

“Mom, it’s fine,” the bride sighed to her tight-faced mother.

“No, we paid a lot of money for that dress *and* that photographer. You can have a toast with the girls in few hours, before dinner.”

“At least let me take the champagne up to them?”

“No-no, none of that trickiness, missy.” She clicked her fingers loudly towards the bar in the old drawing room. “You! Yes, you. Take a bottle of Krüg up to the girls in the bridesmaid parlor. And *knock* first, mister.” After seeing the bartender duly grab one of the twelve bottles from the ice basin, Mrs. Chapman turned back to her daughter and snipped out orders to the photographer.

Seamus carried the bottle and glasses, balanced on a tray (per client orders), up the vintage staircase of the old country estate house, counting the hours until the gig would be over. He repressed a frustrated grunt and walked down the hall to the bridesmaids’ chamber. He knocked on its heavy wooden door.

“Who is it?” called a voice through the thick panel.

“Seamus!” he said called out.

“Who?”

“... One of the bartenders.”

The door opened, and a blonde-haired bridesmaid looked up at him. Three more sat in the back of the parlor on the fancy, white-upholstered chaise lounge and matching chairs, still wearing their pink gowns. The fifth maid, the token lesbian, stood to the side by the dressing mirrors, pointedly drinking a Sam Adams and looking bored.

“Ooo, champagne! I’m thirsty,” said the bridesmaid at the door.

Seamus held out the silver tray, and the maid looked down at it then back at him. “What? You’re not *opening* it for us?”

“I, uh, didn’t think I should come in. Ladies room, right?”

“It’s not a *bathroom*, just a sitting room — and I am *not* risking getting wine on this dress.” She waved him in to follow her, and Seamus stepped inside, leaving the heavy door open. While the five maids talked, he set down the tray and picked up the bottle. He could feel their eyes on his back, watching him move in the white collared shirt and suspenders that the clients made him wear.

The cork popped, and a couple women squealed with fake surprise. “Oh *wow*, that was loud!”

Seamus smiled and began pouring into the glasses, ignoring the eyes and the plastic banter. He then handed the glasses out to four maids. “No thanks, cheers,” said the suited lesbian, lifting her bottle of beer.

When the glasses were passed around, Seamus said, “Nice to meet you all, and congrats to your friend.” He tried to sound as polite as possible and then turned towards the door.

“Wait, you’re not going, are you? You have to *refill* when the glasses are empty,” said a brunette.

“Refill!” called a blonde, waving her empty flute in the air.

Seamus eyed the open door then walked over to the chaise, to do as he was told.

“How tall are you?” asked the blonde in a flirty voice.

Seamus told her.

“Rachel should have hired *him* for the bachelorette party. Look at his arms in that shirt!”

“The fireman guy was *OK*,” said a ginger.

“What? No way, Rachel only hired him so that Darren would look cuter. By *comparison*,” the brunette replied.

“Julie! The door is *open*!” said the blonde. “If Mrs. Chapman hears you, she will *freak out*!”

The lesbian closed the door, and Seamus heard it shut behind him, heavily sealing them off from the hallway. He saw several sets of eyes scoping him, measuring his frame.

The women continued gossiping about the stripper from the bachelorette party, talking at one another but clearly down-talking him for Seamus to hear how superior he himself was. They also had stopped drinking from their glasses, so he was awkwardly stuck standing with the half-full bottle, waiting, while they pretended he wasn’t there, but all the while speaking and moving with him in mind.

“Hey,” said the plus-sized blond after downing her champagne suddenly. “Fill this and *you* have a drink.”

“Yeah, you need a drink too,” added the brunette Julie. They pressed the flute into his hand and gently, but inexorably, pushed him down onto the white leather chaise. The window was behind him, but the white curtain was drawn, letting light inside the room while hiding them from view. Two stories below, wedding guests mingled on the estate lawn.

“I shouldn’t drink on the clock,” Seamus said firmly. He tried to hand the glass back, but the ginger, kneeling beside him, tipped up the glass at its base, so he had to either sip it or to let it splash down his rented shirt. She made him swallow the whole glass, and he could feel them watching his Adam’s apple bob with each gulp.

“There,” she said, “that’ll make you feel better. Mrs. Chapman is no fun. She almost cancelled the bachelorette party.”

“It was *hardly* a party; she came by and made us all leave at 8:30!”

“I love love *love* Rachel, but her mom’s the *worst*.”

