



Something Old
Something New

Lily Graison

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Elizabeth Collins is determined to get out of the small town she grew up in and marrying David will make those dreams a reality. But when her oldest, dearest friend, who just happens to be the man who has set her nights on fire with passion unlike anything she's ever felt, seduces her only minutes before she says "I Do," doubt plagues her mind and forces her to imagine what life without him, and his sensual touch, would mean.

Jason Lowery has one chance left. He won't let Liz go without a fight and he's determined to show her how good they can be together, if she'd just stop being so pig-headed about it. He'll prove to her he's the only man she's meant to be with one way or another.

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Edited by Meg Richman

Chapter 1

"You can't marry him."

Elizabeth Collins shrieked, startled when someone spoke. She looked to the door. Jason Lowery stood there, staring at her. His eyes held a hint of mischief and the infuriating smirk she hated curved his lips.

She rolled her eyes. "Are you insane? You can't be in here."

"Why not?" he asked, turning to shut the door behind him.

"Uh, because no one is supposed to see the bride before the wedding, that's why."

He laughed and leaned back against the door, shoving his hands into his pants pockets. "Well, if I thought for a minute you were seriously going to go through with this, I might follow all the rules. Besides, the groom isn't supposed to see the bride before the wedding. I don't remember anything about best friends."

The dark suit he wore made him appear even more gorgeous than usual. Liz couldn't remember the last time she'd seen him dressed like this. Jeans and t-shirts were his usual attire, and on an average day, he was scrumptious. Today? He was absolutely sinful. Looking at him put tempting thoughts of betrayal in her mind.

She walked to the window and stared outside, determined to ignore how delicious he looked. Crossing

her arms over her chest, she muttered, "Fine. What do you want?"

"Now, is that any way to greet the only person who cared enough to come all the way up here to witness this spectacle?"

"It's not a spectacle," she said, turning her head to look over her shoulder at him.

"Says you." Jason laughed. "They have violins and harps playing, champagne on the buffet table, and a ice sculpture that looks a lot like you. All this highfalutin crap is ridiculous. It's stupid, if you ask me."

"It's not stupid," she said, hatefully. "For your information, Mr. Too-Dumb-To-Know-Any-Better, its classy, something your pea-brain could never comprehend. Now stop making fun of my wedding and tell me what you want."

"I want you to not marry that asshole," he said, calmly.

"He's not an asshole."

"Says you."

Liz scowled at him and narrowed her eyes. "Don't do this, Jason. Not now. You've already given me your opinion. Revisiting the fight from last week isn't going to accomplish anything, except pissing me off again."

Jason grinned. "Well, if I remember correctly, the fight last week resulted in the best blowjob of my life. I'm up for a repeat performance if you are."

Liz gasped. "Keep your voice down," she hissed.

"Why? Afraid the new love of your life will hear all about our little affair?"

"He knows all about our history," Liz said. "He's not threatened by it."

"Oh. So he knows you still want me? Why is he marrying you then?"

"He has his reasons."

"Sounds like true love to me," Jason said, rolling his eyes. "This whole wedding is a joke, Liz. David doesn't love you any more than you love him."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

Jason laughed. "You've only known each other two months! How the hell can you be in love with him in that short of a time? Hell, you don't even know him."

"I know him just fine."

"Really? Then you know all about Melissa?"

Liz raised one eyebrow. "Who is Melissa?"

"Apparently his girlfriend."

Liz watched the smile on his face grow until it made his eyes sparkle. The bastard was enjoying this way too much. "Ex-girlfriend, you mean?"

"Not according to the gossip I heard twenty minutes ago. Apparently Melissa isn't the type of girl one marries."

"You're making this up," Liz said.

"And why would I do that?"

Liz laughed. "Do I even have to respond to that? It's over, Jason, and I know what you're doing. I'm tired of your twisted idea of foreplay. It isn't going to work anymore. I'm through fighting with you."

