

*Runaway  
Bridesmaid*



*Jane Colt*

RUNAWAY BRIDESMAID by Jane Colt

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ISBN: 978-0-9837080-2-5

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## Chapter One

“How about this? You—naked under your graduation gown. You just better hope it’s not a windy day!”

Megan shook her head at her best friend courtesy of Skype and sighed disappointedly. “You can do better than that, Em. I said *outrageous*, not *mildly naughty*.” She added a giggle. “Besides, a bunch of us already did that at the spring choral concert because the auditorium’s AC had died.”

Emily laughed and shook her head. *That’s so Meg.*

“Come on. Keep guessing!”

Emily held up her hands. “I give up. I’ve been trying to figure out your ‘big surprise’ for 10 minutes and haven’t come close. Just tell me. You’re obviously dying to.”

“One last guess. If you still don’t get it, I will.”

She closed her eyes, paused for a moment, and smirked. “OK. You want *outrageous*? You having sex with some amazingly hot stud in the Quad at high noon!”

Megan’s jaw dropped and she slapped her hands against her cheeks—so dramatically it was obvious she wasn’t serious. “Wow! Great idea! If we were having the wedding in town, we’d make it

part of the honeymoon. But the ceremony will be too far away for that.” She leaned back and put on a ‘cat that ate the canary’ grin. Crossing her arms, she waited.

Emily furrowed her brow, then looked puzzled. “Wait! Did you just say? ... No! ... You couldn’t have. You and Darryl broke up.”

Megan flashed an engagement ring. Her smile was as radiant as the diamond.

Emily let out a shriek. “You’re serious! You’re getting married! Meg! That’s wonderful! How’d it happen? When? Where?”

“Just in the last few days. Darryl said he wanted to get together—but just as friends. The breakup was so painful, I really didn’t want to. But I was miserable without him. I at least wanted to give it a try. So I was stunned by what I found when I showed up at what used to be ‘our spot.’ He’d prepared this really romantic picnic along the Charles River. Champagne. Flowers. He got down on one knee, held up this gorgeous ring, and told me he couldn’t live without me. I was so thrilled I screamed ‘Yes!’ before he finished proposing. I’m afraid I scared a bunch of ducks in front of us. We both apologized for the stupid things we said when we broke up, then made out like crazy. The two of us alternated between laughing and crying. We were both so happy to be back together, we decided we didn’t want to wait another minute. We’re getting married in a month in Las Vegas, and you’re going to be my Maid of Honor.”

Emily wiped away her tears. “I’m overjoyed for you, Sweetie, I really am. You and Darryl are made for each other. And of course, I’d love to be your Maid of Honor.”

Then she paused, and her expression got serious. “I couldn’t be happier for you. Really, I am. But are you *sure* you want to tie the knot in a quickie ceremony in Sin City? Smoke filled casinos. Neon lights everywhere. Wedding chapels where you’re married by an Elvis impersonator! And that slogan: ‘Whatever happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.’ Sure, it stays there—*except* for the pictures and video that go straight to the internet!”

Megan’s smiled back warmly. “I love when you get all big-sisterly, Em. But we aren’t eloping. When we told my parents, they said no matter what it would take, we were going to have a real wedding. Everything’s going to be great. Trust me.”

Emily conceded with a nod, smiling as she leaned in toward the screen. “The last thing I’m going to be is a wet blanket. I just want your wedding to be perfect. But you guys are crazy!” she laughed, “Planning a wedding in a month is impossible.”

“It should be, but my Mom loves the idea. She and my Dad got married at City Hall because they had so little money. This is like a second chance for her. We really lucked out finding a venue. Darryl’s dad had a connection. The hotel is so romantic, you’re going to die. And we’re having the best time putting together a June wedding under the gun. Everything’s happening at once. Graduation. Getting married. It’s nuts! But I love it. I’m sure it’ll

turn out special. And speaking of ‘special,’ I’ve got something else to show you.”

Megan hopped off her bed and disappeared from the picture. The sound of someone rustling around in a paper shopping bag came up in the background. As Meg plopped back in front of her laptop, the screen rocked back and forth. Then it went all white with some blurry red lettering.

