

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*  
*Naughty Nuptials*

*Wedding Night  
Surprise*

ALICE GAINES

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Wedding Night Surprise

ISBN 9781419910487

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Edited by Jaynie Ritchie.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication June 2007

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# *WEDDING NIGHT SURPRISE*

Alice Gaines

## Chapter One

Nothing like a good fucking to calm the wedding jitters.

Cass Gibson's fiancé did it like a pro, Steve's cock slid in and out of her wet pussy. She'd already come twice and he hadn't finished with her.

Slick with exertion, his body slid over hers while he thrust. "Damn, baby. I can't get enough of you."

"Come, lover. You know you want to."

"Not yet." He squeezed his eyes shut. Even in the dim light of the streetlight outside the bedroom, the concentration on his face showed plainly. He was near breaking point and fighting for control.

"One more for you," he said.

She clenched her pussy muscles, squeezing his cock. Hard and thick, it impaled her plunging deep. He'd fuck her like this all night if she asked. He'd screw her until she couldn't walk and then soothe her with kisses. He was the world's greatest lover and the best guy in the universe and in another week he'd be her husband.

She squeezed again, gripping every inch of him with her wet cunt.

"Shit," he groaned. "Don't do that or I'll lose it."

"Let it loose, Steve. I love you."

"Another way."

He pulled out of her and flopped onto his side next to her. Her pussy missed him immediately. Stretched to take his bulk, it felt empty now and ached to have him back inside. Cool air washed over her breasts and her nipples tingled—they'd grown tender from contact with his skin.

Before Cass could protest, Steve rolled her onto her side and pulled her rump against him. His hand snaked around her, his fingers finding the lips of her sex. When he parted them and found her clit, a shock of pleasure shot through her. Still sensitive after two orgasms she was primed and ready to come again. Unbelievable.

"Still want me to finish?" he murmured in her ear.

"Um...oh God...maybe not yet."

He rubbed harder and faster. Her pussy clenched tight, getting ready to explode again, while his fingers played over her clit. Now rubbing, now flicking. He even squeezed gently—just enough pressure to send it into overdrive.

"Still think you can't come again?" he asked.

"Don't stop. Please."

"Want me inside you when you come?"

"Jesus yes," she gasped.

"Want me fucking you?"

Damn what an image. Her cunt ached for him. Squeezing, empty, begging for his cock. His thick beautiful cock.

"Do you want me fucking you?" he repeated.

"God yes."

"Say it."

Shit, why did he have to torture her? She needed him pounding inside her. Now.

"Say it, baby," he groaned.

"Fuck me. Please fuck me."

He shifted his hips, bringing the head of his cock against her pussy. Still his fingers worked her clit. In a moment he'd push her over the edge and she needed all of him inside her.

"Fuck me, Steve," she cried. "Now please."

He growled and plunged into her. Deep. As far as he could go. Her whole body shuddered and threatened to come right then. Maybe if she could hold on—just for a bit—she could make it even better for both of them.

He moved like a maniac now, thrusting into her and sliding out only to pound back in. Hard as steel and smooth as velvet, his cock filled her. He seemed to grow even larger inside her. Hot and heavy. Ready to burst.

And oh his fingers. Plucking at her clit and teasing until every part of her burned. No resisting now. She was going to come.

The climax built, starting at her clit and coiling in her belly. Hot and liquid, it swelled. So intense she couldn't breathe. Gasping noises came out of her chest as she soared to completion. Finally her whole body came with a jolt. Her pussy erupted into spasms, gripping at the length of his cock. She came and came, gasping and crying.

Steve still pounded into her, faster and harder, drawing out her pleasure. Savage now, he stiffened and trembled. He came with a roar, thrusting wildly until he spilled hot come deep inside her. Finally he sagged, whimpering, as he held her hard against him.

Oh man. Ohmanohmanohman. Cass had to remind herself to breathe as she lay in the warmth of his arms. With what little strength she could muster, she turned over and buried her nose into his chest.

Steve sighed and rubbed her back. "And they say the sex gets even better once you're married."

"Impossible."

"Not only possible but inevitable," he said. "I'm going to make sure you're always satisfied."

She got a warm runny feeling inside. She'd loved this man since they were teenagers. Even separations for the college year hadn't driven them apart. In a week they'd be married, assuming she survived the wedding, and she'd be the luckiest woman alive.

"I'm going to make you happy, Cass," he whispered.

"You already do."

"No really." He yawned, the deep yawn of a satisfied man. "Really really happ..."

She looked up at his face. Asleep already. He smiled in his sleep, his lips curled and parted slightly. Oh hell, he'd worked so hard to give her incredible sex, could she blame him? Chuckling, Cass fished for the covers and pulled them up around their bodies. The perfect ending to a harried day of checking on flowers and caterers. Sighing herself, she closed her eyes.

Then a sound came to her. Footsteps below in the kitchen. The refrigerator opening, bottles clinking. Shit, Rafe. Why was he on the prowl?

She tossed aside the covers and sat up. Her robe lay beside the bed so Cass rose and slipped into it, the silk sliding over her skin. Without bothering with slippers, she padded out of the bedroom and closed the door behind her. On the landing the refrigerator light was visible. It went out again. The sounds of a drawer opening and utensils clattering around followed. Oh for crissake.

After descending the stairs, she walked to the kitchen and looked inside. Sure enough, Steve's best man stood with a bottle of beer in one hand and his other hand in the silverware drawer.

Wearing nothing but pajama bottoms, Rafe made quite a sight. Dark shaggy hair, broad shoulders and narrow hips—the perfect male specimen, if you liked the sort who wandered around nearly naked in someone else's kitchen. Somehow he managed to show off a tight ass under the baggy cotton. Even his bare feet were sexy. How did he manage that?

He stiffened and looked over his shoulder, spotting her.

"Can I help you with something?" she asked.

He turned and gave her a lazy smile. Insolent and knowing and way too intimate. The expression was rude and he'd been using it ever since he got off the plane and they'd met for the first time.

He held out the beer. "Doesn't Steve have any with twist off tops?"

"He...rather we do have a bottle opener." She pulled the magnetic opener from the refrigerator door and tossed it to him. He snatched it out of the air and opened the beer. After tossing the top and the opener into the sink he leaned back against the counter and took a long drink.

"I thought you were asleep," Cass said.

"The sounds of hot sex always wake me up."

Her face grew warm. In better light, he'd know she was blushing. Hell he probably guessed anyway. He was staring at her hard enough.

She pulled the belt of her robe tighter. "Your room isn't close to Ste...uh, ours."

"Yeah but you two made quite a bit of noise. Sounds like the boy scout is pretty good in the sack."

She didn't answer that. Wouldn't answer it. Their sex life wasn't any of his business.

"So how many times did you come?" he asked. "Could have been three but one was kind of soft so I couldn't tell for sure."

"Do you want Steve to hear us talking like this?"

Rafe shrugged. "If he's like most guys he's out like a light now. He came pretty hard himself."

"Enjoy your beer. I'm going back to bed."

She turned to go but his soft laughter stopped her.

"Do I scare you, little girl?" he asked.

She turned back and glared at him. "Of course not."

"Then why are you running away? Stay and have a drink with me."



"I don't drink beer."

"Brandy then." Without even looking away from her Rafe opened the cabinet where Steve kept a couple of bottles of liquor. It figured he would have found that already. "I dare you."

How ridiculous. How juvenile to dare her. She ought to ignore him and leave but if she did, would he continue to challenge her? Maybe she ought to accept his dare and show him he didn't frighten her. He didn't, did he?

Cass walked to the cupboard and brought down the brandy and a tumbler. He moved closer to her as she opened the bottle. The scent of him hit her—some kind of cologne or aftershave, a combination of leather and musk. Masculine. Something clenched in her gut and her hand trembled.

He might have laughed quietly or maybe he only sucked in a breath as his hand closed over hers. "Let me."

She pulled back. Hell, she took a step away from him and that scent. It had better be cologne. Heaven help all of womanhood if he smelled like that naturally.