"Ah, come on Lizzy." He chuckled and licked his lips. "Your breasts always do this little heaving thing when you get mad. Don't disappoint me now, especially when they're looking so ripe and luscious."

"God, you're such a pig."

"Oink, oink."

Liz looked at his smiling face and shook her head. "You know, I don't have time for this. Will you please just get to the point? I have a wedding to prepare for."

Jason's grin dissolved and he exhaled a long breath. "Fine. We'll skip the small talk," he said. "He doesn't love you, Liz. Not like I do. You don't belong here. The city isn't for you."

"Good lord, not again," she whined, rubbing her temples when they throbbed. "Jason, we've been over this a hundred times already. I've been stuck on that damn farm long enough. I want out. I have no life there. Why can't you just be happy for me?"

"Because I know you," he whispered, softly. "You'll be miserable here."

"No, I'll finally *have* something here!" Liz hissed. "Just look at this place." She glanced around the room, taking in the pristine white furnishings and the antique's gracing every sleek surface. "Everything I've ever wanted is here, Jason. A nice house, beautiful clothes, and a man who has more money than I could ever spend."

"So you're just in it for the money?"

Her temper flared. "Don't you dare judge me."

"Why not?" Jason spat. "If you're going to act like a gold-digging bitch, I might as well treat you like one."

"You bastard! Get out of here. I don't need you." She looked back to the full-length mirror, and admired the dress she'd picked out from one of those chic bridal magazines. Jason stood by the door unmoving. She ignore him and the pain his words caused.

She knew what her marriage to David looked like to everyone back home, but she didn't care. They didn't have to live her life, she did. So what if they thought badly of her? It wasn't like she would ever have to see any of them again. Hell, Jason was the only person who even bothered to make the trip to the city-even if the only reason he did was to try and stop her.

Everything was. perfect. Her life was finally as she'd envisioned it and she'd be damned if Jason would ruin things now. She sighed, trying to erase her darkened mood, and studied her reflection.

Her long, golden tresses were pinned securely to the back of her head with tiny red rose buds tucked within the strands. She'd spent the better half of the morning

getting fussed over by her own private hairdresser. She was treated like royalty here, her every whim catered to without a word of complaint.

Her blue eyes sparkled as she looked at her reflection in the mirror, but the slight blush to her cheeks increased the more she mused over Jason's words. How dare him make her feel like shit!

"Why him, Liz?" Jason asked, his voice bitter. "Is it because I don't have his money? Wealth won't make you happy."

"And you can?" she asked, sarcastically. "You're just an ignorant farm boy, Jason. You don't know anything about what it takes to make me happy."

"You're not in love with him."

"And how do you know that?" she snapped.

He stared at her reflection, meeting her gaze with deep longing. "Because I can see it every time you look at me."

Liz's features softened at his words. She wished, yet again, he wasn't right. "Maybe love isn't every thing."

"You know that's not true." He pushed his weight off the door and moved slowly across the room toward her.

Liz's heart raced watching his progression in the mirror. His jet-black hair appeared blue in the light from the windows. Those high cheekbones and deep green eyes gave him a look straight from the pages of some high fashion magazine. He appeared more at home in the city

than she did. The sight of him caused a nervous flutter of butterflies in the pit of her stomach.

Jason had to be the most beautiful man she'd ever seen, and yes, she loved him, but love wasn't enough-not for her.

She wanted more than wide-open fields and the dirty back roads of Lincoln County. Her dreams were full of bright lights and fine things. Living in a one-stop-light town, with its dull scenery, wasn't for her. She'd longed for something more and leaving had been her dream since age ten.

Of course, getting over Jason Lowery would take time, but a determined soul always won, right? Being in love didn't make you happy. People married all the time and weren't in love.

Focusing her attention on Jason's face in the mirror, his intense expression sent a chill up her spine. She'd seen that look so many times she'd memorized it. It caused her knees to go weak.

