

Wedding Day

By DamonX

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Jul 2010

An old flame returns to have his way with the bride on her wedding day....

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/wedding-day.aspx>

It's a beautiful day. A cool breeze blows, lessening the warming effects of the shining sun which has already begun its descent into the horizon. The smell of freshly cut grass and fragrant flowers adds to the ambience, creating a soothing environment as the sounds of music begin to fill the air. I lounge back in my seat, relishing the warming sensation that begins to fill my body as I enjoy my fourth gin and tonic of the afternoon. It's a perfect day for a June wedding. I scan the crowd of mingling guests, before my gaze falls upon you once again. I always thought you would look ravishing in white...but my wildest fantasies could never prepare me for the sight that had continued to capture my attention from the moment I walked onto the grounds of the country club. My leering eyes become locked on your lithely toned body, elegantly displayed within the perfectly fitted dress that seems to hug every curve of your slender torso form. The silken fabric wrapped around your torso leaves just enough enticing cleavage to draw my stare from your smiling face. I study every crease in the dress as my eyes descend, looking on with increasing desire before scanning upwards to the flawlessly tanned skin of your upper chest and shoulders. Your honey blonde hair seems to catch the rays of the setting sun, shimmering with every movement of your head as the sexy golden strands bounce about the sides of your face. Even from a distance I can see the glimmer in your emerald eyes, sparkling with exuberance as you make the rounds, thanking the numerous guests for their attendance. I sip from my glass as I continue to watch you, my amorous yearning increasing with every passing moment. The purity of your appearance only serves to add fuel to the fires of my lust as equally un-pure thoughts begin to filter into my wandering mind. I begin to think back to our many nights together as my pulse quickens. I wonder what your new husband would think... if he knew the things I've done to you. I've noticed that you've been avoiding me, but I understand. After all...it's your day, and the last thing you probably want to think about is an "old flame." I, on the other hand have not been able to keep my thoughts from you, urged on by the faint but filthy memories combined with your exquisite appearance. I keep my eyes trained on you from a distance, until your face turns to catch my gaze, out eyes locking for a brief and fleeting moment. Quickly, you turn away, eliciting a smile from my curling lips as I begin to notice your discomfort. I take another drink and continue to watch. "I need to get a picture," someone calls out, producing yet another camera as you struggle to hide your frown. "In a minute," you reply with cordial complacency, brushing a strand of blonde hair from your face. "I

think I need to fix my makeup first.” After exchanging a few friendly words, you hike your flowing, white gown up off the grassy surface and begin your striding across the expansive lawn towards the clubhouse. I smile, take another sip, and then rise from my seat. After taking a cautious glance around, I begin to follow. All eyes are on you as you ascend the steps and make your way across the broad patio before disappearing into the building. I wait a moment before subtly slipping through the crowded throng and in through a side door. Gently, I close the heavy door behind me as I once again catch a glimpse of your flowing, ivory coloured form strolling gracefully across the chamber floor towards the bathrooms. You check the first one, and then the second, finding both occupied at the current moment. My heart is about to drop, when one of the staff points you in the direction of another option further down the hallway. I smile and finish the rest of my drink before setting the glass down on a nearby ledge. My pace increases with every step as I follow you, gaining ground as you make your way to the end of the hall before turning the corner. You find the unoccupied bathroom and reach down to turn the handle as I silently approach from behind. You step through the door, letting it slowly shut behind you. Before you can hear the satisfying ‘click’ of the locking mechanism, I reach a leg out and stop the door from shutting completely. With one final glance down the empty corridor, I push my way inside. You let out a startled gasp as you turn to see me stepping through the doorway. Your green eyes go wide and your jaw drops open with surprise as I flash a devilish smile and push the door closed. “What are you doing?” you ask with genuine concern as a worrisome expression crosses your flawless face. “You can’t be in here!” “Damn, you look exquisite,” I mention, ignoring your concerns as my eyes scan your body with a lustful hunger. “Although I am amazed to see you wearing white...after all the filthy things I’ve seen you do.” Your amazed visage turns into a spiteful scowl as I take a step towards you. “That was before,” you counter, placing your hands on your hips as you attempt to strike an authoritarian pose. “I’m a married woman now.” As if to further drive home your point, you hold your hand up to display your newly placed wedding ring, wiggling your fingers as if to taunt me with your recent matrimony. “Now...,” you state bluntly as you turn to view yourself in the mirror. “Get out of here before someone sees you.” I just smile at your resistance and take another step, bringing my body up behind yours, inhaling your intoxicating scent as your body stiffens with trepidation. You try and spin around to face me, but my hands grab hold and grip you tightly as I press my body up against you. Before you can speak in protest, you feel my hot breath on your neck as I whisper into your ear. “Tell me,” I hiss, grabbing your wrist and twisting your slender arm behind your back. “Does your new husband know where you were that night after your bachelorette party?” You begin to struggle but my forceful grip holds you tight. “Because I seem to remember...,” I begin, my tongue lashing out to flick your delicate ear, your dangling diamond swinging as a restrained pant escapes your lips. “...you on your hands and knees...with my dick...in your ass.” I can sense your heart rate quicken as you swallow deeply, closing your eyes to avoid the scene looking back at you from the mirror. My hand gradually migrates from your hip, up the front of your smooth, white dress as you continue to wiggle with token resistance. “Do you remember that night?” I asked calmly, pressing my lips to your neck, tasting your soft skin. “Y...yes,” you whimper as I feel your body begin to melt into mine. “And do you remember what you said to me that night?” “Y...yes.” My hand moves around

