

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



IMPULSIVE
Pleasures
Oh Yum!

KYANN WATERS

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Impulsive Pleasures

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IMPULSIVE PLEASURES

KyAnn Waters

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Escalade: General Motors Corporation

Chapter One

“Your father is an asshole.”

“Mother, promise me you’ll behave.”

Jamie Cooper-Howe rolled her eyes and released an exasperated sigh. “Why is it you call me ‘Mother’, and your father ‘Daddy’? Do you love him more?”

Ashley let out a snort and Jamie chuckled. The sound contrasted with her daughter’s image of grace and beauty. Auburn hair was swept into a stylish twist while a hint of peach blush colored her cheeks and mascara accented her almond-shaped, hazel eyes. Along with a smooth and flawless complexion, Ashley was the spitting image of her mother. However, Jamie conceded, her daughter lacked laugh lines at the corners of her eyes. Okay, damn it, maybe they were wrinkles. But anyone who had put up with her ex-husband’s bullshit was entitled to a few.

“I don’t see how you can even socialize with him after what he’s done to our family,” Jamie continued.

“Mother, the divorce is over. Daddy has remarried. You have to let it go.”

“I have let it go.” Inhale, exhale, she calmed her agitated heart rate. Thoughts of her ex could still wreck a wonderful day. It wasn’t the loss of a great love, but the betrayal. “I don’t suppose he’s leaving his breeding trollop at home.”

Ashley wrapped her arms around her mother’s shoulders. Jamie softened in the comforting warmth. She really didn’t blame her daughter for remaining close to her father. Just because he’d fucked Jamie over when he started fucking his little secretary didn’t mean her daughter had to bear the burden. Craig Howe had walked out of the marriage, not fatherhood. No, in fact, his little *slut*—Ashley remained determined to like her, but Jamie didn’t have to—was expecting her first bundle of joy in a few weeks. Craig once again proved his virility. *Asshole*. His prowess in bed happened to be the

only thing Jamie really missed. And even she could admit their sex life had become perfunctory.

A woman entered her prime in her forties. Sex was great, but a vibrator just didn't do the trick. However, neither did the men her age. Maybe she expected too much. Was wanting a man who took care of himself wrong? She wasn't looking for marriage ever again. That didn't mean she wanted to be alone...or lonely.

She sighed, smoothing her hands over her formfitting skirt. She kept in shape. Perhaps not everything was where it once was, but her breasts looked fabulous.

"Just be civil." Ashley kissed her cheek and stepped away. "It's my wedding and I want both my parents in attendance."

"I can be nice." She turned to her only child. Her baby was getting married. Tonight the rehearsal would be followed by a nice dinner at Bella's.

Jamie would have preferred Ashley pick a different location. There were too many memories tied to the expensive Italian restaurant. As a family, they had spent anniversaries, birthdays, and simple celebrations at Craig's favorite place. Because that's where Ashley wanted her rehearsal dinner, Craig offered to pick up the tab. Good, he could afford to spend the money. Amazing, considering she'd extracted a tidy sum in the divorce along with alimony for the next ten years.

"Why the smile, Mother?"

"Just thrilled my baby is marrying the man of her dreams. I really like Wes, sweetheart. You found one of the good ones."

"I just hope Wes' best friend makes it. Mark's flight should've gotten in hours ago. What point is a rehearsal if the best man isn't there?"

"Nothing will go wrong. I'm sure Mark what's-his-name," she waved her hand, "will be here any minute. He does know where the church is, doesn't he?" Stretching her fingers, she checked her Mystic Mauve nail polish for chips. The color complemented the two-carat sapphire she'd purchased eighteen months ago to replace the diamond she'd worn for twenty-two years.

“Mark Bentley. And yes, he knows. He grew up around here. He and Wes have been best friends since high school.” She glanced at her watch. “We’re fifteen minutes late.”

“We have the church rented until tomorrow. Stop worrying.” Jamie fluffed her hair and checked her image in the mirror. “Just think, tomorrow you’ll stand here in your wedding dress.” They stood in the bridal room in the same church where Jamie and Craig had married.

“Yeah, I know why you’ll be happy. You’ll finally have the house to yourself.”

Jamie fought the urge to cry.

* * * * *

Mark Bentley checked his watch again as the plane taxied down the runway. Next time, he’d charter a flight. Not that there would be an occasion such as this again. A man hoped he only married once. Mark didn’t plan to take the plunge—ever.

He grabbed his carryon and went to get the rental car. Fifteen minutes later, he was speeding twenty miles over the limit trying to make up time.

He glanced at the dashboard clock when he pulled into the parking lot of the church. He’d done fairly well not getting there too late considering he’d had to fly a thousand miles.

“Mark!” Wes waved from the bottom step of the church.

“Sorry. The flight was delayed.” It had been a few years since they’d seen each other. Wes looked great. Same college boy good looks, blond hair, clean-shaven, he looked like an accountant. Seemed appropriate considering in college he majored in business right along with Mark. The similarities ended there. Wes got a job and started his climb up the corporate ladder whereas Mark, always the risk taker, had launched his own architectural landscape business. “Ashley must be good for you.” Mark slapped him on the back in a friendly guy hug.

Wes laughed. “Very good for me.”

“So you’ve said.” He smiled. “No worries, brother. She’ll never know how much I’ve heard. I can’t wait to meet her.”

“Come on. She’s in the church.”

Mark followed Wes. About twenty people milled about, some gathered near the minister. He glanced around wondering which young woman was the bride. Perhaps he’d entertain himself over the weekend with a bridesmaid. He hadn’t slept with a woman in seven months and his dick was restless. An out-of-town, hotter than hell affair was just the kind of distraction he needed. Something temporary. Wes was getting a bride. Mark just wanted to get laid.

“There she is, with her mother, Jamie.”

“That’s her *mother*?” Mark raised an eyebrow. Ashley’s mother was hot. However, married chicks didn’t turn him on. Too bad his cock didn’t agree.

Ashley and Jamie approached them. Wes put a hand around Ashley’s waist and made introductions. “This is my future bride and her mother, Jamie.”

Mark leaned in and gave Ashley a kiss on each cheek. “Wes is a lucky man.” He turned to the mother. *And so was Ashley’s father.* Mark took her hand, finding the skin soft under his fingertips. Instead of a handshake, he took a step closer and placed a kiss on her knuckles. “A pleasure.”

“I told you. Mark’s a charmer.” Wes chuckled.

“Charmed by gorgeous women. I can see where Ashley gets her beauty.” More than beauty, Jamie smelled like a woman. A subtle hint of perfume tickled his nose and her hair made him think of a chilly, fall evening. Smooth and shiny, it reflected the red and gold highlights of late afternoon sun coming through the stained-glass windows.

Their eyes locked when he stepped back. Fire blazed into his crotch. Moss-green edged with copper, her eyes held mystery. Her smile, however, hinted at mischief. He imagined those full pink lips, the color the same as a woman’s inner folds, wrapped around his cock. He nearly groaned aloud. Damn, but it had been too long since lust had punched him in the gut.

“Mother, Daddy is here.”

Jamie spun around. “And look, the little tart wore white.”

“You promised.”

“And I’m trying. Give me a little credit, Ashley. I’d like to run him over with my car in a dark alley. All I can legally do is give him the evil eye. Don’t worry. I’m going to smile while I do.”

“Here they come,” Wes said. “You’re enchanting when you smile, Jamie.”

Jamie rolled her eyes. “Wes, I’ve been fed enough of that crap from Craig. You can say it. I’m being a bitch. I’m entitled.”

Mark bit his tongue to keep from chuckling. Jamie’s hip jutted forward in a defiant stance. She tucked her hair behind her ear, finger pausing to tickle a gold earring, and then briefly made eye contact with Mark again.

“I’m going to step away. I promised and I just don’t think I can be nice.” She gave Ashley a pleading look. “I’ll be civil, but I can’t pretend.”

Mark noticed the provocative sway of her hips and the tantalizing curve of her heart-shaped ass as she walked away. When it was time to say hello to Ashley’s father, he had to swallow twice. “Nice to meet you.” He turned to Wes. “If you’ll excuse me for a moment.”

He hurried off in the direction Jamie disappeared, coming to a long hallway with a few doors down both sides. One door was open. He stepped into the room. Jamie stood at the window with her legs slightly parted, looking out to the parking lot. She had her back to him. Sunshine outlined her trim figure and revealed the slenderness of her thighs through the thin material of her skirt.

Mark closed the door. “Are you okay?”

Her shoulders stiffened. “He’s an asshole.” She turned around. “It isn’t as if I’m still in love with Craig. I despise the way he looks at me. I don’t need his pity.” She put her hand on her forehead and turned back to the window. “I am so sorry. I shouldn’t be

saying this to you...or anyone else. Tomorrow is Ashley's wedding. I can do this. I will be nice. I will do this for Ashley."

"Is that your mantra?"

"Yes." She laughed. "But it's so much more fun to be nasty. How did I ever manage marriage to that pompous jerk for twenty-two years?"

Mark strolled across the room unsure of his motivation except that he wanted to see if he'd read the earlier sparkle in her eye correctly.

"Then you're divorced?"

Her breath hitched. Mark stood behind her. Warm breath fanned against her cheek. Gooseflesh crawled along her sensitized skin. Flutters filled her stomach. Jeezus, the best man was making her hot. Already wetness seeping from her pussy drenched her panties.

Jamie looked up into Mark's face. He stood well over six feet, with broad shoulders encased in a damn sexy, tailored, olive-toned suit. Contradicting the businessman was the youthful image he presented with a pencil line of hair along his jaw, a tight moustache, and thin strip of trimmed goatee. Dark wavy hair hung just below his shoulders. Thick brows framed heavy-lashed, chocolate eyes. His smile widened and revealed straight, white teeth.

Heat from his body radiated out to her, melting her core. She shifted from one foot to the other, nervous under the intensity of his gaze. The movement only caused her sticky panties to nudge against her clit. He muddled her mind.

"Your ex-husband is blind and stupid if he didn't appreciate what he had in a wife."

"I can't argue with his stupidity." She trembled on an exhale.

His fingers pushed her hair behind her ear, grazing her cheek as he pulled away. His touch sent ripples of awareness over her skin.

“God, you’re beautiful.”

She didn’t know what to say. His statement stunned her. “They’re probably... I mean, we should go back. The rehearsal is starting.”

Jamie straightened and his hand blazed through her clothing where it rested against her lower back. She gave him a questioning look. Good hell, if she didn’t know better, she might get the wrong impression that he was hitting on her. The best man. The best friend of her future *son-in-law*.

“Mark,” she said, walking down the hall trying not to appear as though she was fleeing from his electrifying touch. “What exactly is going on here?” Glancing up at him, she narrowed her eyes.

“I’m going to help you turn the tables on your ex-husband.” He put a hand on her arm and stopped her retreat. The pressure of his fingers changed and became a caress. “I rather enjoyed the way you looked at me when we were introduced. I could’ve sworn you were interested.”

Mark backed her against the wall.

“Someone is going to see.” She put her hands against his chest to push him away, but the moment she made contact with his silk shirt covering the chiseled muscles beneath, her shove turned into an exploration. Her thumbs brushed against his hardened nips and he sucked in a breath. She flooded with desire to rip his shirt from his body, throw him to the floor and satisfy the too-long denied fire in the center of her being. He even smelled like sex. Musky and spicy, totally male.

“That’s the look.”

