

Sarie

By Delphi

Published on Lush Stories on 15 Nov 2012

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/sarie.aspx>

Sarie was still sore.

Lying in bed Saturday morning, the only thing she could think about was work the day before. Or rather, play.

It still felt so wrong to say, even in her head. Sex. With a man. Her boss. The same man her father had counted as a friend for the last few years.

How could she have agreed to that?

The intimate pictures he'd claimed to have of her and Angie's tryst. The blackmail.

No, that wasn't it. He was right. She'd been stealing glances at him for years.

Looking at him didn't mean she wasn't a lesbian. After all, even straight men commented on the beauty of Michelangelo's David.

But she'd had sex with him.

Sighing, Sarie slipped her thumb into her pink pajama shorts and slid it back and forth under the elastic.

Sex with Mr. Downey was amazing. It was wrong, on so many levels, but nothing could have felt more right. Nothing could have made her feel more alive. More sexy.

More straight.

She sat up, blinking her green eyes.

No way could she be straight. Not after dating Melinda for two years. After loving her for so long.

She'd still be with her if Melinda hadn't moved so far away to go to college.

As Sarie combed her hand through her wavy blonde hair, a glint of gold caught her eye. The cross necklace on her nightstand.

Tomorrow she'd have to go to church with her family. With Mr. Downey.

Nathan.

She closed her eyes and the memory came back to her. The conference room at work the day before. His body, so close it had brushed hers. His lips next to her ear. "We both know how wet you were for me," his husky voice had said.

He was so right. Her thighs had been flooded, from the moment he'd spoken about being inside of her. It had only gotten worse, as she held his dick in her nimble hand. When it went over her tongue and hit her throat. Then he'd gone down on her, made her taste herself on his fingers...

Between her legs, her pussy pulsed. She squeezed her legs together and bit her lip. Let out a shaky breath.

Her phone. His video. She'd tried to contest how much she'd liked having sex with him, but he wouldn't hear it.

"The next time you try to deny it, pull up your videos on your phone," he'd said in her ear at the door. "Watch how your sweet cunt drools for my big cock before I give it to you for the first time. Listen to yourself beg me to give it to you deeper. Watch it over and over until you realize what you want." He'd tugged her hand to the front of his pants, slid her fingers down his new erection, and told her he'd be waiting for her.

"Oh my God," she whispered.

Aching, her fingers brushed her clit and rubbed harder through the flimsy fabric of her shorts, her hips writhing. Her free hand came up under her full breast and squeezed it like he had, almost to the point of pain. Then she pinched her nipple. Moaned.

Her finger moved faster between her legs, rubbing her clit even as her own wetness seeped through the shorts.

"Oh..."

The pleasure between her legs heightened. Her finger pushed forward. More. Then her room exploded in white. She stopped breathing. Her body arched. Legs kicking, eyes scrunched tight, she jolted with orgasm all the way to her toes.

Sarie tried to catch her breath as her orgasm dropped off. Her short exhales billowed off her pillow, brushing back into her face. The crotch of her shorts was soaked, her skin glistening with the finest sheen of sweat.

She withdrew her hand from between her legs. Rolled over on her back and opened up her eyes. Stared at the ceiling until the popcorn surface came into focus.

Bisexual. There was no denying it now. Just thinking about him turned her on. She couldn't keep her hands off her pussy. Couldn't keep her panties dry.

God, what would Melinda say? Angie? The disgust they'd displayed sexually for men wasn't one she'd ever shared. She'd just been indifferent.

It wasn't as if she had to tell them. Or anyone. But more secrets? Wasn't it enough to keep her sexuality from her parents, her church, and all the people she'd known her whole life?

Sarie sighed. She turned her head to the nightstand, where her phone was charging. The same phone he'd held as he'd taken the video.

Her post orgasm pussy woke up.

Rolling over, she took the phone off the nightstand and unhooked the charger. It lit up in her hands, revealing a picture from her and Melinda's last vacation in the Bahamas.