Smiling, he poured some brandy into the glass—more than she would have served herself—and held it out to her. When Cass took it, Rafe picked up his beer again and lifted it in a toast. "To the happy bride and groom."

She took a sip of the brandy and looked back at him. "So how did you meet Steve?"

"We shared a dorm room freshman year. Later on we got an apartment together." He crossed his arms over his chest, and the beer almost grazed one of his pecs. "Didn't he tell you about me?"

He had. All about a hell raising girl-magnet. All night fuckfests in the bedroom down the hall. Steve had never minded. In fact he'd enjoyed telling the tales of Rafe's multiple conquests. He swore he'd never joined in and she trusted him. Still, she had the source right here in front of her. She might as well get corroboration.

"Steve calls you the stud," Cass said. "I never knew whether to believe the stories."

His eyebrow went up. "Stories?"

"The motorcycle, the parties, the women."

"I never drive my bike when I've been drinking."

She took a sip of her brandy. "What about the women?"

Rafe tipped his head back and laughed. "Intrigued?"

She shrugged but didn't answer.

"I do okay," he said. "I learned a few things over the years."

"Such as..."

"Always satisfy the woman." He smiled at her again. Maybe leer was a better word.

"Takes some effort sometimes but it's always worth it."

The expression might be a leer, but it worked. Her heart did a little stutter-step in her chest but she looked back at him evenly. "Did you teach Steve how to do that?"

"Define 'teach'."

"You know." Shit, how was she going to put this? "Coach him."

"We talked about sex. I always had books around. I gave him some pointers."

"Talk and books only?"

He laughed. "You mean did he join in on the fun?"

"It's not too strange to ask."

Rafe swigged the rest of his beer and put the bottle on the counter. "I never saw him touch a woman."

She took a deep breath. She'd been true to him too although it had been hard as hell during long separations. Cass had gotten so horny sometimes she'd thought about other men. She'd had plenty of opportunity but when it came right down to it none of them appealed to her. She'd always hoped Steve felt the same but he was a guy. She could have forgiven him if he'd strayed. Thank God she didn't have to.

"Steve read the books," he said. "I gave him some advice on how to make a woman come. He saved it all for you."

No wonder her man was so good in bed. He'd learned it all from a pro and each time he came home for the holidays or visited her at college he'd had a new idea. Some fresh technique or novel position. The sex got better and better. No wonder she hadn't wanted anyone else.

Rafe stared at her as if he could see through the silk of her robe. "I always wondered about that."

"About what?"

"What kind of woman could make a man want only her? My girlfriends had friends. Steve could have hooked up but he wasn't interested."

"He's a good man."

"The best, but there had to be more to it."

Cass clutched her drink and did her best not to tremble while Rafe continued undressing her with his gaze.

"You see, a guy that age is at his peak," he went on. "Saving it all up for holidays doesn't make any sense unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless he's taken a vow of chastity with a ball-busting bitch. Or she's so hot no one else is good enough."

She lifted her chin and glared at him. "I'm not a ball-buster."

"Yeah and you two haven't taken a vow of chastity either," he said. "I'm going to need earplugs."

"I'll get you some tomorrow."

"Thanks. And see if you can find me something to get you out of my fantasies."

She set her drink down on the counter with enough force to make the liquid slosh. "Don't do this."

"Do what?" Rafe leaned toward her. "Tell you that I get hard when you walk into a room."

"Steve might hear you."

"I have an erection right now. Want to see it?"

Cass deliberately kept her gaze on his face. She would not look at the front of his pajamas.

"You see, there's hot and there's hot," he said. "But what makes a horny guy refuse perfectly good sex?"

"Love maybe?"

He stared at her for another moment, looking as if he'd like to eat her. "Yeah that must be it."

He picked up her brandy and downed it in one swallow. "Maybe now that you two are done for the night I can get some sleep."

He turned and headed toward the guest bedroom in the back. Cass stood there for a while, waiting for some strength to come back into her knees.

\* \* \* \* \*

Steve had to chuckle at the sight of his best man in a tux. He'd seen Rafe Walker in torn jeans, gym shorts and even in the buff. But a cummerbund and a shirt with studs?

Rafe turned, giving them a view of his back in the bank of mirrors. He looked at Steve and lifted his arms. "What?"

Steve let his laughter out. "That's so not you."

"You're kidding. I make this look good."

Sitting next to Steve in one of the chairs supplied by the formalwear store, his mother placed a hand on his arm. "Steven..."

"Yeah, Mom?"

She raised her hand to her mouth and leaned toward him to whisper in his ear. "Do you think you could get your friend to have his hair cut?"

Steve looked at Rafe. His hair was kind of shaggy and brushed the top of his shirt collar. It suited him. Still if he cut it, it would grow back.

"Hey, pal," he said. "You want to meet my hair stylist?"

"Come on, Steve. I already agreed to wear the monkey suit."

"I only get married once, Rafe."

Rafe looked over at Cass. "What does the bride think?"

Cass had been acting casual all day – as if none of this mattered to her – but her foot hadn't stopped wagging since she sat down. Something had gotten under her skin.

She looked at Rafe evenly but her foot didn't stop moving. "It's Rafe's hair."

"But Cassandra, dear," his mother said. "It's your wedding."

"Whatever Rafe wants to do is fine with me," Cass said.

Now that wasn't right. The love of his life had obsessed about this wedding for months. The last few weeks had been full of preparations and hot and heavy sex to blow off the tension. Things had taken a turn for the weird ever since they'd picked Rafe up at the airport, though. The two of them acted like oil and water – dancing around each other but never mixing. Could it be his two best friends didn't like each other? Or was something else entirely operating here?

Rafe stared at Cass and she stared right back. The air took on a charge. Even the little man with the measuring tape hanging around his neck seemed to notice.

"Would you prefer I show you another suit?" the man asked.

"The suit's fine," Steve answered. "Is there someplace I can talk to my fiancée in private?"

"Certainly, sir. This way please." He indicated a door toward the rear.

Steve rose and held out a hand to Cass. She hesitated before taking it and standing.

The door led to a storeroom with boxes and disassembled manikins standing around. The man left them alone and Steve pulled Cass into his arms. "Okay, what's up?"

She gave him a smile but it wasn't very convincing. "What makes you think something's wrong?"

"I don't care about Rafe's hair? What's up with that?"

"Well it is his hair."

"For months you've been agonizing about baby's breath versus Boston fern, pâté versus shrimp, and you're trying to tell me you don't care what the best man looks like?"

She hugged him, placing her cheek against his chest. "Maybe I finally chilled out."

He slipped a finger under her chin and lifted her face so that he could look into her eyes. "I've been in love with you since I was fourteen. You're not fooling me."

"You and your darned BS detector."

"So what's up?"

"Something about Rafe makes me uncomfortable."

"He makes all women uncomfortable. Care to be more specific?"

"I don't know." Case huffed. "He swaggers."

Steve chuckled. "He has a lot to swagger about."

"There's more." She wouldn't look him in the eye, either. "Does it seem to you that, maybe, Rafe looks at me funny?"

"Funny?"

"As if..." She gazed up at him. "Come on you're a guy. Do I have to explain?"

"Ah you mean The Look."

"You have a name for it?"

"Sure." Cass looked so confused at that, he had to laugh. "The Walker Patented Drop Dead with Lust Look. No female is immune to The Look."

"Oh brother."

"I watched him all through college. Co-eds, waitresses, even some professors. One look and they were in lust. I don't think he could turn it off if he tried."

"I'm your fiancée, Steve. I'm going to be your wife."

"And I trust you completely."

She sighed.

"Shouldn't I trust you?"

"Of course."

God how he loved this woman. She was getting massive doses of The Look and instead of giving in to it, she was confessing. He knew with everything inside him that she hadn't done anything wrong but she was worried about her thoughts. And she'd told him willingly. You couldn't have a better foundation than that.

"All the time we were in college you were true to me, right?" he said.

"I didn't want anyone but you."

"I didn't want anyone but you either." He kissed the tip of her nose. "We got through four years of off-and-on separation. I think we can survive The Look."

