

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE

# *Quickies*

*Naughty Nuptials*

*Seducing  
A God*

Taige Crenshaw

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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

Seducing a God

ISBN 9781419911453

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Seducing a God Copyright © 2007 Taige Crenshaw

Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication June 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

## **Content Advisory:**

**S - ENSUOUS**

**E - ROTIC**

**X - TREME**

Ellora's Cave Publishing offers three levels of Romantica™ reading entertainment: S (S-ensuous), E (E-rotic), and X (X-treme).

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. This story has been rated E-rotic.

*S-ensuous* love scenes are explicit and leave nothing to the imagination.

*E-rotic* love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination, and are high in volume per the overall word count. E-rated titles might contain material that some readers find objectionable – in other words, almost anything goes, sexually. E-rated titles are the most graphic titles we carry in terms of both sexual language and descriptiveness in these works of literature.

*X-treme* titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

# ***SEDUCING A GOD***

**Taige Crenshaw**

## *Dedication*

To my mother who has always been my number one fan. Although you are no longer with me I know you are smiling down at me every time I get published.

To Marilyn, my sister and second mother, who has always believed I would be a success.

To my lunch buddies, who listen to me ramble on about my writing ideas.

To the real Paula, who lent me her name. This one is for you.

## **How to Seduce**

Scope out the target you want to seduce.

Entice your target with your boldness.

Do nothing. Wait for your target to come to you.

Use any opportunity that presents itself to drive your target wild.

Conquer and don't stop even when the target begs for mercy.

Embrace your victory then go for it.

## Chapter One

*Scope out the target you want to seduce.*

With a barely stifled moan Paula Stroker wondered how much trouble she would get into if she jumped across the aisle and beat the wedding planner with that damn stick she was waving around. Everyone else was hanging onto every word the snotty piece of shit was saying. She couldn't figure out how many times you had to practice to walk down the aisle. Sheesh, you walked every day for God's sake. Frowning, she resisted her impulse although she would have liked to shock everyone who saw her as the well-behaved one.

*You're just bitter it isn't you that's getting married.* She almost snorted in laughter at that whopper. Her inner voice had a warped sense of humor. So what if she was single at thirty-five and her mother had resorted to throwing men at her who needed a zookeeper. As if she had heard her thoughts, her mother, Adrianna Stroker, glanced back at her with pity in her eyes. It took all Paula's control not to scream she would rather have her eyeballs plucked out than get married, then bolt out the door. She tried a smile instead. Her mother nodded then went back to watching the wedding planner like the words coming out of her mouth were gold.

She knew exactly what her mother was thinking when she looked at her. "If Paris was ready to settle down why couldn't Paula?" Glancing at Paris Stroker, her sister and the bride-to-be, Paula saw Paris roll her eyes. Stifling a laugh, Paula still couldn't believe it. Paris was getting married. Paris who had always said, "You won't get me down the aisle unless I have lost my mind." Yet here she stood, the wild child ready to tie the knot. Put on the old ball and chain or any of those other silly sayings. Something had to be seriously wrong.

Looking over at Nathan Randall, Paris' fiancé, she still couldn't figure out how he had convinced her. Yes, he was handsome with his chiseled good looks, he was head-

over-heels in love with Paris and he was smart. He was in charge of the marketing department of Tantalize Me, the company she co-owned with Paris. Three years ago Nathan and Paris had met at work and fallen in love. They had been living together ever since. She knew that Nathan had asked Paris to marry him many times but she had refused. At least until a month ago when suddenly they announced they were getting married in a month. Mom had a fit, thinking Paris was pregnant. Since they had already been living together she and Paris hadn't understood what the big deal was.

When their mother had explained that living together before marriage was fine but being pregnant before marriage was a huge deal they had just looked at her like she was missing a few bricks. Her mother had a slanted way of looking at things. They already knew her view on marriage. She had been living with Christopher for fifteen years and still refused to marry him. Her claim that she couldn't dream of marrying anyone after their dad died was a load of shit since she could live with Christopher.

After realizing that Paris was not pregnant but wanted to get married, Mom had wondered how she could plan a wedding in that time. They had known she was just being coy. She liked nothing more than having a party. From the announcement to now, one week before the wedding, it had been non-stop preparations, fittings and all the wedding hoopla. Paula was sick of it. She couldn't even try to escape as she had planned from this, the engagement party. Her mother, the wedding general from hell, and her little minion the wedding planner, the devil's helper, had dragged them all into a separate ballroom away from the party to practice the walk down the aisle for the gazillionth time.

The wedding planner went from person to person, arranging them and telling them how to stand. When her turn came Paula gave the planner a look and she backed up, smiling tightly. They had already had a run-in with what Paula would and would not put up with. The planner went to the next person. Bored. Paula glanced around, looking at the rest of the wedding party who all seemed excited. She didn't get what turned people into smiling idiots when in a wedding. Shaking her head, she continued to look

around, checking out some of the other people who had wandered in to take a look at what was going on. Paula shifted. She hated being the center of attention. She'd rather be locked in her lab working. Most of their audience was watching the show with a smile on their face. Continuing her perusal, Paula turned to her left, then her eyes widened.

His back was to her as he walked away. From the back alone he looked like a walking wet dream. His tightly braided hair swung between his broad shoulders, curling on the end to rest about mid-back. Paula licked her lips as she let her eyes wander down, then across those broad shoulders. She was a sucker for shoulders. He reached up with a sun-kissed colored hand to smooth back his hair, causing the muscles in his shoulders to ripple under his pale green dress shirt. He was one tall piece of eye candy.

Paula didn't think it could get any more delectable than those shoulders. Dropping her gaze, she realized how wrong she was. His tight hunter green slacks hugged his rear, detailing every nook and cranny. Her mouth went dry.

*Was it hot in here?* She wondered as she continued to look at him. He continued moving past all the people heading for the back of the room. He moved with a sense of grace, self-confidence and arrogance. She wished he would turn around so she could get a look from the front. *Have mercy on me if he looks as good as he does from the back.*

Suddenly the man turned and leaned on the wall. Paula couldn't catch her breath. He wasn't handsome. He was gorgeous.

His gray gaze roamed the room. Even from where she stood she could see he had thick curly lashes that offset those piercing eyes. His features were craggy and all masculine—broad forehead, sharp cheeks, full nose and firm lips pulled into a grim line. His broad shoulders looked even better in the frontal view. His chest was so broad it would inspire a woman to lay her head down and stay awhile.

*I wonder if it feels as good as it looks?*

The rest of him looked just as decadent. He looked like he was sporting a six-pack under that shirt. Thankful for the unobstructed view, she glanced at his firm muscular thighs and her mouth ached to take a bite along his skin.

*Who was he?*

Intrigued, Paula watched as he shifted where he leaned against the wall.

The look on his craggy face was miserable. She wondered why. Usually at parties like this she would find a corner and wait until she could make a graceful escape but now after seeing him Paula was looking forward to circulating so she could meet this luscious man. Being aggressive wasn't her style but she was definitely going to get an introduction. Paula frowned as a breathtakingly beautiful woman walked up to join him. The man gave the woman a hug then they leaned next to each other against the wall.

