

Mistaken Identity by Sylvia Hubbard

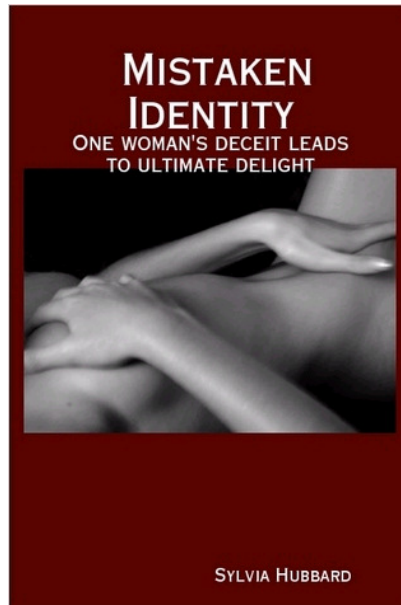
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Mistaken Identity Synopsis:

Mistaken Identity is about a woman who finds inner strength being someone else, but may be the fool in the end for her deceit.

For years Dana has loved Jerome from afar and for years Dana has watched her twin sister take everything she's ever wanted - even Jerome.

So when Dana is given the opportunity to take her sister's place on the wedding night, Dana jumps on it - or more like jump on Jerome. Yet, her deceit to her brother-in-law may make her a fool in the end.

Part 1

"Lonely Ass Bitch!" shrieked her drunken twin sister, Denise, at least twice last night so everyone could hear at her bachelorette party.

Of course, Dana couldn't fault her sister for her verbal lashing. For some reason, despite Denise's success in her personal life that Dana felt she would never accomplish, Denise was always venomously jealous of Dana for having a great business life. Or at least that is what Dana thought her sister hated her for.

Dana had opted to drop out of college in her third year just shy of twenty credits to her bachelors to open up her own medical billing office. Denise had stayed in school, met Jerome Lott, who was the all-star quarterback from a Detroit

high school and had become second round draft pick for the Detroit Lions. Motown had been the city where Denise and Dana had grown up and gone to school, but not the same school as Jerome's. Matter-of-fact, he had attended the rival high school in Detroit.

Denise was now living pretty in her expensive home out in the boondocks of Michigan, while Dana was still living in the side by side two family flat that she owned all alone, but making a very comfortable living for herself. With her office space on one side and her living quarters on the other side, she lived quite well – all alone.

Dana was never a good people person. Denise was definitely the social butterfly of the two. She flitted around and became popular wherever they went, while Dana had a hard time just making simple eye contact with others.

So today – which was Denise's wedding day; Dana sat in the corner of her sister's expensive master bedroom, watching her sister bitch and cry about her hangover from last night's party. Her maidens in waiting – mostly sorority sisters – babied and coddled her.

No one really paid attention to Dana, who was dressed in the ugly lime green dress that the maid of honor was assigned to wear. Denise's colors for the wedding were white and gold. Dana knew the only reason she had been given the position of maid of honor was because their mother had ordered it.

Denise could care less if her own twin sister was a part of the ceremony or not.

"Fuck it!" Denise screamed. "Get this damn dress off me now!"

Everyone, except Dana tried to persuade her not to do this, but Denise's shallow mind was made up and she began to almost rip the dress off her body until her best friend, Gloria, came up and unzipped it for her.

Dana bit her amused lip and watched as her sister angrily ran out the room, in a camisole bra, panties, and stocking. Denise had always been high strung and most likely would need either a "pick me up," to get her nerves in check or a large gallon of vodka. Either or wouldn't matter to Denise, who was often termed the life of the party once she had two or three drinks in her.

Everyone, except Dana, followed her sister out leaving Dana in the room by herself. The ceremony wasn't due to start for another hour and most likely; Denise was just using the last of her time to cry for the attention she loved to have.

Dana went over to the door and locked it. The ceremony was taking place in the back yard at the home Jerome had bought for his soon to be wife and the only one with a key would be Denise or Jerome, but he wasn't even here. He had stayed at the hotel for the past three weeks because Denise wanted to "keep him away," while close family and friends were coming into town as if they had not been fucking like rabbits for the past five years. Denise loved to make people think she was always the good girl.

