

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE

Quickies

Naughty Nuptials

Wedding Squad

Eve Vaughn

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Wedding Stud

ISBN 9781419911200

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Edited by Briana St. James.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication June 2007

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WEDDING STUD

Eve Vaughn

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Chapter One

Where the hell was he? Penny glanced at her watch for the third time in the five minutes. Had the long, drawn-out process she'd gone through been a waste of time? The circumstance of her cousin's wedding was humiliating enough without her showing up dateless.

Penny closed her eyes as she remembered the exact moment Chad told her he'd fallen in love with her cousin Barbara. She thought he was going to ask her to marry him.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, but... I couldn't help falling in love with Barb. You're a nice girl, but she's so—"

She had cut him off at that point, not wanting to hear any more. Besides she had a pretty good idea as to what he was going to say — Barbara was beautiful.

Penny could never compete. Where Barbara was blonde, blue-eyed and petite, Penny was dark, tall and not exactly bikini-model sized. Actually, most people would consider her plump.

Eyeing her appearance in the full-length mirror in her living room, Penny had to admit the dress she now wore flattered her normally problematic figure. Her sister, Tana, had convinced her to buy the royal blue halter gown.

Her dark brown hair was worn in a loose, but elegant chignon. Very little makeup adorned her face except around her eyes, making them look larger and greener than ever.

For once, she was pleased with her appearance, but what was the point in looking good if she had no date to the wedding? She hadn't intended to go in the first place, but her mom and Aunt Helen had pleaded, feeding her some bull about families sticking

together and being there for one another. Well why the hell hadn't anyone told Barbara that when she'd stolen Penny's boyfriend?

Tana had suggested that not going to the wedding would send the message that Penny still cared for Chad, giving their cousin more ammunition to gloat. The best revenge would be showing up and having a great time.

If she were being honest with herself, Penny was over Chad, but her cousin's betrayal was what cut the most. Barbara, having no shame whatsoever, made a big deal about Penny not having a date for the wedding, pushing Penny so far that she felt she needed to make something up.

"For your information, I do have a date."

The smug expression on her cousin's face turned to one of disbelief. "Oh really?"

"Yes, really. Surely you didn't expect me to still be mooning over what's-his-name. Actually, the two of you did me a favor. Had you two not, uh...fallen in love, I never would have met Cole."

Barbara's lips had tightened and eyes narrowed. "Why is this the first time I'm hearing about it?"

"Come on, Barb, do you ever really listen to anyone when the subject isn't about you?" Tana had cut in, saving Penny from digging herself deeper in the hole she'd created.

Barbara had not been amused.

The lie she'd made up, however, had put Penny in an awkward position. Now not only did she have to attend the blasted affair, but she'd have to bring a date.

Tana, bless her scheming heart, had suggested hiring a date for the night. With only a month before the wedding with no prospects, why not pay for someone to pretend to be madly in love with her?

Penny thought the idea ridiculous, but as the event grew closer, desperation set in. As if the hand of fate had intervened, she'd come across an ad in the newspaper.

Need a date to an important event in a hurry? Want to impress your friends with Mr. Tall, Dark, Handsome and Successful? Then call Studs for Hire. You won't be disappointed.

Sure the ad was cheesy, but what choice did she have? There weren't many options left. She could hire someone for the night and later tell her family they'd broken up. The only person who would be the wiser was Tana and Penny knew her sister could keep a secret.

The plan seemed foolproof, but now she wondered if she'd made a big mistake. In retrospect, the proprietor of Rent a Stud seemed more interested in getting her credentials than finding out what she wanted. And then there was the photo she had to submit. It was almost as if she was applying for a job there, and not trying to buy a service from them.

The odd thing was they wouldn't take payment. "We won't take payment until the end of the date. We'll find your perfect mate."

"Don't you mean match for the evening?" Penny had asked, wondering what in the world he could possibly mean by such a strange statement.

"Don't you worry, my dear. You'll get a night you won't forget," he'd told her mysteriously.

After giving him the information on the event and her personal info, Penny felt a little uneasy afterward. Had she done the right thing?

Now here she stood, wondering if she'd made a huge mistake. They had so much information on her, there was no telling how they'd use it. She groaned. How could she be so stupid? There was no way she could go to the ceremony.

She could just imagine Barbara gloating. "I will not cry. I will not cry." Penny willed the unshed tears stinging her eyes to go away.

The shrill ring of her doorbell cut through her thoughts.

Finally! She released a nervous laugh at her silliness. Taking a deep breath, she opened the door. She had expected a relatively attractive man, but Mr. Tall, Dark and Delicious was so much better.

Her jaw dropped at the stud standing in the doorway – no, stud wasn't the word for him. He was her every wet dream come true. Penny moved her mouth to speak, but no words were forthcoming. Mr. Sexy stood at least six-feet-five, towering over her five-foot-ten frame.

The superb cut of his tuxedo didn't disguise his muscular build and broad shoulders. Intense thickly lashed onyx eyes stared out of a chiseled face. Everything about him was perfect, from his square jaw and sensually curved lips, to the deep cleft in his chin. Black wavy hair worn longer than was fashionable touched his collar.

Had someone just turned up the temperature?

The hunk smiled, revealing large even white teeth, sending Penny's heart into a tailspin.

"You must be Penelope Marsh. My name is Nicholas Carradine, and I'll be your date for the evening." He held out his hand.

Penny realized she should have taken and shook it, but her brain wasn't functioning normally.

Nicholas took action and grasped her hand in his, bringing her wrist to his lips. A jolt of electricity seemed to flow between the two of them, snapping Penny out of her trance.

Had she imagined it or did his eyes just glow?

No. Her mind was definitely playing tricks on her. Nicholas probably thought she was an idiot. "Yes, I-I'm Penelope, but you can call me yours—I mean, Penny." She groaned inwardly at her Freudian slip. Was it possible to embarrass herself any more than she already had?

His smile widened, showing off a menacing pair of canines. That should have turned her off, but oddly, it didn't. "I would be delighted to call you mine—for the night."

And forever.

He finished that last thought in his mind. The pictures had not done her justice. After several fruitless dates through the Eternal Mates service, he'd finally found *her*. The chemistry blazing between them when their hands touched, told Nicholas that Penelope was definitely the one.

His mouth watered at the sight of the satin dress clinging so lovingly to her voluptuous curves. He hoped he'd have the pleasure of taking it off her later. Nicholas' nose twitched, his keen sense of smell homing in on her fragrant pussy. A smile tugged the corner of his lips.

Good.

She was as aware of him as he of her. Now more than ever, he was determined to claim her as his life mate before the end of the night. He wondered, however, how he'd make it through the duration of this blasted wedding celebration without carrying Penelope off somewhere and fucking her senseless.

