



TAKING My Coworker's Bride



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By

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Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their work:

If one falls down, his friend can help him up. But pity the man who falls and has no one to help him up!

Also, if two lie down together, they will keep warm. But how can one keep warm alone?

Though one may be overpowered, two can defend themselves. A cord of three strands is not quickly broken.

Ecclesiastes 4:9-12

CHAPTER 1

My coworker was a pretentious little bastard. Oh, he wasn't all that bad, but come on, demanding to be called "Thompson" and not "Tom?"

In fact, the twerp's name was Thompson Robert Sanders, Junior.

Please.

I'm Bill. I'm his supervisor at Staples. My name is Wilhelm Rumohr, but I don't press people to call me anything but "Bill." We hired Thompson because he knew quite a bit about computers. He boasted to me the first day that he was trying to get his own business going putting together computers for people.

Fair enough. Knowledge is good. And he works. But I've caught him a few times passing out his business card. Warned him he could be fired.

He would stiffen a little at that, as if we were here to help him get his business going. Sheeit, he was here to work for us, not the other way around.

But Thompson wasn't all that bad. He knew his stuff and when he wasn't acting all stuffy, he could be an alright guy. Little flashes of decency here and there had me tolerating his weirdness.

I was checking printer ink inventory daydreaming about getting into our MILF manager's pants when he asked me. He had been working for us for almost four months.

"Um, Bill?"

I am efficiency. I made a mark where I was and turned. "Yep?" I was expecting to answer a question about work. I looked over his shoulder and caught the manager's eye. Her name was Susan and I wanted to whip out my cock and slap her with it.

Thompson said, "How would you like to be the best man at my wedding?"

That threw me. I thought, Me? Don't you have a real friend to do it? "Well..." I watched Susan's sexy ass move over to a register. I started to get hard.

He grinned, friendly and hopeful. It was one of his decent times. "I don't have anyone to take that spot."

Crap, little guy. It made me feel bad and I focused on him. "I don't know. When is it?"

He told me the date; it was two months out.

"Short notice," I said.

He looked at me, hopeful still, but a sadness in his eyes.

Sighing inwardly, I said, "I'll do it, if you need me." I gave him a single nod. Sometimes I'm a softie.

He went back to his area as if he had accomplished a major feat.

Don't get me wrong. The guy wasn't a wimp, just a nerd. He had his own way about him and he didn't care what other people thought. You know his kind: his way or the highway. I thought of him as little, but he was only two inches shorter than me.

He was rail thin, though. I did my twenty push-ups every day and ate right. Nothing boxed for me. If it wasn't fresh or organic, I didn't eat it. Kept me trim and toned enough that women gave me the eye. I'm no raging hunk with fifty-pack abs, but I'm confident with myself and trim enough to look good without a shirt.

Women said I had beautiful eyes. I don't know. Maybe it was the confidence. After all, an eye is an eye, right?

I went back to checking the ink inventory while occasionally slavering over Susan. She needed a good, hard pounding, and I wanted to be the one who did it. But I would probably have to quit before I could. Bad no-no, engaging in employee relations like that.

~ ~ ~

I rented my own tuxedo and I have to say, it fit like a charm. Made me want to buy one. But when would I wear something that snazzy? My own wedding? Someone's funeral? Do you wear tuxes to funerals? Or just black suits?

I wasn't planning on going to any funerals.

It was Friday. Thompson's big day was Sunday.

He was all smiles. "Ready for Sunday?"

Why are you asking? Of course I am. But I didn't want to hurt his feelings. "All ready to go."

His smile broadened.

I realized he had been confirming I was going. That made me wonder if all his friends were flakes. Did he have any friends?

He was to be married in a wedding chapel. No rehearsals. His money had been spent on the small banquet room at the Doubletree Hotel. He was leaving with her the next day for a very short honeymoon in Silicon Valley, where he bragged he would have the opportunity to hit one of the techie conventions there.

I had the impression his wife was a nerd, too. What bride wanted to go to a computer exposition for her honeymoon? Maybe she wore glasses and had ugly, untamable hair. Fat and bad skin? Smelled funny? Oily-looking with yellow teeth?

But I was mistaken. Very mistaken.

CHAPTER 2

Sunday was an overcast day, but no one cared. At least it wasn't hot.

I got out of my BMW and pulled out my jacket. My car was old; Staples didn't pay enough for me to tool around in a new one. My uncle had bought it when it was new in 1983 and he sort of passed it down to me because we were close. He had taken great care of it and I followed in his footsteps.

It was a black 320i. I say all that because I don't want to give the impression I'm a car-stud. It looked good and ran very well. I had no pretensions that I was an aspiring billionaire to pick up chicks. My car impressed no one.

