

Arranged Submission

Faye Valentine

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Rolling out of bed, Marlee caught a glimpse of her mostly naked body in the mirror and sighed. The door opened and she watched her mother walk in wearing a broad grin for the first time she could remember. “Why are you so happy?”

“Because today’s a very special day,” her mother said as she approached and unlocked the chastity belt her daughter had worn since puberty. “Go take your shower and then we’ll talk.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“And no touching yourself.”

“You don’t need to remind me every morning.”

“Yes, I really do. Now go make yourself presentable.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Chastity belt in hand, Marlee went to the bathroom but left the door open. After relieving herself she took a long, hot shower and then returned to the bedroom. Holding out the chastity belt, her mother took it but did not put it back on her.

“You won’t be needing this anymore,” her mother smiled. “I need you to put on what’s in the box,” she added with a nod toward a rectangular box sitting at the foot of the bed.

Wondering what was going on, Marlee nevertheless walked over to the bed and opened the box where she saw a sexy black off the shoulder babydoll and matching g-string panties.

“Um, what is this?”

“No questions. Put it on and kneel in the bed.”

Knowing better than to argue, Marlee put the clothes on and then knelt on the bed as commanded. A moment later her mother continued.

“Today is a very special day. Not only are you eighteen and legally an adult, you will now meet your fiancé.”

“Fiancé? What are you talking about?”

“Now that you’re eighteen and about to fulfill an old debt I see no reason to hold anything back. Before you were born your father and I made an arrangement with a man named Randolph. The specifics of the deal aren’t important. What is important, however, is that you are the price we agreed to pay. You are to do everything he commands without question no matter what it might be and once everything is in order you’ll marry him and our debt will be paid.”

“That is, without a doubt the most fucked up thing I have ever heard,” Marlee said, swearing in front of her mother for the first time in her life. “There’s no way in hell I’m marrying a man I’ve never met.”

“You’ll do whatever it takes to keep this family safe or else!”

“Or else what? I’m eighteen now so I can...” a handsome young black man she had never seen before entered her bedroom and her words trailed off. “W-Who are you?”

“My name is Damien and I’m your fiancé. Or, well, at least that’s what my father told me not an hour ago. I couldn’t help but overhear your conversation and while I agree with you one hundred percent, if either of us refuses to uphold our end of the agreement your family will be completely and very publicly ruined. My father’s words, not mine.”

“W-What...what are you going to do to me?”

“Everything I spent my life learning. That being said, I promise to make it as pleasurable for you as possible. So, what’ll it be? Will you make the ultimate sacrifice or let your family lose everything?”

“He’s not kidding, Marlee,” her mother cut in. “If you don’t do this we lose it all. The family business. The properties. The money including your trust. We’ll be penniless and living on the street.”

“If you agree to do it, however, your family will keep everything and you’ll marry into very old money,” Damien said. “But the choice is yours to make. I will not force myself on you. If you say no I’ll leave and that’ll be the end of it. If you agree we’ll spend the rest of our lives getting to know each other.”

“So, I guess the real reason you locked me in a chastity belt is out,” Marlee seethed in humiliation and anger. “What sort of mother offers her kid as a fucking payment for a deal? No, don’t answer. It’s not that important. I should get up and walk out right now and let you and dad get what’s coming to you, but you were very careful to make sure I had no friends and I’d rather not live on the streets so get the hell out of my bedroom and leave us to it.”

“Oh, we won’t be having sex here,” Damien said. “If you have heels put them on and I’ll take you to my place.”

“That wasn’t the deal,” Marlee’s mother countered. “We need proof of the deed and this room has cameras that’ll pick up every detail.”

“The deal stipulates her first time must be recorded so there’s no doubt. It said nothing of where it would be recorded,” Damien shot back. Holding out a hand to Marlee, he waited. After a long pause she took it and he led her barefoot and still dressed in sexy lingerie out of her bedroom, through the house and out the front door to a sleek black Lexus parked in the driveway. It was only when they were on the road that he dared speak. “I am so, so sorry this is happening to you and for what it’s worth I want as much to do with this fucked up arrangement as you do.”

“And yet you’re taking me off to who knows where to have your way with me. Don’t get me wrong. I’ve been dying to have sex but I thought it would be on my terms, not with a man I never met.”

“I understand. Believe me I do.” Stopped at a red light, Damien quickly unbuttoned and pulled his pants down showing his new fiancé the shiny metal cage he wore over his cock. “You’re not the only one who has been denied pleasure. You’ll be my first. Assuming you want to go through with this that is. I should also mention that this is my first time seeing you and are without a doubt the most stunningly beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in my life and I’m not just saying that to get on your good side.”

“Thank you. I honestly don’t know what to do. I want to have sex and you’re pretty much everything I could ask for in a man,” her eyes locked on his large gaged cock. “Well, at least physically anyways. But on the other hand I don’t like the idea of basically being a whore to pay my family’s debts. That being said, do we have to have sex like right now today?”

“Unfortunately, yes. If we don’t have sex before midnight the deal is off and your family loses everything. And just to make myself perfectly clear I have nothing to do with my father screwing you and your family over. Like you I was born into this deal and would gladly walk away from it if it didn’t mean ruining lives.”

“And we have to get married?”

“Yes. And I know what you’re thinking. We can’t just turn around and get divorced. Once married we’re married for life or the contingency kicks in and your family loses everything.”

“This really fucking sucks. Also, how are we supposed to have sex with you wearing that thing?”

“It and your belt will be removed as soon as we’re back at my place and then we’ll have sex. After our first time we can sit and get to know each other if that’s what you want.”

“Thank you for at least giving me a choice in the matter.”

“Our parents may have arranged our futures but that doesn’t mean we can’t try to make it work.”

“This is still the most fucked up bullshit I’ve ever heard, let alone been a part of and I’m pretty sure arranged marriages are illegal in this country and not enforceable so why are we even doing this? I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’ll have sex with you if you want me to, but now that I actually think about it there’s nothing you or your family can do to ruin mine without outing themselves for making illegal deals. So fuck your father and my parents for even putting us in this position.”

“I’m pretty sure you’re wrong. Otherwise my dad never would have made a deal. I don’t like it any more than you do Marlee, but we really have no choice.”

“Of course we have a choice. Seriously, has no one made any attempt in eighteen freaking years to question the legality of the contract?”

“Of course I have which is why we’re in this situation in the first place.”

“Well, I’d like to check into for myself before we do anything.” Phone in hand, Marlee did a quick internet search and quickly got results she was not expecting. Distinguishing between force marriages, where there is no consent, and arranged marriages where both parties consent but can still refuse marriage if they wanted to, she discovered to her surprise that they were still very much legal. Four more searches using slightly different wording each time returned similar results. Groaning in frustration, she put her phone in her lap and stared silently out the window.

“I assume you did not like what you saw.”

“How the fuck can arranged marriages still be legal?”

“I don’t know. But like I said, I will never force myself on you. That being said, however, we have just over fourteen hours to consummate our new relationship or we both know what happens. Why don’t we spend a few hours talking and getting to know each other first?”

“I’d rather just do it and get it over with.”

“That is your choice to make. We’ll be at my place in twenty or so minutes.”

“I’ll give you my decision once we’re there.” And with that Marlee turned and stared out the passenger window.