

A person is lying on their back on a light-colored, textured surface. They are wearing light blue denim jeans with a brown leather belt and tall, brown leather cowboy boots with intricate stitching. A black lasso is coiled on the ground near their feet. The person's head is turned to the left, and their arms are extended outwards. The background is a warm, orange-brown color.

# WILD, WILD, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE

## LACEY SAVAGE

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

**Amber Quill Press**

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

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Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
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## **CONTENTS**

[Also By Lacey Savage](#)

[CHAPTER 1](#)

[CHAPTER 2](#)

[CHAPTER 3](#)

[CHAPTER 4](#)

[CHAPTER 5](#)

[CHAPTER 6](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Lacey Savage](#)

[Amber Quill's Rewards Program](#)

\* \* \* \*

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
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WILD, WILD, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE

By

LACEY SAVAGE

\* \* \* \*

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Eat Me

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Love Me Always

Love Me Wicked

Moving On

Naughty & Dice

Oceanbound

Once Upon A Conquest

Revenge Of The Ex

Steel-Tipped Velvet

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 1

At the age of eighteen, after getting an eyeful of Bobby McRae's massive dick at the senior prom, Eliza Webber swore she'd never sleep with a woman. She remembered that night because her cousin Jenny had stunned both their parents by announcing she was a lesbian, then attending the prom with another girl. Eliza had spent the entire evening dancing close to Bobby, rubbing up against his erection and wondering what on earth had possessed her sensible cousin to give up cock forever.

Now, twenty-four years later, Eliza still believed in the magic the mighty male rod could conjure. So if someone had told her that the night before her daughter's wedding Eliza would be in bed with a sixty-seven-year-old crone who snored like a drunken sailor wielding a chainsaw, she'd have laughed until her sides hurt.

Well, she wasn't laughing now.

A thunderous snore rattled the bed frame. Eliza held her breath and fought back a shudder. She should have never agreed to spend the night at Cowboy's Hideaway. When Marissa had told her she wanted the entire wedding party to have a joint sleepover, Eliza should have looked her darling daughter square in the eye and told her in no uncertain terms she wasn't doing it. No way, no how.

She might have, too, if at that very moment she'd been able to think of anything but Jacob Clarke, naked and chained to the wall of the old-fashioned jailhouse cell.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

The owner of Cowboy's Hideaway, a recreated Old West village that served as a major tourist attraction in Lady Bird, Texas, had starred in Eliza's naughtiest fantasies ever since Marissa had introduced them eighteen months earlier. As the groom's best man, Jacob showed up at any event having to do with the wedding, and a few that didn't. And every time she saw him, Eliza had to remind herself of the myriad reasons pursuing a relationship with Cowboy's Hideaway's delectable sheriff was a very, very bad idea.

For one, he was her future son-in-law's best friend. Then there was the age difference. She might be able to turn a blind eye to the twelve-year gap between them, but she didn't expect Jacob to feel the same way. And Marissa—old-fashioned, moral-to-a-fault Marissa, who obviously didn't take after her mother—would never understand.

Still, it didn't hurt to fantasize a little, did it? No one would ever know she dreamed of dressing up in frilly Old West skirts with no undergarments, perching herself on all fours atop the antique sheriff's desk, and having Jacob fuck her silly until she couldn't remember her own name.

*Right. Totally benign.*

Yet those same *harmless* fantasies had led to Eliza sharing a bed with an elephant impersonator.

If she'd paid a little more attention to Marissa's plans instead of picturing herself on her knees, mouth-to-groin with Jacob's make-believe cock, she might have learned that Marissa planned to make her share a room with Gemma Serratos, the mother of the groom.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

Another booming rattle from deep in Gemma's throat shook the foundation of the inn. *God!* Eliza couldn't stand this a moment longer. It was bad enough she'd barely seen Jacob all day. Between the wedding rehearsal, a girls-only afternoon at the spa and a dinner where she'd ended up sitting at the opposite end of the table from the man of her dreams, the hours had seemed interminable.

The only worthwhile portion of the day had been the time Eliza got to spend with Marissa. She knew it was partly her fault she and her daughter weren't very close, and she intended to remedy that blunder if it took a lifetime. Good intentions aside, repairing her relationship with Marissa wouldn't be easy. Ever since Marissa had been old enough to walk, she'd chosen to let go of Eliza's hand and put significant distance between them. Now, at twenty-one, successful, respectable Marissa Webber was more of a grown-up than her mother would ever be.

Gemma grunted. With a wheezing half-snore, half-hiccup, she turned over and plopped her arm across Eliza's chest. For a brief moment, Eliza envisioned grabbing the silk pillow propped against the mahogany headboard and whacking the woman over the head with it.

Didn't that just figure. Marissa warned her that her overactive imagination would one day get her into trouble. Well, damn it, if Eliza was going to go down for having wild fantasies, she wanted to *go down*. Literally. On hands and knees, bowing before the mighty cock she wanted so desperately to worship.



Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

When Gemma shimmied a little closer and snored a heck of a lot louder, Eliza made up her mind. This was her chance to see if, with a little luck and a healthy dose of shock value, fantasies could be turned into reality. Sure, she risked making a fool of herself, but she was pretty certain that even if Jacob rejected her, he'd keep his mouth shut at least until after the wedding.

Besides, it wasn't as if Eliza hadn't faced her share of rejection and humiliation over the years. She earned her living as a stand-up comic, for the love of Pete! Being laughed at wouldn't be the worst thing that could happen to her.

*Well, it might hurt just a tad if I was naked.*

But she wouldn't be naked—at least not at first—she decided as she slipped out slowly from beneath Gemma's arm. Darn thing felt like two hundred pounds of dead weight as she fought to lift it off her. Eliza held her breath while Gemma muttered something unintelligible and flipped onto her back, then waited until the death rattles started again.

On tiptoe, she made her way to the high-backed chair by the window, where she'd tossed the Old West costume Marissa had expected her to wear all day. The two-piece, 1880s-style formal-wear ensemble wasn't half bad. Trimmed in pretty pink lace, it came with a cream-colored jacket that ended halfway down Eliza's hip and a long shirred and bustled overskirt. Beneath, she'd worn a gauzy chemise and matching panties.

Afraid she'd wake Gemma, who'd force her to provide explanations for plans she wasn't ready to share, Eliza gathered the garments to her chest and strolled to the door.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

Clad in a pair of shorts and a faded T-shirt, she wasn't worried about running into any of the other women from the wedding party. If she did, she could simply tell them she was on her way to the outhouse. And she'd justify the mountain of clothes in her arms away by...

Well...

*Hmm...*

She'd figure that part out when and if she needed to. Her overactive imagination had its benefits. It had gotten her out of worse spots.

She made her way down the wooden steps leading from the upper floor of the inn to the entrance without incident, only letting out a soft curse when she smacked her shin against the edge of a glass-and-iron coffee table. At last, Eliza breathed a sigh of relief and opened the front door. Sultry June Texas air pasted her thin cotton shirt to her breasts.

Humidity she could endure. It was infinitely better than the alternative.

A little thrill shot up her spine as she darted around the far wall of the inn. Across the dusty road, a row of darkened buildings marked with wooden signs swaying in the soft breeze made up the better part of the recreated town. As she ran, she could see the brothel, the saloon, the second inn—where the men were staying tonight—and the jail. Farther away and silhouetted against the night sky stood the large barn that would serve as the reception area for the wedding tomorrow evening. A church and a small private house she couldn't make out from here completed the perimeter of Cowboy's Hideaway.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

Pressing herself against the wall at her back, Eliza held her breath and listened for a sound that would alert her to another's presence. Nothing stirred. The women had turned out their lights around 2:00 A.M. Gruff chatter and the occasional hooting laugh had streamed through the open windows from the men's inn at the time, but that had been two hours ago, and now all lights were out.

When Eliza had arrived at Cowboy's Hideaway earlier that morning, Marissa had taken her on a quick tour of the place. While she'd pointed out various attractions, she had also mentioned that at full capacity, the recreated village could accommodate a hundred-and-sixty guests.

