

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Marathon Sex, Loving Sex, Fucked Silly

Summary: After finding a camera left by Yuri, Loid and Yor consider properly consummating their fake marriage to make it more believable. It's definitely just to add legitimacy to their false union, and not at all because they're falling for each other. They start out simple, then things escalate, next thing they know, the bed frame's broken, there's various fluids everywhere, and neither of them can form coherent sentences. All in all, a successful ploy that was definitely not the very real release of multiple months of sexual tension.

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“Honey, I’m home.”

Loid Forger steps into the house with one hand on the doorhandle and the other holding his briefcase. He wears his normal signature green suit and straightens it out as he closes the front door behind him.

Meanwhile, after just a moment, Yor Forger steps out from the kitchen, wearing an apron over her usual off-shoulder red sweater dress paired with black tights.

“Ah, welcome home husband. Can I interest you in anything in particular? Dinner... a warm bath... or maybe... me?”

Both of them flush a little bit at that last idea, the heat rising to their faces in spite of their professionalism. That heat only grows as Loid pretends to consider it for a long moment before finally slowly nodding.

“I’ll take... you.”

Yor fidgets slightly before nodding as well and moving forward.

“O-Of course, dear. Let me help you with your shoes and then we can... retire to the bedroom.”

And that’s precisely what she does. She helps him slip off of his shoes before rising back to her feet and leading him down the hall. They only stop for a moment so she can take off her apron and set it down in the kitchen, then they make their way to the master bedroom that they share with one another.

However, despite being married and sharing a bed... they’ve never actually consummated said marriage or slept together sexually before now. There’s a simple reason for that... the marriage between the two of them is fake. It always has been. In the end, they both have their reasons for wanting it, but neither of them are actually in love with the other. Or at least... weren’t.

Still, Anya is out for the day, meaning that they have the house all to themselves. And seeing as they’d discovered a hidden camera just the other day, one that might have called into question the legitimacy of their marriage if they weren’t careful, both Loid and Yor have decided that this... this is necessary.

And so, as soon as they’re in the bedroom, Yor pushes Loid to sit down on the bed and then sinks to her knees in front of him, pushing open his legs as she does so.

“Yor...”

“I will... take care of your needs, h-husband.”

With that, Yor pulls her red sweater dress down off of where it’s barely clinging to her upper arms, sliding it down to her waist and exposing her chest, albeit still covered in a bra. Of course, Yor wastes no time here too, even as her blush intensifies a bit. She reaches behind herself and unclasps her bra, taking it off as well.

Loid's breath hitches as her chest is exposed. It's not like he's never seen a woman's tits before though... there should be no reason for him to react overly strongly just because they're Yor's. And yet, he's not entirely acting, even as Yor reaches with trembling fingers for the crotch of his suit pants.

She's not entirely acting either when she finally extracts his cock from its confines and gasps cutely over how big he is. His member, already half hard, rapidly reaches full mast... especially when Yor leans up on her knees and promptly wraps her tits around his shaft, stroking her breasts up and down to get him the rest of the way to completely erect.

Loid looks down at her shocked, while Yor averts her gaze. He clearly didn't expect her to engage in this kind of behavior... but Yor had done her research ahead of time. She always does. Either way, her soft, pillowy mammaries are now wrapped around Loid's thick prick, his member growing until the tip is protruding up out of the top of her cleavage by a couple of inches.

Without even really thinking about it, Yor leans forward and clamps her lips over his cockhead. Her mouth sucks down, her cheeks sucking in as she begins to bob up and down those couple of inches, all while continuing to slide her chest along the rest of his cock.

This continues for the next several minutes as Loid groans, placing a hand atop Yor's head and tilting his own head back in pleasure.

"Tch... Yor..."

His groan as he says her name only spurs Yor on further, causing her to bob up and down his shaft even harder. Just as she's starting to really get a rhythm going however... his grip on her hair firms up and he stops her.

"Wait... I want... to be inside of you..."

Yor's eyes flick up to meet Loid's gaze and she blushes bright red crimson, even as she comes off of his cock. Right... she was getting ahead of herself. They were doing this to sell their fake marriage, not for actual pleasure. That meant

there was no reason for Yor to be going overboard... they only needed to make the proper noises, do the proper things, and finish up when Loid was finally done.

So she pulls back from his cock reluctantly and rises to her feet, slowly stripping naked right then and there. Loid does the same, shucking off his jacket and then pulling off his tie and unbuttoning his shirt. Over the next couple minutes, they both mechanically and silently dress down. There's nothing sexual about it, except that Yor can't stop glancing to Loid's cock and Loid can't stop glancing at Yor's tits. Their movements though, their actions... though are pure efficiency, plain and simple.

Until finally, Yor finds herself scooting back on the bed while Loid climbs on after her. Resting on her elbows, she stares up at him, even as he moves forward, forcing her to shuffle back until she's among the pillows at the head of the bed.

