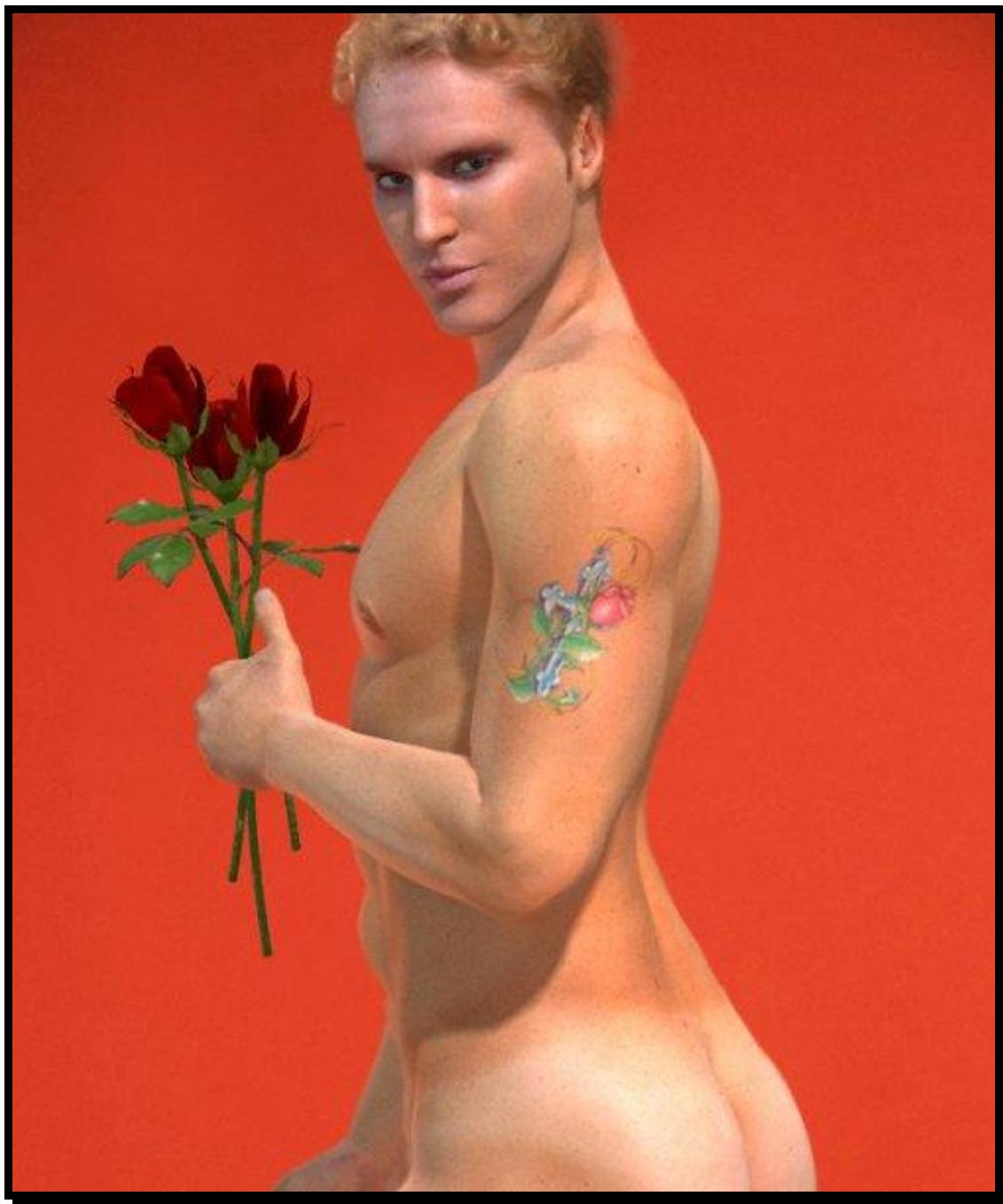


# Spunk Wedding

Bradley Stoke



Steve had been waiting for this day for so long. It was the day of his wedding. The day when at last he would belong to only one man and that man would be his husband.

He sat surrounded by his friends in front of the dressing-table mirror and meticulously applied lipstick and mascara. He was determined to look his very best for Bart.

“It’s beautiful!” exclaimed Barry, holding up the bespoke wedding outfit that had been made for Steve. It was a lace and crinoline affair with garters and tassels, open at the chest and crotch to emphasise his effete beauty.

