

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Wedding
Belles

*Something
Borrowed*

Desiree Holt

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Something Borrowed

Desiree Holt

Book 3 in the Wedding Belles series.

Zoe Fortunato was getting married to the man of her dreams. Right? Wasn't Brad everything she'd ever wanted? Then why did she invite her old boyfriend to the wedding and daydream about threesomes she'd had in the past?

When Brad McCoy, the hunky groom, asks her why she's so edgy the night before the wedding, she digs up the courage to tell him. She wants one last fling with Clay. And him. Both of them bringing her to orgasm every way possible. But will Clay agree to be "borrowed"?

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Something Borrowed

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SOMETHING BORROWED

Desiree Holt

Dedication

To my wonderful co-authors, Allie Standifer and Cerise Deland, and a great authors' weekend.

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Grey Goose Vodka: Bacardi & Company Limited

Jack Daniel's: Jack Daniel's Distillery Inc.

Chapter One

"Vodka martini, very dry," Zoe Fortunato told the bartender. "Grey Goose, please."

"Good choice," he acknowledged and set about mixing her drink.

Zoe took a sip of her vodka martini, hoping it would calm the jitters she was doing her best to hide. She looked around the lobby bar in the Republic of Texas Hotel. Although it was barely five thirty it was already jammed with people beginning their weekend celebration. Many of them were here for her own celebration—her wedding to Brad McCoy. A wedding she'd been anticipating for weeks. Tonight was the dinner for out-of-towners, more than sixty people who'd come from so many places to see the two of them married.

She was still looking around when her mother slipped off the bar stool where she'd been sitting and headed out of the bar, a look of irritation on her face. Zoe grabbed her arm when Raine Fortunato would have just walked past.

"Mom? What's the problem? And don't tell me nothing because I've seen that look on your face before."

"It is nothing," Raine insisted.

"Then why are you chewing your lip? That's your 'tell', you know."

Raine sighed. "Okay, okay. I don't want to upset you the day before the wedding but why did you tell him I was attracted to him?"

Zoe swallowed a smile. Just what she'd expected. "Tell who?" She put a look of innocence on her face.

"Scott McCoy, your almost brother-in-law," she snapped. "That's who. Zoe, how could you?"

Zoe set her drink down and took her mother's hands. "Because I knew you wouldn't. Since Dad passed away you don't take what you want any longer. You wait for it to come to you."

"I don't," her mother protested, only there wasn't much force behind the words.

"You do," Zoe insisted. "The real Raine Fortunato is a damn gutsy broad. But for almost three years, she's been hibernating. I thought I would help lure her out of her cave."

Raine lifted both brows at her daughter. "With fresh meat?"

Zoe tipped her head to one side. "A nice hunky serving, right?"

"Absolutely." Raine sighed. "I just wish you'd, you know, let things take their natural course."

Zoe grinned. "From where I sit it looked like that was exactly what was happening." She picked up her drink and took a healthy swallow. "Go for it, Mom. It's time you got a life again."

"But what about the fact that he's the *brother* of your future husband and younger than I am?"

"So? If I don't mind, why should you?"

Raine smiled. "Did I teach you to be assertive or was that your father?"

"Both. But I am very much like you, Mom."

"How's that?"

"I have to examine closely when it's good for me to be bold, and when it might destroy everything I've got."

Her mother's expression suddenly turned thoughtful. "Are you talking about me or you, Zoe? Because I'm getting the feeling that something's really bothering you."

"No. Not at all." Another swallow of the icy liquid. "Just...wanting to make sure everything goes okay tonight and tomorrow."

Raine cocked her head. "You and Brad are okay, right? Because, Zoe, if you're having doubts it's okay to call a halt to things. Better now than later."

Zoe put down her drink, slid off her stool and hugged her mother. "Everything is fine, Mom. Really. Go on, now. I know you want to check on last-minute details for the dinner."

"If you say so, sweetie." Raine hugged her back. "I'll see you in a little bit." She walked away, obviously lost in thought.

Good. Let her think about Scott. She won't be so focused on me.

Zoe's friend, Brina, was flirting with one of the groomsmen at a corner table, and Zoe was waiting for her fiancé to check into his suite and come downstairs to meet her.

She took another sip of her cocktail and tried to force a calmness that kept eluding her. She wanted to think that what she was feeling was just pre-wedding nerves but a dark sensation curled low in her tummy was telling her otherwise. And she wasn't sure exactly how to deal with it. She'd been doing her best to hide it from Brad—and everyone else—and she could only hope she was successful. Because she sure as hell hadn't been hiding it from herself. And every time the unwanted thoughts popped into her mind her pussy clenched, her nipples hardened and her breasts ached.

There's something wrong with me. There has to be. I'm marrying a hot guy I love to distraction.

But...her inner voice shouted.

Yes, there was always that but.

Thinking about that *but* made liquid trickle into her thong and the walls of her cunt quiver with need and hunger. She closed her eyes and vivid images chased across her brain, tightening a coil of lust low in her belly. She had to physically restrain herself from moaning aloud.

Strong fingers massaging her neck startled her and made her jump, spilling part of her drink.

"Oh, hey." Brad's deep, warm voice. "I didn't mean to startle you." He grabbed some bar napkins and mopped up the liquid, then signaled the bartender. "Let me get you another one."

"No, no, it's all right. I'm fine." *Fine. Right. Having erotic daydreams in a public place.*

Zoe squeezed her thighs together, as if Brad could actually see the thrumming in her hot, little pussy. Or worse yet, smell the scent of her arousal. But he just finished wiping up the rest of the spilled drink, one warm hand resting on her back. A contact that, especially in her present state, sent shards of electricity zinging through her, zapping all the little nerve endings she was trying so hard to tamp down.

Brad kissed her cheek then licked the shell of her ear. "You look like you're deep in thought."

"Just thinking about you. Us."

He nipped the lobe of her ear. "Good thoughts, I hope."

Zoe nodded. She smiled at the bartender as he placed a fresh drink in front of her, then she lifted the glass and took a healthy swallow. Normally she was a slow drinker but tonight she was guzzling it. She needed liquid courage to get past the snake eating away at her. And cool down her raging hormones and out-of-control brain.

Brad chuckled. "I didn't mean for you to chug it. We've got a whole evening to get through, remember?"

"How could I forget? I feel as if I'm suddenly on stage."

He rubbed his hand up and down her back the way she liked and she could feel him studying her. Too bad he knew her so well.

"You are. *We* are. We're getting married, remember? With everyone watching."

She swallowed a sigh and pasted on a smile. "Yes. I remember. Of course."

His hand paused at the base of her spine. "Zoe, do you want to tell me what's wrong? You've been acting weird the last week or so."

"I'm fine, really." She lifted her face and was rewarded by a warm kiss. When he pushed his tongue slowly into her mouth she welcomed it for a brief moment, then pulled away. "Let's save that for later, okay?"

A strange look washed briefly over his face. "Sure, sugar. Whatever you say. Just making sure everything's okay."

"Why wouldn't it be?" She leaned into him, feeling the strength of his big body.

No one had to tell her how lucky she was. Brad McCoy was a catch in anyone's book. Partner in a successful construction company with his brother, Scott, he'd been arm candy for a lot of hot women until the day Zoe delivered some legal papers to him. He'd taken one look at her and persuaded pursued her romantically and relentlessly. And she'd been only too willing.

He was six foot four of solid muscle, with sun-streaked blond hair framing a lean face with rough, masculine lines to it. His eyes, the color of rich coffee, had held promises right from the beginning. Promises that he delivered on in spades. He was a sexually inventive as well as romantic lover, intelligent, funny, and he treated her like a rare jewel. Every other woman in the world would stand in line to take her place.

So what was wrong with her? Why did she have this itch that she thought she needed to scratch?

You know the answer. Why don't you tell him?

Because I'm scared he'll call off the wedding and I don't want to lose him.