She licked her lips and tapped her finger pad to the screen, pulling up the video application. The first option to view was a still from yesterday. A hand. A penis.

Sarie tapped it and the image filled the phone. Feeling her heart beat faster, she hit play.

"You'll love this, sweetheart," Mr. Downey's deep voice said from the phone.

The video wavered over her slim body before concentrating on her pussy. Her lips and thighs had glistened even in the darkened conference room. The huge head of his dick appeared, his big hand pumping the thick shaft. He moved in, lining up his blunt tip with her sodden opening. Spreading her

open. Then his domed head disappeared inside her.

Feeling her pussy gush inside her already wet panties, she stripped off her shorts.

“Fuck. You feel so good, Sarie. So warm and wet.”

Sarie yanked her tank top over her head. She gripped the phone with one hand, rubbed her slick clit with the other.

His fingers gripped her hip as more of his dick disappeared inside her.

She remembered that. Every moment of the agonizingly slow first thrust. How she didn't know how much more she could take. Feeling every inch of his cock as it pushed forward.

Her squeal came from the phone, followed by a shake of the camera.

“Quiet,” he ordered.

She wanted to feel it now. Her finger slipped from her clit and traced her pussy lips.

“It hurts. You're so...wide.”

“Oh? Tell me how it feels.”

That moment. When she realized what he wanted to hear. Not a one word answer. A description. Explicit.

On the phone screen, his dick inched forward, half in.

The ache to be filled was too much. Joining her first two fingers, she penetrated herself.

Sarie moaned even as she heard herself gasp from the phone. “I didn't know I was that deep,” she heard herself say.

Mr. Downey let out a breath, pulled back his cock. Slimy from her pussy. Hard. He was so wide, she could see her pussy still gripping him as he pulled away.

“You're so warm. How can I feel your warmth so far inside of me?”

“God, yes, Sarie. Finally.” He thrust back, never giving her the whole thing. “How does it feel?”

“Hot. Huge. Like you’re splitting me in two. Except when you do that. Back and forth.”

“Yeah?” He panted. “You like that?”

“Deeper,” she moaned.

“Oh, now you want it deeper? How bad do you want it?”

“Please, Mr. Downey.”

More shallow thrusts. “Please what?”

“Please. Please.” The camera panned upward, her breasts undulating with his every movement inside her.

Her fingers shunted faster in and out of her sopping pussy.

The image went blurry then dark. The sound remained. Skin on skin. Lips on lips. Their shaky breaths.

“If you want something from me, make me fucking believe it.” His husky voice almost sent her over the edge.

Then the video and sound stopped.

“What? No!” She took her fingers out of her pussy, leaving it aching, to hold the cell with both hands.

Melinda’s face popped up on the screen, the phone belting out their song.

Sarie dropped it, her heart pounding, as Melinda’s hazel eyes staring up at her until the call was sent to voicemail. The screen went blank. Pussy juice smudged the side.

They hadn’t spoken in weeks. Not since Sarie had broken things off. Melinda was too busy with soccer and college. She lived on the opposite side of the state. They couldn’t continue. What did she want?

The phone blipped. A text. “I just pulled up in front of your house. Please talk to me.”

Melinda.

Sarie's eyes widened. Wiping her hands on her discarded tank top, she picked up the cell.

"Just a minute," she replied.

She put the phone down. Froze.

A minute? She needed an hour! A shower, make up, her hair done.

"God help me," she whispered.

Jumping out of bed, she threw her pajamas in the hamper. Made sure to pull on matching bra and underwear. Jeans that hugged her ass. A tight, sleeveless black top. She pulled her blonde hair into a ponytail looked into the mirror.

There wasn't time for make up. It was a shame. She hadn't seen Melinda in weeks and now she had to see her like this.

She sighed and headed down the stairs. Opened the front door.