He stopped behind her. His fingers brushed against the back of her arm and the tingles spread through her limbs in an instant.

"He will never love you like I do, Lizzy."

The words were whispered across her cheek. The warmth of his breath a slow trickle against her skin, before his lips danced across her flesh to rest on the sensitive area below her ear.

Liz closed her eyes. Her breaths coming quicker as every thought left her except for the way he made her feel.

That instant lust. the rush of heat as it swam through her body, leaving her dizzy.

His touch excited her.

The first boy she'd ever kissed had been Jason. He was her first serious crush, her first lover. He taught her everything she knew about pleasures of the flesh. Knowing his touch made her scream, thrilled him. Hours of ecstasy were spent learning the joys of sex by his talented hands and body.

The memories of their time together filled her with regret, knowing she'd be forever denied his attention. He was her first love and she his. Now, as he seductively sucked her earlobe into his mouth, Liz knew he'd never give up until he was her first everything. "It's my wedding day, Jason. It's too late for us," she whispered, helplessly.

"It's our day, Liz. Valentines Day. Don't you remember?"

She did remember. Their first kiss was while standing under a dozen paper hearts at a high school dance. Exactly one year to the day, he'd made love to her. Valentines Day had been his since she turned sixteen. And now, she was giving his day to another man. One she didn't even love.

"It's never too late. All you have to do is turn around, walk out the front door-and leave with me."

Liz sighed as he looked up at her, his eyes full of hope and determination. For the first time since leaving Lincoln, she hated telling him no. "I can't, Jason. You've known from day one I would find a way out of there.

And I have. Can't you just be happy for me? I want more."

"You mean, you want more than I can give you."

Liz felt her heart break at the expression on his face. She looked away. She didn't have the strength to hurt him while his gaze was so pleading. Why didn't he understand? She didn't want to spend the rest of her life in Lincoln. She wanted more.

His arms suddenly wrapped around her and strong fingers cupped both her breast through the delicate fabric of her gown.

Liz gasped and met his gaze in the mirror. The strapless gown barely held her ample breasts in place and it only took a tug from Jason to release them from the confines of her dress.

His hands palmed her flesh, squeezing, before he lightly pinched her nipples. "Tell me he can make you feel like this," his voice broke with huskiness. "Tell me he makes your body tremble with just a touch. He can't make you feel the way I can."

Liz stared at his face in the mirror. He smiled at her and leaned down, his lips sliding along her neck. The feel of his tongue on her skin sent a shock through her. The wave of heat that followed flowed through her veins. That slow, steady stream of pulsations caused her vaginal muscles to tighten.

She came alive as his hands lightly pinched her erect nipples, making the soft skin turn pink before she moaned.

"Please don't do this, Jason."

"I know you want me, Lizzy."

"It doesn't matter. I want the things David can offer me more than anything. Can't you just let me be happy?"

He lifted his head, anger evident in his eyes.

Liz was shocked when he reached for her face, turning her head to him and kissed her. His teeth nipped at her lips, his tongue pushing its way inside her mouth. His arm around her waist was the only thing keeping her from falling.

The same white-hot need she usually felt when he touched her surged through her body. She automatically responded to the kiss. Her arm rose, wrapping around the back of his neck and pulling him closer to her while he stroked her flesh. The delicate prickling crawling across her skin made her knees weak. Tingles raced up her spine and danced along her veins, igniting every nerve ending in her body before she moaned again.

The thought of someone walking through the door registered, but the feel of his hands and his hot mouth pushed them away.

Jason had a way of making everything seem okay. Apparently fooling around with him on her wedding day was no exception.

Liz barely felt him pull the material of the dress up her legs, but when his hands touched the bare skin of her thigh, she gasped for breath and broke the kiss. "Jason." Her words were a soft murmur as his fingers swept

across the fabric of her panties before delving inside the satin.

"Don't say anything," Jason whispered. "Just let me show you."

