

Bridesmaid Fun

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My first time being a bridesmaid was another first time for me: three groomsmen all night long.

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I made it all the way to twenty-five years old before I was asked to be a bridesmaid. I don't know why really, I had lots of girlfriends growing up and in college, even quite a few now that I'm working. Still, the opportunity never came my way until not long ago and it was a weekend I'll sure never forget. Neither will my husband, John, or the three guys I ended up with afterward. I see you're paying attention now. Well, you should, it's quite a little story. Are you ready? Well, first some facts about me. I'm twenty-five, wavy ash-blond hair just past my shoulders, blue-gray eyes, one dimple, yes, just one, on the right cheek, nice, firm boobs, they got me lots of looks in high school. Well, in college, too, and right up to a few minutes ago when I was coming back from lunch. Any way, let's see, okay, my boobs, um, 34-C, they both angle a bit off to each side and are quite round, even wider than my chest a bit. Nipples, well, they're not real big, oh, like quarters, and when excited, almost always, really, I'll tell you about that in a minute, they get really erect and tingly and they're light pink. My breasts are sensitive, not to pain or anything, just to stimulation. I've always loved them rubbed and sucked, even got off sometimes just from that. My waist is twenty-four inches, hips thirty-six. I shave everywhere and love the smooth look it gives me. Younger, I was a very sexualized teen and, today, I'm a very sexualized woman. The only difference is that, being adult, I have choices open to me that, years earlier, I didn't. I guess that brings you to my husband, John. John and I married about three years ago. We met in college and had a lot of fun together. We were both very horny people, the first date we had was spent fucking the whole weekend. I think it was nine times with lots of oral thrown in. We also have never been completely exclusive. Now, what does that mean? Simple, really. We each have sex with other people but never hide it, we always talk about it, it even turns us both on to talk about it, usually creating a wild fuck session. This was all throughout our relationship, I had sex sometimes with other guys, even brought a few in with John and me for a threesome. He did the same. We still do. He shared me with his younger brother and I've shared John with a girlfriend I grew up with after she got dumped by a long-term boyfriend and needed cheering up. So, that's me and that's us, in a nutshell. John and I have sex about eight or nine times a week, mostly with each other. Yes, we love it. Now, back to my debut as a bridesmaid. It was really exciting for me, tanning

appointments, getting a nice look to my skin, getting together for dress fittings and all the girl talk, then, hair and nails done, looking really good. There was a Jack and Jill bachelorette party and John helped me pick out what I wore. I never let him have full sway over what I wear or I might be arrested in some places, if you know what I mean. The party was fun and not long after we got there, the bride, Debbie, pulled me aside and pointed out the groomsman I would be paired with. "See, there he is. Paul Kaufman. What a hunk, right, girl? You need to go introduce yourself right now." So, I made my way over and did just that. "Hi, I'm Lynn Hamilton, I understand we'll be together in the wedding." "Well, hi, Lynn. I must say I'd be pleased to be together with you in any circumstances. Maybe even a desert island," he said with a boyish grin. Well, this was starting out well, I thought. He was handsome and tanned, quite nice. "Oh, I'm sure you'd protect me from any wild animals." "Being there with you would surely bring out the wild animal in me, Lynn. I guarantee it." "Mmm, when I'm shopping, I always look for guarantees. When I'm shopping." "And, are you shopping?" "I always have my eye out for whatever might interest me." "I hope that includes a certain groomsman." "I'll bet you do," I answered as a tingle settled in my panties, a scanty thong John picked out for me and now this charming man was making it dampen. How lovely. We chatted a few more minutes, flirting rather obviously and parted with a kiss, his tongue just making a brief introduction into my mouth. I couldn't wait to go tell John and his reaction was just what I wanted. "Looks like yet another guy has fallen under your spell, hon. Lucky guy. Maybe he'll find out just how wonderful you are under that pretty dress of yours." See why I love my hubby? For the dinner, John was at another table and Paul was next to me, flirting all through the dinner and several glasses of wine. I would catch John looking over, smiling, even winking at me a couple of times as I teased my dinnermate, even rubbing his leg under the tablecloth. No, I kept away from where I really wanted to rub, after all, I'm not a slut. Well, not a total slut, anyway. After dinner, there were two hotels booked, one for the guys and one for the gals, each, happily, within walking distance of the other. As I kissed John goodnight, he whispered in my ear, "Why not have your new friend walk you to your car? I don't mind if you give him your cell number. Have fun." Well, I did just that, Paul walked me to my car, hand in hand, and as I pressed the key fob to open the door, I turned to him, raised my arms up around his neck and gave him the kiss I perfected in the ninth grade with Marshall Robbins. Paul's hands were right down my butt and up under my skirt. Nice. I got in my car and drove over to the next hotel and checked-in. We all had fun, drinking more wine, just having girl-fun as I texted back and forth with Paul in the next hotel down the way. We flirted pretty heavily, even about favorite ways to enjoy sex, positions, what turns each other on, lots of things that kept my pussy all warm and tingly. And he kept telling me how beautiful and sexy he thought I was, music to any girl's ears. The wedding was beautiful, of course, and the reception was fun. John, early on, had told me to have fun and I was with the wedding party most of the time. I danced several times with my groomsman partner, Paul, and it was very arousing to be in his arms as my hubby watched him whispering in my ear. "You're the hottest woman here, Lynn, oh, by far. And you're so nice to hold, makes me want to hold you in so many other ways," he whispered softly as he brushed his fingers through my hair sweeping it from my face, something that turns me on. "I love it when a man runs his fingers through my hair. It's one of my secret turn-ons." "I know, you

