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Sharing the bride MMF/Oral/bride

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A new bride has an erotic tryst with her new brother-in-law and his friend while her husband is passed out.

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In 2003, my friend’s brother somehow married the prom queen of our class '00. Jeff, the groom, graduated with me, but I was really better friends with his older brother Jake, who’d graduated in ’99, and, having been held back in the 3rd grade, he’s a couple years older than the rest of us. Jake and I played football and basketball together since like 5th/6th grade. He was a linebacker while I played quarterback. By high school, Jake and I were inspirable; captains of the sports teams loving and taking advantage of all the perks that come with it. Whereas Jeff was a burnout 5’7, 135, and I'd be surprised if he could do a single pushup. On the other hand, he knew where to get the best pot and was likable enough in his own right.

Steph, his bride is super-hot—one of the few hotties in my class that I didn’t tap. She and Jeff started dating when they were 13, back then she was just a skinny kid with no tits or ass and wore some thick ass coke bottle glasses. We still tease Steph about those days. As she matured, it became apparent that Jeff had struck gold. Steph has naturally curly brown hair, bright green eyes, pert pouty DSL’s (dick sucking lips), and could be mistaken for actress Lacey Chabert. In addition, she ran cross country, so she has a tight runner’s body that amplified her taut, round, heart shaped ass. My favorite feature though are her tits—a solid set of D’s stand prominently on her chest, but she’s only 5’5 and a buck ten, so her tits take up a good portion of her chest.

Anyway, they were young and neither family had a ton of money. The couple chose to put money down on building a house as opposed to an opulent party or vacation, so the wedding reception was basically a kegger in their backyard. We all changed out of our wedding garb (Jake was the best man and I was a groomsman) and the girls got out of their dresses, Steph wearing a pair of khaki short shorts, a blue translucent tank with black lacey bra beneath it, and she chose to keep her veil on, parading around loving the attention, although she did take it off when we sat down to eat. Jeff, who has the drinking tolerance of a teenage girl, started out doing keg stands, then shots, and ended with rip after rip from his bong, so he was passed out on the picnic table long before midnight as guests filed out, whispering their warm wishes to the new bride and groom. Jeff could barely lift his head much less form a sentence.

By 1am the only people left were me, my (then) girlfriend Mandy, Steph, and Jake. Jeff had become notorious for passing out in random places and becoming an angry drunk when woken so we decided to just leave him and move the party inside. We were doing shots and playing a drunken form of truth or dare. We'd gotten the girls to kiss and motor boat each other (far from the first for either of them), and not too long afterward Mandy was showing signs of being ready to pass out. I got her down to the spare room in the basement, laid her in bed before I tried to get her to fuck, but she was a ragdoll and I knew from experience it would be shitty sex and I might as well jerk off on her face to get off. I figured that I could hold off till later and headed back upstairs. I wanted to fill my mental index with Steph’s big tits and lacey bra.

As I reached the top of the steps, I heard Jake say something about "Missing these lips” and I was sure I heard the sounds of kissing.

“And these TITS of yours….. mmmmmm GODDAMN GIRL.”

“Jake, what if Jeff wakes up? Or Trey comes back up?”

“Oh come on, you know Jeff is down for the count and Trey is probably banging Mandy, besides I KNOW you want to see the captain.”

I knew the “the captain” was a euphemism for his shlong, as Jake and I had tag teamed more than a couple girls together. I also knew just how hung he was. I swing a solid 7” but Jake must be 9” and while I’m about as thick as a kielbasa, he’s a large cucumber.

I waited next to the door, using it to block me from being detected, but unfortunately it also hindered my view. I heard some commotion and then the unmistakable sounds of sucking. At first, I thought Steph was blowing him, but I heard Steph coo and whimper a bit. I couldn’t believe my luck. I didn’t care about the morality of what was going on in there; the only thought in my head was the chance of seeing Steph’s unclad tits. I had the mental image of Steph spread eagle on the couch directly across from the doorway, her shirt and bra off and her tits hanging out in all their glory. I’d be able to make a large deposit in my spank bank, and later leave a deposit on Mandy’s face from the memories. I got next to the door, quiet as a ninja and peeked into the living room. Unfortunately, they had moved to the couch by the door. Jake was sitting on the couch with Steph straddling him, so unfortunately Steph had her back to me.