But it was when I shut the door to my car that I caught a glimpse of Gina, the bride to be. Wearing a fairly simple white wedding dress, she glanced at me from the passenger seat of their car. I saw long, dark curls and a pale face.

Thompson was all smiles. He stuck out his hand. "Hey, Bill."

I shook and stretched. The place was small, and adorned with flashy signs and paint. "Not waiting inside?"

He shook his head. "It's a really small place. Someone else is in there being married right now."

I nodded. I looked around the lot. "Anyone else coming to the wedding part?"

"My parents." He indicated a large brown Lincoln Continental from the 1970s. It was missing some of the door chrome.

I lifted my chin, a look of question on my face. "What about hers?"

"They live in Italy."

"Italy?"

"They moved back when Gina went to college."

"Was she born there or here?"

"Gina? Here in the states. She said her parents hated it here, though. Always talked about home."

"I thought everyone loved it here."

He shook his head. "Where do you get that idea? Most people hate America."

"Yeah, but they sure love our benefits."

He frowned. "I don't know..."

"Hmm. Well, I guess I'll sit in my car, then."

Thompson checked his watch. "Another ten minutes or so."

The wait was only a few minutes. A married couple left from the double doors holding each other's arms tightly.

Someday, I'll get married.

Thompson was getting out of his car.

I grabbed my jacket and got out.

Gina was out, too, looking down and arranging her dress. She was the same height as Thompson and had wonderful-looking hair. But that's all I could see.

I waited near the door and watched Thompson's parents waddle up to the chapel. I hummed a little ditty in my mind. Weebles wobble but they don't fall down.

The father stuck out his hand like a used-car salesman. He was heavysset with large square glasses covering deep circles and bags under his eyes. "Stanfield Thompson Robert Sanders, Senior."

I shook his hand. "Bill." Now I know where Thompson got his pretentiousness.

His mother was totally slack-jawed. She looked like she would be willing to lick

crumbs out of a ten-week old doughnut box rather than witness her son's wedding. Or shake my hand.

Stan said, "This is Roberta."

I nodded. "Ma'am."

She gave me a look that said I was beneath her.

Okay, fine, whatever.

She offered me a flabby hand like a dog would offer its paw to be shook.

I tried to grip it to shake, even if gently, but it was just a heavy roll of really soft fat. I felt the need to wipe my hands on my slacks after trying.

We followed the bride and groom in.

A lot of plastic flowers accompanied by very good air conditioning and a few fresh displays gave the place a happy atmosphere. It was clean and bright with a lot of white.

The service was performed by a minister who appeared to be on loan and taking orders from the operator of the chapel. I would have assumed a wedding chapel would be owned and operated by the minister, but that didn't appear to be the case. The female director was even abrupt with the minister and I felt a moment of sorrow for him. Hey, bud, go open your own place and leave this crappy witch twisting in the wind.

The service was short. The speech was short, delivered with a practiced smile as if the minister knew them personally.

Thompson and Gina appeared nervous, but took it all seriously.

I was standing back off behind Thompson. His parents were seated as witnesses – their chairs creaking dangerously. I could see Gina's profile. She had a strong nose, but not overbearing. Her skin was pale and very smooth. The veil hid the rest but inflamed my curiosity; we had not been introduced.

I got my first good look when they were told they could kiss.

She looked Italian. Her bold nose topped over a solid chin but there was a delicacy to her features. Her lips were balanced and the top lip lifted slightly as if in a permanent open-mouthed expression that showed teeth. There was space there, in her two front teeth. It was as delicate as the rest of her and suggested a sexiness that had me shifting feet suddenly.

I had an image of me spraying cum across those teeth. Heck yeah. I shifted feet, again.

Her eyes were large and soft, if slightly unsure or timid-looking.

They kissed and Thompson broke it fast. There was an eagerness in his moves.

Why break that kiss so fast? Thinking of your computer exposition in Silicon Valley?

Did the barest hint of disappointment cross Gina's face? I wasn't sure.

CHAPTER 3

The reception was certainly nicer than the wedding, and there were more people who attended for that.

Some young girl-relative of Thompson's was at the door pushing forward the guest book. She gave me such a large eye that I wanted to tell her to stop looking. Too young for me. Pack on fifteen more years and we might talk, okay? I got away from her as fast as I could. Teenagers weren't my thing.

My seat was at the head table, next to Thompson. I sighed and removed my jacket. I didn't mind being the best man at the wedding, but I didn't really want to be here.

There were some nice-looking gals on the left side that chatted and giggled. They occasionally looked at Gina.

Her friends.

One looked over at me and suddenly there was silence from the group and five pairs of eyes were looking my way.

I'm not vain. I'm not conceited. I knew I was no movie star.