Marissa and Gavin had reserved the entire village for their use this weekend, but Eliza knew that tonight only about thirty people occupied the rooms in the twin inns—mostly those in the wedding party and a few close family members who insisted on coming early. The rest of the guests would arrive in the morning.

She cocked her head, straining to hear even the slightest noise. A horse whickered softly. A bird chirped. A cricket answered them both.

Finally convinced she was the only person out here at this hour, she peeled herself from the wall and gave a long sigh of relief.

So far so good. Eliza had overheard Jacob saying he'd be spending the night at his place instead of sleeping with the rest of the men at the inn. Since there was only one privately-owned house at Cowboy's Hideaway, Eliza had no trouble figuring out where to find it.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

Now she had only to change into her costume and play the role she'd acted out so often in her mind. At worst, Jacob would chalk up Eliza's behavior to the eccentricities Marissa had repeatedly warned him about. In that case, Eliza would spot a rejection a mile away and she'd bolt before embarrassing either of them any further than absolutely necessary.

It was a heck of a gamble, but what did she really have to lose? She could have stayed in that room with Gemma and counted down the minutes until the sun came up, or she could take a risk. She'd taken plenty of those in her life. Why stop now?

A shiver of apprehension snaked down her spine. Most of her risks revolved around stepping onto a stage in front of an audience who may or may not get her raunchy brand of comedy. Sure, she'd learned to put herself out there, and she'd gained a pretty thick skin through necessity if nothing else, but this was different.

She wasn't putting her jokes on the line. She'd be offering her body. And through it, pieces of her self-esteem. Pieces she might never get back.

*But oh, the rewards...*

Her lashes drifted closed as she recalled the countless nights she'd spent in bed, fingers parting the plump folds of her pussy while her favorite vibrator plunged into her, again and again and again. She'd imagined it was Jacob's cock filling her, stretching her, claiming her. And she'd come, every time, with his name on her lips.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

At first, she'd thought this forbidden infatuation with a younger man would vanish once the novelty wore off, but it had only grown stronger each time she saw him. And these days, that was often. Much too often. Jacob had shown up at the bridal fittings, the cake tasting, and she'd even found him on her doorstep a time or two for no apparent reason at all. He'd made some excuse about waiting for Marissa and Gavin, but Eliza wasn't born yesterday. There was something else beneath Jacob's overeager enthusiasm to perform his role as best man.

If Eliza hadn't known better, she'd have thought Jacob was interested in Marissa. But she'd watched the two of them together. While there was obviously a deep friendship between them, she couldn't sense any currents of sexual tension at all.

She, on the other hand, could spontaneously combust if Jacob as much as brushed her arm with the back of his hand. Which he also did ... often.

Heat pooled in the crotch of her panties. Her pussy pulsed with a knowing, wanton thrum. She wanted this man. And if having him meant risking potential humiliation—the kind that would make her consider moving out of Texas to, say, the moon—then she'd do it.

Because pleasuring herself and dreaming about large, masculine hands and dark eyes shielded by the brim of a cowboy hat wasn't doing a damn thing to bring her libido, or her life, back to normal.

Under the knowing gaze of a fat yellow moon, Eliza dropped the mountain of clothes onto the lush grass at the

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

back of the inn. A few feet away, a field of wildflowers led to gently rolling slopes thick with trees. She couldn't see beyond them, but she figured the highway lay somewhere past the hills.

There was no one out here to see her. No one to ask for explanations.

*Perfect.*

Her fingers brushed her stomach as she yanked the hem of her T-shirt over her head. Hot, sultry air caressed her nipples with rippling tendrils of warmth, making them stiffen to taut little points. A tingle spread from her breasts to her clit like an ethereal force connecting the two pleasure points.

She suddenly yearned to feel the same brush of night air along the seam of her aching pussy. With slow, deliberate motions, she unzipped her shorts and let them fall to her ankles. Her panties followed, leaving her naked to the assessing eyes of a million stars.

Her fingers drifted down the line of her stomach and plunged into the dark, neatly-trimmed curls covering her mound. The slick moisture clinging to the soft patch of fur transferred onto her skin.

Eliza's fingertips glided over the aching bud of her clit, drawing a strangled groan from deep in her chest. It lodged in her throat and she pressed her lips tightly together, delving deeper, prodding the entrance to her soaked channel with the tips of two fingers.

Her heartbeat quickened as a frisson zinged through her core, spreading outward from her pussy. Reluctantly, she removed her hand. She hadn't come out here to fuck herself

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

under the stars, as romantic—and *pathetic*—a notion as it was.

Still, no wonder she wanted to linger here. This was the easy part. Once she had her costume on, the real show began. It would take every ounce of courage she possessed to march down the dirt road and knock on Jacob's door. Once he flung it open, she planned to shove him into a chair and perform a stripping routine she'd only seen flawlessly executed in movies.

More risks. More ways this could all go incredibly, embarrassingly wrong. Maybe she'd been too hasty leaving the comfort of the inn. Perhaps Jacob wasn't even home. He could have changed his mind and crashed in one of the men's rooms after a night of heavy drinking.

She should go back. Grab her clothes and forget this entire ridiculous plan. She could blame it on temporary insanity brought on by the full moon and going way too long without a good fuck.

A branch snapped, followed by the soft, unmistakable swish of a footstep, then another, through the grass.

Eliza's heart leapt into her throat. She whirled around, but, before she could face her assailant, arms snaked around her waist and pulled her flush against a wall of muscle. Her naked body molded itself to clothing, but there was no mistaking the heat emanating from the masculine physique drawing her close.

Cinnamon-scented breath caressed her temple. "I've got security cameras installed throughout the village, sweetheart."

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

Eliza's body gave an involuntary spasm of protest. Her pulse did a frantic somersault, then returned to a speed resembling normal levels when she recognized that the only immediate threat was to her ego.

"Jacob. I was—"

The lie died on her tongue. What? Getting naked for you? Planning to seduce you? *Think, damn it, think.*

"Just taking a stroll," she managed to murmur at last.

The rich cadence of his laughter filled the silent night and sent a wave of longing to settle deep in Eliza's chest. She wanted nothing more than to turn around, plaster her breasts to his hard torso and kiss him until he shoved her against the wall and took her right here, in front of God, the stars, the cameras and anyone else who cared to watch.

Apprehension and the desperate need to prolong this closeness held her back. She cleared her throat. "Lovely night for a walk."

"Lovely night for a fuck?" he echoed in that low Texas drawl. He sounded somewhat startled, but a slight predatory edge sharpened his tone.

The tension stretching her nerves taut loosened a little, and she chuckled. "That, too."

Jacob leaned closer, until she could feel the pointed ends of the star he wore pinned over his heart. He was still in costume, then. A surge of molten heat drenched her pussy in fresh moisture. She'd thought about ripping off that sheriff's costume so often. Or better yet, fucking him while he kept it on, and simply pulling his long, thick cock through the slit in the trousers.



Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

A low, frantic moan escaped her throat before she could stop it. She tried to cover it up with a cough, but instinctively knew it was too late.

He'd heard it. His warm palm splayed and molded to her ribcage, then drifted higher, cupping the underside of her breast. When she glanced down, it was to see silver moonlight kissing the knuckles of long bronzed fingers, the tips of which pinched her nipple tight enough to send a razor-edged stab of pleasure deep into her core.

Eliza sucked in a loud, startled breath.

Dear God, was that ... a *pistol* pressed to the small of her back?

"Oh!" she cried out as understanding slammed like a bolt of lightning into her addled head. Her knees took on the consistency of day-old Jell-O and she nearly staggered.

No, *that* was most definitely not a pistol. Against all odds, Jacob Clarke seemed very happy to see her.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 2

"Why, Sheriff, I do believe you're packing heat."

Jacob glanced down into the shadows hiding Eliza's face. She stood about a head shorter than him, but when she tilted her chin up and glanced over her shoulder like that, he could almost make out her chocolate-colored eyes.

