

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE

# *Quickies*

*Naughty Nuptials*

*Wed*  
AND  
*Wanton*

LACEY SAVAGE

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Wed and Wanton

ISBN 9781419910432

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Edited by Mary Moran.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: June 2007

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# *WED AND WANTON*

Lacey Savage

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## **Chapter One**

Delicate tendrils of evening fog caressed Elise Knowlton's bare shoulders. The mist draped around her, hugging her skin like the chiffon wrap she'd left hanging over the branch of the weeping willow tree where she and Julian Flemming had exchanged their vows just hours earlier.

The clink of metal tapping crystal rang down the length of the banquet table, bringing a hush down to temper the guests' exuberant chatter.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I can have your attention for a moment please."

Elise's pulse quickened. She leaned forward, glancing to her husband's left where the best man Rick McClane stood holding a glass of sparkling Chardonnay raised in a preemptive toast.

She sighed and squeezed Julian's hand, inching closer to whisper in his ear, "You don't think he's going to tell any embarrassing childhood anecdotes, do you?"

Julian chuckled. "I warned him he'd have to answer to you if he did."

"Think he'll listen?"

"Not a chance."

Stifling a groan, Elise breathed in Julian's familiar scent—a lightly spiced musk—and tried to relax. She'd known Rick and Julian since second grade. Between the two of them, they had enough dirt on her to fill a hefty memoir, one of those down-and-dirty exposés that would make her mother blush.

Surely he wouldn't bring up any of her previous mishaps—or any of Julian's for that matter—at their wedding.

*Surely.*

"When Julian asked me to be his best man, he told me I'd have three responsibilities." Rick raised a hand in the air and held up a finger. "One, I'd have to get him here on time." A second finger joined the first. "Two, I'd have to bring the rings. And three..." He paused, glanced down at Julian and ruefully shook his head. "I had to make sure he looked good. Well, considering what I had to work with, two out of three isn't bad."

The torrent of giggles erupting from Rick's captive audience slid over Elise's skin, burrowing into her heart. Julian grinned, ducking his head slightly in admonition. Elise reached up and brushed a loose tendril of blond hair that had fallen over his forehead back into place.

Rick's starting jab had been particularly fitting, especially since Elise didn't think she'd ever seen her husband look as to-die-for as he did that day. With his square jaw, lean nose, full lips and deep hazel eyes, Julian often commanded the immediate attention of every female eye in a room. On his wedding day, the black fitted tuxedo and crisp white shirt, along with the cream-colored vest and tie, set off his sun-god good looks to perfection.

"For those of you who don't know me, my name is Rick McClane. I've been Julian's best friend for practically as long as I can remember, though I find myself hard-pressed to recall a time when Elise wasn't part of our trio."

Heat suffused Elise's skin at Rick's words. The breeze kicked up a notch and she shivered, but her reaction had little to do with the outdoor temperature and everything to do with the fantasies Rick's words evoked. Hot, steamy wishful fantasies of the three of them tangled in wrinkled bed sheets, sweaty limbs draped over each other's bodies, hands everywhere, mouths touching, tongues licking, fingers questing, grabbing, fondling...

"Of course, after a few sips of the fragrant stuff in this glass, I doubt I'll be able to remember my own name. So perhaps you'd better take whatever I say tonight with a grain of salt."

More laughter followed, imbuing the warm night air with a deeply tactile fervor. Or maybe she was the only one suffering from the languid ache rapidly spreading through her body. Her nipples peaked, brushing against the bodice of the silk Mikado-organza dress she wore.

"I can feel how hot you are," Julian murmured in her ear. His lips brushed her earlobe, causing a shuddering tremor to zing through her nerve endings. "It won't be much longer now. Once he's done with the speech, the waiters will serve the meal. We'll cut the cake early and head to our room. No one will notice if we take Rick with us."

Before she could respond, Rick continued. "As for Elise herself, well, I have to be honest with all of you. I never thought she'd get married."

A few guests chuckled politely, though most waited attentively for the punch line. The sinking feeling in Elise's stomach told her there wasn't one.

"When she started dating, I thought she was lost to us forever. As a teenager, Elise was independent, headstrong and gorgeous...a deadly combination for any red-blooded male. And she only blossomed under the attention."

People shuffled uneasily in their chairs. Elise held her breath while Julian interlaced his fingers with hers, squeezing slightly. The edge of the unfamiliar wedding band bit into her skin.

"Why I remember one particularly eager suitor who climbed up the oak tree in front of her bedroom window and snuck inside while her parents were asleep. Oh wait...that was Julian."

Outraged good-natured gasps echoed down the length of the table. The warm glow of candlelight borne of a hundred tea lights flickered over startled expressions. Elise held her breath.

"Over the years, Elise has grown into a beautiful woman. Julian is a very lucky man." Rick looked down over the top of Julian's head, his gaze finding and locking

with hers. For a moment, with her new husband holding her hand and her best friend looking deep into her eyes, the rest of the world disappeared.

A sigh of pure lust slipped through Elise's lips. For the millionth time, she wondered what it would be like to run her fingers through Rick's midnight-black hair as he parted her soaked slit with his tongue while Julian nibbled at a tender nipple.

Whenever she fantasized about Rick, her mind painted him as a rough but considerate lover, gentle yet demanding. His hard, naked body would rival Julian's, though the physical similarities between the two men ended there.

Her panties grew damper as she imagined what it would be like to reach out to both of them, to close her fists around their long, thick cocks and stroke them, bringing them to simultaneous climax. To be able to share herself with the two men she'd loved her entire life.

A slow, sad smile curved Rick's lips as his gaze shifted from Elise to Julian then back again. The sight of it made Elise's heart shatter into a million pieces.

She'd known Rick had a crush on her in high school, and she'd suspected for years that those feelings had never entirely disappeared. Five years ago he'd gotten married, though that relationship had ended in a bitter divorce a year later. Since then, the easy flirtation Rick and Elise used to share had dwindled away to a brooding tension. Yet the current of electric awareness that sizzled between them was always there, whether or not Julian was present, like a constant magnetic force pulling them together yet keeping them apart.

If she had it her way, tonight that current would explode. The connection would grow to encompass Julian as well, and the electricity would drench all three of them in enough pent-up sexual energy to carry them through the night.

Rick lifted his glass in a toast. The guests followed suit. "Here's to Elise and Julian. High-school sweethearts who have defied the odds. May all your ups and downs come only in the bedroom."



As the crowd laughed, cheered and tossed back glasses of champagne, Julian plucked his white linen napkin from his lap and dropped it onto the table. He stood, tugging Elise to her feet. Bending his head, he brushed his lips against hers.

Elise's eyes fluttered closed. The contact of his mouth on hers scattered her thoughts until she forgot to breathe. Though the kiss was too chaste for her liking and did little to quench her raging libido, it sent a line of fiery heat coursing through her veins to pool low in her belly. She knew her husband. This was his way of promising her an evening to remember.

Elise wrapped her arms around Julian's neck, deepening the kiss. She slid the tip of her tongue over his lips, delving in between them, giving him a taste of his own medicine. He groaned inside her mouth, the ridge of his erection pressing through her gown to dig into her stomach.

As the guests clapped their approval, Julian broke the kiss and gathered her in his arms. His breath tickled her cheek. "You're sure this is still what you want?"

"More than anything." The response came out on a trembling sigh.

"Then you'll have Rick McClane. No matter what I have to do to make that happen, you'll have him in your bed."

"We'll have him," Elise corrected in a fervent whisper, letting her fingertips fly down the length of Julian's back. His corded muscles felt heavenly beneath her palms. "We're partners, remember? We share everything. Tonight and for the rest of our lives."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rick's smile felt pasted on his face. He'd been grinning like an idiot all night and his cheeks hurt from the effort. At least he was relatively sure his forced exuberance had paid off.

The bride and groom glowed. They'd been in each other's arms all night, only leaving the raised dance floor long enough to cut the cake and visit with each guest in turn for a few minutes.

Everyone else also seemed to be having a great time. The crowd had begun to thin an hour ago and now the only folks left were the wedding party and some of the more inebriated members of Julian's family. The Flemmings had always been known for being able to hold their liquor, and leaving the party early was considered a sign of weakness in that clan.

Rick wished they'd all go home. He wanted nothing more than to rip off his monkey suit, finish the last two beers sitting on the bottom shelf of his fridge and pass out.

*Alone.*

Even the nagging voice in his head sounded petulant, Rick thought as he gripped the stem of his empty champagne glass harder in his hand. He'd stopped drinking after the first top-up. No matter what else he might be feeling tonight, he wanted Julian to remember his wedding fondly. Rick had performed his best man duties as well as he could, even though he'd felt like throwing in the towel and walking out countless times during the ceremony and the never-ending reception.

Only the bright flash of the camera and the sound of fluttering snapshots kept him grounded and focused. As a professional photographer, he'd also been tasked with the duty of capturing every moment of the happy day for the jubilant couple.