Dressed simply in a plaid button down shirt and jeans, her ex was beautiful. Dark, olive skin. A cute little dent in her chin. Bright hazel eyes. Long legs. Everything about her was posh Olympian beauty, the picture of youth, exuberance, and heart.

Melinda met her eyes. Her pale pink lips turned up slowly. "Hey Sarie."

"Hi." She hung on to the doorknob and bit her lip.

"Do you think I could come in and talk to you?"

Sarie's mouth dropped open. She took a quick breath. "I don't know."

"Just to talk, babe. I know your parents aren't here." She tilted her head to the side. "And I know you don't want to talk about this on your doorstep where your neighbors might hear."

Swallowing, Sarie nodded. Stepped back and let her in.

“I miss you,” Melinda said when she shut the door.

She closed her eyes without facing her.

“Yeah, I probably shouldn’t have said that. But I do.”

She and Melinda had never broken up before. Theirs was Melinda’s second relationship, and Sarie’s first. Best friends before lovers, it had taken awhile for Sarie to realize that she loved her. As more than a friend. It took longer for her to decide that was okay. That it wasn’t too big a sin.

“Sarie? Will you turn around?”

Biting her lip, she looked into her ex’s eyes. “I miss you too.”

Melinda took a step toward her, brushing her blonde hair over her shoulder. She met her gaze, then looked down at her mouth. Cupping Sarie’s face in her hands, she bent forward and brushed her lips against hers.

Automatically, Sarie’s hands found Melinda’s waist. She leaned into the kiss, their tongues sliding together as she tugged the plaid shirt from her waistband.

“Oh God, baby. I knew you still loved me,” Melinda murmured.

Sarie’s hands paused at the underside of her breasts. Every part of her wanted to grab her them, to squeeze and pinch and suck her dark nipples. To throw open the button on her jeans and work her fingers underneath.

She pulled away, staring at the ground as she caught her breath. “This isn’t right.”

“Why?” Melinda kissed her forehead.

“I can’t....be with you if I can’t really be with you.” She looked up at her face, praying for her to understand.

Her dark eyebrows furrowed. “You broke it off. Not me.”

“I know.” Her ex’s pale pink lips were so distracting. “I had to. You don’t even live here anymore.”

Melinda’s breasts lifted as she took a deep breath. “That’s why I’m here, baby. Move in with me.”

Blinking, Sarie looked into her hazel eyes. For a moment she pictured herself waiting for Melinda to get home, having dinner on the table. Laughing together. Cheering her on at her games like she used to. Sleeping next to her every night.

“We’ve been together for two years. We love each other. Why not take the next step?”

Sarie shook her head. Looked at their intertwined hands. “You’ve got school. Soccer. Everything that comes with college. What would I do there? My life is here. My parents, my job...”

Mr. Downey. Why was she thinking about him right now?

“Is there someone else?”

“No.” She didn’t know. Maybe. Maybe not.

“Someone at work?”

Feeling like her heart would stop, Sarie met her gaze. “What are you talking about?”

“You used to talk about that girl Angie a lot. The lesbian.” Her voice lowered, lips pursed. “Are you interested in her?”

She opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. She couldn’t lie. Not when asked point blank. Not to Melinda.

Her ex shut her eyes. “You slept with her already, didn’t you?”

“I--it didn’t mean anything to me.”

“It always means something to you, Sarie.”

“With you,” Sarie murmured. “With you it always does.”

Melinda finally opened her eyes. “Was she the only one?”

Sarie couldn’t answer. All she could do was look at her. What would she say if she knew? If she told her that she was bisexual? She wouldn’t love her anymore. She’d never want to see her again.

“There’s more. How many?” Melinda yanked her hands away. “Did you break up with me just to become a whore?”

“No!” Sarie was horrified. “I am not a whore!”

“How many bitches did you bang then? How long did you know them? Two weeks, two minutes? How do you think your precious church is going to accept you when they find out you’re not only a dyke, but a whore?”

Open mouthed, Sarie stared at her.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Who.” The word strangled in her throat. She cleared it. “Who are you?”

