
The King's Right
Open-Minded
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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**Open-Minded:**

**The King's Right**

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…

# Chapter One

“HOW OPEN-MINDED ARE YOU?”

“Are you talking gay marriage open-minded or balloon animal clown fetishist open-minded?”

“This would be leaning more toward the clown fetishist side of that scale.”

After an overly dramatic sigh and roll of the eyes, she said, “Then it’s probably not for me, but I’m not going to run away screaming just because someone propositions me for something weird.”

“Well then, what would you say to the offer of having sex with a man after you get married but before you can have sex with your new husband?”

Jenn laughed. “That’s ridiculous.”

“He’s willing to pay for the privilege.”

Giggling, Jenn said, “I’m not a prostitute.”

“I just mention it because it was an important factor for some other couples.”

Jenn couldn’t stop laughing. “There is some other factor that would come into play?”

Theresa shrugged. “Some men really get off on watching their wives get fucked.”

Jenn stopped laughing. “You’re kidding.”

“Nope.”

“I don’t think I can go back to Kevin and ask him if it would be okay with him if some stranger fucked me after the wedding but before he had a chance at me,” Jenn said. The conversation about wedding plans had taken a very odd turn.

“I’m going to point out that you’ve fucked other men in your life,” Theresa pointed out.

“Yeah, before Kevin.”

“Over half of all marriages deal with infidelity at some point,” Theresa continued. “Some studies show it’s more like seventy-five percent.”

“I don’t plan on cheating on Kevin.” Jenn’s voice had gone cold, not from anger, but from fear.

“Who plans on cheating on their spouse?” asked Theresa rhetorically. She shook her head. “Anyway, we’re just talking.”

Jenn heard herself asking, “It sounded like you actually knew someone who did this sort of thing.”

Theresa’s smile was controlled. “I might.”

“You’re a hell of a wedding planner,” Jenn commented. She had met Theresa a few months ago to plan her wedding and had chosen her specifically.

“I’m not a wedding planner,” said Theresa with a haughty air. “I’m a party planner. I just happen to do weddings as some of my parties.”

“I know, and that’s why I chose you,” she said to her new friend and gave her a hug. “I’ve got to get going. I’ll talk to you later.” She put down her wine glass and left her friend’s house.

A minute later Theresa was on the phone. “Yes, I’ve made the initial suggestion and I think she was receptive.” She paused. “No, no answer yet. We can’t push her too hard, but I believe she will be a victory.” Pause. “Thank you.”

At home later that evening, Jenn said to her husband-to-be, “You’ll never guess what Theresa said to me today.”

Kevin looked up from the stove where he was cooking dinner. “You’re right. I never believe the things that come out of her mouth.”

Jenn frowned. “Thanks. Don’t you even want to guess?”

“Um…she suggested a way to reduce the cost of the shindig you two are planning?” Kevin gamely asked. The cost of the wedding had been a source of

conflict between them. It wasn't that they couldn't afford a nice wedding—they could—but it would be an imposition on their finances for what Kevin termed an overly fancy party for family members he didn't like. They were in their mid-thirties and he saw a large wedding as a waste of time and money while Jenn viewed it as her last chance to get back at the friends and cousins who had over the top weddings where she was the suffering bridesmaid. Still, they had capped their guest list to seventy five and even then the cost made the shake with anxiety.

"Actually, yeah."

Kevin stopped stirring and looked at his fiancé. "You're kidding. You know when she lowers the price she makes less money and she's only pretending to be your friend, right."

"Ha ha. You're not funny. And maybe we were drinking a little, but I think that she wants me to have sex with a friend of hers."

Kevin stared at her.

"That's going to burn," she told him, pointing to the pan on the stove.

He reduced the heat and stirred vigorously. "That's on odd proposition," he said. "It sounds like she's trying to prostitute you." He gave her an anxious, lop-sided grin.

Carefully, Jenn slowly shook her head. "No. I don't think so. I mean, there was an offer of money, sort of, in the reduction of the cost of the wedding, but I really got the impression that the money was just an incentive. Like she knows a guy who wants to have sex with a married woman and she's just trying to make the connection for him."

While he stirred, Kevin looked over at his fiancée. "It sounds like you've given this a lot of thought."

Her response was one of nervousness and guilty admission. "Sort of. It was just weird, the way she proposed it. I mean, she pointed out that I wouldn't be having sex with anyone else but you for the rest of my life."

"Unless you have an affair or we get divorced," Kevin stated.

“Yeah…and that made me nervous.”

“So you want to fuck a stranger because we’re getting married?” he asked her.

“Not that exactly,” she said, missing the tone in his voice. “But, it scared me.”

“Only having sex with me scared you?” he asked as he moved the food from the stove to a serving dish. “You know how to make a guy feel good about himself.”

They moved to the table and sat down together. “How many women have you fucked in your life?” she abruptly asked him.

“Including you?” he asked a little too sharply.

“Yes, including me. And feel free to include any women you fucked after we moved in together. Give that a separate number.”

He saw that she was serious. “I don’t know off hand,” Kevin said carefully. “Do you want me to count? Though I can tell you that the number after you is exactly zero.”

“Same for me,” she said.

“You’ve fucked zero women after me?” he asked. “That’s an accomplishment.” Sarcasm dripped from his lips.

“And zero men as well,” she added. “But before you it was a bunch, let’s just say more than ten, and I’m not entirely sure I’m still not looking for a little excitement and adventure in my life.

“So you’re thinking of fucking this guy that you don’t know because you’re nervous about what might happen in the future and Theresa made this weird proposition to you,” summarized Kevin.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Jenn said brightly. “So what do you think?”

“I think you’re crazy,” he said definitively.

Her eyes went a little wild and she said, “Yeah, but isn’t sex with a crazy woman supposed to be the best sex?”

He looked at her with surprise. “I wouldn’t know. I’ve never fucked crazy before.”