God, he needed to get away from here. He could practically feel the love flowing between Julian and Elise, and it tore at his heart with deep claws that would leave permanent imprints on his psyche.

As if Christine, his ex-wife, hadn't done a good enough job of messing him up. After tonight, he was certain he could scratch having a healthy, lasting relationship off his list of things to accomplish before he died.

"Hey." A familiar slap on the back jolted him out of his brooding thoughts. "You look a little lonely over here. What, no bridesmaid's caught your fancy?"

Rick looked up and nodded at Julian, widening his fake grin to impossible proportions. "Nah. They've all brought dates."

*And besides, the only woman here I want to fuck is your wife. How would you like to hear that from your best friend?*

Julian pulled out a chair and sat beside him. "You could have brought someone too."

"You know I'm not seeing anyone. And every female member of my family is already invited."

"Well, look, since you don't have any plans for tonight... Elise and I were hoping we could hire your services for a little while longer."

Rick started to shake his head. He avoided Julian's eyes and focused on the mingling guests. As though drawn by an invisible magnet, his gaze found Elise. He watched her toss her head back and laugh, captivated by her mouth and the way her face lit up with genuine happiness.

He couldn't help but stare at her. With her long brown hair pulled back into a sleek up-do and soft tendrils escaping to frame her face, she looked like a princess. Or a movie star, he thought, one of those strikingly elegant glamour girls from a long-gone era. Her dress was modest but formfitting, leaving her shoulders bare and her full breasts straining against her bodice. He could make out the shape of her hips and lean legs as the fabric hugged her curves.

Silver jewelry dangled from her ears, encased her wrist and swept the hollow at the base of her throat. The overall effect was dazzling. She'd always been a knockout, but as a bride, she was exquisite.

As though feeling the weight of his gaze on her, Elise looked up. She caught his eye and waved.

Rick glanced away. "Look, Julian, if you don't mind, I'd really prefer to turn in early. I'm sure you and your lovely wife have better things to do this evening anyway."

"Actually, that's what I'm talking about. The wedding night."

Rick's ears picked up the tapping of Elise's heels on the brick surface of the courtyard. The rhythmic sound filtered through the delicate strings of a mellow jazz

tune, alerting him she'd begun to move toward them even before his gaze locked on to her again.

It felt as though his senses were attuned to her, as if he'd somehow stumbled into her universal frequency and for a moment they inhabited the same fraction of time and space.

Rick shook his head. His thoughts were getting more absurd by the moment. He *had* to get out of here.

The other guests had cleared the banquet table, so when Elise approached, she slid into a chair across from him. Darting a glance at Julian, she quirked a questioning eyebrow. "Are we all set?"

"Just about," Julian answered. "I was getting ready to let him in on the details."

The tip of Elise's tongue swept out between her lips. Rick's cock ached at the sight of the provocative gesture. Clenching his jaw, he forced his libido in check. Hell, she probably had no idea how incredibly sexy she looked, how irresistible. And she definitely had no way of knowing how badly he yearned to touch her, to taste her, to feel her breasts mold against his chest while her legs wrapped around his waist and he plunged into her hot, wet pussy.

A blush worked its way up Elise's cheekbones, making Rick wonder whether she could read his thoughts. God, he hoped not. He'd never be able to face either one of his friends ever again if they suspected his cock had been hard as a rock all night for the bride.

"Let me," Elise said. "Maybe I won't scare him off."

Was it his imagination or had her voice quivered slightly when she'd spoken? Whatever she wanted to ask, it was *big*. Huge even. And clearly, she had no idea how he'd respond.

Ice drenched his veins, though it did nothing to soothe the rampant thrumming in his cock. "What's up?"

"Julian and I were hoping you could take a few more pictures for us."

Rick nearly groaned. He'd taken hundreds of snapshots of the happy couple and the rest of the wedding party. Portraits, candid shots, stills, they had every moment documented. What more could they need from him?

"It's getting late," he said, gesturing around him at the encroaching shadows. "The candles have almost burnt out and the lighting conditions are pretty abysmal. You won't get any better shots than what I've already taken today."

"We weren't thinking of taking any more pictures outdoors." Julian reached across the table and ran his thumb over the back of his wife's hand. Elise's mouth curled up in a soft, sensual smile.

For Julian.

All her smiles were for Julian. They always would be.

"That's right," Elise put in. "We were thinking you could take a few pictures in the bridal suite. There's plenty of light there."

Rick's mouth suddenly felt dry. He narrowed his eyes and echoed her words. "The bridal suite?"

Julian clapped him on the back again. This time, the contact caused a trembling edge of awareness to skid down Rick's skin. His cock hardened beyond the point of pain as the full meaning of his friends' request sank in, turning an already overwhelming evening completely surreal.

"That's right, Rick." A golden glimmer from the votive candle in front of Elise blazed in her dark eyes, revealing the excitement dancing within. "We want you to document our wedding night. Every sweaty, passionate moment of it."

## **Chapter Two**

Leaving the reception took much longer than Julian had anticipated. He and Elise had been accosted at every step by well-wishers, friends and relatives who seemed oblivious to the fact that he wanted nothing more than to sweep his new bride in his arms, throw her down on the bed in the bridal suite and fuck her until she screamed his name.

In front of his best friend.

Okay, so they weren't the Cleavers. Or maybe they were. Who knew what June and Ward did when the cameras stopped rolling?

In his case, Julian couldn't wait to see what his wife would do when the camera was *on*. From the moment she'd told him her fantasy of having Rick watch them make love on their wedding night – and hopefully convince him to join in – Julian hadn't been able to get the thought off his mind. Until she'd given voice to her wildest fantasies, he never would have guessed at the naughty things that ran through her thoughts.

When he'd met her, Elise had been a shy slip of a girl. He'd watched her grow into a knockout teenager, but unlike their other female classmates who were gangly and uncomfortable in their own skin, Elise had blossomed into the kind of girl every guy wanted. She was beautiful and smart, sexy in a girl-next-door kind of way.

At first he'd been protective of her. She had no older brothers while he'd grown up with two younger sisters, and he stepped into the role of protector instinctively before he realized he wanted her for himself. Their friendship grew into something more in their last year of high school. In college, they'd been inseparable, often missing early morning classes because they preferred to stay in bed and experience sexual bliss along with everything else adult love had to offer. It had taken Julian six more years but he'd finally popped the question.

And now Elise Knowlton—Elise *Flemming*—was his. Forever.

Julian pushed the front door open and stepped into the lobby of the three-story Ribbons and Lace Bed and Breakfast. It was past midnight and the clerk who normally manned the front desk was gone for the night.

A lone security guard dressed in a bright red uniform that matched the long velvet curtains stood by the window, almost blending in with the decor. He tipped his hat to them as they walked past him. “The bridal suite is on the third floor. Enjoy your evening, sir. Ma’am.”

He didn’t address Rick, nor did he raise an eyebrow at his presence or at the sight of the camera equipment Rick carried. *Good*. Julian would deal with questions in the morning if he had to but he definitely preferred discretion given a choice.

“Guess we’re taking the stairs,” Elise said. Julian recognized the nervous hitch in her voice but he also saw through it to the bubbling excitement beneath.

Rick paused and eyed the winding staircase. He adjusted his tripod from one shoulder to the other. “I think it may be better if I just came back in the morning. We’re all tired. Wouldn’t you prefer to take more pictures tomorrow? Maybe over breakfast?”

“No,” Julian and Elise answered simultaneously.

Rick blanched. “I just figured you’d prefer to be alone.”

Elise reached out and ran her palm over Rick’s upper arm. Instead of putting him at ease, her gesture seemed to have the opposite effect. A muscle twitched in his jaw and Julian saw him grit his teeth.

“Look,” Elise said, “if you’re uncomfortable with this, you don’t have to walk up those stairs. But it would mean a lot to us if you did. We want to remember every moment of our wedding in vivid, breathtaking color. And that includes our first night together as husband and wife. Besides, you’re the only one we trust enough to do this for us.”

Rick hesitated a moment longer then started up the stairs. "If it means that much to you."

"And hey," Julian put in, following him, "if it helps at all, I'd be happy to do the same for you at your next wedding."

Though he could only make out part of Rick's profile, Julian thought he saw him cringe. He instantly regretted his words. Rick's messy divorce had taken its toll on his friend. Sometimes Julian wondered if Rick would ever be able to put the past behind him and open himself up to a relationship again. Elise had hoped tonight might help clue him in on the fact that there was plenty of love to be had if Rick would only open his eyes and look around him.

The top floor of the Ribbons and Lace Bed and Breakfast was reserved for newlyweds. Though the two bottom floors boasted four rooms each with en suite baths, the third floor held only the bridal suite.

Julian paused in front of a gold-gilded cream door and pulled a keycard from his pocket. A low throb burrowed in his groin, anticipation surging through his bloodstream.