She took a deep breath and some of the tension went out of her shoulders. "You're right."

"I'll get Rafe to cut his hair."

"You don't have to. Really."

"I want to. Mom wants me to."

She smiled, really smiled this time. "Thanks."

"We'll have the best wedding the world has ever seen. Promise."

Her smile broadened. "I have the best groom. I know that."

"Want me to be the best right now?"

Her eyes got wide. "Huh?"

He put his hands on her buttocks and pulled her against him. "A little tension reduction might help you get through the rest of Rafe's fitting."

"Here?" She looked around the storeroom and then at the door. "Someone might come in."

"A quickie. You know it only takes me a minute to make you come."

She bit her lip for a second. "How?"

"Nothing fancy. My hand in your panties."

A slow smile spread over her face. "Good thing I wore slacks and not pantyhose."

"Put your arms around me. If anyone comes in they'll think we're kissing and go out again."

"You're evil." She lifted her arms and ran them around his neck. She also spread her legs so that he could unzip her slacks and slide his hand inside and under the silky fabric of her panties. When he found her clit she shivered and moaned.

"That's what you need, Cass."

She nodded and held on tight while he stroked her. Her sensitive nub hardened as he rubbed it and moisture pooled against his fingers. Tonight he'd do an even better job for her and draw out her pleasure for as long as she could stand it. Right now he only needed to take the edge off her nerves. Giving her the stroke she loved the most, he circled Cass' clit faster and harder until her moans turned to gasps. She was close.

"Now, baby?" he whispered.

"Uh-huh. Oh yeah. Do it, Steve."

"Here you go." Teasing, rubbing, circling, he pushed her until her breath came in gasps. She stiffened and did her best to swallow a cry as she climaxed, hanging onto his shoulders. Finally, she rested her head against his shoulder and sighed. He removed his hand from her panties and rezippered her fly.



"Rest a bit. Then we'll go back to the others," he said.

"What about you?"

"No time for me."

She put her hand against the front of his pants. "But you're hard."

"I'm always hard when I touch you."

"It's not fair that I get something and leave you unsatisfied."

That was his Cass. Always thinking of him, especially where sex was concerned. He kissed the tip of her nose. "You can take care of me tonight."

"Oops. I promised Sylvia I'd have a drink with her after work."

"After that then. I'll warm the bed for you."

She grinned at him. "You're on."

## Chapter Two

"Oh...my...gawd." Cass' maid of honor's jaw dropped as she looked over toward the entrance to the club.

Cass followed her friend's gaze and found Rafe standing there. Who else?

Sylvia's eyes widened as he approached the table. "Don't look now but Mr. Sex is headed this way."

Cass picked up her glass of wine and took a sip. He'd had his hair cut—or styled—but even shorter it looked sinful. The gentle waves wouldn't submit to scissors, it seemed. They fit with the faded jeans and denim jacket. The T-shirt underneath outlined every muscle of his chest—muscles she'd seen in the buff the night before.

Sylvia's smile grew downright eager as he approached. Another victim for The Look.

He stopped by the table and stared down at her. "You ready to go home?"

"I thought Steve was picking me up."

"He had to work late. He told me to borrow your car and pick you up."

A throat cleared. Sylvia.

"I'm sorry," Cass said. "Sylvia Thomas, this is Rafe Walker."

Sylvia held out her hand. "My pleasure."

Indeed she was almost purring.

Rafe shook hands. "Nice to meet you."

"Rafe is Steve's friend from college. He's going to serve as best man."

"Oh really." Sylvia's voice dropped an octave into lust territory. "We'll be spending time together. I'm Cass' maid of honor."

"Oh really," Rafe answered.

Oh gag.

"Pull up a chair, Rafe," Sylvia said. "Join us for a drink."

"I'll get it," he said. "What'll you have?"

Sylvia held out her glass. "White wine."

Rafe looked at Cass. "You?"

"I'm fine."

He took Sylvia's glass and headed toward the bar.

Sylvia followed him with her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me about him?"

"I only met him yesterday."

"We've been here an hour. When were you going to talk?"

Good question. Sylvia was going to find out soon that her partner for the ceremony and reception was a guy who oozed sex. But how did you work that into a conversation? By the way, the best man is a major turn-on? Drool alert? What?

"Do you believe that ass?" Sylvia asked.

Cass checked it out. He was facing away at the bar and the jeans outlined his tight buttocks as if they'd been sprayed on. No healthy woman could look at that without her imagination going into hyperdrive about how it would move when he thrust into her.

"Well never mind," Sylvia said. "I know what he looks like now. Be sure to give Steve a big sloppy kiss for me."

Rafe turned back, a glass of wine in one hand and a bottle of beer sans glass in the other.

Sylvia covered her mouth with her hand and leaned toward Cass' ear. "Damn, look at the front of his pants."

Cass deliberately hadn't looked there but now she couldn't help herself. It was faded like the back but a line right up the center was even more faded. From the base of his torso almost up to his belt.

"Do you think?" Sylvia whispered. "Oh...my...gawd."

Shit. She needed this. Not. Maybe she could push Rafe and Sylvia together. Maybe they could work out their frustrations on each other and leave her the hell alone. Would that get her mind off the ridge over his fly? Or would it only cement the image in her brain?

Now at the table, Rafe set the wine in front of Sylvia and the beer at the empty seat next to her. He sat and gave Sylvia a bedroom smile. "So you're the maid of honor."

"Always a bridesmaid..." Sylvia said. Nice way to let Rafe know she was single.

"I'm new to this best man stuff so you can give me some pointers."

"Happy to," Sylvia said. "Do you dance?"

"Some." He lifted his beer and took a drink.

"We'll have to dance at the reception. Want to practice?"

It wasn't entirely clear from Sylvia's smile what dance she had in mind but if Rafe was going to give Sylvia The Look he'd have to take care of himself.

"No band," he said.

"There's a jukebox." Sylvia rose. "I'll put on a song."

She sauntered off swinging her hips in a seduction that wasn't the least bit subtle. Rafe watched her for a moment and then turned to Cass.

"You two good friends?" he asked.

"We've known each other since high school."

"She likes sex. You can always tell by the way a woman walks."

Cass almost choked on the wine she'd been sipping. "Is everything about sex with you?"

"She started this, not me."

"But you'll finish it, won't you?"

"You care?"

Damn it. If only she were a better liar she'd tell him no. He'd never believe her though and the denial would only make her look foolish. So she didn't say anything.

The music started up when Sylvia was only a few feet from the table. A sultry Latin sort of song. Too slow for a salsa dance, this one would require body contact.

Rafe stood, put his hand at the small of Sylvia's back and escorted her to the tiny dance floor. While Cass looked on he took Sylvia into his arms, curling their hands together over his chest.

What happened next might as well be a public fucking as the two of them rubbed chests and bellies and just about everything south from there. No one else in the bar seemed to notice but Cass couldn't have stopped looking to save her soul. Rafe slid his hands over Sylvia's ass and cupped her buttocks pulling her even harder against his pelvis. He had to be getting hard now—his cock swelling against the ridge of faded denim in his jeans. Sylvia wobbled a bit and rested the side of her face against his chest.

Cass looked away but that didn't help get the image of the two of them out of her mind. Her mind? Hell her pussy. She started throbbing as she imagined feeling his cock get thick and long against her hip then helping him guide it inside her. Rocking in time to the music as it drove them on. Her clit rubbing against the base of his hard-on while her breasts pushed against the muscles of his chest.

Heat spiraling inside her, she clutched at the stem of her wineglass and tried to breathe evenly. Damn this was torture. She had to get out of here. She could go to the ladies room and splash some water on her face. What was she thinking? That would ruin her makeup. She didn't want to leave anyway. Not really. As perverse as her fascination was, it held her in her seat watching her maid of honor rubbing her crotch against the cock that was haunting Cass' dreams.

The song ended finally. Sylvia and Rafe stopped moving but didn't step apart. After a moment Rafe moved Sylvia away from him as he stared into her face with a lazy smile that screamed lust. Sylvia opened her eyes and gazed back up. Her expression begged him to fuck her.