Jake was sucking on those glorious orbs, holding up her shirt. From the look of things her bra fastened in the front, because the cup part was covering the side of Jake’s face. Jake moved his head up and they kissed for a moment, then he began lifting her shirt and bra over her head. About the same moment as he got the shirt just past her mouth but not quite over her nose, he noticed me peeking in like a school boy. At first I thought he might be pissed, given the situation, but he gave me that “Alright” sly smile and a quick wink. I heard him say “Baby,” and then he whispered in her ear.

“WHAT!” Steph half screamed and started to squirm.

Jake continued removing her shirt, but when it got to her elbows, Jake used the fabric as a set of make-shift hand cuffs by pulling the sleeves together and tight in his hand. She turned her head to the left, and this was the first glimpse I got of her AMAZING tits. I mean, I know she was only 21, but I figured her fun bags would be a little saggy if not do that “80’s porn” slope and bulge thing. Instead, her tits were telling gravity to get fucked. They looked so firm and ripe that if I hadn’t watched them fill in over the years I would have sworn they were fake.

Once Steph and I made eye contact, it was like all the air in the room got sucked right out. Everything got real quiet and slowed down; it was so quite we could have heard Jeff fart outside. I was transfixed on the bit of side boob I was getting, and Steph was freaking at the prospect of being caught making out with her new brother in-law. Steph struggled with her arms still caught in her shirt which Jake had a death grip on. On the up side, her movement made her tits jiggle provocatively. When Steph realized I was concentrating on her chest, she turned away again and pressed her body into Jake’s then looked back at me and said “Please don’t…” it looked like tears were starting to well up in her eyes.

In an instant I realized what had her concerned and blurted out “Steph, I promise I’m not going to say ANYTHING to ANYONE.” Slowly the upset in her eyes dissipated and a smile cracked her pouty lips.

Jake whispered something else, and Steph giggled and ground her hips into Jake’s.

“Really?” I heard her say. More whispers between the couple, maybe even a peck or two.

“Ok…. if you think he’s up for it.” She cooed.

“Oh yeah, we’re up for it.”

With that, Jake hoisted her over his shoulder and smacked her shorts covered ass. As he stood, Steph started giggling like a teenager.

“Let’s roll, Trey.”

I followed the pair to Steph and Jeff’s room, getting an even better look at her tits as she smiled back at me, bracing her hands against his back to keep her head up. She caught me staring transfixed at her mounds again and took her bra and shirt, balled them up, and tossed the bundle at my face. “Take a picture; it lasts longer,” she chirped in a playful tone as she stuck her tongue out at me. Her boobs were so big and round they were literally fighting for room on her chest. I had to stifle a giggle as my brain thought of a how they resembled a Venn diagram pleasure/perfection in the union that is Steph.

As Jake rolled Steph off his shoulder and onto the floor, she went straight to her knees. She reached to tug on Jakes shorts but he stepped back.

“Don’t be a bad host. I think you should start with our guest. Besides I got a surprise for ya… or us rather,” With that he left the room.

“Ohhh, you know how I love surprises,” she cheered out to him as she swiveled slightly, and now I was staring straight down into those emerald, lust-filled eyes of hers. Just past those eyes, her amazing knockers were peeking out. This was the first time that I really concentrated on her nipples, they were a perfect caramel color, and they had to be as thick as my pinky finger and at least half an inch long. My mouth began to water as I thought of sucking and pulling on those fun buttons.

“I’ve always wondered,” she smiled up at me as tugged on the front of my track pants. Steph lowered them and we lost eye contact as her gaze shifted to the bulge straining behind my boxers. With a little effort and before I knew it, the pants were at my ankles. My already hard cock bopped her on the top of her head as she brought my boxers down for me to step out of.