"Now line up, everyone." The wedding planner's voice cut in, distracting her.

Glancing back at the wedding planner, Paula's mind was on who the man was and what the woman was to him.

No respect. He got no respect. Markus M'ar Riage watched as the wedding coordinator flitted around trying to get everything to run smoothly.

The planner didn't have a clue about what it took to make a marriage. It had nothing to do with any of these silly trappings. Slumping farther onto the wall, he wished he was anywhere but here. He was only present because of the groom, Nathan Randall. Shaking his head, he still hadn't found out how the heck Nathan had known about him. When Nathan had called him out of desperation his soft heart wouldn't let him refuse. Damn it. Even though he knew that this family was nothing but trouble.

They were his biggest headache and worst shame. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a woman try to slide closer to him. Glancing at her, he gave her his "leave me the hell alone" look. She glanced at him, a panicked look on her face, and took off in the

other direction, knocking people out of her way. He saw people glancing after her then at him. He turned his face away, trying to act like nothing happened.

Shit, he hadn't meant to scare her off, just have her leave him alone. This whole wedding business had him feeling out of control. Scowling, Markus decided it was time to hang up his rings and retire. Let the young bucks do all the work for a change. He was tired of being the clean-up crew. Let them get a taste of what it was like without him around. He felt someone come and stand by him. He sighed. Not another one. He cursed his handsome face.

"Why the pout, sweetie? You would think you would be happy at an occasion like this," a smoky voice teased.

Glancing at her, Markus couldn't help the grin that twitched on his lips. "Please. Men don't pout."

She laughed, throwing her head back and making her mane of kinky curly hair swing.

"What are you doing here, Fallon?"

Fallon M'ar Riage looked at him from head to foot. "Looking snazzy."

He sighed again and waited for her to reply. She looked at him, her silver gray eyes amused. She had a face that looked like she could launch any man into orbit. He knew for a fact that she did. She shifted, causing her rust-colored fitted dress to swirl around her. Absently he glanced up and was not surprised to see that most of the men in the room were staring at her.

Fallon's next statement brought his attention back to her. "Come on, bro, you did it. She's getting married. You should be happy." She glanced back at the bride and groom standing across the room.

He snorted. "Until she walks down the aisle and says I do, she's still my charge. Shit, this family has given me so many headaches. After this I'm retiring."

Fallon laughed and swatted him on the arm. "Where would the world be without you?"

He glared at her. "You think you're funny. I'm sick to death of being the fix-it man for the rest of you. Especially Claude and Leonardo. You all need to finish your own damn jobs."

She waved her hand carelessly. "You're too old-fashioned, Markus. Not everyone wants to end up married."

Markus looked at her like she was crazy and his head started to throb. "God, I can't believe we have the same parents."

She glanced at him and raised one eyebrow. "Live with it."

"I have, for over a thousand years, and I still don't get you." Markus stared at his sister and wondered where their parents had gone wrong.

She smiled, a devilish look in her eye, then reached up and patted him on his cheek. "And you never will."

Turning, she looked back at the bride and groom. "They make a lovely couple. Her daughter will be a firecracker."

*Entice your target with your boldness.*

Markus literally felt his eyes bug out of his head. "Christ, she's pregnant. No wonder that damn louse ZJ worked so hard to convince me to help Nathan after he called me."

Narrowing his eyes, he glared at her.

She was unruffled by his look. "What? That's what you're there for. We each have a job and we do it."

"Your job is not to populate the planet, Fallon."

"Yes it is. That's what the Goddess of Fertility does."

"No it isn't. Christ. At the rate you all are going we're going to be in major shit."

Fallon looked at him. "Unlike you some of us need more time to learn the full extent of our duties. We all can't be an overachiever like you. You think it's easy being the Goddess of Fertility? You should try it on for a day."

Running his hand over his face in agitation, Markus growled. "Fuck it, I don't have it any easier. These days everyone just jumps into bed, lives together or has kids without the benefits of marriage. How does that make me look? I'm the God of Matrimony for god sakes."

"Oh boo hoo, the poor God of Matrimony is so misunderstood. You need to loosen up, Markus. Stop being so stiff. You need a bout of knock-your-eyes-back-in-your-head sex. Get laid and laid well. Why don't you go out with Claude, no, better yet Leonardo?"

"You must be out of your ever-loving mind if you think I'd go out with those two to get laid. Hell, all Claude tries to do is live up to his name and make everyone fall in love. He doesn't realize being the God of Love doesn't mean shit without the follow-through. Leonardo is even worse. Fucking every woman in his path. Just because you're the God of Lust doesn't mean you have to act like a tomcat in heat. Neither one realizes that the correct end to love or lust should be marriage. I'm damn tired of being the clean-up guy. Damn that ZJ. Wait until Zeus hears about this. "

"Didn't you learn your lesson from last time? Zeus, Aphrodite, Hades and all the rest of the parents have retired. We're in charge now."

Markus felt his headache worsen. "We should all be able to work together by now. It's been two hundred and seventy-three years already. How much retirement does a person need?"

Fallon rolled her eyes. "With you testosterone-laden idiots involved, it's a miracle anything gets done." She patted his cheek again. "Retirement is forever, buddy." She laughed at him.

Opening his mouth to answer, Markus felt a weird sensation. Glancing toward the bride and groom, his eyes clashed with liquid honey. Taking in the woman staring at him in one glance, he noted that she was lovely. Her honey-toned skin glowed with vibrancy while her hazel eyes shone through her wire-framed glasses, impaling him. A small smile curved a lush mouth begging to be eaten. She turned, causing the light to shine off her dark reddish brown hair pulled back in a tight bun. He could see the impatience on her face.

His gaze dropped lower, taking in her prim black suit. Her full breasts would fit into his hands perfectly. His mouth watered thinking of taking a suck. They looked soft and delicious. His cock hardened to painful attention. Markus willed himself to calm down but it was useless. She made him feel primal.

He took a step forward before he realized it. Stopping, he glanced away and shook his head to clear the buzzing in his ears. Head clear, he glanced back at the woman. She was still watching him, her gaze steady.

*Who was she?* She was obviously part of the wedding party but he hadn't met her before. He had thought Nathan had introduced him to everyone. She looked away.

"What's wrong with you?" Fallon demanded, looking around.

Taking her by the elbow, Markus replied, "Nothing. Let's go back to the party."

"Why?"

With one last glance at the woman who was turned away from him now, Markus looked away then down at Fallon. "We have to discuss why you sent Zeus Jr. to me instead of coming to talk with me yourself."

Leading Fallon from the room, he ignored her protests.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rushing down the hallway, Paula cursed the wedding planner for keeping her so long. When she had finally made it back to the party, she mingled to see if she could

find the man. She hadn't. He was gone and she hadn't even gotten to speak with him. Since she had already played nice she was leaving.