Jenn stood up and lifted up the hem of her skirt just enough to show the bottom edge of her pink panties. “Would you like to stick your dick into this bit of crazy?” she asked.

Kevin’s mouth went dry. “Yes,” he croaked, but then cleared his throat and added, more cautiously, “but I think we should eat dinner first.”

She grimaced and sat down. “That’s your problem, Kev. You are too ordered in stuck in your ways to really enjoy life.”

His face soured. “Thanks.”

They finished dinner in relative quiet. When Kevin was at the sink taking care of the dishes, Jenn snuck up behind him and grabbed his crotch, feeling through the fabric for his cock. He half jumped and tried to maneuver his hips out of the way. “What the fuck!?”

“I’m horny,” she explained. “Take me upstairs and fuck me.”

Kevin shook his head ruefully. “Is it that other time of the month?” he asked.

This was an ongoing joke between them. Jenn tended to vary between extremes of horniness and chasteness depending on where she was in her cycle.

“It sure is,” she replied, tugging at his belt, leading him toward the stairs.

In their bedroom Kevin got a full view of her pink panties when Jenn pulled her dress over her head. The bra she was wearing was sheer and clearly showed the outlines of her nipples and dark areola. She ran her fingers on her panties, pressing them lightly in between her lips, moistening them. “Go down on me?” she asked.

The question didn’t have to be asked twice. Kevin sank to the floor in front of her, kissed her cunt through her silk panties, and then slowly pulled them off her hips and down her legs. Her diamond shaped patch of pubic hair barely hid her swollen lips and Kevin kissed the patch and then extended his tongue, seeking out her slit, trying to find her clit.

Together they moved to the bed where she sprawled on her back and Kevin pressed his face tightly to her sex. It took some effort on Jenn's part, but she struggled her way out of bra so she could pinch her nipples while her boyfriend ate her pussy.

Unless conditions were absolutely correct, Jenn couldn't cum from oral attention alone. Tonight was different. All the conditions were perfect. Kevin was kneeling on the floor, she had one foot on the edge of the mattress and the other ankle hooked around the back of Kevin's neck, holding him tight to her pussy. Her fingers clamped to her nipples added the extra little frisson of excitement she needed to cum. When she did it was with loud gasps and bucking hips. Her pussy became a lake of sogginess, soaking Kevin's face. She only released her ankle from the back of his head when she was done cumming. That didn't bother Kevin. He would happily live between her legs for as long as she wanted him.

"That was perfect," she told him with a sigh as he stood up and started stripping off his clothes. She watched him, idly playing with her nipples. "Thank you."

Kevin grinned eagerly when his cock popped out, already erect, as he pulled down his boxers. Seeing her open legs and wet pussy, he was thrilled to be fucking the woman he loved. As he moved forward to sink his cock into her, Jenn abruptly put her foot against his chest, stopping him in his tracks. "What?" he asked.

"I don't want to fuck you."

Confused, he said, "But downstairs you said you wanted to me to fuck you."

She shook her head slowly back and forth, her light brown hair flopping back and forth across her cheeks. "That was earlier. My pussy is off limits to your cock tonight." She grinned, thrilled with the bit of power she had over him.

"But," he said plaintively, gesturing at his cock, already in his, erect and ready to be used on her. "What about…" He couldn't finish the sentence, it sounded too pathetic to his ears.

"Jerk off for me," she said. "I want to watch you cum."

"No sex?" he asked. He was ashamed of the question. The words sounded exactly like a whiny high school boy who had just been told no by his virginal

girlfriend who was saving herself for marriage, or maybe a better boyfriend.

“Jerk off for me,” she repeated. “You can cum on me.” She ran one hand from her tit down to her wet pussy, wiggling her fingertips against her clit, keeping her on edge and ready to play more games.

Even though it wasn’t what he really wanted, Kevin’s hand started working up and down on his cock, stroking it like he was alone, masturbating like he did back in high school. “I want to fuck you,” he said desperately.

“Cum all over me and I’ll let you fuck me then,” she promised him.

Kevin nodded, though it made no sense. If he came on her, he wouldn’t be able to fuck her afterwards, would he?

Since his brain wasn’t fully functioning—it had been taken over by his lust—Kevin just stood at the side of the bed, jerking off, while his fiancée laid in front of him, also masturbating, but slowly, waiting to see what he would do. Her fingers dipped into her pussy, enjoying her hot wetness as she eagerly awaited Kevin’s orgasm.

Keyed up by making her cum and the long anticipation of fucking his fiancée, it didn’t take Kevin long to reach his peak. When he ejaculated his cum erupted from the tip of his cock, arced through the air, and landed on Jenn’s skin with hot, heavy splashes. It had been too long since a man had cum on her. Once she had gotten serious with Kevin sex meant ejaculations in her mouth or pussy. Kevin said he didn’t really enjoy handjobs though she had her doubts; men were eager to cum with a woman regardless of how exactly it happened.

Jenn loved the feel of hot cum on her skin. It made her feel a little bit dirty and a little bit slutty, completely different from how the outside word tended to view her. She trailed her finger up from her cunt, through the small puddles on her stomach, chest, tits, and neck before lifting it up to her lips and tasting the slightly salty, slightly bleachy flavor. It reminded her of high school, giving secret blowjobs to boys who were eager to receive head, but not so eager to be seen with a plain girl obsessed with good grades. “It’s good,” she told Kevin, licking her lips. “Clean me up.”

With nod Kevin started to turn around in order to retrieve a washcloth from the bathroom, but Jenn hooked his knee with her ankle. “No. Don’t leave.”

“But I need to get a washcloth.”

She shook her head. “No. Not with a washcloth. Clean me with your tongue.” She lifted her eyebrows and dipped her finger into one of the larger puddles of cum that was already cooling on her skin. She tasted his leavings once again and seemed to promise so much with her expression.

He hesitated, caught between his need to please Jenn and his general reluctance to perform such a transgressive act.