“I can’t wait to put it on,” said Steve, who was still naked while he painted his nipples with lipstick. He picked at his dense pubic hair that was shaved into the shape of a heart. His testicles were plucked and his limp penis oiled and perfumed. Steve admired his face in the mirror and pursed his lips to show off the bright red lipstick. With his painted eyelids and plucked eyebrows, he looked almost like a girl but no girl ever had such a pretty little penis. He brushed a few hairs that had fallen on to his bare shoulders during the haircut that Martin, a hairdresser by trade, had earlier given him as a gift. However, even if no payment had been expected he was grateful for Steve’s blowjob. He was, of course, careful to direct his semen away from Steve’s face. That kind of fun would be more appropriate for later in the day.

Steve brushed the stubble at the back of his neck and ran his fingers through the tousle of boyish hair that fell over his forehead. What was his hair like when he first met Bart? This was the sort of question he often asked himself when he lovingly reminisced on their first encounter. He knew that he was as naked as he was now, as so too was Bart. Even so, naked as much as clothed, they were two different men.

Steve was thin, below average height and shaved his chest and very often his pubes free of hair. Bart was quite the opposite.

In fact, the first sight Steve had of him across Duncan's living room during his host's party was of Bart's muscular back while he plied his prick into Duncan's arse. Bart was a man who much preferred to give than receive, but he made sure that Duncan could clean off the sperm and specks of shit on his prick when he'd finished. This was the kind of generosity Steve admired. So many men were selfish and would finish themselves off in a man's arse where the spunk couldn't be properly appreciated.

Nevertheless, Steve's attention was mostly distracted elsewhere during Bart's performance. A pretty boy like him was always in demand: especially in those days when with his quite long hair, thick make-up and garters he resembled a peculiarly flat-chested girl. His mouth was on Dave's cock while his prick and balls were being languidly fellated by Duncan's husband, Sven. Even so, he admired Bart's thick muscular frame, his hairy chest, his huge moustache, but most of all that huge cock that was soon erect again and ready for more.

It was a clamber through and over naked male bodies which took most of the rest of the party that eventually led Steve to Bart, who he was gratified to see had made much the same journey in the opposite direction, generously bestowing proof of his virility on the men in between. And when they at last met, Bart still fucking Phil and Steve's testicles now in Dan's mouth, Steve was quite agitated. He'd seen so much to admire in Bart. His short black hair, the trembling muscles on his shoulders and chest, the little shudder in his buttocks as he thrust into the willingly proffered

arses and that penis that was very nearly double the size of Steve's own slim and still quite boyish cock. But this was a penis that was very much erect when Bart's eyes glanced at it, perhaps also admiring Dan's ability to engulf both Steve's hard testicles inside his mouth.

And then, so romantically, Bart's and Steve's mouths met for their first ever kiss: one Bart later confessed in a rare moment of soppiness he'd wanted from the first sight of Steve. This was when he was giving Paul a blow-job. Bart's rough stubble scraped against Steve's smooth chin while Steve gasped for breath in the passionate collision of tongues. Then Bart stretched a hand forward, while still fucking Phil, and grabbed Steve's penis. He rubbed it up and down and occasionally battered Dan's nose as he licked Steve's anus and balls.

And so it was that Steve and Bart ejaculated almost simultaneously, as their passion for each other overwhelmed them. Steve's semen spurted out over Bart's hand, Dan's face and his own stomach. Bart was so overcome by excitement that he almost didn't manage to get his penis out of Phil's arse to spray his semen over his fuck-partner's face and eyes. And then the men collapsed onto each other, spurts of spunk still occasionally seeping out and mixing in the sweat and semen-stains that liberally sprinkled their naked bodies.

As if this coincidence of ejaculation wasn't enough, Bart and Steve went back together to Bart's two-bedroom apartment in the city centre, together with Phil and Dan, and culminated the evening in yet more ecstatic fucking. Romantic novels couldn't get any better than that, Steve mused, his penis twitching with excitement.

He remembered so well the first time he saw Bart's flat. There was the huge

plasma TV and the extensive collection of hard-core DVDs. The painting above the fire-place of a satyr fucking an exquisitely lissom Grecian youth. The extensive collection of books where pornography shared the shelves with Sociology text books and an extensive selection of novels. And more than all this, there was Bart's prick which he fellated and was eventually fucked by. It was so painful! He'd never had such a huge prick up his arse before. But it was worth it. And it was the first of many times that they fucked together.

And not just that night.