He was amused by her reaction to his last declaration. Nicholas couldn't tear his gaze away from the soft contour of her lips. He itched to taste them. God, she was lovely. Deciding to put her at ease, he spoke. "I apologize for being late. I got caught in traffic."

She shook her head as if coming out of a daze. "Oh I...that's okay. We should probably get going. I want to make sure we get there before the ceremony starts. Do I pay you now or after the date?" Penelope looked so uncertain.

The need to pull her into his arms and kiss the frown from her heart-shaped mouth grew stronger. "We'll talk payment later."

She shrugged. "This is an odd escort service. I would have thought I'd need to pay upfront."

"Payment has been made." The second those words escaped his lips, Nicholas regretted them. He'd gotten ahead of himself.

Penelope's brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you need not worry about payment yet. This is a different type of service. It strives for customer satisfaction before seeking payment." His explanation was rushed, but he hoped she bought it.

"I'd say it was different. You're certainly not what I expected."

He lifted a brow. "Is that a good or bad thing?"

"Definitely good." Blood rushed to her face, reddening her cheeks.

He still couldn't get over how beautiful she was. Not only would he enjoy fucking her, but tasting every inch of her as well. "Shall we go?"

"Yes. Let me get my purse." She left him standing in the doorway, but returned within seconds. Once she locked her door, Nicholas offered his arm to her and then escorted Penelope to his car.

"This must be a lucrative business if you're driving a McLaren," she observed when he opened the door for her.

Nicholas shrugged. "I do okay." Sliding into the driver's seat, he asked, "Where is the wedding?"

"It's at the Clifton Hotel, downtown. Do you know it?"

"Yes. I've been there a few times."

"I bet," she muttered under her breath, but he'd heard it.

He wondered how she'd react if he told her, the Clifton chain was part of the conglomerate he owned. Penelope didn't seem to be impressed by material wealth—another check in her column.

Silence fell between them. She fidgeted in her seat, seeming on edge. Nicholas could sympathize. How in the world would he break the news to her that Studs for Hire wasn't an escort service for the lonely looking for companionship, but the front for a dating service for creatures like him—vampires and other-worldly creatures, seeking

their soul mates. The service had been recommended to him by a friend of his, a shifter who was now deliriously happy with his mate.

What was the point of eternal life without someone special to share it with? For so long, he'd traveled the world seeking the soul he'd believed lost when he was bitten by another vampire. It took many years to realize the key to his own happiness was in the palm of his hand. Love. And finally, he'd found it. He knew it the moment he set eyes on Miss Penelope Marsh. He'd have to remember to thank Seth for recommending Eternal Mates to him.

"Oh uh, I forgot to mention, your name is Cole Stevens for the night. You're an investment banker and we met when I was showing you a house. We instantly hit it off," Penny explained.

The last part was accurate at least, he thought. Nicholas had already been told the reason she'd sought the service, but he couldn't for the life of him figure why. Unable to quell his curiosity, he voiced his questions. "I can't help but wonder why someone like you would need to hire a date."

Penelope stiffened. "Someone like me?"

"Yes, a beautiful woman like yourself." He took his eyes off the road long enough to see the becoming blush blooming in her cheeks.

"You don't have to put on a show while we're alone. Save it for when there's an audience."

His fingers tightened on the leather steering wheel. Nicholas wasn't used to having his word doubted. It had been centuries since someone had dared imply he was anything less than honest.

Patience, he told himself. To him, she was one of the most desirable women he'd ever seen, but her lack of confidence was evident. Nicholas discerned enough from what she'd told him and what he'd learned earlier, to figure it all tied in to this wedding somehow. He had to figure out a way to break through her reserve.

"What makes you think I'm putting on a show, Penelope?"

"It's Penny," she muttered, not bothering to look in his direction.

"Penny seems so common. Your beauty demands a more regal address. I will call you Penelope," he said softly leaving no room for argument.

She snorted her derision, turning to look out the window.

Nicholas sighed. He could probably tell her how attractive he found her until he went blue in the face, but she wouldn't believe him until he showed her.

Deciding to switch tactics, he asked, "Why was it so important for you to have a date for the wedding. There's no shame in attending such an event solo."

Still, she didn't look at him. "Why do you want to know? You're being paid for a service, shouldn't that be enough?"

"Actually, you haven't paid anything so far. And no, the money isn't all I care about. If it was, I wouldn't have asked. Tell me." He injected the power of persuasion in his soft command, not exerting the full strength of his abilities. Nicholas wanted Penelope to share her thoughts with him without feeling forced that she was doing it.

"It's embarrassing." Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"I promise I won't laugh."

She released a deep breath. "It's my cousin's wedding. She and I are the same age, so we basically grew up together. She's spent a lot of time in our home with me and my sister, Tana."

"I sense a 'but' somewhere in here."

Penelope nodded. "We spent a lot of time together, but she was constantly trying to one-up me. You see, Barbara is an only child; her father died before she was born, and when she was baby, she was deathly ill. For a while the doctors didn't think she'd make it, but she did. Since then, my Aunt has overindulged her. Barbara gets everything she wants. When we were kids, she had no problem bragging about that fact. Actually, not much has changed."

Nicholas took one hand off the steering wheel to pat her knee. "It sounds like you're still harboring some resentment toward her."

Penelope scooted away from his hand and closer to the door, as if his touch had burned her. "It's not that I feel animosity against her, but after a while, it's tiring having to deal with someone who thinks she can have anything she wants at the snap of her fingers."

Nicholas could hear the frustration in her voice and was able to put two and two together, reading between the lines. "Including your ex? That's the man she's marrying, isn't it?" Stealing a glance at her, he wished he could wipe that sad look from her lovely face.

"How did you know? I didn't say."

"You didn't need to. And if I may be frank, he's a fool to have let you go."

"Thank you, but like I said —"

"Penelope, don't finish what you were going to say. I never make statements I don't mean."

They pulled up to the hotel and Nicholas maneuvered his car under the dark green awning to the valet parking section. He slid out of the car and tossed his keys to the attendant before helping Penelope out of her seat.

Holding his arm out to her, Nicholas smiled. "Shall we?"

Penelope returned his smile, placing her hand on his arm, her cheeks dimpling prettily.

His heart pounded within his chest so hard, it felt as if it would tear through his flesh. Nicholas escorted her inside the hotel and halted.

Penelope frowned. "What is it? Why did you stop?"

Without another word, he grasped her by the forearms and pulled her against him before capturing her lips in a hungry kiss.

Chapter Two

The gasp of surprise parting her lips gave Nicholas the opportunity to slide his tongue into her mouth. Common decency demanded Penny break away from this inappropriate display. But when she placed her hand against the broad expanse of his chest, she found herself clutching his jacket and wiggling closer to him.

Her nipples pebbled to tight tips against the satin material of her gown. Heat flooded to her pussy, making Penny squirm with need.