told me last night. I know the other thing, too," he whispered softly in my ear as he kissed my lobe and licked on it. "Did you remember everything I said last night?" "Oh, yes, every word, especially your favorite positions." "Well, I do like an optimist, Paul," and pecked him on the lips. Around ten, hubby, John, came up to me and said he was headed home and for me to enjoy the evening any way I want so long as I tell him all about it. That's why I love him so. As so often happens at weddings, the music and dancing got hotter and younger as the evening progressed. Paul and I were having a great time, we were managing to cop some feels of each other as we danced and gyrated on the dance floor. While we were dancing, the bridegroom came up to me to tell me his bride, now his new wife, was overcome with an excess of champagne and would I help him get her home and out of her dress telling me he didn't want to mess her dress up, so could I come with them. To get back to the reception, I asked Paul to follow us out and bring me back. What could I do? I helped get her in his car and we rode to their house where we got her inside and undressed and got the dress all hung safely away. As we were pulling into their driveway, Paul pulled in right behind us, two other groomsmen were also with him. It was really lucky that they had followed along because the bride had passed-out and was just dead weight when we got her home. Those extra hands were a real help getting her inside. They got her into their bed, then I struggled getting the dress off but finally made it. As I went out to the entry hall, the groom was there talking with Paul and the other two fellows. "Here. Here's the key to our suite, we sure won't be needing it tonight. You might as well use it, it's the Bridal Suite, complete with hot tub and its own pool. Oh, and some more champagne. Thanks for everything," and the four of us sped away back to the hotel. I was feeling pretty good, not drunk, but certainly sexed-up with my handsome groomsman and, now, his two buddies. Just to keep Paul's interest and to move things along a bit, I reached over and rubbed my palm over the rather bulbous rise in his pants. He put his hand down over mine and pressed, rubbing down harder. As we went along one of the guys in the back seat leaned forward and slid his hands down the front of my dress, rubbing up and down on my excited breasts. I leaned my head back and he was able to kiss me kind of upside down and before I knew it we were parking the car and riding in the elevator up to the penthouse. There were hands and mouths everywhere, kissing me, feeling me, the front of my dress pulled down, hands all over my boobs, a hand up under my dress with two fingers rubbing my wet pussy, my thong pulled aside as I grasped at the lovely bulges their cocks were making. The elevator door slid back and there we were, in the Bridal Suite penthouse. Just beautiful, it was plush and a huge window overlooked the city lights; we stood there, me with my dress still pulled down, several hands on me, then, I said, "Lets go for a swim," and we all stripped immediately as Paul slid back the glass slider opening out to the heated pool, lit from underneath under a starlit glass roof. We all dove in, me saying goodbye to my lovely, coiffed hair, and swam around for a few minutes, the water feeling so refreshing. Then, I was surrounded by six hands feeling me and three cocks pressing against me. I had a cock in both hands, Paul's and Dale's as all three crowded against me, kissing me. "You are so hot, Lynn, I've wanted to get you naked like this since I first saw you," Paul said. "Well, I was figuring we'd be maybe alone but we all make a crowd, don't we?" I kidded. "I'll have the guys leave if you want," he added. Well, I was being wonderfully attended to in the nice warm water

