

Sissy wedding fantasy

Description

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Sissy Wedding fantasy

On Victoria's wedding night her husband, presents her with an unexpected gift: his best man.

Dressed only in white stockings, an ivory waspie corset and a garter belt, Victoria finds herself torn between shock and arousal as her husbands best man undresses before her ,

In the honeymoon suite the silk of Victoria's pooled at her feet, a mountain of white silk, leaving her in nothing but her sheer white stockings and a garter belt.

"I have a wedding gift for you," her husband said pulling his phone from his pocket. "Something I think you've wanted for a very long time."

Victoria's took the phone. There was a message that said

She's ready. Room 1810. Arrive and knock.

Victoria's breath caught in her throat.

"What is this?" she asked, lwhisper. Her husband didn't answer. Instead, he walked to the suite door and turned the deadbolt.

And then came a knock.

Victoria's heart hammered against her ribs.

"Go on," said her husband.

"Open your present."

The door swung inward, and there he was.

The best man his eyes swept over her, taking in her state of undress with an appreciative gaze that made her skin flush.

He stepped inside, closing the door behind him with a soft click. The air in the room grew thick, charged with an electric tension.

He unfastened his trousers and discarded them leaving him standing in his black boxer briefs. The fabric was stretched taut over a formidable bulge, a clear promise of what lay beneath.

This was the gift.

The best man pushed the waistband of his briefs down. His cock sprang free, thick heavy and hard.

It was the best present ever.

Her, husband , from the corner of the room . His hard cock in hand instructed her. Victoria.

Get on your knees.

Veronica giggled as Her husband tore a piece of raw, antique silk from the bottom of the pile of it pooled around her white stockingâ??d ankles and tied it around her eyes as he whispered, his lips brushing her ear. â??You wonâ??t know whoâ??s touching you now.

An electric thrill shot down her spine.

Outside their suite, the muffled sounds of the other male guests still lingeredâ??

They were outside. Awaiting their turn.

Her husbands, traced the wetness already gathered between her legs. â??Sheâ??s readyâ?• he said.

Blindfolded, Victoria m felt a jolt of intense pleasure as a tongue drove into her, a deep, claiming stroke that made her cry out, her head thrashing back against the dresser.

Victoriaâ??s back arched, her hips pushing against his face, seeking more, deeper. He gave it to her, his hands gripping her thighs the slick, rhythmic sound of his tongue made her moan, loudly the sound echoing, surely reaching the hall.

Her husband watched for a moment, his own arousal evident and she felt the head of his cock pressing against her pussy. The sensation was pure, unfiltered pressure. Then he pushed in. A slow, devastating fill that stretched her, owned her. She gasped her body accepting him fully. He began to move, a steady, deep rhythm

From behind, the best manâ??s hands returned. His fingers, wet from her and from traced the tight, stretched rim of her anus. She shuddered, a violent, anticipatory tremor.

He pushed. The pressure was immense, a second, competing fullness For a moment, they were both still, buried deep in her, a perfect, impossible fit. She was pinned between them, blindfolded her body trembling with the strain and the pleasure.

She held onto them as they held her, as they used her. The silk blindfold was soaked with her sweat n the mirrorâ??s reflection, she was a vision of debauchery: the bride, blindfolded with a strip from her own wedding dress , being taken by her husband and his best man , her body convulsing with each dual thrust.

The pleasure built, a crescendo from both points . It wasnâ??t one sensation, but a fused, overwhelming wave. She felt both their cocks . Their groans mixed with hers, symphony of greed.

She whimpered, but it wasnâ??t a protest. It was a warning. The peak was coming.







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