
The King's Right
Her Day, Her Way
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Foreword

The right of the first night—also known as droit du seigneur (the lord's right)—is an ancient tradition where a feudal lord or king had the right to take the virginity of a bride before her husband. There are various legal and traditional arguments for this right, but the most logical one is the one most often ignored, that the bride desires another man besides her husband because her marriage will end her dalliances with other men…

Share Three

Chapter Five

NO ONE NOTICED THE ADDITION OF MR. KING TO THE GUEST LIST. He brought a female companion with him, but Jenn didn't have enough time to worry about some other woman on her day.

It wasn't a fairytale wedding. Jenn, if nothing else, was an adult and had no preconceived notions about weddings and marriage. She wasn't a coddled princess and she was proud of that.

It was a nice wedding that didn't waste time or money on frivolities. When it ended in the early evening, after having started at noon, Jenn found she was semi-exhausted but also energized. She also realized as the guests departed and she found herself heading up to her hotel room, that she was married and that she was going to have sex shortly.

She wasn't going to have sex with her new husband.

"Nervous?" Kevin asked her. He was standing next to her in the elevator, holding her hand. Only after he asked the question did Jenn realize she was trembling.

"Should I be?" she asked, nervously, and then giggled at her over-obvious question. Kevin had been a trooper for the past month, getting used to wearing his chastity cage all day and night (except for when she took it off him for a cleaning, but never giving him the chance to masturbate or get any sexual relief). From the gleam in his eyes she knew that he was looking forward to the evening as much as she was, but she didn't know why exactly. Was he eager to see her fucked by another man or was he eager to get out of his cage and actual fuck her for the first time in a month?

Jenn considered herself a completely normal, healthy woman who was just really horny. She had good reason to be really horny; she hadn't had Kevin's cock for a month. She hadn't had any cock for a month, just her hand and vibrator, and that wasn't enough for a real woman like herself. Tonight was going to be thrilling no matter what happened.

"Not necessarily," he answered her and leaned over to kiss her lightly on the lips. The kiss he had given her at the end of the marriage ceremony had been more passionate and intimate, if one could call a kiss in front of eighty people to be intimate. For a moment Jenn thought that maybe Kevin wasn't so much into the

game they had been planning for months, but then she realized that he was keeping himself under control so he wouldn't get hard—or rather, try to get hard—inside his cage. "But are you nervous?"

"A little. I've never done this before." She kept her eyes on the elevator's display as it steadily climbed.

Kevin smiled and kissed her cheek. "Never had sex before?"

She laughed lightly. "No…"

He kissed the side of her neck. "Never had sex as a married woman before?"

"No, well…yes. I'm a newlywed." She laughed as he gently pushed aside the shoulder strap to her gown and kissed her bare shoulder.

"Never cheated on your husband before?" He kissed her shoulder again and she wondered how far he would go in the elevator, but then the chime rang and the door opened. Hurriedly she pushed the strap back into place and she gave him an answer.

"I've cheated on you before," she said boldly, but he already knew that. "And I'm going to do it again." She purposefully walked out of the elevator and headed toward their room. Kevin followed closely behind and she knew that he wanted this as much as she did—they had made a personal and financial commitment. It was too late to back out, but of course they could have and that was part of the thrill as well. Everything they were doing was voluntary and that made it more exciting.

It would have been perfect if Mr. King was waiting in the room for them, but he wasn't. Once they were inside Jenn sent a text message to the number that Theresa had given her and they waited expectantly.

"How long?" Kevin asked after a minute.

"No reply yet," Jenn said, staring at the phone in her hand. She didn't know if she wanted to wait an hour or have it over and done with right now. She realized, without embarrassment and with some pride, that her white silk panties were already damp between her legs. She had chosen a simple wedding dress, no frills or bows or lace, just a plain and simple white silk dress. Everyone, including her

judgmental sister, knew the white was a lie, but how many women in modern America get married as virgins? It was the one tradition that Jenn followed in her wedding. Everything else was just silly. “Terri said he’ll text back as soon as he’s ready. You saw him at the reception?”

“Yes. Of course. Pretty girl he had with him.”

“Woman,” she corrected him. “And I’m glad you noticed her.”

“Riiiight. Did you know he was bringing a date?”

“No. But it doesn’t matter.”

“Do you think he’s fucking her out in his car right now?”

“Of course no,” she snapped at him, and then grinned. “He’s got his own room in the hotel, Terri told me. If anything, he’s showing class and is fucking her there.”

“What if he is?” Kevin asked, removing the bow tie from his shirt and sheading the tuxedo jacket, tossing it over the back of a desk chair. “Then he won’t be able to get it up and fuck you. Would you be disappointed?”

“No,” she lied and right away Kevin knew that she was lying. “Yes,” she corrected herself. “Is that fucked up? That I’m looking forward to getting fucked by someone other than my husband on my wedding night?” She went to him, put her arms around his neck, and kissed hm.

“Yes,” he answered. “It is fucked up. But I think we’re both looking forward to it, aren’t we?”

She sighed. Her chest was tight and the stomach clenched when she thought too much about what all of this meant to her…and what the repercussions would be if her family found out.

“I’m too nervous to—” Before she could finish her statement the phone buzzed in her hand. She looked at the message and stared at it for a minute while Kevin pestered her.

“What does it say, hon?”

“He’s going to be here in a minute.”

“Any instructions?”

That was the surprising part. Jenn had anticipated all sorts of instructions for her appearance and behavior, but the extent of the text message was: I’ll be there in a minute.

“No.” Her knees were weak and she looked to her new husband for help and inspiration. He was just grinning at her. Kevin had completely given himself over to the moment and couldn’t wait to see his wife fucked—and his eventual release from chastity.

“You okay?” Kevin asked her.

“No.”