Holding her felt surreal. For the last eighteen months, the woman had driven him half-mad with desire, and now here she was, *naked*, snuggled in his embrace. He held his breath, half-afraid she'd pull away if he squeezed her tighter, pressed her closer, nipped the sweet spot at the curve of her shoulder like he wanted to.

"What are you really doing out here?" His voice came out husky, coated with unrestrained lust.

"I was..." She hesitated, still staring into his eyes. When she pulled her lower lip between her teeth and nibbled lightly, he wanted to crush his mouth to hers. He resisted, barely.

"Yes?"

He wanted to hear her say the words, whatever they were. Maybe she was meeting someone, and he'd showed up just in time to spoil her plans. The thought of Eliza in another man's arms made his gut tighten in instant protest, but he had to know. If he wasn't welcome, he'd leave. He'd just turn around, walk right back to his house and pretend none of this ever happened. All right, so he'd probably have to down an entire bottle of whiskey to even dim the memory of Eliza's

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

lush body beneath his hands, but he'd rather do that than make a fool of himself.

Eliza cleared her throat. She tilted her chin a fraction of an inch, stark determination written on her beautiful face. She'd clearly decided something in the last two seconds. Would she tell him what it was? Or would she let him figure it out for himself?

Either possibility made him slightly nervous, threw him a little off-kilter. Oddly enough, that felt about right. He was always a touch off-balance around Eliza, never quite sure what to expect.

She was sexy as hell, but her lush physical attributes didn't account for his complete and utter fascination with the woman. He loved the way she carried herself, as though constantly thumbing her nose at the world. On any given day, she wore leather pants and dyed hot pink streaks in her pixie-cut dark hair. Black lines of expertly-applied makeup rimmed her brown eyes, making them look huge, yet he'd never seen her wear any other cosmetics. No hint of lipstick ever marred the fullness of her soft pink lips, and her face always looked freshly-scrubbed. He loved that he could see the fine lines at the corners of her eyes. He wanted to kiss her there—and everywhere.

She was so unlike anyone else he'd ever met. And she certainly didn't look like any of his friends' *mothers*, for God's sake. Eliza Webber was a walking wet dream. And to his growing frustration, she was off-limits—at least as long as the wedding plans remained ongoing.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

When Gavin had asked him to be his best man, Jacob had made a promise, one he intended to keep. He'd vowed to perform the role to the best of his abilities. He didn't know all the rules regarding wedding etiquette, but as far as he could tell, that meant *not* fucking the mother of the bride.

He'd done a pretty decent job of keeping his distance. All right, so he'd found a few excuses to see her more often than was absolutely necessary, but in all those long months, he'd barely even touched her.

Until now.

Jacob swore inwardly. Damn it, he needed to keep his hands to himself for just one more day. Then the wedding would be over, and he could ask her out on a date. A real date, with dinner and coffee and dessert, the kind that came with whipped cream he could spread all over her body—

"I've been a bad girl, Sheriff."

Jacob's head snapped up and his cock jerked against the flap of his trousers. He couldn't have heard right.

He opened his mouth to ask her to repeat that, but she chose that moment to shift in his arms. Before he knew it, Eliza's bare breasts were plastered to his chest and she stood on tiptoes, twining her arms around the back of his neck. Her lips hovered less than an inch away from his, so close he could feel her warm breath caress him when she spoke again.

"I know you closed down my brothel weeks ago, but a woman's gotta make a living." She leaned closer and nipped at his bottom lip.

The sensation shot a bolt of liquid fire through Jacob's bloodstream. His hands glided down her back until he cupped

her buttocks and pressed her firmly against his erection. "What on earth are you up to?" he murmured against her luscious mouth.

"I've been doing business on the side, Sheriff, without your knowledge. You'd have figured it out eventually, smart man that you are. So I figured, why not turn myself in?"

She winked at him, but there was something beneath the playfulness in her gaze. By the silvery light of the moon, he could make out a flicker of indecision, of apprehension. He recognized a pleading look when he saw one. She was putting herself out there, completely vulnerable to him. Naked in body as well as intention, she feared he'd reject her. Unless he was misreading her completely, she desperately wanted him to go along for the ride.

And damn, even though he had at least two good reasons not to do this—both of them sleeping in the twin inns just a few feet away—he knew it would take more willpower than he possessed to turn her away.

"Y'er saying I better do my job and punish you right well, then." He fell back on the deep Texan accent he used when giving tours or speaking to tourists about the history of the area. If Eliza wanted him to be Sheriff Clarke for the night instead of just plain old Jacob, then that's exactly who he'd give her. For now. Later ... well, later she'd learn who he really was. And if Jacob was very lucky, she wouldn't run away.

Relief suffused her features, followed by something else he recognized—pure, unabashed lust. She fisted her hands in his

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

shirt, and the knowledge she wanted him as much as he wanted her thrilled him to the depths of his soul.

A warning skittered around the edges of his mind. Having her here, playing the role of fallen madam, felt too good. Too right. He could easily picture her as a permanent fixture around Cowboy's Hideaway, long skirts swishing down the dirt road, tight red bodice pushing her full breasts up on display.

*Damn.* That sight alone would draw tourists like no other marketing ploy he'd tried. But beyond that, he wanted her coming home to him each night. He could already imagine peeling off the costume from her beautiful body every evening, revealing the creamy skin beneath one velvety inch at a time.

A groan slipped from his throat. He had to rein himself in. Eliza Webber was not the type of woman who settled down with a guy. Marissa had told him as much in no uncertain terms—starting with the fact she didn't even know who her father was, nor had there been a male figure who'd featured prominently in her childhood.

As for Jacob ... Well, he'd grown tired of one-night stands long ago.

Determination lit a fire in his gut. He stared deep into Eliza's eyes and cupped her face in his hands. "Sure y'er ready for this?"

He saw her throat work as she swallowed hard before nodding. "I deserve whatever you do to me."

A shiver passed through his body as the depth of meaning in her words sank in. His balls tightened, drew up close to his shaft. Raw need clawed at his groin.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

God ... Did she know about him? No, she couldn't have ... No one knew about his preference for dominant lovemaking. Not even his best friend.

*Perfect.* She was absolutely fucking perfect.

On a rush of euphoric energy, Jacob lowered his head the remainder of the way and crushed her mouth with his.

No, Eliza wasn't going to be just another one-night stand. By the time the sun rose over the horizon, Eliza would be his. Forever.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

### CHAPTER 3

Jacob smelled like leather, and earth, and mowed grass. Funny how Eliza had never noticed those things before. She guessed she had to be kissing him to pay such close attention, and it had taken her so damn long to get here.

But oh, the wait had been worth it. Every breath now flooded her with irresistible hints of his masculine tang. His scent teased her nostrils, while his taste—cinnamon and the faint flavor of red wine—filled her mouth.

Pulsing heat spiraled through Eliza's body. His lips were soft yet insistent, coaxing quiet moans from her throat. He swirled his tongue, swiped it along the top of hers. Heat blossomed in her lower belly and traveled swiftly to her pussy, where it blazed like a fire raging out of control.

Jacob broke away first. He pressed a soft, almost chaste kiss to her lips, then followed it down along the line of her throat. Eliza tilted her head back, giving him greater access to pursue his leisurely journey.

He stopped when he reached the hollow at the base of her throat. So quickly she barely registered what was happening, Jacob grabbed both her wrists, then yanked them to the small of her back using an iron-hard grip. He stepped around her, pressing against her once more.

"Y'er comin' with me, missy."

Under other circumstances, she might have found his gruff statement amusing and made a wry remark of her own. But



Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

there was nothing even remotely funny about the way he held her, wrists gripped tightly in his large, long-fingered hand.

He gave her a sharp shove and she stumbled forward. Her pulse ratcheted up a notch, causing her heartbeat to slam against her chest. Arousal traveled a swift path down the length of her body.