behind you, feeling the taut curves of your toned little ass through the delicate fabric. "Tell me." "I...I can't," you mutter, fighting your urges as you squirm under my touch. "I'm married now." "Mmmm, I know," I purr sadistically, my eager hand clawing at your backside. "But I bet you're still the same dirty little slut you were two weeks ago." Again you struggle, but my grip holds you firm. Then, spinning you to the side, I push you up against the wall, your little pink lips parting in a silent gasp as your beautiful face is forced against the smooth surface. With your arm pinned between our bodies, you feel my cock swell within my pants as I grind myself lewdly into your ass. I wait for a brief moment, feeling you push back slightly into my hips, eliciting a satisfied smile from my curling lips as your dirty desires begin to overtake your better judgement. "No," you blurt out suddenly, once again struggling to break free. "I told you that was the last time!" "Oh and what a time it was," I purr deviously into your ear. "In fact...I still have the pictures from that night." I can feel your heavy breathing cease as the realization sinks in and you swallow hard with anxious trepidation. "There's one that I particularly enjoy," I mutter, my eager hands roaming your nubile little body. "I have one...of my dick inside your ass with your hands spreading your cute little cheeks for me." A soft whimper escapes your lips as my fingers grasp at your slender muscular hips through your wedding dress. "And..." I continue, my cock throbbing within my pants as I hold you pinned tightly against the wall. "...there's even a perfect view of your pretty little engagement ring." I feel your torso rise and fall as you swallow hard, my clutching hand beginning to pull the silky white fabric of your dress up the back of your legs. Within a few moments your elegant white heels are visible, along with the tantalizing white stockings adorning your slender legs. "No...", you whimper again, your reluctance slowly fading as more of your enticing thighs become visible to my prying eyes. "I need to get back. I'm supposed to be getting pictures taken..." "Maybe your husband would like to see the pictures that I have?" I warned as I forced my hand between your firm thighs and pressed my palm up into the fabric of your dampening panties. "No!" you gasp in desperation, feeling my eager fingers caressing your sweltering folds through your underwear. "Don't! You can do whatever you want...just make it fast." Like music to my ears, your words fill me with satisfaction and I know that for the next foreseeable amount of time...you are mine. "Good," I hiss into your ear. "Now turn around and get on your knees." As you turn around to face me once again, my forceful hand moves to your bare shoulder and I push you down into a kneeling position before me. Waiting impatiently, I stand above you with hands on hips as your trembling hands reach out and begin to unfasten the front of my pants. My cock throbs with increasing intensity as your nimble fingers undo the top button and pull the zipper down, before my pants slide easily down my legs. Your little fingers curl into the waistband of my boxers and you proceed to pull them down, allowing my erect dick to bounce free before your eyes. Gingerly, you reach up with a shaking hand before I slap it aside in warning. "No hands!" I order firmly. "Open your mouth." After a brief moment of surprise, you lower your hands and submissively part your perfect pink lips as I place a hand on the top of your head and step forward to slide the tip of my engorged cock over your waiting tongue. Closing your mouth around my shaft, your eyes drift upwards to study my expression as I push forward to sink the length of my dick into your beautiful face. As my tip hits the back of your throat you begin to gag, reaching up reflexively to stop me. Before your hands get to me, I grab them

