

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE

*Quickies*  
*Naughty Nuptials*  
*So I*  
*Married*  
*A Vampire*

Elisa Adams

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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

So I Married a Vampire

ISBN 9781419911422

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

So I Married a Vampire Copyright © 2007 Elisa Adams

Edited by Carole Genz.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication June 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

## **Content Advisory:**

**S - ENSUOUS**

**E - ROTIC**

**X - TREME**

Ellora's Cave Publishing offers three levels of Romantica™ reading entertainment: S (S-ensuous), E (E-rotic), and X (X-treme).

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. This story has been rated E-rotic.

*S-ensuous* love scenes are explicit and leave nothing to the imagination.

*E-rotic* love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination, and are high in volume per the overall word count. E-rated titles might contain material that some readers find objectionable – in other words, almost anything goes, sexually. E-rated titles are the most graphic titles we carry in terms of both sexual language and descriptiveness in these works of literature.

*X-treme* titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

# ***SO I MARRIED A VAMPIRE***

**Elisa Adams**

### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Jacuzzi Whirlpool Bath: Jacuzzi, Inc.

## Chapter One

Jane blew her bangs out of her eyes and paced across the pavement, her heels echoing through the silence. What if her groom didn't show up? Maybe he'd gotten cold feet and had decided to chicken out of the ceremony? Of all the places for them to talk this over, it had to be here—in the church parking lot, right before her wedding. Should she have thought this through a bit more?

Should *he*?

She glanced down at the note, now damp from her sweat-coated palms. One of her bridesmaids had brought it to her an hour earlier as she'd been putting last-minute touches on her makeup while her mother helped her pin the headpiece to her hair. She read the words again even though she already had them memorized.

*Jane,*

*We have to talk before the ceremony. It's important. Meet me outside, behind the church, at eleven.*

*Ethan*

So here she stood, at ten past eleven, waiting for her soon-to-be husband in the dimly lit back parking lot of the church. Not the smartest thing she'd ever done but apparently getting involved again with the man who'd left her four years ago ranked right up there too.

Besides she could take care of herself. She spent her nights hunting down the biggest, baddest vampires in the area. Anything else that came her way, she was all over it. She curled her hands into fists, wishing she had a weapon or two on her, but where would she hide it? The tight-fitting bodice of her wedding gown didn't leave room for a shoulder holster and a gun and the fragile tulle underskirts would tear if she

tucked a stake into the garter. Plus she'd promised Ethan she would leave the weapons at home. No working on their wedding night. No working on the honeymoon.

Jane smiled to herself. The concession had been an easy one to make. Tonight, for once, she just wanted to be a woman. A bride, radiant on her wedding day. And after the wedding was over? Over the next week, they'd be too busy with...other things for her to even think about going on a hunt.

That is if Ethan hadn't asked her here to tell her he was calling off the ceremony.

She smoothed her palms down her white-tulle-covered thighs, shivering from the sudden chill in the air. The dress was beautiful, exactly what she'd wanted, but it wasn't very warm. Why had she ever agreed to a midnight wedding anyway? He'd promised her it would be so romantic to have the church bathed in the soft, golden glow of candlelight as she walked down the aisle. She should have known he'd get cold feet but then again, if he wanted to call it off, he probably wouldn't have asked to meet her. When he'd left her before, four years earlier, he'd done so without a word.

Where was he?

Five more minutes and she was heading back inside. Of course she'd been saying that since she'd first stepped outside at quarter to. And why would she even want to go back inside? She'd have to tell all her waiting guests the wedding was off. Her face flamed just thinking about it. Her family would be sympathetic, on the surface, but she knew what they'd be thinking. Poor Jane, getting dumped by the same man twice. The first time, they'd been just out of college. Ethan had told her when they'd met up again that he'd been too young then. Not ready to settle down. Unsure of what he wanted, so he'd left. She should have told him to slink back to whatever hole he'd crawled out of and leave her alone. She hadn't, though she couldn't quite figure out why.

Actually that was a lie. She knew exactly when she'd started thinking about taking him back. It all came back to one impulsive kiss. A stupid, irresponsible mistake of a kiss that had been nothing short of spectacular.

One minute, she'd been enjoying a party at a friend's house. The next, she'd found herself in a dark corner with Ethan Neelan, sucking face like there was no tomorrow.

Her pussy dampened just thinking about the party. About having his tongue in her mouth and his hands all over her. Lord, that man could kiss. That much hadn't changed in the past few years.

The kiss wouldn't have been such a problem if it had stopped there. Instead it had led to other things that had been equally spectacular. Even now she shivered. He'd known just the right way to touch her to bring her whole body to life. And his lips... He had a very talented mouth, no matter where on her body he put it.

It wasn't just his mouth that had drawn her back to him. Even now she couldn't figure out completely why she'd forgiven the man. Something about him, an indefinable quality had sucked her in that night they met up again and it had yet to let her go. Of course her decision to get involved with him again could have something to do with the romantic streak he'd developed during their time apart. He'd courted her, bringing her flowers and her favorite chocolate. The romance had been a whirlwind. Love had struck her fast, and Ethan had told her he felt the same way. As for the sex...well, it had been so much better than before, and it had been pretty spectacular then.

She still wasn't quite sure how they'd ended up engaged so fast. She'd just known she wanted to be with him. Forever. She loved him, and that was all there was to it. That first weekend after he'd slipped the ring on her finger, while they'd been holed up in a tiny hotel room on the coast exploring each other's bodies, everything had been perfect. In the past two months since that fateful night, not much had changed. At least she hadn't thought it had.

He'd been right there with her as she scoured bridal magazines, getting ideas for bridesmaids' dresses and flowers. He'd sat with her for hours going over the catering menu for the reception, listening to her gripe and moan about what they would serve their guests. He'd even been the one to choose the cream-colored frosting on the cake

when she hadn't been able to make up her mind. So the fact that he didn't bother to show up for his own wedding made no sense at all. She sniffled. And here she'd gotten all dressed up and everything. White was *so* not her color and she'd take her black boots over white satin heels any day.

Her fingers curled into fists, her cheeks heating. He was so dead when he'd finally turn up. *If* he turned up.

She took another glance at the clock on the church spire. Ethan still hadn't shown up and she might as well head back inside and deal with a little damage control. Her heart sank and pain tightened her stomach into knots. Tears formed in her eyes but she refused to let them fall. She hoped Ethan was happy, wherever he was, because if she found him, she'd make sure he never forgot how much he'd hurt her yet again.

She spun around, walking back toward the church when she heard a rustle in the bushes beside her. Instinct kicking in, she stilled and turned her head toward the sound. At first she didn't see anything but then Cameron came into her view, wearing a black tux identical to the one Ethan should be wearing right now. He spread his hands in front of him and shook his head. "Sorry, Jane. Didn't mean to spook you."

"You didn't." Not much at least. It didn't really matter what came out of the darkness. Whatever it was, she could handle it. Cameron was no threat. Ethan's closest friend and best man was just a sweet, easygoing guy who'd been a big help during the wedding preparations. He'd helped her secure a DJ who would play more than bad '80s music and had made sure she and Ethan had a limo to take them from the church to the hotel where they'd booked the reception. Cameron was harmless. Not someone out there to try to harm her. At least she didn't think so... After their last conversation when he'd been helping her choose a play list to give the DJ—and the shocking confession he'd made—she wouldn't be surprised if he planned to put a stop to the wedding. Maybe he'd written the note. "What are you doing out here?"

"You look beautiful."