This was so much hotter than any fantasy she'd ever had. She hadn't known what to expect when she'd come up with the role-playing idea, but at that exact moment it had seemed so much easier to pretend to be someone else. Someone other than Eliza Webber, a woman who already embarrassed her daughter enough simply by existing. If Jacob had rejected her playful little game, it would have been easier to bear.

Maybe she could have even pretended he hadn't rejected *her*.

She nearly snorted at that. Who was she kidding? Offering herself up to a man twelve years her junior, while naked no less, was a hell of a risk no matter how she tried to spin it.

But Jacob hadn't turned her away. He'd played along, and judging by the way he now led her toward the darkened jailhouse, she knew the game was about to get a whole lot more interesting.

The safety of the inn fell away as soon as they stepped onto the dusty road. Tiny rocks grazed Eliza's bare soles and lodged between her toes. She quickened her step, hoping to reach the sanctuary of the shadowed buildings before anyone spotted them.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

They were halfway across when Jacob yanked her wrists, bringing her to an abrupt stop. His fingers delved into her hair. He gripped a handful, tilting her head back.

The sudden restraint sent a sharp jab of pain into Eliza's scalp, but Jacob made no move to press his advantage. He was bigger, stronger. He could hurt her, but didn't.

Excitement mingled with apprehension, pummeling Eliza's ribcage with every rapid thump of her heart. Her gaze flew across the windows of the twin inns. Most were dark, but the weak glow of oil lamps spilled from within two of them into the dark Texas night. Anyone could be watching. One peek from behind the velvet curtains and she'd be spotted.

What would Marissa think? Or Gavin, or even Gemma, if they were to see her, naked and held captive in a younger man's unforgiving grip?

She should have been embarrassed. She knew that logically, yet she couldn't muster the emotion. She felt ... *wild*. Incredibly, insanely wild. And horny beyond belief.

"Sheriff?" she asked in a small, breathless voice. "What do you plan to do with me?"

He didn't answer. Instead, the fingers of his free hand drifted from her neck down her chest. The caress was so light and soft that for a moment she wondered whether he touched her at all. She glanced down, saw her chest heave, her breasts tremble. Moonlight painted them a glimmering silver color, but the tips of her stiff nipples stood out in dark contrast.

"You're mine, Eliza. Mine. And if I have to take you right here to prove it, then that's what I'll do."

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

He'd dropped the accent. That was the first thing she noticed. The next were his fingertips, squeezing first one nipple, then the other.

She cleared her throat. "Madam Eliza, please."

The game was *fun*. And she wasn't ready to relinquish the persona yet. Madam Eliza was bold enough to fuck the lusty sheriff in the middle of the damn road if she pleased. Eliza Webber? Not so much.

"Ah, yes." He scraped his cheek against hers, and the rough feel of his stubble shot a stream of wanton pleasure to her clit.

She wondered what it would feel like to have his face buried between her legs, his stubble scraping the inside of her thighs.

"*Madam* Eliza." He pinched her left nipple, hard enough to make her cry out. "You can call me Master."

"But Sheriff—"

She couldn't have anticipated the smack. It came fast and hard, causing a sharp stinging sensation to blossom in her right breast. She glanced down, startled. He'd slapped her breast! And God, her pussy had unleashed another pulse of cream, quivering in wanton surrender.

"Master, though sir will do, too." He grazed her earlobe with his teeth before whispering, "Because for tonight, that's who I am. Y'er Master. I reckon you've given yourself to me to do with as I please, no?"

She nodded, her gaze still darting between the windows. "Yes, Master."

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

He cupped her breast, letting the weight rest in his hand.  
"Will you run when I release you?"

She eyed the door to the inn, which stood less than ten feet away. She shook her head, boldly determined to tell the truth. "Not a chance."

"Good."

He loosened his grip. She brought her arms to the front of her body and rubbed aimlessly at one wrist, soothing the sore flesh where his fingers had dug into her skin.

"Now touch yourself for me."

Eliza trembled. Her tongue snaked out to wet her suddenly parched lips. "Here?"

"Right here, *madam*." She didn't miss the way he uttered the false title, with a mixture of arousal and surly contempt. Right in character, just like she wanted.

She could have said no. Could have bolted for the inn door anyway, despite what she'd told him. But if she did that, Eliza had a feeling she'd never get a second chance with Jacob. And she'd wanted him too much for far too long to let something as silly as pride get in the way of being with the man of her dreams.

His arms came around her waist and he pulled her close, palms cupping both breasts. I'm here, his touch seemed to say. Now do it.

She took comfort in the gentle embrace and made a small, involuntary noise in the back of her throat. If they were going to get caught, they'd both have a lot of explaining to do. As best man, Jacob had as much to lose as the mother of the bride.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

The thrill of potential discovery ignited a deep, dark hunger inside Eliza. She'd been with a number of men over the years, but none had made her feel like this. So exposed. So vulnerable. So completely and utterly protected.

"When was the last time you came?"

His slow, easy drawl made her squirm in his embrace. "Two weeks? Longer, maybe." And much, much longer than that since she'd come with a partner.

"Past time to change all that."

Eliza took a deep, shuddering breath and brought her hand toward the front of her body. She pressed the heel of her palm against her mound and slipped two fingers into her folds, parting darkly matted curls.

"I aim to watch," Jacob murmured, releasing her without warning. He strolled to stand in front of her, then dropped to his knees in the dust.

His mouth poised mere inches from the hand buried between her legs. Eliza's pussy pulsed with molten heat, desperate for his touch.

But he wouldn't let her have it. Instead, he folded both hands on his broad thighs and waited, his gaze fixed intently on her throbbing cunt.

Heart beating a mile a minute, Eliza bit down on her lower lip and slid both fingers through her folds. Her body reacted on instinct, pebbling her nipples even further. Her stomach muscles rippled and her thighs tensed as her inner walls clenched, protesting their empty state.

She wasn't sure where to look. At the windows, which now felt like they held a thousand pairs of eyes all fixed upon her?

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

Or at the man kneeling before her, devouring her pussy with his gaze?

She chose the man. Her fantasy cowboy. Now her Master. She performed for him. Only for him.

Her fingers splayed her folds open, revealing the pink, fleshy inner lips to his hungry eyes. She explored the length of her slit all the way to the back, where her fingers prodded the dark crevice between her buttocks. Would he take her there, too, before the night was over?

A shuddering tremble shook her limbs. God, she hoped so.

Her boldness grew along with her arousal. Each time she touched her clit, sparks of fearless courage lit her veins. She stroked herself faster, while still keeping her pussy spread open so her audience of one could get a good look at what she had to offer.

Moisture slicked her hand, dripped between her thighs. Her pussy felt hot, molten with arousal. When she slipped a finger inside herself, she nearly staggered from the blinding pleasure shooting through her system.

Jacob, she noticed, wasn't unaffected by her performance. His nostrils flared with each breath and his eyes widened, barely blinking. His cock appeared huge as it pressed against the fabric of his trousers. For a moment, she thought about taking pity on what looked like a painful erection, then remembered he'd wanted her to obey him. He hadn't said anything about having her release his cock.

*Yet.*

Pleasure built and built, fueled by Jacob's ravenous gaze and the thought of all those people potentially watching her

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

from the anonymous shelter of their rooms. Perversely, Eliza found herself wanting to be watched. By everyone but her daughter, of course. She was eccentric, not depraved.

But the others ... She pictured them all gaping at her boldness, her lack of inhibition. The women envying her for commanding the attention of a gorgeous man who should want nothing to do with her, but obviously did. The men wanting to be Jacob, inhaling the musky scent of her arousal, watching her fuck herself with such desperate fervor.

The sense of danger excited her even more. She slipped two fingers inside herself, then added a third, gasping when her channel ached at the thick intrusion. Was this what Jacob's cock would feel like?

No, she decided as she began to thrust in and out with a slow, torturous piston motion. It would feel better. So much better.

But she'd make do with what she had for now. She'd come for him, just like he wanted. And then perhaps he'd reward her efforts.