"This is it," he told Rick. "There's no turning back once we cross that threshold. For any of us."

Elise held her breath waiting for Rick to reply, but Julian didn't give him a chance. He slid the keycard into the door, pushed it open then gathered Elise up in his arms and carried her over the threshold.

Her heart hammered against her chest so hard she was sure Julian could feel it. She held on to his strong shoulders as they stepped into the suite.

He flicked the light switch on and the overhead chandelier blazed to life, sending shards of rainbow-colored light over the cream-colored walls of the foyer. The hall opened up into the main room of the suite. Opulent and beautifully decorated, the room had been furnished with sensual pleasure in mind. From the beige velvet sofa and



matching settee to the four-poster mahogany bed that dominated the better part of the space, everything about the bridal suite made Elise think of sex.

A fireplace stood in one corner unlit. On a nearby table, a crimson vase held flowers that matched her bridal bouquet perfectly. She'd wanted something nontraditional and had elected to go with a selection of small, vivid yellow peonies, large yellow coleus, buttery mini dahlias and rosemary all tied with a silk striped ribbon.

Beneath the table, three silver-wrapped packages stood stacked on top of one another. On either side, a light breeze ruffled white lace curtains that draped two large bay windows facing the vineyard where the outdoor wedding and reception had been held.

Since it was located only half an hour from the heart of Napa Valley where Elise and Julian lived, choosing this location as the site of their wedding had been a no-brainer. There was even a motel up the street for guests who wished to spend the night nearby before returning home in the morning but who weren't able to obtain a room at the bed and breakfast.

Elise glanced at Julian's strong jawline, just beginning to darken with the day's stubble. She ran the back of her fingertips over his cheek. He grinned, turning his head to nip at her fingers.

The door slammed shut behind them and she knew Rick had made his decision.

"Ready to put on a show?" Julian whispered in her ear.

"Absolutely. Let me down and I'll prove it."

Julian did as she requested. The heels of her sandals sank into the plush carpet. She leaned down to unbuckle the straps tied around her ankles then dropped the shoes beside the bed.

She flexed her toes, grateful to be out of the three-inch heels she'd been wearing all day. Turning toward the door, she noticed Rick hadn't taken two steps into the room. He clenched his tripod as if his life depended on not setting it down, his knuckles turning white from the effort.

"You can set up at the foot of the bed. That way you're sure to get everything without having to move around too much." Her heart pounded as she spoke but she was proud of the way her voice hadn't trembled...much.

Rick avoided looking at her as he moved stiffly to do as he was told. Elise waited while he positioned the tripod and his state-of-the-art camera on top of it.

Julian moved to the edge of the window, pulling back the curtains. Cool night air dipped into the room, caressing her bare shoulders. She shivered, knowing she'd be grateful for the breeze as the night wore on and sweat drenched her skin.

"Come here," Elise said, crooking her finger in Julian's direction. "I'm going to need help getting out of this dress."

Julian's eyes darkened. His smile disappeared. She could make out his solid erection, firm between his thighs.

He crossed the distance between them in two seconds flat, sweeping her into his arms an instant later. He wrapped one arm around her waist, resting his hand at the small of her back. His other hand he placed behind her head, his fingers sliding into the neatly gathered bun at the nape of her neck and pulling through to dislodge the pins holding her mass of hair in place. The pins flew in every direction and her hair fell loosely to cover her bare back and tickle her shoulders.

And then Julian kissed her, tilting her world on its axis.

His mouth felt warm, firm, demanding, pressing against her lips and forcing them to open. Since they'd started dating, he'd always been able to get her to forget everything when his mouth was on her—on any part of her. Arousal fluttered through Elise and moisture soaked her panties. She wanted Julian to lick her pussy, to nibble every inch of her fevered skin while Rick watched and took pictures.

Finding the first hook at the back of her dress, Julian unclasped it. A second one followed then another, all falling before his expert touch. She felt her bodice loosen and knew her breasts were only moments away from spilling out of her gown. Only Julian's solid chest pressed against her kept the fabric in place.

When he broke away abruptly and stepped back, the bodice fell forward, baring her breasts. The dress slid off her body to pool at her feet, leaving her naked but for a pink and white pair of ruffled panties she'd chosen for the occasion.

Rick groaned. The camera's flash flooded the room and the click of a picture being taken snapped through the interior of the suite.

Elise's lips tilted at one corner in a smug smile. If the bulge of aroused male flesh tenting Rick's tuxedo pants were any indication, she'd have him naked in bed with her within the hour.

Her nipples peaked, the stiff buds aching to be touched. She grinned at Julian and sent him a sly wink. "I want you, Mr. Flemming."

Julian unbuttoned his jacket and tossed it over the settee. With one hand, he tugged at his tie while the other worked at his belt. "You know I can't deny you anything, Mrs. Flemming."

What was he doing here? Rick asked himself for the tenth time since walking through the door. He didn't belong here. He should have said no to the absurd request when he'd had a chance, but a desperate need to see how far the newlyweds would take this had made him give in.

Sure, he'd also wanted to make Elise happy, but he'd known what kind of toll the night would take on him. More selfish reasons lay behind his decision to take pictures of the happy couple making love.

From the moment Elise had clarified her intentions, the insane arousal that had pounded low in Rick's balls all night had reached a whole new level of unbearable torment. Having the opportunity to see her naked, to watch her make love, had seemed like the best cure for what ailed him. He figured he could even bow out halfway through the evening and take matters into his own hands. Surely Elise and Julian couldn't fault him for that? He wasn't made of stone. They'd have to expect him to be at least a little turned on by what he was witnessing.

He could bear watching Elise fuck. It might even be good for him, a sure way to get her out of his system. If his brain was fully convinced she'd never be his, he could move on.

His reasoning had sounded logical until she'd bared those full, plump breasts and his cock had wept a drop of pre-cum that smeared against his boxers and stuck the material to his stiff flesh.

Now he was convinced there was no way he could do this. It would kill him to have to stand by and watch as another man parted the pink folds that still lay hidden beneath the silk strip of panties and dove into her sweet pussy. He'd never begrudged Julian anything in the past, and he'd known his relationship with Elise was mutual and off-limits, but at that moment he yearned to grab Julian by the collar and push him out of the room.

Rick cleared his throat. He needed to get out of here. "Would anyone like anything? Glass of water?"

He didn't know about the bride and groom but he needed water. A great big bucket of it that he could dive into. With huge chunks of ice.

Julian and Elise ignored him.

Rick sighed, bracing himself for a very long evening.

The snap of Julian's belt whipping off echoed through the room. It brought Rick's head up and he shot a few more unfocused pictures. He couldn't bring himself to pay attention as he knew they'd want him to. Zooming in on Elise's puckered nipples, following the sleek lines of her waist, her flat belly, the space between her thighs where he could already see the damp spot against the pink lining of her panties was too much to bear.

Julian stepped out of his shoes and socks then unzipped his pants and pushed them off his body. His vest and shirt followed until he stood in tight white briefs, his goofy expression matching Elise's. It was clear they were crazy about each other.

So what was *he* doing here?

Rick took another photograph, this time taking his time peering through the eyehole, hoping the limited view would block some of what he was seeing. No such luck. If anything, the scene looked more vivid viewed through the eye of the camera.

"I have a few gifts for you," Julian said.

Elise's gaze shot to the packages beneath the small table. She brought her hand up and pinched her right nipple, the gesture making Rick groan.

"Show me."

Julian walked to the window, bent down and picked the largest one. He tossed it to her and Elise caught it in midair. While she was busy with the wrapping paper, Julian stacked the other two boxes on the bed.

She gasped when she opened the lid. Gritting his teeth, Rick could only watch and snap pictures as Elise pulled out velvet-lined restraints. The next gift contained a double-ended glass dildo, thick and long on one side, thinner on the other and obviously meant for dual-purpose play. In the third box she discovered a tube of strawberry-flavored lubricant and a dozen condoms.

At last Elise looked up. A deep red blush crept up her cheeks but her eyes sparkled with mischief. "You thought of everything."

Julian shrugged. "I'm a thoughtful kind of guy."

Elise glanced at Rick, a smile curving the corners of her mouth. "I hope you brought plenty of film."

Rick swallowed hard, wishing he could lie but knowing Julian had seen him pack the rolls of thirty-sevens earlier that morning. "I won't be running out any time soon. I have a big box of the stuff in the tripod case."

Elise wiggled her brows. "How big?"

Rick huffed a noncommittal answer. He wanted to say it was almost as big as Julian's straining erection but pressed his lips together instead. That would have been

saying something indeed. The man's cock had seemed to grow in size as he'd watched his wife unwrap the toys he'd provided.

And now, as though Julian's rod had suddenly become too big for his briefs, he yanked them down and bared his straining shaft. With a sure hand, he wrapped his fist around his massive muscle and began to stroke it, stretching the skin tight over the hard-as-marble length of his cock.