Her nipples tightened to aching points beneath the sheer lace of her bra when his chest brushed against her. He leaned in, his breath heating her neck.

“Don’t.” She closed her eyes knowing his full lips were about to wreak havoc on her senses. Slipping out from between Mark and the wall gave her much needed distance. Blood pumped into her sex. Her pussy pulsed in tempo with the beat of her heart. She ran her fingers through her bangs, combing them out of her eyes, and then

smoothed her skirt. There was nothing she could do about the breathlessness of her voice or the pounding in her chest. However, she could project outward calm. "This isn't happening. I could be your mother."

"No, you couldn't." His eyes glazed as he caressed her with a glance. "I'd never want to fuck my mother."

Chapter Two

Jamie returned to the group, aware that Mark walked behind her. She looked over her shoulder. His lips turned up slightly at the corners. Yep, he was checking out her ass. She quickened her pace.

“Are you okay?”

Jamie took a tissue from Ashley. “I’m fine. Is it warm in here?”

“You do look a little flushed.”

Jamie patted her forehead with the tissue. Oh, more than flushed, she was hot. The best offer she’d had in two years came from a man nearly half her age. And damn if she didn’t want to blow off the rehearsal, maybe blow him, and definitely let him have his way with her.

Mark would be naughty. She’d had two affairs since her divorce and both had left her unsatisfied. Instinct told her Mark wouldn’t let her walk away without an orgasm.

She smiled at Ashley and then headed for the minister. “Are we ready to begin?”

Jamie wished she wasn’t so aware of Mark. No matter where he stood during the rehearsal, she could feel his gaze upon her. Excitement coursed through her. Would he follow her out of the room if she gave him another opportunity? Was she brave enough to try? She chose that moment to glance in his direction.

Mark winked. With a deep, steadying breath, she angled her body toward him and met his stare. A smile played on his lips. Energy buzzed between them and collected in the places she wanted his hands. Jamie barely heard the minister telling her where to stand. Dragging her eyes away from Mark, she focused on the instructions.

Even while she listened to Ashley and the minister discuss the positioning of people, she watched Mark maneuver around the room until he stood directly behind her.

“You aren’t following directions.”

He stepped in closer. The scent of his aftershave reminded her of their brief encounter in the hall. “If you’re looking for someone who follows orders,” he lowered his voice, “tell me what you want.”

She turned around, facing him. Eyes striking in intensity caused her to lose her train of thought. “I think you’re a naughty little boy who wants to play games—”

“Not games, but I would like to play with you.”

“Tsk, tsk. You only just met me. What if I have sharp claws and a nasty disposition? Remember, I’m a woman scorned.”

“Every time I look at you, I hope to God you’re nasty. Claws I can handle as long as you scratch where no one else can see.” He pinned her with a look. Barely able to breathe, she couldn’t speak. “Spend the weekend with me.”

Jamie laughed nervously. “You’re young and good-looking. Don’t you have someone at home expecting to hear from you?”

“This conversation wouldn’t be happening if I did.”

Jamie glanced around, afraid she and Mark were drawing attention. They’d captured Craig’s curiosity. He openly stared at them from across the room. She meshed her lips together, refreshing her lipstick.

“We are spending the weekend together. We’ll see each other tomorrow for the wedding.”

“So the cougar is actually a kitten.” Mark boldly put his hand on her hip and leaned in close. Soft and silky, wisps of his hair brushed her cheek. “Either way, I’m going to make your pussy purr.”

Dirty talk in the church. She felt faint...and hot as hell. "You certainly have a way with words."

"There is plenty I'd like to whisper in your ear."

Damn, he was dangerous. And far too handsome to be interested in the mother of the bride.

A half hour later, the wedding party had gone through the motions and everyone knew the order in which to come down the aisle and where they were to stand during the ceremony.

"If we're done here, let's head over to the restaurant." Craig pulled his new wife close. "The mamma-to-be is getting hungry."

Jamie rolled her eyes.

"Well, the bride-to-be is hungry too," Ashley said. "Let's go."

Once in the parking lot, Wes asked, "Who's riding with whom?"

"You look hungry, Jamie." Mark put his hand on her back, gently propelling her to his rental car. "Ride with me."

"Ashley." Jamie waved to get her daughter's attention. "We'll meet you there. I'll show Mark the way." Butterflies fluttered in her stomach and heat radiated from between her thighs. Her panties were sticky with cream and she suspected Mark knew exactly what he was doing to her.

He opened the passenger door. "Get in."

"I thought you wanted to take orders, not give them."

He framed her in the open door with his arms. "Is it too soon to kiss you?"

Blood pumped hot and fast through her veins. A moment passed where she simply stared at him. The parking lot emptied of cars. "Someone will see. We've just met. It's fun to tease, but I don't want to give you the wrong impression."

Mark eased back and swept her body with his eyes. "Don't lie to me, Jamie. Do you know what they call what we've been doing since I walked into the church?"

She licked her dry lips. "What?"

"Foreplay." His mouth crashed into hers. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he pulled her close and crushed his hips against hers. He pulled away, breathing fast. "I've been hard for an hour."

Thoughts froze in her brain. She moaned, leaning her head against the edge of the open doorframe. Mark's tongue flicked her earlobe before gently nibbling, and then sucking it into his mouth. A string from her clit to her nipples tightened. She spread her legs as wide as her skirt would allow, nestling the full, thick, length of his cock in the V of her sex. A gush of fluid warmed her thigh. She was wet and ready to be fucked...in a parking lot.

The more she denied the attraction, the stronger it became. "As much as I'm enjoying your talented tongue..." his mouth opened over the sensitive skin where her neck met her shoulder. "This isn't the appropriate place for foreplay. Mark, we're in the church parking lot. Not to mention, Ashley and Wes expect us at the restaurant. Ohhh." His hand cupped her breast, stimulating the cherried nipple with his thumb.

"We'll get there...eventually."

Sliding his hands over her hips, he shimmied her skirt up her legs, revealing thigh-high stockings. Mark whistled, lifting the skirt to her waist. Panic weaved intimately with arousal. Her eyes darted around the vacant parking lot.

His palm cupped her mons. "Please get into the vehicle, Jamie."

She started to pull her skirt down.

"Uh uh. Leave it."

Jamie sat on the seat and scooted back. With Mark filling the space of the doorway, she wasn't visible within the darkened interior of the Escalade. Tinted windows blocked the sun.

"Spread your legs."

Pulling her bottom lip between her teeth, she did as he asked.

“Damn, you’re wet.”

Desire coiled, tightened, and threatened to snap. He clearly wanted to fuck her and she seriously contemplated letting him. They had just met, only her craving wouldn’t let go. It held firmly, causing reckless thoughts. She crinkled her brows. Maybe she was suffering some type of midlife crisis because her baby was getting married. “Mark, we need to go.”

“We need to come.” He swung her legs into the car and slammed the door. Walking around the front of the vehicle, he then climbed behind the wheel. With a quick tug, he lowered the zipper of his slacks and his fist wrapped around the base of nine inches of skin stretching over a thick, steel bar.

Jamie stared at the enormous, mushroom-shaped head. Swallowing excess saliva, she watched his hand stroke the thick shaft, her breaths taking the same rhythm. He was too tempting. Offered such an enticing fare, she couldn’t resist a taste.

Bending over his lap, she braced her hands on his strong thighs and put her mouth over the smooth, heated, velvet head.

Mark groaned his pleasure when her tongue swirled around the slit and traced the hard ridge of the crown. Pulling back, she lapped a bead of pearly pre-come from the tip. She hummed her enjoyment.

Mark lifted Jamie’s hair. She turned her head, glanced into his face, and smiled. Then she parted her lips and took him fully into her mouth.

Mark hissed. “You’re incredible.”

Knowing he watched intensified her pleasure. She sucked and licked, pressing her tongue to the pulsing vein running down the underside of his shaft. As much as she liked giving him a blowjob, her body screamed for his touch. “Mark, you started this. Finish me, now.”

“Sit back.”

Jamie did. Mark reached between her legs and yanked her panties down. The elastic stung her skin when it snapped. Before she could catch her breath, he plunged two long, thick fingers deep into her dripping pussy. Flicking back and forth, he zeroed in on her G-spot. Uncontrollable pleasure flowed through her. Grabbing his wrist, she bucked against his hand, reaching for the prize of a powerful mind-numbing orgasm. And oh my, she was almost there.

“Kiss me,” he whispered, continuing to finger-fuck her.

She leaned forward to reclaim his lips. His mouth moved over hers, devouring her softness with his firm lips. Shivers of erotic promises filled her mind when his tongue demanded entrance. Blood pounded in her brain with the same intensity as it beat in her core. In between, his tongue whirled with hers with erotic promise. Barely able to catch her breath, she submitted to the savagery of his reckless, fiery, possession. Her body tightened and her pussy clenched. Tremors built like a cresting wave waiting to crash against the rocky shore.

He nipped her lips. “You’re coming, sweetheart. I can feel it.” He slammed his fingers hard and deep into her moist, warm center. Twisting and turning. In and out.

“Oh...oh...oh!” He swallowed the rest of her indiscernible cries with another masterful kiss.

When the spasms ebbed, Mark pulled his fingers from her body, put them in his mouth, and sucked. Never had a man made her stomach quiver with such blatant sexual need. Whatever secret charm he used, he made her ignore the cynical inner voice cutting into her thoughts. She pushed aside the little whispers in her head reminding her of her age and his. Right now she was a woman and this man had her rapt attention. She wasn’t too old to enjoy their encounter. Her heart pounded and her heated blood raced through her veins. She liked the feeling and wanted more. Maybe she was acting like a slut. Damn it, having Mark find her desirable felt incredible and so did his hands, mouth, and words.

Turning on the seat, he forced Jamie to scoot over until her back leaned against the passenger door. "How about another one?"

"I'll take whatever you want to give me." She spread her thighs wide while he penetrated her soul with his stare. One leg hooked over the seat and the other braced against the dash.

The heavy scent of her arousal hung in the confined space. Mark's nostrils flared. "You're so beautiful."

It wasn't as if she expected oral sex at the rehearsal of her daughter's wedding. Unexpected pleasures in the front seat of rental cars with gorgeous men not much more than half her age just didn't happen to her. She didn't have a clue why Mark had her panties off. And she wouldn't care. He obviously wanted her.

Jamie was glad she'd had a bikini wax when he bent his head and kissed the soft strip of hair covering her outer lips. Whiskers from his jaw tickled her inner thigh. She tunneled her fingers into his wavy hair and urged him closer to the rekindled ache centered between her legs. Anticipating his tongue, she sucked in her breath.

"Mark, I don't want to imply you don't know what you're doing, because it's clear you know exactly what to do. I'm on fire and I need more."

Using two fingers, she parted her curls and opened her pussy, exposing her clit. Mark accepted the invitation and burrowed his face between her legs.

"Sweet," he said, then licked the length of her pussy.

"Oh yes!" Straining her muscles, she lifted her ass off the seat. His tongue darted in and out. Then he sucked feverishly on her clit. "Right there." Flicking fast, he honed in on the sensitive bundle of nerves. Then using his lips and tongue, he explored and tasted her inner folds. "Oh Mark, make me come again."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh please, don't call me ma'am." She laughed. The last thing she wanted was a reminder of their age difference.

Mark grasped his cock in his hand. While he ate her, he stroked his shaft. The faster his hand slid up and down, the faster his tongue. Her thighs trembled. Tension built.

