

Finder's Fee

by Pan

Andrew and his wife – his *wife!* – shot each other a glance at the knock.

“Uh, did you order room service?”

“I did not, *wife*,” Andrew said, enjoying the squeal of excitement in Sabrina’s eyes at the word. “Tonight is for us.”

She held up a hand. “Today was for us. Tonight is for sleep.”

“Of course,” Andrew nodded. “But I think if we don’t at least fool around a *little*, we’re not technically married...”

Sabrina bit her lip. They’d been together for over three years, but her husband – *husband!* – still turned her on.

The knock repeated.

“I’ll get it,” Andrew said, confused. “You start taking the dress off.”

“Gown,” Sabrina corrected, making her way to the bathroom. “And yeah. God knows how long it’ll take.”

“K-Kyle?”

“Hey Andrew,” the black-haired man smiled. “Great job today.”

“Y-you too,” the new husband replied. “Loved the speech. Uh, what are you doing here?”

Sabrina squealed in shock as her husband’s best friend poked his head around the bathroom door. “Kyle! What the fuck?”

“Language!” Kyle joked. “And don’t stop on my behalf. I’ll be seeing it all shortly anyway.”

“Kyle, what in God’s name are you talking about?”

Plopping down on the bed, Kyle looked up at his newlywed friend’s confused face. “I’m here to collect my finder’s fee.”

Andrew narrowed his eyes. “Finder’s fee?”

“Well, yeah. I introduced you two.”

Sabrina’s head appeared in the honeymoon suite’s small hallway. “Andrew, why is he still here?”

“Just sorting it out, darling,” he replied, before turning back to his best man. “Kyle, whatever you’re on about, can it wait until tomorrow? We’re both pooped, and…”

“Well, I wanted to collect before you left for Barbados.”

“Collect *what*?”

“I told you,” the young man replied. “My finder’s fee.”

Andrew took a deep breath and started mentally counting to twenty. Before he could reach double digits, Kyle continued.

“We never settled on a number, but I think ten percent is pretty fair.”

“Ten percent of *what*?”

“The sex,” Kyle replied flatly, staring his friend straight in the eyes. “Since I introduced you two, I’m entitled to ten percent of the sex you have in the marriage.”

“Kyle, if this is some kind of weird joke…”

“It’s not.”

There was a long pause, and the two stared at each other.

“We never agreed on a finder’s fee,” Andrew finally replied. His voice had lost some of its confidence.

“No, but like I said, ten percent is pretty standard.”

Andrew opened his mouth, but he couldn’t think of a single argument against his friend’s claim. After a moment of floundering, he closed it again.

“You want me to talk to Sabrina?” Kyle asked.

“N-no,” Andrew finally said, his shoulders slumped. “I’ll do it.”

It was less than a minute before his new wife stormed out of the bathroom.

“Kyle,” she bellowed, “what the fuck are you talking about!?! Finder’s fee???”

“Like I said, it’s pretty standard,” he replied.

“I *just* got married! You think I’m going to have sex with you???”

“Well, yeah.” Kyle replied calmly, staring her in the eyes. “I mean, if it wasn’t for me…you *wouldn’t* be married.”

Again, there was a long silence as the angry bride stared at the placid best man.

“...well does it have to be *right now*?” she asked, her mouth twisted in annoyance. “It’s our wedding night!”

“You fly to Barbados in the morning,” he reminded her. “If not tonight, we’ll have to spend a day or two catching up when you get back.”

“That would be bad timing,” Andrew interjected. “We have to deal with house stuff as soon as we land.”

“But...” Sabrina said, narrowing her eyes. “I...”

Like as husband’s had just a few minutes earlier, Sabrina’s mouth floundered for any kind of counterargument. When she couldn’t find one, she let out a dramatic sigh.

“But you’ll have to help me take my dress off,” she lamely concluded.

“Gown,” her husband corrected gently, as a smug smile spread across Kyle face.

