

# The Bridal GangBang

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*Newly wed gets coated in cum*

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About a year after Roy had been dating me, he asked me to marry him. We were engaged for another year. After a lot of debating on the planning of the wedding, we finally decided to have a traditional wedding but with a little twist. It turns out the reason Roy was never jealous was because he was actually turned on by the thought of other men fucking me. I never knew about it until a night that we were discussing the wedding reception. He was really drunk, and out of nowhere, he suggested he have all his friends over to gang fuck me. I thought he was joking, of course, so I agreed. I realized he was serious when I saw the look of euphoria on his face. After that, I didn't talk to him for days. I was pissed and seriously thought about canceling the wedding. I calmed down eventually and Roy apologized. After that, every now and then when we were having sex, Roy would talk dirty to me. He would talk about how his friends thought I was attractive, how they found my English accent very sexy, and how every one of them wanted to fuck me. Under normal circumstances, this kind of talk would've gotten Roy a kick in the balls, but in bed with his cock ramming into me, I found it quite stimulating. I would have multiple orgasms and scream at the top of my lungs throughout the whole thing. Roy even started buying up every gangbang DVD that he could find so we could watch them before we had sex. Over time, the idea of being gangbanged started sounding a lot better. About two months before the wedding, we decided to add an additional feature. There would be the Wedding, the Reception, and then the After Reception in which Roy and ten of his friends would gangbang me. I was excited, but nervous as hell. I couldn't even make eye contact with any of them when I'd see them during the weeks leading up to the wedding. I spent a lot of time avoiding them because I was afraid I'd have to talk to them about it. Ironically though, on the day we got married, I wasn't nervous at all, just eager to get started. I swear my pussy had never been wetter. After the reception, I went home by myself. Roy was with the guys. I showered, deuced, masturbated, and got dressed back in my wedding gown. We had decided that every one would wear the same attire that we had worn for the wedding. We met in a big warehouse that a few of Roy's friend worked in. Since one was the general manager, he had the crew set up a corner of it to look exactly like the church. The guys' names were James, Stephen, Julian, Brandon, Guy, Jordan, Aaron, Ben, JJ, and Tom. They got in a single file line. Someone said, "Now you may kiss the bride," and the first one kissed me. Someone else kept repeating it and each man kissed me. Some were quick

kisses; others were longer the way my husband had kissed me in the wedding. Then there were some who literally shoved their tongues down my throat and intertwined them with mine. Some were gentle. Some were rough. They were all good kissers. I was amazed by how much I turned them on. I could see their lust in their facial expressions, and even if I couldn't, it was apparent by the way their cocks poked me when we kissed. It made me feel like the most beautiful woman on earth. I didn't need to be nervous. I was in control of everything. They wanted me, not the other way around. When we got to the end of the line I was so excited and horny that I could hardly keep control of myself. My legs were wobbly and I could feel my juices trying to seep down my thigh. "Let the honeymoon begin," said someone as the rest surrounded me. They were kissing my neck, caressing me, and slowly removing my clothes. It continued like this until they'd stripped me of everything except the laced stockings that I had worn underneath. Cocks started popping out and it seemed like there were a hundred hands feeling me up. I slowly leaned forward and licked the first cock, knowing that there would be someone behind me looking at my ass. As expected, I felt rough hands squeezing my tender flesh, and then the man in front of me grabbed my head and gently led it towards his cock. I opened wide and sucked it inside me. He was still holding my head, still guiding it up and down on his shaft. Then I felt a pair of hands spreading my pussy lips, then something warm and hard pushing its way inside. I wanted to moan, but I couldn't because my mouth was so full of cock. I couldn't believe how good it felt. It was the best feeling of my entire life. "Suck that cock," somebody said. That, I did. Every cock they put in my face. Meanwhile, everyone else had gotten naked. They sat down on a long bench and I sucked every cock as they took turns fucking me from behind. It was odd because I couldn't see who was in me. One minute there would be an average sized cock in me, it would pull out, and then it'd be replaced by a super-sized one. I liked it. The feeling was new to me. I wanted more of it. It was a lot better when they lay me on my back because I could give my legs a rest and concentrate on the cocks in my mouth, pussy, and ass. It lasted a ridiculously long time. By the time we were done, I couldn't tell whose cock was whose. I was still horny, but the guys were too worn out to keep up with me. They were ready to cum. As I was lying on the bench, they all started jerking their cocks over my head. One after the other, they wet my smiling face up with hot spunk and then moved aside so someone else could do the same. Since I was still feeling like a whore and loving it, I kept lapping at it and letting some of it fall out of my mouth even though I couldn't help but swallow some. There was so much of it. Cum was the only thing I could smell. It was all over my face, head, breasts, stockings...everywhere! Once everyone had spilled their spunk in my mouth, I let out a loud giggle and covered my chest. For some reason, now that we were done fucking, I felt a little bashful. Roy could see it so he thanked everyone for coming and jokingly told them to get lost. I loved it so much that we're even thinking about calling up another GangBang to celebrate our five-year anniversary, but that's another story..