Four of the gals decided that even if I was better looking than anyone else there, I wasn't handsome enough to indulge. They dismissed me. One kept staring, though.

She was a cute thing, but nothing more than cute. Blonde with super tight curls that didn't want to be tamed.

Not wanting to make either of us uncomfortable, I looked away.

Thompson and Gina were over on the right. He was getting backslapped by a couple of heavysset relatives who manhandled him because they were heavier.

Why do some people do that? Push you around because you're skinny? I had two relatives like that, too. Push, push, push. I love my relatives, but shit, do I shove them around?

I wanted to get up and rescue Thompson, but Gina had detached herself and was coming over to the table.

Would it be impolite if I got up and left? What's the protocol for weddings? I dug out my i-pod and started searching for an answer. I didn't get far in the search though, before Gina plopped down in the chair two seats away.

I put my device away and hoped I didn't seem rude.

"Hi," she said. She waved quickly and then clasped her hands in her lap. She looked very shy.

I leaned over a little and extended my hand. "I'm Bill."

She smiled, unsure, but she shook my hand. "I'm Gina. The bride." Then she blushed, probably thinking that must have sounded really dumb.

It was one of the sweetest things I had ever heard. Not sure what to say, I remained silent, my mouth partially open as if to speak.

Her blush deepening, we were rescued by a couple of the gals from the left.

"Gina, you look so beautiful!" Bright smiles were wide and toothy.

I watched them talk, listening to Gina describe their honeymoon while trying to make it sound nice.

A female member of the staff came in, all business. She popped and poured some bubbly in the fluted glasses before us. She didn't even spare me a look, though I checked out her backside. Nice and firm and ready to be slapped.

I shifted in my seat.

Thompson came over to the table and took his champagne, and then left again. The small room of seven tables was beginning to fill out.

I sighed. No one to talk to.

CHAPTER 4

"You work with Thompson?" said Gina.

I was startled from my daydreaming. "Hmm? Oh, yes. Supervisor."

She nodded and looked down as if looking for something else to say. She fiddled with the stem of her champagne glass. "Oh..."

"Your parents are in Italy?"

She glanced at me quickly, then away. "Yes."

"Couldn't make it over for the wedding?"

She took a sip of bubbly. "They didn't approve."

"No?"

"They thought I should marry a nice Italian boy."

Oh wow, what do I say to that? "Oh..."

"It's no matter."

I shook my head. She was being dismissive and attempting courage, but I knew better. "I imagine it's actually hard. How awful not to have your parents here on your big day."

She looked at me with big eyes, a world of unspoken agreement held in one desperate gaze. She looked away again. She tried to laugh. "I'll get over it."

"They should have been here."

She shrugged, her delicate shoulders moving up once and then dropping. "It's not like everyone always has their parents around for the wedding. Those that elope,

don't."

"True. But... yours don't approve."

"No."

"Were they always so controlling?"

She looked up at me quickly, an intensity in her eyes. "No, that's the thing. It came out of the blue. They could have declined and wished me well but instead they disapproved. They never treated me like that before except when I was a little kid."

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-eight."

I nodded. "You'd think they would've realized you became an adult a decade ago."

"I know, right?"

She was hurt, and my heart melted for her. But it had the first time we locked eyes. "Thompson is younger than you?"

She sort of tossed her head. "By two years."

"I didn't think he was that old."

She gave me a look, not mean but wry.

I shook my head. "I didn't mean it that way. I'm thirty."

She glanced down at my finger. "Not married? Or are you divorced?"

"Divorced."

She pulled her head back in disbelief. "You?"

I sipped more at my champagne. "Yes, me."

"What happened?"

"It's kind of a sordid story, do you really want to hear it?"

"Wait while I handle this enormous line of well-wishers..."

There was no one there.

I laughed. Then, feeling poor about it, I said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't laugh."

"That's nice of you, but don't worry about it. Tell me about the divorce – unless it's too painful for you—"

"No, it isn't that." I sighed. "I wanted kids. She didn't."

"Is that all?"

I gave her a comical look, bugging out my eyes. "No."

She covered her smile.

I said, "She started coming home with piercings and tattoos."

She made a face. "Err... hmm."

"But the kicker was the day she came home with a paper sack and pulled out a strap-on dildo."

She slapped her hand to her mouth this time, her eyes wide. "No! She wanted to use it on you?"

"Yeah."

"No."

"Really." I was smiling at how stupid it all sounded.

She coughed. "I think I would've left, too."

I nodded, lifting my eyebrows quickly. "Yeah, I didn't stick around long after that."

Then she tried to sound as if nothing was wrong with it in case anyone could get offended. "Well, some people like that thing, I guess. Nothing wrong with that. If you're into it, you know."