They turned and walked toward the table with Sylvia in front of Rafe, close enough to hide what had to be an obvious erection. Just as well. It wouldn't do Cass any good to look at the thing. She was wet enough already.

When they got to the table Sylvia picked up her purse. "Ready to go, Cass?"

"Ready." What the hell? Why not?

Sylvia smiled up at Rafe. "Can you give me lift home?"

"Your car's still at your office," Cass said.

"Battery's dead," Sylvia answered. That had to be a lie or she would have mentioned it before.

"I can pick it up tomorrow," Sylvia added.

Yeah and she and Rafe could give Sylvia a jump too but neither she nor Rafe seemed to have considered that.

"I'll drop Cass off and take you home," Rafe said.

What a knight in shining armor. What a load of crap.

\* \* \* \* \*

Steve closed the door behind him and dropped his keys into the dish on the front hall table. "Cass?"

No one answered. Her car hadn't been in the driveway, and the house was dark and silent. Neither Cass nor Rafe appeared to be home. Could they still be out with Sylvia at this hour? Cass drank occasionally but she never stayed out long enough to get drunk.

Shoot. He'd been hot and hard all day thinking of finishing what he'd started in the storeroom at the formalwear shop. She'd been eager for a good fuck too. One way or another he would get laid tonight. First he had to find her.

Pulling his tie loose, he walked toward the back of the house. He'd call her cell phone and find out where she was. When he got to the kitchen and turned on the light

he stopped in his tracks. The back door stood open. What the hell? Had someone broken in? Everything looked normal.

He stepped onto the deck and stopped dead again. This time he smiled. The whirlpool in the hot tub had the water churning and Cass sat in it giving him her best come-hither look.

She rested her elbows on the rim of the tub and pushed up to show her naked breasts slick with beads of water. "You're late."

"I didn't see your car outside."

"Rafe took Sylvia home." She brought her fingers to her nipples and toyed with them until they turned to stiff points. "That was over an hour ago."

"Rafe and Sylvia?" He chuckled. "Less than two days in town and already he's getting laid."

"The Look strikes again."

"If he's not back by morning I'll drive you to work."

"In the meantime there's something else you can do for me."

He started shucking out of his clothes. "I'll bet there is."

Cass lowered herself into the water and scooted to the near side of the tub finally resting her chin on the edge to watch him strip. She could always make him hot and hard with a look and the sin in her gaze went right to his cock. She had to have some kind of erection ray in her eyes because in no time at all he had a hard-on that pressed against the cotton of his briefs. She licked her lips. She knew damned well what that promise did to him too. Steve hadn't had another woman's mouth on his cock but if someone else was getting better head, heaven help the guy.

Finally naked, he walked to the hot tub and climbed in.

Before he could slide down into the water she slipped between his legs, grasped his cock and stroked it with strong fingers. "Thanks for bringing this home to me."

"My pleasure." He sat there watching her stroke his rod until it felt as if it would stretch out of its skin. "Oh hell yeah."

Her mouth opened and her tongue emerged. Slowly the tip approached the spot on his cock just under the head. After all their time together, she knew that place was the most sensitive on his whole body and she knew how to work it. Unable to breathe he waited for the feel of her tongue against it. He steeled himself to control his reaction but knew damned well he'd surrender the minute she licked him.

She flicked her tongue at exactly the right place and he almost came right out of his skin. Teasing him with the perfect pressure she licked at him. His balls tightened and his heart started thumping in his chest. He couldn't hold back a groan as she continued loving his cock. Hot and throbbing, his body started the climb to the inevitable.

She stopped that but kissed the head of his cock before laying it against her cheek. The flesh was a livid crimson, proof of how hot she'd made him so quickly and there was so much more still to enjoy.

"You're so beautiful," she said in a husky whisper. "So big and hard."

"You make me that way."

"You make me hot and wet."

"You're in steamy water."

"Nuh-huh." She bit her lip for a moment. "I was hot and wet before I got in here."

"I wasn't even home."

"I was thinking of you."

Hmmm. Thinking of him or thinking of Rafe fucking Sylvia? No woman was immune to Rafe's raw sexual power. Cass had always loved Steve completely. Nothing would change that. But she had the regular dose of female hormones and Rafe had slept under the same roof with her. They had some kind of chemistry that had upset her enough to act strange at the formalwear store. The stud had to have gotten to her at



least a little. He'd just have to help her work out the kinks. Maybe things could get even more interesting.

Before Steve had a chance to follow that thought she opened her mouth and took his cock inside. Hot damn what a feeling. She slid her lips up and down his shaft swallowing as much of his cock as she could. As the pressure built inside him, he could hardly keep his eyes open. He managed to see through the haze of arousal well enough to watch her suck him, wetting his flesh and making it throb.

Holy shit. Every time was new with this woman. This time she rasped at his secret spot with her teeth. So gently he wouldn't even feel it on another part of his body. There it threatened to snap his control. And yet he couldn't make her stop. Not yet. Just a little bit more. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth while she worked him. Hotter and higher the excitement spiraled upward from his balls and spread through the rest of him almost stopping his heart. He had to hold off. Had to find the strength to stop her before he creamed without satisfying her. He would stop her. Now. He would somehow. But damn.

Somewhere he found enough strength to take a breath and then another. "Stop, baby. You're going to make me come."

She didn't stop though. She kept right on sucking him deep into her mouth running her lips over him and teasing with her teeth.

He groaned and then growled. "Stop, Cass. I mean it."

She did finally and he pulled himself back from the brink taking her head between his hands and bending to press his forehead against hers. "Baby, you almost got my whole load down your throat."

She gave him a wicked smile. "Good huh?"

"I'll show you good."

He slid into the water and reached for her. She came to him immediately, her legs wrapping around him. He had to push her away a bit to make room for his hand between her thighs. As hot as she'd made him he wouldn't be able to control himself

once he was inside her. He needed to make her ready first – massage her clit, stretch her pussy with his fingers. In the end he couldn't be gentle and she needed to want a rough fucking as much as he did.

When he parted the lips of her sex he found her clit already hard and distended. When he rubbed it Cass shuddered and almost lifted herself out of the water. He had to hold her close to keep up the pressure. She was aroused, near orgasm, even though he'd only just touched her.

"Something started your engine," Steve murmured, still toying with her clit in circular motions.

"Get inside me," she said. "Please."

"You tormented me. Now it's my turn."

"I'm going to come. I want to feel you filling me."

"You will."

"I want you now."

"Like this?" He slid two fingers into her and pumped. She was wet and hotter than the water around them. It wouldn't take much to make her snap but after years with Cass he knew how to draw her pleasure out until she begged for release. Slowly and with just enough pressure to make her crazy, he continued stroking her clit with his thumb while he moved his fingers in and out simulating what his cock would be doing in a moment.

"I need...oh God..." She whimpered and pressed her pelvis against his hand. More."

"More what?"

"Your cock. I can't stand this. Put it in me, please."

"My cock?" He kept on rubbing until she stiffened and her breath came in shallow gasps. She was close, hovering at the edge.

"Please," she whimpered. "Please."

He moved his hand and positioned her over him. With one slow and deliberate movement, he slid his cock into her an inch or two.

“Don’t stop,” she cried. “All of you.”

Her muscles clenched around him as she tried to push herself down onto his shaft. Slick, hot, tight. He bit his lip and held onto his last shred of sanity while she pressed forward and down stretching to surround him with her heat.

Enough. No more waiting. He thrust inside her burying every inch of himself in her.

She shrieked with delight. “Yes yes. Fuck me.”

There was no other word for it but fuck. She’d driven him too far and now he could only act like the beast she’d created. Over and over he plowed into her with enough force to send water splashing out of the tub. His cock was going to explode. Already the climax was building. He couldn’t hold back, not even for her.

Eyes tightly closed, she leaned back and grabbed the edges of the tub for support while she moved in time with his thrusts.