Before the conversation could go any further there was a polite knock on the door.

“Ready?” Kevin now asked as he headed to the door. He was eager to see this event play out and Jenn then realized she had no say in the matter. It was all said and done at this point; the motions just had to be performed.

Upon opening the door Kevin said, “Mr. King?”

“Good to meet you at last, Kevin,” said the middle-aged man outside the door.

“Come in. You and…your guest.” Kevin ushered them inside the room with an expansive sweep of his arm. He felt a bit like a flesh-peddler, selling his wife for another’s pleasure and he liked the feeling.

“Oh. Excuse me,” said Mr. King. “This is Miss Thalia, my companion.” Thalia just nodded. Her dress was formal, as was her expression and hair. Everything about her said business. While she was very pretty nothing about her said sexual availability. Obviously the woman with the severe expression was there for some other purpose.

“Hello.” Kevin extended his hand. Thalia shook it as if completing the gesture was a requirement of her job.

Thalia said nothing in reply and only nodded. Her eyes went to Jenn who was standing on the other side of the room. Mr. King's eyes followed hers. "Ah. The lady of the evening," he said, a small smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. He would have laughed at his own joke but knew from experience that doing so often upset the women he was to have sex with.

Jenn barely heard his words. She was pleased with his appearance after only seeing him at a distance for the reception. Middle-aged, but not showing much of his age, black hair just starting to gray at the temples, and tall enough to be impressive, but not intimidating. Already prepared for what was about to happen, Jenn made the quick decision that fucking Mr. King wasn't going to be a difficult prospect at all.

"How do you want me?" she heard herself blurting out.

Mr. King laughed slightly. "So forward. I like that. But you aren't the first problem," he said as his eyes flicked back to Kevin. "The problem is your husband."

"Kevin?" she asked dismissively. "I can have him leave if you want." She was horny and eager to get things moving, more than she realized.

"No, no. I want him here. I just need him…undressed," said Mr. King. "We need to check his device."

All eyes now went to Kevin who, for the first time in the evening, became nervous at what was being asked of him. Up to that point he had been sure all that he would need to do was watch Mr. King fuck Jenn and then, after he had left, he would finally get to fuck his new wife, the first time he would get to be inside her for a month.

Since the tables had turned, Jenn found the dominant side of her personality coming out. "You heard the man, dear. Take off your clothes."

"No," Mr. King interrupted. "I'd like to watch you undress him."

Crossing the room with a swagger that she hadn't yet earned, Jenn went up to her husband, gave him a quick kiss, and then started unbuttoning his shirt. "Don't worry," she told him. "This will all be over in a few minutes."

He locked eyes with her and said, with all sincerity even as his stomach clenched up tighter than a fighter's fist, "I hope it lasts longer than that."

After that they remained silent while working together as a couple, they stripped Kevin naked, stopping only when his underwear remained. At that point Jenn fell to her knees and hooked her fingers into his waistband. Playing the coy harlot, Jenn looked up at Mr. King, who was watching intently, and then pulled down her husband's final garment, revealing that his cock was still locked away safely and securely behind the hard plastic cage. Not breaking eye contact with the man about to fuck her until the last possible moment, Jenn turned her head and kissed Kevin on his abdomen right above the lock. She reached up and gently caressed his dark-purple balls that hung below the plastic cage that denied all access to his cock.

"Hasn't been touched by man or woman in the past month," she promised Mr. King. It was a partial lie. He had been out of the cage, but only briefly and never for sexual pleasure. It was a lie they were all willing to believe.

While Jenn found it easy to meet Mr. King's gaze, the same couldn't be said of Kevin. He focused on the far wall, pretending he was in a doctor's office, being examined by a medical professional and his assistant. It worked until his eyes moved ever so slightly and he caught sight of Thalia. She was looking at him with bemusement. That caused Kevin's stomach to flip flop. He wasn't sure if the silent humiliation she was giving him turned him on or made him want to cover his shame. All he could do was stand stock still. He was doing this for Jenn, his wife, and he would do anything for her, anything she asked.

"Very good," Mr. King complimented. "Now come over here." He pointed to a place on the carpet right in front of him. "I need to undress you now."

Jenn's eyes flicked over to her husband, but Mr. King saw her glance. "No. You don't need any help. You can undress yourself." He fixed her with a stare that screwed her to where she stood.

This time Jenn could feel her stomach dropping. A glance at Thalia confirmed the other woman couldn't care less about whatever Jenn did. Kevin was already naked and had no say in the matter. She would be stripping for Mr. King. Upon seeing that, Jenn smiled and decided that she could certainly do this. It was part of the thrill, the long, slow steady buildup to the moment of truth.

Since she had chosen a simple and efficient dress for her wedding, Jenn didn't need an attendant to help her undress. There were a series of twenty buttons up the front, and she took her time opening up each of them, but once they were done, it was easy to shrug off the straps and let the silk dress slip from her body.

Underneath was where Jenn had decided to go sexy, because that was where it was important. Her main undergarment was a pure white corset that covered the length of her torso. This she had matched with white panties—proper panties, not a thong because she wasn't a slut or cheap whore, she was a lady—and a pair of stay up stockings. It was elegant and sexy at the same time.

When Mr. King smiled at her hidden outfit, she felt pleased. It was a greater satisfaction than getting married and that shamed her a bit, but brushed that aside. She knew exactly what would happen when she got married; she didn't know exactly what was going to happen with Mr. King. "All of it," he told her.

She smiled and licked her lips. It had taken a while to find the right corset; luckily the internet existed as did custom lingerie websites. The closure hooks on this corset were on the front, just of her. There was a little ribbon on the top, a little decoration, a little frill, but that was it. The corset was custom fitted and she could get herself out of it without having to resort to gymnastic games. She started at the bottom and slowly revealed more and more flesh until the stiff garment finally opened up and exposed her tits to Mr. King.