Letting herself lay back on them then, Yor watches as Loid spreads her legs, gripping one of her thighs with one hand and holding his cock in the other. He places his dick against her slit and begins to slowly push into her, staring down at where they're being joined together with a look of utmost concentration on his face. Like he's worried he might hurt her if he's not careful.

That's not likely to happen... Yor is pretty wet at this point, not dry in the slightest. Maybe she should be... but she can't help her body's own reactions. Loid lets out a grunt of surprise as he sort of just slides up into her, his cock finding barely any resistance save for her tightness and cunt muscles clenching down around it. Her arousal though makes it easy for him to stretch her pussy walls and penetrate deeply.

Deeply enough that Yor moans... and it's not all that faked of a moan. Her blush intensifies and so does Loid's flush, until both of them are just staring at each other in silence, joined together at long last, but unmoving in a state of clear uncertainty. Finally, Yor shifts her hips, bucking them upwards as she hesitantly wraps her arms around Loid's neck.

“Please take me, husband. Use me... y-your wife. I want you... to put a baby in me, to give Anya a little brother or sister.”

Loid's eyes widen as Yor goes off script a bit. To be fair, she's on birth control and he knows it... so this is all purely performative theater right now. However, she can feel the effect the fantasy has on Loid all the same, the way his cock jumps inside of her at the very idea.

After a beat, he lets out a lustful growl and starts to thrust, taking her right then and there. Yor moans, clenching down harder on him, gripping at his neck as she clings to him. His cock barrels in and out of her, fucking her cunt deep right off the bat. His thrusts are fast and harsh almost instantly and if Yor were a normal woman, she might not have enjoyed the experience.

But Yor is a weapon. She is well acquainted with violence and this much... this much can't even be called violence. It's just a little bit of rough sex. More than that, emotionally it feels good to finally be claimed by her husband, fake or not. To be taken by him properly, their marriage consummated at long last...

The more Loid fucks her, the more Yor stops caring about who is watching or who they have to fool. Who the fuck cares? Her world narrows down to a pinprick, to the sensation of Loid's throbbing cock pushing in and out of her cunt. Her pussy walls flex around his dick, her cunt lips gripping him for all she's worth, and still he continues to pound away.

Yor... doesn't even have to fake the orgasm that eventually overtakes her. Maybe she moans a little louder than she otherwise would have, but the climax itself is entirely real, her loud lewd cries filling the air as she seizes up beneath him. She feels Loid stiffen atop her when he realizes this, when he figures out that he's actually made her cum... and then she feels him start to fuck her all the harder for it, grunting and groaning as his usual poise and composure steadily becomes more and more undone.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh is audible all throughout the room and is music to Yor's ears as she loses herself in the pleasure. Her eyes threaten to roll up in her skull so she just closes them instead, exulting in the ecstasy and crying out blissfully as Loid continues to fuck her right there on their marital bed.

Until finally... he lets out a hoarse, raspy breath and comes undone inside of her. No further warning is given. He doesn't say a thing. He just... cums in her, filling her with his seed. To be fair, they'd talked about it ahead of time. He wasn't going to ask permission... why should a husband ask his wife for permission to cum inside after his wife already asked to be bred?

Yor clings to Loid as he fills her to the brim, her own surprise orgasm overtaking her during his climax. Her pussy walls squeeze the life out of his cock, draining him even more effectively until there's not a drop left in his balls.

That should have been the end of it. That should have been all they needed to do, especially for whoever was putting cameras in the house to make sure their marriage was legitimate. However... however, even as Loid starts to pull away, Yor clamps down. Her long legs wrap around Loid's waist and her powerful thighs squeeze on his hips, holding him in place as steadily as her arms around his neck.

He looks at her... and Yor looks back, her blush gone as she instead stares at him with an intense gaze.

"If we're really going to try for a baby... then we should make the most of our time while Anya is out of the house... right husband?"

He pauses for only a moment... before slowly nodding.

"I suppose... I suppose you're right, wife."

Yor smiles beatifically at that, prompting Loid to chuckle and smile right back at her. Then, her pussy having rhythmically squeezed his cock into staying fully hard instead of softening, Loid begins to move again right then and there.

He's no slower the second time. No less rough about it. And yet, there's something truly loving about how he tenderizes her pussy with his big fat cock. There's a connection growing between them... that neither of them can possibly acknowledge.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

As Loid plows Yor silly, fucking her not just a second time but also a third, fourth, fifth and sixth all on her request, things escalate between the two of them.

The next thing either of them knows, the bed frame is broken, the bodily fluids aren't just inside of Yor's womb but frankly everywhere... and neither of them are in a state to form coherent sentences, even as they eventually limp to the bathroom to take a shower together so they can get presentable before Anya gets home.

All in all though... it's a successful ploy to convince whoever is spying of their relationship. And definitely not at all the very real release of multiple months of sexual tension between them.

No sir...