Perfectly matched, he pounded into her while she slid along the length of his cock. Her pussy gripped him like a fist. Tight and hot. Irresistible.

The climax started in his balls. Too powerful to fight. He couldn’t put it off any longer but gave in to the pressure.

Just as he thought he’d burst, she climaxed, screaming. Her pussy muscles clenched around him and then exploded into spasms.

Yes! He could come now. One more thrust and then another and another. All along the length of his cock until he shot lust out of the tip into her depths. It lasted forever as he gave and gave and she took it all. She milked him dry until they both went limp. Even then her sex continued fluttering around him in gentle aftershocks.

“Wow,” he muttered finally.

She whimpered and ran her arms around his neck so that she floated in his arms.

"What got this started?" he asked.

"We are going to be newlyweds soon."

He nuzzled her ear. "That's all?"

"You always make me hot."

"Not like that."

"Come on, Steve. I love you."

"And I love you." But there was more to this than love. Much more. And that much more just might be named Rafe.

## **Chapter Three**

Cass sat at the head of the table observing the madness all around her. Some rehearsal dinner. With all the assembled Gibsons and Ballards it turned into more of a reception with people spread throughout the living room, dining room and family room. Even Dad's den held some of the diehard sports fans watching the baseball game. Mom shouldn't have gone to all that trouble but let Cass take the actual wedding party to a restaurant. She'd insisted though and now here they all were.

Cass reached over and squeezed Steve's hand before giving him a kiss on the cheek. Even when she did that she still caught a glimpse of Rafe and Sylvia at the other end of the table. He'd been sending her smoldering looks whenever he got the chance and he was still doing it in front of the others only more subtly. Bastard.

At least no one else seemed to notice. Oh hell. Maybe she was imagining the whole thing. She wasn't imagining how close he sat to Sylvia though nor the way her friend stared at him as if she'd like to have him for dessert. Both of them had a hand beneath the table. From the looks of things, they were touching under there and not each other's hands.

Steve rose and lifted his glass. "There'll be a lot of toasting after the wedding but there's one couple I don't want getting lost in the shuffle." He turned to her mom and dad. "Mr. And Mrs. Gibson. Fred and Camille. Thank you for welcoming me into your family."

With murmurs of agreement the crowd lifted their glasses. Even Rafe and Sylvia although they both kept one hand at doing whatever it was they were doing. Shit. Would she never get the image of that ridge of faded denim out of her mind?

"...another son."

Dad's voice. Cass snapped back to reality. Dad's smile was bright enough to fill the room and Mom was actually blushing. She'd have two sets of great parents now and the best husband in the world and all she could think of was Rafe sitting at the other end of the table getting an erection.

Damn it, she would *not* give in to him. She picked up her own glass and rose. "And to Mom and Pop Ballard the best in-laws a girl could hope for."

"Thank you, dear," Steve's mother answered. "Now make us a grandchild."

Laughter broke out at that. They already had five grandchildren by their other three children.

At the other end of the table, Sylvia whispered something in Rafe's ear and got up. "Excuse me a minute."

She left the room and Cass and Steve sat down. Finally Rafe's second hand emerged. His face wore the sleepy smile of a semi-aroused male with the scent of female in his nostrils. He always looked like that a bit, when you got right down to it. Part of *The Look*. This time was more obvious. They had been playing sex-right-out-in-public and now Sylvia had wandered off to... To what? Masturbate in the guest bathroom? Fuck.

"You okay, baby?" Steve whispered in her ear.

She took a sip of wine. Her mouth suddenly dry. "Fine."

"Soon all the pressure will be off."

"I know." What about the pressure in the pit of her stomach and below? Sitting here with Rafe staring at her with his heated gaze while her clit got overly sensitive in her panties.

She stood up a bit too fast almost tipping her plate over. "Let me help you get dessert, Mom."

"What?" Her mother's head snapped up. "Oh yes. That's a good idea."

Cass picked up her plate and headed toward the kitchen with her mother right behind her. Her sister Suzy showed up with more plates and she and Cass worked on stacking the dishes while Mom pulled the huge cake out of the fridge. From the corner of her eye—always the damned corner of her eye—she caught a movement in the back hallway. Rafe quietly let himself out the back door and closed it behind him. A crunch of gravel told her he'd headed down the path to the guest cottage. And Sylvia no doubt. She gripped the edge of the counter in her fists.

"Sis?" Suzy's hand stroked Cass' back. "What's up?"

"Nothing. Just nerves."

"Do you want me to get you an aspirin?" Mom asked.

Aspirin. Bathroom. Escape. "I'll do it. You get back to the guests."

"Are you sure, dear?"

"Sure. I'll be back in a minute." She nearly ran out of the kitchen and upstairs to her room. In her bathroom she opened the medicine cabinet and took out the bottle of pills. Who was she kidding? Over-the-counter medicine couldn't fix what was bothering her.

What the hell was she going to do? Here she was at her wedding rehearsal dinner and all she could think of was her husband's best man fucking her maid of honor. She ought to be happy for the two of them but all she wanted was some of what Sylvia was getting right now.

Maybe if she faced her jealousy head-on she could overcome it. Maybe she'd discover that Steve was better in bed than Rafe—better technique, more staying power, bigger cock. Maybe if she discovered the truth she could get the man out of her mind once and for all.

She put the aspirin bottle back into the cabinet and walked through her bedroom into the hall. The stairs and kitchen below sounded quiet. Mom and Suzy must have gone back into the dining room. With any luck she could get out the back door with no one seeing her.

She went quickly but quietly down the stairs and across the back hall. Once she got outside she pressed the door closed behind her and snuck down the gravel path to the guest cottage. The living room was dark so she let herself in and crept to the doorway of the bedroom. Rafe and Sylvia were in there all right and they were naked. Busy with each other, they wouldn't see her.

Rafe sat at the edge of the bed leaning back on his elbows while Sylvia knelt between his knees and sucked his cock into her mouth. The thing was every bit as big as she'd imagined. Thick and crimson with arousal it had a vein running along the underside. Sylvia could barely take a third of it into her mouth.

He reached a hand down and gathered Sylvia's hair away from her face. Now Cass could see her friend's cheeks working as she sucked him. She even got a clear view of the head of his cock when Sylvia flicked at it with her tongue before taking him into her mouth again.

Damn but she wanted him inside her—every inch of that hard flesh. Her clit ached and throbbed as she imagined her own mouth on his erection making him hot and hard. Making him swell even larger. She shouldn't have come out here but she sure as hell couldn't leave now.

He closed his eyes and tipped his head back, his face in a grimace of ecstasy. "Man you're good. Suck me, lady. Suck me."

Sylvia did, her hand working on the length of his shaft her mouth couldn't handle.

"Holy shit you're going to make me come," he said from between clenched teeth.

That didn't stop Sylvia. If anything she sucked harder and faster. Rafe's hips began to move, thrusting upward, plunging more of his cock into Sylvia's mouth.

"Fuck now. Oh yeah now!" he shouted.

Sylvia did take him out of her mouth then and kept working him with her fist. He arched upward—savage jerking motions—and roared as he shot semen into the air in spurts. It fell onto the carpet, onto the bedspread, onto Sylvia. She stroked him until he finished finally. Then, grinning, she rubbed his come into her breasts.



He fell back on the bed gasping. "Ah shit. Holy fucking shit."

Sylvia giggled. "Like it?"

"You took the top of my head off."

Well he might have been satisfied but the whole scene had driven Cass past lust to full-blown arousal. Her cunt ached and her clit had swollen. They'd better not be done now because she was in no state to just walk away.

Sure enough Sylvia climbed onto the bed next to Rafe. He flipped over, put his face between her legs and covered her pussy with his mouth.

All right this was bad. Very very bad. Cass had no choice but to slip her hand under her dress and into her panties. The material was soaking wet and her fingers easily found her throbbing clit. The shock of the contact nearly made her gasp but she managed to keep her breathing even as she stroked herself. She'd climax in a minute and then she could tiptoe out again and go back to the party.