and squeeze them together forcefully before pinning them to the wall above you. You let out a subtle whimper from around my shaft as I push forward, pressing my balls against your chin as I force myself past your luscious lips. With your head now pinned between my hips and the wall, I begin a slow, rhythmic grinding as I proceed to fuck your face. Fighting your gag reflex, your eyes shut tight as the tears begin to well up within them. "Open your eyes," I order, building up speed as my cock slams into your mouth with increasing intensity. With a flicker of your lashes, you force your eyes open and gaze up at me with those sparkling, emerald orbs as I return your obedience with a lustful smile. Savouring the sight of your glistening, pink lips wrapped around my shaft, I pump back and forth as I relish in the sensation of your warm, welcoming mouth. As you squirm beneath me, I hold your wrists with an iron grip and peer down to see my sliding cock become coated in a wet, glistening sheen. You gasp for breath as I withdraw, a thick string of saliva connecting your parted lips with the swollen tip of my dick. "Suck my balls," I order, finally relinquishing my grip on your wrists. You crane your head back and desperately extend your tongue as my wet cock comes to rest across your perfect face. I notice your hand disappear between your legs, betraying the arousal that you are still trying to withhold, as I press my balls against your parted lips. I feel your talented tongue on my sensitive skin as you obediently bathe them with a combination of nimble licks and soft, gentle sucking. "Mmmm," I moan with enjoyment, as I feel your tiny wet tongue exploring further between my legs. "You looks like such a dirty little slut right now." "I...feel...dirty," you pant in response, your quiet voice interrupted only by the probing flicks of your tongue. "Not dirty enough," I state flatly as I reach down and push your head farther as I feel your wriggling tongue gliding along the underside of my balls and perineum. Letting out a muffled moan of appreciation, you encourage my forceful behaviour by treating my asshole to a few light, tender licks. "Good little whore," I praised, lifting my leg slightly to grant you unlimited access. "Lick my fucking ass!" Admiring the lust-driven talents of your nimble tongue, I soon become oblivious to your busy fingers beneath the alabaster folds of your wedding dress. After enduring a couple minutes of your tantalizing tongue lashing, my view is once again drawn down to your face, with your eyes tightly closed, exhibiting an expression of increasingly pure and carnal desire. In admiration of your rising arousal, I smile before becoming distracted by the ruffling of your shimmering, white dress which now contains your frantically working hand. "Are your fingers inside your cunt?" I asked, as I feel your tiny, wet tongue teasing my insatiable ass. "Uh huh," you groan in affirmation as you push your little white panties aside and bury two of your fingers deep inside your dripping wet hole. "Good," I respond calmly, trying in vain to maintain my composure. "Get them nice and wet." Your tongue laps at my asshole and you plunge your fingers deep inside your body as your juices trickle down your fingers and coat your newly placed wedding ring with a shimmering gleam. "Now take them out and put them in my ass." Without a moment of hesitation, you remove your hand from under your dress, allowing your panties to snap back in place over your flushing red pussy lips. You then reach up to slide your wet fingers between my tensing ass cheeks before finally finding the contracting knot of my pulsing asshole. Your lips slowly curl into a salacious smile before I push your head back and force the length of my cock back inside the inviting, warmth of your mouth as you wiggle your two middle fingers into my ass. As your pink lips descend onto my