Her words were stolen when his fingers brushed against the coarse hair covering her pussy. Liz's eyes rolled as his fingers parted her lips, running the length of her. The warmth of his hand spread like wildfire through her body. Her desire to stop him lessened as he expertly manipulated her flesh.

"Tell me you want me, Liz. I know you do," he said, his voice low and seductive as he worked his fingers inside of her. "I can feel it. You're already wet for me and I've barely even touched you."

The need to have him fill her overpowered her senses. She moaned again as Jason slowly penetrated her with his fingers and flicked her clit with his thumb. Liz panted for breath, rotating her hips against his palm before she realized it.

Opening her eyes, she grabbed his arm and took deep calming breaths. "We can't do this."

Jason's arm around her waist loosened. His fingers probing her slick folds were pulled from her panties.

She sighed, unsure if it was from disappointment, or in relief that he gave up so quickly. She would never be able to tell him no if he was determined to have his way.

Trying to get her breathing under control, she frowned when she heard the sound of his zipper being pulled. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to prove something to you, Lizzy," he said with quiet emphasis. "You can't live without me, no matter how much you say you can."

Realization dawned. Her eyes widened when he grabbed the material of her gown. "Don't even think about it," she warned.

"What? Are you going to stop me?" he asked, shifting the mounds of dress fabric. Liz grabbed the material in her hands, frantically trying to stop him from raising it. "Jason, you can't! Not here."

"Yes, I can," he said, confidently. "And I am."

In an instant, she felt the back of her dress lifted and pushed up to her waist, her panties pulled down past her knees-and the warmth of his cock at the back of her thighs. Liz took sharp, rushed breaths. She felt as though she'd hyperventilate any minute. *He really intended on doing this!*

When he wedged his knee between her legs and pushed lightly to separate them, she felt dizzy. "Jason, you can't fuck me here. We're in David's house, for Gods sake!"

"So?"

"So, it's not right."

"Then tell me to stop," he said, looking up at her reflection in the mirror, his brow rising in amusement.

Liz knew he'd won. She had never been able to refuse him. The feel of his hot flesh made her want to throw him to the nearest hard surface and ride him until his legs buckled. It was useless to resist him.

He smiled at her smugly, rubbing one calloused hand over her ass before she felt the tip of his shaft pushing at her entrance from behind. Her eyes fluttered. Thoughts of David vanished. Nothing existed but Jason, the smell of his cologne and the feel of the velvety smoothness of his cock pushing its way forward.

She moaned as he reached around her with his right hand, his fingers once again slid across her moist flesh before he gave her clit a light pinch.

"You've never been able to tell me no, Liz. Don't try to now."

"I hate you," she whimpered, moaning again and thrusting her hips forward as his fingers danced circles around her clit.

"No, you don't. You love me. You're just too stubborn to admit it."

He was right, she *did* hate admitting it, especially now. The feel of him hard and ready left no room for discussion. She wanted him-needed him-and like always, he won. The feel of his body against hers and she wanted him.

"This won't change anything," she said, defeated, and bent at the waist, reaching out and grabbing the mirror with both hands before parting her legs. "I'm still marrying David."

"I guess we'll see, won't we?" Jason whispered, finding his target, and pushing his way inside. Their moans were in unison and Liz's eyes closed at the feel of him sheathed within her body.

His free arm once again wrapped around her waist as he thrust forward, sliding into her depths until their flesh met. His movements were slow and teasing. He rounded his hips, causing his cock to caress her inner walls like a soft, silky glove. The feel of him sliding along her channel caused her to bite her lip.

Jason's thrusts slowly increased, the circles he made with his hips, and his fingers rubbing and flicking her clit caused her breath to come in short pants. She spiraled quickly to orgasm. The excitement of getting caught, and the thrill of doing something so sinful right before her wedding, collided in her mind. She gritted her teeth as she came with his name whispered on a breath.

Jason's smug smile greeted her when she opened her eyes and looked at his reflection.

