

Virgin Mary

Six months until the best day of my life.

Until then, I'd be living with my parents; wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong idea, after all. Henry, my fiance, and I would finally tie the knot, get married and move into the same home and share that magical first time together.

Nineteen years old and still a virgin.

Most people saw that as some kind of humiliating thing, those so eager to be accepted by their boyfriends that they willingly spread their legs and let themselves be deflowered and defiled. They looked down on me, laughed at me for valuing my purity so highly. And they were wrong. So very wrong.

That I was a virgin at nineteen wasn't something for me to be ashamed of, it was a source of *pride* that I'd held onto my beliefs so adamantly despite the constant temptations.

I was attractive. I knew that. Most guys would've jumped into bed with me the moment I offered them that option. If I'd been weak-willed enough as to let my hormones and temptations rule me, I'd have likely done that a long time ago. But no. I'd held on, I'd not crossed that line.

And now I was engaged to a handsome, successful man. An office clerk from a good family, who was just as adamant about saving himself for marriage as I was.

Six months, and it'd happen. I'd become a woman.

Not at some house party or in a back alley or cheap motel room. No, it'd be on a marital bed with a man who'd sworn before God to honour and obey me, to love me until death.

Just six months.

A pregnant woman led me to his private office. Mister Marco Farus, a tall and portly man in his forties. He sat behind a large desk, eyes flicking towards me as I entered. A wide smile spread across his lips, expression warm and inviting.

"Ah!" The man said. "You must be Mary. Please, have a seat."

The pregnant woman – one of several I'd seen in Marco Farus' offices – closed the door behind me, left me alone with this potential employer.

Wordlessly, I walked over to the desk, sat down opposite Mister Farus.

"I trust you had no issues finding this place?"

I shook my head.

"Come now," Marco grinned. "There's no need to be so shy. This is a job interview, not a funeral. Relax!"

Pink blush spread through my cheeks. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words formed. My body felt stiff, my tongue a heavy weight in my mouth. Why in the world did I have to be so awkward? I was supposed to be leaving a good impression here, not looking like I was a socially inept-

"It's alright," the man smiled, voice soothing. "Relax, Mary. You have nothing to worry about. Between you and me, there aren't all that many people being interviewed for the position. And most of those who have been interviewed so far are not what I'd consider 'prime candidates' for the role. Don't tell anyone I said this, but you being hired here is pretty much guaranteed. This interview is more of a formality than anything else."

"Really?" I asked, a cautious hope blossoming inside my chest.

Being employed wasn't a huge thing for me. After me and Henry were married, it probably wouldn't take long for kids to follow. And, once the little ones started popping out, the only job I'd have would be 'full time, stay at home Mom'. Still, it'd be nice to have a proper, real job before then. Gain a little experience in the workforce before I resigned myself to a lifetime of raising kids.

"Really," Marco nodded his head. "All I need you to do for this interview is relax and get comfortable and answer just a few simple questions for me."

"Okay," I beamed.

"First things first," Marco said. "Have you ever been someone's personal secretary before?"

I shook my head. "No. I've never had *any* job before, actually."

"Ah, a virgin employee. Interesting."

I blushed. "I... I'm not... I mean-"

"You are a virgin, aren't you Mary?"

A dozen different things popped into my head. A riotous wave of emotions; from outrage and insult at being asked such a question, to pride and joy at the fact that I was indeed still pure and untouched, to curiosity at why this man cared to know. Above it all, though, I felt a cool calm wash over me. A relaxing, contented simplicity.

"I..." My mind hazed over, a dreamy smile forming on my lips. "Yes, I am."

"Good," Marco said, still smiling – though the warmth that'd been in the expression before was gone now. "I see a ring on your finger. Style choice, engaged, married?"

"Engaged," I answered.

"Even better," Marco stated, leaning back in his chair and looking up and down at my body. "Tell me everything."

I crouched down under my boss' desk. As he made important business calls, I took away his stress and annoyance with masterful application of my lips and mouth. After working in this office for half a year, I'd become an exceptionally skilled cock-sucker.

Every now and then, Marco would pat my head to let me know I was doing a good job. Sometimes, he'd grab a fist-full of my hair and used it as a leash to pull my face and mouth further down his cock.

"Sorry," the man said, speaking on the line with some executive from another company. "No can do, I'm busy this Saturday. Got a wedding to attend. Yes, my pretty little secretary. I know, it's a damned shame. Still, her tying the knot with some small-dicked loser has its perks. Yeah, yeah. Anyway, how's two weeks from now sound? Good, good. I'll have Mary jot it down on the calendar. See you then."

He hung up the call just as his cock began to convulse, spewing its white goodness down my throat in rhythmic floods.

"Damn," Marco breathed. "You've gotten really good at that."

"Thank you, sir," I muttered, his cock still in my mouth.

"Your fiance is a lucking man," Marco said, stopping to chuckle before continuing. "Or, I guess, maybe not so much."

