HONEYMOON IN PARADISE

CHAPTER 1

The plane shuddered and rocked, as it traversed an area of turbulence over the Atlantic but the young couple, squeezed-in the cramped seats in economy, exhausted by their previous travails continued sleeping untroubled by the distress of most of the other passengers. Jonathan and Margaret (Maggie to her friends) Stewart were newly married and on their way to a three weeks honeymoon in exotic Martinique.

The previous evening they had managed to leave the wedding celebrations before midnight to pass their first night as man and wife at an airport hotel. To make the first night of their married life special they had abstained from having sex for nearly six months and Jonathan especially was eager to consummate the marriage as soon as possible. To allow his bride the privacy of changing into her night attire without feeling stressed Jonathan had descended to the hotel lobby and had drifted into the bar intending to order a club soda and then, after fifteen minutes or so, returning to the bridal suite. However he soon became engaged in a conversation with a talkative young Canadian and ended up staying in the bar for nearly an hour. In the process he downed two whiskies which, on top of what he’d already consumed at the wedding feast, left him the worse for wear. By the time he staggered back to the room he discovered his gorgeous bride beautifully arrayed on the bed with her flaming red hair fanned on the pillow and her large bosom barely concealed by the sheer fabric of a lacy nightgown. She looked stunning and very sexy but the captivating sight was spoiled by the gentle snoring coming from her half-open lips. Jonathan staggered towards the bed, managing to shed most of his clothes before slipping into the bed, and seconds later he also was fast asleep and unknowingly out-snoring his beautiful bride.

Less than two hours later the night air was shattered by the shrill sound of a fire alarm and the guests, including the bridal pair, were evacuated to the carpark were they spent the next two hours sitting on a grassy bank wrapped up in the blankets issued by the hotel staff. After the fire crew had declared the hotel safe the married couple wearily made their way back to their room. By then there was only an hour left before they were due to board the shuttle to the airport to catch the early flight to the Caribbean. They decided there was no point in trying to get some more sleep so instead took a long shower to try to ease their exhaustion. They were both too tired to consummate their marriage in that short time. Jonathan had been sorely disappointed, not having made love to his beautiful bride on the first night of their nuptials, but consoled himself with the thought that he had three weeks in a tropical paradise to show her how much he loved her.

Jonathan and Margaret had known each other since kindergarten and they indeed loved each other deeply however they were not exactly passionately in love. Both were rather shy and they worked for the government in safe but unexciting jobs.

Jonathan’s father had left the home when he was just six and his mother had brought him up on her own. She was a rather forceful, religious-minded woman and had swamped him with her personality and bitterness and inadvertently warped his manliness. She had only approved his marriage to Margaret because she was longing to become a grandmother and discovered that she could as easily manipulate the young woman as she did her son. As a wedding gift she’d converted the family house into two self-contained apartments but had insisted that there should be an internal stairway from her apartment to her son’s and she had stipulated that the doors be not equipped with locks so that she would have 24/7 access to her son and his bride’s home.

Jonathan was slim, serious looking, with washed-out blond hair and pale blue eyes which often led him to be overlooked in company. In contrast his bride was stunningly beautiful. She did not make the best of herself so that generally it took most people a few minutes to realise just how gorgeous she was. If she’d used the right makeup and dressed accordingly she would have stopped traffic wherever she went. She was the same height as her new husband, 5’9”, so always wore flat shoes so as not to tower over him.

Her father and mother had been hippies and, even after finally settling down, there still had been a whiff of wildness about their relationship and they’d paid much more attention to each other than to their beautiful daughter. Maggie had responded by retreating into a world of daydreams, books and fantasy to cope with the lack of affection.

The two young persons had become engaged soon after leaving university and, on that night, they had made love for the very first time. They were both virgins and it had been a rather clumsy initiation into the pleasure of lovemaking and was to lead to a rather staid and unexciting love life as neither partners discovered the key to unlock the volcanic passion that some couples experienced. They believed that three weeks in the tropics, away from his mother, could be the solution to unlocking their inhibitions and open up a new world of passion for them.

The flight attendant had to wake them up prior to landing. The exhausted husband and wife deplaned and made their way into the terminal where they waited and waited, at the carousel, for their luggage. Eventually they realised that their suitcases would not appear and, after a long wait queuing, they were informed, by the airline staff, that the luggage had not been loaded onto the plane but the airline would make sure it was loaded on the next plane. They were advised to proceed to their hotel and the airline would deliver the suitcases as soon as they could trace them. The long delay meant that they had missed the hotel bus so they had to take a taxi which depleted the small amount of local currency they had with them.