“Ta da! I just got these for my bridesmaids! I love ‘em. Don’t you?”

“Meg. Whatever it is, it’s too close. I can’t see a thing.”

“Sorry. How about now?”

The image that came into focus was a pair of panties with red hand-stitching across the behind. ‘*Megan’s SLUTS.*’

Emily smirked. *Again, classic Meg.*

“The official bridesmaid panties!” Megan jumped up on the bed and twirled the customized lingerie above her head like she was a stripper. Then she shouted, “I’m getting married! I’m getting married!”

Emily couldn’t help but laugh as the picture bounced up and down in time to her friend’s little dance. When Meg sat back down, the pure joy and happiness in her face made Emily tear up again.

“And before you think I’m saying my posse is a bunch of tarts, the tiny embroidered fine print says, ‘Sexually Liberated

Unbelievably Tasty Strumpets.’ It’s a compliment. Only the strong, confident women in my bridal party are permitted to wear these.”

Emily laughed again. “OK, I’m complimented. But *unbelievably tasty* and *strumpets?*”

“Surely your kisses taste like wine, Em” she remarked coyly. “That’s all I meant. But if you thought I was referring to something else,” she added a naughty wink, “you really *are* a strumpet.”

Then she flipped the panties around. “And here’s the front.” It was a silhouette of a couple having sex. “Just in case any of my girls hook up with guys who can’t read.”

The two friends burst out laughing.

“They’re silk and feel incredibly sexy! I’m already wearing mine. And Darryl’s the only person who gets to see what *they* say!” She gave a naughty wink as she looked back into the camera.

“Everyone’s getting three pair. So you *will* wear them to every event. Let’s hope they warm up that coochie of yours enough to come out of retirement! There’ll be no shortage of hot guys—like Darryl’s bud Kirk. He’s great. More important, he’s *a stud*, Sweetie. If I weren’t absolutely head over heels for Darryl, I’d hit that myself. If nothing else, I’m counting on you to let him show you that not all guys are like that last jerk you dated. I mean, what a prick! Blaming *you* for screwing his way through California!”

Emily’s face went dark, and her body slumped as though she were punched in the stomach. “Meg. I’ve already told you I’m taking a break for a while. And you know I don’t do casual sex.”

“Sorry, Honey. I’m the bride. What I say goes. I know you were devastated, but it’s been a year. You need to get back out there, give yourself a break, and let someone worship at the altar of that hot little body of yours. As much fun as your battery powered ‘friend’ is, a hot stud with a hard cock is so much better. Kirk’s a really good guy, and I want you to give him a chance. I’ve already done something to make it interesting. I’ve told him only your first name and given him just a couple of details about you. All *you* get to know about *him* is he’s a jock, but a *smart* jock. Neither of you knows enough to Google each other ahead of time. When you meet, you’ll have lots to talk about. Promise me you’ll give him a chance. If you don’t, I’ll cry.”

Meg’s pretend pout looked so pathetic, Emily couldn’t resist smirking.

“OK. Fine. I promise,” she said half-heartedly.

Meg shot back a skeptical look. “I mean it, Em! You need to up your fun quotient. It’s time to put that loser ex behind you. No more, ‘It’s too soon,’ ‘I’m too shy’ or ‘Guys are jerks.’ Kirk’s nice.

She smirked before continuing. “If it will help, think of the *professional* reasons for doing this. You’re still too shy in social situations, but you want to end up as some big corporate muckety-muck. Hanging out with Kirk will let you practice your”—she added air quotes—“networking skills.’ Isn’t that what you B-school types call it? Like introducing yourself confidently. Giving a firm handshake while looking the person in the eye. Remembering to use

their first name when you talk to them. Asking them about themselves. Dropping your panties if they're cute. Fu—"

"Meg!"

Her friend burst out laughing. "It was just a suggestion."

Emily laughed as well, took a deep breath, and screwed up her courage. "There's no way I'm going to disappoint my best friend at her wedding. OK. I'll try. I promise. I mean it."

Meg beamed. "That's good enough for now. And I'm going to hold you to it. I so want you to have a wonderful time at my wedding, Em. And Kirk's a terrific—and *sexy*—guy."

