



BRET JORDAN

A Night to
REMEMBER

BRET JORDAN

This publication is protected under the US Copyright Law and all other applicable international, federal, state, and local laws, and all rights are reserved, including resale rights: you are not allowed to sell this publication to anyone else. Piracy robs authors and publishers of potential royalties. This book is being distributed as a FREE READ with the permission of the author to do so.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters, and events are fictitious in every regard. Any similarities to actual events and persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Any trademarks, service marks, product names, or named features are assumed to be the property of their respective owners, and are used only for reference. There is no implied endorsement if any of these terms are used.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Copyright © 2009 Bret Jordan. All rights reserved worldwide.

ISBN Not Assigned

Cover Art Designed By Anastasia Rabiya

Edited By Traci Markou

Published by Purple Sword Publications, LLC

www.PurpleSword.com

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

A Night to Remember

By

Bret Jordan

A delightful pull woke Frank from a deep sleep. The wet, erotic rub lifted him through the thick fog of subconsciousness. His bleary eyes opened to the dark shadow of ceiling fan blades spinning several yards over his head. The familiar sound of clicking as the slightly unbalanced propellers rotated made a comforting rhythm that lulled him to sleep every night. The wet slurping that accompanied the click was new.

Something tugged at his crotch and tickled his scrotum. He moaned and lifted his head. Melissa's face bobbed up and down at his waist. Her dark, curly hair brushed his stomach as it rose and fell. Like the Grinch's heart at the end of the cartoon, Frank felt his cock grow three sizes larger in that single instant.

"M...Melissa?" Though he enjoyed her attention immensely, he didn't understand what had gotten into her. She had given him oral sex before, but over the years it had become a rare favor that she reserved for special occasions: his birthday, Christmas, or their anniversary. It had been years since she had woke him up in the middle of the night to have sex and even then she did it with a gentle rub of his chest or fingers lightly run through his hair. To wake up and find her sucking his dick just seemed completely out of character.

Her head lifted, and she brushed loose strands of hair away from her face in a sweeping motion. Full lips presented a wicked grin around his cock.

Frank moved his hand, intending to brush her cheek, but it shifted only an inch before stopping. He tried to turn, but couldn't move his other arm or his legs. His limbs were tied to the bedposts, his legs with old belts that he never wore, his arms with shreds of one of Melissa's seldom worn dresses.

He turned to her with an open mouth, intending to ask what the hell had gotten into her. Before he got the first word out her lips squeezed around his shaft and her tongue danced playfully over the crown. A groan escaped his lips as his hips bucked forward. Melissa's head dropped until the end of her nose disappeared into his pubic hair, taking his entire manhood into her mouth. Her throat contracted, and he felt the head of his penis pulse within its tight confines. He wanted to scream, but only whimpered. His ass lifted off the mattress on its own, trying to offer her more, though she had it all. He balanced on the cusp of orgasm, wanting it so bad, but not wanting the sensation to end. He had no idea what had come over his wife, but whatever it was, he didn't want it to stop.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

She lifted her head from his penis. Strands of slime trailed from his crown to her lips as she brought a finger to her mouth and hissed, "Shhhhh."

"Oh please, Melissa. Don't stop." He pleaded in a desperate whisper.

She didn't answer. Instead she leaned forward, his nightshirt in her hand, and pulled the cloth tight around his mouth, tying it behind his head.

Okay, this is way past the sexual red line for Melissa, but if I have to do the bondage thing to keep this going then the bondage thing it is. Lord, but she's hot!

With a playful slap to his cheek she slid down his body, grinding her pussy into his stomach until it hovered over his crotch. He wanted to beg her to lower herself onto him, but the ribbon of nightshirt only allowed him to whine and groan. His eyes begged for release, glassy and tearful as his hips bucked in a sexual frenzy.

She reached between them and grabbed his stiff member, guiding it as she lowered herself down onto him. A moan rose up from deep within his throat as he felt himself slide into her warm, wet opening. He forgot about the bindings holding his hand and the nightshirt stretched tight across his mouth. The flesh connecting him to Melissa consumed all his thoughts as she rode up and down on his pulsing manhood.

