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Weddings, Cuervo and Hookups, Oh My!

Jane Colt

ENCOUNTERS

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Celebrating our tenth anniversary, we watched a couple from a wedding reception gaze into each other's eyes. A wedding hookup. No question about it. Two strangers brought together for one night of passion. We'd agreed not to talk about our pasts. But was there something we'd missed?

Weddings, Cuervo and Hookups, Oh My!

We were celebrating our tenth anniversary with a weekend getaway. My husband kept casting furtive glances toward the bar. He was trying to be discrete about watching a bridesmaid and groomsman who were glued together. They were from the wedding reception being held at the hotel.

A wedding hookup. No question about it. You could see it in the unabashedly lustful way they gazed into each other's eyes. In the excitement they could barely conceal. The way he played with her hair and gently stroked her cheek. How she caressed his hand -- wondering, I was sure, what it would feel like when it explored her sensitive flesh. Two strangers brought together by a friend's nuptials were shelving their regular lives and stepping into a romantic Brigadoon that would evaporate when they headed in different directions. But first, they would spend the night screwing each other silly.

My husband's watching them didn't surprise me. I was doing the same. What *did* surprise me was the expression on his face. After so many years together, we could virtually read each other's minds. But I didn't know what that look meant. Envy? Curiosity? "A penny for your thoughts."

He blushed and took a sip of coffee. "The truth?"

"Always."

"I was wondering if you were ever *that girl*. I know we agreed not to talk about our pasts, so I'm not asking for details. But since you brought it up, I was just wondering if you ever had wedding sex with a stranger."

I looked down for a few seconds, then back up with my best woman-of-mystery-with-a-dark-and-dangerous-past expression. "I appreciate that you're respecting my privacy. But I think after ten years we're entitled to know at least some of each other's secrets." I took a deep breath. "I honestly don't know," I sighed. "There were so many weddings, so many cute guys, so much tequila..." I trailed off. "I really don't know

what happened once my posse and I popped the cork. We'd start drinking as soon as we arrived on Friday. My head would clear on the plane back home on Sunday. I wouldn't even remember how I got to the airport. I imagine I was a real wedding slut." I tried to look at least mildly ashamed. "I'm sorry if that's not what you wanted to hear."

Will chuckled.

I tried to look deeply offended. "I confess my deep, dark secret -- I *was* that girl, on steroids -- and you laugh?"

He just smirked. "Have I ever told you that when you lie, the corner of your mouth turns up ever so slightly? So, no wedding sex? The truth this time."

I laughed. "OK, I was impossibly shy at that age, so right, no bridal banging. But to be honest, I envied the girls who could." I glanced at the bar, only to find that the couple had disappeared. "OK. Fair is fair. What about you?"

"Same story. Wanted to. Never happened. At that age, I didn't have the slick moves I have now. So wh--"

I burst out laughing. I couldn't help myself. In my experience, there was no way that the words "Will" and "slick moves" could go together. I expected him to laugh. But he just sat there looking downcast. He abruptly got up, went over to the bar, took a seat and signaled the bartender. Afraid I'd ruined our anniversary, I quickly followed and sat beside him. "Will. I apologize. I di--"

He looked straight at me with a look so smoldering I was startled. "I'm sorry. You're mistaking me for someone else. But I'm glad you have, because I've been admiring you since the ceremony this morning. Here. This is for you."

He slid a shot of tequila, a saltshaker and a wedge of lime in front of me. *Will doesn't drink tequila. What's going on?* We clinked glasses and went through the ritual. The burning in my throat was replaced by a welcome warmth. He waved at the bartender, who poured us another. We drank again. My brain was already starting to dance.

“My name is Christopher. Uncle to the groom. I flew in from London for the wedding and I’ll fly out in the morning. I work in the embassy there.” He extended his hand.

I put my hand in his. Without breaking eye contact, he pulled it to his lips and kissed it. I swooned. *Is this really my husband?*

“And you are?”

Then it clicked. We were both finally going to have a wedding hookup. I was so excited I could already feel myself getting warm and wet. *OK. Pick something exotic!*

“Alexandra... But my most *intimate* friends call me Sasha. Friend of the bride’s family. I teach yoga in San Francisco. Also leaving in the morning.”

