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*Breaking in
the Bride*

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by K.C. Ripley

Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Zach closed the door to the hotel room and turned to Tara. She stood by the bed in her simple, beautiful wedding dress, her blond hair framing her lovely face.

“Finally alone,” he said.

“Finally alone,” she said, smiling.

His hard-on was pushing up the front of his slacks. He was leaking already, but he didn’t care. He’d never been so horny in his life. He’d met Tara at the United Methodist Church, in adult Sunday School of all places. They’d gone for coffee, then a first date, then a second, until they’d gradually fallen in love. She had told him she was old-fashioned, and asked if they could wait until the wedding night. Zach didn’t think anybody actually did that anymore, but he loved her, so he waited, jacking off like a madman, thinking of her.

But finally, here they were. The wedding was small, the ceremony mercifully short. They’d decided to stay the night in the city, then fly to Jamaica the next day for a week. He loved her, but goddamn he planned to fuck her brains out all week, starting tonight.

“Are you going to just stand there,” Tara said, “or are you going to take your clothes off?”

He began to strip out of his tuxedo as fast as humanly possible. When he got down to his boxers, he looked up at her. She wasn’t undressing. “What about you?”

She giggled and bit her lip. “You first,” she said. “I know you’ve been waiting a long time, but you can wait a little bit longer, can’t you?”

He smiled as well, pulling off his boxers so that his dick sprung out, eager and ready.

“Good,” she said. She patted the chair by the window.

Zach furrowed his brow. “Don’t you want to get on the bed?”

“I have a little surprise for you,” she said. “Come on and sit down.”

As he sat in the chair, she unzipped her little blue carry-on bag and held up a pair of handcuffs.

“Whoa,” Zach said, his eyes growing wide. He would have settled for regular sex. In fact, if she’d just looked at his cock, he thought he was going to explode. She’d never given any indication that she was kinky, but his heart started to pound in his chest at the idea.

“Hands behind your back,” she said in a sing-song voice.

He reached his hands behind the back of the chair. She walked behind him and he felt the cold metal on his wrists and heard the clicking as she fastened them tight.

Then Tara pulled two wide black strips of fabric and got down in front of him on her knees. She secured his legs to the chair legs. The fabric strips apparently had Velcro, like ankle weights without the weights.

Zach laughed nervously. “What are you going to do with me?” he said.

She looked up at him from the floor, a strange expression on her face. He’d never seen her look that way before. Was it disgust? Indifference?

Tara reached up and thumped the head of his penis with her finger.

“Ow!” he said. “That hurt.”

She laughed a bitter little laugh. “I’m not going to do anything with you,” she said. “You’re going to watch.”

Again Tara went to her carry-on and pulled out a DVD. She waggled it in the air. “First, some movies to get us in the mood. Isn’t that what couples do?”

Zach felt a hard knot start to form in his stomach. At first this had been exciting. His cock was still rock hard, pulsing with every heartbeat. But Tara’s demeanor had shifted, not just sexy and playful, but something else. She seemed like a different person.

Tara turned on the TV and slid the DVD into the player. She sat on the bed next to Zach and they both watched.

The scene that flickered into view was grainy, like from a security or web cam. It was a bedroom. It was Zach’s bedroom. He

had a condo they had talked about moving into together until they bought a house. She had stayed over a couple of nights a week, and they had slept in his bed. Just slept. He'd felt her up, but she'd never let him into her panties. He'd fallen asleep frustrated most of the nights she stayed over.

"I put the camera in about a year ago," she said, giggling. "For special occasions."

Before Zach could ask what that meant, a man came into view. He was naked, and he got on the bed, lying down with his arms crossed behind his head.

"Oh my god," Zach said.

"Yeah," Tara said. "It's your best friend, Jim."

"He was our best man today," Zach said.

"He was a pretty good man that day, too," she said.

On the video, Jim's cock pointed straight up to the ceiling. Zach watched in horror as Tara appeared from the bottom of the screen, also naked, crawling across the bed toward his best friend.

Zach laughed nervously, shaking his head. "No," he said. "This is some kind of practical joke. Right?"