“Mark!” she cried, grabbing hair in her fists, her head thrashing against the window. Internal muscle spasms caused her to rock against his mouth. She heard him chuckle and realized she was pulling the hair knotted in her fingers, grinding her mound into his face.

“Shit. I’m going to come all over the seats.” Mark sat back and continued to pump his cock with long, sure strokes.

Jamie giggled. “Stop.” Lifting her leg from the seatback, she twisted until her ass faced the passenger window. On her knees, she leaned forward, pushed his hand out of the way, and swallowed his cock. His fingers furrowed into her hair, cupped the back of her head, and helped to set the rhythm. As she sucked hard, she could feel the increase of tension in his body. His chest expanded, pushing her shoulder against the steering wheel.

Swirling her tongue, moving her lips up and down, she felt his cock stretch, readying to ejaculate. His legs straightened, pushing his feet into the floorboards while his balls drew in tight.

He moaned. “Jamie, I’m coming.” She took him deep as he thrust his hips. Every muscle tensed including his hands, which now fisted at his sides. Powerful spasms jerked his cock. Warm, salty come shot into her mouth. Savoring the taste, she swallowed, reveling in the sensation of his seed sliding down the back of her throat. Pulling her mouth to the tip, she licked the head clean.

“Damn, you are amazing. I’m lightheaded.” He tucked himself back into his pants and zipped the fly.

Jamie sat up and found her purse on the floor. She pulled a tissue from the front pocket and wiped the corners of her mouth. Flipping down the visor, she used the mirror to freshen her lipstick and fluff her hair back into some semblance of style. “I hope you can drive fast too.” She winked. He sure as hell knew how to get a woman to

drop her panties and give him a blowjob in record speed. "We are going to be so late." She glanced in his direction, unwilling to hide her smile. Pleasure etched across his lips as well.

"Are you still hungry?"

She smirked. "Actually, I am. I've gone a long time without a meal."

"A happy meal." He chuckled.

"Mmmm. Very."

"Perhaps what you need is an all you can eat buffet."

"As appetizing as that sounds, I think I'll have to take a rain check."

"Then you aren't opposed to hooking up later?"

She was too old to *hook up*. Tempting as the fare was, she needed to put some perspective on what just happened. They caught themselves in a provocative game of cat and mouse that inevitably ended in mutual satisfaction. "Listen Mark, you have been an unexpected delight. But after the dinner, Wes and the guys are probably going to the titty bar. I'm sure the groom expects the best man to go. Ashley will be with her bridesmaids. And I will finally get a quiet night at home."

"Excuses." He looked both ways and pulled into traffic. "Do you know any shortcuts to the restaurant? Because you're right." He smiled at her. "We are going to be late."

"Take the next left. We'll tell them I got us lost. I'm old. People get forgetful with age."

Mark laughed. "They also become incredibly hot, passionate women. I want to spend the night with you, Jamie. Why don't you invite me over?"

She gave a snort. "Oh, you don't really think I'll want to get naked and dirty after you've been drooling over strippers at the bachelor party? No, that is not going to happen. Next right."

“I fly home the day after tomorrow. I’m not asking for anything more than a couple of days to enjoy each other’s company.”

She let her head fall back against the seat and closed her eyes. “You have no idea how tempting your offer is.”

Chapter Three

Mark leaned back in his chair and draped his arm across the back of Jamie's. He and Jamie had caused a few heads to turn when they strolled through the restaurant doors. Flustered, Jamie had done a convincing job of explaining their delay. Now she sat next to him folding and unfolding the napkin in her lap.

"I can't believe they waited to order. Now I feel guilty."

He picked up his water glass and took a long swallow. "Think of it as a guilty pleasure." He sat forward. His arm stayed on the back of her chair, but his other hand went to her thigh. "Like a decadent dessert. You can have it once in a while so long as you don't overindulge." He leaned closer.

"Mark," she said on a breath. "You're drawing attention to us."

"Invite me to stay at your place, Jamie."

"Sort of like a binge over the weekend?"

With every quick retort from her luscious lips, he doubted a weekend would be long enough to learn about this fiercely independent, divorced woman. Craig was a schmuck for not recognizing the passion in Jamie. Mark doubted she realized just how wild sex could be. He wanted to be the one to show her.

He could only assume her age, because he was sure she hadn't given birth at age ten. Considering Ashley's age, he guessed Jamie had to be in her early forties. What might appear to be a few years between him and Jamie was more likely fifteen. He didn't care. Cougar clubs were nothing new to him. He'd never gone himself, but he suddenly understood the fascination to older women. Some of the guys he worked with patronized establishments that catered to older women and younger men. He'd love to ditch the bachelor party tonight in order to plan a party for two with Jamie.

"You're not eating, Mark. Is there anything wrong with your dinner?"

Mark smiled at Ashley. "I'm not that hungry. I ate before I came."

Jamie turned her head to look at him and he met her stare. He raised an eyebrow and mouthed, *literally*.

Jamie started to choke beside him. "If you'll excuse me." She pushed back from the table. As a gentleman would, Mark stood and helped her with her chair. "Stay here," she whispered and hurried from the dining room.

"So Mark, I hope you're going to keep my groom from getting into any trouble tonight."

"Aw, baby, you don't want to give Mark that responsibility." Wes kissed Ashley.

"I'll make sure he's on his best behavior." Mark sipped his water, forming a plan. He wanted both Jamie and to fulfill his best man responsibilities. Mark was willing to work to have his way. Often all it required was subtle negotiation. "I went to the church straight from the airport. I need to check into a hotel and clean up before we head out. What time were you thinking about going?"

"Where are you staying?" Ashley asked.

Actually, he had a room at the downtown Hilton. He had the money to stay anywhere, except the one place he wanted to be—Jamie's bed and breakfast. "Downtown."

"Well, that's ridiculous. Stay somewhere close." Ashley punched Wes in the shoulder. "You should have him stay with you. He's your best friend."

"I offered," Wes said with a smile, rubbing his arm.

"You have enough to worry about without having to entertain your old buddy."

"My best man."

"Either way, I know you've got family in town." Mark glanced around the room. The wedding party was all seated in a sectioned-off part of the restaurant. Although they weren't all at the same table, the chatter and laughter revealed everyone having a good meal and conversation. Finally his gaze rested on Craig. Craig seemed to be the

only one not smiling. They stared at each other for a brief moment. Then Craig excused himself and left the table.

Jamie washed her hands in the bathroom and calmed her rampant heartbeat. She'd worried everyone in the room was focused on her and Mark. Was she wearing the telltale sign of an O glow? She glanced in the mirror. Of course everyone would wonder. She had the look of a woman ravaged. Her cheeks were pink and her lips were red both from Mark's kisses and from biting into them while she'd sucked his cock. Her tummy swooped and her pulse spiked again. Their encounter had been incredible. And Mark wanted more.

She tucked her hair behind her ears. Standing back from the mirror she checked her clothing. Any outward signs now couldn't be helped. Her skirt was wrinkled and her panties were gone. A delicious ache still pulsed between her legs. She sniffed the air. "Oh hell." She smelled like sex.

Getting involved with Mark was crazy, especially this weekend. Ashley needed help with the wedding. It was her responsibility as a mother to be there for her daughter, to help Ashley fight wedding jitters by being a source of calming energy. However, inside she felt anything but calm. Mark had her nerves stretched tight. The best resolution to her condition would be more Mark. Quite the conundrum. Taking a deep breath, she walked out of the bathroom.

"Oh shit!" She put her hand to her heart. "You scared the crap out of me." Craig stood against the wall obviously waiting for her to come out of the bathroom.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

She pointed to the Ladies Room sign.

"I'm talking about you and best man. There's drool on his chin."

She wanted to tell him that it wasn't drool, but Craig spoke figuratively and not literally. Mark didn't wear any traces of their encounter, unlike Jamie. Her thighs still

felt the wet effects of her releases. "That would be none of your business." She tried to walk past.

"I know the look, Jamie."

"And what look would that be?" She put her arms akimbo. "Oh, you mean the look of a satisfied woman. No, you wouldn't recognize that look on me so it must be something else." She tilted her head to the side.

Craig's lips pursed, he eyes narrowed, and he shook his head. "You're making a fool of yourself."

"Actually Craig, you are. Who I spend time with is none of your business." What wasn't she supposed to have conversations with members of the wedding party? "Remember we're divorced now. Save your concerns for your little..." She smiled. "Trisha. I can take care of myself." She headed back to the table.

"You can't possibly think our daughter's wedding is the appropriate place for you to find a new boyfriend." He followed her down the hall.

"Who said I was looking for a boyfriend? Maybe I just want sex."

"And that's all he'd want."

"Is it that Mark's younger or that he's good-looking?" A lump formed in her throat. She swallowed before she allowed Craig to see his words had an impact. Truly she didn't want anything from Mark, but having Craig voice her thoughts still stung. Dammit. "Go to hell, Craig."

Mark stood when Jamie returned and held her chair for her. Craig took his seat at the far side of the table and whispered something to his wife.

"Mother, we had a brilliant idea while you were in the restroom. Why doesn't Mark stay with you? He can use my room since I won't be there."

"I wouldn't want to impose." Mark smiled when Jamie's eyes narrowed, scolding him with a scathing glance. "Really, I have a reservation downtown."

Craig coughed. "Mark would probably be more comfortable in the hotel, sweetheart."

Ashley turned to her father. "Don't be ridiculous. It's a great idea."

"But he has a reservation already." Craig took a drink of water then set the glass back on the table. "Hotels require a twenty-four-hour cancellation."

"Then cancel it," Ashley said. "You're practically family. Mother, tell him."

Mark targeted his stare at Craig. "The money isn't an issue." He turned to Jamie. "It's up to you." He'd told her earlier that he wanted to stay. He watched Jamie's eyes cloud with passion as her thoughts traveled in the same direction his had been since he'd set eyes on her at the church. They were just given an opportunity to act on their impulses. He waited to see if Jamie had the daring spirit he'd glimpsed in the car. Would she take the chance on a weekend full of fucking for the simple pleasure of it?

Her chest rose and fell with shallow breaths and her nipples puckered beneath her blouse. His cock twitched in his pants, knowing he'd stuffed her panties between the seats in the car and she was bare beneath her skirt.

"I suppose it doesn't make sense to stay in a hotel when I've got an extra room." The beginning of a smile tilted her lips.

"I don't like it."

"Daddy!"

Trisha nudged Craig and gave him a look of warning.

"Craig, if Mark staying with me makes you uncomfortable, I just might ask him to move in." Jamie picked up her water goblet and took a drink.

Craig bristled and Wes laughed, diffusing the brewing argument. "Give him your key," he said to Ashley. "Then he won't disturb Jamie when he stumbles in tonight."

Mark didn't reveal his intentions. He wouldn't be stumbling anywhere because he wanted command of all his senses when he spent the night buried balls-deep in the mother of the bride.

* * * * *

Mark checked his watch. Wes, his brother, and a handful of coworkers sat at several tables pushed close together. A woman on the stage, wearing thigh-high, patent leather boots, a g-string, and a tight, cropped tank climbed a brass pole, locked her legs around the cylinder, and humped in a frenzied gyration. Dark nipples and big breasts bounced, eliciting a round of applause and several dollars were tossed onto the stage. The woman slowly leaned back and plucked her nipples. Flipping up, her hair cascading to her ass, she unlinked her legs and slid down the pole like a fireman.