Jane narrowed her eyes. "He sent you to dump me, didn't he?"



"Who, Ethan?"

The confusion on Cameron's face put a damper on her suspicion. Maybe Ethan hadn't chickened out. There could be a valid reason for his lateness. She rolled her shoulders back, glancing around the lot. "Yes, Ethan. He didn't send you?"

"No. I wanted to talk to you."

"I'm not so sure we have much to talk about."

Cameron shoved a hand through his dark, shoulder-length hair. Everything about his posture screamed tension. "Yes, we do. What I said to you before...I was out of line."

"You mean when you told me you were in love with my fiancé? It might not have been out of line but it was a little weird."

"I'm sorry. I wish things could have been different."

She frowned. "What do you mean?"

Cameron raised his eyebrows. "There's something you should know, Jane. Something really important."

Jane scrunched her nose. His words were so similar to the note she'd gotten. Maybe Cameron really had written it. But why? What secrets could he possibly tell her about Ethan that she didn't already know? He was an open book. They talked about everything. Whatever questions she asked, he never seemed to have a problem answering. "What is it?"

Cameron didn't get a chance to reply. Ethan ran around the side of the church, out of breath. "I'm so sorry I'm late, Janey. I left the rings at my place and had to go get them. Then I got a flat on my way back here and had to change it. I got a little grease on my shirt but I think the jacket covers it."

He moved the lapel aside and Jane caught a dark smudge near his waistband. Ethan's gaze went from Jane to Cameron and back again before he shook his head. "Is there something going on here I should know about?"

"Of course not. You know me better than that. I would never. I'll give you two a moment alone." With that, Cameron disappeared into the darkness.

"Is everything okay now?" Jane asked Ethan once Cameron was out of earshot. "I was scared you were going to flake out on me again."

"Never. I love you. I tried calling but your cell phone must be turned off already." He smiled then, the skin around his eyes crinkling a little, and her heart skipped a beat.

"You still want to get married?"

"Of course."

That was all she needed to hear. They had about five seconds to get inside before her father sent out the search party. And he would. They were lucky he hadn't already.

"Great. Let's go. I haven't even had a chance to finish my makeup yet. Crap. Don't you know it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding?"

Ethan chuckled. "You look beautiful. Different but still amazing. I never thought I'd see you in white, Jane."

"Well, this is the last time so you'd better commit it to memory. Can we go inside now? I'm starting to get really cold and if my feet are numb I won't be able to walk down the aisle."

He didn't move. "We need to talk. I have something to tell you."

She didn't get a chance to ask him what he needed to say. Footsteps sounded on the pavement just before her father came into view. "Jane, is everything okay?" He shot a suspicious glance at Ethan.

Jane nodded. "It's fine. We were just heading inside."

She turned to Ethan. "It's fine, right?"

"No problems here."

She let out a relieved sigh. That was all she needed to hear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ethan watched Jane step through a door to the right of the church entrance where he stood, closing it behind her. Only then did he let himself relax. She'd told him she had to go in and touch up her makeup before the ceremony started. He turned his attention to the open double doors leading into the chapel, where the wedding guests were seated. Soon it would be time to step up to the altar and wait for his bride.

It was really going to happen. When they left here tonight, Jane would be his wife.

Soft organ music floated out through the doors. The pews looked just as she'd told him she wanted, decked out in flowered garland and bathed in candlelight. The evening held a reverence that made him close his eyes for a brief second. How the hell had he gotten so lucky? He straightened his tie and adjusted his cummerbund.

Still, he should have told her the truth. He could have told her father he needed five more minutes alone with Jane but instead he'd let the older man usher them inside the church. He hadn't really wanted to tell her yet. She wouldn't have married him if she had known and he hadn't been willing to let her go again. He'd lost her four years ago—or so he'd thought. Now that he had a second chance, and he wasn't going to let *anything* stand in his way. He loved her. Only her. It had always been that way and always would be. Since he'd found her again, he'd wanted to tell her the truth but there was the little problem of her occupation.

"You're being selfish," Cameron said as he came up beside Ethan.

Ethan slid a glance toward his best man. Now was not the time for jealousy. Cameron was attracted to Jane. That's what it was...or? Of course it had to be. Naturally Cameron hadn't come right out and said it but he didn't need to say anything for Ethan to know. He'd seen the way Cameron looked at her. Maybe after the honeymoon, he would have to see if Jane had any friends they could fix his best man up with. Ones that weren't vampire hunters. "I'm being cautious."

Cameron only shook his head. "Sorry, buddy. You're being stupid. You should have told her. You don't know how she's going to react when she finds out the truth."

Ethan shrugged even as a knot tightened in his gut. He'd thought about Jane's reaction for a long time, even before he'd proposed. Yes, she'd be angry but she had to already know the truth, at least on some level. A woman didn't spend three years working as a vampire slayer to not notice one when he came up beside her. Or slid inside her. She might not be willing to face it but she knew. The truth had been staring her in the face for months.

"I know what I'm doing," he bluffed. He really didn't have a clue. Jane had started talking about marriage one night and he'd found himself agreeing. And proposing. Not that he didn't want to marry her. He did. Had for a long time. He was just still getting used to the fact that she'd taken him back.

He shook his head. He didn't deserve her. If he were smart, he'd call this whole thing off before it went too far.

Cameron was right. He really was stupid.

"I'll tell her," he promised his friend.

"When?"

"Right after she says 'I do'."

\* \* \* \* \*

This couldn't be happening.

Jane slumped down in the chair, ignoring the revelry of the guests all around her. So much for the DJ sticking to her play list. Right now the bridesmaids and ushers, complete in their dresses and tuxes, were in the middle of the dance floor doing "The Chicken Dance". She picked at a red rose petal in her bouquet and glanced around the room, searching for Ethan. Everything looked perfect. Exactly how she'd wanted it, with off-white tablecloths and gold napkins. The three-tiered wedding cake sat on a table across the ballroom, waiting to be cut and looking absolutely delicious. The white cake and apricot cream filling would probably taste like sawdust in her mouth now.

A few of her friends and family had come up to offer their congratulations and she'd had to force a smile. Didn't they have any clue how big a mistake she'd just made? She'd married a *vampire*.

Her stomach twisted at the thought. He'd been right when he'd told her he was a changed man. She hadn't realized how much until he'd leaned in to whisper in her ear after their first kiss as husband and wife. His words still rang in her head. *I've been trying to find an easy way to tell you this but I can't so I'm just going to come right out and say it. I'm a vampire.*

Why had she not seen this coming?

Some vampires were more adept at hiding their true selves than others. Ethan had proved to be a natural. Jane, a trained vampire slayer for the past three years, hadn't thought he was anything but human. His confession still grated, and it had been hours ago. She was still fuming. And hurting. The man she loved more than life itself had dropped a bombshell she might never recover from. Ethan, wise man that he'd suddenly become, knew when to leave her alone. She hadn't seen much of him since they'd arrived at the hotel and he'd led her, stunned and speechless, into the ballroom.

In the midst of the festivities of her reception, Jane sat at a table in the corner, pen in hand, scribbling on a clean side of a lipstick-smeared cocktail napkin embossed with hers and Ethan's names and today's date. It was a date she would never forget but not for the right reasons. Her husband was a vampire. It was her job to kill vampires. Granted, not all vampires, just the rogue ones who were into serial killing or entertaining thoughts of taking over the world, but still. They weren't compatible. And by marrying her, Ethan had just made sure Jane would never be able to kill him, no matter what happened.

"Making another list? Why am I not surprised?"