Upon setting his eyes on Jenn's dark nipples, Mr. King nodded in approval. While Jenn knew her tits weren't perfect or even close to gorgeous, that little bob of his head was enough for Jenn to suddenly take great pride in her body. He wanted her, not just because she was recently married and her pussy was pure, but because her body appealed to him and that was enough to make her feel more wanton than she ever had before in her life.

After waiting just a moment in front of her lover-to-be Jenn started to slip her fingertips into the waistband of her silk panties. He stopped her at once. "Not yet. First, you need to prove yourself." Mr. King pointed at the floor in front of him. He was wearing a suit, the perfect suit for a wedding guest, dark blue with a bold tie, but he didn't remove his jacket or make any preparations. He just waited for Jenn to kneel in front of him.

"You know what to do." He said in such a way that she wasn't sure if it was a

question or a statement, but she just nodded going along with the game.

Reaching up, Jenn felt no reason to hesitate and felt no shame in her heart for what she was about to do. Mr. King just watched as she unbuckled his belt and opened up his pants. It wasn't difficult to fish out his cock from within his boxers. It was a hefty thing and once Jenn had it in her hand and it set her eyes on it, she realized it was a beautiful tool as well.

Jenn had never thought of cocks as being especially handsome or beautiful. To her they were just useful tools in either getting her off or getting her boyfriends off. It was just a bit of anatomy that was essential for sex, just like her pussy. There wasn't any one factor that Jenn could place as making Mr. King's cock so perfect, but she knew it was. It was so easy to give it a kiss on the middle of the shaft right before parting her lips and taking the head into her mouth.

Already he was steadily growing. Jenn could feel his heat on her tongue along with its increasing weight and stiffness. The act of sucking on him wasn't essential preparation for sex, but it was important to show her that was she subservient to him and she was thee for his amusement.

And she briefly wondered if she was there for the amusement of Thalia as well. Jenn knew that Kevin was watching her, of that she had no doubt, but out of the corner of her nearly closed eyes she could see the other woman closely studying them. Why Thalia was watching Jenn couldn't say for certain—she doubted it was a sexual thing, but it was impossible to know. After sucking on Mr. King's cock for a minute, tasting his salty precum and making him grow to a proud erection, Jenn found she had to back off lest she impolitely gag on his impressive —but not obscenely huge—cock.

"You are an excellent fellatrix," Mr. King complimented her.

It meant more to her than Jenn wanted to admit, even to herself. She actually had the audacity of blush and look away from his gaze. "Thank you," she said softly. Her hand was still around the base of his cock which was covered by a trimmed patch of curly hair.

"On your feet and take off your panties."

She complied and tried to make her motions looked practiced and elegant as she moved. There was some difficulty in actually stepping out of the scrap of fabric

because the panties briefly tangled with her high heels, but eventually she was all but naked. The silk panties lay in a heap at his feet, the wet spot of her anticipation hidden in the wadded material. Mr. King's eyes went to her pussy which was shaved cleanly, not a hair in sight. She was certain that her lips were shining clearly with her juice and that Mr. King approved even of that.

"And now on to the bed," he said taking her hand and leading her to what was supposed to be the marriage bed—if only for the night—and Jenn found her heart pounding in her chest. She wanted this and she was going to do it, nothing in her life had excited her more.

It was almost like an elegant ballet. Mr. King led her to her bed and sat her down. She gracefully brought up feet to up to mattress, her legs still encased my the white nylon stockings but her shoes left behind, and settled back to the pile of pillows, but with her knees still together because she didn't want to show off everything she had to the room. Only then did Mr. King start shedding his clothes: jacket, tie, shirt all went quickly into a pile on the floor. His chest wasn't overly muscular but had a masculine definition with some wiry hair scattered across it.

The shoes were kicked off in a practiced jerky motion which made his erect cock bounce around obscenely. Jenn focused her eyes on the tool that would soon be inside her and she couldn't wait. She wanted it now but even more than that she wanted to suck on it some more, taste the lovely precum, and show how willing and wanton she was. There was something much more loving and intimate about fellatio than boring sex, but Mr. King would take what he wanted and she had no say in the matter. None at all.

His pants and underwear were lowered quickly, leaving him naked and erect. Only when Mr. King climbed onto the bed did Jenn part her legs and reveal her shaved cunt. Even then, she was careful about how she opened up her legs, letting only her lover-to-be see her most secret part, not showing it off at all for her husband. Knowing she was bright pink and swollen and wet made her excited and made her reach out for his cock to guide it into her sex, but he slapped her hand away.

Chastised, she laid back and fully opened her thighs, inviting him inside her body. At the edge of the room she sensed her husband moving about and she knew he was trying to get into a position where he could see his wife being taken

by another man. She didn't care. Elsewhere in the room Thalia was silent and still, as yet uninterested in the goings on between the couple and her…boss? Partner? Acquaintance? Assistant? None of these seemed right.

The soft head to Mr. King's cock nudged up between her labia. It was a wonderful feeling, a soft covering over a rigid rod that was soon to be buried within her. She was wet and welcoming and even though her saliva had evaporated from his hot skin, Mr. King was steadily leaking precum, ensuring that he was ready as well. He pushed up between her lips, discovered her opening, found her angle and easily slipped all the way inside her cunt before Jenn fully realized it.

She gasped and grabbed his head between her hands, pulling his face down to hers so she could kiss him. He didn't appear to mind the kiss and happily circled his tongue with hers as he started thrusting his cock back and forth within her pussy. She felt almost too wet for proper sex; the lubrication was so great that she couldn't get any real skin to skin friction to really enjoy herself. But Mr. King knew what he was doing and held himself up on his arms high enough that when he drew back his hips, it was possible for him to slam into her hard enough to cause waves of pleasure to erupt from her clit and pass through her entire body.