At the hotel a tall, silver-haired, extremely handsome man with the permanent tan of a full-time resident, was lounging in the reception area closely examining the latest batch of tourists checking in. This particular hotel was one of his favourite places to snare young women with his powerful charm so that, by the time they left the island, they were not only vastly more sexually experienced but also more worldly. A great many of them had divorced their husband not long after for not being able to keep up with their new-found sexuality. He much preferred seducing married women and humiliating their husband to charming the myriad of single women that the island attracted.

Jean-Louis nearly missed the redhead then he did a double-take and realised just how extremely beautiful she was despite looking as if she was on the point of bursting into tears. The young woman was standing beside a man, at the front desk. The man seemed to be pleading with the desk clerk to locate their booking but the hotel employee replied that it had been cancelled because the travel firm, that had arranged their trip, had not sent any payment to confirm the booking. The husband asked if they could have a room for the night and in the morning he would sort out the mix-up.

*"I wish I could help you, but the hotel is full and I know that every hotel in the area is also full because it is carnival time but I will make some calls to try to locate a room at some of the hotels on the other side of the island.”* The clerk suggested obviously sympathising with the young man while not being unaware of how attractive his wife was and wishing that he could offer them accommodation so that he could have a crack at seducing the beautiful woman.

While the husband was engaged with the hotel receptionist Jean-Louis had every chance to study his stunning wife. The despair in her exotically-shaped, green eyes was plainly evident and made his cock stir and slowly become engorged. Jean-Louis was an experienced predator and nothing stirred him more than a female in distress.

The young woman was fairly tall with that creamy skin which is often called *English Rose*. Her face with the luscious pouting mouth and full red lips and the dimples was stunning enough to grace any fashion magazine but, when he realised that she did not seem to be wearing any makeup, he revised his estimate and decided that she was probably the most beautiful woman he’d ever seen. Her long, lustrous, red hair, which was pinned up, had become loose and strands fell below her shoulders almost reaching the slim waist that accentuated the thrusting mounds of her pouting buttocks. Her very large breasts were plainly outlined by the thin material of the summer dress, which, although not tight fitting, was plastered against her body due to the tropical heat. The twin globes seemed almost too large for her frame and wobbled with her every move and he could detect prominent nipples poking out inquisitively. Her dress stopped several inches above her knees but had risen on one side displaying her naked leg and thigh which was firm and as shapely as was the rest of her body.

Jean-Louis realised that she was an undiscovered gem just waiting for someone like him to polish it into a gleaming firestone of dazzling sensuality. Not wasting a moment he strode towards the beautiful woman, like a panther approaching its prey, and lightly took her elbow in his hand. Frightened by the sudden touch she looked up at him with huge green eyes framed by unusually long and thick eyelashes.

*"Please excuse me for being so forward but I could not help but overhear that you are having trouble finding a room,"* Jean-Louis said to Margaret as he lightly squeezed her elbow. *"Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jean-Louis de St. Prêt and I am a native of the island and would be delighted if you would accept my invitation to stay at my villa until you have resolved your accommodation problems. We islanders are known for our hospitality and I would not want you to think that we treat our guests as if they do not matter. Why don’t you and your husband join me in the bar and you could tell me what has happened and we’ll have a drink. I am sure that together we will solve your problems."*

Maggie stared, almost hypnotised, at the incredibly handsome, older man who was holding her elbow in such a proprietary way. His voice was deep, with a trace of a French accent, and seemed to resonate in every part of her body. Although she was aware that he was offering his help the only thing she was really cognisant off was the man’s magnetic presence which seemed to have enveloped her in a bubble so that only the two of them existed and the rest of the world had been shut out. Never before in her life had she’d been so near such a handsome and attractive man who somehow exuded so much masculine virility that she couldn't look away. Warmth from her elbow resting in his hand seemed to be radiating to her chest which made her nipples harden. Despite her exhaustion her body seemed to throb with awakened sexuality, something she’d never experienced before. His hypnotic eyes, as they appraised her body, made her feel as if he could see through her clothes and somehow they ignited sensual heat between her legs which sent messages of arousal throughout her body. It was almost as if an electric current pulsed between them and ignited heat between her legs so that she felt her sex begin to come alive and moisten rapidly. Seconds later she blushed as she felt a trickle of sex cream slowly oozing from her slit and pooling in the gusset of her thong. It took some time for her to remember that she was a good girl, besides being newly-married, and she gamely fought the beginning of the total surrender of body and soul which was trying to overwhelm her entire being. She was not aware of it but the battle was extremely short and had already ended in total defeat.

