

Annette had always dreamed of her perfect wedding. When she was young she had imagined a full fairy tale event with a prince as her groom, but as she matured she pulled it back to a more modest affair. But now that the day had come it seemed her younger self had the right of it. Not only was the wedding attended by elves, dwarves, orcs, and all manner of fantastical beings; she was even being married to the lost prince of a magic kingdom; Tuck or Longvenis as he was once known.

However, never in her wildest dreams did she ever think her wedding dress would leave her ass exposed for all to see or that her husband-to-be's package would be so predominantly displayed. This was all part of a traditional Assaheim wedding, including the next part.

Tuck got on his knees and vowed to love her now, kissed her left buttcheek, love her in the future, kissed her right cheek, and vowed to love her forevermore, kissing the small of her back. Then Annette followed suit; making her vows and kissing both of his nuts and the head of his cock.

Then they moved to a bed near the altar, set up so everyone could see. Annette slipped her thong off and handed it off to Catalina, mentally thanking her and the rest of the team for helping her with her nerves. Fucking Tuck while her friends watched and commented was probably the only way to prepare for this moment, even then she felt the eyes of the congregation on her and Tuck. She had sucked him to the base, felt his cock bash her womb, and even took him in her ass after plenty of wine and lube; but his dick was still an intimidating thing. Annette took it in her hands and slowly pumped it while he reached for a handful of her ass, kissing all the while. Tuck gently slid a finger into her soaked cunt, teasing her as he bit her bottom lip.

"Are you ready, my sweet rose?" He breathed into her ear. Not trusting her voice Annette nodded. Tuck smiled and guided her down onto the bed, lifting her legs over his shoulder. She gasped as those first few inches glided into her, on and on his cock seemed to go until finally he was hilted in her velvet vice grip. They luxuriated in the sensation of each other, in the love between them. But such stillness could not hold as Tuck began pumping his cock in and out, his heavy balls slapping against Annette's plush ass.

She tried to hold back, but her moans spilled out from her. Half formed words tumbled out of her until she shouted, "FUCK! SO BIG! SO GODDAMN BIG!"

Tuck was in her ear, replying back, "For you, all for you, always for you!"

Annette swung her hips to meet Tuck's own, chasing that feeling heedless of whoever else was in the room. Indeed she had forgotten everyone else, leaving the two of them in their love. Their lips mashed together, tongues wrestling, hands groping for ass. Their feverish pitch came to a head as Tuck threw his head back and cried out as one, two, three, a torrent of cum shot from his dick. It flooded her cunt and her womb greedily drank of it, but it still leaked from Annette's puffy pussy. She grabbed Tuck's head and pulled him in for a kiss, electing a cheer from the audience. Annette's eyes shot wide as she remembered their presence, but she managed to

recover as Tuck helped her up and the two held their hands aloft, fingers clasped. Annette whispered in Tuck's ear, "Is it alright if round two is in private?"

Tuck smiled and kissed her before answering, "Of course, we'll have all the time in the world" Annette smiled back and laid her other hand on her belly, imagining their future together.