She felt his hand thread through her hair. In the back of her mind, she knew it would wreck her chignon, but dear God, she was horny. It had been a long time since she'd been kissed like this, held so tightly in a lover's embrace that it drowned out the world around her. Blazing bursts of incendiary heat seared through her body, making it impossible to think of anything except how this gorgeous hunk of a man made her feel.

The press of his erection pushed against her belly. She trailed her fingers along his arms reveling in the sensation of corded muscles beneath her fingertips. More. She wanted more.

Needed it.

Penny slid her tongue forward to meet his, twining and tasting the total maleness of him. In that moment, nothing else existed except the two of them. Nor did anything matter. Not that she only met him an hour ago, or that she'd hired him to be here, or the fact they stood in the middle of the hotel lobby for all to see.

Nicholas pulled away slightly, but only enough to run his tongue along her lips, tracing and teasing them.

Flames of white-hot desire licked every single nerve ending in her body. There couldn't possibly be a heaven in the afterlife, because she was already in it.

"Ahem!" The loud clearing of a third party's throat brought Penny crashing back to earth. Hard.

As if her hand had been caught in the proverbial cookie jar, she jumped away from Nicholas only to see her sister standing only a foot away, a smug smile on her scarlet-painted lips.

A cascade of hair now fell across Penny's shoulders and she raked her fingers through it, trying to preserve some order in her appearance. "Tana, this is Co—"

"Nicholas Carradine." He presented his hand to Tana.

She wanted to strangle him for revealing his real name. She'd already told people her date's name was Cole. Now she'd have to figure out a way to explain this mix-up.

Penny's usually outspoken sister, for once, seemed at a loss for words, especially when Nicholas grazed Tana's knuckles with his lips and shot her a thousand-watt smile.

Penny nudged her speechless sister.

Tana blinked. "Tana Marsh. I'm Penny's sister. If you don't mind, I...uh, need to steal her away for a minute."

Tana took Penny by the elbow and guided her several feet away from Nicholas. "Where did you find that hunk and how can I get one? He looks familiar, and I could have sworn I've heard his name somewhere before."

"Somehow, I doubt that," Penny said dryly.

"No, I'm serious, I think I've seen him somewhere. Where did you two meet? And what's up with the slobber feast in the middle of the lobby?"

Penny was still flustered from that kiss. Never one for public displays of affection, her behavior surprised her as much as it did her sister. "Unless he does modeling on the side, I doubt you would have seen this guy anywhere."

The redhead frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"I took your advice and I contacted an escort service," Penny whispered.

"You mean you actually hired someone? You brought a gigolo to this wedding? Are you nuts? If Barb finds out, she'll never let you live it down and frankly, I don't feel like paying penance for giving her another black eye." Tana's voice rose with each word, drawing attention to them from people entering the hotel.

Penny plastered a smile on her face and nodded toward the onlookers until they walked by. Then she turned her attention back to her sister. "Keep your voice down," she hissed. "If anyone finds out, it's going to be because of your big mouth. Weren't you the one who suggested this in the first place?"

Tana rolled her eyes. "I was just joking. When have you ever listened to me? Besides, how the hell do you know where he's been, and how many women he's kissed like that?"

Penny glanced over her shoulder to see Nicholas standing patiently by, his intense black gaze still focused on her. She shivered, quickly turning back to Tana. For some reason, the thought of Nicholas with other women, kissing and touching them, bothered her. A lot.

He's been hired to provide a service, nothing more. That kiss meant nothing. Penny wondered how many times she'd have to tell herself that in order for her to believe it. "You're right. We probably shouldn't have kissed like that. He took me by surprise."

Tana gave her a yeah-right look. "From where I was standing, you were just as in to it as he was. I gotta admit though, he is rather dishy."

Penny shook her head vehemently. "The kiss was a mistake. I just need to get through the night, and I'll never see him again."

Her sister's look remained doubtful. "If you say so, Pen. I know I can be a pain in the ass, but I only interfere because I love you. What Barb and Chad did to you was pretty shitty and I'd hate to see you humiliated again, if this gets out."

Penny couldn't help smiling at her little sister's protectiveness. Sometimes Penny felt like she was three years younger instead of the other way around. After Barb and

Chad announced their engagement, Tana had belted their cousin. Barb had sported a shiner for three weeks.

Where Penny was quiet and introspective, Tana was loud, high-strung and had a fiery temper some attributed to her flame-red hair. But she was fiercely loyal to those she loved.

Penny gave her a quick hug. "I appreciate your concern, but I can handle this."

"If you say so, hon. Just be careful with Mr. Hottie over there. He looks like a man used to getting his way."

Penny had already figured that out for herself.

"Well, I have to go in and pass out some more programs for the ceremony. Aunt Helen kind of roped me into it. She's running around like a headless chicken, and Barb is having a meltdown because her bouquet just arrived."

"What's wrong with the bouquet?"

"The calla lilies aren't the size she specified. I mean, she's literally throwing things around. Mom and Aunt Helen are trying to calm her down. Yikes. You'd think a thirty-two-year-old would have a little more restraint. I'd call her *bridezilla* but that would be putting things lightly. I think Chad is getting his just desserts by marrying her." Tana laughed, walking away.

The mention of Chad's name didn't make her heart twinge with pain as it had before. Had the healing process begun and she hadn't realized it? Penny walked back to Nicholas and took the arm he extended to her.

For the first time since she'd gotten the invitation in the mail, Penny believed this night might not be so bad after all.

"The kiss was a mistake. I just need to get through the night, and I'll never see him again." Those words cut through the depths of his soul. Nicholas had heard every word Penny and her sister had said.

That kiss had meant everything to him, and the way she'd pressed her voluptuous frame against his, Nicholas knew she'd felt it too. He'd spent too many centuries searching for his mate, too many lonely nights without the warmth of a lover beside him, to let anyone stand in his way, not even Penelope. What was the point of immortality without a soul mate to share eternity with?

Hearing her converse with Tana confirmed what Nicholas had already suspected — she was scared to love again. This Chad fellow had done a number on Penelope's self-confidence and Nicholas wouldn't have minded dealing out a black eye of his own.

No matter. He'd wipe away the memory of Chad and any other man who'd hurt his Penelope. Yes. His. He'd have her and she'd come to him willingly.

As he led her to be seated, she halted, her hand flying to her now loose tresses. "Wait!"

"What is it?"

"My hair. It's a mess, thanks to you. I have to go to the ladies room."

He loved her hair flowing around her shoulders like a curtain. It gave her a look of sexy innocence. Later, when they were alone in his bed, he'd fan it out around her head against his pillow. "It looks lovely as it is. The style you had it in before was much too restricting for one as lovely as you. I'd been meaning to set your hair free from the time I'd laid eyes on you."

She tried to tug her hand away from his, but when that didn't work, she glared. "You had no right to do it, and you certainly shouldn't have kissed me. It's not what I hired you for," she whispered in a harsh scold.

"You want me to make it convincing, don't you?"