But what if he's interested?

Zoe deliberately throttled her internal conversation with herself. It would accomplish nothing.

"Everything's fine," she said in a firm voice. She would make it be, whatever she had to do. Just as soon as she reined in her body and her mind.

"Did you see Clay?" Brad asked. "He was checking in when I came through the lobby."

Clay Holbrook? Oh, yes. She'd been thinking of him. Probably far too much. She certainly wasn't in love with Clay. They'd been hot lovers but not anything more than good friends. Brad was and always would be her only love.

Was I stupid to invite him? Brad thought it was okay but I think he just wants to strut like the usual male peacock and show off who got the girl. And he did. All the way. But Clay...

Just thinking of him and the things they'd done in the bedroom—and other places—sent a shimmer of heat over her skin and ramped up the pulse beating low in her cunt. Clay. She wondered if he was as adventurous with his newest girlfriend as he had been with her. Images skittered through her mind and that pulse beat took on the strength of a bass drum being pounded. She wondered if, when she got up from the bar stool, there'd be an embarrassing wet spot on her dress.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she'd entertained the thought of approaching Brad with her idea but again, the fear of rejection was too strong.

"Zoe?"

Brad's voice jerked her out of her thoughts.

"I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"I asked if you'd seen Clay. I thought we'd ask him to join us for a drink before dinner." He grinned. "After all, not every guy would invite his fiancée's ex-boyfriend to the wedding."

"I know. It was nice of you to agree." She smiled up at him. "You know he and I were friends more than anything, right?" *Friends with very erotic benefits.*

"Sure. Besides, this gives me a chance to show him who got the girl."

"Who got what girl?"

The familiar voice sent shivers racing along her spine.

"Hi, Clay." She turned her cheek for his kiss. "Glad you got here."

"Me, too." He shook hands with Brad. "Looking forward to tomorrow. Thanks for inviting me." He grinned. "You guys look good together. I hate to admit it, but better than we ever did."

Brad laughed. "I'll take that compliment however I get it. Probably just my male ego wanting to show off."

Clay laughed. "I get that one, buddy." He signaled to the bartender. "Jack Daniel's Black. Rocks." Then he turned back to Zoe and Brad. "So. Where you guys going on your honeymoon?"

"Aruba," Brad told him. "A friend is lending us a villa he has there. Comes complete with cook and maid."

"Isn't that great?" Zoe put in brightly, stretching her lips into a wide smile.

Clay and Brad both looked at her strangely and she wondered if she was overdoing the perkiness just a little too much.

"Yeah, Zoe," Clay said. "Great. Sounds fantastic."

But he was still watching her, eyes assessing her. Was it too weird that her fiancé and her former boyfriend were discussing her honeymoon? What if Brad knew what she was really thinking? What if Clay did? Zoe couldn't help squirming. He knew her too well. But for what she had in mind, that was good, right?

Brad brushed a strand of hair from her forehead. "Honey, have you eaten today? You look a little jazzed. Maybe you should tamp down on the cocktails until after dinner."

Oh, great. Now he thinks I'm getting drunk.

"I'm good," she assured him. "Just a little hyper." She winked at him. "Bride syndrome. You know."

Brad chuckled. "Nothing like an anxious bride. Right, Clay?"

She needed to change the direction of this conversation.

"So Clay, how's the job in Seattle turning out?"

If she knew one thing about that man it was that he loved talking about himself. In seconds he was giving them an animated explanation of his work and Zoe was free to let her mind wander again.

Why don't I just tell him? What if he says yes? Is it better to get it all out now or try to bury it and have it sneak up on me later?

When they moved into the private dining room for the dinner, Zoe kept a smile on her face, greeting the guests with hugs and kisses, making sure everyone found their seats. Because there were so many of them they were all seated at round tables. Brad had moved his chair slightly closer to hers, enough that she could feel the warmth of his thigh pressing against hers. At one point he dropped his napkin, and when he bent to pick it up his hand caressed her from ankle to knee, sliding his hand up to touch the inside of her thigh. Heat surged through her and she wondered why she was even having the thoughts that were plaguing her.

Every time his arm touched hers or his thigh pressed against hers or he leaned closer to whisper something naughty in her ear she just got hotter and hotter. Well, that was good for what she planned to propose.

But then Brad leaned over and whispered to her, "I know there's something on your mind, sugar. When we can decently get out of here we're going to talk about it." He nipped her ear. "Then I'm going to fuck you senseless."

A sensual shiver skittered over the surface of her skin. Oh, yes, that was something Brad was very, very good at. But still...

Somehow she managed to get through dinner, unexpectedly enjoying herself despite the tension running through her. She was pleased that so many of their friends and relatives were able to come from out of town to join them. And if she wanted a distraction, watching her mother and Scott was plenty of entertainment. Her mother was still a young, vibrant, desirable woman. Zoe knew she and Scott were attracted to each other and she hoped they wouldn't let the age difference keep them from following through on it.

Finally the dinner was at an end. People came by to wish her and Brad well and tell them they'd see them the next day at the wedding.

"You go straight up to your suite, honey," Raine told her when nearly everyone had left. "I'll see you tomorrow around noon with coffee and we'll get ready for the big event."

"You have fun tonight," Zoe whispered to her.

"We'll see." Raine hugged her.

"You know tradition says we're not supposed to see each other tonight," Brad said when they were in the elevator riding up to their floor.

"I know." She slipped her hand into his. "But we're not exactly traditionalists, are we?"

And maybe not in some other things. A little spice in their vanilla.

"Not in this. Come on."

He led her to the door of his suite, slid his key card into the slot and pushed the door open. As soon as they were inside Brad tossed the card onto a table and stripped off his jacket and tie.

"Okay." He turned to Zoe. "First things first. Something's on your mind and nothing's going to happen until you tell me what it is."

Zoe moved in close to him and began unbuttoning his shirt. "You said first things first." More buttons opened. "So we'll start here. This is what I want right now."

"Zoe—" he began.

"Hush." She leaned forward and pressed an open-mouthed kiss on his now exposed chest, licking it gently. "Go with the flow, Brad."

She tugged his shirt from his slacks, pulled it down his arms and let it drop to the floor. Then she raked her nails lightly over his hair-matted chest, finding his flat nipples. Very carefully she licked first one then the other. She was rewarded with a hiss of his breath and the hardening of his stomach muscles.

"Take off the rest of your clothes," she told him, kicking off her shoes and reaching behind her to lower the zipper on her dress.

"Isn't that supposed to be my line?" He was watching her with a curious look on his face but he toed off his shoes and socks and shucked his slacks and boxers. He paused only long enough to pull a condom from his wallet.

Zoe sucked in her own breath at the sight of his magnificent cock springing free, rising from the cluster of curls surrounding it. The heavy sac with his testicles hung against his thighs. Still wearing her bra and tiny thong she reached out a hand and wrapped her fingers around the thick shaft. It pulsed beneath her touch.

Brad's fingers closed around her wrist. "You can see just how ready I am for you, sugar. Truth to tell, I've been ready all night. Really ready. And you look good enough to eat, and I believe that's just what I'll do."

He knelt in front of her, gently drew the thong down her legs until she could step out of it, and pulled her close enough to him to bury his face in the lips of her pussy.

Zoe moaned and balanced herself with her hands on his shoulders. "More," she whispered. "Please." Brad had a wicked tongue, always knowing just how and where to use it. When to tease and when to coax pleasure from her.

In silent answer he stood, lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. One swift move of a hand and the bedcovers were tossed to the foot of the bed. Brad laid her carefully on the cool sheet, spread her legs wide and dropped to the floor on his knees. His long fingers separated her pussy lips and in seconds his tongue was drawing a long, wet line from the top of her slit to the bottom. He traced the path again and again before stopping to circle the hot bud of her clit.

"Bend your knees, Zoe." His voice was hoarse with restrained lust. "Spread those beautiful thighs wide for me. Let me see all of you."