As much as she wanted to slap him for being right, having him inside her, the weight of his body pressed against her, was more important at the moment.

She straightened, and felt him slip from her body. Turning, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, her tongue diving inside his mouth.

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get close enough.

He growled at her eagerness, kissing her back with equal enthusiasm. His fingers dug into the flesh of her back. Pain and pleasure drove her need for him. She lightly bit his bottom lip when his hands once again shifted the massive dress she wore. His still hard shaft probed her thighs, his hands sliding over her ass to rest on the back of her thighs. He lifted her and she wasted no time wrapping her legs around his waist.

He backed her up against the wall.

The intense desire to be filled once more had her rocking her hips, trying to find her mark, before Jason broke the kiss and looked up at her.

"Do you want more?" he asked, softly.

"Yes," Liz said. Laughter danced in his eyes and the feel of his cock rubbing against her clit caused her to moan. "Please, Jason. Don't make me beg you."

He grinned. Steadying his hips, he slid back inside her warmth.

Liz sighed, feeling him once again nestled inside of her, and she rocked her hips in time with his.

He stared at her and the look in his eyes caused her to turn her head.

He grabbed her chin and said, "Don't look away. I want you to remember this forever."

His thrusts increased until the vibrations of her body were causing a nearby table to make tiny thumps against the wall. She ignored the sound and instead, listened to Jason's ragged breaths while he stared intently at her.

She knew Jason loved her. She felt it in every move he made, saw it in the way he looked at her and tasted it in his kisses. No one had ever made her body hum the way he did and even today-her wedding day to another man-she felt exhilarated as he slid in and out of her body at a rapid pace.

Sweat beaded on his forehead, his lips lightly parted. A look of unadulterated love shone in his eyes.

Liz felt like screaming. *Why did he have to love her so much? Why would she agree to marry another man when she loved him in return?*

She closed her eyes, succumbing to the sensations rocking her body. She felt the tension once again coil in the pit of her stomach. Jason's breaths came faster and his hips slapping against her flesh caused the sound to echo off the walls. She felt his body tense. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her thighs as he buried his face into her breasts signaling his approaching release.

She concentrated on the feel of him as he licked and sucked her nipple into his mouth. His moans, and the silky smoothness of his cock when he ground his hips into her, caused the coil to tighten and wind tighter. When she crashed over the edge, she muffled a scream against his shoulder.

Her breast popped from his mouth and his grunts mingled with her own as he came. She held him close while their bodies jerked with the force of their climax.

She didn't know how long they stayed there, holding each other while Jason peppered soft kisses across her face and breasts. Their bodies calmed, but voices in the hall brought them both back to reality.

Jason sighed as he looked up at her before she reluctantly lowered her legs and they disentangled their bodies.

Liz lowered her dress, pulled the top back up over her exposed breasts, and walked across the room to the

bathroom without saying a word. She looked over her shoulder at him when she reached the door. He'd tucked his cock back into his pants and straightened his clothes. When she looked at his face and saw him looking at her, she walked inside and shut the door behind her.

A glance at the mirror and she frowned. Her cheeks were flushed and a section of her hair hung loose on her shoulder. She looked a mess! A satisfied mess, but a mess nonetheless.

Why did things have to be so complicated? Why couldn't she ever just tell Jason `no'? Why did it only take his touch to send all rational thoughts out the window and have her acting like a wanton hussy in the blink of an eye?

Because you're in love with him.

She sighed and stiffened her back before walking to the sink. It didn't matter *what* she felt, not anymore. Jason belonged in her past-David her future. She'd made her choice, agreed to marry him. David deserved more than this.

He said he wanted to take care of her. She'd learn to love him the way she loved Jason. Passion came with time and her need for him would come eventually. right?

* * * *

Liz exited the bathroom after spending more time there than she needed. She'd weighed her options before coming back into the room-where she knew Jason was waiting. She imagined what her life with David would be like, and what going back to Lincoln with Jason would cost her, and she'd made her decision.