“I don’t mind if you keep it on, actually,” he said. “That ” could be fun.

“Thanks,” Sabrina replied with a roll of her eyes. “But I’d rather not. Can we get this over with?”

“Well, my fee is ten percent,” Kyle responded, and Sabrina shot her new husband a look.

“Really, Andrew? You couldn’t get a better deal than ten percent?”

“S-sorry,” he replied, abashed.

“And that ten percent isn’t just, like, orgasms. I expect everything. Passion, enthusiasm, lust, kinky shit. Whatever you do, whatever you feel, I want ten percent of it. And I don’t mean sex that’s ten percent as good – for every nine times you have sex, I want one session that’s just as good. How often do you two have sex?”

The newly married couple shot each other a glance.

“Five times a week?” Andrew offered, and Sabrina nodded.

“Great,” Kyle smiled. “So about once every two weeks, I’ll come by and collect my fee.”

Once more, the couple looked at each other, silently conversing in the way that only couples can. Finally, they turned back to their friend.

“Every second Wednesday?”

“Works for me,” Kyle said with a grin.

For the next half hour, Andrew and Kyle chatted in the bedroom, discussing the highs and lows

of the wedding (high: the dog ringbearer. Low: the priest mispronouncing Andrew's surname) and their plans for Barbados. When Sabrina finally managed to shuck her wedding gown, the conversation stopped as she entered the bedroom.

"Damn," Kyle said, and Andrew agreed with a whistle.

"I thought tonight was for sleep?" he asked with a grin, and Sabrina blushed.

"I was just...this was for you," she said, gesturing to the white lingerie she'd been wearing all day beneath her gown. "I wanted to surprise you. I didn't realize..."

She trailed off, leaving an awkward pause.

"I'll go and see if the bar is still open," Andrew said, standing up.

"Thanks, bud," Kyle replied, not taking his eyes off Sabrina. "I'll text when we're done."

"Bye, uh, honey," Andrew said, leaning forward and giving his wife a quick peck on the lips.

As the door closed behind him, Sabrina looked at Kyle. "So. Um, do you want to..."

Kyle didn't reply verbally. Instead, he stood up, crossed the room, and pulled Sabrina against him. Her eyes widened as he met her lips with his own, passionately kissing her for several seconds.

"Tell me what you like," he muttered as he pulled away, smiling when his instruction was met with a soft sigh of pleasure.

"I...I liked that," she blushingly admitted.

"What else?"

"Um..."

"Tell me."

Her blush darkened, but she gave him a coy smile. "I like being told what to do"

"Good girl," Kyle said, smiling at the sight of Sabrina swallowing. "Kneel."

Sabrina did as she was commanded, kneeling on the floor in front of her husband's best friend.

"Take me out," he said, gesturing between his legs.

Without a word, Sabrina unzipped his fly, her eyes widening at the sight of his erection.

"Oh wow," she said.

“Andrew never told you?”

Sabrina shook her head, and – unprompted – leaned forward to kiss the head of the enormous cock.

“Mmmm,” she moaned, and Kyle watched as her tongue lapped at the head of his dick.

“Tell me how much you like it,” he demanded, and Sabrina nodded eagerly.

“I...I love it,” she whispered. “It’s big. And thick. And hard.”

“Bigger than Andrew?”

She shot him a look. “You know it is.”

“Say it,” he ordered, and a shiver ran up Sabrina’s spine.

“It’s...it’s bigger than Andrew.”

“Say it’s bigger than your husband’s.”

“It’s bigger than my husband’s,” she repeated, the word still new in her mouth.

Kyle nodded. “Now suck it.”

“Yes, sir,” Sabrina muttered, and lowered her head.

For the next few minutes, Sabrina serviced her husband’s best friend’s cock. Her eyes never left his, her new wedding finger glinting on the hand wrapped around his base.

“Do you want to cum?” she asked, and Kyle nodded. “On my tits?”

“Maybe next time,” he said, and Sabrina wasn’t sure whether to be disappointed or relieved.