“She just needs to get laid,” said one of the maids. “Mr. Chapman’s doctor’s nurse said he’s gone through *every* dick pill out there and can’t get it up.”

“If Mrs. Chapman knew what’s up, she’d just hire *him* to get the job done,” Julie said, pointing her glass at Seamus.

“Julie!” exclaimed two girls laughing. But then they looked at Seamus. A pause passed, then one asked, “Hey, there’s still, like, two hours until dinner. Can you just flex for us? You’re way hotter than the guy last weekend.”

“Yeah, he was like a tree branch, and you’re like a full *tree*.”

“No, I really should get back downstairs,” Seamus said, setting his glass on the floor and standing up.

But three sets of hands pushed him back with pleading whines: “Please? Just a little? Just take the shirt off and that’s all, ok? Come on, it’s just some fun!” Seamus shook his head at the chorus of mewling voices, but feeling his face flush and his blood pump. He was determined to get up and walk away without another word, but then he felt hands sliding along his white dress shirt, groping his shoulders, his triceps, and the thick muscles of his upper back.

“My god, he’s so ... *dense*, like he’s made of bricks.”

“He’s like a bull!”

“I bet he could pick up one of us in each hand.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

Fingers began to undo his shirt buttons, someone pulled away his suspender straps, another set of hands undid the cuffs of his shirt. There were laughing and giggling in the air, but also some deep breaths. “My *god*, look at him!” someone said as his shirt was pulled back. “What’s this tattoo for?” one maid asked, rubbing his pec where the ink showed. “Oh, he’s *Irish*,” said another, stroking the flag tat on his shoulder. (Meanwhile, the suited maid ignored them all to scroll aimlessly on her phone.)

“I think his chest is bigger than *yours*, Bridgette,” said a maid. “Bigger than Lela’s too.”

“Hey, that’s not true!” Julie slipped off the straps of her gown, and two other’s did the same. They all wore matching bras, lacy and white, with their areolas showing clearly underneath the silk. “See?” Two pressed their tits against Seamus’s pecs. The soft mounds and the lace rubbed his skin, his nipples. Seamus felt his bulge growing in his trousers. “Oh my god, they’re not as deep, but they’re *wide*! I think he *is* bigger after all!”

“Ladies, please...” Seamus said, feeling like he was being cornered.

“What, you don’t like girls?” They lifted their chests up to his face, kneeling beside him and making him lean back on the chaise.

“I shouldn’t... we...” he tried to say, but his primal drive was turning on hard.

Julie said from behind them, “Guys, I think he needs some encouragement.”

“Like this?” said the ginger, unclasping her bra. Her friend followed suite, and Seamus saw two sets of firm, full tits squeezed and juggled for his viewing pleasure. He resisted the urge to reach out and grip those bare boobs. What made the challenge greater was the worship: he felt his abs, his arms, his pecs groped, massaged, and rubbed. “Look how strong these arms are? Oh my god, feel these abs!” and many such flattering (and true) statements were spoken.

Seamus had given up trying to fight the erection tenting up under his boxers. He just

hoped and prayed he wouldn't precum too much, and he was grateful that the issued trousers were matte black and thick.

The four heterosexual bridesmaids surrounded him, kneeling next to him, running their hands over over his chest, massaging and groping his gym gains and his natural physique. Seamus stifled a groan in his throat.

"Now, don't you *dare* open your mouth, or we'll tell on you," said the ginger. She lightly brushed her tits over Seamus's lips. He held still, even as his blood pumped and his pulse quickened. He could feel her erect nipple tease his lips, and his animal drive craved to open his mouth and suck voraciously. But he obeyed her command, enjoying the attention and worship of all those soft hands on his body.

He leaned back on his elbows. The brunette Julie began to play with his belt.

"What are you doing?" asked the blonde.

"I just want to see," she said.

Seamus watched her hands unbuckle, then unbutton this trousers. He again thought to protest, to say it had gone too far, but his hard-on was in charge for the moment. It tented up under his green boxers, which bore a wide, dark, damp area from the precum that the women had been massaging out of him.

The maids took deep, low breaths and held them as Seamus's member was pulled out through the boxer flap by Julie's soft, moisturized hands. She also pulled out his balls too, and for a silent moment everyone stared at his pole, which stood rigid from the base to the tip, drooling a rivulet of precum down to his sack.