The man smiled and the lobby seemed to become even brighter and it felt as if it was the most natural thing in the world to allow him to steer her to the hotel bar and then toward a table nestling in an alcove. As he guided her to the table she was intensely aware that her lightly-clad body was brushing against his strong, powerful male physic and her newly-awakened senses seemed to be absorbing his masculine heat like a sponge and translating it into fierce arousal. The side of her large breast was pressed against the rippling muscles of his arm as her left leg moved in time with his right leg, His hand was pressed against the curve of her waist and it felt as if it was branding its impression into her flesh. She felt the core of her sexuality, nestled between her legs, throb and even more slimy wetness began to ooze out of her sex before overwhelming the narrow gusset of her underwear. She felt faint, entranced and stuck dumb. Her legs seemed to be made of rubber and she was having difficulties breathing. Her nipples were rock hard and almost painful as they dragged across the material of her bra. She’d never felt anything like it before and she blushed even more fiercely when she realised just how much love-juice was pouring out of her sex making it her feel as if she was peeing in public. She ven looked down almost expecting to see a pool of wetness spreading around her feet.

Maggie looked at the stranger’s face and she felt her heart clutch at what she saw reflected in his glistening eyes. She thought that she could see her destiny or perhaps her doom but whatever it was she realised that she’d arrived at a turning-point in her life. Being a devoted reader of romantic fiction she had read about those magic moments when the hero sweeps the woman off her feet something she had never experienced in her life before and yet, at that moment, she felt as if it was happening to her.

On the way to the table Jean-Louis signalled to the bartender to bring them two special cocktails. The bartender smiled as he went about mixing the potent blend of alcohol before adding a few drops from a small bottle he kept beneath the counter to one of the glasses. Jean-Louis was a regular and a generous tipper and the bartender looked forward to seeing the videos which would be taken during the woman’s journey through depravity and abasement.

Maggie’s new husband was forgotten as Jean-Louis pulled out the table away from the banquette and made her sit down in the corner before sitting next to her, so that their lower legs touched beneath the table. The bartender brought the drinks over and she immediately drank most of it as she was thirsty and needed the alcohol to bolster her waning awareness of her married status. Her face was flushed and the tremors in her sex arrowed into her womb like forked lightning. Her chest felt tight and she was having trouble breathing. She was dimly aware that she was unconsciously clenching her quivering thighs together and imperceptibly grinding her bottom into the leather of the banquette as the tingling in her loins grew fiercer and burst into a devouring flame that invaded every inch of her body. It grew worse for, at the same moment their legs touched, Jean-Louis’ hand landed on her bare knee and began gently stroking the inner flesh of her thigh. The young bride was shocked by the way her body reacted to his touch. She felt as every bone in her body was melting and the sensation which had begun to sweep through her lower body grew at an alarming pace. She knew that she should do something to stop the man fondling her so intimately but was unable to make the effort of brushing his hand away. She was trying to control her breathing so that the stranger wouldn't notice the rapid rise and fall of her large breasts. Her stomach seemed to somersault as she felt the fingers slowly creep upwards along her inner thigh towards that pulsing place at the top of her thighs. She felt powerless to move as if it was irrevocable that it would reach its goal and make her most private place his property. There was something about the man which had sliced through her composure and morality and triggered a conflagration of wild lust in her body and mind that overwhelmed any form of reality and decency.

Jean-Louis the ultimate seducer was aware of her every nuance in his prey’s body, as his hand moved up the inside of her thigh. He was able to gauge the depth of her excitement and was surprised by how quickly she was succumbing. The bartender placed another round of drinks in front of them and palmed the currency Jean-Louis slipped into his hand before returning to his post but not before taking a long look at the man’s latest victim and realising just how stunning she was.