"But —"

Nicholas placed a finger over her now kiss-swollen lips, silencing her. "Shh. The organist is playing. We'll discuss this later."

"You —"

He shook his head. "Later, my sweet."

When the usher stepped forward to lead Penelope and him to their seats, Nicholas reluctantly let her go and walked behind them. He ground his teeth, not enjoying the sight of another man touching his woman, no matter how innocently. Once they were seated, he grabbed her hand and held on.

Penelope looked like she would protest, when they were joined by another couple. From a glance, he knew they were Penelope's parents.

"Penny, is this the elusive Cole we've heard so much about? Barbara told us you'd be bringing someone with you." Mrs. Marsh spoke to her daughter, but her eyes were on Nicholas. She gave him a questioning smile.

Nicholas offered his hand. "Actually, my name is Nicholas."

Mrs. Marsh frowned, but shook his hand. "What happened to Cole, dear?" she asked her daughter. "We never got a chance to meet him."

"That only lasted for a few weeks. Barb spoke prematurely."

"Yes. Cole was a rebound, but this is the real thing. Isn't it, Penelope?" He smiled at his lovely date.

Stunned green eyes widened. Her mouth opened, and then closed again.

Nicholas lifted her hand and kissed her palm, briefly flicking his tongue against it. He winked at her and then gave his attention to her parents. "Although we've only known each other for a short period of time, your daughter has become very special to me. I intend to spend the rest of my days making her happy."

Mrs. Marsh smiled at him, her eyes glistened with tears. "I hope so. Penny is a very special girl."

"See that you don't play with my little girl's heart," Mr. Marsh warned, barely sparing Nicholas a glance. It was obvious the gentleman wasn't one-hundred-percent comfortable attending this wedding under the circumstances, but Mrs. Marsh shed some light on the situation.

"I'm sure Penny has already told you about the circumstances of the wedding. While I don't condone how my niece and her young man handled things, Barbara is like a third daughter to me, but I'm not blind to her faults. Had we not attended, my sister would have been hurt and none of this was her fault. Besides, I felt if we presented a united front at this wedding, it would show my niece that Penny will be okay. Poor Barbara, she's always been a little jealous of my daughters, Penny in particular."

Penelope gasped. Obviously this was news to her. "That's not true, Mom."

Mrs. Marsh patted her daughter's hand. "Of course she is, dear. Your uncle passed away when she was just a baby, she's an only child, your grades were always better and people gravitated toward you. It was always difficult for her to make friends."

Penelope frowned. "I...I never thought about that."

Nicholas listened, studying the dynamic between mother and daughter.

Penny's mother smiled. "Gives you something to think about, doesn't it? I'm so proud of you for showing up." She then looked at Nicholas. "I look forward to talking to you later, Nicholas."

"It would be my pleasure, ma'am," Nicholas countered. He felt Penelope's nails digging into his arm in her apparent annoyance. A grin tugged the corner of his lips. He liked getting under his skin, but he'd enjoy getting under her dress even more. Patience...only a few hours more.

His incisors ached with the need to descend. He could smell her heat, and he could think of nothing but stripping her bare to his gaze and sinking his eye teeth into her lovely white neck with his cock sliding in out of her tight cunt.

He placed his hand on her knee, and rubbed ever-so slightly. There was a nerve just inside the thigh that if pressed correctly, would send her into an orgasmic tailspin.

The music played in the background and Nicholas paid no attention to the bridal party making their way down the aisle. He was far too intent on Penelope to care about the goings-on of the ceremony. Even when they had to rise for the bride's entrance, he "accidentally" brushed her breast with his arm.

She gasped.

It was only the beginning. Throughout the remainder of the short ceremony, Nicholas found excuses to touch her intimately, all while remaining discreet to the others sitting around them.

Her soft groans and breathy moans amused him. The scent of her arousal grew stronger with each brush of her skin. He loved her responsiveness. By the time the officiate pronounced the couple husband and wife, Penelope was in a full blush. Her skin was hot to the touch.

The night was getting better by the minute.

Chapter Three

This night was getting worse by the minute.

Not only had Nicholas *not* stuck to the plan, but he mauled her throughout the entire ceremony. Her panties were soaking wet, and she had the oddest feeling Nicholas knew it. What game was he playing? The way he acted made it seem like this was the real thing.

What would she tell her friends and family when they asked about him after tonight?

As they waited in line to shake hands with the bridal party and congratulate the bride and groom, she hissed at him, "What are you playing at? You've overstepped the bounds of this date. I hired you to be my date, not maul me with your unwanted advances."

An amused smile split his face. "Unwanted? Is that why you squirmed and wiggled those sexy hips of yours throughout the ceremony, pushing closer to me? Do you know what? I think my advances weren't unwanted at all. As a matter of fact, they were very much wanted. And I can guarantee you, my dear, this is just a precursor for later." His eyes twinkled with determination.

Her mouth fell open at his audacious declaration. Penny tried to pull away from him, but he held her firm. "You sound so sure of yourself."

"I am."

"Well forget about it. I'm not interested."

"Don't insult the both of us by lying. Admit it, Penelope, something is happening between the two of us and you'd be a fool to deny it."

She narrowed her eyes. "Then I guess I'm a fool, because I'm not admitting a thing." Penny didn't know whether to be furious with him for taking advantage of her or for being right. She wanted him like crazy.

Her pussy clenched with the need to be filled by him. Damn this man. "And stop calling me, Penelope. Now one calls me that."

"Except me." Nicholas smiled knowingly.

"You – you..."

"Watch the temper, dear, we're next."

The retort on the tip of her tongue died away when they drew closer to the wedding party. This was the moment she'd been dreading all night long. Penny gave the perfunctory handshake to the bridal party before coming upon Chad and Barbara.

Chad looked uncomfortable, and Barbara looked annoyed about something.

"Congratulations," Penny murmured to Chad, only sparing him a brief glance. Seeing him standing next to Nicholas made him seem so insignificant. Had she really thought herself in love with him? This pale, slender man who was passably attractive? Penny couldn't think for the life of her what she'd seen in him.

She fashioned her lips into a smile as she leaned forward to place a kiss Barbara's cheek. "Congratulations. You make a beautiful bride."

Barbara didn't preen from the compliment as she usually did. Instead, she eyed Nicholas up and down, a pout on her lips. Once Penny would have thought that affectation of her cousin's was cute, but now it looked childish.

"So, I suppose this is Cole?" Barbara sounded sullen.

Penny didn't know why, but she placed her hand against Nicholas' chest in a possessive gesture. "Actually, Cole is history. This is Nicholas Carradine. We met when I was showing him a house and the rest, as they say, is history."

Barbara gasped, an utter look of disbelief crossing her face. "*The* Nicholas Carradine? Of The Carradine Group?"

What was her cousin babbling about? The Carradine Group? Was that some kind of rock group or something?