Rick's own rod pulsed in tandem with Julian's strokes, surprising him with the potency of his arousal. He'd expected to be turned on by Elise, but this sudden reaction to Julian was entirely foreign, yet not nearly as frightening as he knew it should have been.

It was just the crazy situation he found himself in, that was all. Given any other circumstance, he'd be appropriately freaked out right about now.

Thankfully Rick didn't have the time to dwell on his reaction.

Digging her teeth into her lower lip, Elise began to slide her panties down. In an instant Julian was at her side.

"Let me," he said, dropping a kiss to the side of her neck.

She didn't resist as he hooked his fingers around the elastic waistband of her panties and pulled them down over her hips.

At the sight of her shaved pussy and plump, glistening nether lips, Rick almost came in his pants.

Julian reached down between his wife's thighs and delved within her slit. His fingers came away wet and he brought them to her mouth, smearing her moisture on her lower lip.

And, oh God, her mouth! She opened for her lover, swept her tongue over his index finger and tasted her arousal. Her eyelashes fluttered in pure pleasure as her lips closed around Julian's finger, sucking him deep.

Rick's cock expanded to impossible hardness. He could almost feel Elise's mouth on him, her tongue caressing the base of his shaft, lingering at the tip, tasting his pre-cum and enjoying it as much as she obviously loved the flavor of her own cream.

Abruptly she snapped her eyes open and stared straight into the camera. "Don't you think you're a little overdressed for the occasion, Rick?"

## Chapter Three

Rick blinked several times, certain the camera was making him imagine things that weren't really happening. Elise hadn't just propositioned him. He'd misunderstood, that was all. His fevered mind and overheated libido were clouding his judgment, making his wildest fantasies come to life.

"Elise is right, Rick. You really should step away from that camera." Julian moved his finger in and out of his wife's mouth, the movements mimicking the act of fucking to perfection. Her wet lips glistened in the overhead light. Rick snapped another picture, enthralled by the raw passion he saw in her eyes.

"I have a job to do," Rick answered, the excuse sounding weak even to him. There were a thousand reasons he shouldn't step away from the tripod. He could utter every one of them but his mouth felt dry, his brain clouding with need.

He still couldn't believe this was happening. This little adventure was supposed to have been for the newlyweds, a way for them to document their wedding night and keep that memory alive forever through a hundred explicit photographs they'd keep tucked away in their nightstand.

Elise sighed and stepped away from her husband. "I see he's going to need some convincing." She cocked her head and beamed a broad grin at Julian. "You don't mind, do you, sweetheart?"

For a moment Julian hesitated. His hazel eyes darkened with passion. "This is your night, baby. I'm here with you but it's your night."

She brushed her hand against Julian's cock, sending a visible tremor through him. "And you'll be richly rewarded for your generosity. Sharing your new bride with another man...well, not every husband would do that on his wedding night."

*Sharing? They couldn't actually be serious about –*



The rest of Rick's jumbled thought dissipated as he watched Elise stride purposefully toward the camera. She reached out and placed her palm over the eyehole, darkening Rick's field of vision.

He blinked and jerked his head back, desperate to see what she meant to do. When she dropped to her knees and gripped his belt, a groan ripped free from his throat.

"Relax, Rick." Julian sat on the foot of the bed, his hand wrapped around his cock. "She's very good at this."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Rick murmured. He clamped his jaw shut, knowing he should push her away, grab his camera and walk out the door, leaving the newlyweds to enjoy their wedding night in peace.

He also knew he wouldn't do it. He was moments away from having every erotic dream he'd ever conjured up about Elise come true in living color. Even with her new husband watching from a few feet away, Rick couldn't bring himself to mess up his only opportunity at getting this close to the woman of his dreams.

Elise palmed his throbbing cock through the fabric of his tuxedo. "Mmm... I knew you weren't as unaffected as you pretended to be." She pulled down his zipper and unbuttoned the top button of his pants, letting them fall around his ankles.

"I'm still human, Elise."

*And I'm yours*, he wanted to say, but couldn't—not with Julian raptly watching every move he made.

What would this mean to their friendship? He knew what kind of toll an affair had on a marriage but this was different, wasn't it? Julian had given his consent. He'd made it clear his wife's pleasure was the reason for everything that happened in this room tonight.

"Your boxers are soaked," Elise admonished him, running the tip of her finger over the rapidly expanding wet spot at the tip of his cock. "We'll have to get you out of those."

The musky scent of her arousal slammed into his nostrils and he inhaled deeply, desperately needing to imprint her aroma on his senses for an eternity. If this was all a dream—and surely that’s what it would feel like in the morning when he thought back to the night’s experiences—he wanted to remember as much of it as possible.

Elise tugged on his boxers, following the motion with a quick scrape of her teeth over his hipbone. They slipped down a little only to bunch on the tip of his solid erection. With expert fingers, she freed his raging hard-on.

Rick groaned. He tore his gaze away from the sight of his cock hovering so close to Elise’s lips and looked up to see Julian stroking his dick. The mushroom head had turned a vivid deep red color and semen lubricated the length of the man’s shaft.

Another jolt of fiery arousal ran through his veins at the sight of Julian pleasuring himself. For a brief moment Rick wondered what it would feel like to kneel in front of him and take that bulbous cock in his mouth, feel it nudge the back of his throat.

He didn’t have time to contemplate the foreign desire as Elise’s lips locked around his rod. His entire body shook with barely restrained need. He didn’t want to come in her mouth at the first touch of her wet tongue against the base of his shaft but, damn it, he didn’t know how much more self-control he could muster.

“Your mouth...” He could hardly recognize the husky voice as his own. “It’s incredible.”

Julian smirked. “I told you so. Just wait until she does that little thing with her tongue.”

“Ah!” Rick cried out, suddenly knowing exactly to which “little thing” Julian had referred.

Elise chuckled, the sound sending a deep vibration through the length of his cock to burrow deep into his balls. She gripped his ass with her right hand to steady herself. Her left palm cradled his sac, fondling the soft tissue gently, each slight squeeze sending ripples of awareness down his nerve endings.

Her mouth felt like heaven, wet and snug and hot, better than any oral pleasure he'd ever experienced. Certainly much better than anything he'd ever imagined. Elise had been good in his fantasies. In reality, she was incredible.

She repeated the motion with her tongue—a languid sweep that started low at the base of his shaft and twirled over the length of his rod to dip into the small slit at the tip—and this time he knew he was lost.

Digging his fingertips into her scalp, he thrust his hips forward and shoved his shaft so deep between her lips that her nose touched his stomach. Hot cum spurt from his cock, jerking the thick girth, making it throb and twitch inside her mouth. She took everything he had to give without a sound of protest, closing her eyes and swallowing every drop of his seed.

A few long moments passed before Rick felt as though he could breathe again. In that time, Elise continued to worship his cock, licking the underside of his soaked skin and cleaning all remnants of his orgasm from his spent shaft.

Julian rose from the bed. His massive cock speared the air in front of his belly, clearly unaccustomed to being made to wait for its pleasure.

Rick's head spun. Should he pull up his pants and get the hell out of here before Julian came to his senses and laid into him for being intimate with his wife?

He watched as Julian strode toward them then paused beside Elise and stroked her hair while she slid the tip of her tongue in the small crevice where Rick's thigh joined his groin.

A moan escaped Rick's mouth. He felt his shaft begin to stir again.

"Get out of those clothes," Julian instructed, his gaze fixed on Rick's. "You're going to help me show Elise how good wedded bliss really feels."

Julian gripped Elise's shoulders and eased her to her feet. She wiped her mouth, staring at him from beneath her long lashes. "Thank you," she whispered.

His cock raged, thundering lust blooming through his bloodstream. Watching his wife suck his friend's dick had turned him on beyond belief, yet the protective, possessive side of him had also awakened as he'd witnessed the kinky events unfolding before him. Part of him had wanted to tear his new bride away from Rick's cock, yet another part of him, the part of him that wouldn't dream of denying her anything she asked, had loved every moment.

A few steps away, Rick still stood rooted to the spot.

"You've never seemed to me like the kind of guy who turns tail and runs after he climaxes," Julian said. "It's time to reciprocate."

As though jerking out of a trance, Rick nodded. His eyes narrowed as he pulled off his shoes and discarded his socks, wrinkled pants and boxers, then went to work on his tie, vest and shirt. A few moments later he was naked, his semisoft cock hardening rapidly.

"All right, Elise," Julian said. "We both know what you can do with your mouth. Let's show you what we can do with ours."

Elise groaned. Her soft, puffy nipples stiffened to tight little nubs against her alabaster flesh. "You're going to make love to me." It wasn't a question, but the way her voice trembled just a little as she uttered the words made him want to reassure her.

"Absolutely. We're going to fuck you in every possible way. We'll show you more pleasure than you've ever imagined. And we have all night. So go over to that big bed and lie on your back."