Mark had seen enough. His pole was hard as hell and it wasn't because of the stripper on stage. He looked at his watch again. How long was the best man obligated to stay at the bachelor party?

"Mark, you with us?"

Mark refocused on the group of men surrounding Wes. "I think I'll offer a toast to the groom and then bail on the party. It's been a long day and not even the excellent entertainment is keeping my focus." He lifted his soda glass. A few in the group were drinking beer. That was the downside of having the bachelor party the night before the wedding. No one wanted to see Ashley upset by a hung-over groom.

"I might be the best man in your wedding, but I might not be the best man to wish you luck in your marriage. I don't profess to know how to keep a woman content."

Wes chuckled. "Because you're always thinking of ways to cut them loose."

"True, very true. However, in my experience the hardest ones to shake are the ones who really like to fuck. So my advice is to never let your sex life become boring. Make her laugh and give great oral."

"I certainly wouldn't want a wife who didn't give a good blowjob." Wes' brother smiled while sipping his longneck bottle of beer.

"So in keeping with the promise I made to your future wife, I will have the groom choose a number between one and seven." The number of men at the bachelor party excluding him and Wes. "And that man," Mark waved to the woman standing to the

side with breasts as large as cantaloupes, “will get to bury his face in this beautiful girl’s tits and get the lap dance of his dreams.” He handed the stripper a fifty. “Now don’t stay out too late. You’re getting married in the morning.”

Wes stood and gave Mark a bear hug, slapping him on the back. “Someday it’ll be your turn to take the long walk down the aisle.”

“And if I do, it’ll have to be someone as awesome as Ashley.” His lips morphed into a smile. “And as hot.” The smile grew wider. Marriage wasn’t on his mind. However, making his feisty, sharp-clawed, sharp-tongued wildcat purr was driving him to distraction.

Mark hurried to the parking lot and climbed behind the wheel. Hell, he was bailing on his best friend’s bachelor party. He’d feel guilty later. He took the panties from between the seats. Right now, he needed to finish what he and Jamie had started in the car.

Green lights and deserted streets heightened his anticipation. Only a few minutes passed before he arrived at the house. Pulling into the drive, he turned off the ignition, and stared at the darkened interior of the house. He tucked the panties in the glove box to save as a memento of his time with Jamie. He might just purchase the damn vehicle.

Taking the house key Ashley had given him, he unlocked and then opened the door. He felt on the wall for a light switch. Earlier, after the dinner, he’d dropped off his weekend bag. The house had been too chaotic to do anything but put his stuff in one of the bedrooms and then head out with the guys.

Finding the light, he left the keys on the hall table. Jamie lived well. However, it didn’t compare to his place in Phoenix. Of course, his connections within the construction business helped. The economic boom fed the housing market, which lined his pockets. He’d done well in landscaping. He didn’t just push a mower around. He brought in boulders with heavy equipment, dug holes for pools, and planned gardens for the wealthy. Hell, most considered him wealthy. He didn’t need more money, but he wasn’t a man to spend his time idle.

He loosened his tie and opened the top button of his cream-colored shirt. After toeing off his wingtips, he padded across the thick, beige carpet in his socks.

The house was quiet as he found his way to the kitchen. He took a bottle of beer out of the fridge and twisted off the cap. The yeasty flavor floated across his tongue and soothed his throat, parched from the smoke in the bar.

He hung his suit coat over the ladder-back kitchen chair. Stainless steel appliances sparkled in the glow of light from the hallway. His shadow cast dark against the wall. He considered how to go about getting into Jamie's bed. Until she invited him in, he'd be a gentleman. Mischievous thoughts crossed his mind. He'd be a gentleman only until she begged him not to.

Mark left his beer on the counter, turned off the lights in the living room, and climbed the stairs to the bedrooms. Taking the cracked door as an invitation, he pushed it open.

With his shoulder propped against the doorjamb, he watched her sleep in a king-size bed in the center of the large, elegantly decorated room. He was more earth tones and leather. Jamie was elegant comfort.

She stirred under the comforter. Sitting up, she didn't appear startled when she saw him.

"Mark." It sounded like a sigh from her lips. He crossed the room, beckoned by her sleepy eyes, soft mouth and bare shoulders. The sheet fell to her waist revealing the silky, transparent nightgown. Dark, erect areolas poked against the fabric. His cock pulsed in anticipation. Tasting her hadn't come close to satisfying his desire.

Jamie looked like romance. Only he knew her sharp edges promised more than a docile female, if their encounter in the car gave an indication.

"Is there something wrong?" She glanced at the clock beside her bed. "I didn't expect you back this early."

He crossed the room. "But you were expecting me?" He stood two feet away, staring down at her. "Are you going to invite me into your bed?" he asked while unbuttoning his shirt. "Or would you like to fuck on the floor?"

* * * * *

Jamie couldn't remember a time when a man had looked at her with such blatant sexual need. Mark stood next to her bed unbuttoning his shirt, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of sculpted chest. Her mouth watered thinking of him hovering over her, driving into her heat.

Rising up on her knees, she lifted her nightgown and inched it up her thighs. As she took the thin silk up her body, the fabric grazed her nipples. She sucked in a breath. The material brought awareness to her sensitized skin. She anticipated the touch of her lover's caress while she pulled the gown over her head and tossed it to the bottom of the bed. A smile tugged at her lips. Mark's lust-filled stare raked every curve of her body, infusing her with fervent desire. She ached to feel him inside—deep. On her knees with her thighs spread, she said, "Come to bed, Mark," and pulled back the covers.

A growl escaped his lips. After taking a couple of condoms from his back pocket and tossing them on the nightstand, he shucked his pants. His cock loomed large and tall thrusting from a thatch of dark, curling hair. She'd almost forgotten the tempting sight. Almost.

Reaching out, she wrapped her fingers gently around the girth and gave him a loving stroke. A hiss of pleasure from his lips made her smile wider. She understood the craving. Unable to resist, she pulled on his penis. He took a step closer so his thighs were flush with the edge of the bed. On her hands and knees, she took his hard, heated flesh into her mouth. She took him deep. Pleasure vibrated the back of her throat. Mark slowly pumped his hips, driving into her mouth and then as she sucked, he inched back.

Mark threaded his fingers into her hair above her ears. "Stay on your knees," he said, pulling his cock from her mouth.

"Are we back to giving orders? Tsk, tsk." Her stomach fluttered at the devastatingly sexy smirk on his lips.

"I'd be more than happy to take orders if you'd like to tell me what to do." He ran his hand over her hip as he moved onto the bed. "Would you prefer to be the teacher? Or the student? I know what I want to teach you. Do you think there's anything you could teach me?" he asked, interspersing his words with wet, tempting, little kisses.

She certainly didn't want to be reminded of the age difference by being the teacher. Yet knowing he desired her was a powerful aphrodisiac. Mark offered her a weekend where she could do anything she wanted. And what she wanted was to behave without consequence.

Taking a condom from the nightstand, Mark tore the package with his teeth. "Jamie, I'll take you places you've never been." His tender touch caressed the dip in her lower back. "If something doesn't feel good, say the word." Fitting the rubber ring to the head of his shaft, he unrolled the latex.

"Should I be scared?"

"Do you want to be?" He held her gaze, clearly expecting an answer.

"I don't know." In fact, she really didn't know anything about the best man except for the fact that he made her pussy throb. Initially her attraction to him might have been based on seeing her ex-husband with his new wife. At the rehearsal, she proved she could attract a man. Craig had noticed and that went a long way to softening the blow of being replaced. In one hour Mark had managed to do what she couldn't in the past eighteen months – piss Craig off.

Jamie scooted to the center of the bed. "Hurry Mark, I've wanted you to fuck me since you walked into the church."

Mark kneeled behind her. Searching out her center, he parted the moist outer lips of her pussy. She arched her back, encouraging him to probe deep inside. Wetness coated

her inner thighs. She couldn't remember ever being this hot. Pressing her hips into his groin, she attempted to impale herself on him. His chuckled frustrated, yet heightened her awareness and anticipation.

"Is this what you want?" Her inner walls tightened around his finger. Pulling out, he then inserted a second finger, stretching her, sliding in and flicking back and forth.

"No, I want your cock." She glanced over her shoulder. "Mmmm." She quivered, expecting full penetration, but Mark barely breached her body with the head of his penis. "More." She tried to move, however Mark's hands on her hips held her still.

Inching ever so slowly, he pressed into her welcoming channel. "You feel so good." His deep voice filled the room, penetrating through the blood pounding in her ears. His strokes were slow and methodical. Pressing deep until his balls tightened and he nestled against her, he then slowly retreated.

"Mark?"

"Hmmm."

She glanced back at him. His jaw and teeth clenched. Muscles strained in his neck as he controlled his body's responses. She didn't want him in control. "My husband made love to me. I thought you wanted to fuck."

His eyes widened. "So the kitten has claws." He slammed his point home. Jamie cried out as he drove fiercely, jarring her body with his thrusts. Pressure built and her thighs trembled. "Are you going to come? Is your pussy ready to purr?"

"I'm going to come. Oh yes. Oh yes! *Oh yes.*" Sparks flashed behind her closed eyelids. "Oh yes!" Mark thrust two fingers into her ass, bringing on another wave of powerful aftershocks. With his cock pumping into her pussy and his fingers fucking her ass, pleasure rolled through her in waves. One crashing into the next. Before she could recover, he pulled his fingers from her ass and replaced them with the bulbous head of his cock wet with her cream. "Oh please, yes. Fuck me, Mark."

Slowly pressing into her tight little hole, he penetrated Jamie. He stretched her sphincter until she thought she'd split in half. Then in a rush of liquid heat, her body

accepted his invasion. Smooth, hard strokes pushed her to heightened pleasures she'd never before experienced.

Arching her back, tossing her head, she cried his name into the darkened bedroom. Clamping her teeth into her bottom lip kept her from breaking into sobs of joy and pleasure. Heart racing, thighs and arms quivering, she grasped the sheets in her fists as another orgasm came upon her. Stronger than the previous two, it stole her breath.

A feral growl from Mark echoed in the room. His fingers bit into the flesh of her hips. She couldn't catch her breath. He thrust deep into her tight rosette and ground his pelvis against her ass. He tensed behind her, every muscle rigid while he exploded. Deplete of energy, he bent over her back, still buried full hilt, and rested his head. His chest molded to her form, offering warmth.

Jamie dropped her head forward. Her chin nearly touched her chest. She absorbed his weight, feeling wonderful in his embrace. His soft lips moved over her flesh from one shoulder blade to the next. Mark traced her spine with his tongue.

"You're an amazing lover," she whispered.

Mark slowly pulled from her body. She collapsed onto her stomach and he followed, lying on his back. "You know as well as I do that this is something different than either one of us has ever had." He turned his head. Their faces were only inches apart. His expression was serious but also disarming.

No, she didn't want to acknowledge that a man fifteen years younger made her ache for the years lost with her husband. She hadn't realized. She just hadn't known sex could be so damn intense. Jamie yawned. "We need to get some sleep. The wedding isn't until two, but there's so much to do."

Mark leaned over and kissed her quickly on the lips. "Red eyes and sleepless nights are expected with a wedding. We'll blend right in."

Chapter Four

Jamie stood beneath the hot needles of the shower. Water sluiced over her whisker-burned skin. Never in her life had her limbs been weak from a night of fornication. And that was what Mark had given her, a heart pounding, wild night of sex. They hadn't made love, no, he'd fucked her well and good. And it was thrilling.

