

The Arrangement
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Sweet Reunion

ANGELA

The bridal suite in the Midtown Knights Hotel was buzzing with activity. Girls in various states of undress ran from room to room. At the center of it all, looking like a queen with a crown of curlers piled on her head, was Em.

“Are you nervous?” I asked from the chair beside her as a woman applied foundation to my forehead.

“A little,” Em admitted, followed quickly by, “Not about marrying Lucas. It’s everything else. The people. The vows. Dancing. I just want the day to be over.”

“I understand.”

I didn’t, though, not really. Em and Lucas had planned the whole day down to the second. There was nothing left to worry about.

Em covered her eyes with her hands, blocking the makeup artist’s access to her eyelashes. “I can’t believe I’m marrying your brother.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” I replied honestly. To have two people I loved so much fall in love with each other was a dream.

Em had always been like a sister to me. Now it would be official.

One of the assistants smiled at Em. “I think we are ready to get you into your dress.”

All the girls, now draped in fuchsia silk, piled into the walk-in closet to watch Em shimmy into her backless Vera Wang. As the curlers were pulled from her hair, a series of oohs and ahhs sounded through the cramped space.

“You look gorgeous, Em,” I told my friend, squeezing her fingers.

It was true. Em looked stunning in the ivory lace dress, the epitome of a blushing bride. So much so that I couldn’t help the pang of jealousy that rose in me.

Em waved at her eyes with her free hand. “You’re gonna make me tear up.”

The tears I’d cried on my wedding day hadn’t been happy like hers. I’d dreaded my walk down the aisle. I wondered if I would ever have another chance to have the perfect wedding or if my wedding day would always be tainted by hurt and anger.

Either way, I would never have a day like Lucas and Em, not really. My and Xavier’s love would never be like theirs.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. Pulling it out, I excused myself from the closet, leaving Em with the other girls.

Xavier
Do I get a preview of u in ur dress?

Xavier
I cant stop thinking about it.

Angela
Sorry, you know the rules ...

Angela
The groom can't see the bride before the wedding.

Xavier
Need I remind u that we r already married Mrs. Knight?

Xavier
I think that grants me the right to do as I please with u

Angela
I don't remember a proposal

Xavier
Angela ...

Angela
I suppose a little glimpse wouldn't hurt

Angela
[attachment: Episode55_Content2_leg@2x.png]

Xavier
Fuck

Xavier
I need to see u now

Xavier
Meet me in the elevator in 10

XAVIER

I slipped my phone into the breast pocket of my tuxedo and winced as a familiar throbbing began to build in my balls.

The last few weeks had been terrible. Day and night, thoughts of Angela plagued me, leaving me hard and horny as hell.

I couldn't remember the last time I'd jacked off so much. It didn't seem to help though, no matter how frequent. My fucking hard-on returned like clockwork, and usually with a vengeance.

Now the sight of Angela's ankles had me going like some sex-deprived teenager.

This morning, in the shower, it had been the thought of her walking through the open bathroom door and joining me under the hot stream.

Rivulets of water running down her bare breasts.

Her gasp as I sucked one of her peaked nipples into my mouth.

My hand squeezing her firm, slippery ass.

“Everything all right, Ace?”

I shook my head. “Huh?”

Mr. Carson was staring at me from across the room, his eyes narrowing.

Fuck.

“Yes, fine. Just work.” I cleared my throat and artfully rearranged myself on the sofa. The last thing I needed was my wife’s dad catching me with a massive erection.

I’d been invited to get ready with the groom and his groomsmen. Though I wasn’t in the wedding party like Angela was, I apparently still counted as family and was expected to put on a good show.

Lucky fucking me.

Honestly, I would have been happier to work from home for a few more hours than hang around and pretend to be one of the boys. I knew it would mean a lot to Angela if I played nice though.

The day had been going smoother than a lubed dick until I decided to check on Angela. Until she’d sent me the picture of her goddamned calf.

“You sure you’re all right, Ace?” Mr. Carson asked again.

No, I'm not all right. I've been mind-fucking your daughter for weeks, and my balls hurt so badly I'm sure any hope for future children has vanished.

I needed something to get him off my ass. Luckily, I’d come prepared.

I’d been throwing an idea back and forth for a couple of weeks now, ever since the last time I’d been with Angela’s family, in fact. With all the romance dribble floating through the air, I knew today was my best chance.