I was shaking my head. "Not me."

"Well..."

"The man should be in control. Always."

Her eyes grew large and she shot a glance across the room. To Thompson. She looked back, guiltily.

Oh shit. I stepped in it. Now I know something about Thompson that I shouldn't have known. How do I cover this? "Well, you know. Sometimes I guess it's nice —"

She was shaking her head. "No, no. That's okay. You said what you meant."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize."

"I take it you have to... take the lead?"

She looked around furtively with just her eyes. Then she gave a barely imperceptible nod.

I shook my head in disappointment. "I couldn't imagine a man not taking you and ravishing you like you deserve."

She looked fully into my eyes with a stone-faced look. But our eyes locked and I found myself swallowing. She blushed but did not look away.

Oh, if you weren't already married, I would wreck a bed with you. I swallowed again.

CHAPTER 5

Dinner was typical hotel fare: odd, strangely centered around peppered veggies and stringy pieces of meat. Salad was served in abundance because it was so cheap.

I knew the menu Thompson and Gina had chosen from probably sounded better than what we got, but in the end, hotels served cheap. More salad, less meat.

Not being sure if the meat was grass-fed or not, I ate it sparingly.

Thompson ate it all and refilled his champagne glass three times. His eyes were bright and he left the table after eating and saying a few small things to his new bride.

Probably off to discuss the latest solid state hard drive prices per gigabyte. I watched Gina talk to another of her friends. I checked my watch when I thought no one was looking. Another hour, at most. Maybe. I wasn't sure on the protocol, but I figured I had to stick around until the married couple left the hall.

"So what do you hope to do with your life?" Gina was talking to me.

"Hmm? Do?"

"Is Staples your career choice?"

"Ah. Well, it's a good company. No complaints. But... I'm not sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Ten little chiefs want to become one of the bigger chiefs. But there's only so much room."

"Isn't it like that everywhere?"

"It is, I guess. Sometimes I feel that you have to be a special kind of dick to be

manager, no matter what the company."

She giggled. She looked adorable. "You don't think you have a chance?"

I shrugged. "Hell, I dunno."

"What would you do if you weren't a supervisor? Or boss, or whatever?"

"I'd love to travel and write travel guides."

"Travel guides?"

"Sure, why not? A new city every day or two, restaurants and hotels. Tours and sightseeing? Absolutely."

She looked amazed. "Never met anyone who wanted to write travel guides before."

"I've also thought about creating my own genre – a ghost town travel guide."

"Ghost towns?"

"Sure, all the abandoned towns and the travel access around them? So many places are forgotten."

"Almost sounds morbid."

I leaned back. "What, like taking a picture of a dead person?"

"Exactly."

"People lived in these places. They put their hopes into them. Many don't even exist anymore and you can't tell they were there, but was abandoned only ninety years ago. Not even foundations are left."

"How does that happen?"

I shrugged. "Rain, weather. People scavenging for firewood. Collapsed wooden buildings are carried away and burned. Foundation rocks are carried away to line campfire pits. Who knows."

"Sounds depressing."

"The loss of all that history is, yes. Their memory is dead."

She looked at me for so long I grew uncomfortable. "I didn't mean to sound so dull."

She looked surprised. "Dull? No. Anything but."

"Sorry."

She shook her head. "No, don't be. Most people want to become a fireman or marry a billionaire. I've just never met someone who wanted to preserve memories."

"So what do you want to do?"

We were interrupted by a bull of a woman from Thompson's side. Her jowls shook with indignation.

Shit, how did such a ginormous family produce such a stick of a man?

The woman strutted up, tits leading, and stood with upthrust chin. "The bride should always be with her husband, not consorting with others." The law was being delivered from Mount Sinai, written on bulging cellulite tablets.

Gina looked abashed. "I'm sorry."

Triumph flashed across the bull's face. Suddenly smelling blood in the water, she drove in for the kill. A very fat finger stabbed high into the air. "No woman should ever—"

I said, "She's being ignored. I'm making sure she's safe. I am the best man, after all."

Flabbergasted, the woman's mouth opened and closed as if she were chewing on a super-gooey éclair. Her chest began to thrust rapidly, heaving her tits in a display of self-righteous superiority.

I said with a head motion, "I think they're serving dessert."

Gina's eyes went over-wide and she clapped a hand over her mouth.

Tit-heave-woman shook with indignation and huffed. But she turned and strutted off faster than she had approached.

Gina said low and shocked. "Oh my goodness."

I shook my head. "She needed it. She can go chase down one of the hotel help and dress them down for some perceived slight she don't agree with."

The bride giggled. "I don't know. I might end up hearing about this."

"Maybe avoid the woman in the future."

She gave me a disbelieving eye.