Jenn sweetened the pot further. “I promise it’ll be worth it. Just do it for me. Please?” The last word wasn’t whining, but a plea for wish fulfillment. Kevin couldn’t resist.

Once again he fell to his knees in front of his wife-to-be and kissed her sopping wet cunt. From there he worked his way slowly up her body, kissing and licking. The moment of truth, the true test of his will bent to hers, came when he encountered the first puddle. His lips felt the thick gooeyness of his spunk and he smelled the intense odor.

It wasn’t the very first time he had encountered his spunk in the wild. As a teenager furiously masturbating at every opportunity, Kevin had splooged more than once all over his fingers and vague repulsion gave way to curiosity. It wasn’t the worst thing he had ever eaten—his mother would overcook every known vegetable to uniform mush and drive out everything but a hint of flavor—but it was close.

But this time he wasn’t doing it out of curiosity, he was doing it to please Jenn and he’d do anything to please Jenn. Kevin licked up the cum and swallowed it. The first taste was the most difficult and once it was past his tongue and down his throat, each new puddle became a little easier to swallow.

He could feel Jenn’s eyes on him, watching every motion, moaning and purring with every lick. It didn’t take terribly long before he was done, licking the last few drops from her neck. Kevin ended the process by dropping a kiss on her lips.

“You taste like cum,” she told him, trying not to laugh.

“There’s a reason for that,” he admitted.

“I’ve gotta say, that was fucking hot, you cleaning me up like that.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” She kissed him back and reached down between his legs where she found his cock, but it was soft, much too soft to be of any real use to her. “Looks like your little guy isn’t going anywhere right now.”

“Little guy?” Kevin pretended to be offended. He wasn’t particularly hung up on needing to have a huge penis, and years of casual medical research and careful measuring told him his cock was perfectly normal and average. While most men —Kevin included—would love to be above average, he was content with what he had.

“Get him hard and you can slip him into my pussy,” she whispered in his ear. “Feel how she’s wet and hot and ready for you?” Jenn grabbed his hand and pushed it down between her legs where, indeed, she was wet and hot and ready to be fucked.

“Okay,” he breathed in her ear. “Just let me get hard.”

She giggled at him. “Oh, Kevin, you’re not going to get hard. You cum once and you’re done for the next eight hours.” This was a slight exaggeration. When they had first started dating, Kevin could go two or three times in the course of a long evening, but now that they had settled into the routine of an almost-married couple, it was exceedingly rare for Kevin to be able to cum more than once a night.

“I can get hard,” he insisted as he started stroking himself with his hand. “Just give me a minute. Or, better yet, give me a little head and I’ll be hard in a moment.”

Jenn smirked but, just to prove the point, she pushed him aside and wiggled down the bed until her mouth was level with his cock. She took the soft bit of his precious flesh into her mouth and gamely sucked on him for a minute while massaging his balls at the same time. His musky, masculine scent was strong on his body. She ran her fingers through his nest of dark, curly pubic hair, briefly annoyed that it was okay for him to have wild, unkempt body hair, but she had to carefully groom every inch of hers

While he enjoyed the attention, even Jenn's best efforts did nothing for the rigidity of his cock and presently she took him out of her mouth. "See?" she said. "Nothing. If you want to really fuck me tonight, you need to get my vibrator out of the dresser and use it on me." She paused and looked expectantly at him. "That wasn't a suggestion."

For some reason Kevin scrambled to retrieve her toy. It wasn't anything special, pink and smooth, made from silicone, and just slightly larger than Kevin's cock, of that Jenn had been sure to establish when she ordered it. Normally Jenn used the vibrator when she was alone, but they had incorporated it into their sex play more than a few times before. Normally, Jenn didn't like the way Kevin used it on her because it wasn't exactly how she would use it on herself.

She lay expectantly on her back, legs open, knees raised. Kevin turned on the toy, trying to find the right setting, tuning it by ear to the speed that he thought that Jenn liked. He lay down next to her and wiggled the tip in between her pussy lips. Jenn closed her eyes and moaned in the back of her throat. Kevin looked down her body and watched as the vibrator slowly disappeared into his fiancée. The entire process was fascinating to him. It was enough to cause his cock to twitch ever so slightly.

"Oh…yeah," she said softly as he started moving the vibrator slowly in and out of her pussy.

"You like that?"

"Uh-huh." What he was doing wasn't perfect, but it was a close imitation. Her eyes fluttered open. "Do you like watching?" she asked him.

"I love watching you," he admitted. The desire to fuck her was there, but his cock wouldn't respond the way he wanted.

"You like that fake cock going in and out of my pussy?" She had one hand up above her head and the other lightly pinching her nipple. It was a struggle to keep her hands away from the vibrator and show him exactly what she wanted; she wanted him to just know what she wanted.

"Yeah…" Kevin wasn't really thinking now; he was mesmerized by what was happening with Jenn's pussy and the toy. He would easily agree to anything.

Since he wasn't doing her exactly the way she wanted, it was fairly easy for Jenn to focus herself and toy with him. "You want to watch more, don't you?"

"Uh-huh..."

"Want to see some other toy in my pussy?"

"Yeah…"

"Want to see some other cock in my pussy?" she asked.

He nodded. "Uh-huh. Yeah." Kevin's eyes were glazed over, watching himself pump the vibrator in an out of her pussy.

"You want to watch another guy fuck me, don't you?" She opened her legs up wider, as if imagining another lover joining them on the bed.

Kevin was completely into the imagined scenario now. "Hell yes."

She screwed her eyes shut; the fantasy she had spun was taking control of her body and she pinched her nipple harder while breathing faster, heavier. She was fast approaching orgasm and Kevin tore his eyes away from her cunt to look at her beautiful face on the verge of climax.

When she came, Jenn had to bite her knuckle to the point of drawing blood and pinch her nipple where it was nearly crushed. Those distractions weren't strong enough to prevent her from cumming and she cried out as the vibrator brought her over the edge.

