

Cheating on my fiance at my bachelorette party

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bachelorette party turns sexy

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A few days before I married my husband, I cheated on him. There, I've said it. Only a few people knew, and he never knew. So, here is that story.... I was fairly introverted at the time and usually had been faithful to the guy I was dating at the time. I didn't expect anything wild to happen the night of my party. A few girl friends, and one very gay guy friend, took me out for drinks and dinner and gifts. It was all very nice. I even chatted with my fiance via the phone an hour into it to reassure his insecure self that we were being good. Hah, if only I knew what was to happen. We went to a nearby club and drank some more, danced some too. Like I said I was pretty introverted, and partying all night was not really my style. As the night went on some friends went home, leaving me and a couple other girls. One of them, lets call her Marcia, has a fairly "alpha" outgoing personality. She said we were now going to meet someone for a special treat. I drunkenly agreed, and off we went in her car to... a hotel! OK, I thought, this is a little strange, but I trusted my two friends. Marcia had already checked in so we went up to the room. It was a nice suite-like room with a separate bedroom. Marcia instructed me to put on a blindfold (she didn't know about my blindfold fetish, which you can read about in a different story), then wait on the bed. A few minutes later I heard her let someone into the room and whisper something. I heard people come into the bedroom. "Surprise!" said Marcia, "take off your blindfold, ha ha ha!" Standing in the room with Marcia was one of the most amazingly well toned men I had ever seen, with a clean shaved face, muscular arms, and a clean white smile. Oh and he was butt naked except for that smile and a small set of boxers. Oh my, I blushed and covered my face like a silly girl. Marcia said "Enjoy, hunny!" and closed the two of us in the bedroom alone. I was totally nervous. He introduced himself as Tony and said he was here to give me a massage, nothing more, and I could stay clothed if I wanted. After a moment I composed myself and agreed to let him caress my shoulders. Since he was doing this from my front, it was hard to miss the enormous bulge within his boxers. I could tell he was way larger than my fiance or any other man I'd ever been with. Thoughts began to percolate within me. Tony swayed his hips and hummed gently as he worked by stiff muscles, then my neck, which really turned me to mush. "You're so tight! And so sexy cute." he commented as he worked marvelously. I laid on the bed on my stomach. Soon he had convinced me I'd be more comfortable with my jeans off. Part of me was in shock but most of me was saying "What the heck, why not?". My panties slipped off with the jeans, but I didn't care. Tony worked his strong

warm hands up and down my short legs and feet, sending me to a heavenly bliss. He caressed my buttocks perfectly. Squishy sounds were becoming obvious as he massaged the thigh areas. All I could do was moan and love it all. My fiance had never given me such an amazing massage, and still never has. Well, I couldn't get the thought of Tony's enormous meat out of my mind. When he next massaged up my back close to my head, I stared at his bulge and commented, somewhat slurred, that I'd never seen such a large man part. Part of me was further shocked, but most of me was into this. He thanked me. I asked if I could see it. He pulled off his boxers. My eyes grew wide. It had to be twice my fiance's thickness and at least 9 inches long, half erect, half dangling like a massive man sausage. I wanted it inside me. Immediately! My body was beyond ready to experience that. I rolled over onto my back and lay with my legs spread. Then it was like some deeply repressed part of me emerged and said "Why don't you find out how tight I really am. I need some massaging, from the inside. I'm so wet Tony, I want to feel you inside me." I had totally lost track of where Marcia and my other friend were. Had they left the other room? I didn't care. Now Tony was over a foot taller than my petite size and probably twice my weight. Easily the biggest hunk of man I'd even been this close to. I wanted to experience his thickness! And seconds later, he... was... inside me! Ahhhhhhhh and he was smiling down and clasping my hands with his. Oh my god. The sensation! OH. MY. God! I was instantly halfway to an orgasm. His manhood was parting my tight vaginal walls in the most incredible way I'd ever felt. I'd never felt such delight. My slippery inner muscles quivered and melted around him, thrilled to feel this amazing rod's penetration and slow strokes. My g-spot was very very stimulated. Hell yeah, I needed this! "How's that feel inside, Tony?" "Ahhhhhh, so tight! You are certainly the tightest little lady I've felt mmmm...!!" He laid on me, using full force of his strong hips to penetrate completely into my secret folds of wet sponginess. Hearing him moan, feeling him stretch me like never before, I suddenly exploded around him, waves of pleasure overwhelming me like my fiance had never given me. "Haaa oh yessss, I feel you cuming little hottie, cuming around my cock. You like that big meat inside you don't you, little cutie? Mmmm" I loved it more than I could express. I simply writhed in pleasure as he slowly slid in and out, his cock swelling even more inside. "Use my insides, Tony. Yes, do it, cum inside my pussy! Ohhh godddd yes do it!!" He grunted, plunged deep and filled me with gushes of his warm seed. Maybe I should have had him wear a condom, oh fuck it, I thought drunkenly. It felt so good. He came so hard. Moaning loudly, I loved hearing him and feeling that warmth draining from him into me. He laid on me fully, panting. He looked at my face, told me again how sexy cute I was, and we made out for several minutes with deep sloppy tongues exploring each others mouths. Soon he cleaned up and departed with a smile. I shyly emerged from the bedroom to find only Marcia still in the room, watching TV and pretending to sleep. I took a quick shower, then had her take me back to my car. We didn't talk much. She grinned and I grinned back. She had gotten me the perfect present. Now of course my insecure fiance didn't approve of me coming home to him so late (yes, we lived together before marriage). He was pissed. I sucked his cock to sate his angst, but my heart wasn't really into it, and he knew it. I barely had him in my mouth and his orgasm was weak to say the least. I made up some lies about why I was late, and later got Marcia to cover for me with the same fake alibi. I never saw Tony again, to me it would always be an

amazing memory to think back upon when I needed to put my mind elsewhere.