"I am he," Nicholas confirmed. "Though, Penelope can give a damn about my net worth, I plan on giving her the world, if she only says the word."

Penny stood stunned. Something wasn't adding up.

Barbara obviously knew something she didn't.

"What's...what's The Carradine Group?"

Her cousin laughed, a malicious edge ringing in that sound Penny had grown to hate over the years. "You don't know? It's only one of the largest companies in the world. Only you would nab a billionaire and not have a clue."

Penny stiffened. She looked at Nicholas, silently pleading for him to deny what Barbara had just said, but instead, he nodded stiffly.

"Maybe not with my money, but in other departments I have no complaint. Now if you'll excuse us, we must move on so others can have a chance to congratulate you. This was a lovely wedding. Thank you for having me." Nicholas took Penny by the elbow and guided her away from her cousin.

She was too stunned to protest. If what she'd just learned was true, then Nicholas had a lot of explaining to do.

He propelled her to an alcove where no one was around. "Penelope, let me explain—"

"Is it true?"

"That I'm CEO of The Carradine Group? Yes it is."

Her breath caught in her throat. "And you're a billionaire? Tell me my cousin was exaggerating. This is some kind of joke, right?"

He shook his head. "No, Penelope. It's no joke. I'm everything your cousin says I am."

"My sister says she's heard of you, but couldn't remember from where, now I guess that lays this particular mystery to rest. Why haven't I heard of you? I deal in real estate and run into wealthy clients all the time."

"I stay out of the public limelight. Most of my companies are diligently run by my employees, but occasionally, I may get a mention in a financial magazine. Your cousin strikes me as the type who would keep up with money news."

It took her a moment to process what he'd just told her. What was a billionaire doing working as an escort?"

I'm not an escort, Penelope.

She took a step back.

How did she just hear that? Was she going crazy?

You're not going crazy. I've never been able to mind link with anyone who wasn't one of my kind. The fact that you can hear my thoughts only confirms what I knew from the start – we belong together.

Penny took another step back when his onyx eyes began to glow. She made the sign of the cross. "Stay away," she whispered, until her back was against a wall.

"Asking me to stay away from you is like asking me to stop existing." Nicholas captured her face between his palms, his dark gaze holding her mesmerized.

A feeling of warmth spread through her body. Penny was torn between running away from him, and leaning closer to kiss his sensual lips. First and foremost, however, she needed to get to the bottom of this chaos.

"What are you?" she demanded.

"I'm the man who plans to spend the end of time with you."

She shook her head, not believing what was happening to her. "No, I mean, how are you able to read my mind and make your eyes glow like that?"

Nicholas gave her a menacing smile, baring descended canine teeth.

Penny gasped in horror. "You're a –"

“Vampire.”

Overwhelmed with what she’d just seen, Penny passed out.

* * * * *

Nicholas wrapped his arms around her before she could fall. He should have broken the news to her more gently, but he had no choice when the bride blew his cover.

Although his name was bandied about in the business circles, Nicholas stayed out of the public eye, normally letting his man of business handle most of his dealings with the media. After all, how would he explain his never aging? Using the excuse of plastic surgery would only last but so long. As it stood, he’d eventually have to step down as Chairman and CEO of The Carradine Group, sell his assets, and create a new identity.

What was this one? His twentieth? Nicholas couldn’t remember. When one got to be as old as he, they tended to forget. His first name was the only thing that remained unchanged throughout the years.

Nicholas.

It was always tiresome assuming a new alias and essentially starting over again, but this time, the prospect didn’t seem so bleak – as long as he had Penelope by his side.

Nicholas carried the still-unconscious Penelope through the lobby toward the elevator. He had a private suite on the top floor. They would need some privacy for what he had in mind.

“Where are you taking my sister? What have you done to her?” The small redhead demanded, stalking toward him. Her hands were on her hips, and her eyes were blazing green fire.

“She needs to lie down. I’m taking her to my room.” Nicholas didn’t bother stopping. He continued on to his destination.

“Excuse me, but I don’t think so. Put her down this instant.” Tana followed him until he halted.

"I'm sorry, Tana, but I can't accommodate your request."

"Do you think I'm going to let some man-whore take my sister to God knows where, to give her any number of communicable diseases? Think again, bub."

Nicholas appreciated Tana's protectiveness toward her sister, but she was starting to make a scene he didn't need. Looking around him, Nicholas ascertained there was no one watching them at the moment. Then he caught her gaze. "Your sister will be fine in my hands. You will stop worrying and go to the reception, dance and have a good time. You will walk away right now," he finished softly.

Tana, eyes wide, nodded. "Yes, I think I'll go back to the reception and dance and have a good time," she repeated back before turning on her heels and leaving them alone.

The elevator door opened at that moment. Nicholas hadn't wanted to exert his powers on Penelope's sister, but he did what he had to do.

It was only when he made it to his penthouse suite and laid her on the bed in the master bedroom, did Penelope stir. She groaned, her head moving from side to side.

Nicholas sat on the bed, taking her hand in his. "Penelope, wake up, my love."

Her eyelids fluttered open. A scream hovered on her lips, but Nicholas caught it, capturing her lips with his.

"Shh."

"This wasn't a dream?" She sounded bewildered.

"No. What's happening here is as real as you and I."

"But this can't be." She sat up and shook her head as if coming out of a daze. "There are no such things as vampires."

He smile, amusement filling him. "Someone obviously forgot to alert me to that fact."

"I'm not going to let you drain my blood without a fight. I don't want to be a...creature of the night."

Nicholas threw his head back and released a loud laugh. "You're so adorable."

She scowled. "What's so funny?"

"You watch way too many horror movies. Those vampires you see in movies are mere caricatures of the real thing. I can assure you, I have no intention of draining your blood – tasting it maybe, but then again, at this moment, I'm more interested in getting my mouth on that delicious-smelling pussy."

Her mouth formed a perfect "o", revealing her astonishment. That blush he found so charming spread across her cheeks again.

"This is nuts," she denied.

"I can hear your heart beating. I feel your body heat, smell your essence. How can you deny it when your body tells me otherwise?" He tried to inject as much reason into his argument as possible.

Penelope rolled away from him and slid off the bed. "Stop it. Just stop it. I don't understand any of this. I hired you to attend this wedding with me, now I find out your some big shot billionaire and a vampire to boot. If that's not enough, you keep speaking as if we should be together. I'm getting the hell out of here."

He reached across the bed and grasped her wrist, preventing her from taking another step. "I can't let you do that. I need you and you need me."

She tried to yank her arm away, but to no avail. "I don't need anything, but to get away from you, now let me go!"

"Never. At least hear me out. Let me explain what Studs for Hire really is."

Penelope hesitated for a moment. Warring emotions played across her expressive face.

He knew she was curious. "Please," he asked quietly.