“Me? You’re the one who’s changing. I’m the same person I’ve always been. You know how many girls I’ve been with in the few weeks since we broke up? None. What’s your number, Sarie? How many have you been with? Four? Eight? Or can you remember?”

“One. Once.”

Technically, it was true.

Doubt registered on Melinda’s face. “One. I don’t believe you.”

Eyes watering, Sarie stepped back and fumbled for the doorknob before pulling it open. “Please leave.”

“I’m sorry, baby,” Melinda’s voice softened. “I’m just jealous is all. I miss you.”

She shook her head without looking back at her. “I don’t want you in my house, Melinda.”

Her ex stared at her. “Sarie.”

She waited at the door. Finally, Melinda moved past her. Stepped over the threshold outside.

“Baby.” Melinda reached for her hand.

Sarie moved away from her grasp, looking straight into her hazel eyes. “Maybe you shouldn’t believe

me. Maybe I am a whore. I might even be bisexual. But I will never let you touch me again.”

Shutting the door on Melinda’s shocked face, Sarie tried to hold herself together. Her ex’s words echoed in her mind. Was she a whore? In the span of a weekend, she’d had sex with two people. Both genders. She’d almost seduced her ex girlfriend.

Whore. The word followed her all day, haunted her all night.

She didn’t sleep well.

At church the next morning, she and her parents sat in the fourth row. Mr. Downey sat next to her. His date next to him. Sarah.

The woman was leggy and gorgeous in a flower print dress. She looked like a mom from the ‘50s. Perfect hair. Perfect make up. Perfect man on her arm.

It made Sarie feel like an even bigger whore. She was nowhere near as put together as the woman next to him. And apparently, Friday at work, she’d not only slept with a man, but a taken man.

She felt his eyes on her during the sermon, but she clasped her hands in her lap and looked straight ahead. They received communion and headed to Sunday school.

“Peter, do you mind if I borrow your daughter for a moment?” Mr. Downey said in the hallway.

Sarie looked up at him, eyes wide.

“Right now?” Daddy asked.

“Yes, I’m afraid we have some business to attend to. It shouldn’t take but an hour or two. We will meet you for breakfast afterward.”

Frowning, her father glanced at her then back at Mr. Downey. He nodded. “Yes, okay. I assume that since you never stay for Sunday school, you go to work instead.”

“Guilty.”

“Since Sarie works for you now, will you two be doing this kind of thing often?”

Mr. Downey grinned. “That’s the plan. She’s a big help.”

Her father turned faced her. "Listen to Nathan, Sarie. He has been very successful for many years. You can learn a lot from him."

Like how to take a penis to her throat.

Sarie's fingers flew to her necklace. She nodded, horrified at the first thought that had come to her mind.

Her mom fussed over Mr. Downey, told him that if he wasn't careful, he'd work his way out of his nice new girlfriend. Smiling, he told her not to worry. If that happened he was sure there would be someone else just around the corner. She clucked her disapproval but kissed his cheek good bye and walked to Sarie.

"Try to make sure he doesn't work so hard, okay baby? He needs to have a life too." Mama kissed her cheek, then wiped the lipstick away with her thumb.

Sarie tried to smile. "Sure."

With that, her parents linked hands and left them.

Mr. Downey's aquamarine eyes zeroed in on hers. With a quick glance down the hallway, he grabbed her hand and pulled her into the closest room.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

He shut the door and stood in front of her. "Talk to me."

"About what?"

All she could think about was Friday and his urging to tell her how she felt. When he took her breasts in his hands. When his mouth was on her clit. When his hands....

Sarie blushed.

"What have you been thinking about all morning? You're not happy. Why?"

Breaking eye contact with him, she picked at her nails. "Melinda and I had a fight."

“I thought you two had broken up.”

She looked around the empty room, as if just him saying that in church would condemn her. Her eyes rested on a hanging white dress, surrounded by mirrors and flowers.