Thompson came staggering back to the table and poured another champagne.

It was his third? Fourth? Fifth? I had lost track. But it wasn't very many. He grinned vacantly at Gina and started to stagger off.

One of the hotel help leaned close to him and was whispering.

His nods were obvious.

A couple of the help came out, arranging the cake knife and making sure the wedding cake was accessible.

Thompson said, "I think it's cake-time." His grin was still vacant.

Gina gave me a quick, neutral look and got up.

The cake-cutting was typical, and several people stood around getting pictures. Thompson and Gina didn't have a photographer.

It made me want to call him "Tom" more than ever. Pretentious bastard. But I liked Gina. They seemed mismatched. She was timid but had to take the bedroom initiative? Something did not smell right in Smithfield. Oh well, who am I to play matchmaker?

I was half shocked out of my seat during the cake feeding.

She put a bite up to his mouth and he bit in almost daintily. When it was his turn, he mashed the cake into her face in a mess that had me gasping. Oh, that's just not right.

With only a few friends of hers around and no bridesmaids, I was up out of my chair with a napkin immediately. Dousing it with someone's water, I gently took hold of her arm while she stood there, hands out, looking stunned as if someone had shocked her with a water balloon.

I gently tried to wipe most of the large chunks from her face as I could.

Tears were welling in her eyes.

One of her friends was there, holding her on the other side as I wiped.

Thompson was grinning like a schoolkid who had pulled the best prank ever.

CHAPTER 6

The evening ended with Thompson feeling so dizzy that he finally gave up trying. "I think... we should go..."

Gina looked disappointed.

I didn't imagine it was because she wanted to stay, but rather her reception hadn't gone as she had expected. Or hoped. I don't know. Who knows the mind of a woman?

Who knows what their relationship was like at home? Maybe they got along real well. After all, they both had to agree and want to get married, right?

Thompson didn't look so good. That was my cue to escape the room by using him as an excuse. I got my arm around his waist and helped him out of the room.

A couple of heavy backslaps from his morbidly obese relatives had him staggering out the door and me trying to keep him upright. Gina was beside me and took the lead.

In the elevator, the motion of the lift made Thompson turn green. I left him leaning against the wall and moved as far away as I could. No way did I want him puking on my rented tux.

But he didn't blow a pie.

Yet.

The elevator chimed and the doors slid open. I helped Thompson out after Gina.

He moaned, "I don't feel so good."

I frowned. "It was just champagne."

He groaned.

Gina pulled a card and swiped it at the door. It clicked and she pushed her way in.

I followed, Thompson leaning on me heavily.

He groaned again with an urgency. He looked clammy and feverish.

Uh oh.

I turned him to the bathroom door and he stumbled inside, shutting the door.

Gina turned and was wringing her hands, looking as if she had found out her dog had gotten run over.

I looked at her, not knowing what to say as sounds of growling and coughing and splashing came from the bathroom. The boy was puking hard.

She rubbed at her forehead, embarrassed. She detached her veil and threw it on the bed.

I said, "I'm sorry about..." I wasn't sure how to finish. She seemed like she deserved a better wedding.

"About what?"

I shrugged. "Not the ideal wedding night, is it?"

She tossed a hand in the air and let it drop. She started to laugh but gave up.

Feeling bad, I did the only thing I could. I moved forward and gave her a hug.

She didn't react in shock. Instead, she clung to me. It wasn't sexual.

But she sure felt good in my arms. I didn't want her to be sad. Then I felt her trembling. "Are you alright?"

I felt her nod.

"Are you sure?"

She clung tighter.

What was I supposed to do? She wasn't letting go. Sometimes women needed really good hugs.

Thompson came out, still staggering and looking very pale. He was wiping his mouth and chin. He groaned.

I started to break the hug, but Gina didn't let go. "I was just hugging her good bye."

"Huh? Oh..." Thompson collapsed into the chair.

Since she wasn't letting go, I hugged her again, squeezing lightly. I ran my hands up and down her back to comfort her.

She shifted a little, sighing as if feeling better. Her crotch pressed into mine due to her shifting feet and sensations swam through me that felt really, really good.

I pressed back, pushing my hips forward. If Thompson didn't mind me hugging her, then it was all okay, right?

But she pressed back, too.

Uh oh. She's a hot little number. But I didn't think it right to take advantage of her on her wedding night. I started to pull back.

She looked up at me with eyes that stopped me. Her shy eyes looked into mine and all sense flew out of my head.

Before I knew what I was doing, I was leaning in to kiss her. Our lips brushed – hers soft and open. Our kiss started slow and became an exciting movement of lips and tongues. Her mouth was awesome. Her kiss was heavenly.

Thompson said, "Uh, hey."