Her gaze shot up at the sound of *his* voice, a voice she'd be more than happy to never have to hear again. Ethan. Her husband. Her apparent enemy. Just the sight of

him made her stomach flutter. Ethan was the only man she'd ever loved but he'd lied to her.

She really should be a lot angrier with him than she was. At the moment, heartache reigned supreme. Why couldn't he have told her the truth before the ceremony? She would have tried to understand.

*Yeah, right.* Like she would have been able to marry him if she'd known.

She pasted on her best bored face, trying to disguise the hurt, and tapped a fingernail against the table. "I don't see how what I'm doing is any of your business."

Ethan's chuckle held a nervous edge. "I'm your husband. Doesn't that count for something?"

*Husband.* As if that meant anything to him. Husbands were honest with their wives. At least the ones worth keeping were. They didn't pretend to be something they weren't just to get what they wanted. Unfortunately it hadn't been her he'd wanted. It had been protection. He thought if he were married to her, she wouldn't drive a stake through his heart.

Boy, did he have another trick coming.

She rolled her eyes. "You're my husband for now. Just until the divorce goes through and don't think I won't file either. After that, I've washed my hands of you."

She would have killed him already if the penalties for killing one's supposed "life mate" wouldn't be so stiff. Beheading in front of the entire vampire council? Come on. Was she the only one who found that a little archaic?

"You don't mean that. We're meant to be together."

Jane narrowed her eyes. She scooted back in her chair, hoping to put as much distance between them as possible but knowing the puffy dress and the four-inch heels with would make running away all but impossible. Whenever Jane was too close to him, she forgot to breathe. It wasn't just that he was gorgeous, with his dark, wavy hair and his silvery eyes. He was and he knew it. There was something about him that made

women weak in the knees. Jane had been no exception. As angry as she was, she still had yet to get over it.

The man might be a liar but he still made her drool. There was a bond between them. Her body was connected to his. All he had to do was look at her and she got hot all over. "You've got to be kidding me. I thought we were meant to be together too but then you told me you're a bloodsucker."

"Come on, Jane. This really is no big deal. We can get past this. We've been together for the past few months, and things have been fine. Nothing is going to change. I know you still have feelings for me."

She did, but not the feelings he was hoping for. She wanted to kill him. To maim him. To tear out his hair and gouge out his eyes and... Who was she kidding? Even now, in the middle of all the chaos and noise, she wanted to tear his clothes off and have her way with him, right there on the table. It must be because he was a vampire. Most women found them irresistible, even if they didn't understand why. She was proving to be just like every other mortal woman in that respect. No wonder she'd jumped right back into his arms when he'd shown up in her life again.

A whimper stuck in her throat. Their bodies had fit together so well and he'd always been willing to try something new.

To break herself out of her wayward thoughts, she shoved the cocktail napkin toward him. "Here. These are the feelings I have for you right about now."

If the list didn't send him packing, she didn't know what would.

Ethan stayed quiet as he studied the list. When he finally glanced up at her, it unnerved her to see humor in his eyes. "Well. You've really thought this out."

She nodded. "Of course I have."

"I'm surprised. Ten ways you'd want to kill me. Couldn't come up with any more? Some of these are pretty inventive, sweetheart. Isn't your MO usually just a little stake through the heart?"

"Taunting me isn't a smart thing, tough guy. Remember, once we're divorced, you're fair game again."

A thick darkness passed across his gaze but then he wagged his eyebrows. "And so are you. You seem to forget, this goes both ways."

She sucked in a gulp of air scented with Ethan's familiar cologne. It was a brand that drove her crazy and he knew it too. He reached out and snagged her hand, turning it palm-up and stroking his thumb along the pulse in her wrist. His gaze locked with hers and the intensity she found there sent her heart skittering. *Damn it.* Just because she still wanted him didn't mean she had to show it.

With a frustrated sigh, she tried to push herself out of the chair, not an easy feat given the dress and the spiked heels. Finally she made it to her feet and took off toward the dance floor where the guests were now slow dancing to an old Eric Clapton tune, eager to get as far away from Ethan as she could. Maybe she could lose him in the throng of revelers crowded around the hors d'oeuvre table and sneak out the side door.

"Where are you going?" he asked, chasing after her.

"I need to get out of here. Away from all this. Away from you."

He grabbed her arm and pulled her to a stop. "Stop. I love you, Janey."

She swallowed hard. Despite everything, she loved him too but that didn't mean she had to be nice. "Don't call me that. And having a husband doesn't count if he isn't human."

Everyone in the nearby vicinity turned and stared, gaping and blinking their eyes. Had she really said that so loudly? Crap. This was *so* not what she needed right now. "You certainly don't act human," she said to cover her slip. "Being such a liar and all."

She tried to get away but Ethan was too quick for her. He tugged her arm, pulling her away from the crowd and down a quiet hall just past the dance floor. She kicked and struggled but it was no use. He wouldn't let go.



"Where do you think you're taking me?" she asked, digging her heels into the carpet so hard one of them snapped off. Cheap shoes. "Damn it. Stop. My heel broke."

In answer, he pushed her up against the wall and kissed her. Hard. His tongue snaked into her mouth, thrusting against hers in a show of possession. Jane tried to school her reaction but she couldn't help it. Being this close to Ethan made her knees weak. Almost of their own volition her arms came up, wrapping around his neck. Her fingers tangled in his soft, thick hair. A moan welled in her throat and spilled over. Why did she want to give this up again?

Oh yeah. Calling a vampire and a vampire slayer oil and water was the understatement of the year. She *couldn't* stay married to him. It would never work.

So why was she hoping with everything she had that it would?

When he broke the kiss, she opened her mouth to tell him off for being so presumptuous but he shook his head. "I'm sorry, Jane."

"About kissing me?" How could he regret it so soon?

He brought his hand to the side of her neck and squeezed. "No. About this."

Those were the last words she heard before she blacked out.

## **Chapter Two**

Ethan paced the floor in the bedroom of the suite, trying to avoid looking at the bed where Jane lay on her side, still unconscious. He hadn't meant to knock her out for so long, but what else could he have done? She wouldn't listen to reason. Things had gone from bad to worse. If she'd kept going the way she had, she would have started a riot.

He'd spent so much money and so much time making sure everything would be perfect on their wedding night. The three-room honeymoon suite complete with a full kitchen stocked with champagne and chocolate. Bubble bath and white candles for the Jacuzzi tub. Huge baskets of flowers matching her wedding bouquet on every available surface. If things kept going the way they were, it would all go to waste.

Being a vampire didn't automatically make him a bad guy. So he drank blood. So what? He wasn't the killer she seemed to think he was. He was just a regular guy who happened to live on a diet built around protein and blood. He was also a man deeply in love with his wife. He'd never stopped loving her, even when he'd had to leave. Walking away had been a mistake, one he didn't plan to repeat. Okay, so kidnapping her on their wedding night was a little rash but if they'd stayed she would have gotten away from him before he'd had a chance to explain.

He hadn't gone to that party expecting to find her again. Jane had been a complete surprise. Before he'd turned, he'd always known she was the one woman for him. Once he'd scented her at the party, it had confirmed what he'd already known. The fact that she was still human didn't bother him. That could be easily remedied. Her job posed a little bit more of a problem. Once he found out she worked for one of the immortal-sanctioned hunting agencies and wasn't a vigilante, his mind had eased. So she killed the bad guys. Since he wasn't one of them, he could deal with that.

Janey was being less than accepting.