Then the three pairs hands resumed squeezing and feeling his muscles and his neck. The plus-sized blonde at last undid the clasp of her bra, which had barely held back the soft flesh pressed out against them. When she did, the thick, juicy pair swung in front of Seamus's face hypnotically.

She laced her fingers behind his head and pulled him in. He gave in to the temptation and began gently licking the pink areolas, even as their luscious tenderness pressed into him, smothering his face.

He couldn't see much as the tits were pressed insistently against him, but he felt the continual worship of his body. He flexed both arms, eliciting an audible wave of awe, and caresses along the biceps, triceps, pits, and lats. He tightened his abs, and the hungry maids ran their hands through the grooves of his gutters. He felt high on the praise, and his cock dripped even more juice. He could feel the warm sheath of precum cooling in the air. Then he felt hands grip his dick, and slowly squeeze up and down, twisting, smearing his juice all over it from top to bottom. Seamus groaned into the thick breasts and began to suck and lick on them more ferociously.

The blonde began to whine and whimper, and the hands kept up their steady, firm pace.

“Look how thick these are....” said a voice as two hands cupped his balls. Seamus was aware how full they’d become, the sting of blueness in their overfilled vessels. His primal instincts wanted to nut then and there, but he held it off, hungry for more worship and service.

He grunted. Two tongues slowly lapped up and down each side of his shaft. Then he felt lips kissing at the top, tongues bathing his frenulum, and teasing, wet smooches on his balls. Seamus clenched his hands to fight the renewed urge to explode. Eager hands caressed the tensed muscles in his forearms.

“If you don’t... stop... I’m gonna... I’m gonna nut,” he warned through the breasts. A second rack appeared, burying his face deeper in soft flesh.

“Oh really? Are you sure?” said a voice.

“... I can hold it,” Seamus added. He didn’t want to cave yet; he wanted to show his stamina, since they seemed to enjoy it. “I can go a long time,” he bragged.

“Huh. Well... we’ll see,” said the voice again.

“Julie!” another exclaimed in a loud hiss.

“Shhh,” she cooed in reply.

Seconds later, Seamus gasped and lurched forwards, but he was pressed back again and fed those heavy tits. He gasped repeatedly into them; he had been dangerously close to erupting at the unexpected embrace of his cock: warm velvet, drenched with viscous juice. A bare pussy was halfway down his member, and engulfing him slowly, millimeter by millimeter, until he was encased completely to the balls.

He grunted and gritted his teeth. He couldn’t suck tits anymore, couldn’t focus on anything else except holding onto his load.

The bare-chested women pulled back, and three maids ensconced him on the chaise, rubbing him, as they all watched the brunette slowly grind, up and down in the warm sunlight. She pressed her hands onto his abs and softly drug her nails over his six-pack. Her waist lifted up in a slow rhythm, revealing his dick (soaked and slicked with his pre and her juice), rising up just to the point where his glans rim showed — then she devoured him again with her bare slit.

Seamus was propped on his elbows, watching his unprotected pipe, gritting his teeth. When the soft walls began to contract on the inside of that pussy, tugging and gripping on him like an unseen hand inside, he tilted his head back and gasped through his closed teeth.

“You *sure* you can last? Even with me squeezing you like *this*?”

Seamus gulped in air as more pressure and pleasure were inflicted on him, pulling his dick deeper inside. Her insides were warm, moist — more than any other women he’d been inside.

“It’s... it’s really good. Wet, and — *nnnhhh!!* — so warm. Crazy warm....”

“Oh? I wonder why?” she teased. “Maybe you should cum and find out.”

“*Uh, uhnn, ah, fuck...*” he puffed. “What?” he added after a moment.

“Nothing,” she teased, pushing her hands on his pecs and riding him with that same, slow, syrupy pace. “Just relax. You’ve had a hard day. Relax and let it out.”

Seamus thought of letting it out. A long time (relatively) had passed since he’d cum bareback, and his body craved it, especially with the — (he looked at his watch and thought *Fuck!*) — with the *seventy* minutes of worship and pleasure he’d been getting. He imagined letting it go, spewing his thick load, one of his problematically thick and large doses of jizz. The maids would probably marvel at that too, his copious load of seed spilling out through the spaces where his cock met her walls. He could feel the cream churning in his sack: a thick, heavy, long, large load of stud juice. He pushed his pelvis up into her, bucking, slow at first to make her moan (and to make the watching maids even wetter), then he pumped faster. He still held on to his cum, barely, wanting to leave them all with an impression of manhood they’d never forget.