Quickly climbing the stairs that led to the second floor, Paula walked away from the sounds of the party. Reaching the top, she turned right then left on the way to her old childhood room. The silence was welcome after all the noise. Glancing at her watch, she noted the time and figured she could go into the office for a little bit. Her current invention was giving her trouble and she wanted it finished before Paris' wedding at the end of the week.

Picking up her pace, she turned the corner to her room and felt like a brick wall hit her. She heard a grunt and as she started to fall strong arms grabbed her, holding her upright. Startled, she looked up into the face of her savior. Seeing it was the man from downstairs, her heart started to pound. He looked at her and a look of recognition passed between them.

Slowly he released her and stepped back. "Excuse me. Sorry. I didn't hear you coming." His voice was a rich molasses.

Silently he watched her.

*Say something, you idiot.* Paula returned his look, unable to come up with a thing to say. He nodded, then stepped around her and started to walk away.

Turning quickly, Paula cursed herself. *Be bold, be daring. Don't be shy. Come on.* "Paula."

The man turned and looked at her in question.

Cursing her shy nature, Paula tried again. "My name is Paula."

His answer was gruff. "Markus."

He looked at her, waiting. She thought of what she should say.

"I saw you in the ballroom earlier. Why'd you look so miserable?"

He smiled slightly. "Weddings."

She laughed in understanding. "You hate weddings too. Thank God. I thought I was the only one." Leaning against the wall, she looked at him and grinned. "Can you believe all the hoopla? I don't get it. All they need to do is get in front of a minister and say yes and be done with it."

He looked amused, walked closer then leaned against the wall beside her. Paula felt deliciously crowded. She stilled a shudder before it could escape.

"Yes. People don't realize that all this is not necessary." He shook his head, causing the braid that rested on his shoulder to move.

Before she could think about it her hand reached out to touch his hair. His hand flashed out and caught hers before she could touch it. Embarrassed at her boldness, Paula dropped her eyes and tried to pull away. He held firm. Raising her gaze, she locked eyes with his. This close up she noticed his eyes weren't pale gray as she assumed but silver with green flecks. She had never seen eyes that color before. Everything about him was intriguing. Swallowing, she realized how out of character she was acting.

He leaned closer, almost touching her lips with his. "I'm the God of Matrimony." Watching him to see if he was kidding, she saw he was serious.

She didn't believe him. "Really. I make sex toys for a living."

He tilted his head to the side and continued to watch her intently then he grinned, threw back his head and started to laugh. Paula didn't appreciate it at all. It wasn't a joke. She did make sex toys and was damn good at it. Tantalize Me, the business she and Paris had started as a whim, had taken off and they were good at what they did. Paris dealt with the day-to-day administration and she created. She had fun making the various sex gadgets.

Narrowing her eyes, Paula did something that she was sure he would not expect. Stepping forward, she tugged out of his loosened grip, reached up and grabbed him by the shirt, stood on her toes and kissed him.

Not used to being the aggressor, Paula went with her instinct and kissed him thoroughly. She licked the seam of his lips and when he opened she swept her tongue deep inside. She devoured his mouth in a heated kiss. Markus' heart beat rapidly. Murmuring, she went closer to him and his arms wrapped around her. He wasn't participating, just taking her sensual assault. This wasn't about anything more than unadulterated, unbridled lust.

Drawing back, Paula looked at him to see what he would do. He said nothing, just looked at her through heated eyes. Uneasy, Paula wondered if she had overstepped a mark.

Finally he broke the silence. "Brace yourself." His voice was a hoarse raw sound.

Markus pulled her deeper into his body and aligned her into him until every part of them touched, then he kissed her. Delved deep and swift with no pretense. He lapped at each crevice in her mouth, sucking strongly at her tongue. He murmured, deepening the kiss, stroking in and out slowly then harder. Her body stiffened in shock as her pussy started to vibrate in time with his kiss.

His murmur was all the warning she got before he let out a soft purr. Shards of pleasure racked her with each decisive stroke of his tongue. Shocked, she felt an orgasm start to build. Markus tightened his hold on her. Paula went under. She murmured too while he ate at her mouth, sucking in her taste, trying to consume her.

God. Her body gushed as pleasure unlike anything she could ever imagine bombarded her. Growling deep in his throat, Markus gentled his assault, changing the texture of his kiss.

The contrast from wild to soft rolled over her with the tenderness of a summer breeze and the power of a lightning storm. Paula was lost in the sensuality of his kiss. From the moment she had seen him across the room she wanted him. He growled again, making her pussy pulse.

As she sank her hands into his silken hair, it loosened from its binding, spreading out, tickling her hands. Holding on tightly, Paula gripped him close. He purred in her

mouth again, sending off shock waves of pleasure to her pussy. His tongue stroked softly along the sides of her tongue then he nipped it, startling her. Pleasure crashed into her as her orgasms overtook her, driving her body insane. Gasping, Paula bowed at the force of it. She hung onto him as pleasure jerked her body. Paula's mind blanked under the force of her release.

Markus stiffened and mumbled, "Christ, sorry."

Gently he leaned her against the wall, stepped back and walked rapidly away around the corner.

Leaning against the wall, Paula tried to catch her breath as small explosions of pleasure continued to rack her. *With a kiss he made me come.*

Raising a shaky hand, she pushed back her hair from her face. She couldn't imagine what would happen if they actually did the deed. On rubbery legs Paula pushed away from the wall, turned and walked to the door of her childhood bedroom. Fine shivers filled her as she walked. Tiny orgasms continued to flood her, making her pussy cream. She had to change her panties. They were soaked.

*Do nothing. Wait for your target to come to you.*

Striding down the hall, down the stairs then out the front door, Markus was thankful he didn't run into anyone. His cock was hard as a rock and he had no patience for niceties. Stopping just outside the doorway, Markus could still taste her, feel her body against his and smell the sweet scent of her orgasm. Although he'd had many women this had never happened to him before.

The instantaneous combustion.

The loss of control.

Clenching his fist, Markus fought to not go back inside and finish what they'd started. Furious at himself for being sucked in, he swore viciously. While kissing her he realized who she was. Paris' younger sister, Paula Stroker. He had never seen her. She

was always at work in the lab or away. He should know better and steer clear of Stroker's family. When all his attempts years earlier to get Adrianna Stroker married off after her husband died had been disastrous, he had vowed not to have anything to do with the family again. To this day he couldn't understand why a woman who was so obviously in love refused to get married. Adrianna had passed the same feelings onto her daughter Paris.

Until Nathan had summoned him. He was still trying to figure out how Nathan knew about him and how to summon him. Very few mortals knew or even believed in him enough to ask for his help. They put their hopes in Claude Valentine. Most mortals knew Claude as Cupid but if you wanted his help you didn't dare call him Cupid to his face. Nathan had asked Markus for help. But when Markus found out who the woman Nathan was trying to convince to marry him was, Markus had decided to stay out of it. The Stokers were a sore subject since they were his only failure. He would have stuck to his initial inclination except Zeus Jr. came to him, asking him to take on the case.