She was meant for him. She loved him too, even after all that had happened. He saw the truth in her eyes whenever she looked at him. Now he just had to make her admit the truth. He'd tried reasoning with her but it hadn't worked. Now it was time to bring out the big guns. Jane had a fantasy she'd told him she wanted him to act out. At the time he'd refused, claiming it was too intense to even think about, but now he'd given it some thought and he was ready to play. Whatever it took to show her he was totally devoted to her. What better way to show her how much he cared about her than fulfilling her biggest fantasy on their wedding night?

Finally unable to resist the temptation, he stopped pacing and glanced toward the bed. She was as beautiful now as she'd been standing in the church parking lot. Fair-skinned and blonde with warm amber eyes that could change to cold in seconds flat. And, damn it, he loved her. Always had. The first time they'd touched, he'd known the truth. Looking into her eyes at the party a few months ago had confirmed it. He hadn't even needed any other clues. Jane was his.

Talk about irony.

It didn't help that seeing her on the hotel bed made his cock ache. He pressed a hand to his zipper, trying—and failing—to control the reaction. He wanted her with a ferocity that threatened to tear him apart. He knew the drill. He'd seen it happen before when other vampires had lost their life mates. If she pushed him away now, he would spend the rest of his life pining for her, trying to win her back again. Begging even, and groveling really wasn't his thing.

Life really sucked sometimes.

As if on cue, Jane's lids fluttered open and she groaned.

Ethan leaned against the wall near the foot of the bed. "How are you feeling?"

"Groggy. Achy. Pissed off. How do you expect me to feel? You *knocked me out*, Ethan."

He had to smile. Still the same old Jane, fight-or-flight instincts firmly intact. Good thing he'd tied her hands in front of her after he'd brought her upstairs. Otherwise she'd surely find some way to exact her revenge, vampire laws or not. "I apologized."

"And that's supposed to mean something?"

It should mean everything. Why was she fighting her feelings so hard?

Because she was a human. Humans and vampires thought differently. Though he hadn't been a vampire long—only four years—he understood the differences. Humans spent too much time letting fear and anger rule their lives. "I'm not a terrible person, Janey."

"An honest person wouldn't have tricked me into thinking he was something that he was not."

He let out a harsh breath. Did she think she was the only conflicted party in the relationship? "Why don't you be honest with yourself for a minute? How is it possible that you, a trained vampire slayer, didn't know what I'd become?"

That shut her up. She struggled to push herself into a sitting position, finally leaning against the headboard with her knees bent in front of her and her bound arms resting on them. Sparks flared from her narrowed eyes and her cheeks had flushed a deep red. She didn't say anything though.

"No answer?"

When she still remained silent, a knowing smile spread over Ethan's lips. Yeah, she'd known what he was. Maybe not consciously, but the truth was buried somewhere deep down inside her. She'd chosen to ignore the signs. He couldn't be faulted for her fooling herself into thinking he was human.

"Cameron too?" she asked, her words letting him know she'd been suspicious, even if she'd chosen to ignore it.

“Yes. Cameron is a vampire. We were turned by the same female, just a few weeks apart. That’s why I left, you know. Because I didn’t think you’d want me this way. But then we met up again and I couldn’t stay away.”

“You only married me because you wanted to be safe.” She reached her hands up and awkwardly brushed her bangs out of her eyes. “If you’re linked to a slayer, none of the other slayers can kill you without severe consequences.”

He had to admit that fact was a perk but it wasn’t the reason he married her. He’d fallen for Jane all over again. Hard and fast. Never in his life had it happened that way before—only with her. Twice. He had no reason to fear the slayers—at least not the ones working for reputable agencies. He wasn’t a dangerous criminal.

“That isn’t true. I have other reasons.”

Her eyes narrowed even further, becoming slits in the dim light. “And what are those?”

“The biggest one is that I love you. We fit together, Jane. In so many ways.”

She mumbled something that sounded suspiciously like “fuck you” but Ethan chose to ignore it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jane glanced over to the window, staring out into the complete darkness of the night through the parted curtains. Dim light from the bedside lamps lit the room. An ice bucket with a bottle of champagne sat on a table near the bed and next to it rested a couple of glasses. Flowers matching the ones from her wedding bouquet sat on each bedside table. Ethan had brought her to their honeymoon suite in the same hotel where they’d had their reception. The suite where they’d planned to spend their wedding night. In fact, given how hard her family and most of her colleagues could party, the reception was most likely still going on downstairs. Did anyone even miss her? Did they notice she was gone?

Probably not.

The ones who'd seen her leave had known she was with Ethan. No one would be worried about her. They would just think they'd left to get a jump-start on the honeymoon. After finding out Ethan's secret, she'd told her parents she didn't want to deal with the traditions of cutting the cake and tossing the bouquet. First dance as husband and wife? Forget it. She hadn't been in the mood for any of that. Of course she hadn't told them the real reason. She'd only mentioned that she wanted to keep things low-key and let everyone have a good time. No one would even know she'd been kidnapped by a vampire.

Now why did that thought make her panties damp all over again?

Because he was right. They fit together. It didn't matter what he was. Didn't matter what she was. Fate apparently didn't care about such inconsequential details in the grand scheme of things. There was the little matter of her job being a serious conflict of interest, but did she really think Ethan was one of the bad guys? Of course not. Out of the two of them, she was the more dangerous one. No, she didn't think he was a murderer or a deranged psychopath, but he'd lied to her. In a *big* way. And now he'd kidnapped her and tied her up too.

The mattress dipped and she swung her gaze in his direction, wishing her hands weren't still bound. She could defend herself if she needed to but it would have been a lot easier if she had the use of her arms. "Stay away."

*Because if you don't, I won't want you to anymore.*

Even now a small part of her craved his touch. Unable to stop herself, she edged toward him, inching awkwardly across the mattress. It was the wedding dress. It had to be. Wearing all that tulle had somehow made her common sense shut down. Damn it, she loved him, but she didn't want to.

No, she *did* want to. *That* was what the real problem was here. Loving him went against everything she'd been taught during her training but she couldn't help it. She wanted him to touch her.

As if reading her mind, Ethan reached up to cup her cheek in his palm. She tried to shrug away but he refused to let go.

"Don't. Please, Jane. Stay with me here."

"Untie me. We'll talk. I promise."

"Not yet. There are some things I want to show you first. To prove to you that I do listen and that I'm willing to make compromises if you are."

She raised her eyebrows. "And what would those be?"

"You know we're meant to be together. It doesn't matter what I am. I cherish you. I can bring you more pleasure than you can even imagine."

Something quaked inside her. Oh man. The pleasure he'd already brought her had been amazing. The man was nothing if not adventurous. "What do you have planned?"

"You'll see."

He glanced toward the bedroom doorway and she followed his gaze. It was then she noticed they weren't alone anymore.

Ethan waited, unmoving, to see what Jane would do. If he'd expected theatrics from his wife, he'd been wrong. He should have known she wouldn't misbehave in front of their...visitor. At least not yet. Give her a little time. Once she found out what he and his friend had in mind, the night could go sour very quickly. Then again, she *had* said she'd wanted this. Had practically begged him to try it at least once.

"Who..." she mumbled, her voice falling silent when Cameron stepped into the room. Recognition flashed in her eyes. "What did you do, Ethan?"

"I seem to remember a conversation or two we had about spicing up our sex life even more. A conversation you started. I thought we could try it on our wedding night."

"Okay." She nodded, snagging her lower lip between her teeth for a brief second. "But I don't get it. Where does Cameron come in?"