She quickened her strokes, thrusting faster, deeper. She squatted slightly, giving herself more room to play. Sweat broke out over her temples, coated her chest, trickled in the valley between her breasts.

She was close. So close.

Her teeth clamped on to her lower lip as she gave in to the ecstasy coursing through her veins. When her thumb touched her clit, she shattered. The first wave of release crashed into her, sweeping through her body with the force of a hurricane.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

Jacob had no intention of letting her ride it out. He grabbed her wrist and yanked her hand, forcing her fingers out of her pussy. She lost her rhythm, lost her balance. She staggered, reached out for his shoulders to steady herself. Through it all, her climax continued to assault her sex, making her inner walls tremble.

Before Eliza could find her next heartbeat, Jacob's mouth fused to her needy cunt, his tongue toying with her clit, his fingers replacing hers.

A second wave of pure pleasure crashed into her, ripping a sob from her throat. She clung to his head, her fingers fisting in his hair, pulling him close to her body. He licked her with expert swipes, slow and gentle but determined.

She couldn't stop coming. Her body shook from head to toe, ripples of ecstasy coursing through her limbs and culminating in electric sparks that blazed deep in her pussy.

Just when she thought she couldn't take any more, couldn't even trust herself to stand on her own two feet, Jacob rose and hooked an arm around the back of her knees.

He lifted her, pressed her close to his chest, and, without a word, resumed their journey to the jailhouse.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)



## CHAPTER 4

Jacob could feel every hammering beat of Eliza's heart. Each delicate pounding throb traveled from her chest into his, filling him with a tumult of emotion he found difficult to unravel.

There was lust, of course. His cock would tear apart the flap of his trousers if he didn't do something about the painful erection. But there were other emotions, too. Stronger ones, which both amazed and terrified him. How could anything feel more powerful than this all-consuming, desperate need for the woman in his arms?

Yet there they were, crude sensations that assaulted him one by one, forcing him to face the truth.

First, there was reverence and wonder at the radiant way she'd done what he'd asked without protesting. He'd expected fussing, the occasional whimper, or just outright refusal. Eliza had surprised him once again by revealing her deepest, most intimate self to his whims without as much as a sneer. She'd exposed much more than her pussy when she decided to bare herself to him and a whole lot of potential witnesses.

She'd bared a part of her soul. The unwavering, effortless trust she'd showed him shook him to the core.

Incredulity warred with disbelief inside his muddled mind. Ever since he'd opened the front gates to Cowboy's Hideaway, the only women who'd warmed his bed had been thrill-seeking tourists looking to add a little spice to their lives during a few days of vacation. It didn't take long before he

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

grew tired of the one-night stands, no-strings-attached type of sex. Sure, it was fun for the moment, but none of those women took the time to get to know him. They wanted Sheriff Clarke, not Jacob.

Despite Eliza's insistence that they keep up their role-playing, he knew she wanted *him*. The man beneath the costume. The one who wanted to claim her. Possess her.

Love her.

The thought slammed into him with the force of a lightning bolt. Two feet from the front door of the jailhouse, he stumbled. As he fought to regain his balance, Eliza stirred in his arms and buried her fingers in his hair. He swallowed hard, unable to avoid her candid, searching gaze.

Raw emotion swirled from the depths of his gut, through his chest and into his throat, where it settled like a vise threatening to choke him if he didn't utter the words searing permanent marks into his brain.

Before he could make a fool of himself, Jacob bent his head and placed a soft kiss on Eliza's mouth. She sighed and opened to him willingly, sliding the velvety tip of her tongue along his.

A groan escaped him. The musky flavor of her pussy, which still filled his senses, combined with the darkly seductive essence of her mouth. Her cream slicked his lips and when he drew back, it glistened on hers, too, branding her with her own desire.

"Beyond this door, there's no going back," he whispered, pausing for another kiss. "If you want to leave, go now. Run to the inn, gather your clothes and sneak back upstairs."

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

She smiled, so radiant it nearly took his breath away. "Why, Master ... if I didn't know better, I'd say you were trying to get rid of me."

Jacob's hold on her body tightened. His fingernails bit into her flesh, but she didn't make as much as a gasp of protest.

"Never. That's what I'm tryin' to tell you, sweetheart. You let me take you through those doors, really *take* you the way I want to, and I may never let you go again."

Eliza tilted her head and gave him another one of those deep, assessing gazes. He steeled himself for a sure rejection.

Marissa had told him all about her mother's history. She wasn't the type of woman who committed to anything longer than a month-by-month apartment lease. At forty-two, she'd never held a full-time job, never been married, never gotten engaged.

But she'd committed to Marissa. That meant she'd make an exception ... For love.

All right, so Jacob knew that was too much to hope for. Eliza didn't love him. But he'd settle for her attraction to him, or for her piqued curiosity. Anything that would get her through that door.

"Noted." She motioned in the direction of the jailhouse, a grin playing around the corners of her luscious mouth. "So now I've agreed to be your prisoner, what are you waiting for?"

His cock gave another lurch, sending a shockwave of lust into his tight sac. Jacob growled, a primal sound from deep within his chest. He dug into his front pocket for the key to

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

the jailhouse with one hand, while still propping Eliza up with the other.

After what seemed to him like an eternity, he managed to get the door unlocked. Toeing it open, he carried Eliza over the threshold, bride-style. The irony wasn't lost on him. Judging by the way the generous smile vanished as she clung to his shoulders, Eliza didn't miss the symbolism either.

Shadows draped every corner of the one-room jail. Jacob considered turning on the overhead lights, but he didn't want the harsh neon glare drawing unwanted attention to their late-night adventure. He'd enjoyed the thrill of showing off his prize to anyone who cared to watch, but right now, he wanted Eliza all to himself.

He'd helped build the place, and knew every hidden nook and cranny. Still, he moved slowly, avoiding the desk in the middle of the room and circling past the gun cabinet before coming to a stop in front of the lone ten-by-ten cell.

Eliza gave a low whistle. She reached out and ran her fingertips along the iron bars. "This is where you intend to keep me, huh?"

"For now."

He carried her inside the cell. Once in captivity, she lowered herself to the cement floor and walked to the far end of the small space, where she continued to marvel at the solid construct of the iron bars.

"This is not what I imagined at all."

"What did you imagine?" Jacob asked, walking to the gun cabinet. He didn't need to watch her to ensure she wouldn't

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

leave. He trusted her to stay, just as much as she trusted him not to hurt her.

The thought excited him on an elemental level. The primal desires he'd so often hidden from his lovers stirred low in his belly. Eliza had walked into the lion's den, and she didn't show the slightest bit of apprehension at being caged.

But she would. Just as soon as he tied her to those bars and locked the door.

"Something ... bigger, I think. With more cells. More wanted posters. Maybe a little dirtier, too." She laughed, and the sound practically lit up the inside of the room with its silvery twinkle.

Jacob opened the cabinet, shoved a fake Winchester rifle out of the way, and pulled out a thick coil of rope, his favorite soft leather flogger, a tapered candle, and a book of matches. He carried everything back to the cell.

"The jailhouse is the most recent addition to the village. It hasn't gotten much use."

She turned around as he approached, her eyes widening as she took in the items he carried. "You seem so ... prepared. You want me to believe I'm the inaugural guest?"

The door squeaked on its hinges as he slammed it closed. A matching iron key locked them both inside.

"Believe what you will. Though 'guest' might not be the word I'd use."

Eliza licked her lips and her nipples puckered to stiff little nubs. "Prisoner, then?"

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

Jacob kneeled, placed the candle on the floor and lit a match. After setting the wick aflame, he blew out the match, dropped it to the ground and rose, still holding the rope.

As he neared Eliza, he tugged the length of it between his hands. It stretched taut with a snap that echoed through the room. "Slave."

This time, she gasped. Her gaze darted to the front door and her eyes widened, as though seeing the unforgiving bars as proof of her captivity for the first time since being carried in here.

Firelight danced in her dark eyes. It caressed the delectable curve of her shoulders, nuzzled her breasts and danced in the flickering shadows between her legs. Shadows he ached to stroke and worship.