It was several minutes into sex before Jenn was able to calm herself enough to take pleasure not only in the physical act, but in the emotional stress she was putting on herself and her husband. Over Mr. King's shoulder she saw Kevin watching them. He was standing at the foot of the bed, his cock still purple and swollen inside his chastity cage, staring at the joining of their bodies. It was impossible for Jenn to tell exactly how much Kevin could see—she was fucking for her own enjoyment, she wasn't pretending to be a porn actress letting the camera see everything—but it was obvious what the two of them were doing. One of the purposes of the encounter was for Kevin to see another man inside his wife and Jenn desperately hoped that Kevin had the view he wished for.

There had been a brief discussion of condoms before final details had been settled. What had astonished Jenn was how quickly everyone came to an easy agreement. It had been the last meeting between Jenn and Theresa on the final details of the wedding—and sex with Mr. King.

"There's one last detail with Mr. King," Theresa had said with great reluctance.

Jenn had thought everything was settled, the room, what she was to wear, how to behave, and what Kevin could and couldn't do. "What's that?"

"No condom." Theresa couldn't look her friend in the eye as she said the words. It was one thing for her to have sex with Richard, whom Theresa knew was safe, but to allow a complete stranger fuck her bareback, it might have been too much for the innocent seeming bride.

"No condom?" Jenn asked. Before Theresa could confirm, Jenn followed up. "No problem."

"Really?" They had never discussed the topic of disease or risk or pregnancy in regards to Mr. King.

"I'm safe," Jenn declared. "And where's the fun in life if you don't take risks every now and then?"

That conversation went easily enough. The one Jenn had with Kevin was even easier. They were settling in to bed just four days before the wedding. Jenn slipped her hand inside Kevin's pajama bottoms and gripped his hard chastity cage. "When I fuck Mr. King, it's going to be without a condom," she told him in the tone that brooked no argument.

"Great!" he said with more enthusiasm than she expected.

"Really?"

"I want to see you full of his cum," he told her with a kiss. "It was so fucking hot when you came home with Richard's cum in your pussy. I want that again. I want more of that again."

And so Jenn found herself on her back, legs spread, Mr. King's cock pumping into her pussy, and wishing that he produced enough cum to please her husband as much as herself. His hot cum splashing inside her pussy would be enough to make her cum; she wondered what it would do to Kevin.

"I like a nice innocent bride," Mr. King said to her, his eyes half-closed as he focused on pumping her.

"I'm not innocent," Jenn told him with a wicked grin on her face. She tilted her

hips and locked her ankles behind his back. The change in position let him penetrate her more deeply, but it also gave Kevin a better view of the other man's big cock plunging deeply into his wife.

"True enough," Mr. King agreed. "Do you like being a slut?"

The word stung but in a way that thrilled Jenn. Being called a slut in high school was an insult. Being called a slut by the near-stranger fucking her just-married pussy was a thrill and a compliment.

"I love it," she declared.

"So. Do. I!" Each word was punctuated with a thrust of his hips and the final one announced the arrival of his climax. His spunk was burning hot and Jenn found herself climaxing when the hot liquid bathed her sex. The noises she made were barely human and she didn't care, this was what it was like to truly revel in carnal pleasure and she wasn't willing to make any accommodation for anyone in that moment.

Although she was certain she hadn't passed out, Jenn lost a minute of her life as she came on Mr. King's cock. When she returned to herself, she found him peering at her, his cock still inside her pussy, but no longer moving, no longer as hard as it had been.

"Did the Earth move for you?" he asked her, bemused.

"What?" She was confused. "No. I mean, sort of. I guess. I think I passed out."

"You didn't," he assured her. "You might have flirted with the little death the poets write about, your eyes weren't seeing what was in front of them, but you didn't pass out. More like a blackout, as if you had drunk too much booze."

"Oh," she said, not knowing what else to say.

He rolled off her without ceremony, plopping himself on the bed next to Jenn. And just like that it was over. Only it wasn't over, it would always be a part of her memories and it would shape the person she had become. Mr. King looked with some satisfaction at Kevin who was still standing at the bed's foot, holding his purple balls in one hand, staring at the couple open-mouthed, not knowing what to do or say.

Luckily for Kevin, Mr. King was a practiced hand at this sort of encounter. “Why don’t you clean her up?” he asked, gripping her closest thigh with one hand and keeping her legs open. Both he and Kevin looked between Jenn’s legs. Her pussy was red and a bit sore now, swollen from fucking and from her climax, but most importantly her pussy was slowly starting to leak that essential thick white fluid that Mr. King had gifted to her. “You know how to do it.”

Kevin’s mouth was dry. This hadn’t been part of the negotiations with Theresa, but the moment Mr. King had asked Kevin to clean his wife’s pussy, Jenn realized she wanted her husband to do this very intimate, very submissive, very humiliating task. It wasn’t a problem for Kevin. His mind had all but shut down at seeing his wife properly fucked by an experienced cocksman and he would have done anything his wife, or Mr. King, or even Thalia had asked of him. After processing what had been asked by Mr. King, Kevin got on the bed and crawled up between his wife’s legs.

It should have been humiliating, but it wasn’t, it was a service Kevin was proud to offer his wife. It was a wedding present few men could furnish to his new bride. Kevin was well familiar with Jenn’s scent and taste. He was always willing to eat her pussy, though he had never done it quite this was before. She was a bit of a sticky mess, but that was part of the attraction. The clorox smell of Mr. King’s cum was strong as well, not as overpowering as the feminine musk that Jenn gave off, but very obviously there. Kevin lowered his mouth to his wife’s sex and licked her pulsing slit from the very bottom of her taint all the way up to her bulging clit.

She shivered at the touch.

