

# BONUS SCENE: A Wedding

Jason

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I stood on the dais, dressed in a tux, breath bated and my stomach flopping. Both sides of the aisle were packed. On the bride's side, the pews were filled with a generous helping of Becca's cousins, aunts and uncles, grandparents. There were several women wearing the headwrap things. Becca had told me what they were called, but I couldn't remember. Something with an 'H' I think. I thought they were kind of cool looking, actually, but I didn't entirely understand the reason behind them. There was one lady on Becca's side, sitting near the back, who was wearing not only the head-wrap/turban/scarf thing, but a veil across her face as well. It made her seem mysterious, to me. She was Becca's great aunt, I'd been told.

On my side there wasn't so much family as friends and teammates. I'd completely cut ties with both my parents a long time ago, so they weren't here. It was just as well. I might have invited my mom, but she wouldn't have come without my dad, and that wasn't an option. My side had the Hawthornes, the Calloways, Coach Hoke from U of M, as well as most of the team, and Coach Payton and the guys from the Saints. There was a lot of love, and that was what counted.

I was waiting for the moment. The flower girl had come down the aisle, Becca's cousin Maria's little daughter Julia. I listened to the music play, something classical. Bach or Beethoven or something. Who was I kidding? I didn't know classical music for shit. It was violins and horns and stuff, and very mellow, if a bit dull. Finally the bridesmaids were all lined up: Kate, Maria, and a friend of Becca's from U of M, a slender, quiet redhead named Alissa. Next came the groomsmen: Malcolm, Drew, and Jarred. I hadn't actually played a regular season game with the the Saints yet, but I'd been to several practices and scrimmages, enough to get to know the guys and to know that the upcoming season was going to be great. Malcolm had played college ball too, for Florida State, but he was graduating—with a degree in microbiology of all things—and had no desire to play after college. I'd kept in touch with him over the years via email and Facebook, and he'd readily agreed to be in my wedding.

Colt, my best man, stood beside me, and he shot me a grin. I grinned back, and then the music changed. That was when my heart stopped. The Wedding March played over the speakers, that instantly-recognizable sequence of notes that had everyone standing up in the pews. My eyes latched onto the doors at the back of the chapel, which swung open to reveal my love, my bride, my Becca. God, she was so, *so* beautiful.

She stood in the doorway, a cluster of white roses in her hands. Her eyes were locked on me, darkest black and wet with unshed tears. My throat clenched closed, burning, and I could only stare at her. The music fell away, the audience of loved ones vanished. I only had eyes for Becca. Her bangs were pinned away from her face, the rest left loose to cascade around her

shoulders in a waterfall of raven-black ringlets. I could only stare. The dress was purest white and strapless, clinging to her breasts like a second skin, bellling out over her eight months-pregnant belly and skirling around her feet. A lacy, gauzy strip of white was pinned to her hair and hanging down behind her, creating a glow of white around her face. She was...an angel.

I couldn't breathe for how beautiful she was.

She took the first step, and then the second, and then her father stepped to her side and she took his proffered arm. They marched slowly down the aisle together, and then she was ascending the few steps up and the minister was asking who gave away the bride. Her father's accented voice echoed, but all I knew was Becca, her loveliness like a drug in my system. Her hands slid into mine, small and warm and soft, and then it was real. I heard the minister speak, but his words didn't register. All I could do was stare into Becca's liquid brown eyes and smile, drink in the happiness on her face. Long minutes passed, and I could have spent an eternity just staring at her...

If only I didn't want to kiss her so badly. I needed her lips.

Eventually I registered that we were coming to the vows, and I had to shake myself to pay attention.

I spoke the vows I'd written and memorized: "Becca, my love. My vows to you are simple. You're my best friend, my soul-mate, my everything. I promise you that I'll be faithful to you, every single day. I'll love you with everything I have and everything I am and more. There's nothing more important to me than being everything you need and want, nothing more important than taking care of you and our baby boy."