"You have five minutes and then I'm out of here. Tell me about Studs for Hire. I should have known something was fishy when they took all my information, but didn't

charge me. I've never done anything like this before, so it never occurred to me it wasn't legit."

"It is legitimate, but not in the way you think. Just bear with me and I'll explain it all. It may be a little hard to believe."

She snorted. "After what you've already told me, I'm not sure anything will surprise me."

Chapter Four

Penny had to be in the middle of the Twilight Zone. How else could this night be explained away? Why was she so painfully aware of how sexy Nicholas was?

Nicholas, the vampire.

Oh God, he was really a vampire!

Don't be frightened, my love. I would never harm you.

There it was again—his entering her mind. “Stop that!” She clutched her head in her hands.

He sighed. “Fine. I see you’re not quite ready for that level of intimacy yet.”

“I’m not ready for any kind of intimacy with you.”

He laughed in mocking disbelief. “Shall I prove that you’re lying right now?” Nicholas challenged.

Penny gulped, knowing it wasn’t an argument she’d win. “Just start explaining,” she bit the words out through gritted teeth.

He raked muscular fingers through his glorious dark locks.

She itched to do that to him.

Nicholas gave her a knowing smile, indicating he’d heard her thoughts again.

“Cut that out!”

“We’re connected, my dear. It’s not something I can turn off and on.”

Penny glared. “Then try. Look, are you going to explain or what? I think you’ve wasted enough time already.”

“You’re right. Where should I begin?”

"How about, from the beginning? I don't have all night. I'm sure people will wonder where I am if I don't show up for the reception."

Nicholas nodded. "Studs for Hire is not an escort service, as you've probably surmised by now. It's really the cover for a mate seeker for nonhumans like myself, mainly immortals. Men like me pose as escorts for those ladies who seek dates. After party A, meaning you, is screened, the proprietor then contacts party B, me. He lets the second party know he's found someone they might be interested in."

This was all too surreal to actually be happening. "And what about the women who don't meet anyone's requirements?"

"They're told they can't be helped. It's as simple as that."

"There is nothing simple about this, I mean, vampires? Other nonhuman creatures? Heaven only knows what that could mean. Hell, I'm not even sure I want to know. Why have I never seen one before tonight?"

Nicholas slid off the bed, shrugging out of his tuxedo jacket. "No one has seen the wind, but it doesn't mean there is no such thing. The truth is my kind has been around longer than humans, probably since the beginning of time."

"And were you always a...a vampire?"

He began loosening his bow tie. "No. I was once human like you."

"But you aren't now." She fashioned her two index fingers into the shape of a cross. "Step back or I swear...I'll..."

He lifted one sinister brow, an amused smirk curling his sensual lips. "You'll what?"

"I'll say a prayer or something."

Nicholas didn't seem concerned. Instead of looking frightened, he threw his head back and released a hearty laugh.

Penny scowled. "What's so damn funny?"

"You watch entirely too much television Penelope if you think a cross and not even a real one would do me harm. There's no need for you to be scared of me. We're not so different you and I."

"Yeah, except for that living forever thing."

The intensity of his dark gaze seemed to bore through her. "You can live forever as well."

"You want to turn me into a bloodsucker like you?"

"That's pretty crudely put."

She hunched her shoulders, unconcerned. "Well, that's what you are, aren't you?"

"If you say, so, but the choice belongs to you, my dear. Contrary to popular belief, there are ways to live forever without becoming a vampire. What you have to throw out are all the misconceptions you have seen on television and in the movies. I live forever and drink blood to sustain my strength, but very little, because I've lived many years. Don't ask me how many because I truly don't know anymore. And yes, I can walk in the sun, though like most vampires, I prefer the nightlife. Anything else you'd like to know?" Nicholas smiled at her, unbuttoning his shirt.

Penny couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight of him undressing. Again, she gulped. "What are you doing?"

"You're an intelligent woman. What do you think?"

She rolled her eyes. "Well, obviously you're undressing, but why?"

"I'm preparing myself." He tossed his shirt aside and undid his cummerbund before undoing his pants."

Her body tightened to uncomfortable awareness at his now nude chest. A dark dusting of black hair covered his pectoral muscles making him even more impossibly masculine. Penny's mouth went dry. "Preparing for what?"

He shot her a patient look, the kind one usually reserved for someone slow of wit. "To fuck you, of course. I notice you're not disrobing, but that's fine. I'll enjoy doing it myself."

His words jolted her into action. Penny jumped off the bed. "Oh no you don't. I don't know how it works in the vampire world, but you can't just tell me something like that and expect me to go along with it."

Nicholas slid his pants down narrow hips revealing boxer briefs with a very large erection tucked inside. "Why not?"

"Because that's not the way things are done."

He chuckled, seeming unperturbed. "There's only one word you have to say, and I'll stop."

"What are you talking about? I've already said I don't want this. Isn't that enough?"

His hands moved to the waistband of his underwear. "Yet your body says otherwise."

Penny held out her hand. "Don't you dare! You'd better keep those on."

Nicholas lifted a sinister brow. "Or what?"

"I'll...I'll scream."

Ignoring her threat, he pulled his underwear down and stepped out of them.

Her eyes widened. Nicholas wasn't enormous, but he had to be at least seven and half to eight inches, but dear God, he was thick. Thick and perfectly proportioned. Penny licked her suddenly dry lips. What would it be like to wrap her mouth around that beautiful organ? She shook her head, attempting to banish the thought from her mind.

Was she crazy? There was no way she could go along with this? He walked toward her in long purposeful strides, his cock bobbing with each step he took.

Penny backed away until she was up against the wall. "I mean it, Nicholas, I'll scream."

His gaze caught hers, dark and intense. "I welcome your screams, sweet Penelope." He moved closer, his body inches away from hers. He cupped the sides of her face. "Especially if those screams are from pleasure."

She shivered, feeling tongue-tied. "I don't think...we can't." She barely got the words out.

"Like I said, there's only one word you have to say to end this."

"What word," Penny croaked.

"No. Tell me no and I promise, I'll get dressed and take you home."

Did he really mean it? Could she trust him to keep his word? Despite his obvious arousal, she believed him.

Of course you can trust me, Penelope. I will never let you down. You can't say no, can you?

The thought of him walking away didn't fill her with relief like it should have. In fact, she couldn't think of anything she wanted more than to feel his lips on hers, their bodies pressed so lovingly together—heart to heart.

This was absolute madness.

This isn't madness, my love. It's destiny. Lowering his head, he touched his lips to hers. At first, the kiss was a gentle exploration, like the one in the lobby earlier, but then it became hard and unyielding.

Nicholas' fingers threaded through her hair as his tongue thrust between her slightly parted lips. The taste of his heat and passion tingled on her taste buds. Penny, whose fists were clenched tightly as her side, found herself melting against his heady warmth.