She did, letting her legs fall wide apart. The day before when she'd had her spa treatment she'd gotten a fresh bikini wax job, so her cunt would be bare except for a neat little line on either side of her slit. Brad slid two fingers inside her hot channel,

curving them slightly to find her sweet spot. Clamping his lips onto her clit he pulled and sucked as his fingers stroked her inside.

Zoe was already so aroused by the thoughts she'd been having that in seconds an orgasm rolled through her and she convulsed around his fingers and mouth. Aftershocks were still skittering through her when Brad rose and rearranged her on the bed.

Rolling on the condom, he positioned himself at the opening to her pussy, shifted his hips and thrust deep inside her.

"Look at me, Zoe," he said.

She opened her eyes and met his, glittering with heat and desire.

"Wrap your legs around me. I'm going to fuck you hard, sugar. I'm close to the edge. The next one will be slow."

"Do it," she urged, locking her legs around his waist and digging her heels into the base of his spine.

Brad set up an urgent pace, driving into her again and again. Zoe was still so aroused, even after her climax, that she began climbing the spiral with him almost at once. He was right. It didn't take long. His body stiffened, his hands slid beneath her ass and pulled her tight against him, and then they were crashing over the wall together.

She shuddered as hard pulsations rocked her, the walls of her cunt clutching at his throbbing cock, milking him.

And then they were done, so quickly it seemed hardly any time had passed. Brad slid from her body, rolled off the bed to dispose of the condom, then returned to wrap her in his arms. Both of them were still breathing hard.

"Give me a minute to catch my breath, sugar, and I'll take you on a long, slow ride."

"About that." She walked her fingers up his arm to his shoulder, down between their bodies to one nipple and stroked her fingertip back and forth over it. "That was good, right?"

Brad chuckled. "Are you writing a scorecard, Zoe?"

"Noooo," she said in a slow, husky voice. "Just thinking."

"About what? Are you finally going to tell me whatever's been on your mind?"

"Let me ask you a question. And you have to be truthful."

He looked down at her, his face sober now. "What's this all about, sugar? You know I'm always truthful with you."

"Brad, do you ever have fantasies? You know, about you and me and...maybe someone else?"

He frowned. "Someone else? What do you mean?"

"I mean, have you ever wondered what it would be like to watch me with someone else?"

He tensed, and when he didn't answer right away she knew she'd hit a nerve. "Is this a loaded question?" he finally asked. "Is there a wrong answer?"

"Just say what pops into your mind," she insisted. "Think about it. Us naked. With someone else. You watching another man fuck me. Maybe both of you fucking me at the same time." She paused. "Someone we know and trust, of course. Not just anyone."

"Is that what's been on your mind?" he wanted to know. "The thing you've been chewing on all week?"

"Uh-huh." She rubbed his nipple harder, knowing it would stimulate him, feeling his cock even in repose flex against her thigh. "So answer me."

"You won't call off the wedding, will you?" he teased, but there was an underlying serious tone.

"Nope. You're stuck with me forever. I'm just curious."

He sighed. "Sure. I think every man has those kinds of fantasies. Something to add a little zing to his sex life. Although don't get me wrong. I'm definitely not complaining. We've got plenty of zing."

She bent her head and licked the nipple she'd been teasing. "When Clay and I were together sometimes we...borrowed...another person. To join us."

Brad's arms tightened around her. "Borrowed another person? You mean like for a ménage? A three-way?"

"Uh-huh." She grabbed his arms. "Not all the time. Just once in a while. And Brad? It was really great."

A muscle flexed in Brad's jaw. "And just how often did you have these...special events?"

"Maybe four times the whole time we were together. That's all," she rushed to tell him. "And you know I don't want to spend my life with anyone but you. But..." She let her voice trail off.

"Now you tell *me* the truth. Do you still have feelings for Clay? Is that why you wanted to invite him to the wedding?"

"No, no, no." She raised her eyes to his. "We're just friends. That's the truth." She smiled wickedly. "But what if we just borrowed him for tonight? For sort of a pre-wedding celebration. Could you do that? Would you? Kind of like your wedding present to me?"

Chapter Two

He stared down at her upturned face. "I can't say I'm not at least a little jealous. I mean you and Clay were together a long time."

"But not like us," she assured him. "Never like us. I never *loved* him, and he always knew it."

"Okay. If that will make you happy, let's go ahead and do it." He cupped her chin and brushed his mouth over hers. "Just as long as you remember who your Number One guy is."

"As if I could ever forget," she laughed and leaned over to pick up the phone.

Clay wasn't in his room but Zoe reached him on his cell phone in the bar.

"Hey. Can you come upstairs for a bit?" She winked at Brad as she gave the suite number. "Brad and I want to chat with you about something. What? Just come on up. Bride's request. I'll tell you when you get here."

Zoe was sitting on the couch cross-legged, a terry robe tied at the waist, holding a wine goblet when the knock sounded on the door. Brad had just pulled on his boxer shorts. He laughed when he saw the other man's startled expression.

"We're just getting comfortable," he said. "Come on in. Drink? You may need it. We're about to have an interesting conversation."

"I'd be lying if I told you I'm not shocked," Clay said after they explained what they wanted. He was lounging in one of the big armchairs in the suite's living room. He also now held a glass of the wine Brad had ordered up to the room and was studying both of them. "Zoe? This is what you want?"

"She surprised me, too," Brad said. "But then I had some time to think about it and...well, why the hell not? Like she said, it's my wedding present to her."

Clay chuckled. "Very few men would give their wife a ménage for a wedding gift. You're either very stupid or very sure of yourself."

"He's sure of himself," Zoe said quickly. "Clay, you know all we ever had between us was friendship and very kinky sex. Brad's my guy. Forever. Still..."

"Still, you wanted a little taste of forbidden fruit to settle the pre-wedding jitters," he finished for her.

"Just for this once. And it has to be someone we both know and agree on. That's why we decided to borrow you."

Now he threw his head back and his laugh was full and deep. "So I'm the something borrowed?"

"Is that okay?" she asked.

Clay looked from one to the other. "If you're both good with this then sure, I'm more than happy to oblige."

Brad cleared his throat. "The two of you might have to give me a little direction here. This is a first for me."

"Why don't we start with a shower?" Clay rose and began to unbutton his shirt. "What better reason to get naked, right? And Brad, you'd be amazed at how quickly you relax under good, hot water."

Zoe watched Brad carefully. Here was the moment for him to call a halt if he wanted to. He simply looked at her, one corner of his mouth kicked up in a smile and said, "Zoe? Lead the way."

She uncrossed her legs and stood up. "Okay. That's good. Come on."

She reached the bathroom before either of the men. The luxury suite Brad was staying in had a shower separate from the tub, a glass-enclosed stall that she thought was big enough to hold a dance in. She was adjusting the water when she heard them come up behind her. Brad tossed down the rest of his drink and jerked off his boxers. Clay was already completely naked and fully relaxed.

Zoe had to swallow a laugh as she watched the men sizing up each other's erections. It really was true. No matter how old they got they had an incessant need to measure. She stepped into the big shower and held out her hand to them.

"Come on in. The water's fine."

Sensing the two men were leaving it up to her to set the scene, since this was her idea, she positioned herself in the shower so she was standing between the two of them. She lifted her face to Brad, her lips parted slightly, a silent request for a kiss. She wanted him to know that regardless of what they did tonight she was still his. And only his. He cupped her cheeks and pressed his mouth to hers, sliding his tongue over her lips and inside the hot well of her mouth, stroking the sensitive inner surface. Zoe clasped her hands around his wrists, holding his hands in place, letting him know he could take whatever time he needed to solidify this connection in his mind.