I broke the kiss. "Oh, sorry. Uh, I figured maybe she should have a kiss that didn't have puke in it."

"Oh..." He was out of it. "Yeah..."

I was watching him. His eyes were focusing and crossing, the look on his face

struggling between concentration and illness. He said nothing more.

She still hadn't let go, so I turned back to her. Her face was turned up still and her mouth slightly open. "Kiss me, again. Please." Her eyes searched mine.

I had a request from the bride? How could I refuse? I put my mouth to hers and we kissed like crazy people. My left hand came up and tangled in her hair, holding her head for the kiss. My other hand ranged down and felt the feminine swell of her butt. Then I realized I was hardening. I thrust my semi-hard erection forward and she moved with me, pressing back and wriggling against my bulge.

Shit. What was I going to do? I couldn't be mashing on Thompson's bride right in front of him. Could I? This wasn't right.

She clutched at my back and I relished the feel of her little body pressed up against mine. One of her hands came down and squeezed my butt.

I knew then things were getting out of control.

But Thompson's head kept falling. He would look at us, then nod off. Look and nod off. He wasn't saying anything.

It was while I was looking at him that her hand came around and rubbed the front of my trousers. Oh boy. What do I do? But my dick was doing most of the thinking. She was soft, willing and passionate. I let her rub.

"Oh..." she said. She squeezed me through my pants. Then she started undoing my belt.

Giving up trying to fight it, I helped her.

Her eyes lit up and a large smile showed me that lovely small space between her teeth.

I pulled it out and her eyes went big.

She shook her head. "Oh, wow."

I looked at her funny. "I'm not that big."

She cast a glance over to Thompson.

He was trying to get up, but he wasn't saying anything.

She gripped my erection while Thompson finally succeeded in getting his pants and underwear off.

What did he think he was doing?

But he sank back into the chair and shook his head.

I guess he thought he was being signaled to prepare for sex. Who knows. He was drunk. And I saw he was small.

Poor guy. Then I looked back at Gina as she lightly stroked my cock back and forth. No, not poor Thompson. Poor Gina. I swallowed.

She was stroking my cock right in front of her husband and it felt good.

CHAPTER 7

Yeah, maybe I would. Maybe I would give her what she very desperately needed on her wedding night that she could not get from her husband. If she didn't have any issues with doing these things in front of him, should I?

I stripped out of my clothes faster than I could think of all the reasons I shouldn't. Fuck it, I was going to give her what she very obviously was wanting.

Her eyes lit up again and she looked over my body. She had a pleased look on her face. She sank down and placed the fat head of my cock in her mouth.

She looked beautiful down there sucking on me.

Thompson moaned. "What... the fuck?"

I frowned at him. "I'm taking care of your bride. Go back to sleep."

"Huh? Oh, okay."

Man, he was out of it. Who got that drunk off of champagne? I didn't want her down there sucking all night. I let her do it for a minute or so and then pulled her up. I kissed her mouth and her eyes went wide with surprise.

She said, breathlessly, "He refuses to kiss me if I've been down there."

I looked down at myself. "Well, I don't think I would blow myself, but I keep pretty clean. I'd kiss you after, no problem."

She blushed. It looked heavenly.

I reached around and fiddled with the zipper.

She shook her head and turned around for me. "There."

Finding it now was easy. I zipped it down and she shrugged out of it. Her skin

was creamy and soft. Her bare shoulders as delicate as her features. I ran my hands over her shoulders and she shivered, goosebumps raising automatically.

I moved my hands down, covering her small bra over her breasts. She had small ones, but that was alright with me. I pulled back and unclasped her bra. I wanted to get my hands on her bare flesh.

Thompson groaned.

I leaned over towards him as he looked at us and placed my finger over my lips. "Shh."

He nodded.

He was so out of it he couldn't think straight and I just shook my head.

I ran my hands down over her soft boobs. They were palmfuls and mostly pointy. Her nipples were hard and pebbled with excitement.

She leaned back against me as her dress slid down completely.

I nuzzled at her neck, smelling her entrancing skin. I moved my nose up to her ear and breathed in. She trembled deliciously and a moan escaped her lips.

She reached behind her and groped for my erection. She squeezed it and her cheeks tensed in a smile.

Wow. I wanted her. I had thought maybe just to play a little, but I think my dick was in full control. My mind was on auto-pilot as my throbbing member told me it was going to get used.

I whispered, "Are you... sure... you..."

She twisted suddenly and kissed me. Her eyes held a sadness – at what I don't know. But they searched mine and she was shaking her head, smiling and clinging to me.

What are you thinking, Gina?

She kissed again and said, "Very sure. Before I change my mind. Take me, Bill.

Right here."

"In front of your husband?"

