

# **Perverse Reception**

**Crimson Rose**

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A wedding is one of those events every woman expects to go off without a hitch and I was no different. Thankfully, Jayden and I had the most loving and caring family and friends in the world because for anyone peeking in on our ceremony would think they had stumbled into a nudist colony because, in accordance with our lifestyle and wishes, every guest in attendance including the officiant was as naked as the day they were born. To stand out on our special day, however, I wore a pair of thigh-high boots and underbust corset with attached garters in white leather while my husband-to-be wore a pair of black chaps and vest in black.

The vows had been said, rings exchanged and the officiant – our best friend Nate said those famous last words everyone in attendance wanted to hear. “You may now fuck the bride.” The words came out so casually I don’t think anyone heard the mistake until it was too late. A broad smile on his face, my new husband spun me around, bent me over and with a gentle kick to my ankles spread my legs open. Going off-balance in the chaos I braced myself on my best friend and Maid of Honor’s hips. I heard gasps from the audience and as I turned to see what was going on I felt my husband push into me.

As shockingly unexpected as that was, what I saw unfolding to my left was triply so. As if it had been rehearsed, Jayden’s friends – which outnumbered mine three to one, stood up and spread out to the other guests. “W-What the hell is happening?” I grunted as our union was consummated right there for all to see.

“The fun is just beginning, my love.”

“Kayla?” my best friend Tori said, her voice obviously nervous.

But my attention was drawn to and focused on Jayden’s friends Mark and Emily who now stood in front of my parents. And again, in perfect unison she knelt between my father’s legs and took him down her throat while he stood my mother up, bent her at the waist to her hands were braced on the seat of the chair and then I watched as his big black cock disappeared into her. They, of course, tried to get away from the madness, but it had spread all around them. Not even my fifty-seven year old grandmother was spared the indignity of taken like a common whore right in front of my grandfather who actually looked like he had just died and gone to heaven when a young brunette sat on his lap reverse cowgirl.

Some family and friends managed to slip away but for the most part my special day had quickly descended into an orgy of epic proportions that those caught up in either enjoyed enough to say the hell with it and willingly participated and reciprocated, or were too stunned by what was happening to leave before they too were dragged into the perversion.

“I am so sorry, Kayla, but I’ve been waiting for this day for the last year,” Tori nervously said. And with that she guided her freshly waxed pussy to my mouth. “I know you’re not bisexual, but Jayden promised you would lick me today so please don’t make him out to be a liar.”

Looking back over my shoulder, I gave my husband a surprised and confused look. He smiled, nodded and continued fucking me. Looking to my left I saw my mother now with forearms on the chair while Mark’s long, fat black cock pistoned in and out of her while to her right my father gave in to Emily’s charms – his hands now freely and openly tweaking her hard, pierced nipples. Thankfully, it was not just my family and friends getting the perverted treatment as further to the right what remained of his family were being taken one, two and three at a time as many of my friends decided to throw their inhibitions out the proverbial window and join the action.

I had absolutely no idea what the hell was going on, but if they were willing to participate then who was I to yell them no? As for myself, that tiny spark of masochism I kept buried away for fear others would judge me did not just creep to the surface, it raced there in a blaze of glory. Accepting, at least for now, that this was going to happen one way or another, I gave my best friend a look of apprehension, extended my tongue and tasted my first pussy. It was...different. Not at all what I was expecting, while not pleasure-inducing on my part she did taste quite good and should she ever ask me to do it again I probably would without much hesitation, but her reaction to my tongue flicking over her hooded love button was immediate and undeniable. Grabbing the back of my head, she pulled me closer and let out the most pleasure-filled moan of ecstasy I had ever heard in my life.

There had been a small wooden box sitting to the right of the officiant throughout the ceremony that I had not been told its contents, but when Jayden's load sot deep inside of me, he finally opened it and withdrew a large butt plug. Giving me a wink, he pulled his cock out of my pussy and pushed the plug in – effectively preventing any of his seed from leaking out. “She's all yours, man,” he said to Nate and the next thing I knew a lubed dick was being eased into my ass.

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By the time the orgy wound down some three hours later nearly half the guests were gone and those that remained were lying, sitting or kneeling on the ground panting and looking just as satisfied as they were humiliated. In that time I licked all of my bridesmaids to orgasm while half a dozen men filled my ass with their loads. As humiliated as everyone else, I turned to my husband and after a long moment of silence, spoke. “What in the hell just happened?”

“I believe they call that one hell of a good time,” Jayden grinned in reply.”

“I'm serious! Did you spike the drinks? No, that can't be right. We haven't even made it to the reception yet. What did you do to everyone?”

“I didn't do anything, honey. Well, okay, I may have convinced my friends to initiate sex with the rest of the guests but gave them strict instructions not to force the issue for anyone telling them no. Honestly, I never imagined nearly two hundred of them would stick around and enjoy it for three hours. Did you see your mom? I counted seven loads all by black men. What's your dad going to do when the baby isn't his? Probably nothing considering he fucked four women himself,” he answered his own question.

“This was supposed to be the most special day in my life. How could you ruin it like this?”

“Ruin it?” my best friend said. “Are you kidding me? Look at them? Sure, they may be red-face embarrassed, but I don't see any of them complaining. That being said, Jayden is wrong about one thing. Your mother took nine loads, not seven. And his mother took at least five that I counted. And you,” she purred, her fingers gently caressing my cheek “you were absolutely amazing. Bisexual or not, I sincerely hope I can convince you to do that again.”

“I'm a married woman.”

“That just had sex with fourteen men and women including your husband and best friend. I'm not going to beg or push the issue, Kayla, but if you ever want to experiment please let me be the first to know.”

“I'll think about it. I'm sorry, I need to go talk to my parents.” Rushing off the altar before someone else could use me, I walked over to where my parents sat holding each other and knelt on the warm grass. “Jayden...this was all his doing and if you never want to speak to us again I'll understand, but please believe me when I say I had no idea that was going to happen. Are you okay? Can I get you anything?”

“I think your mother and I just need some time to digest what just happened and why we allowed it.”

“I understand. For what it’s worth, a lot of family stayed so you’re not alone. God, I can’t believe these words are coming out of my mouth, but even grandma seemed to enjoy the two or three guys that fucked her. Can I ask why you let them do it? Why did you stay?”

“Honestly, after the initial shock wore off, that huge black cock filling me was heaven on earth,” my mother blurted out to the surprise of everyone within earshot. “Glancing up at my father, she smirked. “You weren’t exactly eager to stop yourself so don’t give me that look. Honey, if this is what your new husband had planned for the wedding, what’s going to happen at the reception?”

“I honestly have no idea but if you don’t want to find out I strongly suggest leaving now before something happens you’ll regret. And mom, unless you want to risk having a black man’s baby I would consider the morning after pill.”

“If you weren’t my daughter and this wasn’t your wedding day I’d slap you just for suggesting that. If those men knocked me up then your father and I will deal with the consequences, but I’ll be damned if I give up a baby based on what color its skin might be and frankly, I’m disappointed you would even say something so...racist.”

“I’m not being racist, mom. Hell, three of the guys that fucked my ass were black, but what is everyone going to think when you show then your black son or daughter?”

“Anyone that matters is here and I couldn’t care less what others think. No go be with your new husband while your father and I talk.”

I knew better than to say anything more so I turned and walked back to my husband. “What are you planning for the reception?”

“You’ll have to see when we get there.”