His eyebrow arched. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Sasha. Yoga. You must be very... flexible.” He added a naughty smile. “I’ve spent the day fantasizing about you. And more than once I saw you noticing me. So let’s dispense with the pretense.” He took a room key out of his pocket and placed it in front of me. “Give me about ten minutes to... arrange things.” He handed the bartender a large bill. “My friend would like a double.”

“That should help you wait.” He leaned in and kissed the spot on my neck that sent chills down my spine.

As he strode confidently to the elevator, my heart was racing. *Yes! A zipless fuck!*

By the time I’d gotten to the room, the combination of lust, anticipation and José Cuervo had me weaving giddily. As I struggled to slide the room card into the key slot, the door opened. “Christopher” pulled me into the pitch-black room and kissed me passionately. The taste of sexy man and tequila made my head spin even more.

“At last!” he moaned. Already naked, he tore off my clothes and threw me on the bed. I felt my wrists pressed together. *Handcuffs! We don’t have any handcuffs! He must have been planning this all along. I’m impressed!* “I’m going to fuck you into oblivion,” he growled, pressing my legs wide. “I’m going to make you feel so good, you won’t be able to bear it.”

“Do whatever you want to me.” I surrendered completely to him. It was like a stranger possessed his body. He flipped me over, lifted my ass in the air, spanked me hard, then penetrated me forcefully. *Oh my God!* It felt soooooo good to be taken like this. The way his cock rhythmically hit my g-spot sent me soaring towards a climax. *Already? How is he doing this? This is fanfuckingtastic!* “Oh, fuck!” I screamed. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck me as hard as you can!”

He rammed into me over and over. I screamed as ecstasy coursed through me. I screamed as my body shook. My knees collapsed. My heart thundered.

Not even giving me a chance to catch my breath, he pulled out of me and turned me over. I loved the way he took our role-play so seriously. He wasn't acting at all the way he usually did when we had sex. He dove between my legs, voracious as he ate my pussy. He knew just what to do to send me over the crest again. All I could do was groan and shriek as I came not once, but twice. *I have never had multiple orgasms!*

Then he was inside me again, his weight pressing me into the mattress. I loved being immobile as he took me over and over. Then with a final powerful thrust, he made me come yet again! My pussy spasmed so hard it hurt. His cock pulsed and exploded.

After we both caught our breath, he rolled off me. He fell asleep almost immediately. I lay immobile -- a Raggedy Anne blissfully sated like never before. My body was tingling so much from our sexy adventure, I knew it would take me forever to fall asleep. I decided to go back down to the bar. I found my clothes in the dark, stuffed my lace bra and panties into my bag, and pulled on my dress. I picked up my shoes, tiptoed out and carefully closed the door so I wouldn't wake him. Still breathless from our furious fucking, I steadied myself against the wall along the corridor.

“My apologies for keeping you waiting, Sasha.”

I turned around to see Will walking towards me. “Our key cards somehow got erased. I had to go to the front desk to get new ones.” Throwing me over his shoulder, he headed down the corridor. “Don't worry. I'll make it up to you. I promise this will be the most unforgettable night of your life.”

My brain, flooded with endorphins and alcohol, struggled to understand what was going on. *He was sound asleep. How did he get dressed so quickly? Front desk? But we just...* My eyes snapped opened wide. *Oops!*

Jane Colt

Originally from the East Coast, Jane is married and has returned to Massachusetts after living in California for a while. She's written a few nonfiction books in connection with her current job, and has decided to transition to erotic romance as her next career.

Jane writes fun, upbeat stories. No dark, brooding, broken, tortured guys who need fixing. Just great, handsome, smart, sexy, "real men" whose only weakness is being unable to resist the women she pairs them with. She especially wants her heroines to be as sexy and passionate as they desire. She likes her heroes to be their equal -- sexy, devoted, and romantic. No matter what, you can count on the fact that her couples end up in love and having great sex! OK, maybe they have the sex first!

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