She would have.

"Ignore him, Jay, he's drunk," Andy said.

"You never wanted the virgins, always liked them a little older. A little more experienced, right? Didn't want the bluebloods either, although they all panted for you while we stood there holding our cocks. So, let's see. Who do we have to choose from? The Wilson girls, the Anderson triplets—heard your brother Luke nailed them. That spoiled bitch Bridget Fenn. The two Hughes sisters. That older one is a fuckin' shrew but the baker—"

"Shut up." Her voice was shrill as it echoed off the walls. She picked up her head and glared at Max through the mirror's reflection.

"Holy shit! *Hometown white*." Silence filled the room, but not for long. "I guess not so much anymore, huh?"

She turned her back to the mirror and looked into Jason's eyes grabbing the open sides of his shirt in her hands.

"Him?" His voice was soft, for her only. There was no use lying. She wouldn't have anyhow.

She nodded and the corner of his lips raised.

"Wow. Would you have thought it possible, young Andrew," Max said his tone caustic. "Doubled over a bathroom sink."

"You're a dumbass," Andy said softly.

"How the pinnacle of prudishness has taken a giant leap off her pedestal."

"What the hell," Jason shrugged. He kissed her forehead, untangling her fingers from his shirt. "Andy?"

Marissa covered her mouth with shaking hands.

Max crossed his arms over his chest. "You must really be something, Henderson. I couldn't even get her to swallow —"

Fist crushing bone reverberated through the tiny space and Andy caught Max before he hit the ground.

Jason turned and met her stunned expression.

"Third time's a charm."

\* \* \* \* \*

Marissa snuggled into Jay's side. He rolled over, propped up on one elbow and pressed a gentle kiss to her temple.

"You hungry?"

"Mmmm," she said, reaching to push his still damp, sticky cock aside to fondle his balls. "Always."

"I don't think I have much of anything here."

"Riiiiight. You with the legendary cock," she said, squeezing his softness.

"Marissa, please," he chuckled. "Do you want me to take you someplace?"

"You've already taken me someplace. All kinds of places," She rolled onto her back and ticked them off on her fingers. "An industrial kitchen, a janitor's closet, the ladies room, the easy chair in the living room—"

"That doesn't count," he said capturing her hands and kissing each finger, "my cock wasn't involved."

"It most certainly did count," she said with a blush and the aforementioned appendage pushed against her hip. "You take me to all the best places, Jason. Places I've never been," she smiled.

"I can't help myself, but from now on, no quick fucks in public places. It's you splayed out on this bed with your hair a wild mess and those blue eyes begging me to make love to you the way you deserve."

She wasn't touching that *make love* comment, not now. She wanted whatever he was willing to give. If she secretly hoped for more and he delivered. So be it.

"But I liked those quickies," she said, pushing out her lower lip like a spoiled child. She loved that she could tease him, that he teased her.

"Insatiable," he said, rolling out of bed and pulling a pair of old cut off sweats from a drawer. She followed him and wrapped her arms around his waist from behind, pressing her cheek against his muscular back.

"Only because you make me that way." She hugged him tighter surprised when the doorbell rang. She glanced at the clock. "Company? At 9:42?"

"I can only imagine," he sighed. "There's a robe behind the bathroom door."

"Don't you want me to stay in here?"

"Marissa, I'm pretty certain whoever's at the door knows you're here."

"Where's my dress?"

"On the living room floor with my shirt, pants and boxers." He heard her groan, and laughed. "Come out when you're decent."

Jason strode through the condo and opened the door to his brothers. "What do you want?" he asked, happy there were only two of them.

"Is she here?" Luke asked. "Can we come in for a minute?"

He looked at Andy, who remained silent and totally perturbed.

"Come on in. She's in the bathroom. She'll be out in a minute and we can do introductions, how's that. Then you can report back to Mom. I'm sure she sent you."

"She didn't send us. She's got no clue. We brought the coat and buttons back from your tux," Luke said. "Andy kindly retrieved them."