She could feel Clay behind her, his hot erection pressed against the cheeks of her ass, his hands gliding over her back, her hips, shaping her buttocks. His lips brushed her shoulder and then he bit down gently on the skin. The dark coil of lust laying dormant inside her began to unwind and spread itself through her body. The familiar throbbing began in her pussy and her breasts ached for the touch of hands or lips.

Brad lifted his head and his eyes were locked with hers.

"I love you," she mouthed.

His nod was barely perceptible but it was his signal that they were good to go. He was really okay with all of this. Taking the bottle of shower gel from the inset where she'd placed it earlier, she held it out to Brad with a smile.

"You get to wash my front." Turning to Clay she squeezed some into his hand. "And you have the honor of doing my back."

Rubbing the gel in Brad's hand into a thick lather, she placed the hand over her breast.

"Start here," she told him. "Just like when the two of us shower together." She closed her fingers over his cock and tugged him closer yet. "The only difference is we've added another person and he gets to do half the work."

Clay was already smoothing the scented gel into her back with slow, sweeping strokes. Brad looked into her eyes, gave her a crooked smile and squeezed her breast.

"My pleasure."

Zoe smoothed her hands over Brad's chest, enjoying the different textures of hair and muscle and bone and skin. Feeling the power in his body, the sensation of it jolting her. She allowed her hands to drift lower as he massaged the lather into her. Feeling the hard readiness of his cock and the thick nest of curls surrounding it. She loved the feel of that solid shaft when it filled her, the hot sheath of her cunt or the narrow passage of her rectum. Tonight she would find out how it felt with both Brad and Clay inside her. The past and the present. The old and the new. What more could she ask for as a wedding gift as she embarked on her life with Brad, leaving her life with Clay behind. A golden future.

But she somehow needed this one last...whatever it was.

Didn't she?

She closed her eyes and gave herself over to the pleasure of both sets of male hands stroking her body. Brad massaged first one breast and then the other, taking a moment to pinch each nipple before moving lower on her body. As Clay's hand swept down her back, touched the indentation of her waist and moved along the line of her hips, Brad's roamed over her stomach down to the mostly bare surface of her mound. When one slick finger slipped between the lips of her pussy she couldn't stop the tiny moan that whispered from her mouth. Two pairs of hands. Double jolts of pleasure.

Clay bent his head and nipped one earlobe. "Still as responsive as ever, I see. Good for you, Zoe. A man loves a woman who enjoys sex. Right, Brad?"

"Oh, yeah." Brad was staring directly into her eyes when he answered.

While Brad continued to stroke his finger up and down the length of her slit, Clay slipped his fingers into the crevice between the cheeks of her buttocks, gliding them up and down. The tip of one finger touched the tiny puckered hole back there, causing her to push forward onto Brad's hand in response.

Zoe's bones felt like melting wax. The ride was starting, that erotic, exotic trip that took her to places that drove her hunger. Made her mindless with need. She wanted the mind-shattering explosion of release she knew this would bring. Vaguely she heard Clay talking to Brad, describing how she felt to him when he touched her. Asking Brad how wet her pussy was. How sensitive her clit. She and Clay had used this method before to ease a new player into their situation.

Apparently it was working with Brad. He sounded... God, he sounded like someone driven to the peak of arousal as he described the smooth silk of her inner walls, the heat of her liquid arousal scorching his fingers. The desire pulsing through his cock.

Clay was good at this. Zoe knew he'd talk Brad through any lingering inhibitions and make sure this was good for all of them. And she was free to let it all go, give her body over to them for the pleasure they'd give her in return.

A humming sound vibrated in her throat.

"That's it," Clay murmured in her ear. "That's it, Zoe."

He licked the line of her neck, paying special attention to that spot behind her ear that sparked her nerve endings. At the same time Brad tormented one nipple with his mouth, pulling on it, nipping at its pebbled surface while the fingers of his other hand probed and teased the wet heat of her pussy.

Clay's finger inched further into her ass.

"Brad? Let's get a rhythm going here and make her come. What do you say?"

Zoe looked up at Brad from under her lowered eyelids. His brown eyes had darkened to the color of rich roast coffee and were burning with a hot need.

"I say yes. You bet." His voice was husky, thick with renewed lust, and he appeared to have lost any feeling of self-consciousness. "You like that, don't you, Zoe? Both of us touching you like this."

"Mmm." She swayed. "Yes. Absolutely. More, please."

Picking up each other's signals they moved their hands in a coordinated pace, Brad's massaging the lips of her pussy and stroking her clit, Clay's fingers probing at the opening to her rectum, his fingertip moving round and round, each time pushing slowly into her. Her body trembling under the onslaught of their touch she clung to Brad's arms for support.

Brad thought he should feel a lot more weird about the whole situation but the atmosphere was so erotic it erased any awkwardness. He moved one hand back to Zoe's breast, trapping the nipple between two fingers while with his other hand he probed her slick, hot pussy. Already he could feel the sensitive walls quivering and quaking, gripping his fingers each time he thrust them inside her. When he looked over her head at Clay he saw the same flare of lust in the man's eyes he knew must be blazing in his own. Who would have thought he'd fall into this so easily?

He loved Zoe more than his next breath. Loved looking at her nicely rounded five-foot-four body, her heart-shaped face with its clear hazel eyes, all framed by a thick mass of rich auburn hair. And he was extremely possessive where she was concerned. She was his, period. So he'd had a lot of reservations about agreeing to Zoe's idea of "borrowing" Clay for the evening.

But watching the man caress Zoe and now slowly pushing his fingers into her tight little ass didn't make him resentful or territorial. Instead he was instantly hard, instantly hungry. He knew exactly how very hot that channel was. Visualizing Clay penetrating her, even with just his fingers, was enough to make Brad's cock throb painfully.

Who'd have thought I'd get into a scene like this. But holy shit! This is damn hot!

"I can feel your fingers when I move inside her," he told Clay in a low voice.

"Yeah. Hot, isn't it? Let's make her come."

Clay gripped her shoulder, Brad pressed his mouth to hers and thrust his tongue inside as he and Clay rubbed fingers through the thin membrane separating her two channels. He curved his fingers to find her hot spot, scraping it with each glide in and out. His thumb pressed hard against her clit. In seconds the walls of her cunt clenched around him and her body began trembling.

She rocked back and forth, first on one hand, then the other, moaning at the pleasure.

"Love those little sounds you make, Zoe," Brad said. "Does it feel good with both of us finger-fucking you?"

"Mmm."

Brad wriggled his fingers inside her, finding her hot spot, and just like that she convulsed. The walls of her cunt clenched down on his fingers, pulsing, spasming, her entire body gripped with the force of the orgasm.

She clutched him for support, her fingers digging into his shoulders.

"Damn." Clay's voice was thick with lust. "Her sweet little ass is about to burn my fingers."

"Ride us, Zoe," Brad urged. "Ride us good."

They held her between them working both her channels until the last of the aftershocks died away and she leaned into Brad, limp and spent.

Slowly they eased their fingers from her body.

"You okay, sugar?" Brad murmured in her ear, holding her against his chest.

He felt Clay's hands slide around from behind her to cup her breasts, his body providing another pillar of support.

"I'm fine," she sighed. "Good. Better than good."

"I think we should take this out of the shower before important body parts shrivel up," Clay said, humor tingeing his words.

"You got that right," Brad agreed.

He turned off the shower, slid the door open and lifted Zoe out. He and Clay dried her carefully before taking care of themselves. He swept her up into his arms to move into the bedroom but she put a hand on his chest.

"Check my makeup case first," she told him, her voice still a little breathless.

His jaw dropped when he pulled out a large box of condoms. "Jesus, Zoe."

She laughed up at him. "I like to be prepared."

"You might be a little overoptimistic for tonight," he told her. "We already had a little party before we invited Clay in, remember?"

"I'm ever hopeful." She caressed his cheek. "And I'll take what I can get. It's all good."

His eyes widened in pleased surprise as he took in the rest of the contents before he closed the case and picked it up, swinging it beneath her body as he carried her into the other room.