He pulled his cock out of my mouth, stowed it back away in his pants. I climbed out from under the desk, walked over to my little corner of his private office. As Marco's secretary, there were a lot of jobs that I needed to do – so it was important I was always within a few feet of him at all times.

"Did you manage to convince you fiance to get a vasectomy yet?"

I shook my head, ashamed of myself for my failure.

"Not surprising," Marco sighed with a shake of his head. "You religious types are a pain in the ass when it comes to making children. You can hold off on fucking until marriage; but the moment there are rings on fingers, life is all about pumping out as many brats as you possibly can."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said quickly. "I'll try harder, convince Henry that a vasectomy will be good for him and-"

"No worries," Marco said, waving his hand to silence me. "No worries. I'll have a little chat with your soon-to-be husband myself. At the wedding. Make sure he sees the light."

"Thank you, sir."

Marco laughed.

"Don't go thanking me yet," he said. "Just because your precious Henry won't be knocking you up, doesn't mean you won't be having a whole slew of children. Now, get to work. There are several new calendar appointments for you to keep track of. Get to it, pet."

Henry carried me in his arms, a wide grin on his handsome face. He struggled for a moment to open the front door of our new home, and I couldn't help but giggle with excitement. When the door swung open and my new husband carried me up to the master bedroom where our marital bed awaited, it took everything I had in me not to start tearing my dress off while he held me in his strong arms.

Only when he placed me down on the king-sized bed, took a step back, did I finally begin removing my beautiful, white wedding dress.

"You look..." Henry began to say, eyes filled to the brim with love and affection.

"-Sexy as fuck," another man finished.

Marco, standing beside the bed in his formal suit, a wide grin on his face.

"Pull out your phone and start recording," he told my husband. "It's about time Mary here learned what taking a cock actually feels like. I bet she'll love it."

"Right," Henry nodded his head eagerly, reaching into his suit for his phone.

Marco climbed onto the bed with me, a wicked grin on his face.

"Six months I've been waiting for this, Mary," he told me, eyeing me up and down. "Six whole months. You better make it worth the wait, my pet. Or there'll be hell to pay."

"Yes, sir. I'll do my best!"

"Hey Henry," Marco called over his shoulder. "I'm about to pop your wife's cherry. How does that make you feel?"

"Happy," Henry answered eagerly, pointing his phone's camera at the two of us. "Thrilled, sir."

"Gotta love a cuckold," Marco chuckled. "To think, this morning he woke up not knowing who I was, fully believing it was going to be him who deflowered you, Mary. You should consider yourself lucky, cunt. If not for me, you'd have lost your virginity with *that* mess," he poked his thumb over his shoulder at Henry. "Instead, now you get to experience what a *real* man feels like."

"Yes sir," I said, pulling down the top of my wedding dress to expose my breasts.

"You want to become a mother, don't you Mary?" Marco asked me. "You want to get knocked up, right?"

"Yes sir," I answered.

"Then it's your lucky day. Let's put on a lovely show for your husband, shall we? Show him what his beautiful wife's orgasm face looks like..."

I placed a hand on my belly, enjoying the smooth roundness of it.

Eight months pregnant with my third child. Five whole years since the day I started working as secretary to Marco Farus. The best years of my life, so far.

I crouched under his desk, sucking his cock dry as he read documents and sipped coffee.

"You're going to be taking maternity leave once the brat is born, aren't you?" My boss asked, leaning back in his chair.

I hummed a quick 'yes'.

"No worries," Marco sighed. "There are plenty of other pussies around here I can use. Still, it'll suck not having you around to take care of my needs, Mary."

I kept sucking, wrapped my lips so tightly around Marco's shaft that I was half-surprised he didn't wince in pain. His hand gripped my head, held it in place as he slowly began thrusting his hips.

"Make sure you don't take too long off," he grunted. "Your bitch-boy husband can take care of the brats."

An electrical shiver shot up my spine. A pleasant tingle.

Henry was a stay-at-home Dad, already taking care of other two little ones. Handing him a third baby to look after while I was at work would be easy enough. Thanks to Marco, Henry even enjoyed staying at home and taking care of the kids; was over the moon about me getting knocked up again.

He was, of course, still a virgin.

I'd seen him masturbating a few times to my and Marco's recordings, and we slept in the same bed 'n' all, but not one time in the last five years had my husband ever tried making a move on me.

He knew he'd never compare to Marco, most likely.

And he was right.

When my boss pulled his cock out of my mouth, pushed away from his desk and stood up, I whined a soft complaint.

Marco chuckled.

"Calm down, you thirsty bitch," he laughed, pointed at a clock on the wall. "It's lunch time and I'm hungry. When I get back, you can resume sucking me off. Until then, stay here and play with yourself for me. And who knows, depending on what mood I'm in when I get back, I might even go ahead and fuck you too."

I beamed, instantly began toying with my body and pleasuring myself.

Marco laughed to himself, patted my head before he left for his lunch date.

By the time he got back, I was laying on the office floor in a pool of my own juices, lost in the throes of blissful, unending orgasm.