Emily frowned. "Wait. The last time we talked, didn't you say something about Darryl's best friend heading for Oxford? That's Kirk, right?"

"Do I sense backpedaling, young lady?" She wagged her finger firmly. "Em, 'Practical, Responsible Emily,' future CEO, cannot come to the wedding. Stop thinking everything has to be part of some life plan. I'm not saying marry him. Just have a good time. Dance. Have too much to drink. Make out in some dark corner." She leaned into the screen and dropped her voice. "Maybe even go to Hawaii," she added a wicked wink.

Her Maid of Honor stared back blankly.

Megan scrunched up her face in disbelief. "You spend *way* too much time studying, Em. 'Go to Hawaii?' 'Get *laid*?' But I've got to run. Talk to you in a few days. You just start planning the



bachelorette party! My Mom said spare no expense. Love you bunches.”

“Love you, too.”

Emily closed her laptop and stretched out on her bed. She was delighted Meg was so happy. And she admired Meg’s willingness to do something so wonderfully crazy as a last-minute big wedding. She wished she had more of that sense of adventure and boldness.

She grimaced at the thought of spending time with a guy she knew nothing about. But she laughed that Megan called her out when she started being “Practical Responsible Emily.” *OK, maybe everything doesn’t have to be part of ‘the grand plan.’ And Meg did say Kirk’s a good guy. Besides, she’s right. A little fun wouldn’t hurt. And I’ve got to get over being so shy. But ‘wedding sex’ with a perfect stranger? That’s absolutely not going to happen! That’s so not me!*

\* \* \* \*

Kirk scrambled out of the taxi at Boston’s Logan Airport, raced to the curbside check-in station, and frantically handed over his ID and smart phone.

The friendly Red Cap scanned the boarding pass and called up Kirk’s information on the screen. “You’re lucky, young squire. You’ve got TSA PRE, and your flight’s been delayed. If you run, you’ll just make it. I’ll be sure your bag gets on the plane.”

The handsome Tennessean handed the man a generous tip, sprinted off, and was the last person to step onto the jet. Exhausted, he let out a deep breath and sank into his seat. He checked his messages before turning off his phone.

He chuckled and shook his head. *Darryl, you're so predictable.*

**Best friend or not, if you're late, I'll kill you. And don't forget the rings!**

He quickly tapped out a reply.

**Worry wart. Plane about to take off. Will call when I reach hotel. And yes, I have the rings.**

Kirk was asleep as soon as the jet took off. Even an athlete of his caliber would be exhausted after cramming so much into the last few days. Graduation. The drive to Tennessee to leave his car (and a trunk full of books and dirty laundry) with his parents. The flight back to Boston. Shipping books and clothes to England. Packing for the wedding.

When he landed, it was another mad dash to baggage claim. Then to the taxi stand so he'd get to the hotel on time. As soon as he stepped in line to register, he pulled out his phone and called the groom.

"I'm here, Dude. You can stop worrying. ... Yeah, in the lobby waiting to check in. ... You're right. It's is a great hotel. And I can't believe how many hot babes there are here." A gorgeous blonde in a very short white skirt and bright red halter top playfully squeezed his bicep and winked as she walked by. He flashed her a big smile

and tipped his Stetson. “Bad for you, Mr. I’m Getting Married in the Morning. But great for me. ... Yeah, I know. ... Megan’s friend. ... Yes, I *promise*... See you at dinner with your parents.”

As he slid his phone into his back pocket, he thought he heard someone call his name. When he turned around, no one was there. Instead, a cute girl with big glasses and sparkling eyes on the far side of the lobby was checking him out—and wasn’t being shy about it.

*Wow. Girls sure don’t hold back here, do they? Could that be her? Hmmm. Definitely ‘plain’ and ‘prim.’ I can picture her shushing people who talk in her library. She’d definitely dressed like a librarian.*

The young woman wore a navy-blue sleeveless shell, a tan skirt with a plain leather belt, and sensible shoes. She had on no makeup, and her long, chestnut hair was pulled back in a ponytail.

