

Maid of Honor

“Hey baby, just relax. Let’s sit down, have a drink, get to know each other.”

“Yeah no.”

“What? C’mon, this is top quality stuff. Just try a sip.”

“I already told you, I’m not taking a drink from a total stranger who could’ve put anything in it, understand? No chance. I’m outta here.”

“But wait!”

He ran after her, leaving the drink behind.

Katie was more glad than usual for what many called her resting bitch face. It was her best friend’s wedding – or so she’d thought until Natalie had picked Brandy to be her maid of honor. Natalie had been her best friend their entire childhoods, and only met Brandy in the past two years. Nonetheless Katie had to settle for mere bridesmaid, with this horrible lavender dress and all those horny dickhead groomsmen trying to get her out of it. Add to that the fact that it was an outdoor wedding in the Texas summertime, and she was sweating buckets underneath this monstrosity.

It would have been different if she hadn’t disapproved of the wedding from the get-go. Hell, Katie had disapproved of the entire relationship, and she’d been there when it started. Sure, maybe Natalie wasn’t as hot as her, but she was still probably a seven when she made the effort, presumably well out of Jonah’s league. He didn’t even treat her that well. There was rampant speculation (whispered politely out of the happy couple’s hearing) as to how long this marriage would last.

Katie just hoped if it failed, Natalie would have better taste in tailors next time around. That idiot had stitched this thing so that her boobs were practically falling out.

As she made her way back to the table from the dance floor, she smirked at the sight of Brandy storming away from their table, some greasy-faced dude hustling after her and imploring her to wait for him. Katie was just glad someone else had had to fend off this guy; she’d already had half a dozen guys try to get with her in the past few hours. She flopped down at the table, slipping off the heels that had come with her dress to rub her aching feet. *Ugh, just as gawdy as the dress*, she thought at the things, frowning.

She’d had good timing on taking a break. The music died down, and Greg, Jonah’s best man, was taking center stage with a microphone to begin the toasting. Katie hadn’t even been asked to give a speech.

She rested her chin on her hand, listening to Greg’s boring, cliché speech. The zany antics they’d gotten up to way back when, first impressions of the bride, his certainty of their bright future. Blech. Katie could’ve written a better speech in her sleep.

“To the bride and groom!” he finished, raising his glass.

Katie brightened at this somewhat. Natalie had made her swear not to drink at the wedding, as she had something of a reputation as a mean drunk. “Megacunt” had been Natalie’s word for it. But surely she couldn’t begrudge her a quick drink during the toast – after all, was she supposed to not toast to their happy future? That would be rude.

Lucky for her, Brandy had left her drink behind. Katie preferred red wine to white (and liquor to wine on top of that), but it would do in a pinch. She snatched the glass, raised it to her stupid friend and her stupid friend's stupid husband, and chugged, glaring at the couple. With all eyes on them, they didn't notice.

Speaking of eyes on them... as she watched him raise a grateful bro-fist to Greg for the kind words, Katie wondered how I hadn't noticed it before, but Jonah... he was actually rocking that tux.

As the toasts went on, the bridesmaid explored that strange thought. She'd never thought of Jonah as being attractive before. In fact, she'd always sort of thought Natalie was stooping beneath her station with him. She knew he made good money, and any one of her friends criticized the guy's love handles Natalie was quick to insist he was a demon in the sack, a cock that went on for days... Katie had just always assumed she was saying it to reassure herself she wasn't wasting her time.

But watching him in the romantic lighting of the rented pavilion... she began to suspect Natalie was on to something. He was actually pretty handsome, Katie realized. And Natalie had never been one to brag on her lovers before... Jonah probably really did have a monster in his pants.

Katie closed her eyes, tuning out the droning of the speeches as she took herself back in time. She still remembered the first time she'd met him. He'd been part of what was now his wife's circle of friends for a while, but they weren't dating at the time. Katie had been visiting for the weekend, catching up with her old buddy Natalie, looking to toss back a few drinks and break a few hearts.

She'd been introduced to Natalie's new friends. That had been the first time she'd met Brandy, too, her roommate at the time. They'd hit a few clubs on the strip, gotten good and toasted, then back to Natalie and Brandy's place. She remembered standing at the fridge grabbing a fresh beer when Jonah had come up behind her.