“He’s willing to play along.”

In truth, Cameron had been more than willing. By the time Ethan had finished detailing his plan at the reception, Cameron had all been jumping up and down with excitement. He’d said yes in record time before Ethan could even try to convince him. Talk about being a best man!

There had never been any doubt in his mind who he would ask if he decided to follow through with Jane’s fantasy. In fact he hadn’t been able to stop running the scenario through his head since they’d discussed it. He’d even had a few dreams about the three of them together. And, not that he would admit it even under threat of torture, Cameron hadn’t just been touching Jane.

Ethan shuddered, wondering not for the first time what it would be like to have Cameron’s hands on him. Cameron’s *mouth* on him. The thought shouldn’t have appealed nearly as much as it did. Cameron liked men, probably more than he liked women. *That* had been a major deciding factor for Ethan when he’d asked Cameron to help act out Jane’s biggest fantasy. Ethan’s cock, semihard since he’d kissed Jane in the reception hall, now went completely stiff. His wedding night could turn out to be a night for exploring some of his own curiosities as well as Jane’s.

Ethan settled onto the bed by Jane’s side, his hand stroking her bare ankle. He’d long ago stripped her of the sexy but broken shoes but had left the wedding dress on. She would have hated waking up with no clothes on—though she’d end up that way soon enough.

“Why are you here?” Jane asked Cameron.

His best man gave her his trademark half-smile. “I think we all know the answer to that.”

Jane wanted two men at once. She’d been quite clear about her wishes. At the time, Ethan had vetoed the idea. She thought he wouldn’t enjoy it but it was actually the opposite. He was afraid he *would*.



Years of the same old, same old and a burning desire to try new things tended to make immortals push the limits of what humans accepted as normal sexual practices. They were sensual beings, equal-opportunity lovers. At least the ancient ones were. Ethan had only been a vampire for a little while but even before then he'd been curious. Not that he would ever admit it to anyone. Especially Jane. He'd already surprised her enough for the night.

He had a feeling she knew anyway. Maybe that was why she'd tried so hard to talk him into inviting a third into the bedroom with them.

"Ethan?" she asked softly, her tone relaxed for the first time since she'd found out he was a vampire.

"Yeah?"

"You listened to me."

He nodded. "Surprised?"

A smile touched Jane's lips. Her expression was nothing short of wicked. "You have no idea."

Jane had to fight the giddiness welling inside her. Ethan had been nervous before about fulfilling her fantasy. The fact that he'd brought her here—to their honeymoon suite on their wedding night—to act it out spoke volumes. He couldn't be all bad, right?

"Are you okay with this?" Cameron asked, still hanging back by the doorway.

She glanced him over, taking everything in. In some ways, he was so similar to Ethan. Tall with toned muscles and dark chocolate-colored hair. Full lips she'd wanted on her body since she'd first seen them smile. The similarities ended there. Ethan's eyes were silver while Cameron's matched his hair. Where Ethan was stoic and serious, easygoing Cameron laughed and joked most of the time. They were the perfect complement to each other.

That night when Cameron had been helping Jane with wedding plans and he had made his confession, she hadn't been sure what to think. But now, watching Ethan watch Cameron with what looked like lust in his eyes...her whole body went liquid. Could it be that the feelings Cameron had for Ethan went both ways? It looked like they did, even if Ethan had yet to realize it.

She wouldn't fill him in on that little bit of information yet. She'd let the night play out and see where things went. This was her wedding night, right? This was when all her fantasies were supposed to come true. She had a feeling it was going to get very interesting—for Ethan most of all. He had no idea how deep her fantasies ran. It would be as much of a turn-on to watch Cameron touch Ethan as it would be to be sandwiched between the two of them.

"I'm fine with it," she told Cameron. The look he gave her made her nipples bead against the lacy fabric of her strapless bra. She squirmed, not for the first time wishing someone would untie her hands. She wanted to touch both of them. Wanted to rip off their tuxes.

*Is it getting hot in here?* She sucked in a gulp of air, trying to rein in her thoughts. No sense rushing things. They had all night.

Cameron stripped off his white shirt and kicked off his shoes before joining the two of them on the bed. Without warning, he pulled her flush against him and fitted his lips over hers. His kiss was softer than Ethan's, more yielding as if he was asking permission to touch her. She gave it silently, parting her lips so he could stroke his tongue inside her mouth. Not to be left out, Ethan pressed his lips to the side of her neck, moving up to her earlobe where he suckled and nipped.

She wriggled against the rock-hard erections—Cameron's at her front and Ethan's at her back—eliciting groans from both men. When Cameron broke the kiss to trail his lips down her neck to her collarbone, she turned her head to kiss Ethan.

The fierce possessiveness of his kiss rocked her. Without a trace of gentleness he tugged her hips back against him, his fingers digging into her sides and his lips

crushing hers. He found her lip with his teeth and sank into the flesh there, just enough to break the skin. Jane cried out, both from the pleasure and the pain. She should push him away but she couldn't manage to make herself do it. In truth, she didn't want to.

He lapped at where he'd cut her, his tongue swirling over her skin in the most erotic way. Her pussy muscles quivered. Her stomach fluttered. How had she not realized what she was missing out on?

After a few seconds, Ethan sat back and laid her down on the mattress. With her hands still bound, she couldn't touch either man but they could touch her. And they did. Everywhere. Cameron bunched the wedding dress, pulling it up her legs, running his fingers over her thigh-high-stockings-covered skin as he went. Ethan traced the tops of her breasts with his tongue, nibbling here and there and sending small jolts from her breasts straight to her clit. It was almost too much to take and they'd barely gotten started. She tugged at the bonds, desperate to free her hands.

"Not yet," Ethan warned. He bit down on the skin at the top of her breast, harder than he'd bit her lip. She felt a sharp sting as the skin gave way and warm blood welled at the spot.

Now Ethan leaned in and started suckling in earnest, drawing her flesh into his mouth as he fed. At first it hurt a little but soon she found herself writhing in bliss. Little shocks, like mini orgasms ran through her pussy, shooting out to her limbs and making her dizzy with need. Cameron's fingers pressed against her clit through the fabric of her panties. She arched into the touch, her body immediately exploding in the most intense orgasm she'd ever felt. Her body seemed to shatter and then she was floating above the clouds, nothing but feeling and sensation and pinpoints of light. Her body bucked and writhed. Drawing a full breath became impossible. Her eyelids slammed closed, pleasure dancing along every nerve.

After what felt like an eternity, she opened her eyes. Both men stared down at her, expressions of self-satisfaction on their faces. Ethan had a drop of blood on his lip and it seemed to catch Cameron's eye. He leaned in and swiped it away with his tongue.

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath, his eyes going wide. Another round of tremors raced through Jane's pussy. *Oh my God.* What an amazing sight that was. She'd wanted to watch but she hadn't realized how much until this second.

Ethan seemed equally shocked. He cleared his throat, sat back on the mattress and started to work on untying Jane's wrists.

*Go ahead and run away for now, if you need to. Everyone is starting to understand the truth here but you.* The bond between Ethan and Cameron was intense. She'd always sensed it, but tonight it hung in the air between them like a tangible thing. What they had was stronger than friendship. Almost as strong as the bond between soul mates. Then again, maybe it was *exactly* that strong. As far as she knew, there was no hard-and-fast rule saying a vampire could only have one mate. She'd seen triads before, though usually it was a single male with two females.

Once Ethan had her wrists unbound, Jane raised her hands and flexed them a few times in the air. "That was incredible. I didn't know it could be like that."