“OOOOoooo I think I’m going to be a happy girl tonight…” she purred as she reached up and took hold of my cock. She slowly started to jack on my hard dick, seeming completely aware of what she was doing, rotating her hand on the down stroke and giving short jabs with her hand when she reached the base. Then she lifted it as though she were examining it for flaws. Steph’s eyes turned up to meet mine before she gave a slutty smile, stuck out her tongue, and beat the head of my cock against it. Flap, Flap, Flap, the sound of my cock meeting her warm wet tongue seemed to bounce off the walls, a prelude to what was about to take place.

Steph broke eye contact again as she took me into her mouth. It was so warm and unbelievably wet. She held my head just past her teeth as her tongue bathed my cock with her saliva. She then returned to jacking my cock with the same hand rotation she had used previously. Her tongue started to swirl around the head of my cock, and then, after a couple of passes, she’d roll the sides of her tongue up and push towards her teeth. I know that in reality she was moving her tongue only a few fractions of an inch, but to my sensitive cock flesh, each swipe felt like a mile.

“Oooooohhhhhh that feels SO FUCKING goooood, Steph!” I groaned when she brought her free hand up and lightly grazed the back of my balls, before moving both of her hands to my hips. Steph was now sucking so hard on my cockhead and inch or two of my cock that her cheeks had hollowed out. I now had firsthand knowledge of what it means when someone says “She can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch.” We were once again locked eye to eye. It was as though she was smiling through her eyes; she had a look that said she knew something I didn’t, and just as this thought entered my head she winked….

A couple girls I’d been with had been able to deep throat me, and all had to work toward it an inch at a time, but Steph took me almost all the way to the root on the first pass. My legs got rubbery and her eyes lit up as she saw how this had taken me by surprise. She then reached back and grabbed my ass to pull the final inch or so of me in. The few girls that had been able to deep throat me, well, that was pretty much the end of the show. It was like they had climbed Everest or something. A onetime coup de grace like they had given me something new and earth shattering only to have them backing off coughing and catching their breath, yet smiling up at me like they deserved a prize.

Steph, however, did deserve a prize; her lower lip rested on my ball sack, and I expected her to start pulling back. Instead, she began what I can only describe as swallowing; the sensation was unlike anything I’d ever felt. My cock head lodged in her larynx, her warm wet voice box gripping just below my cock head. It was as though a warm, wet fist had enveloped my cock head and was coaxing it, massaging it, begging me to deposit my load.

“Ugh…. Oh my fucking god Steph I… cannot fucking believe…” I bellowed as my knees were getting weak. I had to brace myself using her shoulder. My mind was completely blown; I was talking in bits and incomprehensible phrases. I would have confessed to shooting JFK, sold off all my organs, anything, ANYTHING to keep this feeling going. I thought I was going to blow my load right there.

She must have known because she withdrew me from her warm, constricting throat. Her hand came up to jack on my cock as her tongue played tricks with my cock head.

“Pretty good, huh?” She beamed up at me, her green eyes glinting with a hue of SLUT. She flicked her tongue all about the head of my cock then darted down to my balls, licking and sucking on the fellas while slowly jacking my cock to ensure I wouldn’t burst.

Catching my breath and slowly returning to earth I sighed. “Oooooohhhh wow, I would have never guessed you were such a great…” I balked, because Steph did have prudish tendencies.

“What…. Cocksucker?” She giggled as she continued to jack on my cock. ”There’s a lot you’ll get to learn about me,” then she put me in her mouth and even brought her free hand up to play with my balls. Steph bobbed a couple times and was just about to put me back in her throat, when we both heard Jake’s return.

“Found it.”

I had almost forgotten that Jake was in the house and a BIG part of me didn’t want him in the room right then.

“Close your eyes and come here, Slut.” Jake ordered. He was hiding something behind his back.

Steph gave me an “oh well” look with her eyes as the warm suction left my cock and she did as she was told. I was surprised both at her obedience and that she even responded to being called a slut. I remember her balling up her fist and hitting Jeff square in his affianced nose when he’d said she’d dressed slutty last Halloween (even though she really was dressed as such), followed by a “Don’t you ever call me that you fucking bastard.”