In her memory, she remembered he'd tried some awkward excuse to talk to her, and she'd remembered shutting him down pretty hard. Her standard bitchy roll of the eyes and a dismissive comment, probably. Only now...

Katie opened her eyes for just long enough to look at him again. Damn he was sexy. She let the image of him burn into her eyes a moment, then closed them tight again to stroll back down memory lane. Only this time, she made a few changes to the memory...

"Don't you think it's weird how there's no D in 'refrigerator' but there is one in 'fridge'?" He was smiling at her, trying to look confident that his little one-liner would reel her in for conversation.

Katie turned from the open refrigerator door to smile at him. She'd been waiting for him to get the nerve to hit on her all night, flirting shamelessly whenever she could, giving every possible look at her body without simply stripping on the dance floor. "You like D's, do you?" Katie fiddled with the pendant on her necklace, though really, it was just to call his attention to her tits. She was still wearing the risqué backless sequined top with the plunging neckline that she'd worn to the club, so they were hard to miss.

Jonah's gaze followed her hand, just like she wanted. He didn't seem nervous about how quickly a girl had welcomed his approach, or shy about looking right at her boobs. "You know, I would've guessed they were bigger than that."

"They are, but I didn't think you had a cute little conversation starter for F's."

His smile told her that he liked that her being so forward. That was good. She'd been as patient as she could all night waiting for him to notice her. "Well aren't you just..."

"Fun?"

"Not quite what I was thinking."

"A paragon of nice tits?"

"That's closer to the mark."

"Wait until you see the rest."

Fifteen seconds later Katie was throwing him on Natalie's bed, helping him rip off her shirt so he could feast his eyes on what had aroused his attention in the kitchen. Even if the coolness emanating from the fridge hadn't hardened her nipples, the feel of this Adonis' mouth on them would have in an instant. She had broad dark brown nipples that complemented her breasts perfectly, each areola jutting out proudly, eager for more sucking.

"Katie, you're so fucking hot," he moaned as she worked at removing first her pants, then his. She flushed at the compliment. How had she gotten a guy like this in bed with her?

Then his pants were off, and she laid eyes on his cock. Holy SHIT. Natalie hadn't been exaggerating, except maybe to downplay. It was enormous, thick and red to the point of looking angry it wasn't inside some hot wet place yet. She could rectify that.

"Please let me fuck you!" she blurted before she could stop herself. Katie had no game at all with this guy; she was too turned on to be anything but honest about how horny he'd made her.

"Climb aboard, babe," he said. Before she could wonder if he even remembered her name, or if that even mattered, she was straddling his hips. Usually she needed a little TLC on her pussy to get her ready, but with Jonah, she was so damn wet that she could've fucked a 2-liter. She thought that, but then... it turned out Jonah's cock was about as big as she could handle. And it felt divine.

Katie had heard some girls complain about guys with cocks that were too big. Surely this would qualify for that by any reasonable standard. Only instead of feeling like she was being ripped in half, it was like his cock was expanding her, filling her. Completing her. Like it was the piece that her needy wet cunt had needed her entire life, the exact right size to touch every single nerve ending inside of her pussy. She was shrieking in bliss in seconds, not caring if Natalie and Brandy and the rest could hear them in the living room.

And that was before his hands found their way back to her tits.

He let her do the work of opposing gravity, lifting herself and sliding back down his cock like a fireman down his pole. Her hands joined his over her tits, making sure he wouldn't stop. He couldn't. Katie howled as she bottomed out, his cock all the way in.

"Katie?" came a voice at the door.

"Go away," she grunted, not willing – not even able – to stop fucking.

"Katie," it said again, knocking.

She ignored it. Katie had never been with a man who could electrify every inch of her erogenous zones simultaneously. She could feel him in her clit and he wasn't even touching it.

She was trembling on the brink of release, holding back for fear she'd completely lose it. Almost there. Almost...

“Katie!” came Brandy’s voice, right in her face.

She opened her eyes, blinking at the sudden re-exposure to even this dim lighting. “Oh hey. Sorry, guess I sort of... drifted off there.”