Stupidly he had let his heart rule his head and worked on it. The rules for his help were simple. He only interfered when necessary. Follow what he said. And only the person he was helping was to know who he actually was. It had taken him a little over two long painful years to get Paris to agree to marry Nathan. Until she walked down the aisle he was still working to get the job done.

Yet within hours of seeing Paula for the first time she made him break his own rule of being unknown. She made him burn with things that he shouldn't. He had no time for distractions, especially one that was from the Stroker family. No matter how delectable they were. Striding down the stairs onto the street, Markus took in the quiet night. He took a deep breath, trying to clear her scent from his nose. Harlem Street was deserted as he shimmered and disappeared.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later, sitting in his throne room, Markus still hadn't cleared her scent from his senses. Leaning forward, he put his hand under his chin and stared out at the

empty area. Usually there was someone bustling around but he had ordered them all to leave him alone. He was out of sorts and his people knew it. Many of them had offered to help. Since he couldn't say he wanted to fuck Paula Stroker so hard she wouldn't be able to ever want any other man but him, he had declined their offers.

Restless, he shifted and let his eyes roam the richly decorated room. Pale yellow walls offset the gleaming hunter green marble floors. The various paintings and decorations were a profusion of colors, making the room seem alive. The pale green glass cutouts at different intervals all around the room gave him a view of his people passing outside. Markus could see them looking at the closed door in confusion. The doors were rarely closed and he always had time for everyone. Swearing, Markus couldn't even explain how she had gotten under his skin so deeply from their one meeting. He hadn't even been back to the Earth realm to check and see what was going on with Nathan and Paris.

Since he hadn't received any summons he assumed everything was moving on as planned with the wedding. Slouching back, he closed his eyes. He really didn't want to go to this wedding and chance seeing her again. There was no way he could afford to get near her again. It was too dangerous for his control.

"Why is it every time I see you these days you're frowning?"

Not even opening his eyes, Markus replied, "Go away, Fallon."

"No." She sounded very cheerful.

Opening his eyes, he saw she was floating with legs crossed above the table next to his throne. She was in what she liked to call her fertility getup. Which meant lots of bare skin and body paint.

Shaking his head, he looked at her. "Who are you impregnating now?"

Fallon laughed. "No one now. It's already done. Why are you sitting here by yourself?"

"No reason."

She rolled her eyes. "Come on, something has to be up for you not to be glued to the happy couple. Especially since it is in *that* family. I would think you would be there to make sure everything goes off without a hitch."

Guilt swamped him. "Nathan can handle it."

She raised an eyebrow. "Really? Or you hope he can?"

Markus knew she was right but refused to let her know. "Yes, he can handle it."

She shrugged. "Okay. What's wrong with you?" She blinked out then blinked in, leaning on the armrest of his chair.

She watched him closely then a huge grin curled her lips. "*Ah hah*, so you took my suggestion and got a little something-something." She slapped his arm. "Markus, you old dog, how did you find the time?"

"Go away, Fallon."

She pouted. "Fine. Don't tell me." She straightened. "But you need to go and check on Nathan and Paris."

Before he could ask her anything she blinked out. Swearing, Markus shimmered. Coming solid again, Markus saw he was at a combined bachelor and bachelorette party that Nathan and Paris had decided to throw at Tantalize Me. Glancing around for Nathan and Paris, he absently noted that Paula wasn't there. Locating Nathan and Paris, he narrowed his eyes then swore viciously when he saw that Nathan's and Paris' auras had changed. Snapping his fingers, he raised his blowpipe, inserted the dart then in quick succession he blew a dart at Paris then Nathan.

It hit her in the back of her neck and him in his shoulder. Paris raised her hand to her neck, rubbing it, while Nathan looked around. Sending his pipe away quickly, Markus was pleased to see they were back in the marriage frame of mind. When Nathan saw him he waved. Nathan nodded then returned to his conversation. Markus turned away and made his way around the room to circulate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frowning, Paula took off her goggles and rested them on her worktable. Although she couldn't hear the party going on upstairs, she could imagine they were all having fun. Earlier when the party started she had let the others go before making her way upstairs to check out the festivities.

*To look for him you mean.* Irritated, she pushed back her chair and stood. After getting nowhere with Nathan for more information on Markus or where he could be found, she had looked for him at each wedding event. Tonight was the same as it had been for the past two days. He hadn't shown up.

You would think after blowing her mind he would at least have the decency to come back and do it again. Since he wasn't at the party she wasn't inclined to stay or take part, instead choosing to come back to her lab and lock the doors. Walking over to the other side of the room, Paula pushed him out of her mind and focused on the one thing that didn't disappoint her—work. Taking a look at the two items on a table, she evaluated them. *The Stroker* was Tantalize Me's bestseller. Taking it off the table, she fingered the nipple clamps. They were much softer than most on the market.

Since she had extremely sensitive nipples she had wanted to create a clamp that was pleasurable. In production she had decided to take it a step further. After much trial and error she had come up with *The Stroker*, which was nipple clamps with a chain attached to each that led to a special clamp that could attach to the clit. It was made of a unique material so it was pleasurable. That wasn't the most special feature of *The Stroker*. With each step the wearer got the sensation of being lightly petted. Stroked softly as if by a lover's hand. It was a highly erotic feeling. To increase the sensation all you had to do was tap one of the nipple clamps and the strokes increased.

The clamps were offered in various colors with a variety of chains—some in solid gold, white gold or silver. At very special requests they would customize it to include precious jewels. Putting it down, Paula glanced at her newest invention, *The Xena*. She hoped it would do even better than *The Stroker*. The Xena and The Stroker were similar in design however in The Xena its functions had been enhanced to increase the wearer's

pleasure. Quickly she went to the door and double-checked to make sure it was locked. Glancing around, she debated if she should wait and test it at home as she usually did. Although they had a set of volunteers to test the products on, she believed in performing her own private tests. She couldn't sell a product without knowing how it worked herself. They were already behind schedule for their anticipated release date in three weeks. The prototypes had just gone out to the testers yesterday.

Deciding it was worth the risk, she went back to the table, picked up *The Xena* and continued across the room to the back where her office was. Going inside the spacious area, she closed the door, locked it and walked rapidly over to her desk. Stopping in front of it, she set *The Xena* down and stripped quickly. Taking the two chairs in front of her desk, she positioned them to rest her legs on. Picking up *The Xena*, she attached the clamps to her nipples, hissing slightly at the feel of them being attached.

Taking a deep breath, Paula smoothed out the chains then picked up the clit clamp and leaned back against the desk. She spread her legs and stroked lightly along her clit then attached the clit clamp. She moaned at the feel of it. Raising herself, she sat on the desk, moaning as the clit clamp started to stroke. Lifting her feet, she rested one on each chair, spreading her thighs wider. Closing her eyes at the sensation of being lightly stroked, Paula moaned loudly.