*She’s really attractive. Beautiful face. Interesting eyes behind those big rims. Looks really fit. And she’s different from all the other women around here in a good way. She doesn’t notice all the guys scoping her out. She doesn’t seem to know how pretty she is.*

Kirk stroked his chin as he rocked back and forth.

*Megan and her games. “All I’m telling you is her first name—‘Emily.’ Knowing anything else will ruin the mystery. I want you to spot her on your own. When you see her you’ll think ‘librarian.’ She’s quiet and shy. Even so, I think the two of you will really hit it off.” OK, let’s see if this is Emily.*

He tipped his hat, gave his admirer a big smile, and winked. She responded by straightening her posture so that her breasts pushed out towards him. Taking off her glasses, she blew him a kiss and gave him a look that had ten times more heat than the blonde's flirtatious wink.

His pulse raced and his face got warm. His tight jeans suddenly felt *very* tight. He gulped at getting so turned on so quickly.

*Whoa! Definitely not Emily! There's nothing quiet and shy about this Naughty Librarian. That's not just a come on. That's a look that says, 'Hi Cutie! I'm not wearing any panties!' I'll find Meg's friend later. I've got to meet this hottie right now!*

As he turned to head her way, however, a beautiful hotel attendant walked up and offered him a glass of champagne. Pointing to the VIP tags on his luggage, she explained there was a special registration desk for the hotel's most important guests. She called a bellman over to pick up his bag and led Kirk through locked doors to a private area.

He rushed through registration, hoping the Naughty Librarian would still be there when he was done. When he stepped back into the lobby, she was gone.

*Damn! How do I find her?*

\* \* \* \*

As soon as Emily walked into the hotel lobby, her breath caught at how stunning everything was—the sleek marble, textured wood, sparkling crystal, exotic flowers. She walked over to an especially beautiful arrangement and drank in the rich scent. The gentle tinkling of a marble fountain washed over her. Every detail sparked her romantic fantasies—especially the handsome men that seemed to be everywhere.

*OMG! A tall, broad shouldered, sandy-haired hunk in a cowboy hat and boots strode across the lobby, moving with the grace of a jungle cat. Her heart raced. Wow! Is he ever good looking ... and hot!* After staring at him the whole time as he made his way towards the reception desk, she abruptly turned away before he noticed.

But even as she pretended to examine the flower arrangement, all she could think about was the cowboy. Desperate to take another look, her body buzzed—begging her to give in to the cowboy's pull on her. Nervously warring with herself, she smoothed out imaginary wrinkles in her skirt and fussed with her ponytail. She finally stumbled onto a good excuse.

*Wait a minute, coward! You promised Megan you'd have some fun. Here's your chance. He doesn't know you. This is Las Vegas. And you're wearing your 'strumpet' panties. So, Emily Wilkins, she ordered herself, you will step out of your comfort zone for the next 30 seconds and behave the way Meg would.*

She mustered up some *very* uncharacteristic boldness. She struck as confident a pose as she could muster, stared right at the

cowboy, and shamelessly checked him out. *Yum! Hottie at three o'clock. I love that jaw. Great smile. And those eyes! Crimson polo shirt. What's a great color for him. And look at how it hugs his broad shoulders and muscular chest. Tight jeans—worn in just the right places. Boots. Sexy silver buckle. Is that a button fly? What a tease! That's so much more trouble than a zipper to get at his you-know-what!*

He stood in one of the other check-in lines, talking on his cell phone. He was scanning the crowd like he was looking for someone. But he was also admiring the gorgeous women parading by who were flirting with him. The self-assured smile he shot back at them said he loved the attention.

*Humph! No doubt about it. A player. I bet he's here with his posse. They'll have a 'who can nail the most tail' contest.*

She shook her head in disapproval. But a definite tingling *elsewhere* said the rest of her thought differently.

When Mr. Button Fly saw her staring at him, he looked right back, tipped his hat, and gave her a friendly smile.

The normally shy Emily was held spellbound by the lingering gaze from his hauntingly blue eyes. Without realizing it, she licked her lips sensually and let out a soft moan.

He winked in her direction.

She spun around to see who'd caught his eye, but no one was behind her. When she looked back at him, the corner of his mouth turned up.