It the dim bedroom light, it was impossible for Kevin to see the tears that had squeezed out between Jenn's eyelids.

Afterwards, laying together on the bed, holding each other, the vibrator put away and Kevin's cock still small and useless, she asked him, "Would you?"

"Would I what?"

"Would you want to watch while another guy fucked me?"

"What's with this idea?" he asked her, trying to sound angry but the tone in his

voice was false.

“Just answer the question,” she demanded. “You said it was hot fucking me with the vibrator. Why not just go a little further?”

“Is this something you really want to do?” he asked her, dancing around the issue.

“Only if you’ll be there with me.”

“You want to fuck another guy besides me?”

“Yeah,” she admitted, the truth hurting, but she had to be honest with him.

“And I could watch?”

“I’d want you to watch.”

The bedroom was dark enough that she didn’t see his face flush with embarrassment when he admitted, “I’d do that for you.”

# Chapter Two

“I SHOULD CHARGE YOU EVERY TIME YOU COME BY MY OFFICE,” Teresa said as she poured wine for the both of them. Officially it was after the party planner’s office was closed and they were meeting as friends, not as client and consultant.

“How’d you know?” Jenn asked after she downed more than just a sip of wine. She needed the alcohol to ask the question, even if the question was as vague as possible.

“Know what?”

After another sip of wine and noting that the glass was already nearly half gone she said, “Know that there’s no way I could possibly limit myself to just Kevin for the rest of my life.”

Theresa hid her smile behind her glass. “I’ve been doing this for long enough to just know.” She kicked off her heels and put her feet up on the coffee table. “What do you plan on doing about your situation?” she asked Jenn. “Going to have an affair? Planning it already before you get married?”

Jenn laughed uncomfortably. “No. But I’ve already told Kevin that I want him to watch when I fuck another guy.” Her face turned red and she tried to blame it, internally at least, on the wine. It was hard to admit these sort of things to Theresa—and herself—even though Theresa had initiated the entire situation.

In reaction, Theresa’s eyes went wide. This was faster progress than she had expected. She was used to making a suggestion, gently nudging the woman toward the goal, and eventually getting a payoff weeks or months down the road. But then again, most of the brides she worked with were in their twenties; Jenn was already into the latter half of her thirties. “I’m not a madam,” she said haughtily. “But I do know of someone…” she added with an mischievous smile.

“Who?” Jenn asked far too quickly and far too easily.

The two of them looked at each other and laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

“Okay, just to be clear,” said Theresa, “I know a man who has a particular kink. He likes to have sex with women right after they get married and before they can

have sex with their husband. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Jenn's heart was thumping in her chest and her mouth was dry. She couldn't believe she was actually contemplating this let alone actually planning it. But Kevin had said he wanted it. The entire situation and confusing and exciting and scary but she knew she wanted it because she was willing to get married to the man she loved, but she wasn't willing to stop having adventures in her life.

"I understand," she answered a bit formally and then giggled at herself. "But I have a lot of questions."

Theresa smiled, her eyes glinting with the thrill of the conversation. This was what she liked in life, hammering out the details, it was why she was an accomplished party planner and it was why she was so good at finding the right women for Mr. King. "Ask away. We want to get everything right for your big day…and your big night with Mr. King."

"Mr. King? That's his name? It sounds like an alias." Jenn had to consciously not laugh at the situation.

"Yes. He's an older gentleman, not too old, and he'll want to meet you before the wedding, platonically of course. And the first question I have to ask is if it is okay if he attends the reception. You won't be charged for him, of course."

Jenn waved her hand, unconcerned with that detail. "The first thing I have to ask is that you said he was willing to pay for the privilege."

"What's the question?" asked Theresa after a pause.

"Um…how much is he willing to pay?" she asked nervously. "I mean, this pussy doesn't come cheap," she added, grabbing her crotch in a somewhat vulgar display.

Theresa laughed along with her. "I'll wind up giving you a discount on the party. Mr. King makes up the difference. Usually he does between ten and twenty percent, depending on the size of the party. You have a small party planned so it'll be toward the twenty percent side."

Doing some quick calculations in her head Jenn realized what was being offered was professional escort for political elite money. If she was going to be a

prostitute, she wasn't selling herself cheap, that was sure. "That's a lot of money."

After shrugging her shoulders Theresa said, "He pays for the privilege, like I said. There's a decided shortage of married women who are willing to have sex with a man after the wedding but before her husband."

"He must be rich."

"He has enough money to pay for his kink," Theresa agreed. "His checks have never bounced."

"Surely a good trait," Jenn agreed. A thought suddenly occurred to her and with the wine she had been drinking along with the steadily rising level of lust she felt, she didn't have the good presence of mind to not ask the question. "How many women have you…procured for Mr. King?"

"Stop making me sound like a madam," Theresa admonished. "But the answer is five. You'll be number six."

Jenn wasn't sure if she was shocked by the number or not. She didn't want to ask over how many years that had been. She didn't want to ask how desperate some of those women were for the money—and how much they wanted those particular weddings. Thinking about it too much made her stomach flip flop and she focused herself elsewhere. "That's a pretty big number…for that kink I mean."

Theresa shrugged. "I suppose. Those are at least the ones I know about. And I'm not sure how many other party planners he works with. I'm guessing the number is significantly higher. I don't think anyone knows how kinky American couples can get when it comes to cuckolding and expensive weddings."

"Cuckolding?" asked Jenn.

"That's what you'll be doing. A specialized form of it, but cuckolding nevertheless."

"I mean, what is that?" she asked and then shook her head. "I mean, I know what cuckolding is, I think." Her head was spinning only slightly with the alcohol and information.