“This time, I want to fill you up. Get on the bed.”

The new bride felt guilty at how hard her heart was pounding as she obeyed, climbing onto the bed and lying on her back.

“What do you like?” he asked again, and Sabrina bit her lip as she thought.

“I like it rough,” she admitted, and Kyle grinned as he saw the blush return to her cheeks.

“Anything else?”

“Hard,” she replied. “Fast. I like the feeling that I’ve made someone lose control.”

“Good girl,” he said again. “Spread your legs.”

Sabrina did as she was told, but instead of immediately climbing on top of her, Kyle surprised

her by moving his mouth between her legs. She squirmed as his tongue ran up and down the outside of her panties (again feeling guilty about how wet they were), and gasped as he pushed them aside and placed his tongue directly on her throbbing clit.

“Oh, *god!*” she exclaimed. “Fuck!”

“Your husband doesn’t lick you like this?” he asked, pulling back to look up at her, and Sabrina shook her head.

“He doesn’t like it,” she replied, biting her lip. “I..I don’t either.”

Kyle’s eyebrows shot up. “You don’t like it?”

“N-no,” she replied, avoiding eye contact with her husband’s best friend, the man who’d introduced them.

“You seem to like it,” the man between her legs said, staring at her. Finally, she glanced down and met his eyes, suddenly unable to look away.

“I don’t,” she whispered, every inch of her filled with guilt. “...when Andrew does it.”

“Ah,” Kyle said, the light in his eyes dancing with delight. “Well, let’s see how I do.”

As his tongue returned to the most sensitive spot between her legs, Sabrina’s body shuddered with pleasure.

“Gentle,” she gasped, and he replied by shifting his attention to her freshly-shaven lips, sucking and licking at them just like he’d kissed her only minutes ago.

“Harder,” she panted, and Kyle complied, moving two fingers between her legs and using them to enter her dripping wet hole.

“Please,” she begged, and Kyle returned his mouth to her clit, teasing it with the tip of his tongue.

“I’m close,” she whimpered, and Kyle immediately pulled away, smiling as he looked up at her.

“I need you to beg for it,” he said, and Sabrina frowned.

“W-what?”

“Beg me to make you cum,” he said, staring her in the eyes. “That’s an order.”

“M-make me cum,” she stammered, “I want to cum so bad.”

“Then say it,” he said, and she stared at him, confused. “Say the magic word.”

“P-please,” she begged, and Kyle’s smile widened. “Please, make me cum. Please!”

“Please...”

He trailed off, his fingers continuing to piston in and out of her wetness. Her mind was so foggy, it took her a minute to realize what he was asking.

“Please sir!” she finally exclaimed, and Kyle grinned.

“Good girl,” he said, placing his mouth between her legs. “Keep saying it.”

“Sir, please. Please. Make me cum. Make me cum, sir. Please...”

His mouth continued to tease her pussy as she spoke.

“Please!” she gasped. “Oh god, I want to cum so badly. Please, Kyle. Sir! Please, make me cum.”

He didn’t say anything, just continued sucking and licking around her throbbing button as she begged him for an orgasm.

“Make me cum,” she whispered, her voice thick with lust. “I want to cum so bad. Sir, please. Sir...”

Kyle’s fingers plunged into her cunt, and he used them to pull her hips toward him, pressing his mouth against her clit.

“Oh, yes!” Sabrina exclaimed. “Yes, sir! Sir!”

“Cum for me,” he growled, and she squealed as the first wave of pleasure crashed over her.

“Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, oh, fuck,” she moaned, her entire body shuddering as Kyle sucked at her clit and his fingers pounded her. She couldn’t even remember the last time she’d gotten oral, and here she was, cumming so hard that she wouldn’t have been surprised if she squirted.

“Oh, fuck,” she groaned, her legs shaking as her orgasm faded. “Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Kyle. God, Kyle. That was amazing.”

“You liked it?” Kyle asked, smiling as he crawled up her body.

