



Best Friends

Rachel Carrington



Warning

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The heavy wooden door crashed against the wall as they coupled in a heated embrace. Ethan kicked the door shut and pushed Olivia against the nearest wall, bracketing her body with his palms splayed against the plaster. His mouth was on hers, his tongue capturing the taste of her desire, her surrender, and even her anxiety.

Bending his knees, he lifted her against him, his hands catching her legs beneath the thighs. With her fingers tangling in his hair, her legs wrapping around his waist, he took two backward steps, his intended path the bedroom, but her hands were on his face, gaining leverage to deepen the kiss. He felt the pull of her need seconds before the edge of the sofa hit the backs of his legs. Spinning around, he lowered her to the leather cushions.

In seconds, Olivia's t-shirt hit the coffee table; Ethan's swimming trunks the floor. Their shoes thumped against the carpet, and the top of her bikini ended up somewhere near the door. Their skin rasped against the leather and the decorative buttons bit into unmentionable places.

She reached for him, and he was inches away from the delicious scent of her skin before rationality struck. "Oh, hell! Wait a second!" He turned, his panicked gaze searching the room. *Where in the hell had he left his wallet? Did he have any condoms in the medicine cabinet? The beach bag!*

Somehow, it had made it inside his condo. His wallet was safely tucked inside the zippered compartment. Rescuing a small, foil packet, he shot back across the room, looking down in time to see the laughter on Olivia's face as he held up his prize.

"Success." He made short work of donning the condom before walking back toward the sofa.

Olivia's lips twitched. "That was quite a display, Mr. Roberts." Her eyes dropped to his stiff cock, and he lowered his gaze to follow the line of her vision.

He allowed himself a millisecond of embarrassment before he waggled his eyebrows and reached for her. "That was just the warm-up show. The fireworks haven't even started yet." Catching her around the waist, he slid her farther up the sofa, lowering his body at the same time. The solid length of his frame pushed her against the cushion, and he braced himself up on his arms.

"Maybe we should...." Olivia didn't give him time to finish the sentence. Her lips fastened against his, drawing out the last remaining bit of his suggestion, silencing any further options. He sank into her kiss, drowning in the taste of her softness, the feel of her firm body against his. "Touch me," she instructed in a voice hoarse with need.

Ethan dragged his lips away from hers long enough to slide a hand down the flat wall of her stomach, wedging it between their bodies. His fingers grazed the soft curls covering her pussy and as her eyes flashed, he resumed the kiss, feeling her buck beneath the sensual movement of his thumb against her clit. Her heat flowed over his hand, welcoming him openly.

His hand pressed against her as he curled his fingers over the moist apex of her thighs. His lips were still fused to hers, capturing her cry as she gave in to the release. He pushed his fingers deep within her cunt, the moistness bathing his fingertips. She arched her back off the sofa and cried out again as another orgasm ripped through her.

“Jesus,” he whispered against her damp neck. “Can you come again?” he asked in a guttural tone.

She jammed his hand against her pussy. “Try me.”

He raised his head to see her face. “Do you want me to fuck you or eat you?”

Her eyes glazed, and he had his answer. He slid down her body quickly. Her cream soaked his face as his tongue licked her clit, driving her mad. She thrashed and pulsed beneath him until her cries became womanly pleas for satisfaction.

His hands gripped the backs of her thighs as Ethan moved over her, pausing long enough to meet her gaze. He saw the invitation in her eyes and felt her body quiver beneath him.

Olivia lowered her hand, curling her fingers around the hard, steel length of his cock. He jerked with the pressure. “What are you waiting for?” Her voice was a perfect blend of wantonness and desire.

He sucked in a sharp breath and gripped her wrist. “Don’t.” The harsh command served little purpose for her hand moved, and his body responded. Faster and faster, she slid her palm against the silky smooth skin. His breath hitched in his throat, and his arms shook from the strain of holding his body aloft while she rubbed him.

“I don’t want to come this way,” he managed to say through gritted teeth.