“Cuckolding,” explained Theresa, “is generally defined in one of two ways. Essentially there are two variations of it.” Her tone told Jenn that this was a practiced speech Theresa had made before. “The first is where a woman has a lover, or lovers, that she keeps secret from her husband and enjoys the idea of pulling the wool over his eyes—or putting the cuckold’s horns on her husband to use an old European explanation—more than she enjoys the actual sex. The other variation is a married couple that actively seeks out an extra partner for the wife to have sex with. The husband either watches and gets off on his wife fucking someone else, or the he stays at home and gets off when she returns to him.”

“Wow. That’s…complicated.”

“Life and sex often are. Which version are you?” she asked boldly.

Jenn laughed nervously. “I don’t know. I haven’t even done it yet!”

“But you already told me that Kevin wants to watch while you do it,” Theresa reminded her.

Her nervous laugh faded into a terrified titter. “I know. But I don’t know if I want that.”

“Did you ask him about this while the two of you were having sex?”

“Sort of,” she admitted.

“Ask him again when you’re both stone cold sober and not about to get it on. That’s just my good advice, trust me.”

Jenn’s look of terror faded into a realization that Theresa was definitely speaking from experience. “How many of the five that you set up…how many of them are still married?” she asked.

“All of them,” Theresa replied easily.

“Oh.” Jenn’s concern and burden were lightened considerably. Theresa didn’t have the heart to tell Jenn about the eight couples who never went through with the suggestion, a few to the point of not getting married at all, but most ending their marriage within two years. “That seems…oddly good. What’s the secret.”

“Communication,” Theresa said quickly, knowing it wasn’t a lie. “If you both want this, it’ll be great for you both, if not…well, open communication helps you figure out exactly what you want out of life pretty damn quickly.”

After they both finished a second glass of wine Theresa gave Jenn her orders. “Talk it over with Kevin again. I’ll set up a meeting with Mr. King. And if you want, I’ll give you a practice session before the wedding.”

“Practice session?” asked Jenn a little to eagerly.

“If you can’t have sex with another man before the wedding, what makes you think you’ll be able to do it afterwards?” Theresa clarified. “You don’t want to get stuck with a bigger bill for the reception than you were expecting, do you?”

It was the next evening when Jenn was stone cold sober she brought up the subject with Kevin. She didn’t want to do it, but had taken Theresa’s advice to heart. Before Kevin could turn on his Xbox, she confronted him and asked, “Are you still okay with me fucking another guy?”

He turned his head to look at her. They both froze, realizing exactly what she was saying and why she was asking again, now. Kevin’s stomach tightened up, but at the same time his cock got incredibly hard. He knew what he wanted and it was hard to admit it. “Yes. I mean, if I get to watch and if I get to fuck you afterwards.” He paused. “It wasn’t just a fantasy you were talking about, was it?” he asked.

She shook her head.

“You have plan for this?”

She nodded.

“And you really want to do it?”

She nodded again and added, “I’m settling down. We’re settling down but I don’t want to become boring and have a dull sex life for the next forty years. I want excitement… and I think this is the way I find excitement.”

Kevin nodded and swallowed, looked down at the controller in his hands, and then looked back up at her. “So what’s the plan?”

Jenn looked at the picture of the man Theresa had texted to her. He was a little older than she was, handsome enough, with hair just starting to gray and a charming, winning smile.

*Well, is he good enough to practice on? Was the accompanying message from Theresa.*

There was only one correct answer to the question. The wrong answer would end everything. Yes. When and where?

She was about to put her phone down and not look at it until the next morning but Theresa’s answer came almost immediately. 6pm tomorrow. Address: 1046 Lakeview Dr.

Just seeing the message made Jenn nervous and excited. She couldn’t help but smile.

Pulling up in front of the very nice house at the address that Theresa had sent, Jenn focused on not thinking about how quickly all of this was moving. In the back of her mind she knew it was stupid fast and nothing good ever came from being stupid, but she didn’t listen to that part of her brain. She focused on her lust and libido. And her sense of adventure. She had slept with a lot of men—more than she cared to count—over the course of her life and she wasn’t willing to give that up, now or ever.

She hadn’t been certain what to expect when she arrived at the house, but from the address figured it had to be a private residence, maybe even the home of Mr. King himself. That was possible, she realized, but if it was she had vastly overestimated how much the man was worth. The house was very nice, but not so nice that he could easily afford to throw away thousands of dollars on a kink. Or so she thought. Steeling herself, Jenn rang the doorbell and waited patiently to find her new—and temporary—paramour. It took all of her will not to let her feet carry her running back to the car; her head said to leave but her nether

regions said to stay.

Already keyed up by anticipation it was easy to take Jenn by surprise, especially when the door opened and there stood Theresa. “What are you doing here?” blurted out Jenn before Theresa could speak.

“I live here,” her friend answered easily.

“Did you send me your address by accident?”

Theresa shook her head, smiling and laughing. “Of course not. You’re going to have sex with my husband.”

“I am?”

Patiently, Theresa explained, “If you can’t fuck Richard while I’m watching, how are you possibly going to do it with Mr. King with your husband watching?”

Jenn couldn’t argue with that logic and allowed Theresa to usher her inside to meet her husband. Richard, as promised in his picture, was tall and handsome with a light tan and, as it turned out, charming. He was waiting for the in the living room dressed casually in khaki pants and a golf shirt, looking exactly like he had just walked off the links from a semi-professional gold tournament. He wasn’t exactly Jenn’s type, but he would do for the moment.

“Richard, this is Jennifer, my new friend and client. Jenn, this is Rich, my husband.”

He extended his hand and Jenn shook it, locking her knees so she wouldn’t collapse into a melted puddle even as her panties started to soak up the sudden wetness flowing from her pussy. Just the idea that shortly she would be having sex with a near stranger was enough to get her ready. Clearly she wasn’t ready to settle down in to a boring marriage.

“Call me Rich,” he said. “Not Dick.” He smiled at his mildly off-color joke.

“You’ll be getting plenty of that in a minute,” interjected Theresa.

“Terri…” he said with an amused note in his voice.