She glanced at him, a worry crossing her face. She turned back to me. "I don't want tonight to pass without being with you, even if just once. I don't think I could handle it. Going through life and wondering."

"Wondering?"

She pressed her crotch against mine. "Wondering what it would've been like. Wondering why I married him and not met you." She bit her lip.

I felt humbled. Honored. I didn't know what to say.

She pulled back and stood before me. She was a small little Italian firecracker. Her hips flared nicely. She would have a fuck-magnet body in her thirties when those widened out a little more. Something in me wanted to be there when it happened. Something in me wanted to be there even until then.

I planted a hand on her chest, fingers splayed. I pushed hard. She flew back onto the bed with wide-open eyes. I reached down and grabbed the hem of her panties. With a savage yank, I ripped them from her and exposed her neatly trimmed pussy. I tossed the torn panties at Thompson's feet.

Her eyes were alight with a glow of excitement that said she wanted to capture everything for her memories.

I roughly parted her legs and knelt down. I planted my mouth on her pussy and licked like it was an enormous lollipop.

She cried out in wonder and surprise. "Oh... Oh my goodness. No one has ever..."

I savaged her clit with my tongue.

She groaned, grabbing my short hair in her fists. Her body shook in uncontrollable spasms. Her hips rotated with a mind of their own, moving her clit against my tongue as I moved it against her clit. She let out a laugh and then another. She heaved, laughing with delight and relief.

I pulled up and looked over her heaving chest. She was breathing heavy, panting as if she had just run up three flights of stairs.

Her smile was so bright it ached my heart. She said, "Oh wow, no one has ever done that to me before."

"Here I am."

"How do I get more of that?"

"You would want more? Being married..."

Her smile faltered.

I knelt on the bed between her legs. "I guess it's up to me to make your wedding night memorable. For both of us."

"Oh, I'm sure you have tons of women—"

"No. But right now, I have you. If this is all I ever get, I will remember this forever."

Her eyes softened and then widened in shock as I touched the head of my penis to her folds. Her mouth opened and she held her breath – but she didn't try to close her legs.

She said, "I'm nothing to remember."

I leaned forward, pressing in a little. I whispered, "You're everything." I rammed it home. The amazingly delicious feeling of her wet and velvety canal opened for me and my very angry cock slid into her.

Her eyes almost popped out of her head.

I pushed deep, as far as it would go, and then held it there, squirming and wriggling my hips to get just a little deeper.

A small cry escaped her open mouth. A tear leaked down the side of her cheek.

Panicked, I wondered if I had hurt her. I immediately began pulling out.

Horror crossed her face and she clutched me, pulling, trying to hold me in.

"Are you alright?" I said.

"What? Yes."

"You're crying."

She laughed in confusion, pleasure, and relief. "I... It's never felt so wonderful. I'm sorry."

I slowly slid back in and held it there. I leaned forward and propped myself on my elbows. I kissed her.

Thompson stirred. "What the fuck?" his words were slurred.

I looked over at him. "Shh. I'm going to fuck your wife. You need to be quiet, okay?"

"Huh?"

"I'm going to fuck Gina, alright?"

Thompson nodded. "Oh, yeah. Good."

"You go back to sleep."

He groaned. "Yeah..."

My cock was in his wife and I wasn't about to pull out and stop.

CHAPTER 8

I turned back to Gina. She was so beautiful. I pulled back and thrust forward hard, thrusting my shaft deep into her and causing her to moan.

Yes, I couldn't help it. I was not only going to fuck her on her wedding night, I wanted to. I wanted this night to remain with her forever. Every time she made Thompson fuck her, I wanted her thinking of me.

I began thrusting hard and fast. The entire bed moved, and the headboard began creaking and lightly hitting the wall behind it.

If just this one night, her pussy was mine. It was open for my cock. It took my thrusts. It was wet for my shaft.

I hammered her, pounding her pussy with heaves of my hips that filled the room with sounds of the squeaking bed, the banging headboard and the sloshiness of our union.

Her pussy was a wonderful tight glove that moved with me, taking me in and creating a state of euphoria in me that rued the moment it would end. We moved well together and her body melded to mine. I knew then, I was having the best fuck of my life. Of the several women I had bedded over the course of my life, none matched Gina. None were anywhere close.

I pounded her pussy, fucking her with complete and deep strokes. She moved under me to the force of my thrusts, her mouth opening and closing with each thrust, gasping and breathing, her head moving up and back along the bed as I rammed her.

I began breathing heavy, my pants coming faster, my sighs heavier. That tingle began in the soles of my feet. I wasn't wearing a condom; I hate them. No, my cock was hard in her, full and unprotected.