She nodded wordlessly then did as he requested, lying down among the gift-wrapped boxes. She tucked her heels close to her ass and parted her legs.

With the sparkling silver paper and bows scattered around her, she looked like the best gift he'd ever received. And better yet, she was already open for him.

Julian paused beside the bed and pulled out the velvet-lined restraints from the box closest to him. "Bring your hands over your head."

Elise raised her arms and clamped the inside of her wrists together, her dark eyes wide with expectation. Moisture slicked the pale skin of her thighs and her labia glistened wetly with her cream.

Julian clamped the restraints, tightening them around her wrists. She writhed a little but he knew she couldn't break free. Her chest rose and fell with her rapid, excited breaths.

He eased his hands down to her breasts, squeezing her nipples, massaging the plump mounds. "Would you like Rick to eat your pussy, baby?"

Elise nodded, her consent a mere squeak of excitement. "Yes."

Julian jerked his head in Rick's direction. "You heard her."

"You're sure?" Rick asked, already climbing on the bed between her spread legs. The way he looked at Elise's cunt with eyes hungry enough to devour her whole, spoke volumes about the way he felt about her.

"We both are," Julian assured him.

As Rick's mouth quested toward her shaved pussy, Julian lowered his head to the rigid peak of her right breast and took her erect nipple between his teeth. Elise cried out and pumped her hips upward, her mound making rapid contact with Rick's lips.

Still sucking on a tender nipple, Julian rooted inside another box for the double-ended glass dildo. His hand closed around it and he placed it on top of Elise's flat stomach where it quivered with the force of her belly's contractions as her muscles responded to Rick's efforts.

"All right, Rick. Let's give the lady what she really wants."

Rick's tongue was hot.

Fire blazed through Elise's nerve endings as he clamped his mouth on her cunt and began to move his lips slowly, sensuously, almost reverently, against her clit.

She groaned, clutching as much of the bed sheets in her fingers as she could with her wrists secured together. Rick anchored her hips with his broad hands while his tongue delved deep into her folds. She felt him growl low in his throat, the husky, passionate sound causing a tremor of delight to course through her.

Julian pushed the dildo down her stomach to lie over her bare mound. The glass felt cold against her skin. A shiver that had little to do with the temperature in the room or the breeze sweeping through the window rippled down her body.

"Take it," Julian instructed. "She loves to be played with."

Rick lifted his head from between Elise's legs. She could see his eyes, black and wild with desire, focus on the toy.

"Good. I'd always hoped..." His words trailed off and he gripped the dildo fiercely, as though he'd said too much.

And he had. With those few words, he'd told Elise everything she'd needed to hear.

He'd wanted her in the past. She'd known, but hadn't been sure those feelings had continued to linger. Now that he'd admitted as much even if he hadn't meant to, she didn't intend to let him get away with denying it any longer.

Elise licked her suddenly dry lips. "Fuck me with it, Rick. Shove that dildo in me and let me feel your mouth on my clit. Prepare me for your cock."

Julian stood abruptly, leaving cold air to stream over her soaked nipple. She glanced after him, wondering whether she'd pushed her new husband too far.

He disappeared into the small hallway. Elise's heart pounded and she held her breath, fearing she'd hear a door slam any moment.

Rick slid the tip of the glass dildo between her labia and positioned it against the entrance to her pussy. Her inner muscles clenched, already eager to welcome the stiff toy inside her sex.

When Julian reappeared, Elise couldn't help the sigh of relief that slid from her lips. "I thought you'd left," she whispered, blinking back the tears that threatened to spill down her cheeks. "I didn't know —"

"Shhh." He leaned down and pressed a tender kiss to her mouth. "I'm not going anywhere. I wanted this as much as you did, remember?"

She nodded, swallowing past the lump in her throat. Her wedding day had been exactly the way she'd always pictured it. Perfect in every way. So far, this night had already exceeded her expectations. She adored Julian and wanted to spend the rest of her life with him but she needed Rick just as much. Julian understood and had told her that while he might need some time to fully adjust to the situation, he felt the same way. The three of them had always been inseparable. It didn't feel right to embark upon a brand-new journey without Rick by their side.

"Where did you go?" she asked.

"I saw a champagne bottle when we walked in. I'd hoped there might be some ice." He held up a fluted glass slick with condensation. It was filled with ice cubes.

A tremor danced down her spine. Between her legs, Rick maneuvered the dildo inside her tight channel. "You've thought of everything, haven't you?"

Julian grinned. "I'm that kind of husband."

He dug an ice cube from the glass and positioned it in the valley between her breasts. The frigid feel of melting ice made her body jerk upward. Julian dragged the cube over one nipple, then the other, tightening her muscles and making her aware of every nerve ending in her body.

As Rick worked the dildo in and out of her pussy, he lowered his mouth to her clit, swirling his tongue around the tingling nub. As myriad sensations coursed through her, the familiar feel of a building orgasm tightened her lower belly. She squeezed her eyes shut and gripped the bed sheets harder, relishing the feel of the men's attention on her body.

As pleasure rippled through her body, Julian's mouth trailed the path the ice cube had left on her skin. His dexterous fingers reached up and loosened her restraints. Elise barely noticed, lost in the feel of his tongue swirling down her stomach, dipping into her bellybutton, skimming over her mound and finally meeting Rick's at the point of her clit.

Blinding light exploded behind her eyes. While the men worshipped her clit with their tongues, the force of her orgasm made her inner muscles clench around the glass cock. Elise cried out, riding a wave of pure ecstasy.

Gasping, she blinked her eyes open and glanced between her legs where the frenzied licks and swirls had come to an end. Her clit still pulsed with awareness, the remnants of her climax streaming through her.

What she saw took her breath away.

Rick and Julian kissed, their tongues languidly meeting, their mouths melding in a mating dance more sensual than anything Elise had ever witnessed. The throbbing in her cunt intensified as she watched the two men she loved more than anything share a passionate kiss between her legs.



## **Chapter Four**

Julian wasn't sure who kissed whom. One moment he was circling Elise's clit and grinning like an idiot as she came, and the next he had his mouth on Rick's, his tongue leading the way into uncharted territory.

He felt rather than saw Elise shift her legs, giving them space to maneuver. If Rick was going to pull away, this was the time to do it—and Julian wasn't ready to give up the closeness they'd found.

Clamping his hand around the back of the other man's head, Julian pulled him deeper to him, letting his tongue swirl around Rick's. His fingers quested downward and found the hard pebble of a male nipple. Pinching it, he rolled the firm flesh between thumb and forefinger, eliciting a gasp from Rick.

Knowing his wife was watching turned him on beyond belief. It gave him the courage to explore further, to see if the unexpected and slightly uncomfortable attraction he'd always felt toward Rick was mutual.

On his own, he never would have had the courage to test the waters by pushing matters to this level of intimacy. But having Elise by his side and knowing how much she wanted Rick gave him courage to indulge a side of his sexuality that had been all but forbidden to him until now.

To his shock, Rick wasn't pulling away. If anything, the kiss that had started out languid and sensual was growing more heated by the moment.

Pushing down on Rick's shoulders, Julian wrestled him to the mattress. The man opened his eyes—deep, dark eyes that seemed to look right into his soul—and thrust his hips upward. His solid erection prodded Julian's stomach as Rick reversed the roles and took the lead, plundering Julian's mouth with his tongue.

The mattress shifted as somewhere on the bed, Elise changed positions. He could barely hear her soft moan over the sound of his heartbeat pounding in his ears, but there it was, hungry and aroused.

His wife was enjoying this as much as he was.

*Take that, sweetheart. Turnabout is fair play.*

Julian tore his mouth away from Rick's and kissed the man's jaw, tasting the faint tang of aftershave and scraping his lips against the faint stubble marring his skin.

Rick's chest rose and fell with the force of his breathing. He turned his head and Julian followed the direction of his gaze to Elise. If his cock hadn't already been hard as a rock, it would have gone from soft to solid in the blink of an eye.

Elise had obviously grown fond of the glass dildo as she continued to slide it between her fleshy nether lips with slow strokes of her wrist. He watched the bulbous head disappear inside her then reappear slick with her cream.

"You guys...that is the hottest thing I've ever seen."

Julian looked down to find Rick watching him.

"This is the hottest thing I've ever done," Rick admitted. His corded muscles trembled as Julian's palms swept down the side of his body. "Don't stop. Either of you."

Julian chuckled. "If you insist."

Rick groaned, the sound echoing impossibly loud in the bridal suite. "I do. Damn, but I do."

Julian couldn't even begin to guess what was going through his friend's mind. He'd seen Rick's hesitation as he and Elise had slowly coaxed him into experiencing the night's bliss with them. Now however, he appeared ready and willing, accepting the sensations they offered with open arms—and an open mind.

This was one opportunity Julian wasn't ready to waste.