To quell his annoyance, Theresa gave her husband a quick kiss on the cheek. “Do you need a drink first?” she asked Jenn, “or do you want to go right to the bedroom?”

“A drink, I think,” Jenn said quickly and immediately wished she hadn’t blurted out a rhyming couplet as her answer.

In the kitchen Theresa already had a bottle of wine opened and poured for all three of them. Richard and Theresa sipped at theirs while Jenn drank more than was judicious, she knew. After a tiny bit of small talk Jenn heard herself blurting out, “So have you done this with other women?”

“Done what?” asked Richard. He had the sort of winning smile seen on real estate salesmen.

“Gotten them ready for Mr. King.”

The married couple exchanged a knowing glance. “No,” said Theresa firmly. “Not as such. But we’ve had other people invited over for…fun and games.”

Jenn giggled and hated herself for her nervous reaction. “Is that what you call it? Fun and games?”

“What would you call good sex?” asked Richard.

She smiled, losing herself in his light blue eyes. “I guess I’d call it fun and games.”

“Why don’t we go to the bedroom?” he suggested.

Richard led the way with Jenn following and Theresa bringing up the rear. The bedroom turned out not to be upstairs, but was a separate suite at the back of the house, a private enclave with a walk-in closet, a full double bathroom, and a huge king-sized bed. Theresa closed the French doors behind them—probably more for a ceremonial feel than any need, Jenn realized because they were assuredly alone in the large house—and Richard turned around to face her and abruptly he was incredibly close. Jenn shivered with nervousness and anticipation.

“One little thing,” he said.

“What?” she asked eagerly.

“This is easiest if you’re naked.” He glanced once up and down her body and then he—along with Jenn—looked over at his wife, who was standing at the doors, watching.

“Go ahead,” she Theresa. “I’m ready for a good show. And you’re in for a surprise, Jenn.”

While she didn’t know exactly what Theresa meant by that, Jenn didn’t care. Richard’s hands were at her neckline and he was unbuttoning her blouse before she realized exactly what was going on.

Jenn quickly glanced back at Theresa, who was smiling, and then actually helped Richard remove her blouse. Without hesitation he then started searching for the zipper to her skirt and she was glad she had thought ahead to wear a matching bra and panty set, red lace with gold trim.

“Oh, very nice,” complimented Theresa when Richard dropped the skirt to the floor leaving Jenn in just her bra and panties and thigh high stockings. Even though she had put on the outfit for the specific purpose of sex—and because thigh highs are always sexy regardless of the situation—Jenn was a bit embarrassed. Partly because Theresa realized she had dressed for sex and partly because her bottoms were a thong and she was giving her friend more of a show than she intended. “I’m actually a little jealous. I don’t think I can really wear thongs any longer.”

Jenn looked over at her friend, but didn’t reply because the moment she moved her head, Richard kissed her on the side of her neck and she almost melted again. She remained frozen in place while his hands went around her back and briefly fumbled with the clasp before he expertly released it and pulled her bra from her torso.

Now she was all but naked, her breasts exposed, and the other two in the room were still completely clothed. Jenn glanced back at Theresa once again, looking for a hint of what was expected of her, but Theresa was in the act of sitting down on the small armchair and crossing her legs, looking inscrutable.

“Is this okay?” Jenn asked her as Richard’s hands traveled down her back and cupped her bare buttocks.

“It’s more than okay,” Theresa assured her. “Enjoy yourself. Leave on the stockings. They’re sexy, but take off your shoes.”

While Richard kissed her neck, cheeks, and lips—her lips! He was actually kissing her like a lover right in front of his wife!—she awkwardly stepped out of her heels. When Richard went down on one knee Jenn briefly had the ridiculous idea that he was going to propose to her, but then his thumbs hooked into the thin waistband of her thong and he started easing it over her hips and down her legs. Before she realized it, Jenn truly was naked, exposed, and ready to be used.

“Undress him,” instructed Theresa softly from across the room.

Jenn was actually glad for the instruction because it gave her something to do rather than just to be the object of both their attention. Richard stood back up and grinned at her. It had been a while since she had undressed a lover, but while they exchanged a few kisses, all the old skills came back to her and it was easy to get Richard’s shirt off. He kicked off his shoes while she worked on his belt and dropped his pants. In almost no time Richard was in his underwear. We wore a pair of black boxer briefs that clung to his body. For an older man, he was in good shape, with well-defined muscles and just a bit of chest hair. She was a little put off by the fact she couldn’t see a bulge in his underwear showing an already-erect cock, but maybe he needed a little physical stimulation to get hard; that wasn’t unusual in older men, she knew.

Her fingers went into the back of his underwear, slid down to grip his firm buttocks, and then she knelt down to pull them off him. She shouldn’t have been shocked, but she was. It was a day for surprised and she needed to tell herself she was in a new world and needed to react accordingly. The certain firmness she had felt through his underwear wasn’t his cock.

Richard, it turned out, had removed all his pubic hair below his waist. That wasn’t so shocking. What gave her great pause was the metal device that was locked around Richard’s cock. When he was naked Jenn just stood there trying to understand what she was seeing.

“Is she wet enough, Rich?” Theresa asked from across the room.

Before Jenn could give a verbal answer, Richard reached between her legs and quickly established that her pussy had gone above and beyond in producing enough natural lubrication. He held up his hand for Theresa to see Jenn’s

wetness. “More than enough.”

“That’s too bad,” she said to Jenn. “He has a really talented tongue. I love his oral skills.” Theresa had stood up from the chair and reached into her pants pocket as she approached the couple. Jenn barely heard her words; she was still focused on the shiny steel device hiding most of Richard’s cock.

“What is that?” Jenn wanted to point, but figured staring was more than enough.

“Just his chastity cage. Nothing to worry about,” Theresa reassured her friend as she took her husband’s steel-covered cock in hand and produced a key from her pocket. She paused before going further. “I should probably put your ring on now, before you get hard. You don’t want to cum too soon.”

“Right,” he agreed.