"Shall we try on the wedding dress?" Pete suggested, holding up the pretty white and cream concoction so that Steve could admire it against the sun streaming in through the window.

Steve stood up nervously from his chair and nodded, a sudden beating of his heart betraying how acutely he felt the emotions of this day. In only a few hours time, he would be as one with his betrothed: a legal and spiritual formalisation of the state the couple had known for so long. Now they could fuck with the full blessing of the state and church. From now on, every time Bart fucked him and spurted semen over his face and hair, it would be with the explicit recognition of the government. If only he could fuck the Prime Minister to show his personal gratitude.

It was a beautiful outfit, of course, made by his friends, Jon and Marc, who run their own tailor's shop, which showed off his slim chest, heart-shaped pubic hair and penis. It was going to be the envy of everyone as he stepped down the aisle.

The journey to the church was in a specially rented pink Rolls Royce, where Steve sat hand-in-hand with Duncan who had taken the role of giving him away to

Bart. Duncan idly stroked Steve's semi-tumescent penis while they waited but restrained himself from the temptation of sucking his friend off. Steve would need all his spunk for later, but had no objection to having his penis prepared. He'd be pleased to see his friends admire a properly stiff cock as he walked down the aisle.

As Steve got out of the car, he could see all his friends waiting for him and was delighted to see Bart amongst them. His fiancé was a stickler for tradition. If either of them was to have the right to turn up late, it would be Steve as he was the one who most nearly occupied the role of the bride, especially in the outfit he was wearing. Steve tottered on his stilettos towards the church door, stockings and garters tight against his shaved legs and his cock swinging free. He approached Bart who was wearing a smart jacket and tails. His penis was hidden away from sight under his striped trousers, though Steve could see its bulge.

Bart kissed Steve on the lips and gripped his cock which reacted to this intimacy by twitching and jerking with excitement.

“I’ve been looking forward to this moment for so long!” said Steve.

“So have I,” said Bart with a reassuring smile.

“How did the Stag Night go?”

“As well as could be expected. What was your Hen Night like? Did Maurice fuck you at last?”

“Yes,” said Steve. “I knew he wanted to be on the giving rather than the receiving end when Brad wasn’t around. His cock was just the right fit, but not as good as yours.” He kissed his fiancé again and gripped his buttocks from behind, while making sure that his cock didn’t brush against Bart’s trousers and leave a stain

on the front. "Did you get to fuck Alan?"

"Alan?" Bart wondered. "I can't remember. I certainly fucked a few. Including your Dad. He's got a tight arse, you know. It's a shame you can never get to savour it. At least, not legally."

"I don't think I'd want to," confessed Steve, who felt the incest taboo quite deeply. He'd fuck almost any man on the planet before he resorted to his own flesh and blood.

The ceremony finally began. It was exactly as Steve had hoped it would be. A long slow march down the aisle, with a posy of flowers in his hand, Bart's arm in his arm, and a gorgeous cream veil over his face that came only low enough that it wouldn't obscure the fresh red lipstick. Steve strode awkwardly on the creamy-pink stilettos he wasn't really used to wearing, however dainty he preferred his footwear. But he managed to keep his balance and was pleased for those extra inches the heels added. Duncan also had his arm threaded through Steve's and provided some well-appreciated stability to his walk. And as they strode together, accompanied by a discreetly chosen torch-song classic which, performed by Hammond organ and a choir of naked young boys, sounded rather peculiar. But at least the lyrics, with their suggestion of lust, longing and sexual ecstasy were wholly appropriate to the circumstances of the wedding.

It was about a year since Steve forsook his bedsit to move into Bart's rather larger apartment. Although Steve had enjoyed very many boyfriends over the years, this was the first time he'd made as much commitment as this. Or even where someone had made as much commitment to him. Of course, the transition from casual

fuck to a committed relationship was one that involved many of their friends, particularly Duncan, Paul and George, in sexual combinations that often went beyond even a triangular configuration. But Steve and Bart were well-suited. Steve enjoyed being dominated and Bart enjoyed being the one who did the dominating. What was love if it didn't involve semen, scat, piss and the occasional bruise?

Steve thought back with fondness on those nights spent tied to the wash basin with piss running down his face mixed with the semen contributed not only by Bart, but the other people who'd been visiting that night. He remembered the arbitrary punishments that would leave him tied up in a humiliating position, his penis stiff with excitement and his limbs twisted by ropes or chains. And, most fondly of all, Steve remembered the day when Bart asked for his hand in marriage.