“Ahem.” Brandy tilted her chin further down.

Katie followed her eyes, curious what she was looking at. “Oh. Uh, sorry.” She took her hands off her boobs. Then realized one nipple had broken free, and shoved it back into her dress. It barely fit.

“Get it together, will ya? Natalie wasn’t kidding about how you get when you drink.” The maid of honor rolled her eyes and stalked away, back to the dance floor where the DJ had resumed playing.

Katie shook her head, trying to clear it. That had been some amazing fantasy. Why hadn’t she had the guts to do that in real life? She knew full well she was crazy hot. She could’ve fucked his brains out, convinced him to go out with her (and fuck her some more)... Hell, she could be sitting where Natalie was sitting right now, stuffed into that white dress and counting the seconds until Jonah ripped it off of her to consummate his marriage. Now he was off limits forever. She pounded the table in frustration.

Only... she happened to know they weren’t signing the certificate until tomorrow. So technically, in the eyes of the law...

It felt like a thousand years passed before the bride and groom finally broke free of small talk with guests and made it out onto the dance floor. Katie had been there the whole time, fending off admirers while still trying to ooze all the sex appeal she could. “Tease” was the word for it, she supposed, but she didn’t care about these losers’ opinions of her. If Jonah wanted, she’d hike up her dress and let him fuck her right here in the middle of the dance floor with everyone watching. He was just so mesmerizingly gorgeous.

Then he was out there, dancing, not ten feet away. At the first possible opportunity, she managed to cut in with him. He smiled politely as she twirled in front of him, giggling, trying to shake her tits without making it look like she was shaking her tits.

“Can’t believe you still have so much energy,” he said as she gyrated for him. It looked like he was trying not to notice what only a blind man could fail to see.

“Are you kidding? I have the stamina of a race horse,” she said. “From what I hear, you can relate.” Jonah blushed a little and murmured something humble that was drowned out by the music. “So how’s come you and I never hooked up?” she asked.

Katie had to be forward. She didn’t have time to be coy.

He played it cool, though she could tell it riled him a bit. “You know, I actually tried to flirt with you once, when we first met. You totally blew me off. Good thing, as it turned out,” he said with a laugh.

Though she was flattered he even remembered, it was the sounds, sights and feels of her fantasy that threatened to overwhelm her for a moment. She masked it with a little booty-shaking move she’d learned from Natalie. “Oh, I wouldn’t be so sure about that. I’ve been called a pretty good thing myself, you know.”

He laughed somewhat nervously, looking around for Natalie. She was busy with a cluster of her relatives all the way on the far end of the pavilion. "I can imagine."

Katie spun around behind him, clutching his hips to hers, her sweaty, bare cleavage pressed into his back. She wanted to whimper at the thrill of just touching him, but managed to follow through by whispering her offer in his ear. "You don't have to just imagine. Let's find somewhere private and I can prove it to you."

Then she released him before it got too conspicuous, whirling back to the front of him, giving her smokiest look. Surely anyone observing could tell it was a come-fuck-me expression, but she didn't care what people thought. She just cared about getting Jonah's cock inside her.

She was relieved that he didn't just immediately walk away, though his own countenance was wary. "Natalie put you up to this, right? She always thought I wanted to bang you."

Katie literally felt her pussy quaver at hearing this. Natalie was jealous of her. But was she right to be paranoid? She certainly hoped so. "This is all me, Jonah. All me. Natalie doesn't need to know anything."

He gave her a hard look, and was pleased when his eyes strayed to her tits, when they lingered on her ass as she twerked it at him. Here and there, she could see a few people just starting to take notice around the room of the slutty bridesmaid grinding on the groom. "Bullshit," he said. "You're messing with me."

"Tell you what. You got your phone on you?"

The song ended, and he lowered his voice. "Yeah, I got it."

"In five minutes, check it. If you like what you see, come find me in the park office, and I'll show you even more."

Katie didn't wait for a reply; she was too worried that if she kept this up any longer she'd just start begging him to fuck her right then and there. She strode away, and soon the suspicious lookers-on went back to wedding cake and their own wine glasses.

