

**Sarah Delva — June 2037**

"It'll be fun, you'll enjoy it... I'll enjoy it," My husband insisted.

I shook my head with a deep blush, not in rejection but simple and pure embarrassment. "I-I'm not an exhibitionist David." Even though I denied it, the idea sent a thrill to my core.

"Sure-sure, but no one will see you. You'll be there, just below the camera. They might hear you, but no one will know for sure."

I clenched my thighs together and leaned on the kitchen table with hands clasped. I reveled in the beginnings of arousal at the mere thought. "A-alright. And... well... maybe I'll even let them see me. Just not my face, okay?"

David grinned at me, teeth bright in his dusky face, eyes glinting. "Not an exhibitionist, eh bitch? I can smell you from here already."

I blushed even deeper and looked away as he insulted me. My thighs shifted and squeezed again, "Maybe a little?"

He stood up, circled the table, and placed a hand on top of my head. His fingers tangled in my straight black tresses, then trailed down to the back of my neck. I relaxed as he pet me, then shuddered as those fingers curled and pulled. My head was jerked back and I was forced to meet his gaze. Then he kissed me, a brutal, lip bruising kiss that stole my breath and left my panties a swamp.

I belonged to him, willingly. We even wrote it into our marriage vows. I was to serve, worship, and please him for all my days to come. He was to care for me, cherish me, protect me, and use me until death separated us.

"And what if I want to show your face to everyone? Let them see just how depraved and beautiful you are, hmm?"

I closed my eyes as I took a shuddering breath, then opened them again. I met his firm gaze with one of supplication and deep subservience. "If you desire it, Master." I knew better than to say his name, when he demanded obedience, he was Master.

He glanced at the kitchen clock. My hair was released and he pointed to the basement stairs, "No time now to set up. Grab a pillow for your knees. We're live in fifteen."

A few minutes later I met him down stairs. He was already at his desk but had swapped out his usual computer chair for something without arms. Already he had

booted up the game and gotten the software running. His live stream would start soon, some sort of charity drive cum championship. I never really paid that much attention to his activities down here.

I crawled under the desk and set the pillow down, then knelt between his spread, naked thighs. He gave me another caress, then pulled my face into the gap between. I kissed, gently at his member then inhaled the scent of him. "Wait until the second match, if I lose the first due to distraction it'll look bad. Second I might lose anyway, there's some stiff competition after all."

I nodded soundlessly and nestled my face into him, no more than that. This was my church, my temple, my place of worship. I pressed a kiss to his sack, then laid my cheek to his thigh, and silently prayed in my heart and soul. God could not exist, but this man filled the void left once I'd escaped my family. So to him I prayed, before him I worshiped upon my knees. All the old dogma, turned on it's head.

Minutes passed as I remained there, comfortable, content, and in my place. He began to speak, to introduce himself and the challenge before him. Then without preamble he added, "Tonight we also have my wife with me on stream, though she won't be presenting. So if I seem a little distracted, you will know why. However, tomorrow she and I will be hosting a very special event for all the adults in the crowd. Sorry kids, my wife's face is too beautiful for the underaged."

I began to blush again as I realized what he intended. Ever so quietly I let out an involuntary, "nooo..." then caught myself and buried my face in his thigh. His member had erected against my cheek, but at my quiet response, it throbbed.

I was lost in a haze of thoughts in counterpoint; lust and embarrassment, dread and desire, worship and self recrimination. I didn't even realize the first match was over until his hand returned to my head and guided me into place.

My lips parted as his flaccid penis slid between. It took only a few gentle suckles to awaken him. A moment later he was lodged between my tonsils and his hand returned to the keyboard. I went to work, not intensely, but a slow and steady pleasure. This was my place, this was where I belonged, he was the temple in which I healed the wounds of my soul.

David cursed, the keyboard clattered, the mouse darted back and forth. He was fighting furiously. I began to tease. A kiss to his glans, a tease of the tongue. I retreated and blew a caress of breath across his wet skin, then nestled under to draw his sack into my mouth. Above, I heard his breath catch, then another curse as his hips rolled.

Time passed immeasurably as I worshiped. A tacky stain of precum marred one side of my face, half dried. I returned to his erection and swallowed it again, nose buried in his gnarled pubic hair. His focus waned as I brought him to the edge, then retreated once more. His breathing returned to normal, or at least some semblance thereof.

My lips returned to him, but only the tip, not even his full head. I suckled and kissed at him between laps of my tongue at his ever flowing urethra. Another prayer passed through my mind as I gazed up, into his concentrating face. His attention was not on me, but I was determined to steal his focus. I wriggled the tip of my tongue against his leaky slit and watched as he flinched.

The mouse darted hard, the keys clacked in rapid succession, then he cheered with a pump of his fist and a wide grin. His hand fell from the keyboard to the back of my head, and slammed my face down. My chin smacked the edge of the chair and half closed my jaw. Teeth scraped him, but he didn't care. He drove himself deep into my throat and held me in place. It was time.

My worship became a frenetic thing. I felt him tremble, watched his stomach clench, watched his focus shift. His eyes met mine, briefly. He clenched his jaw then leaned back in the chair, a placid facade forced to the front. He tried to speak, halted, then started again with a steady voice even as his thighs trembled against my cheeks and his fist tore strands of hair from my scalp.

"Next match will start in two minutes. Let me know who and what I should play. I'm going to need a minute to calm down." The moment he finished talking, I swallowed hard, and sent him careening over the edge of pleasure. His eyes closed, his lips tightened into a flat line as his nostrils flared. A second later his first gout of semen splattered against the back of my throat.

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I made him climax three more times before he finally lost in the semifinals. He spent the next twenty minutes petting my hair like I was one of our dogs. While he stroked me he spoke to his viewers and reviewed the final couple matches. When it was over, he toggled the stream adult. There were a number of complaints by the underaged as they were kicked off, but that only made him laugh.

"Tomorrow, eight PM, I'll be hosting that adult stream with my slave wife. Some of you may have realized it, but all night long she's been sucking on me like a vampire. Tomorrow I'll let you all watch as I play some random pickup matches. She's a good girl, I'm certain you'll like her." He glanced down at me with a grin, then

added, "I really should show you all how hard she's blushing right now. Or maybe the huge damp stain on her pillow. She's wet enough to rival the ocean."

"M-master!" I protested, then buried my face in his lap again. I wanted to die. A moment later a tiny orgasm pulsed through my depths, completely involuntarily and without touching myself. A little mewl of a whimper escaped, and his member swelled again to half mast against my cheek. He wasn't done with me tonight.