Just the one time was enough for Kevin to gather enough of Jenn’s juice and Mr. King’s cum on his tongue to have to swallow the lewd concoction. It was pure bliss on his tongue and he did it again, but this time there was less to gather up. The real succulence was inside Jenn’s pussy.

Kevin kissed her cunt and pressed his lips to her nether lips and plunged his tongue as deeply into her sex as possible. He wiggled his tongue up and down and then sucked at her hollowness. More of Mr. King’s cum rolled down Jenn’s channel and into Kevin’s mouth. He took a deep breath through his nose and sucked some more and was again rewarded with what felt like a gallon of sticky spunk.

He was eating her aggressively, like a starving man, like he had never done so before. It was an intimate and loving act on Jenn's part and she was happy to offer him this banquet of her body.

He sucked at her hole and she found she didn't need him to concentrate of her clit or any other part of her anatomy to rise rapidly to climax once more. The old adage that orgasms were ten percent friction and ninety percent fiction proved true and she found herself peaking again as Kevin cleaned every inch of her well-used pussy.

When Kevin could no longer detect the tiniest bit of Mr. King's cum, he finally lifted up his face from Jenn's pussy and wiped his cheeks and lips with the back of his hand. He inspected the moisture left behind and was somewhat disappointed to realize it was all Jenn's pussy juice; not a drop of Mr. King's cum remained behind.

"Nicely done," Mr. King complimented him.

"Thank you," Kevin said automatically. What is a man supposed to say when the other man who had just fucked your wife tells you that you have talent at eating pussy?

"I think I'd like to fuck Jenn one more time," he announced. Kevin couldn't help but smile. He wanted to see his wife get fucked again. His cock, stuffed inside the plastic chastity cage twitched in anticipation. There was some pain because of the thwarted erection, but Kevin was willing to deal with that. "But I think I'm a bit too soft."

His cock had, indeed, softened, but hadn't lost much of its size. No matter how one looked at Mr. King's cock, it was impressive.

"I can help you with that," Jenn said eagerly. She relished the idea of tasting her pussy mixed with a bit of his cum on his cock.

Gently Mr. King pushed her away. "I'm sure you can," he agreed. "But I would prefer it if your husband would clean my cock the way he cleaned your pussy. I'm sure his oral skills apply to cocks as well as cunts."

Jenn and Kevin briefly locked eyes. This hadn't been discussed at all. The agreement was that Mr. King could fuck Jenn as many times as he wanted in

whatever manner he wanted. Theresa had made clear that mouth, pussy, and ass were all on the menu though in practice, she had assured the nervous couple, Mr. King had only ever had oral and vaginal sex with his conquests.

She hadn't mentioned what he did with the husbands.

Kevin was eager—far too eager—to see this through. He gave his wife a quick, barely perceptible nod as he moved from between her legs and over to Mr. King's cock.

"I've never had a husband say no," Mr. King told Jenn as he intertwined his fingers with hers and watched as Kevin prepared to give his first blowjob

Never before in his life had Kevin touched another man's cock. Not that he was afraid, he told himself, but it was just something that had never come up because he had always believed himself to be, and had always acted like, a completely straight man.

Telling himself he was doing this for Jenn and not because he wanted to satiate some hidden curiosity, Kevin wrapped one hand around the base of Mr. King's cock and the other he carefully placed on the shaft. It wasn't really being gay, he thought as he lowered his mouth to the dark-red head, it was just pleasuring his wife.

The taste of Mr. King's cock was almost exactly like that of Jenn's just-fucked pussy, a combination of male cum and female musk. It was a bit strange to have another man's cock in his mouth, but Kevin quickly pushed beyond that. Giving head wasn't really that bad. The older man slowly grew as Kevin sucked and ran his tongue on the underside of the shaft. He simply did to the other man what he himself enjoyed in a good blowjob. While he knew that Jenn was closely watching, he tried not to think about what Mr. King and Thalia were doing.

Kevin didn't try to get Mr. King off with a blowjob. He instead focused on cleaning off any traces of Jenn's pussy and his cum. It was more than a little bizarre to be giving the man who had just fucked his wife a blowjob. And it was more than a little bizarre to be giving a blowjob at all, but Kevin tried not to think about that. It wasn't bad, it was just a sex act he had never anticipated actually doing himself. The sensation of a cock in his mouth was different, but he quickly got used to it and it wasn't that difficult to do. The one trick was to make sure he didn't allow the cock to go too deeply into the back of his throat.

Kevin didn’t want to choke or gag. But other than that he didn’t see why so many women complained about going down on a man. It was rather exciting to do.

“That’s enough,” Mr. King said rather abruptly, pulling his cock free of Kevin’s mouth and turning away from him. Kevin wasn’t sure why he was forced to stop. Mr. King had a nice erection and was obviously ready to penetrate Jenn again, but the rudeness caught him off guard. And then he realized the rudeness was entirely intentional. Kevin was just an object to be used, something lower than a servant, and Mr. King got off on humiliating him.

Much to Kevin’s shame, he got off on being humiliated. Once more his cock tried to swell inside its cage and once more it failed. He was torn between wanting the key and never wanting to be release because the pain and the desire was so exquisite because there was nothing he could do to resolve it.

“Turn over, sweetie,” Mr. King said to Jenn. “I’m taking you from behind. I’ll going to have you both ways tonight.”

Jenn was more than obliging. She quickly scrambled onto her hands and knees and arched her back while spreading her legs just enough to let Mr. King see her cunt open and ready for him. He slipped inside her once again, grabbed her hips, and started fucking her for his own pleasure, as if he ever fucked a woman for her pleasure. On the other side of the bed Kevin gaped in amazement as Mr. King showed incredible endurance for an older man. Kevin actually admired him, having the audacity and power to find freshly married women who were willing to have sex with him instead of their husbands. When Jenn looked over at Kevin and grinned triumphantly because of the pleasure that Mr. King was giving her, he almost lost it.