On the screen, Tara stopped with her head near Jim's cock. She bunched up her hair in her hand, then lowered her mouth over his dick. Zach didn't think the video had audio, but then he started to hear the slurping noises.

"Does it look like a joke?" Tara said. She reached over and grabbed his balls, giving him a fierce squeeze.

Zach doubled over and grunted with the pain. Tara got up and went back to the bag.

"What is this?" Zach said, gasping. "Why are you doing this?"

Tara held up a strap with a red rubber ball in the center of it. "Honey," she said, "we're just getting started." She walked behind him again. He knew what she meant to do, so he began to thrash his head around. She grabbed his hair with one hand and jammed the gag into his mouth. Then she fastened it quickly and went to sit on the bed again.

On the screen, her pretty blond head bobbed up and down furiously on Jim's cock. He had a content little smile on his face. Every once in a while, she would pull her mouth off and jack him with both hands. Then she would start again with her mouth. This didn't look like her first time.

Zach tried to talk through the gag, but only muffled noises came out.

"Shh," Tara said. "You don't need to talk anymore. Just watch. We're coming to the action shot."

A couple of minutes later, with Tara pumping his cock with both hands, Jim ejaculated, spraying his cum all over the sheets. Tara worked his cock until it his balls were empty, then crawled up to snuggle with him.

Tara looked over at the bedside clock. It was nearly eight. "Be right back," she said, picking up the ice bucket and leaving Zach gagged, cuffed, and strapped to the chair.

Zach watched as the video flickered, then showed the same room from the same angle, but now Tara was turned to face the camera, while riding Jim's cock. Zach had heard that particular position called "the reverse cowgirl," and he'd fantasized about how he would one day try it with Tara. But of course she'd already done it with Jim.

In the video, she was grinding away, just like a girl riding a bull. That didn't look like her first time, either. She clutched Jim's thighs with her painted nails and licked her lips as she pumped her ass up and down. Her nice round tits with their tiny nipples jiggled up and down with the rhythm.

Zach thought he was going to be sick. He looked down at his traitorous cock, still stiff with the promise of pussy. But he felt like he was going to throw up. With the gag in his mouth, that would be disastrous, so he breathed deeply and tried to keep from looking at the screen. It was no use, though. His eyes kept drifting back, and each time he saw some new indignity. Tara, running her fingers through her own hair, her eyes closed. Tara, rubbing her own tits, pinching the nipples. Tara, reaching down to fondle Jim's balls.

The door opened, and in she came with the ice bucket. She walked over and looked down at his cock. "Two whole years you've been waiting for this night, haven't you?" She dumped the entire bucket on his crotch. Zach hissed at the torrent of cold.

"What a fucking idiot," she said, returning to her bag. This time she took out a small device he couldn't make out. He only caught the glint of metal. The melting ice was pooling under his crotch, making the chair wet.

She knelt before him again, reached out and squeezed his balls. What was left of his erection wilted. She reached out with the device, a series of concentric stainless steel rings, and slid them over his shriveled cock. She snapped a little lock closed at the base, then held a necklace up in front of his face. A little silver key dangled from it.

"See this, asshole? You waited two years, and guess what? You're going to wait a while longer. Just how long depends on how I feel." She snorted a laugh. "Hell, I may never let you out at all."

Zach cried out against the gag, a single word that was easy enough to make out, even muffled. Why?

She hung the chain around her neck, the key dangling between her breasts. "Because you're a weak piece of shit, Zach. I knew you were the perfect husband the minute I laid eyes on. You could file for divorce the minute I let you loose. But you won't, and you know why? Because you're a pathetic fucking loser. You wanted this. You just didn't know it, yet."

A knock came at the door.

"Ooh," Tara said, her eyes widening. "Our first guest."

Zach was still trying to take in what she'd just said about him wanting this. Was it true? Then the shock that someone else was coming into the room interrupted those thoughts. He bucked against the restraints, but couldn't move an inch.

Tara went to the door and opened it. Zach watched on in horror. Was it Jim? Were they going to reenact the video in front of him?

"Hi, Pastor Gary," Tara said.