Maybe because Dana had always really been the one. Dana was no virgin, but she had always been selective about who she choose to open her legs to. For the past year, Denise had tried to get information out of Dana about who was "her first," but Dana had kept that information to herself. That was none of anyone's business and if the boy was not talking, then neither would Dana.

When she was positive she could hear her sister screaming for attention downstairs, Dana went over to the gorgeous wedding dress and picked it up. Quickly, without another thought, she pulled off her lime green dress and put on the beautiful ivory and pearl creation.

She knew she would never have another opportunity like this again and she didn't want it to pass.

It fit perfectly. Well it should. They were twins and the only thing that separated them was their personalities. For one day, Dana would have loved to become "Denise." Just take what she wanted, live how she wanted, and behave without rules or morals...

The door opened suddenly and she turned to stare straight into Jerome's face. He was dressed in his tuxedo and fuck if he didn't look damn good from head to toe. Thick wide shoulders, six feet seven, thick powerful thighs, long legs, big feet, and a flawless brownish-red complexion. He was freshly shaven and shorn. For an instant, Dana longed to run her fingertips across his glistening baldhead.

"Damn! Denise," he hissed, closing and locking the door. "You look gorgeous."

Before she could admit the truth, he seemed to leap across the massive room and sweep her up into his arms - Big powerful arms with large hands that seemed everywhere at once. His tongue entwined in hers and he tasted like dark chocolate and peppermint.

'Just for a second, Dana,' she told herself responding just as passionate as he.

Despite the dress' layers she felt the pressure of his shaft as he pressed against her and she knew that his big feet represented a lot more than his body's size. Instantly, her pussy was wet and she was reminded that she hadn't had any in a very long time.

He broke the kiss suddenly. "Fuck a wait, D. Okay?"

Every time she attempted to protest, his juicy soft lips nibbled, suckled and licked every objection into welcomed silence. Soon his tongue was back down her throat and he was removing the dress with a tenderness that amazed her. He tossed his jacket to the floor and before she knew it his pants were down to his knees.

'Two more minutes, Dana, and then stop and tell him the truth,' she told herself, running her hands over this bald scalp loving the feel of it against her palm. Quickly, she unbuttoned his shirt as he sucked her neck. She was certain the evidence of their encounter would be strawberry red in the morning against her light brown skin, but dammit she didn't care and worse – she wanted more.

He gently pulled her bra straps down as his mouth found a hardened dark nipple and sucked it as if milk were about to burst forth.

'Shit! Damn!' her mind silently cursed as she bit her lip to fight the urge to speak and give away her identity.

He stepped out his pants and carried her to the bed, his mouth still attached to her breast and when her back touched the silk duvet cover he was over her, continuing his plight down to where her passion was overflowing.

His hands moved between her thighs and one of his thick digits pressed past her panties and into her heaven.

“Fuck, D. You’re so wet. You’ve never been this damn wet before,” he chuckled triumphantly as he removed his finger and nosily sucked it as his other hand pulled his throbbing member free of his mesh briefs.

She sat up, not wanting him to get a good look at her face, but he wasn’t interested in looking at her face because his face followed his hands again as he pushed her panties out the way and his strapping tongue lavished her with some special attention that she had not gotten in almost a decade. ‘*Oh damn! Oh damn!*’ she thought as fireworks exploded in her head.

When his face appeared again, his deep almond-shaped eyes were glistening with passion and her love juices. Just as he rose to climb atop the bed, she slid toward his torso and engulfed him deep in her mouth.

“Oh f-f-f...,” he stammered and his thighs trembled as her cheek brushed gently against his inner thigh. She hungrily swallowed the nine inches he presented her and cherished every thick inch.

Jerome realized he was approaching his breaking point and quickly dislodged himself from the soothing warmth of Dana’s mouth. He shifted his body downward and sumptuously connected his mouth with hers as he drove his shaft deep into her wet cavern. He was mindless with pleasure and she met his thrusts, bracing for impact, arching her back and gripping his ass for more.

He was throbbing inside her and she knew he was coming just as she exploded and her inner wall muscles massaged his shaft.

She could feel the warm cum draining between her butt cheeks as he strained to breath in the crook of her neck. ‘*You are so bad,*’ she giggled to herself, but quickly stifled her laugh just as he abruptly moved up to look down at her.

He narrowed his eyes and suddenly frowned. “Dana?”

END OF EXCERPT

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