"I see a few other goodies we might need," he murmured, tracing her mouth with his tongue. "Glad you thought ahead."

There was a slight moment of awkwardness when they were all in the bedroom. Suddenly not sure what to do next, Brad placed Zoe on the bed, her head resting on the pillows. He smiled at the expectant look on her face.

"Ladies' choice," he finally told her. "You were the one who suggested we borrow Clay so tell me what you want next. I'm good with whatever it is."

Clay was standing at the foot of the bed, eyes blazing, a waiting expression on his face as if he, too, wanted her to take the lead.

"Time for another question," she told him.

"Uh-oh." But he grinned at her. "Okay, let it out."

"If I asked you what was the one thing you wanted out of a threesome, what would you say? Surely there must be something you've fantasized about. All men have their fantasies."

He studied her face, trying to see if she was sending him some kind of signal. Some idea of what was in *her* head. But he saw nothing except the aftereffects of her orgasm and a shimmer of anticipation. He traced the line of her jaw with his fingertips and stroked down the column of her neck. She was putting control in his hands and he was very grateful for that.

Okay, what would I like the most?

Zoe was right. Every man let his mind wander, called up sexual dreams, mentally played What If. On the nights he lay alone in his bed, hard as a rock, there was something that played over and over in his head. One of those things a man thinks, What if...

He cupped her chin, holding it tightly so she had to look at him. "My choice? Okay. What I'd really like, sugar, is for you to suck my cock while I watch Clay eat your pussy."

As soon as the words were out the image blasted into his mind. His balls tightened and his skin suddenly felt too stretched. He looked up and saw two sets of eyes looking at him curiously.

Zoe's eyes widened but he saw the bright flash of erotic desire in them. She smiled, a slow and sexy curve of her lips, and looked at Clay.

"I think we can accommodate that, don't you?"

"Oh, honey," he grinned, "you bet. You know you don't have to ask me twice."

He moved onto the bed between her thighs, his hands gliding slowly up from her ankles to the top of her thighs then spreading them wide. Her cunt glistened with moisture, beckoning to be tasted and touched.

"Wait. Zoe, raise your hips, sugar." Brad reached for the pillows on the other side of the bed and slid them beneath her, elevating her cunt. "Now I can get a better view."

He was glad she'd gotten a fresh bikini wax. It left most of that delicious pussy bare to his sight, nothing hidden by a cluster of curls. He sucked in his breath when Zoe reached over and wrapped her fingers around his cock, sliding them gently up and down.

"Easy there. I don't want this party to be over before it starts."

"Come closer," she urged. "You're too far away."

Brad bent slightly, bracing himself with one hand on the headboard. He was watching Zoe's sensuous lips as she opened them, her tongue reaching out to lap the head of his shaft. The contact was electric, his body jerking with the power of it. Shit! He'd thought because he already came once he'd have a lot better control, but Zoe just did it to him. No question about it. He'd need a lot of control to be sure he didn't embarrass himself.

He loved the way her tongue swiped at him, the tip of it probing lightly at the slit in the broad head of his erection, pushing into it just enough to make his body tighten in response. But when Zoe's own body jerked his eyes shifted right, breath hitching at what he saw.

Clay had parted the lips of her cunt with his fingers, exposing all that wonderful, sweet-tasting pink flesh, the knot of her clit just poking its head out begging to be touched. Clay's tongue traveled the length of her slit, top to bottom before returning to tease her clit. Brad was fascinated watching another man's tongue swirl around the bud that was so familiar to him. Pull it into his mouth. Nip it lightly with his teeth.

Zoe's breathing hitched into an uneven pattern, her body responding to Clay's mouth while her own mouth did wonderful things to Brad's own cock. She took Brad into her mouth in increments, just a little at a time, teasing him with the warmth she pulled him into. Her tongue played a wicked dance on his heated shaft and without even realizing it he began to rock back and forth on the balls of his feet.

He didn't know where to look first—at Zoe's talented mouth around his shaft or Clay's equally gifted mouth on Zoe's cunt. When the man slid two fingers inside Zoe's hot channel, pressing them upward and massaging the base of her clit from the inside while his lips worked it outside, Brad nearly lost it.

"Come, Zoe," Clay urged in a husky voice. "Come for us. Let us see you climax."

Brad couldn't decide if he wanted to come in Zoe's mouth, or on her breasts. Or be inside her again, fucking her in the ass while Clay Holbrook's cock was buried deep in her pussy. But he'd have to decide something soon because he was reaching a point of no return much faster than he expected. It was the scene, he told himself. Two men, one woman, and the air ripe with the scent of sex.

He was quickly reaching the limits of his control, breathing a sigh of relief when Zoe turned her head, the head of his cock sliding free of her mouth. She closed her eyes as Clay worked her harder, delicious little whimpers bursting from her mouth. His eyes were glued to the sight of another man's tongue lapping at her pink flesh, another man's fingers inside her, driving her wild. She arched her hips upward, thrusting herself at Clay, tossing her head back and forth and clenching her small hands into fists as the orgasm began to build inside her.

Brad reached for Zoe's leg that was closest to him and pulled it against his body, opening her even more to his view, and he all but swallowed his tongue. The slick flesh of her cunt had darkened to a deep rose as arousal had built within her. He wrapped his fingers around his bursting cock, barely stroking it as he watched Clay's tongue and fingers work her higher and hotter.

He really had harbored this secret fantasy of watching another man's mouth on her pussy, never dreaming the opportunity might present itself. He found it one of the most erotic things he'd ever seen. And Zoe! Jesus, she was beautiful all spread out that way, nothing hidden, nothing held back, her face flushed with pleasure. It was such a turn-on seeing her from this vantage point.

Her small fists were pounding against the mattress now, her body jerking as she tried to pull Clay's fingers deeper inside her. She was close now. He recognized the signs—the erratic breathing and body movements, the cries whispering from her mouth, her head thrown back in the wash of pleasure.

"She's getting ready to hit the wall," he told Clay, his own voice none too steady.

Clay intensified the movements of both his fingers and tongue, finally closing his teeth on Zoe's clit and sending her over the edge.

She tried to squeeze her legs together to contain the pulsing sensation but Clay had one held in place with his shoulder and Brad wrapped his arm around the thigh he was holding. She had no choice but to give herself up to it with every beat and spasm exposed to their eyes, her hot cream coating Clay's fingers as he continued to power them in and out of the greedy cunt.

When her body clenched in the final explosion, Clay eased her down carefully, slowing the pace of his fingers, flicking his tongue in a light pattern over her clit, until she lay panting on the bed. Her fists unclenched and her breathing evened out as the little aftershocks rumbled through her before subsiding.

She opened her eyes and smiled at Clay then locked her gaze onto Brad's. Her full lips curved in a smile.

"Can I just say that was great?"

"Glad to be of service," Clay told her. He looked up at Brad. "Was it as much of a turn-on as you thought?"

Brad's laugh was only partially humorous. "More than I expected. But I think someone needs to take care of Mr. Ready here." He looked down at his penis, resting now in the palm of his hand. "He wants some attention, too."

"I'm with you there, pal." Clay grinned and sat back on his heels. "Think we're ready for the main course yet?"

“Wait, wait, wait.” Zoe pushed herself up on the pillows, breathless and still a little shaky. “I think I need a minute to recover here. How about a glass of wine for the star attraction?”

“My pleasure,” Brad told her, and went to the other room to fetch the bottle cooler and glasses. He could use a drink himself.

Chapter Three

The wine gave them all some breathing space, not just Zoe. Without saying it, everyone knew what was coming next. The main event. The high point in every ménage scene. She knew both men were going to fuck her and her spent body suddenly came to life as her brain fastened onto the thought. She could almost feel them both inside her, filling her, pumping into her, and she shivered with anticipation.