Jenn couldn’t believe how casually they were discussing this as Theresa held his largely flaccid cock in her hand and the key in the other. Theresa put the key back into her pocket and pulled out a steel ring that she proceeded to pass his balls through the ring and then fitted his soft shaft through the ring. It was then snug against his abdomen, a metal border between his body and his cock. Only then did Theresa use her key to free the metal tube from Richard’s shaft. The chastity device had largely left his head exposed—erections were prevented because the narrow metal tube made it impossible for him to get hard—but once the integrated lock was opened and the device removed, Jenn realized that a bit of metal was left behind. Richard sported a ring that went into the slit at the end of his cock and circled back and through the flesh on the underside. The bit of sexual jewelry made Jenn gasp.

“The piercing is needed as an anchor,” Richard explained to her even as his cock began to rise.

“Oh,” was Jenn’s reaction.

It was odd to look at his cock, devoid of hair, adorned by a ring behind the balls and a closed circle of metal through the head. And it was steadily growing without any encouragement from her or Theresa.

“Are you ready for him?” Theresa asked.

Jenn was still mesmerized by the piercing. “Why does he wear that?”

Theresa cupped her friend’s chin in her hand and said, “Richard is a cuckold, and I can’t properly cuckold him if I’m worried that he might be off fucking other women. I keep him under control. I decide when he has sex and with whom.”

“Isn’t that…cruel?” asked Jenn.

“A bit,” admitted Richard. “But there are some definite benefits as well.”

“Now are you going to make him suffer further, or are you two going to start fucking?” asked Theresa. There was an eager glint in her eyes and Jenn suddenly wanted to embark on this next part of her life’s adventure.

Richard pushed her toward the bed and made her fall onto her back. Jenn had enough presence of mind to scramble up all the way on the huge, soft surface as Richard climbed on, first the mattress and then on her. She reached down and was briefly confused by the silky texture of his rigid cock as it clashed with the metal ring in his flesh, but she aimed it at her slit and he sank all the way inside her.

It might have been Jenn’s imagination, but she was certain that she could feel the metal ring doing wonderful things inside her pussy. He was neither huge nor tiny, just an average sized guy, albeit topped by a metal ring, filling her up and fucking her wonderfully. Jenn’s knees were upraised and she felt wonderfully lusty as the husband of her friend fucked her as she watched. Turning her head she saw Theresa had retaken her seat on the small armchair, but she had unzipped her pants and her hand was inside panties, actively moving, masturbating while viewing the adulterous couple giving her a private sex show. That thought thrilled Jenn even more and without realizing it, her first orgasm overtook her body.

“Did she cum?” asked a distracted Theresa.

“Uh-huh,” Richard replied, continuing to slowly fuck Jenn.

“Did you?”

“No. Not yet.”

“Good. Make her cum again and then you may.”

Richard redoubled his efforts, thrusting harder and faster into her pussy. Once she had reached a peak Jenn could orgasm fairly easily again, but she couldn’t help herself. Both her hands strayed to her tits and she found herself pinching her nipples while Richard held himself up on his forearms. She curled her ankles behind his thighs, encouraging him to thrust deeper into her pussy. It was all too much as she felt herself cumming again, trying out at how little control she had over her own body.

Grinning, Richard kissed her and she kissed back. Jenn wasn’t sure if kissing this way was allowed, but Theresa said nothing—maybe she was too distracted by her own hand—and it seemed to help Richard to kiss her because he unexpectedly arched his neck upward and his face became a rictus of pain.

What followed were some of the most painful grunts Jenn had ever heard during sex. She felt him pumping his cum into her pussy—apparently the ring had no real impact on ejaculation. The thrill of hot cum filling her up made her body shudder and she had yet another orgasm, though this one much milder than before.

They rested together a minute and it was then that Jenn realized the real purpose of the metal ring that Theresa had placed around the base of his cock. He stayed hard within her pussy.

“You ready to go again?” Theresa asked him from across the room. Jenn looked over at her friend, who had now shoved her pants all the way off making a pile on the floor in front of her but still had her hand busily working away inside her panties, and realized she was talking to Richard. Seeing her confused look, Theresa said, “That’s the beauty of the cock ring, keeps him hard, lets him go longer, and because he hasn’t cum in a month, he’ll be able to fuck you several times tonight.”

Before Jenn could say anything, Richard started thrusting into her again. And it felt fantastic. She moaned and decided to enjoy the thrill. It was why she was here.

In the end Richard only fucked her a second time, making her cum four more times, and he once again finished in her with a rather painful sounding cry. During it all she was certain that Theresa had cum at least once from her very

busy hand.

“Here, put these on before you get dressed,” Theresa said, handing over a pair of silky black panties.

“Why?”

“They’ll keep Richard’s cum inside you better than that tiny thong. What you need to do when you get home is to ask Kevin to fuck you. Tell him you just fucked another man and you need his cum inside you. Then let him do to you what you want.”

“Kevin already knows I’m here,” Jenn said in a small voice.

“Good. Then it shouldn’t be difficult to get him to do this, right? He wanted this as much as you, right?”

“Yeah…but shouldn’t I have a shower first?” Jenn looked doubtfully at the panties in her hand.

Theresa shook her head. “No. Very bad idea. He needs to smell another man on you and in you. Trust me. It’ll get him every more excited. Your pussy isn’t too sore, is it?”

“No.”

“Good. Believe me,” she said helping Jenn up off the bed, “this is the best way. And look, your stockings don’t even have a run in them. That’s a good sign.”

Theresa helped her get dressed, which was odd to say the least because she was certain she could smell the other woman’s pussy on her fingers. This was done while Richard lounged on the bed, his cock still hard—aided by the ring to remain in that condition. The last image she had of the other couple was Theresa approaching her husband on the bed, and pushing her panties down.