Swallowing hard, she fought off her orgasm. She ran her right thumb along the right nipple clamp. The delicious tightening on the clit clamp was all the warning she had before a firm stroke then a deep suction made her back bow. The clit clamp sucked then stroked firmly along her aching pussy. It was like going from a gentle breeze to a gale-force wind. Dropping her hand back on the desk, Paula arched her back, screaming loud and long in orgasm. Absently she thanked God her office was soundproof.

Blurily she remembered to touch the left nipple clamp then fell back against the desk as the stroking and suction started on her tender clit. Brutal sounds ripped from her lips as she felt another orgasm approaching. Gasping for breath, Paula braced

herself for it. Suddenly the sensation stopped and a finger replaced the clamp, impaling her, causing her eyes to fly open. She looked up and locked eyes with silver gray.

## Chapter Two

*Use any opportunity that presents itself to drive your target wild.*

Paula's heart thumped as she watched Markus' hungry gaze. He licked his lips while his gaze dropped, taking in her widespread soaking cunt. His look was like a physical touch, making an involuntary moan escape from Paula. His gaze snapped up to her face. The look in his eyes made her pussy cream even more. With a firm stroke Markus pulled out then back into her soaked pussy. Scrambling for something to hold onto, Paula grabbed the edge of the desk.

Markus smiled, a fierce twist of his lips. Paula tried to think but couldn't as he sunk another finger into her. Going in and out in rapid, rough motions.

"Gg.... Fu..." Paula screamed.

Markus leaned forward over her and flicked the nipple clamp with his tongue. It started to suck and stroke. It sent her over the edge. An orgasm rolled over her. Arching hard, Paula pressed down on his hand, grinding against it. He chuckled as he enveloped the nipple clamp in his mouth, sucked it off, spat it off to one side then curled his tongue around her hard nipple before starting a strong suction. He continued to stroke his fingers in and out of her.

"Uuuhhh...." Paula felt every suck and lick of his hot mouth pulsate in her pussy. His fingers were never still, driving her orgasm on and on.

Paula head thrashed from side to side while her hands came up and gripped his head, pinning him to her. "Fuck yes."

His muscles rippled as he moved from breast to breast, working the swollen tips until they were sore. His fingers swept in and out of her, stroking her inner pussy walls with delicate precision. Paula gripped him as shivers tore through her. Markus continued his sensual assault, using exquisite pressure that drove her to heightened

frenzy. His tongue grew more insistent on her nipple then he let out a purr. Paula dropped back and let out a silent scream as the pressure inside her burst into an even more explosive red-hot release. He pinned her, keeping her in place while her orgasm ripped through her, making her jerk against the desk.

Before she could form a thought he stood back and, in one smooth motion, grabbed her and flipped her over, bending her knees so she knelt on the desk. He pushed her head down and arched her ass, then shimmered his clothing off.

Markus impaled her in one hard thrust. Paula screamed at the force of his thrust. It felt like he was at the end of her then her feverish pussy gripped his hard cock and he slid deeper. Her pussy milked him with the aftershocks of her previous orgasm. He gripped her hips and pushed forward, sliding even deeper inside her.

Leaning next to her ear, Markus whispered in his sensual voice, "No one but me will ever touch you again, Paula."

He nuzzled behind her ear and with a wet flick of his tongue licked slowly until he met her lips. He kissed her, a carnal clash of their tongues. Her cunt continued to clench around his cock in reaction.

He continued in a voice soft with purpose. "What's my name?"

Unable to speak, Paula whimpered. He licked along the side of her face then nipped on the bottom of her jaw.

"My name." He bit gently on her ear.

Paula shuddered as fine goose bumps rose all over.

"Look at me." Weakened with unbridled lust, Paula glanced sideways at him. His face was etched in harsh lines of desire. He lowered his head until their lips were barely an inch apart. Her lips parted, taking in each word he spoke.

"Say my name, Paula." His tone was darkly sensual.

He moved, riding her in a hard rhythm.

“Markussssss.” Finding her voice, Paula’s hands scrabbled, gripping the edge of the desk as she felt his cock stretch her feverish cunt to overflowing. She didn’t think she could take it yet her body demanded she did. Cream flowed from her as she pushed back against him as he came forward. Her eyes rolled back in her head while her hips rolled to match his hard driving pace. Each plunge of his cock wrenched a scream from her throat until she was hoarse. And still he continued to impale her, never slowing.

Her eyes fluttered at the sensations of being taken so forcefully. He rode her so hard the desk was moving forward across the room. Markus didn’t break momentum, just continued with their feverish lovemaking. With a loud roar she felt his hot cum explode inside her. His cock pulsed, stroking against her inner pussy walls, sending her into another fiery orgasm. All Paula could do was whimper as streams of his hot seed filled her, with more dripping down her legs. His hands gripped her hips as he continued to come. He slowed and continued to stroke in and out. Her pussy was feeling raw and well used but it still gripped him, wanting more. Paula rolled her hips and to her surprise and pleasure he hardened and lengthened again. With a slow stroke in and out he started again. Moaning, Paula smiled and held on for the ride.

Gazing down at Paula bent over on top of the desk for his pleasure, Markus shuddered. Stilling himself, he gritted his teeth, striving for control from the pleasure of her contracting around him. Instinct had taken over when he saw her prone on the desk. He had taken her hard and knew he should give her a rest but he couldn’t. He continued to move, slowly grinding against her.

Paula moaned and arched her back, taking him deeper into her wetness. She drove him crazy. An involuntary groan ripped from his throat as she rolled her hips again. Looking at her honey-skin move as she rippled her back while her beautiful breasts bobbed, Markus grunted. The hunger for her increased until his cock felt like it was on fire. Shaking his head, he fought it with an iron will. Leaning forward, he licked down

her sweat-soaked back. The sweet taste of her skin made power ripple under his skin. Steadying her, he plunged into her. Her short scream then moan played in his ears.

Biting down gently between her shoulders, he heard her breath catch. Paula's womb contracted around his penis, milking him. Lightning fire licked through his veins, heating his body to an unbearable pitch. Leaning forward, he aligned his body with hers and tangled his fingers with hers on the edge of the desk. He slid deeper. Using his knees, he spread her legs wider, fitting himself deeper into her. He rubbed against her, feeling every wet inch of her open wide for him. Pulling her back firmly, he showed her the rhythm he wanted. Their movements became frenzied once again as they fought to attain release.

Her screams of his name echoed in Markus' ears. Turning his head, he inhaled at the side of her neck, licked along it then bit her. Her body stiffened as she screamed and came in a strong gush. Her orgasm triggered his own. Roaring, Markus felt the continuous pumping as his body released within her sweet cavern. Paula slumped against the desk. Nuzzling into her neck, he kissed along her neck to her mouth. She moaned but was still. Looking at her, he realized she was asleep. Not wanting to be separated from her, Markus held her tightly. Trying to catch his breath, Markus stared at her. This woman who had brought him to his knees as no other woman ever had.