The brunette stifled her own moans with a hand as he gripped her hips and pressed up into her, hammering into her sopping insides, his dick at max hardness and fullness. He was grunting, and all his muscles were engaged, flexed, and sweating as he fucked up into her.

“That’s it... that’s it! Yes, please...” she stifled a low, loud groan. The other maids on the chaise giggled and touched themselves while watching him turn full alpha.

“Yes, cum cum cum please please!” she panted, fiercely riding the waves he hammered against her. “Just one squirt, one drop.” The room was full of the sounds of her moaning, his beast-like grunting, and the sloppy, wet, gushing slaps of his cock and balls.

“Bro,” the lesbian said off to the side. She was sitting on a chair flipping through a magazine left on the coffee table. “Bro, she’s gonna make you a fucking dad in a second, if you’re not careful.” She lazily flipped a page and read an article on high-end travel cameras.

“... Wait, what?” Seamus panted, sweat dripping down his torso. He let himself fall back onto the chaise, and in a few seconds he stopped bucking his hips. But his cock was still hard as a Roman column inside the brunette.

Who began to ride him, hard and deep, mercilessly.

“W-wait,” Seamus said, pushing himself up on his hands. But other soft hands pulled him down from behind, and tits were offered to his face.

“Hey, hey hold —!” A nipple was pressed into his mouth, soft and luscious and tempting. His pecs were squeezed. A moaning chorus of voices cooed softly, urgently, “Cum. Just cum. Do it. You’d be a hot dad. Just once. You want to. It’ll feel so good. Let it go. Cum. Cum cum cum,” they purred.

Seamus clenched his teeth and jaw. The pussy engulfing his cock was like bootcamp for Kegel’s, working his pole from every side, drowning his shaft like a sailor tossed overboard in a storm.

FUCK! he thought, *I’m gonna nut!!*

He growled and tightened his legs, mentally fought to find the muscles that controlled his jizz tank in his loins. He shoved his hands out underneath the bodies hovering over him, sliding

his wrists along the chaise until he gripped the ass cheeks of the woman in heat. Knowing he couldn't spare even half a second, he lifted her upwards. She fought it, trying to get back down, to get all of him inside again and milk him. Her Kegel skills made one last attack, undulating on his pole. The act of pulling her off heightened the pleasure, threatened to finish him off — but his thick muscles won out, and his dick was free.

She hopped off to avoid falling over. The maids pulled back as if a spell were broken, and everyone watched his rod.

The veiny brick stood straight up in the air, twitching. His balls were high and tight against the base, and it shone in the light with a sheath of wetness coating it. “Don't fucking cum,” he commanded it, like a lieutenant to a soldier. He knew a single rope, a single drop, could be scooped up and used to “get the job done,” especially with his uncommonly thick, virile cream.

“Damn,” he panted at last, feeling the wave recede. He collapsed back onto the chaise, panting, sweating. His body felt worn as if he'd done a double gym session, hiked a short trail, and then swum laps in an Olympic pool.

He heard the brunette take a step towards him, but the lesbian maid stood up and stopped her. “That's enough, Julie. Let the bartended get back to work.”

“But he's so close, and he wants it!”

“Zip it. Drink your champagne before it goes flat.” She then helped Seamus up to his feet.

The other maids began chatting as if he weren't there again, just another servant. “Oh my gosh, did we just do that? I know, that was wild, right? Oh my god, you guys — we're *so* crazy!”

The woman in the suit helped him get dress and handed him the champagne bottle. “Drink up, man.”

Seamus did so, chugging the rest down. “Is she... was she really gonna...?”

“Oh, yeah, she's done it to, like, three other dudes. This linebacker for the Seahawks, some horse-hung nerd at MIT, and her last gym trainer.” She patted his shoulder. “You did good. Most dudes don't make it. And don't worry, they're not gonna say anything until way after the honeymoon when Rachel gets back. Rich people hide all kinds of shit like this.”

“Ha, well, thanks for the help. I'd have, you know, lost it if she got at it again.” Seamus shook her hand and walked out, unacknowledged by the rest who simply smirked and smiled.

In the hallway, Seamus looked at himself in a vintage floor-length mirror. He smoothed his hair, but other than looking a bit tired and dehydrated, he wasn't worse for wear — though he did wince as he walked down the stairs, feeling his balls the bluest they'd ever been. He checked his watch again, counting the hours until he'd be back at his pad, when he could at last unleash the flood of baby batter weighing his sack like boulders.