Jenn showed herself out the door and kept shifting her hips around as she drove home. Richard had cum heavily into her, but had also done it deeply. She could feel him leaking out, but not excessively so. Her thong was tucked into her dress pocket and Jenn planned on handing the tiny garment over to Kevin when she walked through the door.

That thought alone was enough to bring a confused smile to her face.

Kevin was sitting on the couch playing a video game when she got home. She kicked off her shoes and walked into the living room. At first he barely noticed when she tossed her red thong onto his lap. “What’s this?”

Jenn had to stop herself from rolling her eyes. “My panties,” she said, already exasperated.

He paused the game. “I thought you were…” he trailed off, unable to say the words. He had purposely chosen to play a game while she was gone because he needed to focus on something other than what his wife was doing.

She grinned at him. “There’s only one way for you to find out,” she told him and lifted her skirt up a bit, exposing her knees, hinting at what she might have been doing, but actually exposing nothing. “Care to join me in the bedroom?” Jenn couldn’t believe she was propositioning her fiancé after having already fucked Richard—twice!—just an hour earlier, but her body—and her mind—was telling her she needed to have more sex. It was a physical and an emotional need.

Walking away was easy. She knew that he would follow. She hadn’t made it halfway to the bedroom before the television was off and Kevin’s footsteps were thudding on the hardwood floor.

She pulled off her blouse and dropped her skirt before he got to the bedroom door. Looking over her shoulder at him paused in the doorway, she knew his eyes were focused on her ass, covered with the black silk panties. They didn’t discuss it, but she knew he realized what had gone on because her red thong was in his hand and the black panties she was wearing didn’t match the bra.

“Help me undress?” Jenn asked.

Kevin walked up behind her and unhooked her bra. Turning around, she showed him her breasts, but his eyes were already focused on her panty-covered pussy. He sat down on the edge of the bed and continued to stare. When he reached out to her hips, she didn’t stop him. Slowly Kevin lowered the material, slowly exposing more and more skin. When the panties were low enough and her pubic hair and slit were exposed, the silk still clung to her labia, her pussy lips still

puffy from sex and desire.

As he continued to lower the panties, it was almost as if the material was glued to her labia. It stayed stuck there, extending her lips, until it finally pulled away. The familiar scent of her pussy was combined with the smell of cum—but not his—and Kevin felt his cock getting hard. He saw the dried bits of cum on her skin and lingering on her lips. But even better, he could see the viscous white fluid slowly dripping out of her.

“I fucked him,” she said.

“Who?” Kevin didn’t really want to know, he just had to ask the question. His eyes were still riveted to her pussy.

“Richard.”

“Who’s he?”

“Theresa’s husband.”

If Kevin understood the words, he didn’t acknowledge them. “You fucked him,” he breathed.

“Yeah. Do you want to fuck me?” she asked.

In response he grabbed her, tossed her onto the bed, and scrambled out of his clothes. She didn’t need to touch him; she didn’t need to do anything. His cock was rooting between her legs, seeking her opening, which only took a second before her moisture and the slickness left behind by Richard let him slip inside her.

“Can you feel him?” she asked as her fiancé buried himself all the way inside her pussy.

“Uh-huh.” Kevin’s face was screwed up, concentrating on not cumming. The moment was too exciting for him and he knew that if he moved even slightly, he’d cum and the moment would be over and that would ruin everything.

“He came in me. Twice. It was the best sex of my life.”

“Oh.” It wasn’t that he was disinterested. It was that if he thought too much about it the extreme pleasure would be gone. He had to focus on something other than her words.

“He filled me up and Theresa watched while he fucked me.”

“Uh-huh.”

“She played with herself while he did it. She set up the whole thing. Do you want me to do it again?”

“Uh-huh.” He moved his hips slowly back and forth, just once, just to prove that he could, just to show her that he had control of himself. He was a man and no matter what she did, that wouldn’t be take away from him.

“Do you want to watch while I fuck him?”

“Yes,” he moaned into her ear. If she kept it up he was going to cum and he wouldn’t have anything to do with it.

“Do you know what the best part was?”

“No.”

“He had his cock pierced,” she whispered to him. “He had a big solid steel ring through the head of his cock and Theresa used it to lock a metal tube onto his cock so he couldn’t get hard unless she unlocked him.”

Now Kevin was afraid—and he liked the fear. What was Jenn getting at?

“She controls him completely. She when he has sex and who he has sex with. I liked that. I want that. Do you want that?”

Kevin nodded his head. He didn’t know why. He couldn’t articulate what he was feeling and how powerful it was, but he wanted to be controlled by Jenn. It was scary. It was exciting. He wanted that sort of thrill in his life. “Yes.”

“We’re going to have it,” she promised him. “I’m going to be in charge of your cock, I’m going to fuck other men, and we’re both going to love it, isn’t that right?”

“Yes,” he breathed.

“Fuck me now,” she almost begged him. “Fuck me hard.”

He did. He slammed his cock into her three—four—five times and then he came. His balls tightened up and it was almost painful to cum. His body trembled with each spurt of ejaculation. There was pain, but great pleasure shone through it. He was more than willing to fight through the pain for that extra pleasure that couldn’t be found elsewhere.

“Does it feel good?” she asked him as he breathed heavily, barely able to hold up his body on top of hers. “Your cum mixing with his inside my pussy? I bet it feels wonderful to you. It feels great to me. I’m going to do it again. I’m going to fuck another man and then you’ll have me afterwards. That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

Even after his orgasm, the physical and emotional draining of his body, he still wanted to play the perverted game they had created together. “Yes.”

“We’re going to do it,” she promised him. “You just need to do what I tell you, okay?”

“I’ll do it,” he promised in return. “I’ll do whatever you want.”

She laughed lightly and kissed the side of his face. “I know,” she said. “I know you will. You’re going to watch when I fuck Richard again. And after we get married, you’re going to watch when Mr. King fucks me.”

“Yes,” he said eagerly.

“You’re going to love the things I’m going to do. You’re going to love the things, I’m going to make you do.”

# 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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