Trailing kisses down his lover's chest, he reached between the man's legs and grabbed his soft sac. Rolling it in his palms, he pushed his balls aside and delved deeper inside the crevice hiding the opening he sought.

When his fingertip brushed against Rick's anus, the man groaned and shifted his hips off the bed to allow Julian greater access.

Julian marveled at Rick's reaction. He'd put up a fight with Elise, but with Julian he was almost eager for whatever the encounter brought.

Perhaps it was easier for him, knowing he wasn't taking another man's wife but simply indulging himself in a mutually satisfying erotic experience. Julian smiled to himself. Before the night was over, Rick *would* fuck Elise.

They both would.

Julian shifted down lower and paused for only a moment to swipe the length of his tongue over Rick's cock. He marveled at how good it looked close-up, blue veins snaking up the underside of it, a drop of pre-cum glistening at the tip. He would have never imagined enjoying the sight of another man's cock until a few hours earlier.

Then again, there were a great many things he wouldn't have thought of if not for his lovely, adventurous wife. He had to remember to thank her profusely in the morning for every experience she'd made possible tonight.

Julian rose and straddled Rick's waist. He allowed his gaze to linger on his lover's face, the strong, well-defined shape of the man's arms, his solid chest, his flat abs. On his lower belly, his cock lay flat and hard, demanding more attention. Julian pressed his dick against Rick's, marveling at the shapes, the way they fit alongside each other.

Rick's skin was darker and his cock stood out in sharp contrast to Julian's lighter one. Although Rick's shaft was also slightly longer, Julian's was thicker.

"I don't mind, you know," Elise said, her voice husky and strained with need.

Julian rubbed his thumb up and down Rick's shaft. "Mind what?"

"If you fuck him first."

Julian's gaze jerked sideways to his wife.

She balanced herself on all fours, one hand between her legs. She'd inverted the dildo, and the much smaller end of the toy was already grazing the delicate puckered entrance to her ass. "In fact, I insist."

Rick released a low, shuddering breath. "I'm not ready to disappoint a bride on her wedding night." He cocked an eyebrow at Julian. "Are you?"

Julian's heart thundered in his chest. He'd intended to play a little, to experiment with Rick's body but actually fucking another man? Could he do it?

Heat raged through his body, telling him that even if his mind was having difficulty with this concept, his cock wasn't.

Determined not to disappoint either Elise or his best friend, Julian reached for the box containing the lube and the condoms. When he'd bought them earlier that week, he'd imagined Rick sheathing his cock with the condom in preparation for fucking Elise's ass.

Excitement surged within him. For now, this was exactly what he wanted to do. There would be time to share Elise's soft, supple body later.

He ripped the condom sleeve open and slid the delicate sheath over his pulsing shaft then squeezed a generous dollop of lubricant into his palm. The scent of strawberries infused the room, mingling with the musky aroma of Elise's arousal to tickle his nostrils.

He jerked his lube-coated palm over his cock, drenching the condom-covered shaft in the stuff then squeezed more on his index and middle fingers.

"On your knees," he commanded.

Rick took one look at Elise, already in the position Julian had instructed him to assume and grinned—a wide, genuine grin. The sight of it made Julian's heart constrict in his chest.

"That almost doesn't seem fair. You'll get the best view of the action."

Julian hesitated and darted a glance at the camera. "Does that thing work on an automatic timer?"

Rick's eyes widened, understanding evident on his features. "Yep. I need to put in a new roll of film but I can set it to take pictures every twenty seconds."

"Do it."

Julian waited while Rick fiddled with the controls. A bright flash suffused the room with light, indicating the timer worked as intended.

When Rick returned, he climbed upon the mattress on his hands and knees alongside Elise. From his vantage point, Julian was able to see both their asses thrust high in the air. Rick's firm cheeks expectant, Elise's much curvier ones already welcoming the intrusion of the glass dildo in her tight crevice.

Elise leaned closer to Rick, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder. Rick turned to look at her. "I'm so glad you're here," she murmured then leaned in and brushed her lips against his.

At first Rick seemed startled, but a moment later he leaned in closer to her and deepened the kiss.

With one lube-soaked finger, Julian pushed inside another man's anus. Rick squirmed but didn't try to jerk away as he continued to kiss Elise. Emboldened, Julian continued his exploration, past the tense barrier of nerve endings until he'd reached in to his knuckle. The area felt tight, constricting to grip him.

Light drenched the room as the camera captured every moment of the night's adventure. He imagined Elise poring over those pictures time and again and knew there was no better gift he could have given her.

His cock shuddered in awareness. He wondered what it would feel like to have Rick's ass squeeze him, milk him as he thrust inside.

Suddenly, he couldn't wait any longer.

"Tell me if it hurts and I'll stop. All right?"

Rick pulled away from Elise and nodded, digging his fingers into the sheets. Beside him, Elise thrust the dildo deeper inside her ass. Her thighs quivered with the effort of balancing her weight while fucking herself.

Julian positioned the tip of his cock between the man's ass cheeks and slowly pushed in. Rick gasped at the intrusion. His inner walls clenched down, gripping Julian tightly.

"More," he panted.

"Yes, more," Elise echoed, her motions growing more fevered.

Julian tried to go slow but being inside Rick felt incredible. He gripped the man's hips and anchored himself, trying to remain aware that this could potentially hurt. He took in Rick's profile, his clenched jaw, the corded veins standing out in his neck and reminded himself to take it easy. This was a first for both of them.

For *all* of them.

As he buried his cock balls-deep into Rick's ass, a wild shot of pleasure burst inside him. It started low in his stomach and flared outward, bringing with it the recollection of thrusting inside Elise's virgin cunt for the first time. He'd been so nervous and she'd been so tight. The experience seemed to last forever and end in the blink of an eye all at once.

This was like that, only different, he thought as he pumped inside Rick's ass fast and furious. His wife was here, urging him on. Her soft little cries drove him to the brink of madness, knowing she wanted this as much as he did. She'd always wanted the three of them to be a *real* trio – a family in every way.

By the time dawn broke over the horizon, he intended to make sure she had exactly that.

Elise plunged the dildo deeper inside her ass. The toy felt foreign, pushing her inner muscles apart, yet she couldn't get enough.

Was this what Rick was feeling while Julian fucked him? She couldn't even begin to imagine what kind of sensations he was experiencing. While she and Julian had experimented with light anal play in the past, raw anal sex had never been on the menu. Seeing this side of her husband aroused her in ways she'd never imagined. It opened up myriad possibilities for the three of them.

"If I keep this up, I'm gonna come."

Julian's voice broke through the haze of arousal dampening her senses. She glanced back over her shoulder. Sweat ran down his temples and his lips were pressed firmly together. It was obvious he was holding back a hell of an orgasm.

"Do it," Rick urged him. "I'm not far behind."

"No."

With obvious effort, Julian pulled his cock out of Rick's ass. Rick gasped and rolled onto his back, his eyebrows drawing together in confusion.

"I want the first time I come tonight to be inside my wife."

The color drained from Rick's face but he nodded. "I—I should go."

"Only if by 'go' you mean you should go put on a condom," Julian said. "We're nowhere near finished with you yet."

Rick hesitated, darting quick glances from Julian to Elise then back again.

Elise slid the dildo from her back entrance and let it drop to the floor. Excitement tightened her limbs as she moved to cup Rick's face in her hands. "Listen to him," she whispered against his mouth. "This is why we brought you here. I want you." She looked behind her at Julian. "Both of you."

Julian stood and ripped the condom from his cock then dropped it into a wastebasket. "If you really don't want to be here, Rick, you can leave. Neither one of us intends to force you to do something you don't want to do. But we're hoping you'll stay."

Elise reached down and palmed Rick's cock. "If this is any indication, I'd say you want to stay too."

With a groan, Rick grabbed for the packet of condoms. He ripped one open and slid it on his cock.

Julian grinned as he returned to the bed. "Good decision. I knew I'd picked well when I chose you as my best man."

"You mean if I'd said no, there'd be some other lucky bastard sandwiched between the two of you right now?"

"Only if he knew his way around a camera," Julian teased as another flash went off.

Elise slapped Julian's thigh with the back of her hand. "Cut it out." She returned her attention to Rick. "There would never be anyone else. It's you we want. It's always been you."

A slow, wicked smile spread over Rick's face. "Prove it."

"That's exactly what we intend to do," Julian said. "How would you like to put that neglected cock of yours to use?"

Rick reached out and rolled one of Elise's nipples between thumb and forefinger.

She closed her eyes on a hard intake of breath. "Fuck my ass, Rick. I don't know how much longer I can wait to feel you in me."

As Rick rose to move into position behind her, Julian lay on his back, his head at the foot of the bed. He grabbed Elise's hips and pulled her on top of him, positioning her pussy just above his cock. His massive shaft pulsed and she knew he'd come quickly once he thrust inside her. It amazed her he'd managed to hold out as long as he had.