Pastor Gary? He'd just married the two of them. Zach's first thought was horrible embarrassment at his Pastor seeing him like this. Then he felt a glimmer of hope at the idea that Pastor Gary might stop this lunacy and help him free.

The Pastor stepped into the room. He'd changed out of his official black clothing into jeans and a T-shirt. He was in his forties, a tall man with dark hair and a little gray at the sides. He had a handsome face. A face you could trust.

Tara shut the door behind him, and Pastor Gary stepped into the room. "Oh my," he said, looking down at Zach, tied to the chair with a little cage on his balls. "Isn't this exciting?"

Zach's heart sank. His eyes pleaded with Pastor Gary, and once more he bucked against the cuffs and straps.

"Yes, I know," Pastor Gary said. "This afternoon I said all those things about love and commitment. But you have to understand, Zachary. Your fiancée, I mean, your wife, well...she's just got the sweetest little pussy."

Zach slumped in his chair, letting out a thin, whining cry.

Pastor Gary turned to Tara and unzipped his jeans. "We going to do this just like in my office?"

Tara reached back and unzipped her dress. "We can do that other thing you wanted, Pastor," she said. "After all, tonight is special." She let her dress fall, revealing no bra or underpants. Her nipples perked up in the cool air of the room. Her soft, light brown bush almost glowed by the light of the room's lamp.

"That's wonderful, child," Pastor Gary said. "Go on and get your ass up on the bed."

She climbed up on the bed on all fours, her ass facing him. Pastor Gary spit on his hand, then used it to lube up his cock. Then Zach watched, incredulous, as the spiritual leader of his church and the man who just married him to Tara guided his dick into Zach's new wife's asshole.

"Mmm," she said. "You like that, Pastor?"

"Shut your little whore mouth," Pastor Gary said. "Just put your head down and bite the sheets and take it like a good little slut."

Tara put her head down, tilting her ass higher. She did as she was told and bit a mouthful of the sheets, watching Zach the whole time.

Pastor Gary fucked her up the ass for a long time, slapping both cheeks from time to time, but never losing rhythm. Finally he stopped, clenching his own ass cheeks, raising his face to the ceiling, and shuddering.

Zach let out another whimper. Pastor Gary had just unloaded in Tara's ass. The Pastor pulled out, giving Tara one last smack. He pulled up his jeans, and as he buckled his belt, he leaned closer to Zach.

"Her asshole is pretty sweet, too," he whispered. He patted Zach on the back and headed for the door. Tara climbed out of the bed and walked him to the door. Zach saw a shiny streak as a slick trail of cum slid down the back of her thigh.

He looked away, back at the TV, which was still playing. That was a mistake.

God, he didn't think it could get any worse, but there on the screen, in his bed, was his dad. He had Tara on her back, holding her legs up in a V by her ankles. She was holding onto the headboard as Zach's father pounded the shit out of her.

Tara closed the hotel door and walked back to sit on the bed. "Ooh, daddy time," she said, clapping her hands together. "You know, Zach, the way he fucked me, I'm guessing he and your mom haven't been doing it much."

Zach watched as his dad ratcheted up the pace, then came, dropping on the sheets beside her. His wet dick lolled against his thigh, and Tara ran her fingers up her pussy, looked directly into the camera, and licked them clean.

"Men really are disgusting little pieces of shit," Tara said. "Fucking just about everyone you knew was easy, really. You just dangle a little slice of pussy in front of them, and all sense of friendship and loyalty go right out the door. Pathetic."

She got up and went to the bag again. He wondered what new torture was coming, but this time she actually pulled out some

clothes. She put on a short pink dress and slid into a pair of high heels. Then she began fixing up her hair and makeup.

"I'm heading down to the hotel bar now. Pastor Gary's butt fuck was a nice little starter. But that was for your benefit. It's my wedding night, and my pussy is hungry for some nice, fat cock. I'm going to give you a taste of what Jamaica is going to be like, of what our new marriage is going to be like."

She put on a fresh coat of sparkling pink lipstick, then leaned down to kiss his cheek. As she did, she grabbed his balls and twisted hard. Pain bloomed up into his belly. He squirmed in his chair and screamed into the gag, tears streaming down either side of his face.