Though she'd heard plenty of stories.

"There's a lot you don't know," Ethan told her. He tossed the ropes he'd used to tie her hands onto the floor and reached for the low neckline of her dress. "You've been wearing this too long, don't you think?"

She nodded. "You know how much I hate dressing up."

"Good." Without another word, he tore the top in half, yanking the fabric away from her body. Cameron started with the skirt, tearing big chunks of tulle away and dropping them to the floor. Jane licked her lips. Already the lust was building again. The feel of so many big, warm hands on her made her shake. She should be angry but at the moment she was too turned on to care.

The bra, panties and stockings were next to go, leaving her naked and open to both of them. A smile curled her lips. "You're both wearing too many clothes."

"You're really okay with this?" Ethan asked.

Cameron laughed and got off the bed, heading for the bedroom door. "I'll be right back. I think you two need a chance to think things through before it goes any further here tonight."

"If you're going into the kitchen, could you bring me a glass of water?" Jane asked, her voice still a little breathless.

"Sure. No problem."

Once he was out of the room, Jane leaned in and ran her tongue along the skin under Ethan's earlobe. The wet warmth made him shudder.

"Why him?" she asked, a hint of amusement in her tone.

Ethan thought about his answer for a moment, refusing to give her what she wanted to hear. Yes, it had turned him on when Cameron had run his tongue over his lip. Not that he was admitting that to anyone just yet. "He isn't a threat."

"What do you mean?" She pulled back, a knowing smile on her face. "Oh I get it. Because he usually prefers men, you think he won't fight you for me later."

"Something like that."

"But will he fight *me* for *you*?"

And there it was. She'd known all along. Jane was smart. Intuitive. Of course she would have picked up on the clues. Ethan had wondered but he'd never had the guts to come right out and ask Cameron if it was true. "Not likely to happen."

Without waiting for a response, he stood and stripped out of his tux. If he could join her on the bed and kiss her before she could think of anything else to say, he might save himself from what promised to be an uncomfortable situation.

No such luck. He climbed back onto the bed and she wrapped herself around him, pressing her hand to his erection. "He has a thing for you."

A *thing*? "How would you know that?"

"He told me. I assumed you knew."

In a way, he had, but he'd been ignoring it. Hoping his own curiosity would fade. Jane had brought it all to the forefront. But she was willing to share. She also didn't seem to know about Cameron's attraction to her — the one that had made Ethan insanely jealous until his friend had assured him he wouldn't do anything about the attraction unless everyone agreed.

Maybe this was the best solution for all of them.

"What do you think of him?" he asked her, trying to read her expression.

Jane just shrugged. "He's hot. But he's not my husband."

A little thrill shot through Ethan at the words. Her husband. Maybe there was a chance for things to work out all right, after all. At least she hadn't driven a stake through his heart.

Ethan didn't get a chance to ask any more questions. Cameron came back into the room carrying the glass of water Jane had requested. He handed it to her and settled back onto the bed where he'd been before.

Ethan stared at Cameron, trying to judge if what Jane had told him was true, but the other man couldn't seem to tear his gaze off Jane. When he leaned in and kissed her, jealousy rose like bile in Ethan's throat.

Cameron, seeming to sense Ethan's sudden problem, glanced at his friend and gave a slight shake of his head. His eyes conveyed his thoughts, even though he didn't speak. *Everything is okay. You want this. We all do.*

Ethan took the glass of water from Jane's hand before she dropped it. She surprised him by breaking the kiss and holding out her hand to him. "You said you were okay with this."

"I was. I am." He was more than okay with it but he couldn't help feeling conflicted. Being this close to Cameron, about to make love to the same woman, made him more confused than ever. No way in hell would he ever have imagined having a *thing* for his best man and his bride at the same time.

## **Chapter Three**

Ethan lay back against the pillow and closed his eyes. His cock was so hard right now a single touch in the right place from Jane's hand would probably make him come. Seeming to sense his distress, she smoothed her hands up his thighs, over his stomach and across his chest. Her fingernails scraped his flat nipples and he let out a soft groan.

"I wanna suck you off, Ethan," she told him, her tone husky. His whole body clenched. Damn, he loved it when she talked dirty to him.

"I'll get you nice and hot and then you can fuck me all night," she continued. "Do you want that?"

"Yeah." The word came out as a harsh whisper.

He felt her lips next, trailing a path of hot, open-mouthed kisses over his collarbone. She'd straddled him and her wet pussy rubbed against his abdomen. He opened his eyes and reached for her but she grabbed his wrists and pushed them into the mattress on either side of his head.

"Don't touch me right now. Close your eyes again and keep them that way. It'll be good. I promise. Just hold still and enjoy."

He was aware of Cameron sitting so close but was well past caring. Jane's touch felt so good. The whole world could watch for all he cared, as long as she kept doing what she was doing.

Ethan tried his best to relax but with Jane's hands and lips all over his body, she didn't make it easy. His breathing had long since gone jagged and his heart felt like it might beat out of his chest. His hips surged, his cock needing some of that attention.

Jane worked her way down his body until she straddled his calves. She took his cock in her fist, stroking from the base to the tip. The mattress dipped a little as she

shifted positions and then her mouth was on him, sucking him deep, her tongue swirling around the head on each upstroke.

Ethan's hips arched, trying to drive his cock deeper, deeper until he bumped the back of her throat. A harsh groan rumbled from his chest. His hands clenched into fists. The woman had a way with her mouth. She knew exactly what would get him off.

Her hand came to rest on his stomach, her fingers kneading the muscles there and still he kept his eyes closed, not wanting to do anything that would ruin the moment.

She took her hand away and his skin cooled from the loss of contact. The bed dipped again and in the next second he heard her voice against his ear. "Don't freak out, okay?"

*What the* – Ethan's eyes snapped open and he found Jane right next to him. It wasn't Jane sucking him off. It was Cameron. The other man met Ethan's gaze and his lips, still circling Ethan's cock, curled into a smile.

*Oh my God.*

"How long?" he asked, snapping his gaze back to Jane.

"The whole time. It was my hands you felt but Cameron's mouth." She leaned in and swiped her tongue across his lips. "Do you like it?"

Just then Cameron lifted his mouth almost away, enveloping just the head of Ethan's cock in his lips. He rubbed his lips over the skin there before sucking him deep again.

"Yes." The breath left Ethan's lungs in a whoosh.

Jane laughed, pressing her hand to his chest and massaging. She moved her palm up to cup his chin and turned him to face her, drawing him in for a long, slow kiss. His lips parted and their tongues danced and mated.

So this was what it felt like. Cameron's mouth didn't feel much different from Jane's. With his eyes closed, he hadn't even been able to tell. Now he kept his eyes open. He didn't want to miss a minute of this exquisite torture.



Cameron's hands gripped Ethan's hips, drawing him up closer and Ethan groaned. All night, ever since seeing Jane in that sexy wedding dress, he'd been dying to tear the fabric from her body and sink inside her tight, wet pussy. Never, in a million years, had he expected his wedding night to turn out like *this*. A small part of him might have hoped but up until now it had been a very private, very taboo fantasy. He hadn't lied to her when he'd told her he liked it. If he had to be honest—which he wasn't sure he was capable of right now, given the situation and his lingering discomfort—he didn't just like it. He *loved* it.

He reached for Jane, cupping one of her breasts in his palms and stroking his thumb across the nipple. She cried out and broke the kiss.

"Come closer, Janey," he taunted.

"I can't get much closer than this."

"I want to touch you everywhere."