He knew something wasn't right about this. Swearing softly so as not to awaken her, Markus withdrew from her, clenching his teeth as her body gripped him. He held her close and took her to the couch. Laying her down gently, Markus covered her then leaned down and kissed her. He thought of clothing and was dressed. He shimmered. He had a man to see.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later Markus shimmered in, dragged him up and grabbed him by his throat. "What the hell have you done to me?"

Leonardo Slavich said in a mild voice, "Don't make me kill you." Then he opened his hands palm out and sent a blast of power.

Before he could shield himself Markus found himself flipping through the air and across the room. Landing on his feet, Markus went after him again.

Leonardo raised his hand. "Before I kill you at least tell me why."

He said it in such a matter-of-fact way Markus stopped and looked at him.

Narrowing his eyes, he said in an insulting tone, "Like you don't know. You're the only one who could drive anyone to a lust frenzy."

Leonardo looked at him in confusion then threw back his head and laughed. "Christ, you finally got yourself turned out." Uncaring, he turned his back and went and slouched back on his throne.

Markus started for him again. "Fuck you, Leo. What have you done?"

He waved his hand. "No need to get nasty. Even if I wanted to I couldn't."

Markus stopped and looked at him, waiting for an explanation.

Leonardo looked at him like he was nuts. "What the hell did she do to you? Heck, I don't want to know. Give me her name so I can go see for myself."

Markus fist's clenched. "Stay the fuck away from her."

"Oh my, we're possessive." He stood in a graceful, boneless movement and sauntered over to him. "Markus, old buddy. It's called good old-fashioned can't-think-without-wanting-to-fuck-you-blind lust." He waved his hand. "And I didn't have a thing to do with it. Christ. I may be the God of Lust but if you were thinking clearly you would know our powers don't work on each other."

Sheepishly Markus realized he was right. "Fuck."

Leonardo laughed. "It seems you have been doing a lot of that. Details."

Markus grinned. "A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

Leonardo sighed. "You're so old-fashioned, Markie. Come on, buddy. Let's get a drink." He slung his hand over his shoulder.

Shrugging his arm off, Markus glanced at his buddy the God of Lust and shook his head. "Oh no. The last time I had a drink with you I couldn't function for days."

Leonardo grinned, a devilish quirk of his lips. "So."

Markus laughed. "I have a wedding to get to."

Leonardo shuddered. "You poor thing."

Markus looked around at the strangely empty room. "Where's your harem?"

The richly furnished room in gold and burgundy was usually crawling with scantily clad women. Leonardo was silent. Looking back at him, Markus could swear the face that women went crazy over was blushing. Nah, it couldn't be.

"Nothing. I needed some time alone," Leonardo replied, strangely somber.

Glancing at him, Markus realized something was different about him. Leonardo shifted under his perusal.

Swearing, Markus smacked him upside the head.

"Ouch." Leonardo rubbed his head.

Markus ignored him. "Please tell me you're not going after E—"

"Don't say it," Leonardo warned, a dangerous edge to his voice.

Knowing him well, Markus said nothing else on the subject.

"I have time for one drink," Markus said.

Leonardo looked at him and grinned. "Come on."

*Leonardo!*

Hearing that voice, they looked at each other. Leonardo had a pleased grin on his face. Markus shook his head, preparing for the new arrival.

On a swift wind he came in a blur of motion. Leonardo went flying and the new arrival jumped across the room after him.

Getting to his feet, Leonardo taunted, "Don't fuck with me, Cupid."

Claude watched him. "Bring it."

They flew at each other, blows going everywhere. Swearing, Markus went over to Leonardo's throne, poured a drink from the bottle, sat and watched them fight. He had learned not to interfere right away. They had to duke it out. He relaxed back in the throne, knowing this could take a while.

A smile curved his lips as his thoughts turned to Paula. The gusto she showed enticed him. Her ability to let herself go made him realize what he had been missing. The innate sensuality she displayed without knowing it made him want to strip her bare and take her. Putting his hand below his chin, Markus faced what he had known from his first look at her. She was his and he would make sure to show her what he felt for her.

Absently he looked at Claude and Leonardo still duking it out. He shook his head, seeing they were still going strong. Turning around, he looked out the window. The sun was going down and he figured she would be at the rehearsal dinner. Standing abruptly, Markus strode across to the door. He glanced back and saw Claude and Leonardo watching him. He waved at them then went out the door. He had a woman he needed to see.

\* \* \* \* \*

*He fucking did it again.*

In a bad mood Paula watched the people sitting at the long table in Herra's. It was Paris and Nathan's rehearsal dinner. She should be happy all the wedding hoopla was almost finished but all she could think about was Markus. He had fucked her blind and then disappeared again.

Pounding the table, she ignored the looks she was getting. She was tired of his disappearing act. As soon as she saw him again she was going to tell him so then tie him to a bed and fuck him blind so he couldn't disappear.

Rubbing her hand over her eyes, she didn't know what was wrong with her. She had never acted this way over any man. Heck, she barely knew him. Yet she felt like they were in tune with each other.

Taking up her wine, she took a sip. She almost choked on her wine as the barest kiss brushed her neck.

*Conquer and don't stop even when the target begs for mercy.*

Hunching forward, Paula knew who it was before she even turned. Looking over her shoulder, she saw his hot silver gaze. Balancing on his knees, Markus had a soft smile on his lips. He leaned forward to kiss her. Turning her head away, she let him kiss her cheek.

He sighed then said, "Come with me."

Watching him, Paula saw he was waiting patiently to see what she would do. Standing, she pushed back the chair and ignored the looks they were getting. He tried to touch her waist. She shrugged him off. Passing her mother, she didn't say a word in response to her look. They went outside and around the corner from view. Turning around, Paula jumped, not realizing he was so close. Before she could say a word he crowded her against the wall and kissed her. A weird feeling of displacement made her head swim then she felt better. Grabbing onto his head, she kissed him back, devouring him.

He groaned in her mouth. Realizing what she was doing, Paula pushed him away. In that instant she realized that she wasn't outside the restaurant. Glancing around, she took in the humongous bed, heavy masculine furniture and rich decorations. Glancing to her left, she looked out the balcony that was in the place of a wall. Beyond was rich vegetation she had never seen before. Paula heard a sound and her eyes widened as she took in the huge iridescent silver dragon flying beyond the balcony.

Turning back to Markus, she looked at him. "Either I'm still passed out from the sex we had or you're really a god." She felt sick. "I need to sit down." She yelped as a chair rose under her butt, giving her a seat.

Paula started to laugh. Strangely it all made sense. Just her bad luck to find a man who was a god. Even if she wanted more with him it was impossible.

"I am the God of Matrimony."

"Crap. I'm batting a thousand. No, not any old god. You have netted the God of Matrimony. It can't get any better than this." Paula shook her head.

Markus looked amused. "Yes, I know your family's aversion to marriage."

Paula felt the need to explain. "It's not really an aversion but a choice."

He laughed. "An aversion. That's why Nathan called me in to help him get Paris to marry him."

She narrowed her eyes. "That was you. I knew something was wrong. So you're like some big matchmaker."