She strode to the full-length mirror, ignoring his hopeful stare and pinned her hair back into place, trying to get the loose tendrils to look presentable again. He didn't say a word, just stood there silently waiting. Liz exhaled deeply before glancing at him in the mirror when he cleared his throat to get her attention.

He'd fixed his clothes, wiped her lipstick from his face and stood there staring at her.

"So, what's it going to be, Lizzy?"

The sound of his voice caused her throat to tighten. His question hung in the air and she hated being such a coward. She knew he wouldn't leave without an answer, but she honestly didn't know what to do.

She stared at the mirror as if the answer might lie there. Did he *really* expect her to leave with him right now?

By the expression on his face, she knew the answer to that without even asking it.

"You better get back downstairs," she said, quietly. "It's hard to tell what David will think if you go missing. The only reason you're here is because of me."

Jason stared at her as she readjusted her dress. "We can go anywhere you want," he said. "It doesn't have to be back home."

Liz paused for a second before reaching for her lipstick. "It isn't only about the location."

"The money?"

The way he said it made her feel cheap and dirty. Had she really agreed to whore herself out for a big house and paved streets? Her granddaddy would probably roll over in his grave. He'd brought her up better than that.

She turned her head to him and her heart skipped a beat.

Since the day she'd met Jason, she had never seen him cry. Not once. But tears glistened in his eyes as he regarded her. She felt like someone hit her with a sledgehammer. She'd caused that look. The pain reflected in his eyes loomed there because of her.

"I've always wanted you to be happy, Lizzy. I thought I could be the one who gave you everything," he said, softly. "It's impossible. I can't ever give you the things David can."

He walked over to her. Liz held back her own tears when he leaned in and kissed her softly, whispering, "You look beautiful." He smiled and reached up to push a stray tendril of hair off her forehead. "David's a lucky man. I hope he can do what I never could."

"And what's that?" she asked him quietly.

Jason stared at her for long moments. He cleared his throat and took a step away from her. "Make you happy."

When he left, the tears she'd been fighting came.

She cried for the boy who gave her everything he could. She cried for the man who still tried and she cried for herself. She'd broken his heart, again, and now her own felt like it would crumble to dust.

This should have been the happiest day of her life, but her heart grieved for the one thing she could have without even asking, but refused to accept-the love of a man who wanted nothing in return but her.

Chapter 2

The scene below was a dream come true. Liz stared around the foyer of the mansion and smiled. The entire house was filled with red roses, the scent they carried perfumed the air, and as she took her first step down the spiraling staircase, every person in the room was watching her.

She was finally getting her fairy tale.

The walk into the large room where the wedding was being held was the longest she'd ever made. The music played softly in the background, guests sat squeezed together in silk covered chairs and more people stood along the walls.

When she saw David, the fairy tale didn't look so pleasant anymore. He was smiling, but it didn't quite reach his eyes.

As she walked down the aisle, past the rows of chairs filled with David's friends and family, her stomach felt tied in knots. Her throat was still sore and dry from crying and her eyes itched. She hoped she looked better than she felt.

When she reached the front of the room and stopped beside David, the words spoken by the pastor were a

blur. He read scriptures and smiled, made jokes and told stories about David before stringing out a line, obviously fed to him by someone, about her.

The longer she stood there, the more she didn't want to be.

She'd almost left twice before walking downstairs. Jason's words replayed in her mind and led her across the room to the door, but every time she reached for the handle, the voice inside her head brought her back to reality.

They were poor. Always had been. Where would they go and how would they survive?

Does it really matter?

Pastor Cline asked them to face each other, to repeat their vows, and she saw Jason out of the corner of her eye. He was seated on the front row, his back ramrod straight. The look on his face was neutral but one glance at his eyes and she caught her breath. The pain she saw there weakened her knees and she focused her gaze on David so she didn't do something stupid.