Frank didn't last long. In an embarrassingly short amount of time his dick began to pulse with contractions as it released his seed into Melissa, his back arced like a bow, a position that would have been painful had he not been so consumed by desire. A muffled roar burst from his throat as he held the awkward pose until the throbbing slowed.

He fell back to the mattress. Panting through flared nostrils he shook his head, trying to sling some of the sweat from his burning eyes. He looked at Melissa as she slowly rode back and forth on his still hard member, her breasts jiggling slightly as her rounded hips slowly gyrated against his crotch. He closed his eyes and soaked the sensation in.

Ohhh...this is nice. I don't know what got her into this mood, but whatever it is I hope it happens more oft—

Deep laughter echoed through the room in multiple voices as though someone had told a filthy joke in a football locker room. The sound drove an icy fist into Frank's gut. His eyes opened to his wife's malevolent, leering grin. A grin that he had seen earlier in the day...

* * * *

BRET JORDAN

Frank put his arm around Melissa. They stood side by side singing *The Old Rugged Cross*. A few hundred people stood around them, adding to the butchering of the droll, timeless tune. Scott, their sixteen year old son, sat somewhere in the back with his girlfriend and the rest of the youth group. He would meet up with them in front of the church, after the sermon.

Brother Hayes raised his right hand into the air, his Bible held high, the way he did every Sunday at the close of worship. "Don't be shy. Don't worry about the person sitting next to you. Forget all of that and come forward if you need salvation, if you don't know Jesus Christ as your personal savior. If you are feeling unwell, or have a friend that needs prayer, then come and let me pray for you. If there is some sort of crisis you are going through, at home, at work, or wherever then come forward and let your troubles fall on Jesus. He will take your worries away."

Frank looked around, checking to see if anyone had intentions of going to the pastor. Usually someone would walk up front for salvation, maybe prayer for themselves or a family member. If anyone strolled down the aisle it could delay his lunch another fifteen or even twenty minutes while Brother Hayes talked and prayed with them. After that there would usually be yet another stanza or two, just in case someone decided that they did need Jesus after all.

He looked around the packed church and lifted his other hand to point a finger to the heavens. "We are going to sing one more stanza. Only one more unless someone comes forward. Don't ignore Jesus. If you need him in your life, then come forward and let his blood wash away your sins."

A smile lifted the corners of Frank's mouth ever so slightly. It looked like lunch would be on time after all.

A scuffle at the back of the church pulled the smile from Frank's lips. He stood at the end of the pew, close to the center aisle, so when he turned he had no trouble seeing the strange family working their way to the front of the church.

He recognized them immediately as the Reynolds family; Ray, Olivia, and their daughter Michelle. They had been regular members, attending not only the Sunday morning worship and Sunday School, but also the Sunday evening worship and Wednesday prayer meetings. Frank hadn't seen them at church in a month or so because of an illness that their daughter was struggling with, schizophrenia or something. Frank couldn't recall the details. He remembered Brother Hayes asking for the congregation's prayers during a Wednesday prayer meeting.

It certainly looked as if Michelle had some sort of mental problem. Ropes bound her arms close to her sides and a red cloth kept her mouth gagged so she couldn't speak. Ray pulled her

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

struggling form down the aisle by the end of the rope. He looked exhausted, bags under his eyes and his hair a mess. Olivia didn't look any better. With her puffy red eyes and loss of weight she looked as if she had gained twenty years in the month she had been away from the fold. The girl looked healthy as a horse, and fought like a tiger as her father pulled her forward.

The Old Rugged Cross hymn came to a sudden stop as everyone turned and took in the scene. The church became quite, other than the family's shuffling feet and the hissing and growling beneath Michelle's gag.

No one moved to help them. Most folks looked uncomfortable by the spectacle, but, like watching a car accident, no one could look away. The stench of feces and urine assaulted Frank's nostrils as the family struggled past his pew.