From behind Jake’s back came her bridal veil, which he delicately placed on her head. I was a little shocked at first, and thought it was a going to be a bit awkward. Then realized that after what had already transpired, I really shouldn’t have bothered trying to care; this shit was funny. Initially, I could tell she was confused as to what he was putting on her head, but as he drew the lace sash over her face, I could see the light coming on.

“Open,” Jake said. I found it rather amusing that instead of opening her eyes, she immediately opened her mouth. I briefly gave her the benefit of the doubt and thought maybe part of her didn’t want to see Jake’s cock peaking out through the very same cloth, that she had just promised to “Love, honor, and obey” a few short hours ago.

“I meant your eyes, Silly.” Jake laughed.

Her eyes opened and a slightly evil grin came on her face. She laughed for a moment and said, “You’ve been planning this, haven’t you?”

Jake pointed to himself with a “Who, me?” expression that was entirely false before he said, “Ready to give Trey a show?” He lightly stroked the side of her face through the veil.

“Uh huh.” Her mouth opened and returned to a full ‘O’ as she stuck out her tongue and used the tip to wiggle and curl like you might with your index finger when inviting someone to follow you.

Jake, not one to waste an opportunity, lifted the veil just high enough so that his cock could slip under and right into her mouth. He brought one hand to the back of her head, the other hand just below her jaw, and he began fucking his cock into her mouth.

It was quite a sight watching Jake jam his cock into this beauty’s mouth with her veil covering her eyes. It took a little while, but soon he was fucking her face like a porn star with that thick mucus getting choked up every now and again as he let her up for air. On one particular thrust while she was lodged at his base, he pulled her head forward and she was forced to crawl onto her hands and knees. Jake squatted a little more and at this angle had more of a straight shot down her throat. I was now getting the picture of how she was SO easily able to deep throat me.

“Mawah God you fuuuuucccccking little slut, you wanna lick my balls don’t ya? Oh yeah that’s what you want.” Jake half begged.

I assumed he’d pull out and she’d lick his balls. I literally couldn’t believe what I saw; her tongue worked its way from under his cock and came in contact with his balls, then fished its way down her chin.

“Fuck yeah. Come on, lick ’em.” He had begun rocking his hips. I could hear both the guttural sounds of Jake’s fuck meat working its magic on her throat as well as the wet slap as his balls made contact with her downward stretched tongue. At one point, he went balls deep and held her there for what seemed like forever. She began retching, her hands pushing at his thighs, and I saw a heavy mascara mixed tear make its way down her cheek. I was about to say something when Jake let go of his grip on the back of her head, so that she could recoil and sit back. Coughing and gasping for air, I was ready for a tirade of “Fuck you’s,” followed by “Get the fuck out of here.” Sadly, it wasn’t the first time Jake had taken shit too far.

Steph sat for a second or two coughing, she used the back of her hand to wipe away some of the slobber which had gathered on her chin. She even had a slight “hurt” look in her body language as she blankly stared at the floor. She then surprised me once again with a raspy “that was hot” followed by a couple more coughs and looking up with a forced smile.

I shook my head, “Wow.” Everything I had ever thought of Steph, any purified image of her, was now right out the door.

“Back on your hands and knees, Bitch; we’re not done with you yet.” Jake commanded with a low growl as he wagged his cock in front of her face. The veil had made its way back down, but his hand returned to her chin.

“K, but not so rough…. Please.” She gave an angelic look, pouted her lips, and batted her eyes. We’d all been given this look whenever Steph wanted her way, and it often worked.

Jake gave the scouts honor hand sign and Steph rocked her body back into the doggy position. Just as her mouth made contact with his cock, Jake pointed at her amazingly toned ass. I took the hint and got in behind her. Jake returned to his blow job, but wasn’t being nearly as aggressive and was even allowing Steph control of the depth and tempo.