Rafe must have been mighty good at giving head because after only a minute Sylvia was moaning with pleasure. Rafe slid his arms under Sylvia's hips and pulled her harder against his mouth.

"Oh God," Sylvia crooned. "Oh God."

Oh God was right. Cass' eyes half closed as a haze of lust settled around the edges of her vision. She slipped a finger inside her pussy plunging into the wet heat there and then used it on her clit. Faster and harder in rough circles. The way she liked it best. She had to finish herself before Rafe was done with Sylvia.

Suddenly a body bumped up against her back. What the...?

She looked over her shoulder to find Steve smiling down at her. He put a finger over his lips to command silence and looked over her head at Rafe licking Sylvia's pussy. He didn't seem angry. If anything he seemed to find the whole thing funny.

While Cass looked back at the couple on the bed Steve's arms went around her front and he slipped his hand into her panties. He took over for her, playing her clit like

the master he was. Now she had only to concentrate on the scene before her and her own pleasure.

Just then Sylvia's moans turned to cries and her hips lifted off the bed. She screamed as her orgasm hit her and Rafe stayed with her licking until she fell back onto the bed.

Shit what now? They'd be done and they'd find her and Steve watching. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. She had to come now and get the hell out of here.

Rafe rose to his knees. Damned if he wasn't hard again. After only a few minutes he'd managed to get an erection as impressive as the first one. How was *that* possible? At least he wouldn't be going anyplace soon.

After a minute he leaned over Sylvia and kissed her. "You up for some doggy-style?"

Sylvia's face broke into a wicked grin. "Oh yeah."

He helped her to her knees, her legs spread, and positioned himself to enter her. Steve's hand left Cass' pussy and he bent behind her sliding her wet panties down her legs. After she stepped out of them he reached up to help her to a kneeling position. Genius. He'd enter her exactly the same way Rafe would enter Sylvia.

She waited, trembling, while he unzipped his pants and took out his cock. Just as Rafe sank into Sylvia, Steve pressed forward filling Cass.

Hot damn. Always well-endowed, Steve felt bigger than she could ever remember. So huge, so hard and yet she took every inch of him. She'd grown so wet he moved inside her easily making an unbelievable friction against the walls of her cunt. When he reached around her and stroked her clit again she almost screamed. The feeling was so powerful it melted her bones.

In the bedroom Rafe had set a slow rhythm. Clearly he was taking his time and she could watch his cock as Sylvia's juices moistened it. He slid himself all the way in her and nearly all the way out again. Every time he pulled away Sylvia whimpered until he surged forward again.

Behind Cass, Steve picked up the pace to fast powerful thrusts. His fingers continued to work her clit, now in circles as she'd done for herself. They'd finish first and escape. It wouldn't take long. She was almost there and he'd come right after her.

On the bed Rafe had closed his eyes again—the same look he'd worn when completely aroused by Sylvia's mouth. He moved faster and deeper. Sylvia gasped with each thrust wiggling her ass and pressing it against him. How utterly erotic to watch them near climax as she got ready to come. She knew Steve well enough to realize he'd reached the point where all he could do was fuck. But his fingers didn't stop, bless him. In another moment just another couple of seconds she'd come. A few more thrusts into her aching cunt a few more strokes of his fingers against her clit and she'd soar past the breaking point.

*Now. Oh now!* The climax took her with a fury that stole her breath. She shuddered as it started deep inside her and broke out into spasms all along her cunt. She gripped at the hard cock inside her and came, her wetness pouring over him.

Steve stiffened and thrust like mad until he came with her. Pulling her hips against him for maximum penetration, he spilled hot essence inside her.

He held her up while they recovered. Rafe had reached around Sylvia to toy with her clit as Steve had just done for her. From the looks on their faces and the force of their movements they wouldn't last too much longer. Steve quickly helped her to her feet and bent to grab her panties. As they crept out of the cottage the sound of Sylvia's screams came to them followed by Rafe's bellow of completion.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sight of Cass' wedding gown on a hanger on the back of the door gave Steve a lump in his throat the size of Rhode Island. It got even bigger as he watched her at her dressing table. She was so damned beautiful and by the end of the day she'd be his wife.

His wife — he'd been saying it to himself all morning. She'd been his girlfriend since eighth grade, climbing trees together, watching scary movies, studying for tests. Now she'd be his wife and have his children. Life didn't get any better than that.

She caught his reflection in her makeup mirror and gasped. "You're not supposed to be here."

"I couldn't stay away."

She turned to face him. "It's bad luck."

"To see you in your gown. You're not in your gown." She wore a full-length slip of startling white. The fabric clung to her curves and emphasized the swell of her breasts. His cock hardened the way it always did when he looked at her but today he'd save his lust for their wedding night. After all the times they'd made love he had to make tonight extra special. Thanks to Rafe he had a good idea how. He only needed to test the waters with Cass a bit first to make sure the idea hadn't come from out of left field somewhere.

"You're not dressed yet," she said.

"No rush. It only takes a couple of minutes for a guy."

"It'll take me a lot longer than that. You'd better let me get to it."

"In a minute." He sat on the end of her bed and patted the space beside him. "We need to talk a little first."

She turned back to the mirror. "Really, Steve. I have a lot to do."

"We need to discuss what happened last night in your parents' guest house."

"We already did talk about it." She picked up a brush and feathered blusher over her cheeks. "It was fun. A little kinky. I don't think I want to do it every night."

"We talked about it. We didn't discuss it."

"Talking isn't discussing?" She rolled her eyes. "That's girl-speak, Steve."

"We talked about how hot the sex was. We talked about whether we want kink in our sex life. Kink isn't the issue. Rafe is."

She stared into the mirror. "Don't overestimate him. He might be a babe-magnet but he isn't an *issue*."

"Then why have you been avoiding talking about him?"

Still she didn't look at him. "I haven't."

"You're doing it right now." He patted the bed beside him again. "Come on, Cass."

She sighed and set down the brush. After turning to look into his face for a minute she got up and joined him on the bed. "Okay talk."

"I know you love me."

"When was that ever in doubt?"

"Doubt, never. But it might be a little niggling worry in here." He tapped the side of her head.

"Get real, Steve."

"You've responded to him. The guy puts out pheromones or something and you're not immune."

She made a little pfff of scorn. "Pheromones?"

"You've been as hot as a jalapeño since you laid eyes on him. Don't think I can't tell."

She wouldn't look at him. All along she hadn't faced what was going on in her own body. That dishonesty, not Rafe, was the real threat to their relationship. Their marriage would last for decades and she'd meet lots of attractive men. If she couldn't face her feelings straight on and share them with him they'd have secrets. They'd never had secrets from each other before and they weren't going to start now. In a way Rafe had done them both a favor by bringing this issue to the fore so they could work it out before they started their life as husband and wife.

"Rafe's a good-looking man," she said finally.

"You know lots of good-looking men. None of them turn you on."

"Rafe doesn't turn me on."

"The other night in the hot tub you were fully aroused before I even touched you."

She looked up at him. "I was fantasizing about you."

"Be honest, Cass. If you'd found anyone besides Rafe and Sylvia fucking in the guesthouse you would have crept out in embarrassment."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"You want Rafe. Admit it."

"I've never wanted anyone but you." She said it too loudly, her expression full of bogus innocence. The more she protested the more she convinced him that this was indeed important.

"We love each other," he said. "Totally. That never changes."

She raised her hands in a futile gesture. "Then what is it you want from me?"

"Honesty."

She sighed again and her gaze traveled the room as if she might find answers in one of the corners. Finally she looked down at her hands. "All right. Maybe it's true. Just a little."

He lifted her chin so he could look into her eyes. "You wouldn't be a normal healthy woman if you didn't lust after Rafe."

"I said a little."

"And I said it's okay."

That seemed to confuse her as her eyebrows knitted together. "Okay?"

"Neither of us can help how we feel. What matters is what we do with those feelings."

"I wouldn't be unfaithful to you, Steve." She looked deep into his eyes. The way she always did when telling the truth about something important.

"I know that."

"Then what was the point of all this?"

