



# CUCKED BY THE WEDDING PLANNER

EXTREME CUCKOLDRY, FEMDOM  
& HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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## WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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## OVERSTEPPING THE BOUNDARY.



**B**ill and Stephanie got engaged between tears of happiness and the clapping of onlookers. The man took his girlfriend to the spot where they met and waited for the sunset to propose. It was Stephanie's favourite place during her favourite time of the day. It couldn't go wrong.

They had been dating for almost five years, and they had been living together for two of those. It was meant to be, as everyone who knew them said. Even their families got along, which is rare nowadays.

The wedding was going to be glorious: eccentric and delicious food, live music with the best musicians they could get, expensive and colourful flowers; everything was going to be over the top. Bill and Stephanie wanted a beautiful wedding with many people, the kind of event that everyone would be talking about for days to come.



Bill convinced Stephanie that, even though she was perfectly capable of doing anything she set her mind to, they should hire a wedding planner to take care of everything. It's easier to miss details or mess things up if you're the one getting married and also planning the wedding, so the suggestion

made sense. The woman agreed, and they shopped online for a while but ultimately decided on an option that came from a personal recommendation. One of Stephanie's friends got married the previous year, and she had used Mr. Rogers as her wedding planner.



Lionel Rogers was a hunk. The man was taller than Bill and towered over Stephanie. His piercing eyes, black as the night, complimented his short hair that was almost as black. His athletic but not bulky build gave him a finesse and attractiveness that you wouldn't usually find in men in his business. He was an exclusive wedding planner with a track record of setting up the best events in the city.

Bill had to admit to himself that he was a little intimidated by Mr. Rogers when they met for the first time. Okay, more than just a little. Lionel Rogers was a piece of art sculpted by the gods themselves, with an iron jaw and charisma that exuded through his pores, making all the women that came in contact with him do a double-take.

Stephanie seemed excited to talk to him once they met, but Bill attributed it to the excitement coming from the fact that the time for the wedding drew closer. It was going to be their big day.

"Thank you for seeing us with such short notice," said Bill.

"Not a problem. When you guys told me how important this event was for you, I couldn't say no. Many couples treat their wedding as an opportunity to party and not as the once in a lifetime celebration that it should be."

Stephanie nodded enthusiastically. Her brown eyes had subtle bags under them from not sleeping, and her long hair that got to the middle of her back shook along with her head. Rogers looked up and down her petite body, appreciating the accentuated curves hidden by her outfit. He wasn't fooled by the clothes one or two sizes too big; he noticed her voluptuous chest and wide hips.

“I know!” said Stephanie. “Look, the only thing that we care about is that this will be the best day in our lives, and we want the celebration to be grand to reflect that.”

“Consider it done,” said Rogers, offering them a warm smile.

They shook hands, and the deal was done. The couple went back home, and they talked about the upcoming wedding and some random nonsense while in the car, riding back home. Bill wondered what Stephanie thought about Rogers, but he didn’t want to risk her saying that he was really handsome or something along those lines. He felt a little insecure about it, so he didn’t bring it up at all.



Bill pushed everything to the back of his mind until it was time to meet the wedding planner again. The meetings were set to happen once a week, or more if something came up, since everyone involved was on the same page about having an unforgettable event.

Little did Bill know that there would be another kind of unforgettable event in the near future.

They met at Rogers’ office for their first scheduled meeting. The couple briefly explained what kind of food, entertainment, and general aesthetic wanted, while Rogers nodded and took notes. He was a perfectionist, so he made sure to write everything down so he wouldn’t forget. You could see the cogs in his brain turning, picturing how he would do everything to get the desired results.

While looking at the man working, Bill didn’t notice that Stephanie was also looking at Rogers, but with a different light in her eyes. She checked him out, admiring his physique: his handsome face, chest, arms; everything was out of this world. The woman kept the admiration to herself, and she snapped back to reality when Rogers finished taking notes and meditating about them.

“We’re good to go for today. I have everything I need, and I can get to work right away.”

“Thank you,” said Stephanie.

“It’s my pleasure.”



