

# **Horny Newlywed Surrenders**

by Devin Brees

**I HAD BEEN DATING DENISE** for a year when we decided to get married. Seeing as neither of us had any close family to speak of, we chose the inexpensive route and took a trip to Las Vegas. We arrived Friday night and planned to get married the next afternoon at one of the small chapels in the heart of the gambling community.

The drive from L.A. was awesome. It was one of those hot August nights through the desert, and Denise was both scantily dressed and horny as hell. She had on a slim top that showed off the outline of her jutting, braless tits, coupled with a pair of scanty denim shorts. She spent the entire drive teasing that she was in the mood to flash her tits at the occupants of other cars on the road. It was a surprising admission from a shy girl who until then had never shown the least bit of sexual daring. I couldn't wait to get her to the hotel.

We arrived for our late check-in at almost midnight, and the well-groomed man behind registration counter had to work extra diligently to secure a room for us. I developed a great sense of pride over the number of times he ogled the dainty curves of my fiancé's petite body. Denise was enjoying the attention, too, and by the time he handed us the keys, her excited nipples gave the gentleman an eyeful of her hardening nubs.

By the time we had reached the elevator, I was ready to jump her, and as the elevator doors closed, I sidled up behind her and slid my hands around her flat stomach, preparing to slip my fingers into her shorts, but a man raced between the doors just before they closed and joined us as we ascended to the thirteenth floor.

His name was Cy as we would later learn, and he watched us and said, "You two look very happy."

"We're getting married tomorrow," Denise said, unable to contain her enthusiasm, and for the rest of the ride, the man's eyes hungrily lusted after her shapely form.

When the elevator doors opened, Denise took my hand and tugged me down the hall to our room. I couldn't open the door fast enough, my cock was already filling up my pants thinking about the guys lusting after her, but the door wouldn't open. Neither of our keys worked.

Cy was also staying on the thirteenth floor, just a few doors from us, and he saw us struggling and offered to help. Denise's lust-filled eyes were not lost on me. He had a muscular build and a pair of thick arms that I knew she found desirable.

"They fucked-up programming it," he said after the fourth try, and then he offered us the use of his room so I could call the front desk and ask them to bring up new keys.

The man at the front desk apologized and told me that they were in the middle of a shift change and it would be about twenty minutes before he could send someone up.

"You're welcome to come down and we can process new keys right away," he said.

I turned my attention back to my soon-to-be wife comfortably seated on the bed, next to the beefy man, and I admit that I liked where it was going. There was something incredibly sexy in watching my prim girl flaunt herself in my presence.

I don't even think she realized what she was doing, aiming her tits at him, parting her legs, but not freely opening them, and constantly checking out the bulge in his pants with her wild eyes.

I opted to have the key sent up.

Cy and I both knew that Denise was ripe and ready, and he looked at me in order to gauge my acceptance of him cozying up to my lady. I offered him a nod of approval and watched as he expertly seduced her, putting his hand on her thigh and drawing her close to his embraceable body. She desperately wanted to give in to his endearing voice and seductive touch, but she remembered that I was sitting in the room, and she looked my way, wary about how I would react to her indiscreet behavior.

"Didn't you say something in the car about flashing your tits?" I said.

"I wasn't serious—"

Her voice stopped short when our host brushed the back of his fingers against her pert orbs. "You're not going to keep these hidden from me, are you?"

"Show off your tits, baby," I said, and she ignored the good girl in her head and eagerly pulled off her top, freeing her trembling globes. He couldn't take his eyes off her chest, her sexy buds turning perfectly erect atop her round breasts while his fingertips roamed her sensual curves.

"She likes to have them sucked," I said, and in turn, he eagerly took each bud in his mouth, turning her breasts into quivering flesh.

She wanted to push him away, but I know my Denise, and once his comforting lips were wrapped around the tips of her breasts and his tongue was flicking at her tender, erect nipples, she fell into a trance.

"Oh, it feels so good," she said trying to peer at me through slotted eyes that she could barely open. She gripped his head, holding him against her breast while running her fingers through his hair, and he responded to her embrace by unbuttoning her shorts and slipping his hand deep into the thin lace of her panties.

She held his head firmly against her breast, and she bucked her hips, and quickly rode through her first orgasm of the night. He pulled his hand out of my woman's pants, his fingers dripping with the come of her pussy, and he painted her tall nipples with the sexy liquid and slurped it from her bare tits.

If she had thought that that would be the end, she was mistaken, for Cy eagerly pulled off his pants and sat with his upright dick waiting for her.

Her eyes bugged out at the impressive member standing tall in his lap, and she silently shied away, trying to pretend it wasn't there, trying to pretend that she didn't want it.

"You do like to suck cock," he said matter-of-factly, and Denise glanced in my direction, probably expecting me to protest, but instead finding me leaning forward, excitedly awaiting to see her take that raging dick into her mouth.



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