“We have to leave,” Sarie said. “This is the bridal suite.”

He followed her gaze and chuckled. “Well, I suppose it is. You still haven’t answered my question.”

“You didn’t ask one. And I didn’t know you had a girlfriend.”

“I don’t have a girlfriend. Don’t think for a second that you have me all figured out, Sarie. Haven’t you been single for a few weeks now?”

“What about Sarah? She’s very pretty, by the way.”

“Of course she is. I don’t pay for ugly escorts.”

Her mouth dropped open. “You...for church? You brought her to church?”

Smiling, he stepped closer and slipped his hands around her face. “You’re so beautiful, but even more so when you’re surprised.”

“Sarah was a prostitute?”

He leaned down. Brushed his lips against hers. “Probably. But that’s not what I’m paying her for. Why. Are. You. Sad.”

“Melinda told me I was a whore.” The words whooshed out of her in a whisper.

“Sweetheart, you know you’re not a whore,” he said. He kissed her cheek, working his way back to her ear. “Not unless you want to be mine.”

Wetness seeped between her pussy lips.

That...thing inside her. That confidence. Sexuality. It trickled into her stomach even as her conscious warred against it.

“Someone is getting married soon. We can’t stay here,” she replied.

“You’re right. We shouldn’t. Your parents are down the hall in some classroom. Ministers are walking around somewhere. In a couple of hours, a bunch of women will be in this room, preparing someone to be married.” His big hands slid over her bottom and clenched. “They’ll have no idea that you swallowed my cum and yours while wearing that dress.”

“Mr. Downey!”

He pulled the skirt of her dress up over her ass. “It’s Nathan, sweetheart. And it’s true. Ready to pretend like you’re a bride?”

“That’s...so wrong.” She couldn’t say no, not as his fingers pushed aside her lacy panties to find the squelch of her wet pussy.

“Say my name, Sarie.” He kissed her throat as he pumped his fingers inside her. “Say my name and tell me what you want me to do to you.”

“I...can’t.” She could hardly breathe, but she found the doorknob behind her and turned the lock.

“That’s too bad,” he whispered. “Guess I’ll have to do all the talking then. You like my fingers inside you? You like being my dirty girl?”

“Yes,” Sarie whispered.

“Good. Then go put the dress on.” He wrenched his fingers out of her sopping cunt and pushed her in the right direction.

“You’re serious.”

Nathan Downey licked his fingers. “Yes. Though I do enjoy this whole cat and mouse thing we’ve got going on. Perhaps you need some help.”

Just as quickly as her lips twitched in a smile, she saw the cross hanging above the door behind him. The playful look left her face. “This isn’t right.”

“No. It’s wrong.” He unbuttoned his shirt and walked toward her. “Need some help with that zipper?”

“I’m serious.”

“Yes. Me too. Turn around.”

He had that look in his eyes. In the lecherous curve of his lips.

She turned around.

His fingers brushed her neck as he lifted her hair, pushing it over her shoulder. Then he grasped the top of her dress and slowly pulled down the zipper. As the cold air wafted against her body, he pulled the zipper all the way down, half way over her rounded ass, and stopped.

“Take it off,” he said softly.

Biting her lower lip, she pulled at one strap before letting it glide down her arm. Then the other. The dress hung off her hips and ass until she hooked a thumb in the waist and urged it down.

It fell to the floor with a rustle of fabric and air, leaving her only in her underwear with her back to the older man.

“Good girl. Go put the dress on.”

Nearly naked, her confidence erupted. She wanted to be that bride. Wanted him to see her in that dress. To make his control vanish.

Without turning back to him, she walked over to the hanging dress. Ran her fingers down the soft waves of material in the skirting. She unsnapped her bra. Draped it on a chair. Gingerly pulled down her panties. Then she took the dress off the hanger.

Letting the skirts and material fan out on the floor under her, she stepped into it. Bent down low, jutting her ass out. Scooped up the dress by the top, then stood and pulled it up her body.