On the way home, Bill couldn’t shake a feeling building up inside him. There was a particular inflection in how Rogers said “pleasure” that didn’t sit well with him. He didn’t see the way his soon-to-be wife admired the wedding planner, or that strange feeling would have been cemented in his gut.

He pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind once again as they both returned to their everyday lives. Yes, they would be married soon, but they both had responsibilities to attend to, which is one of the reasons why they hired Rogers. Bill’s work was more demanding, and he often had to spend more hours than he would like at the office. On the other hand, Stephanie had a more relaxed work situation that allowed her to work most of the days remotely and only show up there for important meetings.

The couple constantly texted, sending each other funny pictures and jokes, which made the workday bearable for both of them, but more so for Bill, given the hours spent at the office. He didn’t like knowing that his fiancée had to be home alone most of the time, but that’s the way it was. Maybe asking his boss for a similar arrangement so he could spend more time at home would be in order. Unlikely to happen, but you never know.



The first meeting with Rogers was at his office the following weekend. The couple arrived early, but the wedding planner was ready to see them, so they went ahead.

“Stephanie, it’s great to see you. Bill, you as well. How have you been?”

Why did he address her first? He was the one paying for most of the wedding, although she was the bride, and it was a bigger deal for her. Maybe he was overthinking.

“We’re great, thank you for asking,” said Stephanie. “Sorry for getting here earlier than scheduled.”

“Oh, don’t worry. Anything for you.”

Bill’s cogs turned in his brain again. Did he mean “you” as in just Stephanie or both of them? Either way, he wasn’t comfortable with how things were going. Rogers had too much charisma.

“You’re too sweet,” said the woman. “What do you have for me?”

Rogers explained his progress since they last saw each other when he agreed to plan their wedding. He had a few options for the catering and the flower arrangements, and they went through the estimates together. Bill was surprised by how quickly he managed to get those options, but it made sense if he was in the business. Even so, he was impressed. The food looked amazing, and the flowers were lovely.

“The pictures don’t make everything justice,” said Rogers. “You’ll be amazed once you try some and see some in person.”

“When can we do that?” asked Bill.

“It’s still too early for that. We need to narrow it down to a couple of options before we can arrange a meeting.”

“That’s wonderful,” said Stephanie.

Her smile looked different. Bill knew that she had a kind and inviting smile, but there was something else mixed in it, and she looked at Rogers differently. She wasn’t wearing her professional face that day, and she was one to hardly ever drop her guard. He once again pushed those thoughts away to focus on the wedding, and she never gave him a reason to suspect that she would be interested in another man. Rogers wasn’t just “another man,” and Bill knew it, which made him nervous.

He gave her the benefit of the doubt and didn't bring it up. He eventually deemed it less important as time passed, and he got used to seeing Rogers and his perfect smile every other week for updates and consulting.



Another worrisome development hit Bill one day. Stephanie called him at work, which was a bit unusual because that was for emergencies only.

“Hey, I’m going to meet up with Rogers to see some stuff. I’m just letting you know in case you can leave work early.”

“Sorry, baby. I’m swamped with work today,” Bill got curious. “Why do you need to meet him? Our appointment isn’t until next week.”

“There’s an event in town just for today with florists from nearby cities, and he said that we should go check it out.”

That didn’t sit well with Bill, but he didn’t want to sound paranoid.

“Okay, let me know how it goes.”

“Thank you. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

He went back to work, but he paced back and forth in his office for a few minutes after the call ended. “It’s for the wedding,” he told himself and got back to work.



After that day, more unplanned meetings happened between Stephanie and Rogers, and she always had a good reason for them. It would make him sound like a crazy possessive man if he brought it up, so he didn’t. Everything continued as usual until one day when Stephanie had to go to a work event during her day off. Bill thought it was strange, but he didn’t think more of it until she returned hours later.

She looked a complete mess.

Her hair was all over the place, her makeup was smudged, her dress was visibly wrinkled and twisted, and she smelled of a man's cologne—one that wasn't his own.

She dismissed him and took a shower, telling him how the work event went when she came out. The woman seemed strangely happy, and he picked up on it. He was going to lose his mind but didn't have it in him to confront her.