"I'll be back soon," Tara said. "In the meantime, keep enjoying the show." She nodded at the TV.

Zach didn't want to see anymore, but he couldn't help it. After she left, he opened his eyes and watched his little brother Pete titty fuck Tara and jettison spunk all over her face.

Just as he was finishing, the hotel door clicked and opened, and Tara was back, holding hands with a huge black man.

"Look who I found," she said. "His name is Andre."

Andre shuffled into the room, a huge, muscled guy in a muscle shirt and jeans. He was shaved bald, a little sprig of black hair on his chin. His eyes grew wide when he saw Zach.

"This the fucked up little pervert you told me about?" he said. His voice was higher than Zach would have imagined.

"Yeah," Tara said. "He likes to watch." She turned the TV off. "Enough of that."

"He your husband?"

"Yeah."

"How long ya'll been married?"

Tara looked at the bedside clock. "I don't know. Seven hours or so."

Andre laughed and shook his head. "Damn, you one crazy bitch."

She pulled her dress off over her head. She hadn't bothered putting on underwear, so her tits bounced free out of the dress. She still had her heels on. "You want to talk about him and me all night," she said, "or you want to dip that dick into some sweet white pussy?"

He shook his head and snorted another laugh. Then he picked her up and tossed her on the bed like a rag doll. He pulled off his shirt, revealing rippled muscles, then dropped his jeans. He wore red bikini briefs, his massive cock already flopped out of one side. He tore them off, then crawled on top of Tara.

Andre grabbed each of Tara's ass cheeks in each hand and thrust himself into her, letting out a triumphant growl. Tara winced as he pushed inside her, then her face softened, her mouth forming into an O. She kept her eyes closed as Andre savaged her. His dick pumped in and out like a brutal piece of machinery. Juices soaked the sheets.

Zach looked down at his own dick, locked up in cold metal rings. He cried, the tears rolling down his cheeks. He sniffled, taking deep breaths through his nose.

Andre looked over his shoulder at Zach, but kept pumping away with the same ferocity. "Motherfucker's crying," he said.

Tara sat up on her elbows, looked at Zach too, and smiled. "That's because he's a limp-dick little pussy," she said. "Hey Zach, did you think this would be you tonight, riding me? Why the fuck would I ever let you put that nasty little white worm inside me when I can get a man like Andre here to fill my pussy with real meat?"

Zach just kept crying and sniffing. Tara laughed and leaned back down.

"Hey dickless," Andre said. "I'm about to finish off on your lady's tits, and guess who's gonna clean that shit up?" He smiled wide and kept on jamming it home.

Then Andre started to make a low moaning noise, building up. Zach thought he might slow down toward the end, but instead he picked up the pace, smashing into Tara, making flesh across her whole body ripple with each blow.

He pulled out, grabbed his cock, pointed it toward her chest, and pumped at the same pace he fucked. Then he let out a grunt and a gasp, and snow white cream fountained all over Tara's tits and neck. There was so much, Zach heard a plopping noise as the first volley smacked her skin. Then it just kept coming, long, hard spurts coating her chest.

Tara giggled and moved to touch it, but Andre grabbed her hands. "Don't touch it. Loverboy here gets to lick it all off you."

Andre got off the bed and unbuckled Zach's gag.

"I'm not going to—" Zach started.

Andre slapped him across the face. "Oh, you gonna eat it, all right, motherfucker. Every last drop. Honey, get over here."

Tara got up from the bed and sat in Zach's lap, facing him. Andre stood behind him, twisting his wrist. "Eat it, motherfucker."

Zach cried out as Andre twisted his wrist, then he leaned in to Tara's chest and licked a thick gob of white cum up into his mouth.

"Good," Andre said. "Nice. Get it all."

"And make some noise," Tara said. "Let me hear how much you like it."

Zach had lost everything. He didn't know who he was anymore. He stuck out his tongue and lapped up mouthfuls of warm spunk, slurping and smacking. Tara put her hands on his shoulders and giggled with every swallow.