The park office was a small building only a couple hundred feet from the pavilion; they'd used it earlier to have a place for everyone to change into wedding attire, store personal effects and so on. She let herself in, and was pleased to find it silent and dark.

As she pulled out her phone, she suddenly remembered something. A short while of browsing her social media later, she found it. A selfie of her dated the previous summer, a few months after Jonah and Natalie had started dating. Katie always made it a point to post at least one or two bikini pics every summer, just to keep 'em wanting more, and she remembered vaguely that Jonah had commented.

She was wearing a one-piece, though it was sexier than any bikini she'd ever owned. A metallic light purple with two strips that failed to attempt to cover even an inch of sideboob, split wide down the middle past her belly button. There she was, making her duck face and winking, and there was Jonah's comment, "that poor swim suit has it's work cut out for it lol".

No wonder Natalie had been paranoid about him wanting to fuck her. She knew how guys were. Comments like that meant this photo had gone in a spank bank somewhere.

Katie looked down. Her bridesmaid's dress wasn't metallic, but the color... and the cut... She took a moment to tug it down so it resembled the cut of the swimsuit, tits bulging out in the middle and on the sides. She recreated the angle, the face, the little peace sign she'd been making... and there it was.

Then for good measure and to make sure he knew she was serious, she lifted up her dress and took a shot of the front of her panties. She'd been sweating buckets, but while they were damp everywhere, they were positively soaked right at the crotch.

She sent them his way, then settled in and waited.

After about five minutes, Katie couldn't stop herself any more. She started playing with herself. It was just teasing at her boobs at first, just caressing the skin lightly. Then she grazed a nipple, and of course that had lead to still more tit-groping. Soon that wasn't enough either, and she was rubbing at her clit and her lips through her panties. All the while, she was imagining Jonah. Jonah smiling at her. Jonah chewing on her nipples. Jonah ripping her swimsuit off. Jonah throwing her over the bridal table and drilling her from behind. Jonah telling her how bad she was to tempt him like this and spanking her into submission. Jonah fucking her in every hole, valley and position imaginable.

Katie didn't know how long she'd been at it before she looked up and saw him watching her.

"Katie... Jesus, you're..."

"Horny? I know. I get this way around strong, sexy men like you."

"I was gonna say 'exposed.' But... wow."

"You like?" she asked, heart in her chest.

"I... I like."

Katie pinched softly at where her swollen clit was poking out into her panties, moaning at his praise as much as that. "I'm glad you do. I want to do all kinds of things that you like." She hopped off the stool she'd been perched on, under which sat the clothes Natalie had worn before changing into her dress, and sauntered towards him.

He took a step back. "Hey now, I was just... you got me curious is all. I just wanted to see. That's it. Nothing... nothing else."

"Sure," she said, not stopping her advance. "You just wanted to see. So... do you see anything you like?"

"Katie, no..." He back up against the door.

Katie reached behind her and unzipped the dress, then peeled it down off her shoulders and to the floor. Her whole body was glistening with sweat in the hot night. "You can't mean that."

"But... But I was just... you know... married..."

"To a girl who won't do all the things for you that I'll do. You know how I know? Because I'd do fucking *anything* you want. I'm all yours." Katie had never thought, much less uttered, such words before. But in front of this perfect specimen of manhood, it felt right to submit herself to him.

"A-anything?" he asked.

"Anything. Want a blowjob? It's yours. Want to see if I'm as good a fuck as you always thought I was? Find out. Fuck me in the ass? Love to. Invite your best man in to watch? I'd be proud to be your cock ornament. Dreamed of fucking my titties? You could--"

"That. That one. I want that," he interjected, seizing the offer before she was even done making it.

Katie gripped her boobs and squashed them together delightedly. "Let me hear you say it again. Please."

"I want a tit-fuck. From you. Now."

She threw herself at him, lips locked on his. Her left hand worked at undoing his belt and pants as her left felt behind him for the deadlock. Jonah's lips were like sugar, his tongue like honey. It thrilled her mouth just to be touching them, and made her wonder how much more delicious his cock would be. But that didn't matter. The groom wanted to fuck her big tits, so fuck her big tits he shall.