and had never been fucked by three men before, frankly, I didn't want to lose the chance. "Don't you dare, Paul, I want all of you, all three," and he swept me up in his arms and carried me to the hot tub and placed me in the water as the other two followed closely, their cocks bobbing from side to side as they followed us. There was a large padded area around the hot tub and Paul had me sit on the edge with my legs in the water and lay back on the padded deck. Justin and Dale got out of the water and got on each side of me, feeling me, kissing my boobs, shoulders, neck, oh, all those wonderful places, while Paul got down in the water and began kissing me in my most wonderful place of all. I raised my legs up onto his shoulders as he licked and sucked and tongued me. He was good, oh, was he. And the other two, well, I learned right then that three men are ideally suited to satisfying a woman. Though, perhaps four or five might be even better. I don't know for sure, however, maybe that will happen some time in my future. I sure hope so. Paul then raised up, gripped his cock and rubbed the tip up into my slit. Then, he just began pushing forward as he slowly entered me all the way, completely in. I had my hands on Justin's and Dale's cocks as Paul began fucking me slow and deep, pushing in at the bottom, then taking little strokes before he pulled back taking his cock right out to the tip, then pressing back in through my labia each time. Oh, this was just the best. "You're even tighter than I thought you'd be, Lynn, and your pussy, oh, when you work your muscles like that, it's like you're trying to milk the cum out of me." "Just hold it deep, let me do it some more," I suggested as I flexed and relaxed over and over. "Mmm, oh, yeah, you are so good. What a pussy, you've got," then he started stroking in and out again. I was rubbing my thumbs in the precum oozing out of my other two lover's cocks as Paul fucked me so wonderfully. Oh, this was everything I'd hoped. I was totally attended to by my three lovers and it didn't take me long to erupt in a spectacular orgasm, one that just circled around in my body for what felt like several minutes. Right after, Paul arched back and shoved hard up into me as I felt his warm cum gushing into me as he fucked back and forth. Soon, Dale was pushing his cock into me as Paul was sucking my nipple and rubbing his hands all over me and Justin sucked my other boob. Dale fucked me good and hard, cumming me full, then Justin mounted me and pushed in deep, squeezing cum out of me, dribbling it down my butt and into the bubbling water of the hot tub. After Justin gave me a roaring climax and left me full of cum again, they picked me up and took me into the huge bed and they took turns fucking me all night up until the time room service showed up with breakfast for two at ten o'clock. I had Justin's cock in me at the time as Paul answered the door, the waiter trying not to be too obvious about seeing what was going on. Frankly, I was too busy to care. I really couldn't tell you how many times they fucked me but I can tell you the only time I didn't have one of their three cocks in me was when I had to get up and pee. I just took one of them into my pussy, one after the other, nonstop, all night. By the time we left the hotel and I got back to my car it was noon on Sunday. I drove home, sore, exhausted and happily fucked beyond belief. I limped in, kissed John and told him I was going to bed. "Mmm, good, you can tell me all about it while I fuck that hot pussy of yours." Well, he got a blowjob instead and he got my hot pussy later that night after I had slept away the late afternoon and early evening as I gave him a cock-by-cock description of my post-reception fun. Can't wait until the next wedding I'm asked to be in. Hope there's lots of groomsman, oh, yeah. Maybe even you, huh?