"One last drop," Andre said, pointing to a patch on her ribcage. Zach leaned over and licked it up.

"Didn't think you could go any lower, did you?" Tara said, jiggling her freshly-licked tits in his face.

"I can't," Zach whispered.

She laughed. "Don't worry, dipshit. I'm sure we can find some way to make things worse for you."

Tara climbed out his lap, shoving her knee down on his balls as she did. He doubled over, grunting.

"Whoops," she said. Then she helped Andre dress and walked him to the door.

“Catch you later, dickless,” Andre said. He gave Tara a long, wet kiss and squeezed her ass one last time. Red hand marks stood out on both her ass cheeks. “Call me anytime.”

“When we get back from our honeymoon,” Tara said. “We’ll have you over.”

She closed the door after him and went back to sit on the bed naked. She curled her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them.

“Finally alone,” she said.

He snorted. “Finally alone.”

She took the chain with the key from around her neck and unlocked his cage, freeing him.

“After all this,” she said. “Everything I’ve put you through, the very least I can do is get you off. Don’t you think?”

“I don’t know what to think anymore,” Zach said.

“Well,” she said, spitting in her hand and stroking him, “just try not to think at all for a few minutes.”

It did feel good. He got hard almost instantly, despite everything. She slid her soft fingers up and down his shaft, and the relief of the blood entering his cock felt glorious.

“You think you can handle being my cuck bitch?” she asked, getting on her knees and looking up into his eyes.

“I don’t know,” Zach said.

She smiled. “You know.” She picked up the pace as she stroked. “You like watching me get fucked, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he admitted. “I wanted to make love to you myself, though.”

She giggled. “Sorry, dumbass. This little pecker is never getting inside me. I need real cock, and this just ain’t it.”

Zach felt a glow rising up from his balls. He closed his eyes and tightened his body.

“You about to blow?” she said.

“Yes,” he said. “Oh yes.”

He was on the edge of ecstasy, just about to explode. Then she stopped.

He looked down. "No!" His dick bobbed helplessly, yearning for her fingers to finish what they started. Instead, she giggled again, then punched his balls.

Zach doubled over, nearly throwing up in his own lap. The pain surged all the way up through his stomach to the center of his chest.

Tara slapped him across the face, the blow ringing in his ears. "Don't pass out on me, dipshit. We've got a long night ahead of us."

She got up and began to dance in front of him, slowly waving her ass in front of his gasping face, pushing it near his aching crotch. "Having fun yet, Zach?" she giggled. "Is your wedding night everything you thought it would be?"

She turned to him and squeezed her own tits in front of his face. "You're goddamn pathetic," she said. "But you've got a good job working for your dad. He knows how to fuck, by the way. And you've got enough money to take care of me and any babies I want to have. You want to have babies, don't you? Maybe some little cocoa ones?"

Zach just groaned.

Tara got back down on her knees, took his cock back up in her soft hands, and started all over again.

"Guess what?" she said. "We're gonna do this all night long."

She let him out in the morning. He was docile as a little lamb. His balls felt like two tender little grapes that someone had laid out on a piece of wood and smashed over and over with a mallet. She had brought him to the edge last night, over and over, and never once let him enjoy the relief of sweet release. He would have cried again, but he was too exhausted.

She pecked him on the lips. "Good morning, husband."

"Good morning," he said. "Wife."

"Get dressed," she said. "Hurry up or we'll miss our boat."

Jamaica. Was the whole trip going to be like this? The whole marriage?

“Yes, honey,” he said, heading for the shower. He looked down and realized at some point after teasing his dick over and over, she had fastened the metal cage back on.

“No jacking off in the shower,” she said, laughing. She pulled a yellow sun dress over her head, no bra, no panties. The image of her naked body, her ass bruised from being manhandled, seared into his head.

No doubt she would fuck other men on the boat, and again at the hotel where they were staying. But she was right. Some part of him deep down wanted this, even expected it.

She was his wife, for better or for worse, till death do us part.

“I love you,” he said, standing in the bathroom doorway.

“No shit,” Tara said, sliding on her heels. “Now hurry the fuck up. We have a boat to catch.”