Somehow his cock was even more perfect than the perfect cock she'd imagined. It wasn't quite as massive as that preposterous thing she'd conjured in her mind, but it was still plenty big. Natalie had been right. And fucking selfish to hog this thing all to herself! It wouldn't be easy remaining friends with her after this, once she had a taste of what her so-called best friend had been withholding.

Jonah's bare ass plopped down on the same stool she'd been masturbating on, his sweat co-mingling with her pussy juices on Natalie's blouse. His eyes were fixed on her tits like they never intended to leave. She knew guys loved them, but it was reassuring that they brought pleasure to even a creature like this.

If he'd thought they brought him pleasure from looking, his rapturous gasp when she dragged her slick orbs up his legs and wrapped them around his cock would stay with her for a lifetime. This wasn't Katie's first tit fuck, but she'd done it only rarely. Guys obsessed over them too much as it was. Only when it came to Jonah, she was honored to even be given the opportunity. As she started a slow rhythm, massaging her tits against his manhood, Jonah fought to retain his balance.

Katie couldn't know he'd fantasized about this since the minute he'd first laid eyes on her in that trappy little clubbing top she'd been wearing. Nonetheless, she fantasized that he'd been fantasizing just that. In the heat of southern Texas on this summer night, she didn't even need to lubricate them for him. It was fate that her big sweaty tits should be revealed to him at the perfect night for fucking them.

"That feels amazing," he said between moans.

"Oh god does it ever!" she responded, giving him a little extra squeeze. And it did. Titty-fucking had never been something she'd enjoyed before beyond its suspense as prolonged foreplay; tonight though, every millisecond of contact between her nipples and Jonah's thighs, his belly, was pure bliss. He even let her rub them directly on his cock, though she didn't dare do it for too long. He deserved better. She just hoped he'd think she was showing off how horny she was rather than simply being selfish.

Though she couldn't stop herself from giving his cock a few sucks either, so so much for not seeming greedy.

If his lips were sweet, his cock was pure ambrosia. It was all she could do not to keep sucking it – if he'd wanted a blowjob, he'd have said so. He didn't complain about the interruption, but Katie would suck his cock later, if and when he said so. Whenever he said so. For hours and hours and hours. She'd live off of it if she could.

"You don't know how long I've dreamed about this," Jonah managed.

"A titty-fuck? Is Natalie that selfish that she won't give you titty-fucks whenever you want?"

"No, I mean... from you. Your tits are so..." He growled in place of an adjective. "I can't believe this is happening."

"Well get used to it, because I'll do this any time you want," she said. "My titties belong to you now, Jonah."

Then he came. His fist hammered against the wall like he meant to smash through it, and his cock thrust into the valley of her cleavage with purpose. It would have sprayed everywhere, but Katie was ready. She pounced on it mouth first, the initial spurts of his seed shooting right down her throat. But there was just so much! With the head of his cock stuck in her throat and her own body spasming in an orgasm of her own, she couldn't swallow fast enough. Soon it filled her mouth and started leaking down her chin, dribbling down onto her heaving boobs.

Nevertheless, she pumped at his cock to coax out every last drop she could get, then scooped the dregs off her tits and fed them right back into her mouth, smiling up at him gratefully as she did.

Elsewhere, a wedding crasher gave up looking for the special drink he'd prepared and at last accepted it was time to go home, brew a fresh one and try again soon at another wedding. Natalie was trying to escape a conversation with her Aunt Shirley; Greg was sneaking a half a beer to his kid cousin; Brandy was dancing with one of the flower girls, the two laughing joyfully.

Jonah strolled back into the pavilion soon after, a little extra swagger in his step, his bow tie considerably loosened. He made his way over to his bride, dragging her away from relatives and onto the dance floor where the DJ was queueing a slow song for them. He took Natalie in his arms, hoping she couldn't smell Katie on him.

She did not, in fact, but she had taken note of their brief spectacle earlier. "So what was up with Katie earlier? Looked like she was about to audition for the stripperlympics there for a minute."

He smiled, kissing his new wife's forehead reassuringly; behind his eyes was the lingering image of the bridesmaid on her hands and knees fucking herself silly with Natalie's hairbrush on the park office floor. "Let's just say you made a good decision not picking her as your maid of honor."

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