I was going to cum in her, on her wedding night, right in front of her husband. "Oh yeah... Oh yeah. Oh yeah!" I pushed deep, suddenly paralyzed as my body

tensed and convulsed, sending powerful squirts of my seed deep into her.

She whimpered, pulling me in with her feet on the back of my legs. Her brow was knitted with pleased concentration.

I came, hard and fast.

She closed her eyes, a small smile on her face.

When I rolled off to the side, she toyed with my chest hair. "It's a shame this has to come to an end."

"Does it?"

Gina looked over at the snoring Thompson. "It would be nice if it didn't have to end."

I gave her a smile. "I think I'd like being... around."

"Really?"

"To be with you? Anything is worth it."

She touched my face. "You're so sweet."

"Nah, I'm just Bill."

"Promise me you'll be around." She began stroking my semi-hardness.

If it meant I got to make love to her again, heck yeah. "I'll see what I can do." I motioned over to Thompson.

She nodded.

The realization she wanted more was more than enough to make me hard. It was still numb, but she climbed over me and worked her pussy over it. After a few attempts, she sank down onto my shaft. I began firming even more, inside her.

She moved on me, her eyes closed in a blissful concentration. She rotated and ground her hips. It felt fantastic.

Thompson stirred. "What's... going on?"

Gina didn't stop moving.

I said, "It's okay, Thompson. I'm fucking your bride so you don't have to – you not feeling well and all. You know."

"Ah, that's good." He was rubbing at his face far too hard, trying to look sober. "That's good. That's really nice of you."

"Consider it a favor."

The nerd nodded off again. "Yeah... I owe you..."

Gina moved faster on me and I reached down and lightly toyed with her clit when I could reach it. Her fingernails dug into my chest and I swore I felt punctures. She moved her pussy with a ferocity that had me laying still, my erection firmly buried up inside her. She began to shake and quiver in jerky little movements. Her gasps turned forceful. Her face screwed up in pain and concentration.

I said, "Yeah, cum on my cock."

Her eyes popped open and she froze, then her eyes rolled up in her head and her body moved back and forth so hard I thought I would pop out. She wailed out, low, and a light sheen of sweat broke out all over her.

Her head snapped forward, her hair flailing towards me as I lay there. She pushed back hard, convulsively, over and over, and I knew she was cumming.

It inflamed me and that dreaded tickle teased and toyed, building in my feet. A second orgasm so soon was going to hurt if it happened.

She was blubbering, her head hanging, her pussy moving back and forth fast as she struggled through her orgasm.

I couldn't handle it. Slowly, the tingle built into a paralysis and tickling squirts shot up the shaft of my cock and wetted her insides again. For the second time, I shot my sperm deep inside her.

Afterward, we both lay gasping and panting. She cuddled on my chest and I laid a hand on her shoulder.

She said, "I don't want this night to end."

"It has to."

"It's not fair."

I wasn't sure what to say. "It's not me that's married."

She sighed.

For a long time we were silent. My cock finally had been through enough and slipped out of her. It was soaked and the cool air reminded me it was covered in our juices.

Gina leaned up a little and looked at me, close, in the eyes. "Will we see each other again?"

I could feel the change in her. A sudden clamminess to her skin. She was fearful and nervous. But of what? "I... don't know."

She collapsed ever so slightly. Her eyes turned sad. "Please say this isn't the end."

It was what I wanted to hear.

CHAPTER 9

I had a huge obstacle in front of my desire. She was starting on a new married life. I was heading out the door. But she wanted more.

Would I be able to handle seeing her as a married woman? I knew I wanted... No, scratch that. I needed more. I wanted Gina. I wanted her smell, her touch, her look and her smile.

What would I have to endure? How long would I be able to handle seeing her and her being married? How long before I either blew it up or called it off?

I didn't know. I only knew that my relationship with her was just beginning. I had no thoughts of winning her away from Thompson. I didn't know anything about their relationship. Was I just a fuck toy?

It didn't feel like it. And I certainly didn't want to be just a fuck toy. But I was single, she was married, and it was me having to walk out that door in a few minutes.

I wanted more. I needed more. But I could say no more. She was married and it was my place to go.

I said, "I don't want it to be the end."

Hope lit in her eyes.

"But, I need to go. This is your wedding night to another man. Though I don't want to go."

"But—"

"Shh. You're married to Thompson. I'll try to arrange us getting together, somehow."

Tears filled her eyes and she nodded.

What was I supposed to say? What was she supposed to say? I dressed and caressed her face before I walked out the door.

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She cried when I left. But I had to go. I knew we would meet again, illicitly. We both knew it. But for how long? How long before I blew up and demanded that she be mine?

For now, I would have to find a way to be a real friend to Thompson – so that I could continue to see the wonderful woman who had stolen my heart.

Thank you for reading, all reviews are greatly appreciated!