She lounged back on the pillows, sipping at the wine, watching Clay and Brad through heavy-lidded eyes. Oh, yeah, they were both so definitely ready. She didn't think she'd ever seen Brad's penis so thick and swollen and there was nothing small about it under normal circumstances. Of course, she could say the same about Clay.

They were standing in a corner of the bedroom, speaking in low tones and Zoe wondered what they were discussing that they didn't want her to hear. Were they deciding who would do what in their ménage? Would they ask her if she had a preference? Did she? She took another swallow of wine, waiting and trying to tamp down the new rise of anticipation, of expectation.

She watched carefully as they both walked back to the foot of the bed. Brad came around to the side where she lay and bending, down, brushed a kiss over her lips.

"How you doing, bride-to-be?" he asked.

"I'm doing good." She grinned up at him. "Why wouldn't I be? I'm having most of the fun."

His eyes darkened. "Oh, I don't think so. Not at all. Watching Clay with you was... I don't know. More erotic than I even imagined."

"So what were the two of you so deep in discussion about?"

He reached down and cupped a breast, rasping his thumb idly over a sensitive nipple. "Groom's choice tonight," he answered in a thick voice.

Zoe raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

"We're going to fuck you, sugar. Take you for the ride of your life." He gave her a featherlight kiss again. "But I get your ass. It's mine." His gaze narrowed. "Any objections?"

Her pulse was beating in a staccato rhythm. Brad was definitely staking his claim. No one was ever going to fuck her ass but him. Period. His sense of ownership gave her a giddy feeling.

"No objections at all."

He took the wine goblet from her hand and set it on the nightstand. His dark eyes locked onto hers. "Then let's get to it. Personally, I can't wait."

With that he reached down and raised her up so she was kneeling and took her mouth in a kiss she could only call claiming. She loved the feel of his lips on hers, the slow glide of his tongue into her mouth, the heat of his breath fanning against her skin. His hands stroked up and down her arms, caressing the skin in the way he had of making her feel she was a rare treasure beneath his touch. When his hands moved around to take the weight of her breasts she gasped and pressed herself into his palms.

The buzz was getting to her, that sensual, sexual buzz she remembered from the times she and Clay had brought in a third person. She was extremely aware of every inch of her body, every nerve, every pulse point.

Brad's tongue continued doing its intricate dance in her mouth while his fingers pinched and tugged at her nipples. She ran her fingers over the hard wall of his chest, tangling them in the crisp chest hair. When she found the hard nubs of his nipples she raked her nails over them and was rewarded by the shudder that skated through him. Lifting his mouth from hers, he trailed his lips along the line of her jaw, licking that spot behind her ear before moving along the line of her neck.

The bed dipped behind her and in the next moment a tongue licked a damp trail from the nape of her neck down the length of her spine.

Good. Clay's back into it.

Lifting her easily, Brad shifted her around so she was still on her knees but facing Clay.

"Suck her nipples," Brad told the other man in a voice she barely recognized. "Zoe, offer him your breasts."

She slid her palms beneath her aching breasts and offered them up for Clay's attention. His hands at her waist, he bent his head and took one nipple into his mouth, circling it over and over with his tongue. Her fingers closed over her flesh reflexively, squeezing the mounds as Clay licked and sucked and pulled. Every lash of his tongue sent arrows of flame straight to her cunt, already vibrating with need.

"Tell me how that makes you feel, Zoe," Brad ordered.

He banded his arm around her beneath his breasts, inching it in between her body and Clay's, holding her in place. His other hand worked its way down the crease of her buttocks to find the wet heat of her pussy, rimming her opening with his fingers. The pulse at her throat was hammering so hard she was sure it would burst free of the skin and her breath caught in her lungs.

"Tell me," he repeated. "How do you feel with his mouth feel on your nipple? My fingers playing with your cunt?"

"It feels...incredible." She could barely get the words out. "I feel hot all over, like my skin is on fire, and something inside me is ready to explode."

He probed her vagina to gather the cream she knew was already soaking his fingers, dragging it back to rub against the tight ring of her anus. He licked the side of her neck, his tongue sending more shivers skittering over her even as Clay's teeth grazed her nipple. She moaned again, uncontrolled desire rising so fiercely within her she could barely contain herself.

Brad put his mouth against her ear. "Do you want my finger in your ass, Zoe? Tell me. I want to hear you say it."

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes."

"Do you know how it turns me on to hear those words from you? Say it. Say what you want." His fingertip was poised just at the opening.

"I want...your finger...in my ass. Now." She was falling into the erotic whirlpool again so quickly she could barely get the words out.

"Say finger-fuck my ass. Please."

Zoe licked her lips. "Finger-fuck my ass. Please."

"Good," he breathed. "Now tell Clay to put his fingers in your pussy. I want him to see how wet you are again. So soon."

She swallowed hard. Brad's finger was moving rhythmically in and out of her rectum while Clay continued to draw on her nipple. All she wanted was to give herself over to the pleasure, but saying the words was obviously an aphrodisiac for Brad.

"Okay. Clay." She tried to focus. "Put your fingers inside my pussy and tell Brad how wet I am."

As soon as his fingers slipped inside her Clay lifted his head and looked over her shoulder at Brad.

"Oh, Jesus. She's soaked." He pulled his fingers out and held them up for Brad to see.

"Lick them, Zoe," Brad told her. "See how good you taste."

She ran her tongue over Clay's extended fingers, licking her own cream, rolling the sweet yet tart taste around in her mouth.

"Feel her clit," Brad said, as a second finger joined the first in her ass. "I'll bet it's still hot and swollen."

Clay rasped his thumb over it and Zoe jerked at the electricity generated by the contact. Clay's laugh was thick and hoarse.

"You don't even have to ask. She's ready to go."

"I think she could give us a little help, don't you think?" Brad asked.

"Just say the word."

"Zoe?"

"Mmm?" She tilted her head back.

"Clay's going to lie down on the bed, sugar. I want you to straddle him and take his cock in your mouth. He wants to be as ready as you are." He nipped her earlobe. "So do I." He chuckled. "Although he didn't have to recover like I did. Go on, Zoe. Do it."

She felt Clay's hands leave her then the mattress dipped again as he moved. When she opened her eyes he was lying where she'd been earlier, his head on the pillow, stroking his cock.

"It needs your mouth, honey," he told her. "Come over here and suck me."

Quivering with unrestrained lust, Zoe crawled around until she was kneeling between Clay's muscular thighs. She looked back at Brad, saw him nod and brushed Clay's hand away, replacing it with her own. When she closed her mouth over him the familiar taste flooded her senses. As if the action was automatic, she swirled her tongue around the thickness of his shaft, tracing the line of the vein wrapped around it. Her other hand lowered to cup his testicles, squeezing them gently, the moan she elicited from him vibrating through her.

"Up and down, sugar," Brad coached, moving in behind her, tossing aside the wet wipe he'd used on his hand.

In a moment she felt his fingers probing at her pussy again, stroking, stroking, stroking. She shuddered at the intense sensations rioting through her but she kept her rhythm on Clay's erection. It swelled against her tongue, thickened, and she tasted the salty drop of fluid as it seeped from the slit on the head.

Brad rested his hand on the small of her back and probed her with three fingers, splaying them inside her. It was almost more than Zoe could take and she sucked hard on Clay's shaft. He grabbed her head with both hands, lifting her up.

"I think that does it, Zoe. Holy shit!" He pushed her back very gently. "Brad, I think it's your turn."

Brad moved to lie down beside Clay and urged Zoe over to him with his hands.

"You know how, sugar." His face was flushed. "I can't wait to feel your lips on me."

She eagerly lowered her mouth over his cock, mentally comparing his taste to Clay's and secretly enjoying Brad's more. She lapped at the velvety skin covering the steel core, moving her mouth from root to tip and back down again, inhaling the recognizable scent of his musk. Her senses were flooded with sexual stimuli, her body screaming for satisfaction.