Throwing her arms around his neck in total surrender, Penny pushed her tongue forward to meet his, wanting more of his intoxicating flavor. What was it about this man that made it difficult to resist his skillful advances?

Nicholas cupped her ass, molding and squeezing it. His cock nestled snugly against her abdomen. He kissed her breathless.

Penny knew any minute her knees would go weak. As if sensing her need, he lifted her into his arms and carried her the short distance to the bed. He laid her in the center with reverence, kneeling next to her.

Nicholas devoured her with his eyes, taking in every single detail. In the few sexual encounters she'd had, Penny had always been self-conscious of her few extra pounds, but the way he looked at her, she felt like the most beautiful woman in the world.

His love and desire for her sizzled like an aura around him—so tangible, she could touch it. When Penny tried to help him unfasten her gown, he pushed her arms above her head, holding her wrists in one sinewy hand.

"No. I want to be the one to undress you. I'd like to take my time and kiss every inch of your delectable body. As he spoke, Nicholas unfastened her dress, slowly pushing it down her waist.

The chill of the air on her exposed breasts pebbled her nipples. His eyes glowed with a stark possessiveness that sent a tremble of molten flame up her spine.

Just as he promised, he planted kisses over her body, leaving no part untouched, teasing her breasts, shoulders, stomach and every other exposed inch of skin. Nicholas finally relaxed his hold on her arms and worked on pulling the dress down her hips.

A smile curved his lips as he tossed her gown aside. "Just as I suspected, you're soaking wet." Nudging her thighs apart, he trailed a finger along the cleft of her pussy.

"Oh," Penny gasped her need. She lifted her hips, wanting more.

With a growl, he gasped her panties and tore them away. Positioning himself between her thighs, he placed a kiss on her labia.

"Oh, God," she moaned.

With his eyes glowing, Nicholas lifted his head. "He can't help you now, my dear." He pushed his tongue between her slick folds, thrusting then retreating, making her writhe uncontrollably beneath him.

He slipped two fingers inside her damp sheath. "You're so damn wet," he whispered with amazement. White-hot sensation tore through her very core. Penny dug her fingers through his silky black hair. Nothing could compare to this moment of having this beautiful vampire tasting her pussy as if he couldn't get enough.

It was like rain after a drought, and shade on a hot summer's day.

Penny ground her pussy against his face, wanting and demanding more of the wondrous pleasures he gave her.

Nicholas licked and stroked her. "You taste good, my sweet," he sighed against her hot sex.

Penny was slowly losing her mind with the driving need he induced within her.

His fingers continued to fuck her, pushing in and out of her wetness, driving her into a frenzy. If this was what it was like to soar, Penny didn't ever want to come back down to earth.

"Nicholas, that feels so good. More please. Give me what I want."

He chuckled. "That's what I thought I was doing."

She wiggled her hips. "And you're doing a fine job."

Nicholas raised his head briefly to meet her gaze, a lopsided grin on his lips. "Only a fine job? I guess I'll have to redouble my efforts then."

Nicholas attacked her pussy like a man starving, licking, nibbling and sucking her clit. He milked it with a feverish intensity like nothing she'd ever experienced.

Penny yanked on his hair, unmindful of whether it caused him pain. The only thing she could think of was the mind-blowing pleasure he gave her. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" she cried, so close to her release. "I'm going to come!"

Her declaration only seemed to egg him on, making Nicholas suck harder. One of the fingers thrusting in her pussy slid out and rimmed her anus.

A torrential burst of flame tore up her spine. When she did reach her climax, Penny became a mindless, quivering heap. Her breathing was short and shallow by the time Nicholas lifted his head and positioned himself on his knees.

He pushed her thighs further apart, guiding his cock to her entrance.

Unable to help herself, she reached out to touch his rigid dick.

Nicholas' body shook. "Don't do that, Penelope, unless you want to deal with the consequences.

She stuck her tongue out teasingly. "Hmm, these consequences sound promising."

Nicholas couldn't take it anymore. Penelope's teasing was more than he could handle. He wanted to be inside her cunt now. Digging his fingers into her soft thighs, he drove forward, his cock slamming into her.

A sharp intake of air whooshed into his lungs. Penelope was so fucking tight, he didn't think he would be able to last for very long. Her pussy fit around his dick like a tight velvet glove, as if it had been made especially for him.

He wanted to go slow, but Penelope clutched his arms, and bucked her hips against him, going thrust for thrust with him.

Her cunt sucked at his cock, pulling him deeper into her channel each time he pushed forward. Every stroke took him closer to orgasmic bliss. He loved the sounds of her incoherent whispers. They were like music to his ears. His feelings for her only added to the beauty of the act.

Her nails tore at his flesh, but he didn't feel anything but the incendiary heat tearing through him.

Nicholas felt his incisors descend. He had to get a taste of her essence or go crazy. Lowering his head, he buried his face against the column of her welcoming neck.

Penelope stiffened momentarily before relaxing when he sank his teeth into her soft flesh. The coppery-sweet taste of her blood filled his mouth. Partaking in this only made the bond stronger between them.

“Nicholas,” she sighed with apparent contentment, stroking the back of his head.

He continued to move within her, an exploding need within, driving him. Careful not to tear her lovely skin, he allowed his teeth to retract. Then he licked her puncture wounds, the agent in his saliva healing her at a rapid rate until the marks were gone.

Fireworks blasted all around him when his orgasm came. Throughout the years, he’d been with many women, but none had touched him so fully and completely—heart, body and soul—as Penelope had.

She screamed when she reached her peak. “Nicholas!”

He collapsed against her, allowing her welcoming warmth to engulf him. Nicholas loved her body. While some men preferred ultra-svelte women, he liked women with curves. The feel of moisture on his cheek brought his head up.

Penelope was crying.

“What is it, my love?” he asked with alarm, placing butterfly kisses along her jaw line.

“I didn’t know it could be like this,” she whispered.

Penelope’s words brought a smile to his face. “Nor did I.”

“I find that hard to believe. You’ve lived a long time. I’m sure this is nothing new to you.”

“That’s not true. This was the first time I’ve made love.”

She laughed in disbelief. “Come on, pull the other one.”

“I’m dead serious. Of course, I’ve had sex, and fucked, but never made love. My heart has never been engaged during the act—not like tonight.”

“I see.” She lowered her lids, hiding her expression from him, but he could sense her uncertainty.

“What exactly do you see?”

‘It’s just – this is so sudden. We’ve only met tonight.”

“But in my heart, I’ve known you forever.”

Her eyes moistened with the suspicious sheen of unshed tears. “That was beautiful.”

“You’re beautiful. What does it matter if we’ve only known each other for one night or several hundred nights? What we feel for each other is far greater than something so trivial.”

“Well, if this is nuts, then I must have fallen victim to the madness, because I agree with you.” She smiled revealing those pretty dimples of hers again.

Cupping her face in his hands, he brushed his lips against hers, sampling her sweetness.