With a little effort and timing, I took off her shorts. Once they were at her knees, I could feel the heat coming off this bitch’s cunt. It was as hot as my dad’s salamander, which he uses during the winter in his construction business. Somewhere in the back of my head I thought about a condom, but then figured ‘Fuck it, it’s not like she going to be able to say anything.’ I lined up my cock and pushed forward.

“MMMMmmmm,” she purred**.**

Jake and I had swapped a few beavers over the years, so I was expecting her to be a bit looser, but this shit was tight—not impossible to get into to, and nowhere near a virgin, just nice and tight. What separates Steph’s cunt from the vast majority? That shit was literally red hot, it was like sticking my cock into a wet furnace. I began pressing myself inside, working in the rhythm created between her, Jake, and I. I don’t think I was more than half way in her when I saw her back get a warm red glow and her hips thrust in a spastic movement. I felt her pussy convulse around my cock and I knew this bitch was cumming and we hadn’t even started. I laughed and fed more of my cock into the little slut.

I had finally buried myself to the hilt when it hit me; here we were, fucking away on Jakes bother’s lovely new bride. In fact I’m quite certain I was the first to enter her since she said the words “I do.” I giggled to myself, at the happenstance that created this night. Jake pulled out of her again and left the room while I was still pounding away, she in turn became much more vocal.

“Ohhhhh… Fuck my pussy, Trey”

I sped up and slapped her ass, at the request. “Oooooooooooohhhhhhhhhh FUCK,” followed by some heavy panting.

“God you……are one hot fucking slut……” All delusions of who and what she was, far away gone.

“I can’t believe you hide it so well.” I grunted.

“Uhgh, you know, FUCK…. got to keep up appearances.. oooohhhhh gggaaaawwwwDDDDDDdddd” As she uttered this sentiment she flipped her veil back, and proceeded to bat her big eyes back at me, with a wry smile painted on her alluring lips.

I had reached forward and was now palming her right tit in my hand, the other hand on her shoulder to help guide our rhythm. I squeezed and lightly tugged at her orb, which I had literally daydreamed about on many occasions. Most recently while I had Mandy blowing me in the church parking lot earlier today. Now I held this real life flesh-globe in the palm of my hand; even better, I was sawing my cock in and out of her lovely cunt. I slid my hand down and gripped her thick nipple between my thumb and index finger, pulling gently until her tender, taut flesh would no longer yield and it slipped from the lose grip and rebounded back to its origin.

She let out a low growl “FFFFFuuuck, yeah, Trey, you like my tits don’t you?”

“I fucking love ’em, Steph.” I groaned and slapped her ass again, which increased our pace.

“I knew it… I’ve seen you checking out my rack many, many, times. Mmmmmm god...” rocking her hips to meet mine “You’ve dreamed about this haven’t you, Stud?” Never missing a beat and keeping up the pace set between us, she slammed and ground down into my pelvis. As a response, my right hand reared back and came down with such a furious crack, I thought I might have woken Mandy up. I then slid my left hand, which had recently slapped her ass, up her torso. I was kinda using it like a squeegee the way it gathered the condensation that had formed on her body from our furious fucking.

By the time I reached my intended goal and slid down to grasp her other heavenly sphere, my palm was almost as soaking wet as her pussy. I reached up further and smeared her face with my palm, literally rubbing her face in the excretion that was our union. My fingers came to her mouth and she took a couple of them inside and sucked.

With my right hand, I gripped her nickel size nipple and this time rolled it between my thumb and fingers over and over, teetering her on the verge of pleasure and pain. I swear I could gauge the ecstasy running through her body while her hips thrust against me once more; she was cumming yet again! This time she dug her nails into the carpet and let out a low “FFFFFFuuuuuuUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKkkk…” as she once more came all over my rock hard cock.

Jake came back with her desk chair, placed it right in front of her. I returned my hand to her shoulder while my other hand once again enveloped her tit.

“Ready to show Trey how BIG a Slut you are?”

“mmmaw hu” was her only answer. You could see we had driven her past the point of ecstasy and now she was becoming worn.