Turning off the water, she wrapped a towel turban style around her head. Technically, she hadn't overslept because she hadn't gone to sleep. In a little over an hour, she needed to be at the church.

She stepped from the bathroom. With his arms folded beneath the pillow under his head, Mark lay on his stomach in all his naked glory. His sculpted ass, tapered torso, and tousled hair nearly made her climb back into bed. The sheets were crumpled on the floor at the bottom of the bed and condom wrappers littered the floor. Her romantic boudoir looked like a dorm room at a sorority house.

"Mark." She ran her nails down his back and along the crease between his ass cheeks. "Jump in the shower and I'll start coffee."

She took his groan as a yes.

After Jamie had the coffee brewed, she took a steaming cup into her dressing room and sat at the vanity. Mark hummed a tune in the shower. She smiled because she hadn't thought of him as a morning person. There was too much dark mystery and sexual energy in his eyes.

"Morning." The sound of his voice behind her startled her out of the erotic reflection of his finer attributes. "I assume my tux is at the church."

She nodded. Water droplets glistened on his chest and dripped to follow the thin trail of hair to the edge of the towel wrapped low around his hips. Under her gaze, his erection grew, bulging beneath the towel.

“As tempting as you are, we don’t have time. We cannot be late for the wedding. So put your weapon away.” Her lips smirked into a smile.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Mark, I told you not to call me ma’am.” She laughed at his retreating back. “And hurry.”

She turned back to the mirror and cocked one of her eyebrows. Not bad for a ma’am.

* * * * *

Mark’s mouth watered at the sight of Jamie in a cream-colored, silk slip of a dress. Sheer hose, high heels, she looked fabulous. He had a hard time keeping his eyes on the road as he drove them to the church.

“Mark, I’m going to need your help. Well, more of a favor.” She glanced at him and then turned her gaze back to the window. “As lovely as yesterday was, it is still going to be difficult keeping up a degree of civility with Craig. Believe me, what has happened between us has definitely taken the sting out of having to spend today with my ex.”

“Don’t think about him. Just us.” Mark reached over and took her hand.

“That’s just it.” She turned toward him on the seat and crossed one silk-covered calf over the other. “I don’t want my family to know. The truth is that there really isn’t an us because you’re only here for the weekend. An unexpected delight, but then the real world will come crashing in on Monday and I don’t want any lingering repercussions.”

“You don’t want your daughter and ex to know you seduced the best man?”

She gave a snort. “I’m not sure who seduced whom. As for the ex, I’m sure he’s figured out something happened between us.” She told him about the exchange outside the bathroom at the restaurant.

“I suspected as much when he left the table.”

“Thank you for not causing a scene.”

Mark chuckled. Jamie didn't need him rushing to her defense. From what he'd seen, she didn't have a problem expressing herself. He found her honesty refreshing. And he told her so.

“This is a novel experience for me. However, I have no doubt you've developed an impressive reputation back home.”

“Jamie, I'll admit that on the plane ride over I thought about spending the weekend fucking a bridesmaid. Then I saw the mother of the bride. I don't need entanglements in my life, which is why I haven't dated in a while. I haven't slept with a woman in months.”

“Did I touch a tender spot?”

“No, in order to do that you'd need to touch here.” He clasped her hand and pressed it against his raging erection.

“Shame to let it go to waste,” she said.

“You'll let the cougar out of the bag with just one of those looks.” Her eyes misted over with passion. He'd wondered if she'd be done with him after last night. Clearly she wasn't any closer to saying goodbye than he was. They had tonight. If she continued to stroke his cock through his slacks, they were going to have another round in the car. Jeezus, he needed to fuck her hot, moist mouth.

“Maybe we should just avoid each other at the wedding.”

He groaned as her fingers traced the hard length. “Jamie, as much as I want to make you come, please, you have to stop or I'm going to.” She smiled. Mark chuckled and said, “Or you can keep it up and I'll have you in the church parking lot again.”

She snatched her hand back into her lap. “No touching at the wedding.”

“Would it really bother you if Ashley found out? I get the impression you'd take sort of a perverse pleasure in confirming your ex's suspicions.”

“I honestly don’t know how Ashley would take it and I don’t want to find out. Today is about her and Wes. Why should I cause a scene when you’re leaving tomorrow anyway?”

“Because it would be fun to watch your ex.”

Jamie’s smile reflected exactly what she was thinking. “That would be the only benefit.”

“Jamie...” He paused considering exactly why his stomach tightened at the thought of returning home to Phoenix. “I’d like to see you again.”

The acknowledgement of the pleasure they could enjoy flashed in her eyes. “But you just said you weren’t looking for an entanglement. And Mark, as delicious as you are, I’m certainly not looking for a long-term, long-distance relationship.”

“I enjoyed being entangled with you last night. I think you did too.” However, she was right. He wasn’t looking for a girlfriend. He recognized the difference between a mature woman who wouldn’t cling and the twenty-somethings back home who grated on his last nerve. Jamie didn’t want or expect anything from him, and he certainly didn’t need pandering from her. “Then you wouldn’t be interested in seeing each other after this weekend?” Damn, his mouth spoke out of turn. He wasn’t ready, yet fate seemed to lead him in a different direction. Jamie represented everything he found attractive in a woman—sharp wit, fierce independence and uninhibited sexual appetite.

“Actually, Mark, I’d love to keep you under my bed, bring you out a few times a day, and fuck you like my daily meals. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner. However, one night of incredible sex hasn’t muddled my mind.”

No, but maybe two might. He didn’t care why. He just knew he wasn’t going to be able to walk away after the weekend. Jamie didn’t know it yet, but he intended the lessons to continue.

Several cars were already in the parking lot when they pulled up to the church.

A few men wearing black tuxes smoked cigarettes under a large elm. Peach taffeta ruffles blew in the breeze as two of the bridesmaids hurried back into the church. Out on the horizon, the morning skies darkened. Thunderstorms brewed.

“Ashley wanted to have most of her wedding photos taken outside on the church grounds. The rain is going to make that impossible.”

Mark stepped from the vehicle and went around to the passenger door. The wind picked up, nearly pulling the door from his hand and slamming it closed. “Careful,” he said, putting a hand on her dress to keep it from doing a Marilyn Monroe and blowing up around her waist. Just touching the silken texture caused his cock to jump with awareness.

Never had a woman commanded all his senses. Even with the heavy scent of rain in the air, he detected the subtle fragrance of her perfume. The wind kicked through her hair, tangling it around her face. He could’ve had his hands on her in the car. No one would have suspected anything. The wind was making a fine mess out of everyone’s appearance.

They entered the church. The foyer was filled with beautiful flowers. A few bridesmaids flitted about, giggling. What had he been thinking? There was no comparison between the woman beside him and the gaggle of girls.

“There’s still tonight,” Jamie whispered, standing beside him. She’d obviously mistaken his expression for one of interest when looking at the jubilant frocks of taffeta.

He leaned close. “I intend to make the most of tonight.” His eyes raked down her body. “Are you wearing panties?”

“I’d let you find out, but I need to help Ashley get ready for the ceremony.”

“If you find yourself alone, will you do something for me?”

Mark wrapped his arm around her waist. At first she stiffened, her glance darting around the foyer. “Mark, someone will see.” She tried to step away, but he held firm.

“If you find yourself alone, and I’m not around to do it for you, touch yourself.”

“Mark.” She spoke with the tone loud and clear even though her words were whispered.

“And then find me so that I can lick your fingers.” He brought her hand to his mouth and flicked his tongue between her index and middle finger as if he were licking her pearly inner folds.

Her cheeks flushed with color. A sigh parted her lips. “You make me reckless. Why can’t I say no?” She glanced down the vacant corridor.

He wanted to suck on her lips. He leaned in...

“You can’t kiss me.” Her voice was soft, yet full of promise. “Someone will see.”

“Where?”

“Nowhere! We’re in a church,” she said, taking his hand and leading him down the hall.

Glancing around, he nodded. “Yes, we are in a church and it seems fitting since I want you on your knees.”

Lightning flashed through stained glass. Thunder boomed.

“We’re going to hell.”

“No, we’re going to heaven.” He followed her into an empty classroom. Closing the door, he swooped down on her lips, thrusting his tongue in a rhythm his grinding hips emulated. Velvet stroked velvet; she tasted fresh and of toothpaste.

Thunder crashed again.

Jamie pulled away, yet still angled her body to rub her clit through her dress and panties against his hard length. Damn, he felt the heat through his trousers.

“It’s a sign,” she whispered. “We should stop.” Mouths open, their lips sealed again. He sucked on her tongue. Tension coiled in his gut. He had to complete the possession as much as he needed to take his next breath.

“No, the thunder is camouflage for your screams.” He lifted her dress revealing her thigh-high stockings. “Do you have any idea how incredibly turned on I am? How am I

supposed to survive the rest of the day knowing what you're wearing under this dress?"

"You weren't supposed to discover it until after the wedding."

He slid his hand into the front of her panties to feel the dewy wetness seeping from her honeyed core. "I want to fuck you, Jamie. Are you going to let me?" He kissed her.

She bit his lip. "All talk." She soothed the bite with a lick. "You've been efficient at everything. How fast can you make me come, because we've only got a minute?"

Mark opened the fly of his pants. His cock was so eager for release, it instantly snapped to attention the moment it had room to grow. Fully erect, he quickly sheathed himself in a condom. "Hold on. My lady wants a hard and fast orgasm. It's my honor to fulfill her every whim."

Mark backed Jamie against the wall, hiked her dress to her waist, and tugged the crotch of her panties out of the way. "Wrap your legs around me, sweetheart, and hold on with your claws." In one smooth push, he entered her hot, welcoming body.

"Oh God!"

"We're in church. You're supposed to say dear God."

"Be...good...Mark!"

He chuckled. "I thought I was." He slammed into her hot channel in quick but full strokes. Her body tightened, squeezing his cock in a silken glove. Lightning flashed. The lights flickered.

"Another sign," she said and laughed. "Oh...Mark...harder... Yes!"

The clap of thunder couldn't cover her cries. He kissed her mouth, stealing her breath. He had to do something. If her moans of pleasure didn't alert the wedding party to their tryst, his would. He felt like pounding his chest and releasing the call of the wild.

A knock on the door.

The handle turned.

"Mark!" He dropped her legs, hiked up his trousers, and turned to face the door just as it opened.

"Jamie?"

Mark heard her groan behind him as he blocked her from view. The door opened fully and Craig stepped into the room. Mark finished zipping his pants, his cock hard and still wearing the condom. With the smile stretching his mouth, he was glad Jamie stood behind him. He felt her forehead resting between his shoulder blades as she shimmied her dress back into position. Her body vibrated.

"Are you laughing?" Mark asked her.

"What in the hell is going on here?" Craig slammed the door behind him.

"Nothing *now*," Mark said. However, evidence of what had been going on hung heavy in the air, the musky scent of sex. Jamie rested her hand on his ass. He looked over his shoulder. "You okay?"

She nodded still smiling. She smoothed her hair and stepped around Mark to face her ex.

Red stained Craig's face. His hands formed fists at his side. "Jesus Christ, Jamie."

"Nice, Craig, we're in a church. Watch your language."