His look was affronted. "There is more to it than that."

"Okay, okay, no need to get huffy. So you have power and such."

"Yes."

She leaned back. "Okay, come on and show me something."

He watched her then a wicked grin curled his lips. He wiggled a finger. Nothing happened.

"What?" Paula asked.

He said nothing, just motioned to her. Looking down, Paula took in the hunter green bustier and hot pants. Glancing back at him, she grinned, "Handy trick."

She got off the chair and started to saunter over to him.

"Uh-uh. We have to talk before any more of that." Markus stated firmly.

Paula watched him, sure he was kidding. "So why the hell did you bring me here?"

Markus looked at her steadily. "I love you, Paula."

The breath whooshed out of her then she shook her head. "You can't."

He looked at her then walked up to her and cupped her right cheek with his hand. "I do."

"You don't even know me."

He took his other hand and put it over her heart. "I know your soul, heart and body."

Looking into his eyes, Paula saw him answer all her doubts and insecurities. With a laugh she reached up behind his head, loosened his hair so it fell in waves around his face then kissed him. She felt her own hair loosen, tumbling down her back, and his hands sank into it. His tongue speared her. Hungry and ravenous. He pulled back.

"I want to marry you someday, Paula, and unless you agree to that let's stop right here." Markus' voice was husky.

He was asking for her trust and faith in them.

Gazing at his silver eyes, she made a decision. "I will be happy to marry you someday, Markus."

He smiled then touched each of her wrists. She felt them heat and glanced down to see a gold etched bracelet circling each with a silver-colored gem with a jade embedded in its center. She glanced back at him and saw he had an identical bracelet on his wrist.

Raising her hand, she asked, "Is this your version of an engagement ring?"

He laughed. "The simple answer is yes but it is much more."

She looked at it. "I like it."

Taking his hand, she pulled him toward the bed. He went willingly. He snapped his fingers and the sweet smell of flowers filled the air. Paula glanced around and saw the room was filled with various flora. Some she recognized and others she didn't. Looking back at him, she felt her bracelets heat then dozens of mini candles floated in mid-air around the room. The smell of vanilla permeated the air.

Reaching the bed, Paula pushed him gently onto it. He waved his hand and they were both naked. Smiling, Paula left him and walked to the head of the bed. He turned to watch her. Climbing on the bed, she kneeled on the silk sheets and spread her legs. Lying back, she watched as he breathed harshly. His gaze scorched her as she lay, offering him herself.

Paula whispered softly, "Markus, I want us to be together forever. Not just today but for the rest of our lives."

Shocked, he looked up at her. A wicked grin flashed across his face before his gaze dropped, looking at her. Paula took her finger and ran it down her stomach and trailed it lower until she touched her wet heat. Dipping her finger inside, she stroked herself deeply. A moan rippled from her throat. She put her finger into her mouth and sucked on it while watching as he followed her movement. He tracked her hands as she returned her finger to her cleft again. She paused and waited for him to look at her.

Huskily Paula said, "Come take a taste."

Markus chuckled and, kneeling on the bed, he crawled up to her and dipped his head and licked along her clean-shaven slit from top to bottom before dipping inside and swirling. His tongue went to work on her swollen clit. He held her in place for his taking. A cry ripped from her as his tongue swept into her pussy with a precise move. He pulled out, lapping at her flowing juices.

Markus came up her body and spread her wide then sank himself in her. She savored the feel of his hard cock filling her. She moaned loudly. He locked eyes with her as he rocked against her. Of their own volition her eyes fluttered closed. He stopped until she looked at him.

Pressing against her clitoris, he murmured, "Watch."

Glancing down, she watched as he took her strongly. His thrusts alternated between soft and hard. As she neared her release he stopped. In frustration she grabbed his hips and tried to grind against him. Effortlessly he held her, withdrawing

completely. Then surging forward in a burst of force, he embedded himself in one stroke again as he said, "I love you, Paula."

Sinking her hands into his hair, which framed them both, she kissed him then screamed in pleasure as his thrusts increased. He filled her until she didn't know where he ended and she began. The hungry look in his eyes was tempered by his love. Paula drew in a shallow breath in awe of the love she saw in his gaze.

Laughing in joy, she drew him to her. He rolled his hips and her breath hitched. She met him stroke for stroke. Waves of decadent pleasure crashed over her as she peaked strongly with her release. Keeping them connected, Markus pulled her back with him as he sat back on his knees. He continued to stroke deeply while her body continued to orgasm. Trying to get closer to him, she ground down against him, tightening around him as he raced toward his own release. Markus groaned while she kissed him in ravenous hunger. She leaned back away, giving him more leverage to sink deeper into her hot core.

Unable even to scream, Paula embraced the heat that scorched them as their release pulsated through them, driving them on and on. Markus pumped fiercely while his hot seed filled her up.

Still embedded in her, Markus, with an agile move, lay back until his back rested on the bed. Lazily he stroked her back then gripped her hips, moving her up and down his shaft. Feeling him lengthen again, Paula raised herself until she straddled him. Leaning forward, Paula took his hands and raised them above his head. She imagined him in chains. Her bracelets heated and she felt the cool touch of metal against her fingertips. Sitting back, she gasped as he slid deeper. Looking down at him stretched with his hands chained to the bed. Paula saw a white light that formed a bracelet encircling each of his wrists. Attached to each was a length of gold chain.

"Take me," Markus whispered.

The dark invitation in his voice played along her skin. Rolling her hips, she gasped, breathless from how he looked and the sensation of him inside her. Markus arched his

hips to meet her downward stroke. Putting her hand on his chest, Paula moved herself up and down his hard shaft. She hissed as each motion of his hot, hard shaft pierced her.

In a glance at his face she saw his eyes dilate and his face harden with stark need. He watched her out of semi-closed eyes. Paula felt power fill her as she realized she could do whatever she wanted to him and he would let her. Watching his reaction, she raised herself up almost off his cock then sank back down swiftly.

“Yes.” His neck bulged with the force of his scream.

Paula smiled, determined she would wear him out. His mouth curled in response, a challenge in her eyes.

At the look of intent on Paula’s face, Markus knew he was in for a wild ride. Wanting it to last, he ground his teeth, fighting the pleasure of her contracting around him. Paula arched her back, curling back, sucking him deeper into her pussy. A groan ripped from his throat as she set a hard pace to ride him. Looking at her sweaty mocha-colored face, he marveled at his luck in finding this woman. She was all he could want. Her bountiful, beautiful breasts bobbed as she rode him.

His mouth ached to taste her. He went to sit up then realized he couldn’t. Her binding kept him in place. He was at her mercy.

“Let me taste you,” he demanded.

Paula watched him and leaned forward until her breast was in perfect alignment with his mouth. Markus caught her breast in his mouth, sucking strongly. She gushed as an orgasm ripped through her. He smiled. He had noticed how sensitive her breasts were. Murmuring, he let the sweet taste of her skin fill him. Kissing down from her nipple, he nuzzled the underside of her breast. He licked, tasting the salty sweet taste of her. Finding the spot he was looking for, he bit her. A long and loud scream sounded as she came in a blinding rush.