The next day he figured that he needed to be home more often, once and for all. With that kind of flexibility, maybe he would be able to go with her to those unscheduled Rogers visits. That was the perfect day to ask his boss about the new arrangement that he had in mind. He gathered all his courage and went to knock on his door.

“Come in.”

“Hi, thanks for seeing me, Jack.”

“No problem. What can I do for you?”

Jack was a middle-aged man with a severe face that hid a heart of gold. He was one of the few good bosses left in this world, but Bill was still nervous since nobody else in his company worked remotely. He wasn't sure if he'd get a positive response, but it was too late to back down.

“Listen, with my wedding coming up and everything-”

“Congratulations, by the way.”

“Thank you. Your invitation will be delivered as soon as they're ready.”

“I appreciate it.”

Bill locked his fingers over his lap and continued.

“As I was saying, with everything coming up, I wanted to spend more time at home.”

“Okay. Do you need some time off?”

“No, not quite. I wanted to ask you if it would be possible for me to work from home, at least for a portion of every week.”

He regretted not being more assertive, but it was out there now, in Jack’s court.

“Mhm, I see. Do you think that you’d be able to work with the same standards that you have here?” asked Jack.

“Absolutely. You know me, I’d do my best to keep the clients happy, just like I do here.”

The middle-aged man reclined in his seat and looked at the ceiling, thinking.

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you a chance, but you have to prove to me that you can do it. It’ll be a two-week trial, and then you’ll come back, and we’ll reassess. How does it sound?”

“That sounds perfect!” Bill’s face lit up, which got a chuckle from his boss.

“Perfect. I’ll see you then. Give my best to Stephanie.”

“I’ll do that. Thanks again.”

Bill left Jack’s office beaming with happiness. He wanted to skip away, but there were too many sets of eyes around, and he didn’t want to make people think that he got a raise or something similar.



Bill went back to his office. He took his phone out to let Stephanie know about the good news, but he stopped midway and sent a funny picture instead. He figured that he would deliver the news in person for greater impact. Bill left the building and hopped on his car, driving towards home.

He sang along to the music and smiled at other vehicles. Thankfully, everything was stored online nowadays, so he could leave work early and continue at home as soon as the updated credentials from IT came through.

His phone vibrated with IT's email as he pulled up to his driveway. A familiar car was parked nearby, but he couldn't pinpoint where he had seen it before, but it wasn't from around there. He shrugged, deciding that it wasn't important, and went into his house.

The living room, kitchen, and Stephanie's office were empty. "She must be taking a shower," he thought. His thoughts went in a different direction as he walked up the stairs and heard something that chilled him to the bone. Moans were coming from his room, and they kept getting louder with every step he took. His bed was creaking too, which didn't happen when his wife masturbated, and she usually didn't do it at that time of the day anyway. Despair and several different feelings mixed in his gut as he opened the door.

The woman who would soon be his wife was on their bed, with her legs spread, and another man on top of her.

To make things worse on what was already the worst day of his life, she was wearing her wedding dress. Even though the man on top of her had his back turned to the door and no clothes on, he quickly recognised him: it was Lionel Rogers.

Rogers was on top of Stephanie, fucking her like there was no tomorrow. In and out, in and out like a piston, he was relentless. She moaned in a way that Bill was never able to provoke before. The handsome wedding planner thrust his thick cock in and out her tight pussy while he licked her nipples. He took turns between kissing them and biting them, getting higher pitched moans when the latter occurred.

The sound of their bodies hitting each other with every thrust filled the room, along with her moans. Bill couldn't do anything but stand there, helpless, watching as Rogers fucked his future wife.

Lionel and Stephanie looked at each other between moans and gasps and shared a passionate kiss. If anyone saw them, they would think that they were the couple about to get married. She reached for his hand, and they interlocked their fingers while his cock was inside of her, and her hips moved to the rhythm of their lust. He hit her insides roughly and lovingly at the same time. The sexual tension between them had gone for way too long before they finally realised it on that day, on that bed. Their hands explored their bodies to their heart's content.