“Actually, I’d like to speak with you in the hall for a minute if that’s okay, Mr. Carson.”

He looked from me to the other guys. Unlike the women, it had taken the dick-wielding side of the bridal party ten seconds to step into their suits and put a little gel in their hair. Since then, they’d been watching the game on the plasma screen.

“Sure thing, Ace,” Mr. Carson drawled and followed me out of the suite.

The second the door clicked shut, my hands grew clammy. “I, ah—”

I couldn’t remember the last time I’d felt this way, the last time I’d been nervous about anything.

The good news was the nerves had my cock retreating toward my stomach.

“I’ve been thinking about what you asked me last time we saw each other,” I started.

Mr. Carson nodded.

“You asked if I loved your daughter or not.”

“And you told me you needed more time to answer. So?”

“I love her.” It was the first time I’d said the words out loud. “And I would like to ask your blessing to do things right this time. I want to give Angela a proper wedding. One where you can walk her down the aisle, where we can share our first dance. I’ll even write my own sappy vows if she wants.”

“Yes,” Mr. Carson replied too quickly, tears brimming in his eyes.

“Really?” I asked, before I could stop myself.

Mr. Carson threw his arms around me. “Well, the choice is hers, Ace. But from my side, nothing would make me happier. You’ve been a real sport these last few months, supporting Angie through the ups and downs with my health, getting her through the plane crash, paying so my son could have his wedding in this hotel. You’re a good guy, Ace.”

“I—” My phone buzzed in my pocket, making me step back. “I need to take that. I’m sorry. Thank you, Mr. Carson.”

Elated, I jogged down the hall for the elevators.

ANGELA

“Stupid,” I muttered to myself. “So stupid.”

I’d been riding up and down in the elevator for five minutes now, and there was still no sign of Xavier.

He was just teasing you.

And it had worked. I’d thrown my dress on and grabbed my bouquet, all too eager to please him, to distract myself from all of the marital bliss around me.

He wasn’t coming.

I jabbed the button for my floor, ready to return to the bridal suite in defeat. The ceremony would be starting shortly anyway. It was probably for the best.

As the elevator approached the seventh floor, it slowed, and the doors slid open. There stood Xavier, panting, his eyes dark with lust.

In two strides, he crossed the elevator, pressed me up against the mirrored wall, and captured my mouth in his.

Xavier’s hands carved down my waist until he was cupping my ass. I gasped as he lifted me from the ground and wrapped my legs around his hips, moaning as I felt his arousal press into me.

My bouquet of peonies dropped to the elevator door as my hands wound through his dark hair.

“You’re killing me,” Xavier gritted out, nipping at my ear. He pressed a kiss against my throat and then moved down, trailing kisses and bites down my throat. “Can’t you see how much I want you.”

The elevator pinged, and Xavier dropped me before the doors could slide open. He stepped in front of me protectively, blocking me from whoever had joined us.

“Hello,” he greeted, his voice thick with lust. I watched him bend down and grab my bouquet from the floor, holding the full blooms in front of his crotch.

A female laugh answered.

Cheeks burning, I quickly straightened my clothes, too embarrassed to peek out from behind him to investigate our company.

The door opened again, and our guest stepped off.

Xavier let out a breath, the line of his shoulders dropping, and turned to face me.

“That was ...unexpected.” He smiled, hands returning to my waist.

“I didn’t think you were coming,” I told him and then blushed as his eyes ran over me.

“And miss this? You look stunning, Angela.” He kissed me again, slower this time.

“We have to go,” I said when we broke apart. “The ceremony is starting soon.”

He leaned down as though to kiss me for a third time, and I turned away with a giggle, making his lips land on my cheek instead. “Xavier!”

“Fine, fine,” he said and took a step back in defeat. “But we’re finishing this later.”

We made it to the chapel just in time. Inside, the piano had already started to play, and the voices of the guests lowered to a dull whisper.

“There you are!” Em cried as Xavier and I turned the corner, hand in hand.

“It’s my fault,” Xavier told her, earning a scowl.

He kissed my cheek before slipping through the doors to take his place among the other guests.

I took my spot in the line of bridesmaids and groomsmen. On cue, the bridal march began to play and we started our way down the aisle.