Leaning over him so she balanced her weight on her outstretched arms, Elise whispered in his ear. "Don't hold back, baby. Give me everything you've got."

Behind her, she heard Rick squeeze some of the lube into his hand. He touched her with cold, slick fingers and she trembled. A bead of cream dripped from her pussy to land on the coarse curls at the apex of Julian's thighs.



As Rick prepared her for his cock, Elise lifted her lower body, gripped Julian's shaft in her fist and impaled herself on it. The thick girth invaded her sex, making her cry out in pleasure.

"Now, Rick," Julian said, thrusting his hips upward. "Take her now."

Anchoring her in place by her hips, Rick began to ease inside her. The sensation was incredible and overwhelming all at once, like being stretched from all directions. It hurt a little but it felt good — so incredibly good.

When Rick's cock was deeply embedded in her, he paused to allow her to adjust. She held both cocks inside her reverently, relishing the pleasure of being filled completely.

"This is heaven," she murmured.

"Not heaven, baby," Julian said. "Just your wedding night. Exactly the way you wanted it."

She began to move slowly at first, giving the men permission to do the same. She'd wished for this night since she'd begun envisioning her wedding to Julian, but now that she had it, now that she knew in her heart this is where she belonged, she didn't think she could give it up.

She wanted this. Not just for one night but for the rest of her life.

As Rick and Julian thrust inside her, she could feel every small motion of their cocks within her. Their shafts rubbed against the thin barrier separating the places in her body they occupied, providing a level of friction she'd never before experienced.

"Oh God, baby," Julian whispered hoarsely. "You're so hot."

"Incredible," Rick agreed. He leaned over her and nuzzled her neck, biting and nibbling the tender skin until shivers broke out over her body.

Her breasts felt heavy, weighed down with pleasure. Julian's palms rested just below them. She inched forward, her nipples dragging over the crisp curls that covered his chest, the unexpected contact ripping another cry from her throat.

Julian reached between her legs. He parted her labia, seeking and finding her clit. Her inner muscles went mad, squeezing and gripping the two cocks inside her as though they had a mind of their own.

The strength of her orgasm tore through her, stealing her breath, tightening her muscles. Her body quivered as it released all the pent-up energy she'd been saving for the two men she loved.

With a hoarse cry of his own, Julian unleashed his seed inside her. His bare cock twitched, jerking against her tight channel and she was grateful he'd fucked her without a condom. She wanted to feel all of him as he came inside her.

Hot cum hit her inner walls, drenching her, setting off another climax that rivaled the first in its intensity.

Rick's nails dug into her flesh as he pumped inside her deep and hard, stretching her ass, burying inside her to the hilt. When she felt his rod stiffen and begin to spasm, she bit down on her lower lip and thrust back against him, needing to feel his pleasure even if she'd be denied his seed.

Rick fucked Elise with everything he had. He gave her his cock thrust by thrust, but more than that, he gave her his heart.

Hell, who was he kidding? It had always been hers. Hers to claim, hers to take...if only she'd wanted it.

Only tonight things had changed. Experiencing the pleasures of the flesh with both Elise and Julian had opened his eyes to a fact he'd been struggling to deny. He didn't just want Elise. He wanted Julian too.

In retrospect, he supposed he'd known the way he'd felt about Julian all along, but he'd chalked up his emotions to jealousy. It was so much easier to think he was envious of his friend then to acknowledge that he didn't just want what Julian had—he wanted to be *part* of what Julian had.

Elise pushed back against him. The curvy globes of her ass slammed against his stomach, the sound of flesh hitting flesh echoing through the room. It was too much. It had all been too much.

With a savage growl, he gave in to what she demanded from him. He came hard and fast, his muscles rippling along the length of his body. He plunged deep inside her one last time, head tossed back as he tumbled over the edge.

Julian grunted hard when Elise slid off Rick's cock and collapsed against him. Gathering whatever remained of his wits, Rick rolled off to the side, putting as much distance between himself and his friends as he could.

Elise sighed. She was still draped over Julian's body, facing Rick. "That was..."

"Intoxicating," Julian finished for her.

A blissful smile curved the corners of her full lips. Her long brown hair looked tousled as it framed her face and fell alongside Julian's body.

Rick's heart ached. That was where she belonged. In Julian's arms—forever. He was a fool for allowing himself to think otherwise for even a moment.

Delaying any longer would only make what he had to do harder to bear. With a sigh, he stood, his limbs quivering beneath him. For a moment, he wasn't sure his legs could support him. To his relief, they did.

He ripped off the condom and dropped it in the waste bin beside Julian's discarded sheath. The sight of it made his inner walls constrict with remembered pleasure. He'd never as much as fingered his own ass before tonight. Yet now he wanted nothing more than to let Julian thrust his dick inside him again and again until they both came screaming Elise's name.

"Stay."

Rick froze.

There it was. One word. One request. So simple, all he'd have to do is turn around, pretend he'd only wanted to discard the used condom and crawl back into bed. They'd welcome him again with their bodies, if not with their hearts.

*No.*

As Julian had said, there was no going back. For either of them.

"I can't."

He grimaced as he tugged on his clothes, expecting protests and pleas to echo in the wake of his refusal. None of that came.

Disappointment settled like lead in his gut. Of course not. They didn't want him—not really. They'd only wanted to play, to have a hell of a story to tell other newlywed couples on their honeymoon.

He flicked off the camera and gathered the rest of his equipment, purposefully not looking at the bed. He ignored the sounds of the bed sheets ruffling, of the gift boxes being pushed off the mattress.

Tucking his tripod under his arm, he walked out of the bridal suite without another word. The door slammed behind him, the loud bang signaling the end of a friendship. He hoped the memory of what he'd shared with Elise and Julian would be enough to see him through the days to come.

Somehow he doubted it would be.

## **Chapter Five**

The bed shifted beneath him and Rick stretched out, seeking warm flesh. When his palms encountered nothing but a pronounced ruff of fur, he squinted through heavy-lidded eyes.

“Off the bed, Buddy. You know better than that.”

The dog gave a low whine and covered his muzzle with his front paws, blue eyes blinking innocently up at his master. Rick sighed and scratched the top of Buddy’s head, giving in to the plea for attention.

This was his lot in life. Doomed to wake up to dog breath every morning while his friends awoke in each other’s arms.

He was no good at relationships. That much had become painfully clear to him after his bitter divorce. And if he’d had any doubts at all he was destined to remain single for the rest of his life, last night had cemented his fate.

He could bring a hundred people into his bed and none of them would compare to Elise and Julian. So what would be the point in even trying? Every woman’s heart-shaped face had made him think of Elise for years. Now every man’s square jaw and tousled blond hair would make his ass ache.

With a tortured groan, Rick rolled out of bed and pulled on a wrinkled pair of pajama bottoms. After letting Buddy out to frolic in the backyard, he ambled to the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee. Some caffeine rolling through his system was just what he needed this morning.

The electronic readout on the microwave read 8:25 a.m. He remembered Julian saying he and Elise would be leaving for their honeymoon first thing this morning. By now, they were probably halfway over the North Pacific Ocean, getting tipsy on in-flight drinks and chuckling about how easy it had been to get him into bed.

Rick ran a hand over his stubbled jaw. That wasn't fair, he admitted to himself. His friends had never been cruel. They'd wanted him last night—that much had been clear, even to him. But he wasn't the kind of man who'd be content with a quick romp or even the occasional heady, intoxicating fuck. He wanted more. Much, much more than they'd be willing to give.

Images of the previous night had been dancing through his thoughts, stiffening his cock and making him painfully aware that he needed to get everything having to do with Elise and Julian out of his system—permanently. To do that, he had to develop their pictures, put them in a wedding album and drop them off at the apartment the happy couple shared. As their best friend and the guy entrusted with checking the mail while they were away, Rick had a key to their place. He figured he could leave the album on the coffee table and slide the key under the door when he was done, putting a permanent end to anything last night had stirred between them.

He didn't think he could handle it if Elise and Julian propositioned him again. He'd give in—he knew he would. Both were impossible to resist and determined to get their way once they had something in their sights. No, it was definitely better if he simply didn't see them again. And with the pictures out of the way, he'd have no reason to.

Snagging the camera from its hook by the door, he marched to the darkroom he'd created at the back of his house. He flicked on the dim, red-colored lamp situated on the long developing table and proceeded to remove the film from the 35mm camera. Over the course of the day and night, he'd shot twelve rolls of thirty-sevens.

Rick sighed and kneaded the stiff muscles at the back of his neck. Time to get to work.

Forty minutes later, Rick watched as the first outlines of a photograph began to appear. It was faint at first, like delicate pencil-etchings on a white canvas, but soon he could make out the curves of Elise's body as she bent over Julian, her breasts pressing into his chest, her teeth embedded in her lower lip. Julian's head was thrown back,

partially off the foot of the bed, tilted at an angle allowing him to stare into the lens. Elise's gaze was also glued to the camera.