Zoe worked her mouth up and down on Brad's erection, his groans filling her ears. She was barely aware of Clay rolling off the bed and opening her makeup case, which Brad had left on the nightstand. In a moment she felt the familiar coolness of gel at her anus and Clay's fingers massaging it around her opening before his fingers pressed inside. One finger, then two, then three, massaging the lube into her tissues and stretching her, stretching, stretching.

Her pussy clenched in anticipation of what was to come.

Brad swelled easily in the wet well of her mouth. When her hand reached down to stroke his testicles he gripped her head in response.

"I think I'm ready," he grated hoarsely. "Ease up, sugar."

Zoe released him from her mouth and sat back on her heels. The familiar crinkle of foil drew her eyes to the left where Clay was again stretched out on the bed. He tossed aside another wet wipe and rolled a condom efficiently onto his rejuvenated shaft.

"Move over there, Zoe," Brad said, using his hands at her waist to help her.

Zoe obligingly shifted position, straddling Clay until her cunt was poised over his very erect penis.

"Slide down on me, honey," he urged. His fingers slid into her cunt again. "You're sure wet enough. Hungry to be fucked, Zoe?"

"Yes," she hissed, barely able to speak.

"Come on, then. Take me inside you." He clasped his hand around his cock, pointing it at her vaginal opening. "That's it. Come on, now."

Bracing her hands on her thighs, Zoe slid down very slowly, feeling the thickness of him as he penetrated her one incredible inch at a time. When she had him fully inside her she leaned forward, her hands on his shoulders. Clay's hands came up to cup her breasts, his fingers brushing back and forth over the nipples. Streaks of heat sizzled through her and made her pussy clench around his shaft.

He filled her completely, every nerve in her inner walls firing. Heat burned low in her belly. Clay's fingers were like branding irons on her breasts, leaving their imprint as they molded and shaped and gripped.

"Pinch my nipples," she gasped. "Hard. Please."

Clay obliged and Zoe closed her eyes, giving herself up to the pleasure-pain sweeping through her. She felt movement behind her, heard the crinkle of foil again, the snap of latex. Then Brad's hands were on her shoulders, pressing her forward even more.

"Lean, sugar," he said in the low voice that always sent chills skating through her. "Get closer to Clay."

His hands stroked down her back, sweeping to the curve of her ass. His fingers walked down the length of her spine to the crevice in her buttocks making her shiver in anticipation, her pussy squeezing down on the cock inside it.

"Yeah, Zoe, like that," Clay murmured. "I can feel that little cunt of yours clamping tight around me. Jesus, between your mouth and your pussy I'm so hard I could pound nails."

"Good," she breathed, wriggling in place and drawing a low groan from him. "All...very...good."

"Give me your mouth, Zoe," Clay said, opening his to kiss her.

But instead she turned her head and let his lips move over her cheek. What was the matter with her? This was Clay. They'd kissed a million times when they'd been together. Maybe even more than that.

In the back of her mind she remembered someone—a college roommate who was vying for slut of the year—explaining to her why she never kissed any of the men she slept with.

"It's too personal," she'd said. "My way it's just sex."

Too personal. Just sex.

And that was exactly what she wanted tonight. Just sex. Yes. Just sex. She wanted the heady feeling, the unbelievable sexual high that a ménage brought to her. The extreme orgasm that came when two men fucked her at the same time. Except tonight the real edge didn't seem to be there. If she could be running thoughts through her mind she wasn't as deeply engaged as she'd been the other times. What was missing here?

Too personal. Just sex.

But what she had with Brad was intensely personal. And that was what made the difference. Clay had been a good friend, with benefits. But Brad was the love of her life.

So she skillfully avoided Clay's mouth, leaning into his grip on her breasts, threading her fingers through his hair to hold his head in place.

"It's okay, Zoe," he whispered, his eyes filled with understanding. "Just let us make you feel good."

Brad swallowed the relief he felt. She hadn't kissed him. The movement when she turned her head was so smooth it hardly seemed deliberate. But it was. He knew Zoe like a book by now. And something he didn't even realize was knotted deep inside him loosened. Whatever Zoe had been looking for tonight was changed because of their relationship. Their love. So he'd finish this fantasy for her. Make it good. Then it would be over and tomorrow they'd be married.

Checking to make sure he'd spread sufficient lube inside her ass, he opened the cheeks wide with his hands, positioned the head of his cock at her hole and pressed steadily inside.

Jesus, she was tight. He felt Clay's cock through the thin membrane compressing an already taut passage. Shit, he had to admit the sensation of feeling another man's cock next to his inside Zoe's body was an incredible turn-on. Lust jolted him, icy heat gripping his balls and streaking along his spine.

"Hang on, sugar," he panted. "Get ready for the ride."

As if exchanging some kind of silent signals he and Clay set up a rhythm, a steady pace. As one withdrew the other slid in. And out. In and out. Slow at first, then faster and faster as the tension built in his body. His shaft slid against Clay's with each movement. Looking down, he watched himself thrusting again and again into Zoe's tight little ass, the sight of that sphincter muscle gripping him so arousing he had to grit his teeth to keep control.

"Almost there," Clay chuffed, his breathing irregular.

"Yeah, okay." Brad could hardly get the words out. The orgasm was rising in his body so powerfully he could barely breathe himself.

Reaching around Zoe's hip he forced a hand between her slick body and Brad's to find her clit and pinched and rubbed it in time with his movements.

Okay, okay. Almost there. I can feel her at the edge.

Stroke, stroke, stroke.

"Now!" he shouted.

And the three of them exploded almost simultaneously. He felt Clay's shaft pulsing against his, Zoe's muscles clamping down on both of them as her entire body shook with the force of her climax. The slap of flesh on flesh was punctuated by the uneven rasp of breath in oxygen-starved lungs. This was the most sensual, the most erotic thing he'd ever felt, sharing this orgasm with two other people. It went on and on, until Brad

was sure he'd emptied every bit of himself into the latex, yet his body still jerked and spasmed. Beneath him he felt the convulsions shuddering through Zoe and Clay. They were all tumbling freefall into an erotic whirlpool that shook and pummeled them.

And then they were done. The last of the aftershocks quivering through their joined bodies.

He leaned forward, pressing himself against Zoe's damp back, bracing himself with his hands on either side of the bodies beneath him. Dragging air into his lungs. Waiting for his heart to stop trying to beat its way out of his chest.

When he was sure he could move, he slowly withdrew from the hot clasp of Zoe's ass and eased himself off the bed. On unsteady legs he made his way to the bathroom to dispose of the condom and clean himself up. When he wobbled back into the bedroom Clay had lifted Zoe from his body and she was laying there splayed out, eyes closed, face flushed with erotic pleasure and fulfillment. He nodded to Clay as he made his own trip to the bathroom.

Brad lay down beside Zoe. He drew her into his arms and cradled her against his chest, stroking her back, brushing soft kisses on her forehead and cheeks.

"You doing okay, sugar?"

"Mm-hmm." Her eyes closed and she pressed herself against him.

A strange mix of both sexual and emotional satisfaction settled inside him. He'd given Zoe what she wanted and he could hardly deny he'd enjoyed it as much as she did. Physically. But he was convinced tonight was some kind of watershed for them. Whatever lingering fantasies Zoe might have, from now on he'd be the only one to fulfill them. And that was a pre-wedding gift to *him*.

"Well, I think my job here is done." Clay's voice held a light tone of amusement.

Brad looked up to see the man standing at the foot of the bed, fully dressed except for jacket and tie.

He chuckled. "Is it proper to say thanks for everything?"

Clay smiled at him. "I think I'm the one who should show his appreciation. Zoe?"

She opened her eyes. "Mm-hmm?" Her tone was languorous, sated.

Something flashed across Clay's face but then he reached down and stroked Zoe's leg. "Have a great life, beautiful. I'll always be here if you need me." He looked at Brad. "Both of you. And now I think I'll let myself out."