Mark stared at the toe of his shoe and thought about sad puppy eyes and focused on his aching dick. Damn Craig's timing. He'd been right at the precipice of rocketing off. Shifting the humor of the moment into irritation, he was able to keep the laughter from his voice. He asked, "What did you need?"

"Jamie, what would our daughter say?" Craig's eyes narrowed. "What are you thinking? He's half your age."

Jamie gave a snort. "Not quite. And how old is your little trollop?"

"Is that what this is about? Are you trying to prove something to me by having sex with him?" Craig pointed at Mark and then paced across the floor.

"You're an inquisitive guy," Mark said, slipping his hands into his pockets and leaning against the wall. "Do you really believe you have a right to ask?"

Not responding to Mark, Craig tilted his head and in a tone dripping with pity said, "I knew you had taken the divorce hard, but I didn't realize you were close to a breakdown. You've always been a cold-hearted woman. I never knew."

"Knew what?" Jamie's forehead scrunched as she arched an incredulous eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

"You're screwing the best man in the church where we were married. You met him yesterday."

"I don't think it's any of your business why she's screwing me. But if you must know, I enjoy fucking beautiful women."

"Mark..."

"And you talk to me of watching my language. Jamie, is that what you want? To be a piece of meat to him? You're nothing to him, but an easy lay. You can't possibly want that."

"No, what she wants is to be fucked in the ass...only you interrupted before I had the chance to bend her over the desk."

"Mark! You aren't helping."

"He's a prick. Fuck him. What you do is none of his business anymore."

"Ashley will hear about this," Craig stated with a tone of authority.

"Craig, stop it. Don't..."

"Don't what? Tell our daughter her mother is a whore?"

Mark had heard enough. "Pull your head out. Jamie is an adult. And if you call her a whore again and I'll kick your ass. Remember I'm half *your* age, too."

Jamie chuckled then quickly squashed the sound.

"And where I fuck her is none of your business."

“What kind of sick game are you playing?” Craig’s face twisted into a disgusted sneer. “She’s twice your age.”

“I couldn’t care less how old she is.” Rather the opposite. She was refreshingly mature and sexually his equal. Mark wasn’t about to let Craig lay a guilt trip on her for acting on normal, if impulsive, pleasures.

“It’s disgraceful.”

Before Mark could defend Jamie, she took a step toward Craig. “You’re a hypocrite. Did you think it disgraceful when you were banging Trisha on your office desk? So don’t stand there and use that condescending tone with me.”

“This isn’t about me. It’s about your behavior.”

“Yes, and now I know why your secretary held appeal. There is something exciting about a young piece of ass.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” Mark put his hands on Jamie’s shoulders. “I don’t know how you could walk away. I know I sure as hell won’t.”

“I’d like to know what that is supposed to mean,” Craig said.

Jamie turned around. Her eyes widened and then narrowed seductively. “Are you saying you never leave the table until the meal is finished?”

“What does food have to do with this?”

“Nothing,” Mark said to Craig. “I’m saying that Jamie is a fascinating, sexy-as-hell woman that I want to get to know a lot better.” He tucked her hair behind her ear just the way she liked it.

She put her hands over his, brought it to her side, and held it. She stared into his face. “Mark?”

Shit, he didn’t mean to announce his intentions in front of an audience. He wanted Jamie alone, naked and in his arms where he could be most convincing. He reached out and brushed a lock of hair from her face, gently grazing her soft and smooth cheek with the pad of his calloused fingertip. Both kitten and hellcat, she matched him perfectly.

“Jamie, can’t you tell when you’re being snowed? The man is going to profess his love to keep you in his bed.”

Jamie’s gaze didn’t waver from Mark’s. “Actually, I invited him into my bed.” She glanced over her shoulder. “It was either that or get rug burns from being fucked on the floor.”

Craig sucked in a sharp breath of air. Thunder boomed overhead and a cloud burst. The wind blew the pelting rain against the windows. Like a freight train the sound grew louder and louder.

“Craig, if you feel like you have to tell Ashley, at least wait until after the wedding ceremony,” Jamie said. “The rain has already put a damper on her day.”

Mark wrapped an arm around Jamie.

She glanced at him and then turned back to Craig. “Although I don’t know why you should bother. All you’ll do is stir up trouble. Mark is leaving tomorrow and it’ll all be moot anyway. Beyond that, my sex life is none of your business.”

“This isn’t over.” Craig stalked back to the door and threw it open. “Your daughter has been looking for you. I’m certainly glad I’m the one who walked in here. You should be thankful. I won’t say anything until after the wedding.”

“Exactly why do you care? You haven’t cared about me in years.”

Craig paused in the doorway. “That isn’t true. We had a good marriage for a long time.”

“Our marriage was boring and so were we. At least I’m enjoying myself. Listen, Craig, tell whomever you want. No one cares anymore. I’m beginning to wonder why I stayed in the marriage. I am only just beginning to realize we were sorely lacking in many areas.”

Craig stormed from the room. Mark rubbed his hands up her arms. “Are you okay?” He bent to breathe in the scent of her skin. His lips brushed her neck. “You’re shaking, but I don’t think Craig noticed.”

Jamie angled her head to keep Mark from kissing her. The way he looked at her, his lips, mouth, touch, all kept her from rational thought. Sleeping with him was a mistake, even if it didn't feel like it at the time. And pulling him into the classroom was the biggest one of all. He offered her a weekend tryst. No matter what he said to Craig, she wasn't going to ask for more. There were too many years between them. The novelty would wear off and then she'd be left pining for the best sex she'd ever had. No. They'd entered into the affair with a clear understanding of the duration. Yes, he created an unbelievable ache in her chest. When he left she'd feel the loss. Never had someone come into her life so suddenly and shone with such brilliance. He made her feel like a woman, beautiful, desirable and sexual. And it had been a long time.

"He's going to tell Ashley just to spite me."

"Deny it if you want. It won't matter. I know Wes and you know your daughter. Do you really think anything your ex-asshole—" He cocked an eyebrow. "Your words, not mine. Do you think Ashley is going to be bothered by anything he says? Craig betrayed you." Mark grew quiet and pensive, staring hard into her eyes. "I never would."

"Oh Mark." She dropped her forehead to his chest. "This was just supposed to be about sex. We've spent the night together and had unbelievable sex."

Hooking a finger under her chin, he lifted her face. "We've only just begun."

"We're finished." She pulled away and took two steps back. "We just had sex in a church." Her voice dripped with incredulity. "I should be helping my daughter get ready for the ceremony. And you should be with the groom. You're not even in your tux and look at me." She splayed her arms wide. "I'm a mess."

"I think you look sexy and well tossed." His mouth tilted into a crooked smile.

She put her arms akimbo. "Well Mark, that is exactly the problem. I need to find Ashley." She hurried to the door.

"Jamie—"

She glanced over her shoulder.

“It isn’t just sex. You have wonderful qualities.”

Oh yes, and the best part about her – she wore panties with easy access. “Mark, we were reckless and now I have to make sure Craig doesn’t try to turn my daughter against me.” She slipped from the room before he had a chance to convince her to stay.

For whatever reason, she couldn’t control her lust for Mark. A bit of distance seemed in order. And since that wasn’t possible during the wedding, she planned to stay in a crowd. A groan escaped her lips. That meant spending time in close proximity to Craig. She couldn’t win.

Chapter Five

Mark heard the boisterous laughter from inside the groom's room. What a mess. Pasting a spurious smile on his face, he knocked twice and opened the door. "Is there an extra monkey suit in here?"

"Mark, where've you been?" A round of laughs erupted. They'd really laugh if they knew he'd been in the bathroom, disposing of a condom and finishing himself off. The day kept getting worse.

"What'd I miss?" He hoped Craig hadn't come in here first and informed the wedding party he was fucking the mother of the bride. Not that he cared if anyone knew, but Jamie did. He didn't want to make dealing with her ex-husband any more difficult. Mostly, Mark was a good reader of people. Jamie had been upset in the classroom even though she'd done a convincing job of getting Craig to believe she wasn't bothered. Mark didn't want to scare her off. Just the opposite, he wanted to get her off. Again and again. She was good for him. It had been a long time since he'd felt compelled to enter a relationship. Yet that's what he wanted to explore with Jamie.

Wes came forward and slapped him on the back. "I'm sorry. I just know your reputation with the ladies. We were discussing which one of the bridesmaids had your attention." Wes wagged his brows. "Because you sure haven't been focused on the wedding."

Guilt stabbed at Mark's conscience. He needed to tell Wes about the incident in the classroom before he heard it from someone else. "Can I speak with you alone for a minute?"

Wes glanced at his brothers and his dad. Noticing the uncomfortable awkwardness, they excused themselves from the room. Once alone, Mark walked to the window. Staring out at the parking lot for a moment, he then turned and sat on the windowsill.

“Something has happened.” Mark pushed his hair behind his ears, squared his shoulders and met his friend’s eyes.

Wes took a chair across from him and rested his elbows on his knees, giving Mark his undivided attention. “I’m listening.”

“You’re right. I have hooked up with someone from the wedding party. Sparks ignited from the moment I saw her.”

“Damn, you work fast.”

Mark chuckled. In the past it had been a compliment. He wasn’t sure Wes was going to see his prowess in a positive way considering the object of his affection. Best and least painful way to explain was to put the truth out there and hope Wes didn’t have a problem with it. “I was doing your future mother-in-law, and your future father-in-law just walked in on us.”

“What?” Wes started to laugh. “You were fucking Jamie here...at the church. Really?”

Mark nodded.

“Oh hell, what I wouldn’t have given to be a fly on the wall.”

“Hey, my sexual activities aren’t for your voyeuristic fantasies.”

Wes raised a questioning eyebrow.

“Not anymore.”

Wes dragged his hands down his cheeks. “Well, I had meant watching that pompous ass find out his wife —”

“Ex-wife.”

“Point taken. He’s belittled Jamie since the divorce. I would have enjoyed the look on Craig’s face as he watched his wife...ex-wife...where were you?”

“In a classroom. Craig didn’t actually see anything. At least I don’t think he did.” Mark let out a sigh of relief. “Then you aren’t upset? I know I just met her, Wes. But damn, this is different.” He smiled. “I’m heading into the slow season at work. If I can

convince Jamie, I want to take some time for us to get to know each other. Either spend a few weeks up here or convince her to come to Phoenix.”

Wes leaned back in the chair. “You’re serious?”

“On the flight here all I considered was a weekend fling. Fast and uncomplicated.” He reflected on the shared moments with Jamie. “She can do fast...really well. But Craig just complicated the situation. We traded words. Craig threatened to tell Ashley.”

“So what?”

Mark shrugged. “So it upset Jamie. She doesn’t want a rift with her daughter.”

“Jeez, Mark, are you serious about Jamie?”

“I don’t know—maybe. However, I certainly don’t want to be responsible for a quarrel if Craig causes trouble.”

“He can try.” Wes sighed and stood. “If Jamie’s only concern is Ashley, I have some influence. Now put your tux on. I’m getting married.”

Mark took the tux from the coat rack. “Are you nervous? Marriage. Big step, what if it’s a big mistake?”

Wes chuckled. “Mark, the only difference between married and seriously dating is going to be getting laid whenever I want.”

Marriage encompassed much more than that. Trouble was, watching Wes, Mark couldn’t remember why he feared commitment. It boiled down to trusting the woman. Mark had never wanted to see past the moment. Twenty-four hours had made a serious impact on how he saw the future. For the first time, he could see a woman. Jamie.