She dropped her dark lashes a fraction and drew her lower lip between her teeth. "We're not playing anymore, are we, Jacob?"

She'd dropped the title, but he wasn't about to correct her. Instead, he grabbed her wrist and wound some of the rope around it before doing the same to the other and yanking both hands above her head.

He thought this time she'd struggle for sure. Again she surprised him by leaning close as he worked and whispering in his ear, "I'm not afraid of you."

"Maybe you should be."

With his free hand, he landed an open-palmed smack on her slick mound.

She sucked in a breath, but the scent of her arousal intensified, filling the air with her unique musky aroma. Jacob

fought the urge to kneel before her and bury his head between her legs one more time.

He finished tying her wrists and was about to order her to turn around, but found he didn't have to. He watched, open-mouthed, as she spun in a dainty, elegant motion on the tips of her toes, gripped the bars high above her head with both hands and shoved her ass high into the air.

"Show me," she murmured, her sultry voice doing naughty, wonderful things to his mind, his chest, his groin. "Show me who you really are."

Any remaining shreds of misplaced hesitation fled Jacob's mind and body when she uttered the invitation she had to know he couldn't refuse. He kneeled and picked up the flogger in his right hand. With his left, he untied the knot holding up his trousers and let them fall to his ankles. He toed off his boots, then kicked away the material bunched around his feet, leaving him naked from the waist down.

God, his cock ached for her. The way she wiggled her ass, taunting him, caused flames of pure desire to lick at his balls.

The flogger swooshed through the air as he raised it, whistling when he brought it down. The first smack landed flush across her right buttock. She cried out, a soft, mewling whimper that had him lifting his hand again, bringing down a second perfect lash to caress her other cheek.

Her back arched. The slender line of her neck tensed and she tightened her grip on the bars. "More."

Oh, he'd give her more. So much more.

The next flurry of loving lashes landed everywhere—on her buttocks, the backs of her thighs, her hips. Each strike

painted a thin pink stripe along her pale, fire-kissed skin. Soft sobs shook her shoulders, but there was no mistaking the fresh dewy wetness clinging to her pussy lips.

He'd never had such a willing submissive before. The few women he'd played with in this manner had been just that—playmates. Never had anyone taken his need as seriously as Eliza did.

The flogger ravaged her flesh, yet she welcomed each smack with a tiny lift of her ass. She stood on her toes, rising up to meet the soft leather.

Jacob's palm curled around his cock. He stroked the hard length, matching the rhythm to the torrent of lashes striking his lover.

The final smack licked between her legs, clinging to her soaked folds. Eliza cried out, a sharp, uncensored wail. She thrashed against her bonds, her body shuddering in never-ending ripples of ecstasy. The muscles in her ass bunched and tightened as she came. She sobbed Jacob's name and parted her thighs further, giving him a perfect glimpse of her slick nether lips, flushed a deep red and quivering in the midst of release.

Jacob's cock felt ready to explode. His balls nestled tightly against the base of his shaft, and he could barely walk for the ache in his groin. Thankfully, it only took two steps to close the distance between them.

His breathing came in harsh, ragged gasps. As he struggled to get the flurry of emotions swelling his cock, his chest and his mind under control, he placed an open palm along one of Eliza's beautiful, wounded buttocks. Heat seeped



Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

from her bruised flesh into his, traveling up his arm, searing him.

"That was..." Her voice trembled. She turned her head to glance over her shoulder. Tears glimmered on her long eyelashes and wet trails stained her cheeks with black streaks of runny makeup.

*Cruel. Brutal. Selfish.*

A thousand such words flittered through Jacob's brain. He held his breath, waiting for her to finish the sentence.

"Perfect," she said at last, before letting her forehead fall against the iron bars.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 5

Eliza had wanted to fuck. Pure and simple. When she'd ventured outside the safety of her inn room, she'd thought of nothing but assuaging the desperate need that had been building inside her since the day she'd met Jacob.

She'd never, in a million years, have dreamed that she wouldn't *need* to fuck the man who'd dominated her fantasies in order to find deeper fulfillment than she'd ever known. So much for age bringing wisdom. Jacob was twelve years younger, yet he seemed to know exactly what she lacked. What no other man had ever thought of giving her.

The gift of pain, mingled with so much pleasure she thought she'd die from it.

"P-please," she whispered through parched lips, "I want you. All of you."

Jacob's open palm caressed her burning flesh. His touch felt like a brand, a promise and a vow all rolled into one. She needed him. Wanted him. Craved him with every last needy cell in her trembling body.

It didn't matter that she'd just come hard enough to set off an earthquake. She hadn't had nearly enough of Jacob's unique type of pleasure.

She understood now that she didn't need to fuck Jacob to find more satisfaction than she'd ever thought possible. But God, she feared if he didn't shove his cock in her soon, she'd tear apart at the seams.

Gratification was no longer enough. The headlong rush toward orgasm and its glorious achievement was no longer enough. She needed something else, something more important than both.

*Jacob.*

"Eliza," he whispered, and there was so much reverence, tenderness and awe in his voice it made her chest ache.

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes." She repeated the word like a mantra, urging him on with a slow undulation of her hips. Each circular motion made her tender flesh scrape against his broad palm, sending another jolt of pain through her body. Each throbbing ache melded with her pounding arousal, causing her pussy to clench and unclench in a silent plea for attention.

Jacob thrust his hips forward and the tip of his cock nestled inside her soaked folds. She nearly sobbed again at the feel of his thick shaft parting her tender, lash-whipped pussy lips.

Eliza ground her hips, curled her belly, undulated her spine. She stretched as far as the bonds would allow, all in a desperate attempt to force Jacob to bury his thick shaft inside her sorely neglected cunt.

"So beautiful," he murmured. "So perfect for me."

"Yours," she managed to grind out between gritted teeth. "All yours."

She'd never even considered saying those words before. In the past, men flew through her life, never staying long enough to make an impression. All except for Marissa's father, but Eliza had been young and foolish then. But she'd

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

learned what she needed to—that giving her heart to another meant ending up alone, drowning in agony. Even now, all these years later, she vividly remembered sitting on the tile floor of her bathroom, staring at a blue stick, vowing never to make that mistake again.

She'd only loved one person since then. Marissa. And now, the night before she was to entrust her precious daughter into the arms of her future husband, Eliza was learning there was room inside her for a wealth of emotions she hadn't allowed herself to experience in much too long.

It took one dominant man and the flick of his talented wrist to make her realize what she'd been missing.

Jacob pushed inside her. She moaned, and the reverberation bounced off the walls, sounding more like a low, endless howl. She barely even recognized her own voice.

She took him to the hilt, welcoming every inch of his long, thick cock inside her channel. Jacob gripped her hips and moved in slow, gentle glides. So careful not to hurt her. So tender.

She wanted to be fucked hard, rough and fast, but he slid in with more patience than she'd have guessed him capable of. She heard his low grunts, though, and the gritting of his teeth that told her it took every ounce of willpower he possessed to hold back from driving into her with harsh, deep strokes.

Her forehead pressed into the cold bars. The rope chafed her wrists. And yet she felt nothing but the torrent of bliss spreading from her cunt to the rest of her body. Pleasure built deep in her core with every thrust. She met him glide for

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

glide, her aching buttocks slapping his stomach each time he drove the length of his cock home.

She lost herself in the pleasure. With each thrust, he brought her closer to another magnificent orgasm. She blazed toward it, wanting this to last forever and yet craving the potent rush of release.

*His release*, she realized with a start. Suddenly, Jacob's orgasm was more important than her own. He'd given her so much. She wanted him to take pleasure in her body, to find his ecstasy and share it with her.

He was close. She could feel it in the impossibly hard length of his shaft inside her, in the way his fingers dug into the curve of her hip. His grunts grew more frenzied, less restrained, louder.

And just when she thought he'd come, drench her in his cum and scream her name so it vibrated off the walls of the jailhouse, someone rattled the front door's handle.

