A wedding surprise

By paulaoflondon

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laid by a groomsman at a friend's wedding

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I went to a friend's wedding Saturday. It wasn't like I truly wanted to spend a perfect Saturday in skirt and heels -- especially in a dress and heels that I neither selected, or liked. At all.

But when a friend asks a woman to be her matron of honor, it's like being asked to be a pallbearer. There is no escape an etiquette book writer would approve of. So I went. And I word that damned strapless dress that clung to my stomach and ass like glue before stopping just above my knees.

There's nothing wrong with putting my body in that dress style. I've got a flat stomach, but I'm small on top -- too small for that particular dress which didn't allow for even a strapless bra to help me along. But I have a fantastic ass, thanks to a bout 200 miles a week on a bicycle and I have the legs to show as well. I'm heels everyday, although I didn't like this pair, they had the slick sole that comes from cheap and plastic. One wrong step and a girl could bust every seem trying to prevent a nose dive down the isle.

The photographer had a hidden delight, she would have been at home with a whip and restraints. Her work is supposed to be excellent and, if the more goofy you feel the better you look, then I and the other bridesmaids should look like $1,000 an hour hookers. I have never felt more goofy in posing and I've never before been sore from bending, leaning and just plain stretching to find the right light for anyone.

But after us girls had our session in the light, it was the guys' turn. I was the oldest attendant but was delighted to discover that I was far from the oldest member of the entire wedding party. There were two guys, both pushing 50 if not there, in the groom's attendants. As we watched they gyrate in front of the camera, it was fun to realize just how goofy we had looked during our session.

But the fun came to an end when the photographer indicated she was ready for all the attendants together. After posing separated by rank order, the photographer started posing us with the attendant we would be escorted by. Without a dry run, I was surprised to be paired with Dave, who introduced himself as a 28 year old telephone lineman. We struck this pose and that, all the while working closer

and closer. As other couples were up against us, it wasn't long before we were pressed together like a dating couple. The photographer has us posing behind a long, high-backed couch.

It was in that position that I felt Dave firmly, and with great deliberation, place the flat of his hand firmly against the round cheek of my ass. As we were in the pose for several minutes, I casually brushed his hand away. Only to feel it instantly return. And this time Dave wasted no time in reaching down and running his hand up my stocking-clad leg.

But the surprise was all mine when he ran into a garter strap. Which stopped him in his tracks. The young man looked at me, and without hesitation, said, "Oh, really...".

I smiled, and responded with a barely audible "always" and shifted into the next pose.

This time Dave and I were clustered with two other attending couples. My entire backside was pressed tightly against his hip. Without any instruction from the photographer, Dave turned his feet slightly so that his cock was pressed directly against the cheeks of my ass. I straightened up, only to be directed back to the position by the shutter bug. And then I felt another pair of hands on my side as one of the two older men slowly walked my dress up, way up.

Dave's own hands were at my hips now, pulling me back against the turgid length of his shaft which was evidently standing straight up.

I'm far from a virgin. I know what a man's cock feels like. I also know that an average dick is nothing to be scared of. This was no average dick. Dave was about the size of a small upright freezer and he's black as the ace of spades. His cock felt more like a telephone line pole than a normal dick.

He ground himself against the thin cloth of my panties as long as we were in that poise. His thumbs were busy tracing the line of a stretched tight garter strap. The other two women apparently were clueless to what was happening right between them. The older man, who was holding my dress up in the back, had a wicked smile on his face. But he dropped the dress as the group broke apart. Thank goodness, I was still too shocked to do anything other than stand up.

I walked to a side table and selected a bottled water as the older man walked over and joined me.

"So, what do you think, Paula," he inquired.

I responded with a look of pure innocence and sipped my water. I knew there had to be more.

"Dave said he was going to screw you before we leave tonight. Are you going to make it easy, or hard

for him?" he asked.

As I had no intentions of being fucked, by anyone, let alone a black man, I simply put my bottle down and swished my legs down a hallway to a dressing room.

The door settled on its hinges behind me, then opened inward again. I turned from the mirror with compact in hand and there stood Dave. At least 6'2" and towering in the doorway, he announced his intentions with a single word - "Now?" posed as a question.

I'm white, 5'9" and weight about 115 pounds. I've never been with a black man. I won't say I don't screw strangers, but, there are limitations to all good things. In the next 10 minutes, I broke all my own rules.