Only Rick's gaze was glued to his lovers. His eyes were wide, his lips parted, his muscles tense and corded. The look of pure adoration on his face made Rick pull the dripping photograph out of the chemical tray and drop it into the trash. That was one shot the newlyweds didn't need to see.

As he continued to stare at the images coming into view, his pulse kicked up a notch then another. Despite his determination to keep his libido in check and view the pictures with the detached eye of a professional, his erection tented his pants, his balls drew up in his sac and his cock pounded with arousal.

Professionalism be damned. No man in his right mind could resist what he was seeing. Images of Elise pinching her nipples, riding Julian with a look of sheer ecstasy written on her features. His gaze followed the elegant lines of her waist, her hips, her belly, focusing on her lean legs and the smooth, shaved mound between her thighs. Her pink folds peeked through, the glistening wetness of the photo paper adding another dimension to the breathtaking photograph.

He hung the image up to dry along with the others using his right hand. The heel of his left pressed firmly against his dick, trying to assuage some of the heat that had gathered there. It was no use. Pre-cum had already begun to stain his favorite pajama pants.

The peal of the doorbell ringing through the house brought him out of his reverie. He wiped his hands on a cloth he kept nearby, pulled the black curtain around his workspace and left the darkroom, closing the door behind him.

As he crossed the distance to the front door, his heartbeat sped up. He wasn't expecting anyone on a Sunday morning. The only people who'd ever shown up unexpected were Elise and Julian, which could only mean...

Adrenaline surged into his bloodstream, making his cock rage with undeniable lust. What would he do when he opened the door and found them standing there? Would he

pull them in, slam the door shut and proceed to rip off his pants before he'd even figured out why they'd come?

Gritting his teeth, Rick punched in the key-code for his alarm system and yanked on the door handle.

A man he didn't recognize stood on the front porch. Disappointment whipped through Rick's body, slamming into his gut like a sucker punch.

God, he really was a fool. Did he actually think his friends had canceled their honeymoon for him?

"Yes?" he barked at the man. "What is it?"

"Delivery for Rick McClane?"

Rick squinted, only then recognizing the brown courier uniform the guy wore. "I'm Rick McClane."

The courier handed him a sealed envelope, then pointed at an electronic clipboard. "Sign here, please."

When the man had gone and Rick was once again alone, he turned the envelope over in his hands. It was light, so it had to contain a letter or documents of some sort. A sinking feeling settled low in his stomach. His ex-wife had probably come up with yet one more reason for her lawyers to torture him.

But letters from Christine's lawyers usually carried their fancy seal or at least their names on the return label. With the exception of his name and address, this envelope was blank.

Curiosity got the better of him and he sat on the edge of his worn leather couch to open the letter. Aqua-blue paper greeted him. He pulled it out and found himself staring at a round-trip ticket to the beautiful Liquid Languor, one of the most expensive and exotic resorts in the Mayan Riviera.

The same resort Julian had mentioned he'd booked for him and Elise for their honeymoon stay.



Pulse hammering in his ears, Rick peered inside the envelope and tugged out a small handwritten note.

*Last night was everything we hoped it would be and more. You made our wedding night complete.*

*We need you, Rick. Tonight, tomorrow...always.*

*Won't you make the rest of our lives complete too?*

*We love you.*

Elise and Julian had each signed the note. Rick trailed the tip of his index finger over Elise's curved script and Julian's blocky print, recognizing both. Another glance at the ticket confirmed the plane was scheduled to take off at 11:30 a.m. from the Sacramento International Airport. He glanced at the DVD player readout where the current time read 9:43 a.m. He had an hour and a half drive ahead of him. If he left now, he could still make it.

Rick jumped to his feet so quickly he knocked over the tripod he'd leaned against the couch the previous night. Barely stopping to straighten it, he flew into his bedroom and dressed quickly while tossing a few clothes into a duffel bag. Then he grabbed his passport from the nightstand, let Buddy back inside the house and locked the darkroom before rushing out.

It took another three minutes to knock on the door of his closest neighbor's home and make arrangements for someone to watch Buddy. By 10:00 a.m., he was on his way to the airport.

He only hoped it wasn't too late.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He's not coming, is he?"

The raw agony in Elise's voice tore at Julian's heart. He pulled her into his arms and rested his chin on top of her head. "I don't know, baby. I just don't know."

Elise clung to him, her heartbeat thundering against his. "I want him, Julian. Last night..." her words trailed off and she sniffled. "I love you with all my heart. I wouldn't be complete without you. But Rick—"

"He's a part of us too," Julian said. "You opened my eyes to that." He pulled back just enough to look into her teary eyes. "The three of us have been friends for so long, I'd started taking Rick for granted. I hadn't realized how much he could add to our relationship until he was there making love to us."

"Do you think we should have told him before he walked out? What if he just doesn't understand how important he is to us? Maybe he wasn't home to receive the tickets and the note." She pressed her lips together, her brows furrowing in concern. "Or maybe he just doesn't want us in that way."

"If he doesn't want you, he's a fool." Julian tucked a loose strand of hair behind Elise's ear. "And I know Rick. He's no fool."

"Flight 830 with direct service to the Mayan Riviera, departing at 11:30 a.m., is now boarding at Gate C," a female voice boomed over the loudspeaker. "Passengers traveling with small children and those requiring special attention are invited to board immediately."

"They'll be calling us shortly too," Julian said. "We should head over there."

Elise nodded wordlessly. Her cheeks were flushed and mascara had begun to smear. Julian wiped the mess away with his thumb. Together they turned and headed for the sign indicating Gate C.

They'd only made it a few steps when a hand on Julian's shoulder stopped him in his tracks.

Beside him, Elise turned to glance back and gasped. "You...you came."

Rick grinned sheepishly and ran a hand through his hair. His usually slicked-back black locks were mussed, as though he'd rolled out of bed and headed straight for the airport. Julian smiled, finding that image absurdly satisfying.

"You asked me to," Rick said.

Julian clapped him on the shoulder. "We weren't sure whether we'd scared you off last night."

Rick laughed, a genuine, hearty laugh that rushed through Julian and heated his blood. "If you'd scared me off then that note definitely wouldn't have made me drop everything and drive over here. It might have made me run in the opposite direction though."

Elise stepped forward but made no move to touch Rick, as though fearing he might dissipate into thin air. It was Rick who drew her into his arms first and she settled there with a contented purr.

Julian had expected the sight of his wife in Rick's arms to elicit at least a measure of jealousy or possessiveness but it did neither. Instead it looked right, as though that's where she belonged. Between them—safe and protected.

And loved.

"We invite all passengers traveling on Flight 830 with direct service to the Mayan Riviera to proceed to Gate C for immediate departure."

"That's us," Julian said. He touched Rick's arm, allowing his caress to linger just a moment longer than necessary.

Rick nodded, his black eyes glistening with barely disguised passion. He broke away from Elise's embrace and shifted her into Julian's arms.

"Just one more thing before we go," Rick said. "That thing you wrote in the note...did you mean it?"

The smile that broke over Elise's face could have lit up the inside of the airport all on its own. "We love you. We always have."

Julian lifted a shoulder in a self-aware half shrug. He wasn't about to admit his love for another man in the middle of a crowded airport but neither was he prepared to lie about it. "You heard the lady. What she said, man."

Rick winked. "Ditto that." He trailed his fingertip over Elise's full bottom lip. "Tonight, tomorrow...always."

\* \* \* \* \*

The standard-issue airplane blanket barely covered all three of them but Elise didn't care. She snuggled deeper into the middle seat of the row, her hands outstretched on either side of her.

She swept her palms upward, feeling two hard cocks pulse and strain beneath her fingertips. She hadn't yet undone the men's zippers, but playing with the stiff shafts caused warmth to flood her pussy and dampen her panties.

"Can I get you anything, miss? Would you like a drink? A bag of nuts?"

To her right, Rick's shoulders shook with silent laughter. He had his eyes closed and an airplane pillow tucked behind his neck but she knew he was awake—and aroused.

"Make that two bags of nuts," Julian said to the flight attendant from his window seat. "Big ones."

When the woman departed, Elise gave in to the giggles that tickled the back of her throat. She couldn't remember ever being this ecstatic. Glancing from one man to the other, she felt the tips of her nipples tighten. They scraped against the tight T-shirt she wore, making her aware of every nerve ending that demanded attention.

She ran her fingers over the massive bulges tenting her lovers' pants and thought of all the marvelous fun she'd have on her honeymoon.

Six days and seven nights in paradise awaited her at Liquid Languor. And after that, an eternity of wedded bliss.

## **About the Author**

Award-winning author Lacey Savage loves to write about her dreams—or more specifically, she loves to breathe life into her steamy fantasies (and she's got plenty!). She pens erotic tales of true love and mythical destiny, peopled with strong alpha heroes and feisty heroines. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships. She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and the mischievous cat.

Lacey welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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