It was a perfect fit.

The dress hugged every curve. Cupped her swelling breasts high.

Sarie walked over to the mirror with a swish, turning to the side to see all the fabric cascading from her waist. Then she leaned on the counter to inspect her make up.

“You are the perfect bride, aren’t you?” Mr. Downey said.

She wasn't Sarie anymore. Not scared of anything. She was a straight, pristine bride, aware of the power she held.

"What does that make you?" she answered, glancing at him in the mirror.

His lips turned up and he came closer. Ran his finger down her bare back between the open zipper.

"Hard," he answered.

Her thighs flooding, she felt him behind her. The girth pushing into her butt. "Interesting," she mumbled.

He leaned over her. Ran his fingers over her trim waist, her ample breasts. Then yanked her upright, closing his hand over her mouth.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" his husky voice whispered in her ear.

Sarie's nostrils flared. She looked into her own green eyes in the mirror, then into his. Nodded jerkily and felt for him behind her.

"The first time you make a noise, you'll be on your knees." Mr. Downey shifted, pulling up the skirt of the dress over her hips and exposing her wet pussy. He positioned his dick at her entrance, never breaking eye contact with her. "Be quiet. After all, this is God's house."

Clamping his hands on either side of her hips, he eased into her.

Arching her back, she bit the center of her lower lip to stifle her moan.

"Doing good, sweetheart. When you talked to your girl, were you thinking about me? About my fat cock pounding into your little pussy? You want that again?" He bottomed out inside her, pulling back slowly.

"Yes," she whispered, pushing back on him.

"Tell me how it feels, Sarie. Tell me what you want. Quietly." His cock pressed further inside her.

"God." She grunted. "I...I want you like before."

"You want to be my whore? My sweet whore?" He thrust hard inside her, his testicles slapping her

clit. “Innocent Sarie to the rest of the world. But my dirty girl.”

Sarie’s mouth popped open, panting as he pounded into her, the gold cross of her necklace bouncing against her chest.

Mr Downey yanked her hair, pulling her back as he slammed into her. “You want that?”

“Yes,” she whispered, nearly coming undone.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes Sir,” she gasped.

“Good girl.” He pulled out of her, turned her around by her waist. Before she could find her balance, he put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her to the floor.

The wedding dress pooled around her as she sank to her knees.

His hand cupped her face, turning her head to meet his erect penis. “Suck my cock.”

The sticky domed head of him bumped against her lips. Weighing his heavy balls in one hand and grasping his slick shaft in the other, she looked up to meet his eyes. Worked her hand up and down his dick. Then she opened her mouth, tongue pushed out slightly, and leaned her head down on him.

“Fuck, Sarie. You were born to suck my dick.”

She almost smiled. Instead, she worked him further into her mouth, pushing his cock down over the back of her tongue, before pulling out again. Over and over. Faster, until her lips started tingling.

Looking into his blue eyes, she dragged her soft sucking mouth back on his cock. All the way to the crown of his dick, flicking her tongue over the head. Until she let it spring free.

“Keep going, baby,” he whispered, twining his fingers through her hair. “Don’t stop.”

Sarie pushed his dick toward his stomach, letting her tongue glide down the bottom of his shaft until his nuts nudged her cheek. She turned her head, her lips touching his hanging sack. Cupping the hard balls, she opened her mouth wider, let her tongue snake around the back of one of them, and sucked it between her lips.

“Oh fuck, sweetheart. That’s it. Not afraid of me anymore, are you?”

She took her head, pulling lightly on his left nut. His pubic hair brushed her face.

Mr Downey tightened his fingers in her hair, gripping at the scalp. Pulling her off, he aligned her head with his cock once more.

Dutifully, she opened her lips, scooping him up with her tongue.

He moaned, flexing forward and opening up her mouth again. “Good girl.”

Sensing his need to take control, Sarie placed her hands at her sides.