shaft, I feel the sharpness of your wedding ring scratching against my sensitive flesh as my hole accepts your eager digits. The small room becomes filled with a lewd slurping sound as your head bobs back and forth on my cock and your wiggling fingers massage the inside of my asshole. A couple minutes later and I'm pulling you up from your knees, eager to sample one of your other delectable orifices. "I...really should....get back," you whimper meekly as I wrap my fingers around your neck and pull you to your feet. "They're going to get suspicious....," Before you can complete your statement of futile resistance, you find yourself spun around forcefully and bent over the counter. Letting out a startled shriek, you brace yourself with your arms as you feel your dress being pulled up over your hips. With the silky, white fabric bunched around your waist, you feel the cool air on the back of your thighs as I step back to take in the enticing view. My arousal only rises as I see you bent over in submission, your toned, slender legs covered to mid-thigh by a pair of flawless, white stockings. As I step back towards your impeccable form, my gaze becomes transfixed on your pert little ass, covered by a meager pair of lacy white panties nestled neatly in the crease formed by your tiny round cheeks. I take a brief moment to admire the sexy sight before reaching out and tearing down your underwear in an uncontrollable bout of renewed frenzy. As the delicate garment falls down around your ankles, I push my own pants down and kick them aside before stepping closer with my dick gripped tightly in my hand. Your lips let out a quiet, feminine gasp as you feel my pulsing cockhead gliding easily up your dripping wet pussy lips in preparation. "I want to hear you say it," I mutter absently, watching the sticky pre-cum oozing from my tip mingling with the dewy juices that coat your blushing pink folds. "F...fuck...me," you murmur, before your head thrashes back violently and your mouth opens in a silent, lustful gasp as I thrust the entire length of my dick inside you. Revelling in the pleasurable feeling of your wet pussy walls against my naked shaft, my hands grip your hips as I proceed to fuck you with deep, forceful strokes. Your hands claw with futility at the smooth countertop and I see your taut muscles tensing beneath the perfectly tanned skin of your back and shoulders. Reaching out, I place my hands on either side of your neck and pull your body back to meet my thrusting cock. My hips begin colliding repeatedly into your tender flesh as the sharp sounds of slapping skin echoes within the small room. Unable to restrain my lascivious urges, the tempo of my thrusting quickly rises to a furious level. "I knew you were still a dirty little whore," I state with satisfaction as my hand strikes the firm cheek of your ass, leaving a glowing red handprint in its wake. "Ugh," you moan as you feel the sharp sting of my hand against your supple flesh. My filthy words, combined with pleasurable pain of my slapping hand sends you closer to the edge as your heart quickens and your pussy drools around my cock. My fingers dig into your soft skin as my hands clutch your ass, lewdly splaying your cheeks wide with my hips butting repeatedly into the back of your thighs. "So....," I continue, as I slide one of my hands over and press my thumb into the tight little knot of your asshole. "Has your husband had the pleasure of fucking this slutty little ass yet?" "No....," you peep timidly as you feel me massaging your little pink star with grinding, pressing motions of my thumb. "Well, you must be craving it then," I respond calmly as I begin to sink my digit into your ass. "I know how much a filthy little anal whore you are." "Uh...huh," you manage to pant in affirmation as your asshole clenches around my thumb. "I bet you wish it was my cock in your ass right now don't