*He's flirting with me? Me? Damn, he's handsome. And sexy! Yum!*

Her face got hot. Her sex moistened and dampened her special silk panties. Her nipples pleaded with the satin of her bra to be allowed to escape. Her legs weakened at the force of his gaze. She had to brace herself against the wall. She gulped. Her heart rate kicked up. A deep ache surged inside her, and she couldn't stop herself from responding to the cowboy's attention in kind. She turned towards him, thrust out her breasts—now aching to be caressed. Removing her glasses, she blew him a kiss and gave him a look that said, 'I would just love to have you for lunch ... and dinner ... and then breakfast. Are you man enough for me?' *Emily! What are you doing? This isn't you. Stop inviting him into your pants!* Even then, she couldn't make herself look away.

The way he stepped in her direction said he was about to come over. She froze as her heartrate doubled and she began to hyperventilate. *No! ... Yes! ... Really? ... Run! He's so out of your league! ... No, stay! We promised Megan. ... And he is hot, hot, hot!*

She braced herself for the encounter, not knowing how she was going to respond. But she relaxed when one of the hotel staff approached the cowboy before he could head her way. The

attractive woman led him to a private area. *I guess he's some high rolling VIP. Right, definitely out of my league.*

But relief quickly turned to jealousy. *Champagne? Really? And that smile she's giving him? Humph! She's clearly smitten with him. "Welcome, sir. May I offer you a quickie while we finish preparing your room? Would you at least like to fluff my pillows?" Emily! What's gotten into you?*

Even after Mr. Button Fly was gone, her body vibrated so much she couldn't stop herself from casting him as the star of a romantic daydream as she waited to check in.

*She spotted him as soon as he entered the lobby. What woman wouldn't? A striking specimen of a species she would never experience—the so-handsome-as-to-be-lethal, drop-dead-gorgeous alpha male. Of course, every other woman within 50 yards of him sensed his presence, and the bolder ones advanced on him. He was polite in his refusals as they shamelessly tried to slip their room keys into his pocket.*

*To her surprise, he would glance in her direction between trollops. Then he walked directly up to her. Taking her hand, he kissed it with his warm, full lips and looked directly into her eyes with an unsettling intimacy.*

*His self-assured bearing and musky scent were intoxicating. The openly sensual gaze of his silver blue eyes was hypnotic. Without her consent, her sex grew warm and wet. Her stomach knotted as every cell of her skin craved a lover's touch and tingled with excitement.*



*His smoldering sexuality and obvious desire for her lit a fuse deep inside.*

*He was a complete stranger. Not a word had been spoken. But she wondered if her wanton reaction meant he was the traveler her psychic had predicted. “He will lead you to an ecstasy few of us ever achieve.” There was no small amount of envy in her voice.*

*There was nothing tentative in his actions. There was no “May I?” He simply said with the sexiest Southern accent, holding her hand the entire time, “Excuse me, Miss. I’m sure you saw me staring at you. I apologize. But I haven’t been able to take my eyes off you. You have a mysterious, electric quality that I have seen only once—and that was in a work of art.”*

*After seeing how beautiful women flocked to him, it was hard to believe he was telling the truth. But his eyes said he was sincere.*

*“When I was in Rome years ago, I viewed a sculpture of the Greek goddess Artemis. Even though she was marble, her beauty, strength and sensuality overwhelmed me. I have prayed ever since that I would meet a real woman with the same qualities. I had almost given up hope. But here you are.” He squeezed her hand. “We are meant to be together. I am certain you feel it too.”*

*She wanted to say no, but he was right.*

*The spark moved farther along the fuse, and the ache inside her deepened.*

*“Fate has finally led me to you, so I cannot let you simply walk away. I know I’m being forward, but would you be my guest at a reception tonight? One of the hospitals I give millions of dollars to is thanking me for a new wing I’ve donated. The only problem is it’s in Rio de Janeiro. We’d have to fly there in my private jet. It’s a formal affair, so you’ll have to allow me to buy you a designer gown, shoes, jewelry, and anything else you’ll need. And we’d have to leave right now.”*