“Mmm, I doubt I’ll ever tire of that.” Her voice practically purred with contentment as she snuggled beneath him. Her eyelids began to droop.

Wrapping his arms around her, Nicholas rolled over to his side pulling Penelope with him. He planted his face against her neck.

For the first time in centuries, he felt complete.

Chapter Five

Penny was exhausted from the night before. Nicholas had only let her sleep long enough for her to recharge, before waking her and making passionate love to her over and over again. She'd lost count of how many times he'd fucked her senseless. There wasn't any place his hands hadn't roamed on her body or hole he didn't enter.

Even now, she squirmed in her seat, thinking about how his cock had slid from her wet pussy to slip into her puckered anus. After brunch, she looked forward to having a lazy day in Nicholas' penthouse suite.

If anyone would have told her yesterday morning that her life would be irrevocably changed by a supernatural force, she would have laughed. Things like this didn't happen to women like her. She was just a run-of-the-mill real estate agent who was only looking for a way to get through this wedding unscathed.

But now, not only did she survive, she was coming through it with flying colors.

"I see you're not eating, Penelope," Nicholas observed taking a sip of his mimosa.

"Neither have you." She pushed the Eggs Benedict around on her plate. She'd only eaten the mixed fruit and half a bagel before getting full. Penny was far too anxious to eat. She wanted to hurry up and get out of here, and spend some time alone with her man.

Her man.

She eyed the gorgeous hunk sitting next to her. Penny's pussy tingled, ready to be fed by his cock, inch by delicious inch.

Nicholas smirked, leaning over to nuzzle her neck. "Hussy," he whispered.

"I'm only what you made me," she shot back.

"And I wouldn't have it any other way, though you really should have something more substantial to eat. You're going to need your strength for what I have planned."

Her heart did somersaults. How was it possible to fall for someone in so short a time, as deeply as she had for Nicholas? Penny didn't know, but it felt right.

She slid her hand under the table and placed it on his thigh.

"What are you doing?" he asked in a husky whisper.

Penny giggled. "Just reacquainting myself with my new best friend." She allowed her hand to glide up until it met the hard bulge of resting between his legs.

Nicholas' breathing became shallow.

Penny wished she didn't have to be at the brunch, but it was bad enough she'd missed the entire reception, which had been noted by her parents and Tana. Her sister teased her about it, until Nicholas "persuaded" her to leave Penny alone.

She undid his button and unzipped his fly before reaching inside his pants and grasping his cock. Penny continued to play with her food, and pretended to be in deep conversation with him in an attempt to look natural. She considered herself a conservative person, but Nicholas drove her to do things she would never have considered before meeting him.

Nicholas huffed a sharp intake of breath as her fingers wrapped around his dick. "Penelope, you're asking for it," he groaned.

"Of course I am. I wouldn't be doing this otherwise," she teased.

Her hand slid along his turgid length. Penny had to give him credit; Nicholas maintained his composure when she grazed his balls with her fingertips.

"Well, well, well. Nice of you to show up," Barbara's peevish whine cut through the intimacy of the moment.

Penny's first reaction was to jerk her hand away, but Nicholas placed his hand over hers, holding it over his hard length.

If you make any sudden moves, it will only draw attention to what we're doing.

His reasoning made sense. The added hint of danger at what Penny was doing sent a wave of arousal through her body.

Penny grinned at her cousin sheepishly. "I'm sorry for missing the reception, Barb, but I wasn't feeling well and Nicholas was nice enough to allow me the use of his private suite." She squeezed his cock with gentle pressure.

Nicholas coughed. "Uh... yes. I took good care of you, didn't I?"

Penny met his dark gaze, with a smile. "You sure did."

"Ahem," Barbara cleared her throat, not liking that she didn't have their full attention. "Well, it looks like you've landed on your feet, after you found out Chad preferred me."

It was so like her cousin to get a dig in, but this time Penny didn't so much as flinch. In fact, she felt a little sorry for her cousin. She realized in that moment that no matter how much she was given, Barbara would never truly be happy. What Penny's mother had touched on earlier finally made sense. Anyone who couldn't be content to count their blessings in life could only be pitied.

It wouldn't surprise Penny at all if this wasn't Barbara's last wedding.

"Yes, I think things worked out as they should have. You have Chad and I have Nicholas." *I think I go the better deal.*

She may not have said it out loud, but her expression probably gave her away.

Barbara scowled. "Well, I have to circulate and talk to my other guests." The blonde barely spared her another glance before turning on her heel, stalking away in a snit.

"Very charming lady, your cousin." Nicholas chuckled.

"Believe it or not, she has moments when she's not so bad."

"That remains to be seen. Penelope!" he groaned when her hand continued to stroke his dick.

"Do you like?"

"Need you ask? Damn this brunch, let's get the hell out of here."

“You’ll get no argument from me.

Penny removed her hand from his cock and let him readjust himself.

Nicholas shuffled Penny out of the room as if there was a fire on his heels. Not a word was spoken until they reached his suite. The new dress he’d sent to her just this morning, while she plucked away the buttons on his shirt.

Pieces of their clothing flew to the floor before they were both naked. They came together with a hungry passion that wouldn’t be denied. Not bothering to carry her to the bed, Nicholas cupped her bottom and lifted him against his erection.

“Wrap your legs around me, Penelope.”

She didn’t dare deny him. She twisted her legs around his waist and arms around his neck as he thrust into her already wet pussy. Her fingers tangled in his hair.

Nicholas was so deep inside her, Penny didn’t know where he ended and she began, not that it mattered; he was part of her, the other half of her soul.

With her breasts crushed against the hard wall of his chest, she moved with him, clenching the walls of her pussy around his cock, holding him deep.

“Oh, Nicholas, I love you,” she cried out in passion. Their sweat-slicked bodies moved together in a synchronized dance as old as time itself.

Each time he thrust into her, pushed her closer to heaven. Penny didn’t want this moment to ever end. Fire spread throughout her entire core.

Penny felt the slight prick of his incisors burying into her flesh. The sensation was explosive.

As he drank from her, she could hear his thoughts and the love he felt for her, making her heart race.

Nicholas lifted his head, and covered her mouth in a demanding kiss. With one final thrust, he moaned into her mouth, before releasing his seed inside her thirsty pussy.

Her own mind-blowing fiery climax followed, her pussy gushing with cream.

Nicholas carried her to the bed then and placed kisses all over her face and neck.
“Love you, love you, love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too...stud.”

About the Author

Eve has enjoyed creating characters and making up stories from an early age. As a child she was always getting into mischief, so when she lost her television and outside privileges (which was often), writing was her outlet. Her stories have gotten quite a bit spicier since then! Eve likes to read, bake, make crafts, volunteer work, travel, and spend time with her family. She lives in the Philadelphia area with her husband. She loves hearing from her readers because they keep her motivated.

Eve welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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