“We needed to work through this. Get Rafe out of your system,” he said.

“He’s leaving after the ceremony. He’ll take his pheromones with him.”

She was right that Rafe would take his pheromones with him when he left but wrong about him leaving after the ceremony. At least he wouldn’t leave right after. Rafe had one last wedding gift to give her. To give to both of them.

## Chapter Four

Cass sprayed cologne on the flesh above the neckline of her negligee, checked her reflection in the mirror one last time, and turned to join her new husband for their wedding night. After switching off the bathroom light she stepped into the hotel bedroom. Candlelight filled the room casting a warm glow on the dresser, the drapes and the naked man on the bed.

What the hell? Rafe? "What are you doing here?"

He gave her an evil grin. "I'm your wedding present."

Sure enough his erection sported a satin ribbon around the shaft. Tied into a bow with the ends hanging down over his balls. Another night he would have tempted her. This was her wedding night. Her fucking wedding night.

"Get out," she ordered.

"You want me, Cass." He grasped his cock near the base and stroked it. "You want this."

"I don't."

"Then why did you watch me with Sylvia?"

Shit he'd known she was there. She'd tried so hard not to make a sound. Had Sylvia known? Who the hell cared?

"If I hadn't heard you I would have known you were watching," he said. "I can feel it when you walk into a room."

"No this is wrong." It was. Horribly wrong. Not on her wedding night. And yet her feet wouldn't move and she couldn't look at anything else but his huge cock and his fingers sliding along its length. He had to leave. Now while she could still resist the temptation.



"I even held Sylvia's hair out of the way so you could see her sucking on me. Did it turn you on?"

It hadn't only turned her on then. It turned her on now. Damn but she'd like to take that ribbon off him and take his hardness into her mouth. She'd like to watch him come the way she had that night. This was her special night with Steve. Where in hell had he disappeared to?

"I'm married to your best friend," she said. "Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"It means I'm jealous as all hell of the guy."

"Maybe you'd better get out of here before he comes back."

Too late. The lock on the exterior door clicked. She turned in time to see Steve enter the room, a bucket with a bottle of champagne in his hand. He took one look at the two of them and threw the privacy lock.

"I don't know how he got in here," she said. "I didn't let him in."

Steve walked to the dresser and set the bucket down. "I did."

Her jaw dropped. "You?"

"I knew you wanted Rafe. If you don't get him out of your system he's going to be a problem between us."

"So you were going to give me to him?" He couldn't mean for another man to have her on their wedding night. He couldn't. This was *their* night, not a night to spend with another man. "Damn it, Steve. You'd give me to another man tonight of all nights?"

"No, baby." He walked to her and took her into his arms. "I'm giving both of us to you."

"What?"

Smiling he stepped away, kicked out of his slippers and led his robe slide to the floor. When he got out of his pajamas he exposed an erection as impressive as Rafe's. A satin bow adorned it, the twin of Rafe's.

"Both of you?" she whispered. Stupid. What else could he mean? Her knees went weak as she looked at possibly the two most beautiful cocks in the world. She could have them both. No wonder her brain wouldn't work.

Steve pulled her against him and looked down into her face. "So you game?"

"You're really all right with this?"

"It was my idea."

"Wow."

He kissed her. He'd kissed her dozens of times since the minister had pronounced them man and wife. Innocent caresses until now. Innocence flew out the window now as he took her lips with his own. He pulled her hard against his pelvis pressing his erection into her belly. She melted inside. Heat pooled between her legs as she grew wet in anticipation. Her breasts pressed against his chest—a combination of smooth material and hard muscle teasing them to stiffness.

Steve eased a strap of her gown over her shoulder and down her arm then bent to take the nipple into his mouth. Sucking he urged a deeper response from the aching peak. She closed her eyes and tipped her head back scarcely able to breathe.

A throat cleared. Rafe. She'd almost forgotten about him.

"I think I can help," he said.

Steve straightened and chuckled. "That's the stud."

"Why don't you bring your wife over here and let me give her some head?"

"Sounds like a plan." Steve stripped her gown from her and scooped her up into his arms. In two strides he walked to the bed and lowered her onto it. When Steve sat beside her he filled most of the empty space. Surrounded by firm chests and erect cocks, testosterone and the scent of clean male, Cass took a moment to savor the ultimate—two sexy men devoted to her pleasure.

She propped herself up on one elbow. "When you guys lived together...did you...I mean the two of you?"

Rafe got her meaning first and tipped his head back and laughed. "Me and the boy scout here?"

Even in the dim light Steve blushed visibly. "You mean Rafe and me?"

She shrugged. "Stranger things have happened."

"What do you think, boy scout? Am I cute?"

Steve pulled a pillow from under the spread and threw it at Rafe.

"Because if you wanted to play a little I wouldn't mind watching," she said.

"I did wonder sometimes. You should have heard the noises coming out of his room," Steve said.

Rafe puckered his lips and made smooching sounds in Steve's direction.

"You were loud, asshole," Steve said. "Sometimes I had to jerk off to get to sleep."

Rafe reached over and untied the bow around Steve's cock. Steve looked uncertain but when Rafe's hand closed over his flesh and pumped he sucked in a harsh breath of pleasure.

Cass got out of the way so that Steve could stretch out beside Rafe. The second ribbon came off and Steve slid his fingers over Rafe's shaft, flicking his thumb on the head. They lay on their sides staring into each other's eyes as if in some kind of contest.

What a sight they made. Their cocks swelled even further as their fingers pumped—now faster now harder even twisting for more friction.

Nothing had ever looked so erotic. Two men, driving each other, neither giving up until the other begged for mercy.

Cass' clit throbbed watching them. She reached to her pussy and found she'd already grown wet. She'd have both of those cocks inside her soon but she couldn't wait for long. She palmed her sex, pressing and pushing her clit against the bone beneath. The room filled with harsh breathing as all three of them grew more and more excited.

Steve gritted his teeth and closed his eyes for a minute. Sensing victory. Rafe picked up the rhythm. Sweat broke out on his chest. "Give up?"

Steve opened his eyes again and smiled. With his free hand he cupped Rafe's balls, rolling them gently. "You give up."

"Fuck that," Rafe answered. They kept at it, hands sliding over cocks, chests working for air. Both men had obviously become highly aroused. She might have to stop them before they came but watching them excited her more and more.

Finally Rafe rolled onto his back in surrender. "You win. Shit you're good."

"I had more practice than you."

"I know one thing I've had more practice at," Rafe said. "Think Cass is ready?"

Steve looked at her face and then down at the hand still pressing against her cunt. "I think she is."

Rafe caught her feet and pulled her flat on her back in the middle of the bed. Moving upward, he guided himself between her legs and pushed her hand aside. "I'll take care of this."

Flicking at her with his fingers he parted the lips of her sex. She almost flew apart at his expert touch. Gentle yet effective. He teased her with just enough pressure to make her wild with needing more.

"Damn you smell good, lady." His voice sounded dark with lust. "Hot woman ready to come."

He licked her once. Just one stroke upward over her clit. So intense she gasped and her hips jerked.

"You need it, Cass, don't you?"

"Oh yes."

"You got it."

His mouth closed over her clit and she almost came. He sucked then used his tongue to send the pressure higher. He kept it up showing her no mercy while the heat coiled deep inside her. She ached and burned. Rafe knew how to work a clit.

With arousal clouding her mind she looked over at Steve. He watched her face, smiling at her. "Good, baby?"

Good? Heaven. She had to find a way to thank him. "Give me your cock."

Steve scooted toward her bringing his beautiful tool to her face. While Rafe continued caressing her clit with a touch that pushed her closer to the edge she took her husband's rock-hard cock into her hand and guided the head into her mouth. A tang of salt greeted her tongue. Pre-come. Rafe had aroused him to an explosive level just as he'd done with his mouth on her sex. She sucked gently—enough to take Steve to another level without making him come.

He moaned and pushed himself deeper into her mouth. "Shit you make me so *hot*."

She pumped him with her fist until he trembled and thrust harder.