you?" "Y...yes." "Say it," I order, slowly withdrawing my thumb. "I want to hear you beg for it." "Please..." you begin sheepishly. "...fuck my slutty little asshole." As soon as those filthy words leave your lips, I slip my dick from your hot little hole and grip it with anticipation as you reach back with trembling hands to pull your cheeks wide. I tap my swollen, shimmering tip against your waiting star, smiling as it winks and pulses as if begging me to test its depths. Letting a droplet of spittle fall from my tongue, I use my thumb to smear it over your tiny opening in preparation. I can see your torso rise and fall with every breath you take, your body pressed firmly against the countertop as you await the obscene invasion of your most private orifice. Your breathing halts however, when you feel the spongy tip of my cock being forced past your taut, muscular ring and your perfectly manicured nails dig into the flesh of your own ass as you hold it spread wide in wanton invitation. You barely even notice the conversation that seems to be going on just on the other side of the bathroom door, but you acknowledge it enough to make you bite your lip to muffle your lust-driven moans as my cock begins to slip into the confines of your tight little asshole. "What's the matter?" I ask in a taunting tone as I continue to sink my thick shaft into your quivering body. "Don't you want everyone else to know what a dirty little asshole you are?" My words only excite you more and you shut your eyes and squeal through clenched teeth as my balls come to rest comfortably against your flushed, wet pussy lips. With your asshole now snugly stretched around my pole, I inch it in as far as I can, before slowly grinding my hips into your muscular ass. As I feel your lithe body quake under me, my slow deliberate grinding soon turns into a gentle stabbing, as my cock penetrates your clenching hole with short, cautious thrusts. "Oh, Fuckkkkkk," you moan softly, as you feel me building up speed until my hips are slapping the backs of your thighs and my dick is driving deep with every forceful jab. You reach back with a hand to slow my assault, but I grab you firmly by the wrist and pin it tightly against your back before slamming my dick into your ravaged asshole with a particularly potent thrust. "Uh uh," I scold as I treat your quivering ass to another heavy slap of my hand. "This is my ass. I will do whatever I want with it." You purr in agreement as I resume filling your greedy little asshole with a series of deep, plunging strokes. With your arm pinned firmly against your back, you are at the mercy of my sexual hunger as I continue to relentlessly violate your tender hole. Reaching down your body, I grab the back of your hair through the thin veil that hangs down to your neck, pull your head up as your panting mouth lets out a startled gasp. "Look," I order, thrusting deeply as the counter top edge digs into your waist. "Look in the mirror and tell me what you see." Gazing forward into the mirror, you take in the filthy scene with shameless amazement as your panting lips form the beginnings of a mischievous smile. "I...see a dirty fucking whore of a bride with a cock up her ass," you answer as your eyes contact mine in the mirror, your face studying mine for signs of approval. You find it, when my mouth forms a satisfied grin and I push your head back down against the countertop. "And whose ass is this?" I ask in between heavy breaths, my pace growing more frantic by the second. "Yours!" you exclaim, pushing your hips back to meet my eager thrusts. "It's your fucking ass!" "And when can I fuck it?" "Anytime you want!" you respond, as I close my eyes in concentration. Sensing my approaching climax, you continue your obscene ranting as your insatiable asshole continues to swallow up the length of my dick with each and every stroke. "I want to be your whore," you squeal. "I