In response, Olivia lifted her hips and touched the head of his dick with her damp cunt. Ethan’s eyes flew open, his eyes found hers, and with a soft cry of need, he dropped, plunging into her tight, hot sheath.

She cried his name and dug her nails into his hips, riding the thrusts with him, meeting him, carrying him with her as they strained toward the final end. The climaxes stunned them, their voices uniting in mutual cries of satisfaction. Then, as sweat-dampened skin slid against sweat-dampened skin, they sank together against the cushions, their breaths coming in uneven gasps.

Ethan moved first, quickly rolling to his side, taking the weight of his body off of Olivia’s. She protested the movement, seeking the comfort of his arms once more. “Don’t go anywhere yet,” she whispered.

He brushed the damp hair away from her face. “I’m not, just making sure you’re comfortable.”

Olivia chuckled. “How could you think I wasn’t?” She stretched her arms over her head and gave him a very womanly smile. “I’m more relaxed now than I have been in a very long time.”

He kissed her forehead and patted his shoulder. “Well, fortunately for you, I’m not in any hurry.”

“What a coincidence. I don’t have anywhere to be tonight.”

Ethan’s arm tightened around her waist. “Eventually, I think we should move this to the bedroom.”

She eyed the couch with a fond smile. “You do realize that I’ll never be able to look at leather in quite the same way, don’t you?”

He grinned. "Yeah, I think I'll remember it fondly, too."

"Mmm." Olivia pressed a finger against the pulse beating at the base of his neck. "That sounds final, like tonight will be the one and only time."

Ethan raised one eyebrow. "Did it? I didn't mean it that way." But he knew the truth. As much as he tried to push his best friend's memory to the back of his mind, he couldn't. And the feeling that he'd betrayed Scott settled within his chest like a tight fist.

"Are you thinking about him?" Olivia whispered.

She knew him too well. "How could I not be?"

She dragged her fingers through his hair. "He's not here, Ethan."

"I feel him everywhere." He rolled to a sitting position and pressed his palms over his eyes. "Do you know how many times he was here, Liv? How many games we watched on this sofa? How often he slept over because he'd had one too many beers?" He gave a little laugh. "Or when you'd gotten pissed at him and put him out of the house."

Olivia came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I know. I know, but we can't live our lives thinking about Scott."

"He was my best friend."

"But he's gone," she responded quietly.

"And you were his wife." Ethan's voice just as hushed.

She swiveled so she could straddle him. "Do you think he wouldn't want us both to be happy? As much as it hurts me to say it, he's dead, Ethan. Neither one of us can bring him back."

The lump swelled in his throat, but Ethan nodded. "I know." He squeezed her thigh. "Memories can be a bitch."

She bumped her forehead to his. "Something tells me that Scott would approve of this."

His breath met hers. "You think?"

"He's been gone a long time." She climbed off of him and offered him her hand. "Now, let's go."

He looked up into her flushed face. "Go where?"

"To the bedroom."

He hesitated, but she grasped his hand and tugged him to his feet.

"I don't think I need to tell you that both of us have waited for this for a long, long time, and if you think I'm letting you go anytime before dawn, well, I can't begin to tell you how wrong you are." Olivia led him down the hallway.

Ethan's hand gripped hers. "Before dawn, huh? I think you're giving me a lot of credit."

Turning at the door to this bedroom, she stood on tiptoe and seized his lips with hers.

He groaned low and his cock surged to life. He couldn't resist the sultry curves or the blatant invitation. As the mattress gave beneath their combined weight, Ethan knew that tomorrow morning would bring another set of recriminations, but for now, he would spend the evening with Olivia, his best friend's wife. And perhaps later, he'd be able to convince himself it was what Scott would have wanted.

About Rachel Carrington

Rachel is a multi-published author of fantasy and paranormal romance as well as editor-in-chief of Vintage Romance Publishing (www.vrpublishing.com). She's been writing for well over twenty years, and though her main focus has been erotica for the past year, she has written contemporary and mainstream romances. In addition to writing fiction, she has had several articles published and teaches online classes which deal with the subject of writing and/or running a small company.

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