Mark stripped off his shirt. He dressed quickly and then stood in front of the mirror to straighten his tie and cummerbund.

“I guess I’m ready.”

“She’s a great girl, Wes.” Mark put his hand on Wes’ shoulder as he took his turn in front of the mirror.

“Yeah, and so is her mom,” Wes told him.

* * * * *

Jamie's heart pounded, her chest hollow. How could she be so stupid? Of course Craig would do anything to reflect an unbecoming light upon her. He knew he'd fallen from the pedestal Ashley had always kept him on when he walked away from the family. Ashley loved her father, but she didn't approve of how he ended the marriage. Craig's marriage and the little bun in the oven softened Ashley. He'd use Jamie's affair with Mark as one more way of justifying what he'd done. Sleeping with Mark wasn't the same as his infidelity, yet she still felt guilty.

"Hi, sorry I'm late." Jamie sucked in her breath sharply. Ashley stood in the center of the bride's room surrounded by elegant silk and lace. Her hair piled on top of her head adorned with white pearls. "You're stunning." Jamie crossed the room forgetting about her woes and focusing on the beautiful bride ready to begin the next stage of her life with the man she loved.

Tears streamed down Jamie's cheeks.

"Mother, you'll make me cry."

Jamie dabbed Ashley's eyes with a tissue and then wiped her own.

Thunder rumbled through the room. "Do you think it's a sign I shouldn't get married?" Ashley giggled, turning back to the mirror. "I'm just grateful. If bad weather is the only unplanned addition to the day, I'll be thrilled."

Jamie met Ashley's eyes in the mirror.

"Mother, thank you for being nice to Daddy."

Jamie hadn't been nice exactly. Ashley just hadn't been privy to the animated exchanges. Thank God. And Ashley wouldn't be if Craig would keep his mouth shut. A wedding day was meant to be about the bride. Jamie should remember that the next time Mark tempted her with his stirring words.

"I know it isn't easy, especially with Trisha hanging on his arm. Hey, you must be in a great mood. You didn't cringe when I said her name."

Jamie bit on her lower lip. She wanted to break down and confess what she had done. Soon. Just get through the wedding. Once the anxiety of the ceremony was behind her, she could focus on the anxiety of Mark. "I've realized I haven't truly been angry with your father for a while. I simply enjoy being a bitch to him."

"You're entitled. But it probably is time to let the divorce and all the ugly memories go."

"I am." Jamie calmed her nervous stomach. "I'll go get your father. It's time." No amount of deep breathing could quell the sudden escalation in her heart rate. Facing Craig would be difficult. It would need to be done eventually. Maybe she could reason with him. Although in all the years she'd dealt with him as wife to husband it was all about Craig. She had to be the perfect wife and what benefit did she reap? Nothing. After twenty-two years of devotion, her husband showed her neither respect nor appreciation for the years of wifely support. And since the divorce, his treatment of her had only deteriorated. Perhaps that's why she experienced such a quick fascination with the best man. He represented everything Craig opposed. Mark didn't want her hair perfectly coiffed. He wanted her hot, sweaty, and ready...in church parking lots and classrooms. With Mark around, she was in trouble.

Jamie found Craig mingling with guests in the foyer of the church before they were escorted to pews for the service. Five hundred invitations had been sent. Craig had an image to rebuild as the pillar of the community. His reputation had taken a near fatal blow when he'd left their marriage for his secretary. His daughter's wedding would be an event to remember, one to overshadow memory of his infidelity. Combined with the added scandal he intended to cause, Jamie would never forget tonight either.

"Craig." His initial sneer quickly morphed into a smile dripping with malevolence. "Why do you hate me?" She chuckled. "Never mind. I suppose we have reasons to hate each other."

He took her by the arm and hurried her down the hall. "Not in front of our guests."

"I only came to tell you it's time to walk our daughter down the aisle." She yanked on her arm. "And get your hands off me."

He released her. The door on the left opened. Wes filled the space with Mark standing directly behind him. Jamie's breath caught in her throat. Devastatingly handsome, Mark's tux fit to perfection. His hair hung loose around his shoulders. Lust snaked up her spine remembering the way the silky strands slipped through her fingers as he braced above her, filling, stretching, claiming her.

"Close your mouth, Jamie. Haven't you had enough?"

She glared at Craig. He said he would wait to say anything, yet at the first opportunity he made a comment to elicit a response. After the scene in the classroom, she didn't know how Mark would react.

Wes leaned a shoulder against the doorjamb, thereby blocking Mark. "Jamie," he said. "You look stunning. It isn't fair the mother of the bride look as beautiful as the bride."

"If you weren't going to be my son-in-law, I'd tell you what you can do with that line of crap." She tried to play it off as funny, but her skin tingled with awareness under Mark's gaze. Pulse racing, her flesh heated. Damn it, she wasn't going to let Craig bully her into a submissive mouse. She'd grown strong after the divorce and went after what she wanted. Right now, she wanted Mark. "And no, Craig, I haven't had enough."

"All right, Mom." Wes gave a nod of approval.

Mark pushed around Wes. "I told him."

Craig stiffened. Jamie doubted he'd have the balls to say anything to Wes. To do so might risk being at odds with Ashley. As if on cue, the bride's room door opened.

"What's going on?" Ashley flounced out of the room. Yards of white silk floated around her feet and trailed behind.

"Ashley, I was just coming to get you." Craig stepped away from the group. "You know, sweetheart, it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the ceremony."

“Daddy, what’s going on?” She brushed past Craig and stood next to Wes. Great! Now the whole family stood in the hallway either wearing cheesy grins, like Mark, or sneers. However, no one was talking.

Wes trailed a finger down Ashley’s bare arm. “You look beautiful.”

Her eyes sparkled. “I love you... Now tell me what’s going on out here.” Her voice grew quiet. “Tell me Mother and Daddy aren’t fighting again.”

Wes shook his head. “No, it’s great news actually.”

“I’d hardly call it great news.”

“Craig, you promised! I should know better,” Jamie said on a sigh. “You don’t keep your word.”

“This isn’t my fault. You were the one with your dress hiked up around your waist.”

“Craig, it’s none of your business.” Mark wore an intimidating expression as he moved to stand next to Jamie.

“Would someone tell me what’s going on?” Ashley pulled and tugged on her dress before stepping in the center of the grouping.

“I walked in on your mother and the best man in the classroom. It didn’t take a genius to see they’d been screwing their brains out.”

“Mother?”

Wes draped his arm around her shoulder. “Awesome, eh? The mother of the bride and the best man, I think it’s great.”

Jamie waited with bated breath. She could feel the heat of Mark’s body beside her.

“Well...I guess.” Ashley’s brows furrowed. “You just met, though. I don’t know what to say. I mean...it just happened?”

“Yes, here at the church, in the classroom. Your mother had her dress up—”

“Craig.” Mark’s commanding tone drew everyone’s attention. “I don’t think you need to give the details. That’s Jamie’s and my business. Not yours and not theirs.”

"I agree. And I don't particularly want the details." Wes closed his eyes. "What I want is for my soon-to-be wife to disappear so that I can pretend it was only a vision of breathtaking beauty."

Ashley giggled. "Come on, Daddy." She tugged on Craig's arm. "I'm getting married," she squealed. Craig had little choice but to follow Ashley back into the bride's room.

"I'll leave you alone for a minute," Wes said to Jamie and Mark and then headed to the foyer of the church.

Jamie and Mark stood alone in the hall. "That was pleasant. How come you told Wes?" She surprised herself with the calm note to her voice. Between Mark's stunning good looks and the humiliation of the situation, her nerves were a wreck. He elicited both responses in her. She wanted to clobber him and then screw him. And the smug smile on his face revealed he knew it. "I thought we'd decided to wait until after the ceremony."

Mark leaned against the wall. "Telling Wes took the power away from Craig." He took a deep breath. "I didn't want him holding what happened between us over your head. I don't care what people think about me. I never have, but I won't let him attempt to tarnish your reputation."

"Why do you care?"

"The truth...I don't know," he growled, rolling his shoulders. "I'm the last guy to get pussy-whipped by a woman." His eyes narrowed, focused intently. She dizzied under his stare.

"All we have is fantastic sex."

He took a confident step toward her. "And in twenty-four hours, we've figured out we have similar appetites." He leaned in, lips close to hers, sharing the same breath. "Let me make love to you tonight."

"Love?" Damn, her pussy clenched in anticipation. Cream dampened her panties.

“Just say yes,” he whispered.

“And if I do?”

“I’ll take you high and make you come.”

“And if I’m scared of heights?” Oh, but she enjoyed the way his voice caressed her ear.

“Jamie, I’ll take you somewhere you’ve never been. All you have to do is say yes.”

She had no doubt, both figuratively and literally. Since she’d met him, he’d taken her places she’d never been sexually. “Yes,” she spoke on a breath and then closed the distance between their mouths. Hot, and wet, her tongue breached the barrier of his lips. He opened wide, forcing her head back in the aggressive response. He sucked her tongue.

Jamie put her hands on his hips, angled her head, and deepened the kiss. Mark groaned, but left his hands at his sides. He was letting her set the tone and tempo. He might have been the one to encourage their reckless behavior in the classroom. Here in the hall, Jamie decided how far to take it.

His lips were soft beneath hers. Tongues continued to stroke, taste, explore.

“Mmm.” She pulled back and then brushed her lips against his warm mouth. “Until later.”

“My balls are going to be blue.”

Jamie giggled. “I don’t think that counts as the something borrowed, something blue.”

* * * * *

Jamie wore a smile and greeted guests. She repeated, “The ceremony was beautiful,” like a mantra. Now and again, she’d feel Mark’s hand against her lower back. They were both eagerly anticipating the end of the reception. It had already been a long day. The night’s activities were sure to breathe renewed energy into their bodies.

“How exactly did you come to stand beside me?” she asked Mark during a lull in the receiving line. She should have been standing next to Craig. Some angel had maneuvered the line so she was sandwiched between Wes’ dad and Mark.

“Can we step away and get a drink? Maybe if we break from formation, others will too.”

Jamie glanced around the reception hall. Soon it would be time to cut the cake and then the newlyweds would depart for their honeymoon. Two weeks in Jamaica to explore each other’s delights. All Jamie needed was one more night of discovery with Mark. “Sounds good.”

Jamie tingled from his hand. It had to be clear to everyone in the wedding party that Jamie and Mark had developed, at the very least, a friendship. As they walked to the champagne fountain, he stayed near her side.

“I think it’s time to toast the happy couple.”

Jamie and Mark turned to see Craig at the microphone. Evidently the receiving line broke up as soon as they’d walked away. Waiters circled the room with trays of champagne flutes. Craig lifted his glass.

“Wes, I’ve had Ashley for twenty-three years. Now it’s your turn. I wish you both as much happiness as I’ve found with Trisha.”

“Isn’t the best man supposed to offer the first toast?” Jamie’s knuckles whitened on the stem of her flute.

Mark pried it from her fingers. “Easy, sweetheart.”

“That ass actually toasted and wished our daughter a marriage like his. Is he insane?”

Mark pulled her close and kissed her lips quickly. “Best man’s turn to toast the happy couple.”

Before she could respond to the kiss or the statement, Mark made his way to the microphone. He lifted his champagne flute, winked at Jamie, and then turned to the

newlyweds standing next to each other at a flowered archway where the cake would be cut.

“Wes, your wife is breathtaking.” He winked at Ashley. “She looks like her mother, so you won’t need to worry about her beauty fading.”