want you use me whenever you want. Make me your dirty little slut and send me back home to my husband with your cum dripping out of my ass.” The shameless vigour of your unbearable words takes me over the edge and you feel my balls contracting against your pussy as I force my cock deep inside your pulsing hole. My orgasmic groans are soon overtaken by your appreciative moaning as you feel spurt after spurt of hot, sticky cum splashing through the inside of your ass. With each eruption, I stab forward until the last of my juices have dribbled from my spent cock. I give you a few more gentle thrusts, my dick now sliding easily back and forth in your cum filled asshole, coating my entire length with the creamy white fluids. My long, wet strokes grow increasingly shallow, until my slippery pole slides out entirely, and your freshly fucked ass snaps back shut, sealing my hot cum within your depths. You remain bent over the counter, trying to collect your thoughts as you take a few heavy, but well-earned breaths, thinking the forbidden ordeal had come to an end. But as you reach down to pull your little white panties back up your legs, you once again find your hand clutched firmly in my forceful grasp. “Not so fast,” I state abruptly as I spin your back around and force you down to your knees in front of me. “I’m not finished with you yet.” From your kneeling position you stare up at me as I guide my cum-coated cock towards your beautiful face. With well-learned obedience, your lips part and your warm, wet mouth accepts my glistening dick with eagerness. You taste my sticky cum as it slides along your tongue and your lips close around my base, enveloping me as you proceed to suck down the slippery fluids. I shudder from the sensation as you slide your lips back over my sensitive tip, emitting an obscene slurping sound as you continue to suck away at my half-erect dick. The pleasurable feeling of your busy mouth prevents my cock from wilting any further however, and soon begins to pulse to life once again from within your sliding, pink lips. “Mmmm,” I murmur with enjoyment as I look down at you. “I wonder what your new husband would say if he knew his sweet little bride was in the bathroom, on her knees with a cock in her mouth?” My teasing words bring you back to reality as your thoughts immediately turn to the numerous guests that must be patiently awaiting your return. “I need to get back,” you state emphatically as you let my dick slip from your mouth, suddenly feeling an anxious urgency. You reach down to lift your dress off the floor and begin to rise back to your feet, before I stop you with a firm placement of my hand. “Uh uh,” I respond simply with a shake of my head as I push you back down to your knees before forcing you to the ground. Without regard for the immaculate purity of your unsullied, white dress, I pin you to the cold floor. Your heart races with renewed exhilaration as you stare up at me with widened eyes, watching intently as I step over to stand above your waiting, trembling body. As I straddle your face, and gaze down at you, a smile once again finds its way onto my face. Your form is a picture of purity and innocence, clad in shimmering pearly fabric, contrasted against the filthy bathroom floor. Your expensive white dress is soon unceremoniously bunched around your waist, exposing your hairless pussy as your panties remain clinging to the curves of your slender legs as you stare up at me from the cold tile floor. “Are you ready to show me what a real whore you can be?” I ask, grinning down at your flushed face from between my legs as my hand casually strokes my hardening cock. “Y...Yes,” you whimper as your shaking hand once again finds its way between your legs. “Good,” I respond bluntly. “Because you’re going to tongue fuck my ass until I cum all over your pretty little face.” Upon

hearing my nasty words, you lick your glossy lips in anticipation as I lower myself down towards your head. Your fingers, which are fast at work between your legs, soon pause as you see my slow and gradual descent, bringing my ass closer to your lips. "Mmmm," we both moan in tandem as I feel the sensitive skin of my asshole touch the soft, welcoming texture of your parting lips. The weight of my lowering body forces you to plant a deep, loving kiss on my ass, which soon turns into a sensual tongue-fucking as your wriggling, wet appendage begins stabbing at my tightly closed hole. My hand's pace quickens as I stroke my dick with long, easy movements, encouraged by the probing actions of your nimble little tongue. Your fingers have found your clit and are fast at work as you rub your fleshy little button with rapid circular motions as I grind my eager asshole into your mouth. "That's it slut!" I groan ecstatically, closing my eyes with indescribable pleasure as I feel your tiny wet tongue snaking its way into my clenching ass. "Make yourself cum. Make yourself cum while you lick my ass!" My dirty talking only encourages you and you penetrate my ass with deep, probing thrusts as your body begins to tremble with approaching orgasm. The sensation of your tongue stabbing into my hole begins to send me over the edge and I feel my balls tighten as my ass contacts around your face. You let out a prolonged, high pitched squeal as your entire body writhes beneath me and my hand strokes at a feverish pace. Your green eyes flutter open and shut as I take my tongue-wetted asshole off your gasping mouth as a fountain of hot, white cum begins to blast forth into the air before splashing down my knuckles and dripping down onto your tongue. Lost in orgasmic bliss you keep your mouth open as the rest of my drizzling load trickles down onto your face. As I squeeze the last drops of warm fluid from the tip of my dick, I once again rise to stand above you with satisfaction. Stepping away from you, I retrieve my pants as you remain panting uncontrollably on the bathroom floor. "You better fix your make-up," I mention as I pull my pants up and buckle my belt. "You don't want any of that cum on your face showing when you get your picture taken." Gingerly, you wipe a droplet of cum from your cheek and slide it into your mouth as I make my way over to the door. I place my hand on the door handle and listen intently for the sound of any passer-bys. When the coast is clear, I cautiously turn the handle and push the door open, before slipping out into the hallway. I have a feeling we'll be seeing each other again.