Stephanie buried her nails into his back, leaving red marks from the scratches. No blood was drawn, but it was painful enough to make him wince, but it added to his pleasure. His thick cock throbbed inside her tight pussy as she grabbed the bedsheets for leverage. She was being ravaged in a way that she wasn't sure that her body would resist, but at the same time, she wanted it to go on forever. Her hard nipples twitched under the man's tongue as he swirled it on them, sucking on them as well.

“Don't stop. Fuck me harder. HARDER!”

Her words were a second wound in his heart. The woman she loved so much was cheating on him with the much more handsome man they met recently. His cock was bigger and his girth more significant, filling her up in ways that he would never be able to pull off. They kissed, and their tongues played sloppily and loudly. He playfully bit her lower lip, making her squeeze her thighs against his sides.

“I'm going to cum soon, oh yeahhhhhh” she moaned.

He smiled and picked up the pace. He hadn't turned back once, but he knew that Bill was witnessing everything; the door being opened and the footsteps as he walked in were enough for him to know. Good, he could watch as he defiled his fiancée. Rogers' irresistible charm had gotten him into that position, and he was the kind of man that wouldn't leave business unfinished. He caressed her whole body with his big hands as the big moment drew closer for both of them. He squeezed and rubbed her sides, thighs, and hips before going back to massaging her tits and flicking her nipples. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out, but her body moved erratically, shaking all over.

“Stephanie...” muttered Bill.

The woman’s orgasm filled her body with an ecstasy of the highest degree. She came while in her wedding dress, getting fucked by the gorgeous wedding planner while her husband watched, a bizarre combination that sparked something inside of her that overwhelmed her senses. Rogers grabbed her ass cheeks and groped them with force, elevating the orgasm to something greater. Her mind was blank while her pussy constricted the man’s cock, sending him over the edge as well. She was in the middle of her orgasm when he came inside of her, filling her pussy with his semen to the point that it spilled on the bed, a bed that belonged to the couple that would get married in the following weeks but was defiled by another man.

Lionel took his cock out from an exhausted but smiling Stephanie with cum dripping from the head. Those remnants of cum got on the wedding dress, staining it forever. There was no coming back from that; the dress was marked by him and would always be. To make things worse, he took the dress and wiped his cock clean with it, which made Stephanie giggle. She hadn’t recovered from the intense orgasm and was working on catching her breath, but she couldn’t help but stare at his cock as it got soft, wanting it inside of her as soon as possible.

She looked at her husband, who was dead inside, and his blank face reflected that, and then back to Rogers. The wedding planner leaned in and gave her another kiss on the lips before getting up from the bed. He took his clothes, scattered around the floor, and slowly put them on. She reached for her pussy with her index finger and took a bit of semen from it before putting the whole finger in her mouth and sucking it clean. She needed to taste it, and it was terrific, much better than her husband’s cum.

The wedding planner looked at Bill and nodded as he walked out of the room. He left the house in the familiar car that was parked nearby, but Bill couldn’t identify. He was left there, standing without knowing what to say, as the beautiful woman in the wedding dress got up and hopped in the shower. He sat on his bed and covered his face with his hands.

Rogers, the man that was supposed to plan their wedding, had just fucked her fiancée in front of him.



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*For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)*

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

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*Eat My Faeces To Live.: Toilet Slavery, Ass Worship, Hostage Humiliation, Punishment.*

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*You Are Her Slave 6*

*You Are Her Slave 5*

*You Are Her Slave 4*

*You Are Her Slave 3*

*You Are Her Slave 2*

*You Are Her Slave*

*Fun In The Bathroom : Scat/Toilet Slavery, Toilet Play, Femdom*

*Open Wide, It's Coming Out!*

*Your Meals Come From My Ass!*

*Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery*

*Daniel's Dreadful Day: Part 1*

*Smelly Our Stinky Farts*

*I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry*

*Foot Worship At The Movies Part 1*

*Open Wide Boy, Its Coming!.: (Scat, Toilet Slave, Femdom)*

*Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!*

*So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday*

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