While his wife was being snared into a web of sex, humiliation and depravity Jonathan was in the grip of despair as the clerk told him that he’d been unable to locate any vacancies and, though sorry that he could not help, excused himself to help some newly-arrived guests. Jean-Louis’ chauffeur chose that moment to approach Jonathan and explain that his employer was talking to his wife and would be pleased if he joined them in the hotel bar. He directed the young man to a chair, on the opposite side of the table, and introduced his employer to Jonathan before moving away. Jean-Louis could not get up to shake Jonathan’s hand because his left hand was slowly massaging Maggie’s inner right thigh imperceptibly moving higher and higher toward his goal, pushing up the material of her skirt so that most of her bare legs were exposed beneath the table-top. There was a period of uncomfortable silence and Maggie downed her second drink which was immediately replaced by another one by the attentive bartender. Adding to her unnaturally awakened passion the drug in the drink had destroyed any resistance she might have conjured to stop the stranger gaining complete control over her body. Strangely she felt no guilt that the man’s touch had ignited a streak of insanity in her body so that she could no longer control her runaway libido instead she experienced a rush of sex fluids gushing out of her pulsing sex as if to stress the intensity of her lust. It almost felt as if she had been bludgeoned into submission by the sheer sexual power of the man. Being a catholic she reasoned that it must be a similar sensation that the saints had experienced when being tempted into sinning but she was not a strong person and sin was extremely attractive at that point.

Jean-Louis explained to Jonathan that he had overheard him talking to the receptionist and would be pleased to offer them a room at his villa and help to resolve their problems. His voice exuded virile, masculine confidence that here was a man who controlled his destiny and it was clear that objections would not be tolerated. It was also obvious, to Jonathan, that the man was wealthy. Jonathan was in awe of men of power and this man seemed to have everything good looks, charm, wealth and a belief that the world was his oyster and his fragile self-confidence buckled and unconsciously he began to almost kowtow to the man.

As he talked to the husband Jean-Louis’ hand had moved slightly higher on Maggie's thigh until it was only centimetres from the sex barely concealed beneath the tiny thong she wore. It was the first time she’d ever worn such a revealing garment and had chosen to do so to please her new husband even though she had not felt comfortable being so exposed beneath her flimsy dress. She could hardly breathe for her excitement was rising so fast that it seemed as if a fiery ball was growing in the depth of her sex and would continue doing so until it exploded and swept her body into an unknown zone that somehow would be so dramatic that it would shatter her sanity. Her nostrils caught the unmistakable aroma of her excitement and she was surprised that her new husband was not aware of her arousal. Her brain was a riot of confusion and arousal and she knew that somehow she should get a grip on herself and put a stop to the older man’s seduction before it was too late. She vaguely realised that she’d come face to face with a turning point in her life but had no control over her destiny.

Unaware that his bride was close to her very first orgasm Jonathan was slowly recovering his poise. He began to glow as the powerful man stroked his ego and asked him questions about their life and even revealed that they were hoping that his new bride would conceive on their honeymoon.

Jean-Louis’ free hand pressed against Jonathan’s as he spoke. *"You and your charming bride must come and stay with me. I will not accept any objections. You will be my guests throughout the remainder of your visit to my beautiful island. I will put my car and my servants at your disposal to make your honeymoon a time to remember.”*

Jonathan awed by Jean-Louis' confidence and masculine power, could only accept the invitation and, turning to his wife, said that they were very lucky that such a generous person was taking interest in their problems. He was completely unaware that his wife was in the throes of a sexual madness which wouldn’t allow her to speak in case her husband became aware what was happening to her beneath the table.

The stranger’s hand was now sensuously stroking the inner slope of her thighs where they met and she could feel the curls of her pubic hair, which had escaped the confinement of the thong, being wafted from side to side. Weakly she smiled and nodded her agreement before her husband turned his attention back to their saviour which was just as well because he missed seeing his wife biting her lower lip and her eyes closing. The fingers were now boldly stroking the slim gusset of her tong and were pushing the scrap of material deep between the swollen sex-lips.

*"Good that’s arranged now!"* Jean-Louis declared as he nodded to his chauffeur who had silently rejoined them. *"Jonathan, why don't you let my man take you back to the airport and he will help you make the necessary arrangements to recover your luggage and meanwhile your wife and I will go to the villa and wait for you there."*

*“I can't thank you enough for your help. I have no idea what we would have done if you had not come to our assistance."* Jonathan gushed. *“I should not be long, darling,”* he said as he pecked his wife’s cheek before following the chauffeur out of the hotel.