She laughed and straddled his chest again, her hands on the headboard. He kneaded her breasts, rolling her nipples before he moved one hand lower and found her clit. She cried out when he brushed his finger across the hard nub but moved away too soon.

"This isn't about me right now. I've had my turn, Ethan. At this moment, it's all about you."

He didn't get a chance to protest. Cameron cupped Ethan's balls in his big, warm hand, sucking Ethan's cock harder. The stirrings of orgasm tightened his gut. He reached for Jane, pulling her in for a fierce kiss, bucking his hips and trying to keep himself from coming too soon. It was a lost cause. He barreled toward release and all he could do was lie there and enjoy it.

"I'm too close," he ground out when Jane broke the kiss.

Her lips pressed against his chest and soon he felt her tongue swirl over his nipple.

Cameron lifted his head away, still cupping Ethan's balls, and then it was Jane's lips Ethan felt surrounding him. He came like that, spurting over and over into her mouth, his hips bucking and his vision going black. His eyes closed. A growl tore from his throat. He fisted the sheet in his hands and the sound of ripping fabric rent the air, mingling with his own heavy breaths and Jane's soft moans.

It seemed like an eternity before he even dared to open his eyes. When he did, he found both Jane and Cameron smiling down at him. Unsure of what to say, he closed his eyes again, sure his skin had turned several shades of red. Now that his body had calmed, his level of discomfort started to rise. That one single act had changed everything between them. Between all of them.

He felt a body recline next to him. Cameron. It was too big to be Jane. Where was she? He opened his eyes just in time to see her heading out the bedroom door.

"Where are you going?" he asked, hating the tinge of panic in his tone.

"To get another drink of water. Unlike the two of you, my body still needs that sort of thing from time to time."

It was a long while after she left before Cameron finally spoke. "Are you okay?" he asked, resting his palm on Ethan's stomach. He stroked softly, slowly, as if allowing Ethan time to adjust to the touch.

"Yeah. I'm fine. That was..."

Cameron laughed. "You don't have to say it. I understand if you aren't quite comfortable with all of this yet."

Surprisingly, he wanted to say it. Needed to let Cameron know things were still okay between them. "It was incredible. I had no idea."

"I've been wanting to do that for a while. Among other things."

"Like what?" Ethan asked, not sure he was ready for the answer but at the same time dying to hear it.

Cameron ignored the question. He leaned over and kissed Ethan on the lips, hesitantly at first as if he was afraid Ethan might push him away. Any other night before this and he probably would have but there was something surreal about tonight. Maybe it was the glass of champagne he should have known better than to have at the wedding reception while he was trying to find Jane. Alcohol always affected vampires badly since they had about zero tolerance for the stuff. Maybe it was knowing he was fulfilling one of Jane's biggest fantasies along with a couple of his own. He didn't know. Whatever it was, a pretty damned large part of him wanted the feeling to go on and on.

Soon the kiss heated, growing more passionate. Cameron snaked his tongue into Ethan's mouth and Ethan found himself responding. He shifted to his side and wrapped his arm around Cameron, drawing him closer. The feel of Cameron's skin against his sent a shudder through his body. Cameron's rock-hard cock pressed into Ethan's abdomen, rubbing against his own flaccid cock, and he thrust his hips forward, testing the feeling. It was different than it was with Jane. Not worse, just...different. Pleasurable even. His cock stirred, hardening a little.

Cameron broke the kiss, panting, and stared at Ethan. His expression had turned serious. Intense and hot, and something deep inside Ethan answered the unspoken call.

"I want you to fuck me, Ethan," Cameron whispered with an urgency in his tone Ethan had never heard before. "You have no idea how long I've wanted it. I can wait but I don't want to wait long. Touch me for now."

He rolled onto his back, silent and waiting. Unsure of what he was doing, Ethan rubbed his hand over Cameron's skin, caressing awkwardly. He inched it downward, getting closer to Cameron's cock but unsure if he really wanted to go that far so soon.

"Touch my cock," Cameron ground out as if reading Ethan's mind. "Take it in your hand. I need it. Touch me like you would want to be touched."

Ethan took the other man's cock in his hand, stroking, hesitantly at first. But then he tightened his grip and increased his pace, earning a ragged moan from Cameron.

A whimper from the doorway drew his attention. Jane leaned against the doorframe, naked and beautifully flushed, one hand absently stroking between her legs. His bride. His soul mate. She was the most incredible thing that had ever happened to him.

So where did Cameron fit into this whole scenario?

He had yet to figure it out but one thing was perfectly clear. Nothing would ever be the same. They'd crossed a line tonight. It had been coming for a while and there was no turning back. Was it even possible that he could love two people at the same time?

"You two didn't feel like waiting for me?" Jane licked her lips. She drew her hand away from her pussy, trailing it slowly up her body, leaving a line of her glistening juices in its wake. Ethan had the sudden urge to follow that path with his tongue.

Cameron laughed. "Are you kidding? We've been waiting. Did you expect us to lie here twiddling our thumbs?"

"I don't know. I just didn't think..." Her voice trailed off and she smiled. "How are you, baby? Nice and relaxed?"

Did she really expect him to be *relaxed*? At least she was back to calling him baby again, like she had before the ceremony. If that wasn't a bolster to his ego, he didn't know what was. She couldn't be that angry with him anymore if she hadn't left—or grabbed a couple of stakes—while she'd had the chance. He raised an eyebrow. "Does this mean you forgive me?"

"No, but I'm working on it." Her hips swayed and her breasts bounced softly as she walked back toward the bed. She climbed onto the mattress, kneeling near Cameron's hips. She took Ethan's hand from Cameron's cock, kissing the palm before she set it on the sheet and beckoned to him with a crooked finger. "That's so unbelievably hot. Come here, Ethan."

He moved closer and brought his lips to hers. She broke the kiss too soon and leaned down to take Cameron's cock in her mouth. After stroking him a few times and

pressing a kiss on the tip, she lifted her head and smiled at him. The heat in her eyes brought Ethan's cock back to full mast.

"Kiss me again," she whispered.

He leaned in and kissed her, not even giving it a second thought. When she pulled away, she put her hand on the back of his neck and guided him toward the other man's cock.

Jane had never been so wet in her life. She'd always been curious about watching two men together but she hadn't realized it would be the ultimate turn-on. She pressed her hand to her mound, trying to relieve some of the pressure, but it was no use. Only one thing would help her now but it would be a little while before she got any fulfillment.

She tangled her hand in Ethan's hair, holding him while he sucked Cameron off. Her pussy ached and her nipples were so hard they hurt. She reached her free hand up, pinching her nipple between her thumb and forefinger. The pleasure and pain mingled, adding to her burgeoning arousal.

Seeing the men kissing, Ethan stroking Cameron's cock, had been the last thing she'd expected to return to after she'd made her escape. She hadn't really *needed* a drink. She'd really wanted to give them some time alone, to give Ethan a little while to adjust to what was going on and to deal with his feelings without her in the room. She'd thought he was too uncomfortable with the situation to do anything more than lie on the bed with his eyes closed, but she'd been wrong. And pleasantly surprised. A smile curled her lips. One look and she hadn't been able to keep from touching herself.

If she hadn't known he was the one for her, she knew now. It would take some time to forgive him for the secrets he'd kept from her, but she would. She would have been mad about the kidnapping if he hadn't paired it with her biggest fantasy. How could she be angry at him for selflessly giving her on her wedding night exactly what she wanted?