Rocking his hips, he sped up to match her bucking body. Paula’s womb contracted on his penis. Using his knees, he spread her wider, undulating his hips. Throwing back

his head, he bucked as her orgasm swept over him. Paula swiveled against him then leaned forward and grabbed his head, sinking her hands into his hair. Countering her movement, Markus felt her body ripple with her orgasm once again. Turning his head, he captured her lips with his, drinking in her cries. Her body continued to quake as her orgasm ripped through her. Paula collapsed against him, whimpering.

Breathing harshly, she said, "I love you, Markus." Looking into his eyes, Paula put her hand over his heart as she spoke. "You see the real me. It isn't about the sexual chemistry we have," she chuckled, "although that is a plus. It is about what I see in your eyes as you look at me. The unconditional love for all of me. You watch the geek with the same hunger and tenderness that you do the sensual side of me. Your care makes me feel like a queen. The time you took to show me how you feel shows me the kind of man you are."

Paula paused, glancing around the room at the flowers and her own contribution of the candles. She turned and looked back at him. "A man who knows how to treat a true woman. Markus, I know your heart, body and soul. I want you. Only you, Markus. I will treat you as my king. I want the whole world to know how much I love you." Raising her hand, she cupped his cheek. "Markus, I know that we are meant to be together. Not just today but for the rest of our lives."

As she looked at his face, the love she felt for him welled up to overflowing. "I know it'll take time for us to know each other. I will revel in all those little moments we will share. We will be lovers, friends and partners."

Running her hand down his face, she let him see all she was feeling. His eyes heated as he looked at her and laughed in joy. He kissed her and he lengthened inside her again. Moaning, she deepened the kiss.

### **Chapter Three**

*Embrace your victory then go for it.*

Standing in the vestibule, Paula waited for her turn to go down the aisle.

"Paula, I can't find Paris." Her mother's frantic voice made her turn around.

"What? Where the hell is she?" Running down the hall, Paula went to the bride's room. It was empty. Frantic, she looked around. Heading into the bathroom, she saw the note taped to the mirror. It had only two words.

*I can't.*

Her heart clenched. Paris had run.

"She's gone," a gruff male voice said behind her.

Turning around, she looked up into Nathan's pain-filled eyes.

"Nathan, I'm s—"

"Fuck it. She's not doing this to me." Nathan stormed out.

Following, she saw him pass Markus and go out the door. Continuing after him, she stopped when Markus grabbed her.

"Let him go. They have to work it out," Markus said quietly.

She nodded and watched after Nathan, sorry about the way things had worked out.

Her mother came into the room. "Where is Paris? Where is Nathan going? What about the wedding?"

Looking at her, Paula grinned and turned to Markus. "You're going to make an honest woman out of me, Markus."

Understanding, he grinned and nodded.

Turning to her mother, Paula said, "I'm getting married, Mom."

He mother beamed and rushed across the room toward her. "That's wonderful, my baby."

Smiling, Paula continued, "And so are you. Today."

Her mother stopped, her eyes rolled back in her head and she collapsed.

Shaking her head, Paula looked at Markus. "This may take a while. Go tell the minister and Christopher."

He laughed and went out. Turning to face her mother, she pushed back her sleeves and kneeled beside her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hours later Paula watched as her mother danced with her new husband. It had taken some doing but she had gotten her married. Gazing up at her own husband, Paula raised her face for his kiss. Turning back to the room, she swayed in time to the smooth jazz piping into the room from hidden speakers as the guests mingled, laughing.

Scrumptious foods topped long tables covered by white lace tablecloths while ice sculptures gleamed wetly in the middle of each table. Tuxedo-clad servers handed out champagne to guests.

Taking in the guests, Paula had to ask, "Who are the two men with the bruises glaring at each other?"

Markus looked to where she nodded then laughed. "Claude Valentine, the God of Love."

*"Cupid is at my wedding."*

"Shh... don't call him that. He hates it," Markus warned.

Confused, she looked at him. "Why?"

He shook his head. "It's the whole cherub baby thing. I'll explain later." He patted her hand and motioned to the other man. "Leonardo Slavich, the God of Lust."

"Hmm. I see why," Paula murmured.

Markus growled. "What?" He picked her up.

"Put her down," a languid voice said.

Glancing behind him, Paula watched as the same beautiful woman she had first seen with him walked up.

He put her down and introduced her. "My sister Fallon, the Goddess of Fertility."

Fallon smiled and hugged her. "I always wanted a sister."

Markus sighed and replied, "You already have one."

"Humph. She doesn't count," Fallon snapped. Turning her back on Markus, she looked at her then took her hand. "Your daughter will be a firecracker."

"What?" Paula sputtered.

Markus groaned. "Why do you always have to impregnate everyone? First Paris and now —"

Fallon cut him off. "I never said Paris was pregnant."

He looked confused. "You did."

Fallon shook her head. "No. I said her daughter would be a firecracker. You assumed I meant Paris."

"There is no way you could have known that then."

Fallon reached over and tapped his cheek. "What is your other name?"

Interested in his answer, Paula waited for his reply. His grin was sheepish. "Lord of Fertility."

"Exactly, bro. You have some super chargers." Fallon turned to the room and said loudly, "See, I told you it would work. Our job here is done." She turned back to them.

Eyes narrowed, Markus looked at her. "You all planned this."

Fallon shrugged. "Those boneheads," she indicated Claude and Leonardo and the other gods around the room, "wanted to just get you laid to mellow you out. The

women and I," she indicated the other goddesses, "knowing how old-fashioned you are, knew you needed a wife." Fallon turned to her and hugged her once again. "Thanks for making him happy."

Paula returned the hug and replied, "It's my pleasure."

Fallon laughed and disappeared back into the crowd. Markus shook his head and laughed then turned back to look at her.

"I love you, Goddess of Matrimony. You are my soul, my heart and all I ever want. For now and always. Paula, you filled an emptiness inside me that I did not know I had. Thank you, Paula, for giving yourself into my keeping."

Looking up into Markus' eyes, Paula replied, "I love you, my God of Matrimony. I will love you and care for you as you deserve. My life is intermingled with yours. My heart is filled with all of you. The soul I have is more enriched with our joining." She put her hand over his heart. "I love you, my husband."

A smile blossomed on Markus' face as he leaned in and kissed her.

## About the Author

Taige Crenshaw has been enthralled with the written word from the time she picked up her first book. It wasn't long before she started to make up her own tales of romance.

Her novels are set in today between people who know what they want and how to get it. As well as in the future of vast universes between beautiful, strange and unique beings. There is lots of spice and sensuality added to her work.

Always hard at work creating new and exciting places, Taige can be found curled up with a hot novel with exciting characters when she is not creating her own. Join her in the fun, frolic, interesting people and far reaches of the world in her novels.

Taige 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).

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com) for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

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