*He stroked her cheek in just the way she loved and as though it was the most natural thing to do. Her heart took off in a gallop. A luscious warmth flowed through her body, and she melted into a moment that felt like a magical eternity. As she returned his passionate gaze, she felt she was meeting her soulmate.*

*“May I take your silence as consent?”*

*On the surface, everything he had said was above board. But the fire in his eyes revealed a hunger that was anything but proper. And the strain in his face disclosed the depth of his struggle to keep it under control.*

*The spark reached the powder keg.*

*A primal longing exploded deep inside her and surged through her burning flesh. The ache was so urgent, she leaned against him, nipped his earlobe, and replied with her most sensual voice, “You may take my silence any way you want. You may take me any way you want.”*

*Her words so enflamed him that even though the two of them were in plain view in the middle of the lobby, he ran his thumb back and forth over her sensitive, swollen lips. He kissed her hard. As she opened her mouth so their tongues could mate, he let out an animalistic rumble. She groaned deeply in reply.*

*As they tasted each other, he put his hand on her behind and pushed their bodies together. She put her arms around his neck and gasped as his hard shaft pressed against her. She ground her sex against him to feel as much of his stiffness as possible. She moaned at what she discovered. Her entire body trembled. She'd never experienced such longing for a man.*

*They kissed as though they were lovers who had been separated for years. They clasped each other so tightly, they could hardly breathe. They needed to be closer still, with nothing separating them.*

*He took her hand and led her to a remote, dark corner of the lobby. She could sense deep inside that he was about to take her body to heights she'd only been able to imagine.*

*“You are beautiful and bewitching. You are everything I could ever want in a woman. I must have you—now.”*

*She had met him only minutes ago, yet she was already the prisoner of his desire. She would die if he didn't take her right now! She gasped a desperate “Yes.”*

*His mouth covered hers as he pushed her against the wall. Ripping open the front of her dress, he squeezed her breast with one hand while the other dove beneath the damp silk hugging her*

*drenched sex. Two large fingers slid between her lips and were coated by her slick juices. He found her g-spot as though they had done this forever. Stunned at the intensity of the pleasure he was giving her, she immediately rocketed towards ecstasy. As her body exploded and joy flooded every cell, she was shocked at how forcefully her sex clenched his fingers. She bit his shoulder so that only a muffled version of her passionate release might be heard.*

*As the pleasure ebbed, she tried to catch her breath, but he crushed her against the cool stone wall. Shredding her panties with one sharp yank, he lifted her leg so that she was open to him. Freeing his large cock from its gabardine prison, he entered her forcefully. Welcoming the warm, hard shaft, she luxuriated in the sensation of being taken so commandingly. She melted into his rock-solid body. Each powerful thrust felt like a battering ram commanding her to yield. Each time he drove into her, she willingly surrendered another piece of herself. The sensation of being possessed and filled by this man was overwhelming. Tears filled her eyes.*

*“You are mine—now and forever,” he said breathlessly.*

*“More,” she begged. “Fuck me.”*

*He plunged into her mercilessly, both of them grunting each time he pounded into her and their bodies slapped together. The air filled with the scent of their primitive joining.*

*Hurtling towards another orgasm, she squeezed his wide, stiff cock as hard as she could. She felt it grow and throb.*

*“Come with me!” he commanded.*

*“Yes! Oh yes!”*

*“Come with me.”*

*“Yes!”*

*“Please, come with me!”*

She felt the tap on her shoulder. “Excuse me, ma’m. If you’ll *please come with me*, we’ll get you registered.” The voice was loud and a shade annoyed.

Her eyes snapped open. A male attendant was holding her bag and was prepared to lead her to the registration desk. His expression said he’d been trying to get her attention for more than a few seconds.

Flustered, all she could do was cough and utter a meek “Sorry.”

Being so bold and graphic—even in a fantasy—startled her. She hoped no one around her noticed that her face was flushed with lust and embarrassment, or how heavily she was breathing. *Oh my God! Where did that come from? What is it with that cowboy? Or do they just pump aphrodisiacs in the air? Sin City. No kidding!*

As Emily handed the receptionist her credit card, I.D. and reservation information, she was happy to scurry back to being Practical, Responsible Emily.