She was so beautiful in the middle of erotic ecstasy that he wanted to tear off his cock cage and join in pleasuring her. But that was impossible. He felt like a failure in that respect and he started choking up; it took all his willpower not to let tears slide out of his eye. She loved being fucked and she was perfectly beautiful while it was happening. The sacrifice of his cock and the sacrifice of letting another man fuck her first after the wedding, was more than worth it.

This time, while he was watching, Kevin saw Mr. King’s balls tighten up to his body as he approached orgasm and when the older man came with a few loud

grunts, it was magnificent to see another man going through the act of impregnating his wife. Even though he knew impregnation was impossible—probably—just the idea was another piece of the puzzle that kept him on edge.

He was certain that Jenn had cum, but he had been too focused on Mr. King's cock to be certain. Once the pair uncoupled, Kevin asked, "Do you want me to clean her again?" The tone of his voice told everyone he was eager to do this task.

"Yes, but not just yet," said Mr. King. He patted Jenn on her upturned ass. "Don't move my dear. Kevin, I'd like you to put your face in your wife's ass and wait there a moment. Thalia has something for you."

As Kevin started to move into the position Mr. King indicated, he glanced over at Thalia who had removed her skirt to reveal she was wearing a traditional garter belt, panties, and stockings, but that wasn't the surprising part. While he had been distracted by his wife being fucked, Thalia had been in the act of pulling a harness over her hips that had a fake cock attached to it. Mr. King's, and Thalia's, intentions were obvious. The one piece that made a visual collision in his mind was that Thalia had kept her blouse on and looked like she had no real interest in the depravity that was to follow.

At first Kevin's reaction was to say no. Not to eating out his wife a second time. That he would do happily, sucking away the cum that Mr. King had left behind. He didn't have a problem with that at all. But it was obvious that Mr. King intended to have Thalia fuck him in the ass with the dildo she was in the process of adjusting. It would have been the first time that he refused to go along with any aspect of the game that Jenn was playing. Just as he opened his mouth to protest, he saw Jenn's eager gaze and he found he couldn't say know.

"This is going to be great," she breathed. Her eyes were glazed with lust as she watched Thalia put the final adjustments to her fake cock. "Are you ready?" she asked Kevin, glancing over her shoulder.

"No. A little lube would be nice," he said, the only way he could protest at all.

"Of course," Mr. King said. "Anything you need to accommodate Miss Thalia's dick."

Thalia opened up her large pocketbook and pulled out a small tube of lubricant.

This had been planned by Mr. King and Thalia even if they hadn't told Jenn. The artificial silicone cock dangled from her crotch while she opened the tube. Kevin watched intently as she ran the slick gel all over the length of the tool. He told himself that he was watching because he wanted to make sure she used enough; he was more fascinated with the process, the conflict of a woman with a cock who took no pleasure in preparing herself for sex.

When she was done Thalia handed the tube over to Kevin. She gave him no instructions but it was obvious why she had done so. No one else was going to help him out so Kevin was forced to squirt a generous amount of the gel into his hand and then reached around to smear it over and into his ass. Kevin had never had an interest in anal sex and now he was going to have an interest in it whether he wanted to or not.

Thalia looked impatient; Kevin wasn't sure if that was because she couldn't wait to fuck him or if she just wanted to get it over with. "Okay, I'm ready," he said.

They got into position, Jenn still on hands and knees and Kevin directly behind her. His wife had lowered her chest to the bed so that her ass was in the air. It was easier for him to eat her pussy that way and it gave Thalia the access she needed to introduce the dildo to his back entrance. Not knowing what to do, Kevin focused on his wife's cum-filled pussy. This he found enjoyable, the perfect task to make her happy. He disassociated himself from what Thalia was doing to his ass.

Even so, he could still sense her slowly pushing the slick dildo up into him. It hurt a bit as she entered him, stretching tissue and muscle that hadn't been exercised that way before, but eventually she got the whole thing all the way in and it wasn't as bad as Kevin had anticipated. And what he hadn't expected at all was that it would eventually start feeling good. It was new and strange and different and Kevin couldn't believe how his body was responding.

"Clean me out, honey," Jenn moaned into the bedding. Her scent was strong and, sadly, there wasn't nearly as much cum inside her this time as there had been the first time that Mr. King had fucked her. That was to be expected, naturally, but he was still a bit disappointed. He wanted her full to overflowing.

"Uh-huh," he mumbled into her cunt. It was hard to talk when he was lapping up everything flowing out of her. From this position it was harder to reach her clit

but Jenn didn’t seem to mind. She was sighing and moaning like she was going to cum at any moment.

Focusing on Jenn’s pleasure was difficult because Kevin found himself getting distracted by his on pleasure. His cock kept trying to get hard, but unsurprisingly it couldn’t because of the chastity cage, and yet Kevin felt the unmistakable sensations of an approaching orgasm. It was too strong to resist and as a consequence he couldn’t focus on eating Jenn’s pussy.

“Oh fuck,” he complained, dropping his head down from Jenn’s mostly empty cunt.

“What’s the matter, honey?” Jenn asked, but she already knew the answer. She just wanted to hear him say it.

“I’m gonna cum,” he panted, “but I can’t.”

Jenn changed her position, turning her body around and cupping Kevin’s plastic encased cock in her hand. “Sure you can,” she encouraged him. “You can cum, you don’t need to be hard to cum.” Jenn had no idea if this was true or not, but she wanted to see it happen. “Cum for me, honey. Let her make you cum.”

Kevin grabbed Jenn’s hand and gripped it fiercely. The orgasm was on edge and it was going to hurt, of that Kevin was positive. He remembered the first time he came, when he was young and learning how to masturbate. The contractions that took over his body were painful, but the resulting gratification and relief were more than worth it.