I returned both hands to her hips and I began furiously fucking this slut for all I was worth. I may not be as big as Jake, but I make up for it in TPM’s. We were fucking so hard and fast, I thought we might travel in time, and she had cum so many times that we had whipped up a white froth that encompassed the base of my cock and was now rolling down my ball sack.

I really didn’t know what the chair had to do with anything, until I saw Jake sit and scoot his ass forward. He now lay on his back in the chair with his knees curled up towards his chest. Jake gripped his cock and began stroking. Steph leaned forward and stared licking and sucking his balls. I kept thrusting. I thought “It’s hot, but she had her mouth on my balls just a little while ago so it wasn’t THAT great, nor much of a show.”

Jake then gave me a thumbs up and a cocky smile. He put his hand on top of her head and lightly pushed. It took me a second to realize what was going on now, but I could still hear the moist sounds of Steph’s tongue making contact with flesh. Suddenly it hit me “She’s licking his asshole! This beauty, the mother fucking prom queen is sticking her tongue out and licking away at Jake’s shitter!”

“What a slut.” I had actually audibly said with a tone of disbelief. I heard Steph groan/moan and I swear her pussy got hotter by a degree or two.

Why had this gotten to me so much? To this point in my life, I had experienced many things sexually to this point. I’d had two girls at once; hell, Jake and I had even finger-cuffed a couple girls other than Steph. But I had watched a girl rim some old dude in a porno once and when I saw it... It amazed me!

# The thought of combining those two orifices had never occurred to me before. From that point I had built it up to be my next ultimate thing, yet no girl I had been with since would even consider it. Now this hot fucking bitch, whose tits I had fantasized about, was performing the zenith of all sexual experimentation on my best friend only inches away.

In fact, she had both hands on his ass cheeks, spreading them to get better access. The sight was priceless. I mean really, Steph veil had flipped forward again and was now half way up Jakes stomach, her tongue buried in Jake’ss ass, his balls resting on her nose, him stroking his cock his knuckles partly covered by the veil, groaning and telling her what a slut she was and how he loved her tongue in his ass. I looked down and saw the way Steph’s athletic ass rippled as I thrust into her sloppy cunt. I reached up again and grabbed a nipple, and just as I began to twist, as though it was a cum button, another orgasms shot through her body.

That was all I could take; the heat from her cunt, the way her ass involuntarily shook as the orgasm took hold of her, and watching her so willingly debase herself. I felt my balls tighten with one more thrust, and for a brief second I thought about pulling out, but Steph could feel I was about to cum she pulled herself away from her work long enough to say, “Fill me up, Trey!”

And I did... I don’t know how many times I’ve dropped a load in my life, but this one is for sure in the top 5, both in intensity and length. I swear it seemed like it was an hour that I just unloaded into this bitch. Shot after shot, my toes curled, and I think I felt a kidney shoot out the end of my cock. Just as I was pulling out her, I had filled her so well that my cum simply rolled out of her and down her thigh. I heard the tell tale grunting of Jake and knew he was about to unload, and did he ever. In a flash, he was on his feet jerking his cock and shooting his load all over his new sister-in-law’s veil covered face.

“Take that, sis, you fucking little slut!”

Steph sighed and said something like “That was fun, have to do this aga…” and slumped on her side and fell asleep. I grabbed my phone and took a picture of her cum covered veil stuck to her face before I helped Jake get her into bed. He took the veil off and put it back wherever it came from, dried cum and all. We went back into the living room and had a final beer. He proceeded to fill in the blanks for me; she and Jake had been fucking for almost four years, he was even her first.

“Poor girl,” I thought to myself, starting out with a horse cock like his, damn. They had dated once, on the down low, while she and Jeff were on a break. It was the same time as Jake’s first year in college, and I remember all the trim that used to just line up at his dorm room door. Hell, he was even banging one of his prof’s. Steph ended up walking in on him and it was over, except she could never say no to his cock.

He told me how it was a good thing that I knew, because, as I could see, she was quite the slut and there were quite a few things he wanted to try with her before he was done with her, and experiment we did. I personally was dying to feel that warm wet tongue against my crinkled sphincter, and, later, that time did cum.