With a wiggle of my finger, I drew Dave across the room. He came willingly, after-all, it was his idea, right?

I remember mumbling something about just sucking him, seeing if I could take it. I know for damned sure I looked up and told him there was no way, absolutely no way, I could have sex. He asked me if "Aunt Mary" was in town. I hadn't heard that in years, but I just told him it was the absolute worst wrong time for sex with a stranger.

But I love to give head and I figured that would be easy. A little quick tongue action, he gets off and then we're out of here and walking up the isle.

I dropped to my knees and unzipped his tuxedo pants. Inside were a pair of thong underwear barely constraining his shaft. With trembling hands, I pried his cock from the cloth and stared at it in total awe. My clenched hands around the base and my fists stacked together left an honest 4-5 inches of meat showing.

My tongue rolled out and traced around the head of his uncut dick of its own accord. That was the last second I had any self-control.

Dave reached his hands behind my hair and drew me towards his crotch, I could smell his man scents as his dick stretched my lips wide, and then he found the back of my throat in a single shove.

I gagged, I pushed, but nothing gained me any relief. That big man kept pushing until I felt the bunched skin of his foreskin pass my lips and his meat slipped down my throat. I heard him reach behind us and he stuffed a towel beneath my chin as I started drooling instantly. And then he began to fuck my mouth.

Hard, long thrusts. In and out, but never quite leaving the entrance to my throat. In that position, I watched as the door opened and the older groomsman entered, then leaned back against the door. The door lock snapped shut and he stood there, his own hands stroking his bulge through his pants.

Dave fucked my mouth as I gagged and drooled for a good five minutes before lifting me up and then spinning me around. He yanked the wedding dress up over my ass cheeks and then fumbled his way around the garter snaps. As the final snap sprung up and popped against my butt, he yanked my bikini underwear down to my ankles and told me to step out of them.

I managed to kick one foot loose and then got my legs spread before he shoved two fingers into my tight, but soaked pussy.

"Bend over, all the way, white woman. Get those legs really spread, otherwise I'm going to plow you open," he told me. I spread my legs as much as possible, watching the older man behind us in the mirror's reflection.

Dave's fingers left me feeling empty, for all of five seconds before he spread my ass cheeks and shoved the first four inches of his cock into my pussy. He gave me a moment to catch my breath, his hands unzipping the top of the dress and baring my small A-cup breasts. "Shit, you're tiny, bitch," he muttered, just before feeding me the other 6 or 7 inches of his thick cock. And he wasn't just long, he was so damned thick! Unbelievably thick, I could feel him stretching my cunt as he worked from side to side. He pushed in, wiggled his hips, then pulled out till the head popped free and smacked against my ass cheek.

Dave fucked me for all he was worth for a few minutes before pulling back and almost gently telling me to rest. In the mirror, I watched him fumble and then put a condom on his cock, rolling it down to the base.

Then he told me in no uncertain words that he was going to screw my white pussy until he got off.

He entered me in a long single thrust that time, the condom blunting the warming effect of his cock on my cunt. And he plowed me. I was hanging onto two water faucets in front of me, shoving my ass back one second and then scraping my stomach against the sharp counter edge the next.

His hands milked and squeezed my tiny tits, hardly enough for him to cup in the palm of his big, calloused hands. Then he found my nipples and proceeded to twist them. I felt my face blush, being a very small A cup, and someone who is able to wear AA bras, I wished right then I had more.

Finally I felt the black man lunge into my stretched and distended snatch with a final grunt and he crushed me to him. I knew then that the only thing between my womb and a load of a black man's cum was the thin layer of rubber protecting us.

He held me for a couple of minutes before pulling out gently. The condom was bloated, but intact at the end. I looked at him, my eyes thanking him as it was anything but the right time of the month. As much semen as he shot into that rubber he could have had me pregnant five times over. And by a quick reckoning, it was one of the three worst days of the month for me to have sex.

The man left the room and I straightened my clothing. About 20 minutes later, I walked down the isle and stood beside my friend. I don't know if her man is hung or not, but I'll bet I had the most stretched pussy among the girls that night.

And I have to admit, now I really want to know -- are all black men hung like that? And for the record, he was a LOT more considerate than most white guys. The condom was a complete surprise -- and one I greatly appreciated.