Zoe's small fingers wound through the hair on Brad's chest. "I love you, Brad."

He kissed her cheek. "Love you, too, sugar."

"Thank you for this, but from now on you're all I ever want."

"No more 'borrowing'?" he teased.

"Uh-uh. I've got all I need right here."

Brad felt an unusual peace steal over him as she curled into him tightly and in seconds they were asleep.

Chapter Four

"Ohmigod, what time is it?"

Zoe sat up sharply, her elbow digging into Brad.

"Hey, ouch!"

"Oh, sorry." She looked at the bedside clock, the numbers read five o'clock. "Shit. Brad? I've got to get back to my room and hope that no one came looking for me last night."

"I'm sure they'd figure out where you were," he sniggered.

"No, no, no. You don't understand. My mother will have a fit if she finds out we saw each other the night before the wedding."

"Zoe." He reached for her. "I have a feeling Raine was plenty busy herself last night."

She stopped in the process of raking back the covers. "You think so? You think she and Scott finally got together?"

"I'd say from the heat they were generating around each other it's a damn good bet."

"I still have to go." She leaned over and kissed him, then rolled out of bed. "Don't get up. If I see your naked body I might not be able to leave."

"In that case..." He made a move to rise.

"Uh-uh." She pushed him back and gave him a light kiss. "I'll see you later. Got things to do."

Brad flopped back on the pillow, his arm over his eyes. "Why didn't we schedule a morning wedding? Then we could be done and out of here and get to the good stuff."

Zoe laughed. "Honey, we'll always have the good stuff. Just contain yourself for a few hours."

Thankfully she didn't encounter anyone when she opened the door to the suite. And double thanks she was only two doors down. She let herself in, tossed the key card onto a table and immediately began stripping off her hastily donned clothing. She laughed when she realized she'd forgotten to put her panties and bra back on in her haste to leave. Oh, well. Souvenirs for Brad. She'd probably never get them back.

After hanging the Do Not Disturb on the outside, she called the desk to leave a wake-up call for noon. She hadn't had all that much sleep after Clay left and she wanted to be wide awake for the wedding. She didn't intend to miss one minute of the excitement. She took a quick shower and fell into bed, asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

The ringing of the telephone and the knock on the door came at exactly the same moment. Zoe pried her eyes open, looked at the clock and answered the wake-up call. Pulling on her robe she hurried to open the door to the suite. Her mother stood there, hand raised to knock again.

"It's about time," she said, sweeping into the room. "Hair and makeup's at three, then time to get ready for the big show." She turned to Zoe, her eyes sparkling. "And I have news to catch you up on."

"I hope it's about you," Zoe said.

She had the pleasure of actually seeing her mother blush.

"A woman never kisses and tells."

Zoe laughed. "Oh, come on. Just the outline will be fine. So, did you and Scott...you know?"

"Yes, we did. And you were right. I think this is going to work out really well. I'll give you the details over some food, which I desperately need. Breakfast, I think, even though it's noon. Better for your stomach." Her eyes raked over her daughter. "Besides, I'm guessing you missed that meal completely. And I have to tell you about Brina."

"What about Brina?" Zoe demanded. "Is she in trouble? Oh, god, I knew I never should have left her alone."

"No, no, it's all good. And we have two extra guests at the wedding. I've already taken care of it." She picked up the phone beside the couch. "But first, food."

Zoe was frustrated by Raine's refusal to discuss anything until room service arrived. But when the table had been set up by the window, coffee poured and she was spreading jam on a piece of toast, Zoe leaned across to her mother and said, "Okay, enough stalling. Give."

"Well, okay, okay." Raine set her coffee cup down carefully in the saucer. "First of all, you were right to insist I take a chance with Scott." A soft blush colored her cheeks. "The difference in our ages bothers me but not him. He said it's not the age that matters but what's between two people."

"So what *is* between you?" Zoe nibbled on her toast.

"He definitely wants us to be together. In fact, he's buying a vacation home in Belize and he wants me to go with him right after the wedding and help him decorate it."

"I'll bet that's not all he wants you to do," Zoe teased. She jumped up and gave her mother a hug. "Oh, Mom, I'm so, so happy for you. This is all good."

"Now let me tell you about Brina." Raine stirred her coffee. "You'll never believe who tracked her down here to the wedding. And refuses to let her break up with him."

Zoe almost choked on her toast. "Adair El-Hassan? You mean he actually came to the wedding? Ohmigod, this is too much. I sent him an invitation and included a note about Brina but I wasn't sure if he'd actually show up." She took a sip of her coffee. "Thank heavens. Maybe they can finally put all that crap behind them."

"You may be right on the money here." Raine grinned. "His mother is here, too. I ran into her in the lobby. She actually came to apologize to Brina for trying to break them up and gave them her blessing. I added them to the head count for the wedding."

“Oh, this is such great news. This really is going to be a special day.”

The minute they finished their meal Raine insisted Zoe treat herself to a long soak in the tub in heavily scented water. Zoe let the heat ease into her muscles still sore from the previous night’s activities and thought about what had taken place. She was glad Brad had agreed to let her fulfill her fantasy, to borrow Clay. But she was even happier to realize at last that from now on the only sexual adventures she wanted were with her groom. He was definitely inventive in bed, and she knew now that if she wanted to try something new – just the two of them – he’d be willing.

Drying herself off, she carefully massaged the scented lotion into every inch and crevice of her body. Then she donned the thong, lacy corset and bra she’d wear beneath her gown and rolled on the sheer white stockings, fastening them with the garters. She had just tied her robe around her waist when her mother poked her head into the bedroom to tell her Brina, the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids had arrived and hair and makeup were on their way up in the elevator.

The living room of the suite was filled with the sounds of chattering and laughing women when Zoe entered. She was immediately surrounded and hugged while her mother poured champagne for everyone. Brina tugged on her arm and whispered, “Can I speak to you for just a minute?”

Zoe studied her. No frowning so it must be good. “Sure. Let’s go in the bedroom.”

The moment the door was closed Brina threw herself at Zoe and hugged her hard enough to squeeze the breath out of her.

“Hey, hey, hey!” she laughed. “I need to breathe to get married.”

“Oh! Sorry, sorry, sorry.” Brina grinned at her. “I just had to thank you so much for making the rest of my life happy.”

“I take it things are good with you and Adair?”

“Better than good.” Her eyes sparkled. “We’re getting married. And with his mother’s blessing! Can you imagine?”

Zoe hugged her but gently. "I'm so glad. This makes today even more special."

A knock sounded on the door before it opened and Raine called, "Come on, girls. Time to get beautiful." Zoe sat quietly in a chair, sipping her champagne, while the experts fussed over her. Raine excused herself to get her wedding outfit before it was her turn. And then it was time to put on the exquisite gown hanging in the closet. She looked at herself in the mirror seeing the yards of lace over silk. The teardrop diamond earrings Brad had given her reflected the sunlight streaming in through the window. But more than anything she saw the glow on her face.

She thought, In just a few hours I'll be Mrs. Brad McCoy, and we'll begin our forever.

And then it was time to head for the ballroom on the second floor. Raine had arranged with hotel security to clear the corridor and hold an elevator for them as they made their way from the suite. They moved immediately into a tiny room next to the elevator where they'd wait until the wedding coordinator came to get them.

And finally, finally, finally she was poised at the doorway to the ballroom, holding the bouquet the florist had placed in her hands. The music changed, she took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, and nodded to the two women ready to open the doors. When she walked slowly down the aisle she was conscious of all their friends and relatives gathered there to help them celebrate this occasion, all standing, smiling at her. As she passed Clay he winked at her and she winked back.

But then she only had eyes for Brad. He came forward, so handsome in his tux, to take her hands and lead her to stand beside him. She smiled at him, knowing the only thing she wanted to borrow from now on was his love. And she never planned to give it back.

About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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