"Thanks, man," Jay said, taking the coat and small sealed plastic bag of black studs and rolled up ascot. "Don't you think this could have waited 'til tomorrow, though?"

"No." Andy finally spoke. "It took me awhile to find everything you flung off in a hurry. Got it all. Everything except the condom."

Jay didn't say a word.

"Did you fuck her without protection?" Luke demanded in a harsh whisper.

"Watch your mouth," Jay threatened, pushing two fingers into Luke's chest before turning on Andy. "And who the hell are you all of a sudden? Fucking Sherlock Holmes?"

"You *did*," Luke accused.

"It's none of your damn business. Neither one of you."

"What the hell is that suppose to mean? Haven't you always looked out for us? Haven't we looked out for each other?" Luke said. "You're the one always telling us about stupid actions and repercussions."

"You don't understand," Jay said, combing his fingers through his hair.

"Hypocrite," Andy said.

Marissa chose that moment to walk into the room.

"Hi." She stopped in the archway and waved. Jay groaned. She *waved*. Who did that?

"Hey," Andy said softly.

"Come in Tokyo," Luke said under his breath, walking forward to meet her.

Jay should have scrounged up a heavy sweatshirt for her. Her nipples were poking against the light cotton of the robe. If his fist didn't hurt so badly, he'd have knocked his brother out.

"This is my brother, Luke," Jay said. "He's a degenerate. Please avoid him at all costs."

"It's so nice to meet you," she said, shaking his hand when he offered it. "I've heard some very nice things about you."

"Really? Like what?"

"I hear you're a firm believer that everything comes in threes."

Jay howled and Andy snorted.

"I don't get it," Luke said, puzzled.

"Andy, right?" Her smile was blinding. "Thanks for your help. We never really were properly introduced earlier." She stuck out her hand. "I'm Marissa."

He stared at it dubiously. "Where's the last place you had that?"

"I've washed it since I last saw you." She laughed.

He shook his head and took her hand. "Yeah? How many times?"

"Wouldn't you just like to know?"

Jay pushed them aside and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. He met his brother's eyes, over her head. *Now do you understand?* He knew by the silly ass looks on their faces they just might.

"Would you guys like something to eat?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Sure."

"They were just leaving."

"Well, I'm starving," she said, ducking under Jay's arm and walking into the kitchen.

All three watched the way her robe swished from side to side as she walked away. When she opened the fridge and bent over to check out the bottom shelf Jay grabbed his brothers by their arms and ushered them to the front door.

"You're a lucky bastard," Luke said, wrapping him in a playful chokehold.

"Yeah, a *hypocritical* lucky bastard," Andy corrected, punching his arm lightly. "Be careful, bro."

"I will," Jay promised.

"Too late," Luke said from the sidewalk. "He's already gone."

Jay shut the door firmly and locked it. He hurried back to the kitchen, took Marissa in his arms and kissed her long and hard.

"Please don't tell me that was because you're jealous of your brothers."

"Hell, no. They're the jealous ones," he said leaning back against the dishwasher.

"Really? And why's that," she asked coming to stand between his legs.

"Because I'm the one that ended up with you," he said pulling her into his embrace.

"Everyone wants the cake babe," he said seductively.

"Well, don't be too smug," Marissa said. "You know that old adage—you can't have your cake babe and eat her too."

"No," he said, scooping her into his arms. "But I'll have fun trying."

## About the Author

M.A. Ellis began writing erotic romance out of logistic necessity. She resides in northwest Pennsylvania where temperatures rival those of Ice Station Zebra a good portion of the year and any opportunity to have a few sparks ignite an inferno is heartily welcomed.

When not caressing the keyboard she hones her master baking skills, eagerly focusing on the realms of cheesecake and chocolate which, along with her husband and twenty-something twins, make her world revolve in an oh-so-pleasant manner.

She is a longtime member of Romance Writers of America and has previously published poetry in literary magazines. She welcomes feedback and would enjoy hearing from Ellora's Cave readers.

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