Becca had to choke back her tears. When she had her breathing under control, she squeezed my hands and started her vows. "Mine are even more simple. I love you. I'm yours, completely. I'll be the best wife I can be, the best mother I can be. Nothing else matters but you. I love you. S-s-s....so much." I was so proud of the way she stopped the stutter before it started. I nearly kissed her, then, but managed to hold off. For another minute or so.

I heard the prompt: "Do you, Jason Michael Dorsey, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, in sickness and in health, in good times and bad, for better or for worse, forsaking all other for as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," I said. "I do, gladly."

The minister turned his attention to Becca. "Do you, Rebecca Noura de Rosa, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, in good times and in bad, for better or for worse, forsaking all others for as long as you both shall live?"

She had to take a moment to collect herself before she spoke, but she nodded her affirmation. "God yes," she whispered. Louder, she said, "I do. I do."

"Then by the powers vested in me by the great state of Louisiana, I now pronounce you man and wife." He glanced from her to me and back. "Well? What are you waiting for? Kiss the bride, you fool!"

I kissed her. I kissed her breathless. I kissed her until the whistles and howls turned into awkward silence.

I broke the kiss but didn't let go Becca. "Sorry," I said to the audience. "I guess I got a little carried away, huh?"

Becca was blushing, but she didn't say anything. I could tell by the way she she held onto

my biceps that it was taking every ounce of her self-control to not push me to the floor and ride me there. If it wasn't a church, she might have anyway.

"Hey," I said. "You're my wife, now."

Becca grinned at me. "I'm your wife. We're married. You're my husband."

"Is it time for the honeymoon, yet?" I asked.

Becca wiggled her eyebrows at me. "Not yet, but maybe we can grab a few minutes before the reception."

We shook hands and accepted congratulations and hugged family and friends. We took a hundred rounds of photographs on the lawn outside the church, in the church, in the centuries old cemetery behind the church.

Eventually, we were alone, just the limo driver waiting for us. Becca glanced at me, then the limo, then the doors to the church. She grinned at me, then pulled me back toward the church. We ascended the steps, made our way through the foyer and into the hallway to the bathroom. She pulled me into the bathroom after her, and then locked it.

The bathroom was tiny, with a hook-and-eye for a lock, a single stall and a sink with a dusty mirror. It smelled of industrial cleaner. Before I could ask what her plan was, Becca was attacking me. Her lips were on mine and her hands were fumbling with the belt at my waist, ripping at the opening and the zipper, pushing my pants down.

"Guess what I'm not wearing," she said.

I gathered the yard and yards of fabric in my hands, baring her thighs, then her hips, then her bare ass. "Oh my god, Beck. Oh god. You're killing me. God, you're so beautiful."

Becca took the fabric from me and gathered it up around her hips, turned away from me and bent over the sink, holding the dress in one hand and bracing herself with the other. "I need you."

I slid up behind her, touched her between her legs and found her wet and ready. I didn't need to speak, didn't need to prepare her. I slipped into her slowly, carefully. I held her by the hips and pulled her back against me, pressed flush against her warm, silky ass.

"Jesus, Beck," I moaned.

"More, give me more. Stop being so gentle. I'm not going to break."

I gave her more. I increased the rhythm of our joining bodies until we were both breathless. She convulsed as she came apart for the first time. She was in the throes of the second orgasm by the time I was near to eruption.

"I'm almost there," I whispered.

"Come for me," she said.

"You'll be all messy," I said.

"I don't care. I need to feel you come," she gasped.

I couldn't hold back any longer. I exploded inside her, groaning.

When we'd both caught our breath, she turned her head to gaze at me over her shoulder. "Now clean me up."

I cleaned her gently, carefully, and thoroughly. "Our first time as husband and wife was standing up in a dirty church bathroom."

She laughed as she righted her dress. "I love it." When she was straightened and presentable again, she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. "But you'll have to take me slow and gentle when we get to the hotel tonight. That wasn't long enough."

I grinned and kissed her, marveling at how lucky I was to be married to a sexually voracious woman like Becca. “I love you, Becca Dorsey.”

“I love you too, baby.”