It was happening all over again, it was like he was learning to cum again for the first time and when it happened, the pain lancing through his body all but washed out the pleasure, but eventually the pleasure won out.

It was the strangest orgasm of his life. His cock was barely hard but still his autonomous muscles contracted—painfully—and forced an orgasm from his body. Hard spurts of cum erupted from his cockhead, some of it forced its way through the urine slot at the end of the cage, some of it got caught inside the plastic case. It was messy and drippy and the most thrilling orgasm of his life.

When it was over, Jenn let go of his cock. The cum was still dripping down and he was shaking from the ordeal. Thalia backed up and removed the phallus from

his ass, giving him the sensation of emptiness when she was gone. He hadn't realized that Jenn had been holding him until he let go.

"Was it good for you?" she asked him, teasing.

He answered honestly, which surprised both of them. "Yeah, it was…great." It was a terrible thing to admit, but it was the truth and Kevin couldn't lie to his wife on their wedding day.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. King, interrupting the intimate moment by handing Jenn a single key on a plain key ring. "I think he's earned this." Kevin looked at the man who, under other circumstances would be his rival, and saw that Mr. King had gotten dressed while Thalia had been fucking him in the ass. Even now Thalia was taking off her harness and putting her skirt back on.

"You're leaving?" Jenn asked, a little disappointed. She accepted the key from him, but did so with great reluctance.

"I got what I came for." He didn't bother putting his tie back on, but did take the time to check his appearance in the mirror, adjusting his jacket while Thalia packed the harness, dildo, and lube back into her large pocketbook.

Just those few words put Kevin—and Jenn—back into their place. Kevin was there to be humiliated and Jenn was there to be used, fucked in front of her husband because Mr. King got off on humiliating other men. For all Jenn knew, maybe he got off on fucking newly married women because he got a rush of dominance as well. He certainly wasn't telling why he did was he did; he didn't owe them an explanation after paying for the privilege of having Jenn's pussy for his pleasure.

Once Thalia was dressed, she nodded to Mr. King, indicating she was ready. "Thank you for the lovely evening," he told them while bending down to kiss the still-naked Jenn on the cheek, and then walked out the door, leaving the happily married couple alone.

Chapter Six

“IS THAT IT?” Kevin asked, somewhat amazed that it was all over.

Jenn shrugged. “I guess so.” She squeezed her fingers into a fist around Kevin’s key.

“What now?”

She looked at him with a quizzical expression on her face, like she didn’t know how she was supposed to feel or act. “We get on with our lives as a happily married couple.”

“And pretend this never happened?” Kevin was confused.

His confusion didn’t lessen at all when Jenn shook her head while smiling. “Hell no. We remember this every day. Or I do at least. I had a great time, didn’t you?”

It was hard to admit, but Kevin had enjoyed himself immensely, more than he thought he would. “Yes, it was…great. Not what I was expecting, exactly, but surprises are good, right?”

An enthusiastic nod from Jenn confirmed his assertion. “Surprises are good.”

“And you have the key now,” he reminded her.”

“Right I have the key,” she agreed.

“So would you mind getting me out of this?” he asked while shaking the plastic case that held his cock in check. He was well-secured and going nowhere unless Jenn made the choice to unlock him.

“I don’t think so,” she answered, keeping her fist closed tightly around the key. “Not tonight at least.”

“What?!”

“You just said surprises are good.” The real surprise to Jenn was how much she liked feeling in control of Kevin, and his cock, with just the little lock and piece of plastic he was now forced to wear.

“Not this sort of surprise!” he protested. “This is like…going to a party and

waking up in jail."

She nodded, hearing his words, but not really caring either. "Do you think you can get it up tonight?" she asked him. "You already came once pretty hard." With purposeful eyes, she looked at the large puddle of cum on the sheets along with what remained stuck to the inside of the plastic cage.

"I can get it up," he said with great confidence and bravado.

Slowly Jenn shook her head. "I'm not so sure. And besides, my pussy is already pretty sore. I've been fucked twice tonight."

Kevin opened his mouth to argue, but quickly realized it was futile. Unless he actually wrestled the key out of her hand, Jenn wasn't going to release him tonight. "You want me caged."

Now Jenn changed her head from shaking to nodding. "Yeah, I do. I think it's sexy that I get to control your cock. Don't you agree?"

It didn't matter if Kevin agreed or not. Jenn had made a decision and he couldn't disappoint his wife. If that's what she wanted on her wedding night, it's what she would get. "Do I get released in the morning?" he asked, knowing it was a risk just to ask the question, but he couldn't resist.

"I'll probably be turned on and horny," she said. "So I'll probably want some cock, and yours will be the closest one available."

He noticed that she didn't actually promise he would be released, but he also knew that pressing her on the issue wouldn't help. "Okay," he agreed. "I'll do this for you."

They went to the bathroom and showered together in the huge space provided by the hotel. The hot water felt good and the act of washing the other was incredibly intimate. Kevin asked if her pussy needed to be shaved again and she told him no, which was another disappointment. He had done it for her in the first place and was eager to perform that duty again.

On the other hand, she was insistent that he use his razor on all of his intimate skin that wasn't covered by the cock cage. Before they were done he was a slick as a dolphin and all the stick cum he had managed to produce was washed away

by the shower. Kevin's ass was slightly sore, but there wasn't any real pain. Getting into bed together, Kevin realized he was exhausted and had absolutely no trouble falling asleep.

He was woken up in the middle of the night in extreme pain. Over his month in chastity Kevin had grown accustomed to fighting middle of the night erections. He would wake up with groin pain, go to the kitchen and get some ice from the freezer, apply it until the erection abated, and then go back to sleep. After the first week or so nighttime erections largely stopped, not entirely, but to a large extent, and he was either used to the pain or it was no longer as intense because he wasn't getting as hard.