This was a typically romantic occasion. Bart was fucking Ian who was, in turn, sucking off Malcolm. In the meantime, Steve was sucking off Ian and licking Bart's shaft as it pistoned mechanically inside Ian. Then when Bart ejaculated, he bade Steve to share in the spurt of semen, which Ian and he shared between each other, passing it back and forth from mouth to mouth, increasingly diluted by saliva.

“You know,” said Bart, admiring the trickle of saliva and sperm from Steve’s mouth and the creamy splodges on his hair and nose, “we really ought to get married.”

And that was that. The words that started all this business and culminated on this day. It was the first night in many months that Steve hadn’t shared Bart’s bed or, at least, hadn’t had sex with him. Bart was such a stickler for tradition that he’d insisted on not seeing Steve in his wedding outfit until the big day. Nor indeed in any other clothes, preferring to see Steve’s body only in a state of total nudity. This was an

imposition Steve welcomed. In fact, his only wish was that Bart could be a little more unreasonable, but there were practical considerations to be borne in mind and nudity was less likely to attract adverse comments at work or elsewhere.

And here they were, marching arm-in-arm down the aisle to the vicar who wore his robes and a sympathetic smile on his face. It was Reverend Cartwright, otherwise known as Seb, who had often fucked Steve in the past, most often while being fucked in turn by Bart, and was delighted at the opportunity to be minister for the wedding. Steve hoped that the vicar would be there later in the evening when Bart and he would fuck for the first time as a married couple.

The happy couple stood in front of the vicar, with Duncan still by Steve's side and Bart's best man being Vikram, whom he'd known from school and was one of the very first people he'd fucked. Steve was very nervous as the ceremony proceeded, stumbling over some of the words despite all the rehearsals with the vicar, for which he was secretly pleased he'd be later punished. Of course, on those earlier occasions, Steve had worn no clothes and the ceremony climaxed not in a chaste kiss but in full uninhibited anal intercourse, where Bart took turns with Vikram, Duncan and, of course, the Right Reverend Cartwright. Steve's anus was still sore from the last such rehearsal, and he nursed a slight bruise on his cheek from the beating Bart gave him for getting some of the words wrong. Now, there was no restraint about looking his best for a future ceremony, Steve expected, and indeed hoped for, a more thorough beating this time: perhaps, with luck, involving a leather strap or whip.

Burning into him from behind, Steve knew, were the eyes of all his and Bart's friends who were, with few exceptions, exactly the same people. His bare buttocks

quivered with pleasure at the thought of so many people watching his marriage and wishing him well. There was Alex who, as ever, dressed like a little girl, but one who wore neither knickers nor a skirt. There was Andy, whose long hair and beard made him look like a biker, but who actually preferred a submissive role in his lovemaking. He was one who liked the smell of piss on his facial hair. There was Tony, who underneath his immaculate suit wore a fearsome array of piercings, particularly around his genitals.

He didn't know whether, but he hoped that, he would either fuck or be fucked by all the men in the congregation.

"You may now kiss the bride," said Reverend Cartwright at long last.

And this was a kiss, unmediated by any other fuck-partner, which Bart kept going for far longer than he needed to. The rough bristles grated against Steve's skin and Bart let Steve's bare cock brush against his crotch so close he could feel the bulge of a more handsome cock beneath the wool of the suit and cotton of his boxers.

This was the evidence of love that Steve most desired.

There was then the formal legal ceremony of signing the marriage certificate, which Steve did rather distractedly. The realisation was only steadily sinking in. He was a married man and Bart was his husband. From now until death did them part Bart and he were to stay together through sickness and health. Steve could hardly wait to feel his husband's cock up his arse. What pleasure could be greater? What proof of love more complete?

Steve had suffered some anxiety during the time he and Bart had been an item. Those days when Bart left him tied all day naked to a post on the stone floor of the

courtyard when the rain beat down and he could so easily have caught cold. Those occasions when Bart fucked everyone but him and specifically forbade Steve any sexual intimacy, so that Steve had to watch in frustration with his prick straining with desire. Those evenings when Steve had to wash off the urine and semen from his face before coming to bed. Were these demonstrative of the love Bart felt for him? Or was there genuine malice in these theatrical humiliations? But now such doubts were dismissed.

The ceremony wasn't over yet. There were the photographs to be taken of the happy married couple on the steps of the church.