Several people laughed. Jamie wanted to crawl under the table.

“This is a special day, a day for lovers.” Jamie couldn’t glance in Mark’s direction for fear he looked at her. “Honesty fosters trust, trust builds love, and love inspires fidelity. Never forget that and never lose what you have today.” He held up his glass. “Congratulations.”

Everyone drank. Mark looked at his watch. “Now, I suggest we get this party started unless you plan to miss your plane.”

The band started to play and the newlyweds were called to the dance floor for the first dance. Jamie watched Mark cross the room with purposeful strides until he stood before her. Breathing became difficult. In his tailored tux, long hair, and dark, mysterious eyes, he weakened her knees. Chills broke against her flesh as he took her hand.

“Will you dance with me?” He leaned in to sniff the skin beneath her ear. Moist, warm breath fanned her flesh where she dabbed her perfume. “I’d rather have my cock buried deep inside of you,” he whispered near her ear. “Since I can’t, I need to have my hands on your body.” His lips brushed her neck. “Are you hot, Jamie? Are you thinking about what I’m going to do to you tonight?”

“Yes.” She breathed the word.

“Will you trust me to decide what happens between us? Do what I ask even if you’re not sure.”

She didn’t know how to answer when he had her thoughts muddled with brazen sexual desire.

“Honesty, Jamie. Honesty leads to trust.”

She realized she had her hands on his hips, holding herself steady. "I trust you." She leaned into him. "And I want to dance." At the moment, she wanted a lot more than that.

While the cake was cut, several friends and family members took their turn at the microphone. Music played and Jamie mingled. However, she felt Mark's gaze often. She only had to glance around to find him nearby. He wasn't hovering or giving grist for the gossip mill.

"Mother? I need to speak with you in private," Ashley said.

They made their way to the rear of the reception hall, close to the kitchen. A few guests mingled about, but basically they were alone to speak candidly.

"Are you about ready to leave?" Ashley had changed out of her wedding dress into a loose pantsuit for traveling.

"Yes, I put my dress in Mark's vehicle. Mother, Daddy just spoke with me."

"Oh, good hell. My love life is none of his business."

"Daddy said you're having some kind of breakdown. A midlife crisis was his exact words."

Jamie rolled her eyes. "You are a grown, married woman now, so I'm going to speak plainly. Mark is a great lay. It's that simple. He came on to me yesterday and I thought, why not? My having sex has nothing to do with Craig. Ashley, I don't love your father anymore. I'm not pining for my lost marriage. Mark offered me a fun weekend of sex. I'm divorced, not dead."

Ashley pulled her into a hug. "That's what I told Daddy. I told him it's about time you let loose and had some fun." She pulled away and smiled. "Mark's hot."

"Yes, he is. Too hot. I am sorry about all that happened today."

"Don't be. This has been the happiest day. I'm ready to begin the rest of my life with Wes." She smiled, tears glistening on her lashes. "I'm married!" Ashley tucked her

hair behind her ears. "Now it's time to take my half-drunk husband to the airport." She grabbed onto Jamie's arm. "I didn't tell you what Mark gave us as a wedding present."

"What?" Jamie noted the excitement in Ashley's voice.

"Membership into the mile high club." Ashley squealed. "He made arrangements for us to fly to Jamaica on a private jet."

"Wow, that is amazing."

"He's a good guy, Mother. He has money, so you know he isn't after yours. Wes said he's never been involved with a woman on a long-term basis. Yet Mark told Wes he wants more than a weekend with you." Ashley shrugged. "Just thought you should know you're the one who could hurt him."

"No one is going to get hurt. Both Mark and I know what yesterday...well, and today...meant. We're just having sex."

"Mother!"

"Hey, if we're going to speak as friends rather than mother and daughter, let's give it the full commitment. Mark is amazing in the sack."

Ashley sighed. "Wes told me."

"I don't need to know how much he told you. And I certainly don't want to know how Wes is privy to that information."

Ashley's lips twitched. "I guarantee you don't. He said Mark's kinky."

"Have fun on the honeymoon."

Chapter Six

The wedding wound down after the bride and groom took their departure.

"I'm ready." Jamie had her purse draped over her shoulder and a smile of anticipation on her lips.

Outside the sidewalks were still wet from the recent rain. Rainbow ribbons of oil reflected in large puddles in the parking lot. Mark held Jamie's elbow as he navigated their way to the Escalade.

He held the door for her and then went around the front of the vehicle. On the drive, he thought about a fast fuck on the foyer floor. Hard didn't come close to his condition, but he wanted to spend the night making love, not just a quick release giving mutual satisfaction.

A few minutes later, he parked in the drive. Still in possession of the house key, he unlocked the door, and then waited for Jamie to precede him inside.

Jamie flipped on the table lamp. "Do you want a drink?"

He closed the door, dropped the keys on the table and crossed the room. "I'd like to come up to your room and help you change your clothes."

"If you're looking for a way to get me out of my dress..." She lifted the silky slip over her head and dropped it on the floor. "All you have to do is ask." She reached an arm behind her back, unhooked her bra, and slipped the straps from her shoulders. The cream-colored lace dangled from her finger, then she dropped it to the floor.

"Take off the rest." He leaned against the wall and watched.

Jamie tucked her thumbs into the elastic waistband of her thong panties. She teased him a moment, toying with the edge. Finally, she shimmied them over her hips and down her thighs. She lifted one foot and then the other. "Do you want them?"

Jeezus. She stole his breath. Perfect breasts, small waist, and a triangle of auburn hair wet with desire. His cock jumped, filled, and then pulsed in his pants. He pressed his palm to the front of his trousers and rubbed roughly against his shaft. She stood before him in nothing but high heels and thigh-high stockings. Salivating at the sight, he had to have a taste. An appetizer before he feasted later in the night. "I want you." He took a step toward her.

"If you say please you can have me any way you want me." She trailed a finger from her neck, between her breasts and past her stomach. She paused before she touched her curls.

"Don't stop now."

She didn't touch herself. "I thought we'd have that drink first."

"I'd like that."

Jamie smiled and headed toward the kitchen. He followed, loving the way her ass bounced with each step. She pulled the vodka from the freezer.

"Straight or mixed?"

"Something lighter." Mark opened the refrigerator. Jamie's nipples puckered in the blast of cool air. He couldn't resist cupping the full globe and pinching the red, succulent tip. Mark grabbed the white wine from the door of the fridge. He pulled the cork from the bottle with his teeth. "Open your mouth, sweetheart."

Jamie stood nearly naked in the kitchen. She leaned her head back and did as he asked. Mark pleasantly plucked at one nipple while he put the bottle to her lips and carefully let a trickle flow onto her tongue. Bringing the bottle back to his lips, he took a hefty swallow. Their eyes locked, a moment passed, and then he dipped his head to taste her. Boldly thrusting his tongue into her mouth, he growled his pleasure. Cold blended with hot. Shifting his head, he took the kiss deeper, tweaking her nipple a little more firmly. She whimpered into his mouth, while her hands worked his tux shirt from his pants. The cummerbund and bow tie had long since been discarded. Mark sucked her upper lip while she bit on his bottom.

“Delicious,” he said and then took another drink. This time instead of kissing her mouth, he latched onto her breast. The cool wetness of his tongue stroking her nipple caused her to moan. Clasp her hands to the sides of his head, she anchored him.

Mark lifted the bottle and poured wine over the milky smooth swell of her breast. Wine flowed into his mouth. He ate at her nipple and licked the flesh of her generous breast. Mark handed the bottle to Jamie. He lifted her up and set her on the granite island in the center of the kitchen.

“Lie down.” She scooted onto the counter until she could rest her feet on the edge. Her stomach quivered under his touch. He spread her thighs and stepped between them. “You are so hot.” He filled her navel with wine. Gooseflesh rippled her skin. Bending over her, he dipped his tongue, swirled around the edge, and then sucking, he drank the wine. “I could get drunk off you, Jamie.”

Mark poured the wine over the wet, flushed lips of her pussy.

“Oh Mark.” Her hands gripped the edge of the counter and her back arched. “Mark!”

He put her legs over his shoulders, bent his head and lapped at the wine, tasting the nectar of her arousal. He wrapped his lips around her labia while tunneling his tongue into the hot folds. Back and forth in quick bursts, he flicked the tip of his tongue against her clit. Intermittently he cooled her heated flesh by pouring more wine. Her essence was musky and sweet. Overwhelming need to bring her to climax crushed his chest. Her cries of pleasure fed his hunger.

“Ohshitohshitohshit.”

He chuckled. Cupping her ass, he lifted. Thrusting into her hole, he fucked her with his tongue. Then he went back to her clit, pressing the swollen nubbin between his lips before drawing it into his mouth.

He moved his hands from her ass, leaving her on the edge of the counter. He grabbed the wine bottle and then poured the rest over her hot pussy. Wine dripped from her body and his chin onto the floor. “Would you like to be fucked?” Mark eased

the neck of the wine bottle into her body. While he licked her clit, he pushed the bottle in and out, stretching her a little more with each stroke.

Her body tensed. "Oh Mark, I'm coming." First a spasm and then her thighs locked to the sides of his head. He could feel her orgasm against his tongue. Cream flowed from her cunt. He savored the essence, musky, sweet and tangy. Greedy for more, he flicked his tongue faster, pressed harder against her nubbin. Her internal muscles gripped the bottle and sucked it deeper.

Mark raked his eyes up her body and noted the quick shallow breaths causing her chest to rise and fall. Her head thrashed back and forth. Red hair fanned out on the counter. Good hell, she was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

He set the bottle on the counter and then tugged at his pants, freeing his cock. "Fuck!"

"What?" She leaned up on her elbows. Passion clouded her eyes.

"Condom."

"Come on me." She sat up and scooted forward.

Wrapping his fist around his cock, he stroked the length with a tight fist. Mark remained between her thighs. Before she could assist, he leaned his head back and shouted. Hot come spurting from his cock, landing on Jamie's thigh, her tummy and breasts. She rubbed his cream into her skin.

Mark took in deep breaths to calm his racing heart. Excitement coursed through his veins. He wrapped his arms around her hips and laced his fingers behind her back. "You make me feel sixteen."

"Oh Mark, please don't get any younger." She laughed, running her finger through his hair. Then she kissed his mouth.

"Does the age difference really bother you?"

She studied his face. "When I'm with you I feel like I'm in my twenties again." She sighed. "And then I look in the mirror and I have to acknowledge that I'm not young anymore. I'm not just getting older, I'm looking older."

Mark touched her face. She didn't look anywhere near her age, not that if she did it would make a difference. "You look great." *Perfect, in fact.*

She touched his face and trailed her fingers down his cheek. "So does twenty—"

"Nine." He lifted her and her legs wrapped around his waist. "I'm old enough to know what I want. And I just might miss my flight tomorrow."

"Mark."

He silenced her protest with a kiss. Lips sealed and his tongue slid into her mouth deep and penetrating. Tastes blended. His tongue caressed the soft tissues of her inner cheek. Emotions stirred in his gut. This was where he belonged. He pulled back so he could see to carry her up the stairs. "I'm not asking for forever, just tomorrow."

"And what about the day after that?"

He pushed open her bedroom door and crossed the room to her bed. "I want that too." He tenderly kissed her lips while laying her on the bed. "But I'll convince you of it later." After he spent the night making love to her.

About the Author

KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books.

KyAnn 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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