“Mm-hmm,” she replied, her eyes still watering from the strength of her orgasm. “Fuck...”

“Was I better than Andrew?”

Sabrina froze, his question suddenly sobering her up.

“Yes,” she soon responded. “At...at that. Yes.”

Kyle’s grin never left, as he watched her squirm – this time, not from pleasure.

“I’ll take it,” he nodded. “For now. Are you ready?”

“For what?” Sabrina asked, although she already knew the answer.

“For this,” Kyle grunted, positioning his cock at her entrance.

“Y-yes...”

Sabrina hold her breath and closed her eyes, but to her surprise, nothing happened. She cautiously reopened one arm, to see what her husband’s best friend was doing.

He was staring at her with an arrogant grin. She shivered, unable to help herself. His confidence, she had to admit, was kind of hot.

“I want you to wear it,” he declared, and Sabrina immediately knew what he was talking about.

“It’ll take me an hour or two to put it back on...” she admitted, and Kyle shook his head.

“Just a part of it,” he said, and Sabrina’s eyes lit up. She knew just the thing.

Moments later, she was laying under him once more, wetter than before. Now, however, she was wearing her wedding veil.

“Yesss,” Kyle grinned, looking down at her with gleaming eyes. “I like this. I like this a lot.”

“Fuck me,” Sabrina begged quietly. “Please...”

With a loud groan, Kyle thrust himself inside her, burying his cock deep in one swift stroke.

“Oh, fuck,” Sabrina moaned, her hands landing on his shoulders, her grip tightening as she adjusted to the invasion.

“Good girl,” he said, his voice tight with exertion. “So good.”

He pulled back, slowly withdrawing his cock until the head popped free, then slammed it back into her pussy.

“Fuck!” she cried out again. “Oh, Jesus you’re big.”

“Bigger than your husband?” Kyle asked, and Sabrina nodded.

“Yessss,” she hissed. “Fuck!”

Kyle grinned, watching her squirm beneath him. He didn’t give her time to adjust, though, and began to pound her hard and fast.

“Oh, fuck,” Sabrina cried out again, her back arching off the bed as Kyle fucked her harder than she’d ever been fucked before. “Fuck!”

“Does your husband fuck you this hard?”

“No,” she moaned, her breath coming in short gasps. “He doesn’t. He...he’s too gentle.”

“Good girl,” Kyle said, leaning down to kiss her. She met his mouth with hers, moaning into his mouth as he pounded her pussy. "So good.

“So good,” she echoed, her entire body tensing as Kyle continued to hammer her. “Oh, fuck. I’m gonna cum.”

“Don’t cum until I tell you to,” Kyle instructed, and Sabrina nodded her head frantically.

“Y-yes...sir. Yessir. Fuck!”

Her voice broke, and Kyle leaned down to capture her lips with his own, fucking her impossibly harder. It was taking all her energy not to cum, and her legs were shaking as he pounded into her.

“Fuck!” she cried out again, and Kyle grabbed her ass with both hands, slamming himself deep into her over and over again.

“I’m going to cum,” she gasped, and Kyle smiled.

“Not yet,” he grunted, slowing his strokes. “Not until I say you can.”

“Yes sir,” Sabrina mumbled. “Yes, sir.”

“Tell me you’re my good girl.”

“I’m your good girl,” she moaned, and Kyle chuckled.

“Tell me you love me.”

“I love you,” she gasped, and Kyle’s eyes flashed.

“Say it again.”

“I love you,” she repeated, and Kyle’s eyes narrowed.

“Say it louder.”

“I LOVE YOU!” Sabrina screamed, her whole body trembling as Kyle slammed into her.

“Am I better than your husband?”

“YES!” she cried, her legs shaking as she tried to hold herself up. “You’re better than him! You’re so much better than him! You’re bigger and faster and you fuck me harder. I love you, sir. I love you.”