She listened to the sound of David's voice as he repeated what the pastor told him to say. The words held no meaning. She felt miserable as he stood there smiling at her. She was a fake and a phony, and the tears in her eyes weren't from her joy. They were from her deceit. She'd lied to this man, agreed to marry him under false pretences-and hurt the one person who would gladly lay his life down for her.

How could anyone love her after this?

She looked at Jason. Her heart leaped in her chest at the sight of him. Her best friend since grade school. He sat there staring at her, a smile plastered on his face, but the pain in his eyes pierced her heart. She knew he loved her. Everyone in Lincoln knew Jason worshipped the ground she walked on. Even now, as she stood before another man, prepared to marry him, his love for her surpassed everything else.

He looked delicious. The same as he had an hour ago, when his body shook from release while he'd given her the last of his love. Sweat still glistened on his brow and when he lifted his hand to wipe the end of his nose, Liz smiled as she saw him inhale her scent from the tips of his fingers.

He winked at her and it caused her already damp thighs to quiver at the memory of their encounter. The sensations that had surged through her body and sent her spiraling to orgasm resurfaced and she knew. She knew in an instant if she never felt that way again, she would spend the rest of her life wanting to experience it one last time.

She vaguely heard her name whispered as Pastor Cline spoke, and she looked up at him.

He smiled, cleared his throat, and said, "Do you, Elizabeth Denise Collins, take David Forrest Wimberley to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Liz glanced at David, watched him stare at her, and felt her pulse race. She looked back to Jason and imagined her life without him in it. She thought of the lazy Saturdays they'd spent down by Tucker's farm, skinny-dipping in his pond, and trying to not get caught. The

laughs they'd shared, the intimate moments where he made her feel like a queen.

What would she do now, without him by her side? Sip tea with a room full of stuffy old women and try to follow their conversations? She'd tried so hard to fit in here and still felt as out of place as a hen in a fox's den.

She didn't belong here. Jason was right. She would never fit in with these people. She had been nervous, fidgety, and otherwise anxious for days. However, everything changed the minute Jason walked through the door. Her nerves calmed, their fights welcomed like a long lost friend. As maddening as Jason and his games were at times, being near him made her happy.

A soft gasp eased past her lips as the realization dawned on her and her heart felt ready to burst from her chest.

Pastor Cline once again asked her if she would take David as her husband and she knew she couldn't let Jason walk out of her life without any regrets. She loved him and needed him. She knew she'd never be happy without him.

"I'm sorry, David," she said, "but I can't do this. I'm just not ready."

He looked at her, confusion causing a deep frown to appear on his face. She leaned forward, kissing him lightly on the lips.

He stared at her for long moments and Liz caught a faint smile draw the corner of his mouth before he glanced over her shoulder. She followed his gaze and saw a woman standing at the back of the room. She was practically bouncing on her heels.

"What is the meaning of this? David?"

Liz looked at David's mother when she spoke and watched her turn, looking to the back of the room where the bouncing woman stood.

Could this mystery woman possibly be who the gossip hounds said was Melissa?

The room suddenly burst at the seams with loud shouts and accusations and Liz looked at Jason.

"Race you to the front?"

His eyes lit up at her words and she gave David one last look. She flashed him a huge smile, her eyes sparkling with delight and looked back at Jason. "Last one out takes bottom for a week."

Jason grinned when she grabbed the mounds of fabric of her dress and ran down the red carpet between the chairs the guests were sitting on.

She heard him running behind her.

"I guess I win." Liz grinned, when she reached the truck.

"You always do." Jason laughed before jogging to where she stood and kissed her breathless. "You have to be the most insane person I know," he said after breaking the kiss.

She giggled and nodded her head, her fingers running up the front of his chest. "It's one of the reason's you love me."

"Yeah, I guess it is," Jason said, pushing a stray lock of hair out of her eyes before the commotion behind them caused them both to turn. David stood on the front lawn with over half the guests filling in behind him as he yelled Liz's name.