Watching his mouth envelop Cameron's cock was a dream come true. A dream she hadn't even known she had. When Cameron had confessed his feelings for Ethan to her, she'd at first thought the other man was jealous. He'd assured her he wasn't. Told her the feelings were one-sided and nothing he would act on. She hadn't realized Ethan had feelings for Cameron too, even if he wouldn't admit it. Tonight made her wonder if there could be something between the three of them. Would it even be possible? Cameron was sexy and sweet and as loyal as a friend could be. Given the man's feelings for her groom, it took a lot for him to join them in the bedroom this way.

Cameron moaned and Jane moved her hand, drawing Ethan's head up as she did. She couldn't wait anymore for a little satisfaction. Cameron probably couldn't either. He was the only one who had yet to come tonight.

"What do you want?" she asked him.

"Anything. I just want to come." The words weren't much more than a harsh whisper. Her pussy ached and though she wanted her groom, she wanted Cameron too. The feeling was unexpected. Tonight her fantasies had taken a wild turn. She'd always wanted to know what it would be like to have two men pleasuring her. Never had she imagined having sex with anyone but Ethan once they were married.

She glanced at her husband, silently asking, and he nodded.

That was all the answer she needed. She straddled Cameron's hips and sank down on his cock. She rode him up and down, slowly, dragging grunts and groans from his throat. Sparks of heat shot through her pussy and spread out through her limbs. It wouldn't take much to make her come. If she angled her hips just a bit more and ground herself against him just right...a moan tore from her chest. That was *exactly* what she needed.

Her hands fell onto his chest and she raked her fingers in the skin, her body exploding into orgasm. She threw her head back and cried out, her world feeling like it would fly apart. Her body bowed, her hips bucking as Cameron continued to thrust up inside her. Suddenly Ethan was at her back, holding her close, urging her on. She

drooped against him, too spent to move. He held her breasts in his palms, cupping them lovingly and kissed the side of her neck.

After a little while, she noticed his erection nudging her back and she smiled. Would he be willing to go all the way? To lose *all* his inhibitions?

She disengaged herself from the two men and went into the adjoining bathroom, returning with a small tube of lube she'd noticed there earlier. She figured Cameron must have brought it and she planned to put it to good use.

"Are you game?" she asked Ethan. He didn't say anything but after only a slight hesitation he nodded. The heat in his eyes settled low in her gut and made another round of tremors wash over her.

She uncapped the tube and spread the lube over his cock. When she finished, she turned to Cameron. "I heard you say you wanted him to fuck you."

His gaze shot to Ethan. "Are you sure?"

"Do you want it?" Ethan asked in response.

"Oh yeah."

"Do *you*?" Cameron asked Jane.

"More than anything right now." It would seal whatever was happening between them and bond them together in a way nothing else—not even lifelong friendship—could. She had a feeling tonight was the beginning of something wonderful.

Cameron rolled over, settling on his hands and knees in front of Ethan. Jane squirted more lube onto her fingertips and prepared Cameron's ass.

Ethan stroked Cameron's hips and thighs, running his palm along the other man's back. He leaned over and kissed Jane, slipping his tongue into her mouth. Wanting to encourage him, she moved closer, pressing her body against his side.

Cock in his hand, he ran it up and down the crack of Cameron's ass a few times before he fit the head against the tight opening. With a great shudder, he started to

push inside. After a few pushes, he'd seated himself fully. He kissed Jane again, hard and possessive, before he started to thrust.

Jane reached under Cameron and took his cock in her hand, stroking it. With her free hand, she stroked her own pussy. Watching her husband's cock slide into another man made her hot everywhere. Never had she imagined it could be this good—and if he thought they would go back to regular old sex after this, he had another think coming. Cameron fit well with them. He and Ethan had been friends for years. Why couldn't the friendship morph into something more?

Cameron bucked, thrusting his cock into Jane's fist. He came like that, his eyes closed and his lips parted in a snarl. Jane followed him soon after that, collapsing to the mattress. It had been one hell of a night. She'd sleep for weeks after this.

A short time later, Ethan came with a harsh groan. Soon the three of them lay in a tangled heap on the mattress. Jane fell asleep thinking that she'd found the perfect match—in both of these men.



## **Chapter Four**

It was night when Jane woke up. A glance at the cell phone on the nightstand—Cameron's, she thought—told her she'd slept through an entire day. She wasn't surprised. Her two men had really worn her out. Her whole body ached, but in a good way, and her head was still buzzing. A giggle rose up in her throat. How many women could say they fulfilled their deepest, darkest fantasy on their wedding night?

It wasn't just her body that was affected. Her mind had been drawn in as well. It was hard to believe not long ago she'd been sitting at her wedding reception, writing a list of ways how she wanted to dismember her groom. Now she understood him—and herself—a little better. She was still a little upset that Ethan had kept such a big secret from her but she was head over heels in love with the guy. Had been from day one. She'd have to learn to forgive him. After all, he'd made a pretty big sacrifice for her on their wedding night.

Speaking of her men, where were they? She was alone in bed and the sheets around her were cold. They hadn't been there for a while.

Grabbing Ethan's white tuxedo shirt, she pulled it on and made her way down the hall toward the suite's kitchenette, where she heard masculine voices.

They stopped talking when she walked into the kitchenette. Jane laughed and waved her hand in the air. "No need to stop on my account."

Ethan patted the chair next to him. "Come on in and sit down. We were just discussing where we go from here."

"I want you both," she said before either could speak, surprising even herself. Up until that moment, she hadn't known what she was going to say to them. "I don't know if that's what you were talking about but it's the way I feel. You two obviously have feelings for each other too and that's not something I think you should ignore."

Cameron ran a hand through his hair, the beginnings of a hopeful smile on his face. "I'm glad we're on the same page here."

"But there's just one condition," Ethan warned, his eyebrows raised.

"And what would that be?"

"You have to agree to let me turn you. Neither one of us wants to lose you to old age or an accident anywhere down the road."

Since she'd woken up, she'd been thinking about letting Ethan turn her but he didn't need to know that just yet. A vampire working as a vampire slayer would certainly be interesting. It was uncommon but not unheard of. "And if I agree to your terms, what will you give me in return?"

Cameron snorted.

"Isn't it obvious?" Ethan asked.

"Well, it's a tough choice to make but I think we can work something out."

Forever with her husband and his best friend. Great conversation and even better sex. What more could a girl ask for?

"No more lies though. Only the truth from here on out."

Ethan shook his head. "I never lied to you."

No, he hadn't, not really, but a lie by omission was still a lie. There had been too many secrets between him and Cameron for so long too. Together, they could do anything.

"No more secrets either. I'm stronger than you think. I can handle pretty much whatever you want to throw at me."

Cameron was the one who spoke. "How about a repeat of last night?"

Jane laughed. "Feed me first and I'm yours."

She stood and kissed first Ethan and then Cameron. She had a feeling they would all be very happy together for a very long time.

## **About the Author**

Born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, Elisa Adams has lived most of her life on the east coast. Formerly a nursing assistant and phlebotomist, writing has been a longtime hobby. Now a full time writer, she lives on the New Hampshire border with her husband and three children.

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

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).

## Also by Elisa Adams

Dark Promises: Demonic Obsession

Dark Promises: Flesh and Blood

Dark Promises: Midnight

Dark Promises: Shift of Fate

Dark Promises: Tarnished

Dirty Pictures

Dream Stalker

Eden's Curse

Ellora's Cavemen: Dreams of the Oasis II *anthology*

In Darkness

In Moonlight *anthology*

Just Another Night



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com) for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

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