“That’s it, baby. Just relax.” He pulled out, then pushed all the way, past her mouth and hitting her throat.

She gagged.

“I love that hot mouth over my dick. The extra pressure when you gag on it. Fuck, baby.” The next strokes weren’t nearly as far in, as he watched his cock move in and out of her stretched mouth. He gathered up her hair in one hand, pinned it to the back of her head. With the other, he stroked the side of her face.

“Earlier, when the minister gave you communion. You should have seen his face. What he really wanted was your beautiful lips around his cock. To fuck your face in front of the congregation.”

Sarie’s green eyes went wide. She was so wet, she felt it drip all the way down her inner thighs.

“Now here we are.” Mr. Downey forced his dick deeper again, pulling her hair tight. His warm balls nestled against her chin, his pubic hair curling in her nose.

Her nostrils flared, trying to catch her breath as he packed her throat.

“If we were at my house, I’d come all over your face,” he whispered urgently. “Watch it drip onto your beautiful tits. But we’re in God’s house. So you’ll just have to swallow it.”

Sarie blinked, looking over his hard body and into his bright blue eyes. She nodded. Choked with the movement.

“Oh, fuck, baby. You want it? Want to make me come?” The tip of his cock drooled over her tongue, the ridge of his head bumping the inside of her lips as he pulled out. Then he pushed back in.

She took hold of his shaft, sitting up straight on her knees. Looking into his eyes, she took him inside her mouth, sliding her tongue down the bottom of his shaft.

His grip on her lightened. He brushed her blonde hair back and held it as she bobbed on his cock. “That’s it, sweetheart. Be a good little bride and use that hot tongue on my dick.”

Pumping his shaft with every plunge of her mouth, she went faster. Farther.

“Fuck. Oh fuck Sarie I’m gonna come.”

It suddenly jerked in her mouth. Unknowing if it was normal, she kept going. Seconds later, a thick, salty liquid consumed her tongue, bloating her cheeks. She backed away, trying not to cough on him.

“No, no.” Mr. Downey grabbed her head and pulled her down over him. “Swallow it, sweetheart. Oh fuck yes, like that. Milk my cock.”

Sarie didn’t know if she was doing well or if she was about to suffocate. There was so much, she couldn’t possibly swallow it all. How did straight women do this all the time?

After one last jerk, Mr. Downey finally sighed. Let go of her and just stroked her hair. “Did you get it all, sweetheart? You look so hot down there on your knees with my dick in your mouth.”

Sarie couldn’t say a word. The collection was too much.

He pulled out.

Spunk streamed out of the corners of her mouth. It dripped. Her hand flew to her mouth, but it was too late.

It was on the dress.

Trying to swallow, Sarie looked down in horror. Someone else’s wedding gown. For the biggest day in the girl’s life. She’d ruined it. Acting like a whore in church.

She was a whore in church.

“Come on, Sarie.” Mr. Downey offered her his hands.

“It’s on the dress,” she said.

The church bells rang, each one a higher, melodic beat.

“No one will notice. It’s white. Time to go.”

“I can’t just leave it like that.”

Mr. Downey grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her up, wrenching the dress down when she stood. He gazed at her breasts for a moment before looking deep into her eyes.

“Leave it. Before your parents’ Sunday school is over and they find out we’ve been in this room the whole time.”

Crap! She hadn’t even thought of that. Stepping out of the wedding gown, she glanced at the clock. Thirty minutes. How was that possible?

Sarie pulled on her own dress and searched for her underwear.

He stopped her and zipped it, then opened the door. He looked left, then right. Then motioned for her to exit.

Overtaking her in the parking lot, he led her to his Mercedes. Turned the engine over and backed out of the parking space.

“Where are we going?”

“My house.”

What he said he’d do to her there....

Sarie clenched her legs together as her clit spasmed.

Then her mouth dropped open, her world slowing. Her panties, soaked in her pussy juice. They lay somewhere in the bridal suite.