In a flash, Jacob pulled out of her, leaving her empty and bereft. A sob caught in her throat and a new, fresh wave of tears spilled over her lash line.

Before she knew what was happening, Jacob had untied her wrists and pulled her against the muscled length of his body.

"Come on," he urged, yanking her behind him as he fumbled with the cell key. "We have to get you out of here."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 6

Jacob led them out the back way, through a narrow door that opened to let in a stream of early-morning fog. Pink streaks along the edge of the horizon signaled the blushing dawn, but the moon still ruled the dark sky, shedding its silvery light along the path snaking in the neatly-mowed grass.

Eliza trembled as he pulled her along beside him. The temperature had dropped significantly in the last hour or so, and now a chill morning breeze swept over her skin, puckering her bare nipples.

She couldn't blame the unwelcome shivers entirely on the weather, though. The front door had been flung open just as she and Jacob rounded the corner into the back room. Eliza hadn't dared turn around to find out who'd been nosy enough to prowl around in the wee hours, but she didn't think it mattered much.

Whoever it was had to have seen her—or at least her rounded behind—as Jacob yanked her out of view. Odd that she hadn't cared if someone saw her pleasuring herself in the middle of the road, but now it seemed imperative she hide before her nighttime adventure became public knowledge—and the source of all gossip at the wedding.

Jacob veered left. Eliza stumbled and ground her heels into the dewy grass. "The inn's that way," she said, jerking a thumb in the opposite direction.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

He tossed a narrow-eyed glare over his shoulder, toward the jailhouse. His nostrils flared, and when he spoke she detected a hint of fury in his clipped voice. "That's where I'd look first if I wanted to find you."

"Oh." She swallowed hard. "My clothes are there."

Jacob's dark eyes softened as his gaze traveled over the length of her body, settling on her stiff nipples. "Here," he said, shrugging out of his shirt and draping it over her shoulders.

A smile played around the corners of Eliza's mouth, even as her heart gave an unexpected lurch. She shoved her arms through the soft cotton sleeves and burrowed in the warm fabric, inhaling the spicy scent of man and cologne.

"Thank you," she murmured, unable to tear her hungry gaze from his cock.

The gentlemanly gesture had left him completely naked. His shaft thrust boldly against his stomach, the tip reddened with unspent arousal. A thick vein throbbed along the underside, and a creamy bead of liquid had gathered in the tiny slit.

Eliza's inner walls squeezed, remembering how good his rod had felt inside her. She wanted more ... and he still hadn't come.

"Not the inn ... So where?" she asked, glancing around. The brothel had beds, but it was too close to the inns for comfort. She supposed the saloon would make a good hiding spot, or even the barn. At least for a little while, until Eliza could go back for her clothes.

"My place," he said, curling his fingers around hers. "It's not far from here."

She fell into step beside him, her breathing growing shallower the closer they came to the house at the edge of Cowboy's Hideaway's property lines. Situated just beside the tall iron fence that ran along the perimeter of the large lot, it stood silhouetted against the rapidly lightening sky.

She'd seen the house while driving in, but hadn't paid much attention to the whitewashed walls, the wraparound porch draped with vines of white jasmine, or the large, floor-to-ceiling windows. Now, knowing she'd get a private glimpse inside Jacob's life, she found her pulse quickening.

The wooden porch squeaked under their weight, and Eliza shifted from one foot to the other, her gaze scanning the area around the house. Whoever had come snooping could have followed them here, but she couldn't see anyone, even when squinting into the distance.

Jacob released her hand long enough to kneel and retrieve a small key from beneath the welcome mat. A few seconds later, she crossed the threshold into the air-conditioned house and smiled.

The place looked nothing like she'd imagined. She figured a bachelor would live a bachelor's lifestyle. She'd expected a house filled with dirty dishes, men's magazines littering the coffee table, clothes strewn everywhere.

To her surprise, the place looked neat and orderly. A little smaller than she'd figured, too. A large-screen TV took up the length of one wall in the living area, while a brown leather couch sat against the other. Between the two items, she



Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

could make out a mahogany coffee table. The brightening morning light streaked along deep scarring across its surface, and Eliza figured it had to be an antique. Judging by the crude edges and thick, square legs, she pegged it as an authentic Old West piece.

The front door snicked shut behind her, and Eliza jumped, whirling to face Jacob as he neared. He stopped a few steps away and watched her from beneath impossibly long, dark sooty lashes.

"What do you think?" A gesture of his large hand indicated the space around him.

"It's lovely," she said, meaning it. Charming and quaint, it fit Cowboy's Hideaway—and Jacob—perfectly.

"It's yours."

Her jaw dropped open. A torrent of protests settled on her tongue, but before she could give voice to any of them, Jacob stalked toward her, wrapped his arms around her waist and yanked her off her feet.

Instinctively, she wrapped her legs around him. She hadn't bothered to button the shirt and it came loose, baring her breasts. The tip of his cock nudged the opening to her pussy, sending a shimmering burst of pleasure into her core.

"I'm yours," he whispered, then fused his mouth to hers.

Eliza moaned, closed her eyes, and parted her lips for him. He delved inside and the flavor of his mouth drowned out the protests still hammering through her head. She was vaguely aware of moving, of being carried like precious cargo and placed on a soft blanket atop an even softer mattress. Her

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

abused buttocks gave a slight throb of protest, but quickly settled into a faint tingling sensation, not at all unpleasant.

Through it all, Jacob's mouth never left hers. She kissed him back with all the hunger she still possessed, all the dire, desperate need that continued to rake at her insides, demanding *moremoremore*.

He trapped her waist between his large hands, positioning his lower body perfectly between her splayed legs. The long length of his cock nestled against her slit, not at all insistent or demanding. She'd expected him to be half-wild with the need to come by now, but when she opened her eyes and looked into his, she found nothing but raw emotion in the dark gaze.

Jacob broke the kiss and pulled just far enough away so she could take in the entire span of his gorgeous face. His full lips glistened in the peach-colored sunrise.

Stunned by the startling image he presented, Eliza vaguely took in their surroundings. Dark walls, matching furniture. A king-sized bed. Checkered curtains that hung on either side of a wide-open window like twin columns holding up the roof.

"Stay with me." Jacob curled his hips, sliding his cock through her folds until she arched her back and gasped. "After the wedding ... after everyone leaves. Stay with me."

She trembled beneath the assessing strength of his gaze. Tonight had been nothing like she'd anticipated. Jacob had shown her so many facets of himself. He'd opened his soul to her, revealing his dark, dominant side, his caring, tender side...

His loving, devoted side.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

How could she do anything less?

"Yes," she murmured, not because she'd thought through his offer, but because she didn't have to.

She knew she'd need to explain her decision to Marissa, which wouldn't be easy. She'd have to bear endless gossip about her relationship with a much younger man. She'd be forced to endure the stares of scandal-mongering tourists.

Jacob released a long breath. A grin curved his mouth and he looked at her with so much happiness it nearly stopped her heart.

"You're different, Eliza. Not at all what I expected."

She couldn't help the laugh that bubbled from her throat. He'd astonished her with his dominant tendencies and the seductive way he flogged her to fiery release, with his sweet, slow lovemaking and his willingness to open his heart.

"Looks like we're both full of surprises," she said, running her palms down the lean lines of his back.

Cupping his taut ass, she pulled him forward, nudging the tip of his cock into her eager channel. When he slipped inside, they gasped as one.

He went slow again, which should have frustrated her, but didn't. There was something almost reverent in the way he glided all the way into her pussy, then pulled out again. Their gazes locked, held. He pushed inside her, nestling in her heated core before withdrawing one more time.

The rock-hard muscles beneath Eliza's fingers bunched and tightened. She knew he couldn't hold out much longer and urged him on with small undulations of her hips, which brought her clit into hard contact with his pelvic bone.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

An unexpected orgasm coasted through her so hard and fast, she barely had time to brace herself for it. Her limbs shook and she tightened her hold on Jacob's waist while he continued to plunge into her, thrust by rhythmic thrust.