Within moments, Ray had his family before the pastor. He held his daughter's rope tight against her struggles as he put a hand to the pastor's shoulder and whispered in his other ear. Everyone waited, listening to the mosquito-like buzz of Ray as he whispered to Brother Hayes.

Finally, the pastor turned to his congregation and, with an arm around Ray's shoulders and his Bible held high he said, "For the last month Brother Ray and his family have been through a terrible struggle with Satan himself. Their daughter, after dabbling in things that we won't speak of within God's house, became infested with a demon.

"Today Brother Ray and his family come before us to exorcise this servant of the dark one from his daughter's body and mind."

He turned to Ray, but spoke to the congregation, raising his voice to a shout. "In Mathew, chapter eight verses sixteen and seventeen the Bible says, *And when evening was come, they brought to him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word: and all that were sick he healed: That it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by the prophet Isaiah, saying: He took our infirmities, and bore our diseases.*"

Brother Hayes dropped his arm from Ray's shoulder and stood before Michelle. Hatred burned from her eyes, but underneath the hate Frank thought he saw a touch of fear. "Everyone, bow your heads in prayer as I call upon Jesus to cast this evil spirit from this innocent child."

Every head dropped. A buzzing whisper sounded through the flock as a few hundred people began whispering to God in prayer. Brother Hayes let the prayers continue for a few moments before he screamed, "In the name of Jesus Christ and the power of God, I command this evil spirit to leave this child's body!"

Frank had to look up, his prayer withering to silence within his mind, lips parted in a gasp.

BRET JORDAN

The young girl convulsed in place before the flock, every muscle straining against her bonds as she bounced up and down before Brother Hayes. Blood and snot trickled from her nose.

With his hand pushing against her forehead the pastor repeated his command, louder and more forceful. "In the name of Jesus Christ and the power of God, I command this evil spirit to leave this girl's body."

Michelle stiffened, her head turning to the audience. Her glassy gaze passed over Frank and Melissa and his blood turned to ice. Never before had he seen such hatred and malevolence in any expression. Her gaze swept past them then back. As her eyes passed over them again, her head stopped its slow rotation. Her lips curled up around the gag in a malicious grin. The grin turned into a snarl, and her eyes rolled up in her head until only the whites showed. She collapsed to the floor as though her bones had dissolved.

Melissa jerked and trembled, then stiffened, her knuckles becoming white as they grasped the lip of the pew in front of her.

* * * *

Oh my God!

Melissa hadn't said hardly a word since the service. On the drive home Frank and Scott had excitedly discussed what had happened in church, but Melissa had remained quiet. She sat staring forward, out the window. Frank figured that the exorcism had rattled her and left her speechless. When they got home she had gone straight to bed, claiming she felt under the weather. They had even missed evening worship.

Frank jerked and struggled against his bonds, bucking even harder than he had while fucking his wife, almost throwing Melissa off of him.

Her mouth twisted into a smile, reminding him of the Cheshire cat from Alice in Wonderland, a grin full of teeth, and malevolence. Her eyes glittered with ancient knowledge, memories from a time long before man. Red painted nails pushed into his sides and followed his love handles forward as she leaned into him, causing him to jump and twitch as they trailed over ribs. When her face hovered an inch above his, she reached below her and grasped his testicles, squeezing until he cried out and tears rolled from the corners of his eyes. With breath that blew into his face like sun baked road kill she whispered, "We are a legion and we will escape into this world one baby at a time."

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

With a twist of her wrist and a yank, the world dissolved into sweet oblivion.

BRET JORDAN

About the Author

Bret Jordan has lived in Southeast Texas all his life. He is married and has four children, girls with an array of personalities that often boggle his mind. By day he programs computers and by night he works as a freelance artist. When not working, drawing, or spending time with his family he reads and writes stories of horror and dark fantasy. On summer weekends he can often be found running his motorcycle down the roads of East Texas.

Visit him at www.BretJordan.com

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Purple Sword Publications, LLC
Publisher of romantic speculative fiction.
Escape to new worlds with our authors at
www.PurpleSword.com