"Let's get out of here before they make me pay for the wedding."

"Best idea I've heard all day." Jason opened the door of his truck for her. His beat-up Chevy looked out of place parked among the expensive cars lining the street but the seats were like a well-fitted glove. They hugged her body like a familiar piece of clothing. Liz smiled when Jason ran around the front of the truck, beating on the hood before he reached his door and opened it, climbing inside.

He leaned over, giving her a quick kiss before starting the old truck and they both laughed when a plume of black smoke filled the air, clouding the quiet, suburban street.

Liz saw the wedding guests crowding the front lawn through her side mirror and she leaned over, sticking her head and most of her body out the passenger side window as Jason put the truck in drive. "You always told me to follow my heart, David. For once, take your own advice."

She unclipped the veil from her head and held it high as Jason pulled away from the curb, watching the wind blow it violently before she let it go. She followed its descent, smiling as it landed by the road.

A hand snaking up the back of her leg made her squeal before she sat back down.

"Are you sure this is what you want? It's not too late to go back, you know."

Liz grunted in disbelief as she looked at him. "Now you're going to try and talk me *into* staying?"

"I'd feel like a shit if I didn't say *something*." Jason laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

Liz saw doubt flash in his eyes. She crawled across the seat and carefully straddled his lap. They both laughed as Jason swerved on the road. He pushed her dress out of his face while she settled and she reached for the fly on his pants.

"I'm positive," she whispered, pulling his zipper down and reaching inside his pants. "Till death do us part."

The End

About the Author:

Lily Graison started creating original characters at an early age when her vivid imagination and love for adventure was the strongest. Growing up in a small town in Western North Carolina, she shared her journeys with friends in imaginary play. The love for extraordinary places and people never changed, and as an adult, she began to pen her stories and share them online with friends.

First published in 2005, her debut novel, *A Touch of Heaven*, won a Reviewers Choice Award. She writes mainly in the contemporary romance genre but also dabbles in erotica, fantasy and paranormal.

When not writing, Lily divides her time between her husband of 22 years, two grown children, a grandson, one dog, multiple cats and a full time job! It's no wonder she hears voices in her head.

Visit Lily on the web: <http://lilyraison.com>

Other stories by Lily Graison

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Holly Baker, escaping the hassles of her big city life, arrives in the mountains of Tennessee and awaits the arrival of her friend, Roxy, to start their two-week vacation. Their plans change drastically when Roxy is called away at the last minute, leaving Holly to fend for herself.

Devin and Holly's worlds collide when a mix up strands them in the same cabin. Alone with nothing but each other for companionship, how will Holly react when she realizes she's trapped with none other than the hottest lead singer the country has seen in years? Will Devin be able to work with a constant distraction the pretty brunette offers? Or will the two discover that sometimes temptation is a wicked dessert best served hot!

Wicked: Leather and Lace *Available March 2009 at Alinar Publishing!*

(Book 2 in the Wicked Series)

Roxy Carlisle is on a mission. She's been in lust with Luke Harris, lead guitarist for the band Wicked, for two years. When her best friend, Holly, hooks up with the band's lead singer, and asks her to tag along to New York with her to meet the band, Roxy couldn't pack her bags fast enough. The chance to meet Luke in person was a dream come true. Even better if her ultimate fantasy of finding herself in his bed were to happen. One way or another, she was determined to have him. That is, if Holly's hair-brained idea of playing hard to get doesn't backfire in her face.

Luke Harris loves women and they love him. All he ever has to do is speak to them and they fall all over themselves to be the lucky lady of the night. That all changes though when a feisty brunette comes barreling into his life and changes all the rules. She's immune to his usual charm, or so it seems, but something in her eyes tells him otherwise.

Has Luke finally met a woman he can't seduce? Can Roxy follow her plan and not give in when Luke sets his sights on her? When sex is all you're after, can you walk away when your heart demands more?

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