His large hands framed her face. He stared deep into her eyes, watching her come. She couldn't help the shuddering awareness that traveled from her cunt to her ass, and she let out a low, whimpering moan.

"Eliza," he whispered, and stilled.

He came with all the wild, feral glory she'd hoped for, and she got to watch all the emotions that had been bottled up inside him break free and etch themselves across his features. A strangled grunt escaped his throat and his jaw tightened, drawing the tendons in his neck taut. Wetness slicked Eliza's inner walls, setting off another torrent of pure pleasure deep in her cunt.

But she remained fascinated with his face. She saw bliss blaze in his eyes as he stared at her, and she memorized every line of strain, every pulsing vein throbbing with the force of his release.

And then, another unexpected miracle. His lips parted. She followed the soft curve of his mouth as he uttered words she never thought she'd hear.

"I love you."

She smiled, letting herself bask in the blissful joy that swirled inside her at the sound of those words. How could she have considered denying herself the pleasure of being loved, and loving in return?

"I love you, too." *Sheriff. Master.* "Jacob."

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Epilogue

Marissa Webber stood on the front porch of Jacob's house, right hand poised to knock. In her left, she balanced three paper cups of coffee stuck inside a cardboard tray. Hers was black, just the way she liked it. Despite being a few months away from finishing her pastry chef degree, she'd never had much of a sweet tooth.

She'd lightened the coffee beside hers with a double shot of cream, just the way Jacob liked it. For the past two years, she and Gavin had met Jacob at the small diner just across from their apartment every Saturday morning. She'd watched him prepare his coffee enough times to know how he took it. She'd always figured paying attention to detail would come in handy. And seeing as how she was about to get the man out of bed, well, she might as well bring him coffee to make leaving warm, tangled sheets worthwhile.

The third overflowing cup contained more sugar than strong, dark brew. She'd even rimmed the top of the paper cup in sugar crystals. Just the way her mother liked it.

Marissa shook her head, marveling once again at how different they were from one another. While Eliza had lived her life trying her best not to form attachments to anything that demanded more care than a plastic cactus, Marissa had fallen head-over-heels in love with her high school sweetheart. They'd gotten engaged on her twentieth birthday, and now here they were, getting married.

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

She dropped her hand from the door and straightened one of the cups in the tray. When Gemma had barged into her room just as dawn was breaking this morning, she'd expected Marissa to be as outraged at Eliza's conduct as she was.

Her future mother-in-law had wasted no time regaling Marissa with sordid details of Eliza's depraved behavior. Apparently, she'd woken in the middle of the night to find Eliza missing, and she'd snuck around the slumbering village in search of something to be outraged about.

*Why, it's disgraceful that the mother of the bride should behave in such a.. a ... shameful manner. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this on your wedding day, Marissa, but your mother is a strumpet. A whore!*

The silvery sound of joyful laughter drifted through one of the open windows. Marissa tilted her head, listening for another lilting giggle. Ah, yes, there it was. Her mother's voice, filled with joy and something Eliza had never heard directed at anyone but her.

Love. Unmistakable, unreserved love.

*Is she now? Huh. Good for her.*

Marissa grinned, remembering the way Gemma's face had drained of color. She probably shouldn't have taken so much pleasure in the older woman's discomfort, but damn if it didn't feel good to stand up for her mother like that.

Especially since Eliza had just given Marissa the only gift she'd wanted on her wedding day—her mother's happiness, found in the arms of a man who'd cherish her and wipe away all traces of panic and self-doubt. Like all artists, Eliza struggled with fear of rejection. Marissa hoped Jacob could

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

prove those fears unfounded—at least when it came to giving her heart to someone who'd protect it with as much care as he'd give his own.

After another moment's deliberation, Marissa scooped Jacob and Eliza's cups from the tray and placed them on the welcome mat in front of the door. With one last look toward the open window, she descended the steps and headed back toward the inn.

She'd let the lovebirds get to know each other a little while longer. Besides, she had her own Prince Charming to prepare for.

As she walked, a ripple of delight unfurled in her chest at the thought that on the day she and Gavin started their lives together, Eliza and Jacob would do the same.

"And may we all live happily ever after," she whispered to the rising sun.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)



## **Lacey Savage**

Lacey Savage began her love affair with romance at an early age. In high school, she checked out steamy romance novels from the public library and would often be found reading them in the middle of class.

Lacey still reads more than she cares to admit, and probably more than her husband would like, considering how many books she keeps bringing into the house. Her favorite genres have always been erotica, romance, fantasy, science fiction and mystery, so she tries to incorporate a little of each into her writing.

She initially majored in Marketing, then went back to school to major in English Literature. After earning her degrees, she decided to turn her efforts to her true passion: writing. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships.

She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and their mischievous cat.

You can learn more about Lacey by visiting her web site at [www.laceysavage.com](http://www.laceysavage.com) and can reach her at [laceysavage@rogers.com](mailto:laceysavage@rogers.com).

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Don't miss *Dirty Love*, by Lacey Savage,

available at [AmberHeat.com](http://AmberHeat.com)!

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

*Isabel Warren wouldn't dream of defying the morality statutes that forbid women over forty from ever making love again. As a medical practitioner, she understands the need for laws preventing "dirty love." The S.O.S. virus of 2030 left most of the male population infertile and turned human DNA into something resembling a microscopic jigsaw puzzle. The virus itself is undoubtedly dangerous, but older women are perhaps the most significant threat humanity has ever faced.*

*Yet knowing what's forbidden and keeping her feminine urges under lock and key are two different things. Especially when Isy's most recent assignment requires her to run intimate tests on Connor Flynn, a man sixteen years her junior, who seems determined to prove she's not the monster everyone else thinks she is. And if such delicious temptation wasn't bad enough, she's also got Trevor Jones to worry about. It seems he, too, is willing to risk everything to be with her.*

*Two sexy men, and one woman who could destroy them both ... if they don't destroy her first...*

\* \* \* \*

Don't miss *The Wolfe Proxy*, by T.D. KcKinney & Terry Wylis,  
available at [AmberAllure.com](http://AmberAllure.com)!

*Ruthless CEO Quinton Wolfe sets off every alarm on sculptor Max Bowman's warning system. No way is that playboy getting near Max's sister, the newest shareholder in Wolfe's multinational corporation. No matter Quint's charming*

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

*smile and sexy form, Max won't let his kid sister get taken in by that Lothario. Even if it means Max cuts a deal with Big Bad Wolfe himself.*

*And what a deal! Max becomes Quint's play toy. Good thing Max enjoys it. He'll just play the game until he can turn the tables on the CEO. Or that's the plan. But somehow, even knowing the CEO is a ruthless snake at the core, Max still lets Quint worm his way right into Max's heart.*

*Cutting Quint out of his life is the best thing Max can do. So why does it feel like Max might never be able to breathe again? It doesn't help that Quint's every bit as heartbroken and miserable. So maybe Max's view of Quint was skewed by the media. But can he separate the ruthless CEO from the gentle, caring man who loves him? And can he trust either one?*

\* \* \* \*

Don't miss *Dressed For Dying* by Janet Quinn,

available at [AmberQuill.com](http://AmberQuill.com)!

*In 1892, reporter Sean Madigan is pitted against the New York police when he's assigned his first high-profile murder story, the slaying of the wealthy Marshal Haversham, clothing industry mogul and sweatshop owner. While Sean hunts for the killer in order to prove his worth to his newspaper editor, the madman goes on a violent spree, burning down Haversham's warehouses and sweatshops and killing young women who work within them. Each victim is found dressed in*

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
by Lacey Savage

*a fancy ball gown that was secretly made within the sweatshops themselves.*

*When Madigan's sweetheart, Bridget, becomes the killer's next target, Sean determines he will find the man and his connection to the ball gowns. But the murderer has other designs, and it soon becomes a race against time and the police to discover the fiend's identity before he silences Sean or Bridget ... permanently...*

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride  
*by Lacey Savage*

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