Kyle kept pounding her, and Sabrina’s entire body trembled as her orgasm built. She could feel

the heat rising within her, and her pussy was pulsing with pleasure as Kyle fucked her harder and faster.

“I’m going to cum,” she warned, and Kyle laughed.

“Not yet,” he grunted, slamming his cock into her without mercy “Not until I say you can.”

“Please, sir,” she begged. “P-please! Gonna cum. Gonna cum. Gonna...”

“Not! Yet!”

Sabrina bit her lip. She knew her nails were leaving indents in Kyle’s back; she wouldn’t have been surprised to find that she’d drawn blood.

“Please, sir,” she whined. “Please, Kyle. Please, I need to cum.”

“Say it.”

“Please, sir,” she pleaded. “Let me cum!”

“Not that,” he replied, his voice thick with lust. “Say what I want you to say.”

She opened her eyes, her face a mask of desire and confusion.

“W-what?” she whimpered. “Please, tell me. I’ll say it. I’ll say anything. Please, sir. Just wanna cum. Just gotta...just wanna...”

Kyle leaned forward until his mouth was directly at her ear.

“Say that you love me more than Andrew,” he whispered harshly. “Say that you love me more, and you can cum.”

Sabrina’s eyes widened. “No,” she gasped. “No, I...”

In response, Kyle thrust his hips forward, pushing his entire cock inside her. The new bride’s back arched with want.

“Oh, fuck!”

“Say it!” Kyle bellowed. “That’s an order!”

“I...I love you more!” she gasped, her eyes rolling back in her head. “Fuck! I love you more, Kyle. I I-love you more than Andrew.”

“Louder!”

“I love you more than my husband!” she yelled, and Kyle grinned.

“That’s right,” he said, and as his cock began to throb inside her, Sabrina felt her orgasm

overcome her.

“Oh, fuck,” she moaned, her entire body trembling as Kyle fucked her through her orgasm.

“I’m cumming,” she whispered, her voice hoarse with pleasure. “Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. I’m cumming.”

“I know,” Kyle grunted, and he drove himself into her one final time.

“Oh, fuck!” she cried, her voice breaking as she came again. “Oh, fuck, Kyle. That was so good. So good. Fuuuuck!”

He let go of her ass, grabbing her by the waist instead and holding her tightly as he finished inside her. His cock twitched and pulsed, pumping his seed into her womb.

When their orgasms were done, the two of them collapsed on the bed, breathing heavily.

“Oh, fuck,” Sabrina groaned, her arms falling to her sides. “Oh, fuck. I can’t believe we did that.”

“You liked it?” Kyle asked, grinning widely.

“Yeah,” she said, nodding. “It was...it was incredible.”

“Good,” he said, lifting her veil to give her a quick kiss on the lips. “Because once every two weeks, I’m going to come over and do it again.”

Sabrina blinked.

Only once every two weeks? As she slowly regained her faculties, her brain began whirring. If she had more sex with Andrew, that would mean Kyle’s ten percent would come around more often. Or...

“You know what,” she said softly, propping herself up on one elbow. “I’m worried.”

Andrew raised one eyebrow.

“About what?”

“Well,” the newlywed bride replied. “You two didn’t establish your finder’s fee before you introduced me.”

“So?”

“So I’m worried that ten percent isn’t fair. You might be getting ripped off.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Mm-hmm,” Sabrina nodded, before licking her lips. “Yes, I think we can find another number

that's much more reasonable. How about...thirty?"

"Thirty percent," Kyle mused. "Yes. You know what, that *does* sound more fair..."

"Excellent," the woman in white replied with a happy sigh. "And since my husband and I are leaving for Barbados tomorrow for two weeks, I'll need to get you off at least twice more before then. Now, what were you saying about cumming on my tits?"

Downstairs, Andrew sat at the bar, still dressed in the suit he'd gotten married in, drinking a rum and coke, completely clueless that his new wife was in the process had just renegotiated the deal with his best friend, and was now removing her wedding-night lingerie so he could enjoy her naked body.