"Stop, baby or I'll come," he gasped. "I can't...oh shit...stop."

She pulled his cock out of her mouth, still grasping it, while Rafe kept on teasing her clit. Sucking then licking then stopping when she got so close she could feel the climax building. Then he'd start all over again pushing her to a higher plateau. She hung there, a massive O only heartbeats away, but he wouldn't send her there.

She couldn't go any higher. Couldn't get any hotter. She needed to come but he wouldn't let her. Still clutching Steve's cock she lifted her hips to press her aching pussy against Rafe's face but he only stopped again.

"Don't...oh God," she begged. "Don't stop."

Instead of using his mouth he slid a finger deep inside her and pumped. She was wet, so wet. Throbbing, burning. Craving release. Cass fought for breath and moved her hips again as he plunged his finger in and out.

Then his mouth closed over her again and his tongue lapped at her clit. Finally he'd give her what she needed. She could only lie there as it built, crested, and washed over her in waves.

She screamed as the full force hit her. Huge convulsions in her pussy coursing along the length of his finger. She sobbed and wailed again as it went on forever. When it ended she lay limp against the bed whimpering.

Rafe moved up beside her and put his arms around her fitting her body to his. Steve snuggled at her back and threw a leg over both of them. She lay there enveloped in male warmth and floated in the afterglow of an orgasm that had sapped her strength. One erect cock pressed against her belly and another against her butt. They hadn't finished yet.

After a few minutes her brain cleared and strength returned. Both men held her as she returned to reality. A reality that promised even more delights. She'd never imagined her wedding night would turn out like this but man oh man she'd take advantage of everything they offered.

Steve's hand started wandering—cupping her breast and then traveling over her ribs to her belly and below. Her clit was always extra sensitive after a climax and over the years he'd learned how to stimulate it lightly. He didn't touch it directly but rubbed her mound enough to awaken her lust again.

"What next, baby?" he whispered.

She reached behind her to stroke his cock. "I want this inside me while I suck on Rafe."

Rafe chuckled. "Shy little thing, isn't she?"

"You're my present and you'll do what I say. On your knees."

He obeyed and Cass rose to all fours. She'd dreamed of this ever since watching him with Sylvia—one cock inside her while she feasted on another. Both men had amazing equipment. Sleek thick shafts and huge heads.

The head of Rafe's cock faced her now, the ultimate temptation. She closed her mouth around it and sucked then flicked at the underside with her tongue. Served him right for the way he'd driven her past distraction. Behind her, Steve parted her legs and brought his own cock to the entrance of her pussy. Even as wet as she'd become, Cass

had to stretch to accept his bulk. While she swallowed as much of Rafe as she could manage, Steve pushed into her one inch at a time.

“Shit this is good.” Rafe pushed forward giving her more of his hardness. Grasping his cock she rubbed along his shaft.

His hips kept moving as he sucked in a loud breath. “I can see why you didn’t want another woman, boy scout. I’ve never had head like this.”

Steve thrust deeper now. Harder. “Wait until you feel her cunt squeezing you. Oh yeah, baby. Fuck me.”

As she loved Rafe’s cock with her mouth, her imagination filled with memories of how he’d looked gliding in and out of Sylvia. The grimace of pleasure on his face, his cock slick and swollen, crimson as he shot semen everywhere. Did he look like that now? Hot and ready to spew.

She briefly took her mouth off his hardness. It had turned a livid color signaling his complete arousal. Guiding it upward, she licked the underside all the way from his balls to the spot just behind the head.

He groaned and pulled away gripping the base in a stranglehold. He took several huge breaths. “Shit I almost lost it.”

Behind her Steve kept pumping. “Can’t take it, stud?”

“I can take it, boy scout.”

“Not this.” Steve pounded into her hard and fast. He could always make her climax by doing that. He only did it when they were about to come together. She had to hold off, had to make it last, when every nerve inside her built to orgasm again.

He kept pummeling her, his hips slapping against her ass. “You couldn’t take this roommate.”

“I can take it.”

Steve pulled out and moved aside. Suddenly she was empty. She moaned in frustration. She needed a cock filling her, driving her.

Rafe obliged. In seconds he positioned himself behind her and thrust into her, penetrating deep inside her. She gasped in shock and pleasure. He filled her so completely, surging forward and then pulling out again. He set a wild pace, picking up where Steve left off. Cass bit her lip and fought back against the approaching orgasm. More of this—as much as she could manage—and then she'd come. It was too wonderful, too savage to let it end.

Steve lay on the bed stroking himself while he watched Rafe plunge into her over and over. "I can see why all those noises came out of your room, stud."

"Shit, boy scout. I'm gonna come. Too soon."

"Knock yourself out."

"Your...wedding...night." He stopped thrusting and remained buried deep inside her while his whole body shook. After one more thrust he pulled out. "Fuck! What we planned. Fast!"

"Come here, baby." Steve snaked an arm around Cass and pulled her back against him. After lifting her leg over his hip he shoved his cock inside her from behind and rocked forward and back.

In this position he went even deeper and harder than he had before. Helpless to fight any more she surrendered to the pressure building inside her cunt. Then when she couldn't take another moment, Rafe buried his face in her mound and found her clit with his tongue.

*Damn. Oh damn. Too much.* She'd never in her life felt anything like this. The pressure of Steve's cock filling her, the rasp of Rafe's tongue against her clit. She'd shatter. She'd die. She'd die if they stopped.

"Let it happen," Steve whispered. "I'm coming with you."

"Yes."

"Now, baby. Can't wait. Now."

"Yesssss!"



She stiffened as the orgasm hit. So hard she couldn't scream, couldn't breathe. It tore her in two—a throbbing cunt, a burning clit. Both men kept going as she soared to an impossible peak and hung there. Her pussy clutched at the hardness inside.

Steve's roar came from behind as he spilled his soul into her in hot waves. She managed to open her eyes in time to see Rafe pulling on his own cock. He went rigid, growling, as a stream of come shot out of him and sprayed onto her hip and the bed between them.

The three of them lay there spent, Steve still buried inside her while Rafe's breath heated her mound. Heaven. Pure heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Steve loaded the luggage onto the scale at the ticket counter and turned to shake Rafe's hand. "Thanks for everything stud. I do mean everything.

"I'd stick around but I have my own flight to catch," Rafe answered.

Cass rested a hand on Rafe's cheek and turned her face up for a kiss. They did it innocently enough that no one at the counter could guess what had passed between the three of them the night before. Then blushing, she slipped her arms around Steve's ribs. How on earth she could blush after *that* wedding night was beyond him. She'd married him the day before and after the gift he'd given her she seemed even more dedicated to him and their marriage. Rafe had helped them get a good start.

"I wish you could stay in the house until we get back," Steve said.

"I have a job you know."

"Come back when you can," Cass said. She looked up to Steve for approval and he nodded.

"You guys come visit me too," Rafe said. "I'll show you a good time."

That he would. The three of them had forged a bond the night before. None of them wanted it to end. Ever. Right now Steve and Cass needed time by themselves but they'd always have room for Rafe in their lives. And in their bed.

"Bring a date next time," Steve said.

Rafe laughed. "Oh yeah. She'd have to be someone special."

Someone adventurous. If anyone could find such a woman, it'd be Rafe.

Rafe looked at his watch. "I'd better go."

"Have a good trip," Steve answered.

"Right." Rafe put a hand on Cass' shoulder. "You take care of her, boy scout or I'll be back to kick your butt."

"I will."

Rafe picked up his bag, turned, and strode off. Steve might have imagined it but Rafe seemed to swagger a bit more than usual. He had a lot to swagger about.

## About the Author

Award winning author, Alice Gaines has been published in other genres, including paranormal and historical romance. She's delighted to join Cerridwen/Ellora's Cave family with her fantasy work.

Alice loves stories that stretch the imagination, either through exotic or superhuman characters. She has a Ph.D. in psychology from U.C. Berkeley and lives in Oakland, California, with her collection of orchids and two pet corn snakes, Casper and Sheikh Yerbouti.

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