Bart and Steve made their way to the church door where the photographer was waiting with his assistant and where the other guests stood. This was the opportunity for Steve to show off his wedding outfit, as he posed with the guests. In some cases, he was photographed with his penis being squeezed lovingly by another guest. In others, he positioned himself so that his anus was open to show the gape that Bart and the wedding guests would soon fill. His penis got excited by the attention and was soon fully erect. This was only proper for the photographs of him that would soon rest on the dressing table for perpetuity. It was best that he should remember himself as aroused on the day that formalised his love for his husband.

“Oh, Bart!” cooed Steve, his arms around him and Bart’s hand gripping his cock. “This is the happiest day of my life.”

Bart smiled. He couldn't very well express the same thoughts. That wouldn't be seemly, but his affectionate squeeze on Steve's buttocks seemed to echo the sentiment.

However, after all the photographs of smiling, posing, preening and gaiety, it was now the most important part of the ceremony, all to be lovingly recorded on videocamera by the photographer, when every guest, no matter how well they knew Steve, and indeed anyone who just happened to be passing by and seemed willing, would queue up in front of Steve's face. And when they were aroused sufficiently, which in the sight of such a pretty boy as Steve was unlikely to take very long, they would each and every one of them ejaculate onto his face, into his mouth, on his hair, on his clothes, on every part of him. In short, Steve would have a spunk bath. He would be bathed in semen. And he'd have to swallow as much of it as he could.

Well, it was tradition and one which Steve, as much as Bart, was intent on upholding.

And Steve could hardly wait.

As custom dictated, the first person to ejaculate on Steve was Bart. This, of course, was the privilege of the groom who would have many years ahead of performing the duty of bringing Steve to sexual ecstasy. Fortunately, Bart was more than ready. He'd pulled off his trousers, jacket and boxers, so he stood in just his socks and shirt. He jerked his huge erect penis in spasms onto Steve's face, aided by Steve's mouth which took its tip while his hands stroked Bart's testicles. A few strokes, a few gulps and a few jerks and then the sperm came gushing out, while the enraptured guests clicked their cameras and the photographer angled the videocamera to get the best and most revealing shots of the semen dripping over Steve's chin and down his nose.

Steve smiled ecstatically at the camera, delighted at this undeniable

demonstration of love, and awaited the second person to ejaculate on his face who, again as tradition demanded, was Reverend Cartwright who was eagerly pulling off his robes to reveal a tumescent penis that was red with the strain of his lust.

From then on, the parade of facial ejaculators came in no particular order but was determined rather by their readiness. As more and more semen coated his face, it became increasingly difficult for Steve to know who was coming on his face and who was to be next. The semen pasted his eyes, streaked his make-up, choked his mouth, and stained his brand new wedding dress. Every now and then, he took another penis in his mouth whilst at the same time someone else was pasting his ear, hair, nose or cheek with fresh semen. It was best when the spunk was fresh, creamy and warm, but it soon coagulated and dried on his face only to be over-painted by a new coating.

The men who ejaculated on him were not just those from the wedding party, with many of whom he hoped to be making more intimate love later in the day, there were also passers-by and anyone who happened to have read the banns in the paper and knew what treat was in store for them. After all, if you are performing such a public act as open-air bukkake, it was surely right that any member of the public should have the opportunity to participate. At one stage, Steve squinted through the semen that pasted his eyelids together to see that the prick in his mouth belonged to a Police Constable. The same member of the local constabulary that Steve saw later being fucked by Bart under a tree just by a monument to the fallen of some long-past war.

Steve knew that he must have looked a pretty sight. After all, he'd been to many weddings in the past, including Duncan's. And indeed there were the occasions

when just for the thrill of it, he'd participated as a member of the public in adding his sperm to the come confetti that pasted a lucky bride's face. He knew that his face was smeared and pasted, cream dripping from his chin onto his chest, itself splattered by drying semen. He envisaged himself kneeling on the grass outside the church, surrounded by men, of which one, two or even three at a time were jerking their erect penises over his face, while he, with his mouth open and tongue out, tried to catch as many of those precious drops as he could. What other meal was there that came in such small warm globules, tasted so rich and nutritious, and cost so much individual effort to produce?

He looked over at Bart who was still fucking the Police Constable while Reverend Cartwright knelt behind him and inveigled his long tongue into Bart's anus. He smiled warmly at his husband's public demonstration of passion and lust for other men while he was being pasted by the spunk of men he'd never met before, wouldn't recognise if he ever saw them again, and who didn't know him at all.

What better way to remember a wedding day than this?

Steve hoped that it would be exactly like this for the rest of his married life.