The erection he got at two a.m. in the hotel was the most painful of his time in chastity. Not wanting to wake up Jenn—she needed her sleep—he slid out of bed and headed for the ice bucket, but realized they hadn't bothered to get ice because they were too concerned with sex before going to sleep.

Not able to think clearly through the pain, Kevin grabbed the ice bucket and left the room with a towel around his waist. He wasn't stupid.

Finding the ice machine only took a minute of wandering around and since it was the middle of the night he didn't encounter any wayward hotel guests. After filling up the ice bucket he put it up under his towel and plunged his caged cock —as best he could—into the ice. Relief took a minute, but it was liberation from the pain. His problems only began when he returned to his door and realized he had locked himself out. He had two options: wake Jenn by knocking or go down to the front desk in only his towel.

Opting for waking Jenn he spent the next several minutes anxiously knocking louder and louder until finally the door opened—but only a crack. It was prevented from opening all the way by the burglar bar.

"It's me, Jenn! Open up and let me in! I'm practically naked!"

"I know," she said sleepily and calmly. "I looked through the peephole

"Then let me in!"

“Is anyone around?” she asked calmly,

Kevin glanced up and down the hallway. She was being annoying and reproachful because she could, but he knew he had to go through the motions. “No. C’mon, hurry up!”

She pressed her face into the small gap. “Take off your towel.”

“What? No! Don’t be ridiculous! Do you want me to get caught naked out here?”

After a moment of silence she said, “Take it off and pass it to me or you can go down to the front desk.”

Not willing to let the argument go on forever, Kevin put the ice bucket down, checked the hallway one more time, and, seeing that he was alone, whipped off the towel and handed it to his wife through the tiny gap.

She grabbed it and pulled it inside. And then closed the door. For just a moment Kevin panicked. He raised his fist and was about to pound on the door when it opened to reveal a very naked Jenn in front of him. “Patience,” she said. “I had to close it all the way to get the burglar bar off.”

“Thanks,” he said, slipping inside.

“Don’t wake me up in the morning,” she warned him. “I want to sleep.”

Kevin woke up with morningwood but kept his pain to himself. He rolled off the bed and plunged his straining cock into the bucket that now contained a half and half mixture of ice and water. It worked incredibly effectively and almost at once he shrank up to minimal size.

After that he lay back down on the bed and waited for Jenn to wake up. He knew he wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep.

It was over an hour later when Jenn finally stirred from sleep. She rolled over and looked at him bleary-eyed. “Morning,” she mumbled.

“Good morning,” he replied with a far-too chipper attitude.

Jenn was not a morning person. Kevin was. In that way it was definitely a mixed marriage.

“I have to pee,” she told him and stumbled out of bed toward the bathroom. It was hardly the romantic greeting he had been hoping for.

When she returned he was still on the bed, partially propped up with the pillows, his cock still caged and laying softly inside the chastity device. There was an eager look on his face but only through sheer willpower did he manage to keep his cock under control. When Jenn saw all of this she smiled.

“I know what you want,” she told him.

“What’s that?” he asked innocently.

“You want to fuck your wife on the first full day of your marriage. Isn’t that right?”

He knew a lie was a waste of time and breath. The smile on his face was too broad. “Yes. That’s true.”

“You let me sleep in so I suppose I can do that for you today,” she sighed as if it were an annoyance, a chore she had to do. She had left the key on the nightstand and she retrieved it now. Kevin could have picked up the key any time during the night, but that would have broken the rules, the agreement they had made.

As she inserted the key into the tiny brass lock that kept the device securely locked to his penis, Kevin focused on keeping his breathing slow and steady, not wanting his body to get too excited, too soon. Jenn didn’t make a ceremony out of the removal, which disappointed him but then he realized that she was doing it that way to show that sex with him was going to be insignificant compared to fucking Mr. King.

And just like that, it was off. She opened the lock, removed it, slid off the curved shaft, and then opened up the retaining ring. He was free and Kevin lost all control over his cock. It grew and grew with each beat of his heart and in no time he was hugely erect, painfully so. Jenn giggled at him.

“It looks like someone wants sex,” she all but laughed at him.

“Can I?” he asked hesitantly.

She laughed at him again. “Of course.”

That was all the permission he needed. Jenn was already naked and he sprang up, grabbed her where she knelt on the bed next to him, flipped her over on her back and pushed her legs open with his. His cock was drooling precum and, much to his surprise, her pussy was wet and ready for him. Apparently she wanted this as much as he did—or she was aroused by the situation and was getting off on the idea.

When he entered her pussy, he slid all the way in fairly easily. Her hot flesh surrounded him and at once he realized that, even with the forced orgasm last night, he wasn’t going to last long at all.

“Oh no,” he mumbled.

“What?”

“This is going to be quick.”

She kissed him and said, “Then you better make the most of it.”

He nodded and started thrusting hard and fast. True to his word he thrusted less than twenty times before he came. The orgasm, like the one the night before, was painful. It had been tool long since he had had regular orgasms. The mix of relieving pleasure and painful involuntary contractions heightened the peak of his orgasm.

Sadly, for Jenn, the speed of Kevin’s orgasm did little for Jenn. While it was nice to have a cock in her, the one minute fuck was hardly enough to bring her anywhere near climax.

“All done?” she asked him as he lay heavily on top of her body.

“Yeah…”

“You didn’t make me cum,” she told him.

“I know. I’m sorry.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Was it worth waiting for?”

He answered too quickly. “Yes.”

“Really?” she asked, pretending to be surprised.

“Sex is better after I’ve gone a month without,” he admitted.

“I can arrange that,” she promised.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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