HONEYMOON IN PARADISE CHAPTER 2

CHAPTER 2

As soon as Jonathan left the bar Jean-Louis turned his full attention to Maggie. *“At last we are alone and we can enjoy ourselves, ma petite!”*

His voice seemed to resonate in her head and nothing else existed. Arousal, fear, expectation, anticipation seemed to follow each other, at lightning speed, before blending. A frisson swept up and down her spine as the soft, caresses along her sex excited her beyond measure so that she could not longer control the sighs and moans of ecstasy which accompanied her mounting arousal. Fortunately at this time in the day the room was deserted except for the bartender who never took his eyes off the couple. Maggie’s stomach was somersaulting and she was sure that her heart missed a beat as she took a deep breath, intending to remind him that she was a married woman and it wasn’t proper to have a stranger caressing her so intimately, yet she was unable to control the movement of her hips which had begun to gyrate as she pressed her sex mount harder against the stranger’s hand, instinctively seeking fulfilment. She sensed her sex opening wider and the moist folds unfurling in readiness for penetration. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was gaping open as her body moved back and forth on the seat of the banquette as her seducer ran his fingers up and down the barely covered lips of her sex and discovered the unusually large clitoris that had popped clear of its confinement. He captured the large protuberance between his fingertips and squeezed it hard and instantly Maggie groaned and the motions of her hips became more frantic. Her heavy breasts were heaving and wobbling dramatically as she tried to get air into her starving lungs. She could feel that the thong and both inner thighs were liberally soaked with sex fluid. The passion inside her was goaded to a fiercer height by the lewd thought that a complete stranger had taken possession of her body in public and in front of her husband. So complete was the pleasure at being dominated that she knew that she was in danger of letting him do anything he wanted with her body.

Seconds before her first ever climax was about to explode Jean-Louis took his hand away and lifted it in front of her face. She saw that the fingertips were gleaming with wetness just before they were pushed against her mouth. As if she’d done this many times before she obediently opened her lips and sucked the fingertips inside her mouth and cleaned her sex fluid from the fingers with her tongue. She was trembling as if in the grip of a fever as she tasted her own sex juices for the very first time, something that seconds before she would have thought as the most disgusting thing any woman could do.

*“It’s time for us to go to my villa, Mrs. Margaret Stewart, and consummate your marriage and start our honeymoon!”* Jean-Louis said as he helped her to her feet.

It would have been natural if Jonathan had talked about consummating their marriage but here was a complete stranger informing her that he meant to take her husband’s place. She was beset by uncontrollable emotions. Raw, unmediated impulses were flying like maddened fireflies within the confine of her brain. She knew that she should run as quickly as she could, while at the same time she desperately wanted to stay with the older man. She wanted to run for her life but run to where. For a moment she stood swaying as she felt even more creamy liquid oozing from her sex before overwhelming her thong and begin to slither down the inside of her sensitised thighs. She’d had not known that women could produce so much wetness and, for a brief moment, wondered why it had never happened with Jonathan. Bewilderment and consternation crowded in and she felt as if she had no control over what was happening. She felt strangely different as if she’d landed into an alternative world and had been transformed into another Margaret Stewart a woman who was ready to give her body not to her new husband but to a complete stranger.

In the lobby, as they waited for a taxi, Jean-Louis moved behind Maggie and pulled her body tightly back against his. Both of his hands closed on her rib-cage, just below her large, heaving breasts, forcing them even higher so that they threatened to spill out of her dress attracting the attention of every man in proximity. She could feel her hard nipples throbbing as if demanding to be squeezed hard as he pressed his engorged penis into the crease between her buttocks. It seemed to be so much bigger than her husband’s and the trembling woman could not suppress a groan of wild excitement as her bottom cheeks parted and allowed the rigid prong to nestle deep in the elastic groove. She felt as if she was subjugated by her body’s betrayal and her will to resist was blown away by the intense lust which was gripping her entire being. Yet her strict upbringing and propriety managed to trigger the last vestige of sanity and she feebly tried to extricate herself from his embrace. *"Please don’t hold me like this, I am a married woman and people will see!"* Maggie protested weakly as she felt more of her body fluids dribbling down the inside of her thighs.

*"That may be so but you are the most sensuous woman I have ever seen and I must have you. Your husband should have made your wedding night an occasion to remember but I am glad he didn’t because I will take his place and I will be your husband while you’re on the island and it will be my cock which will give you pleasures you couldn’t even imagine. Does it not excite you when men look at you with lust in their eyes and a bulge appears behind the front of their trousers?"*

Maggie blushed furiously at the way he was talking to her. Her body was shaking so much that she was unable to answer or try to move away. Her senses were so befuddled by her rising passion and the drug that she did not really understand that Jean-Louis meant to marginalise her husband and keep her for himself for the next three weeks as if was her husband.

*"Well does it?"* Jean-Louis insisted.

*"I don’t know... oooohhh...please don’t speak to me like that...oooohhh…no!"* She wailed as she felt fingers tightening around her hard nipples, stroking... pulling... then twisting. *"Oooohhh please...don’t…everyone can see…aaahhhhhhh...please stop it hurts!"* Maggie moaned as her body shook with a combination of terror and intense desire to give in to this masterful man.

*"Pain can be pleasure Mrs. Stewart as you will soon discover. Can you feel what you have done to my cock?"* Jean-Louis asked as his right hand closed around her wrist and pulled her right hand back so that it was pressed against the throbbing pillar of flesh behind the front of his trousers.

Automatically her fingers closed around the shaft, but there was no way she could get her small hand around the girth of the enormous phallus. As she timidly ran her hand up and down its ten-inch length, she was startled to hear herself whimpering with sexual need as more of her vaginal secretions spilled out of the inadequate thong and dribbled down the inside of her thighs. The phallus jerked like a live snake in her small hand and the intense spasm seemed to be transferred to her sex so that she could feel it contract before pushing out even more sex juices. For the second time, since meeting Jean-Louis, she was hovering on the brink of an orgasm but it was again aborted when the taxi arrived. Jean-Louis had released her so that he could tip the doorman and her brain managed to get into gear, for a few seconds, and she swiftly opened the passenger door and sat next to the driver before her seducer could stop her. Years of being a *good girl* had asserted itself but deep down she knew it would be probably the last dredge of resistance she would be able to muster before her complete surrender.

Reluctantly Jean-Louis sat in the back of the taxi promising himself that she would pay dearly for her pointless resistance. However minutes later he was smiling when he realised that her resistance would make her eventual surrender that much more satisfying.

As they drove to the villa Maggie’s sex mound was a throbbing mass of aroused nerve-endings and she felt as if an out-of-control fire had been ignited deep inside her sex. The swollen, fleshy lips of her pussy had parted and the inner ones had dropped out and freed the clitoris from its hiding place. The vibration of the car’s engine caused her legs to grind together which caused the flimsy gusset of her thong to rub against her fiercely swollen clitoris. The nubbin felt as if it was so swollen that it would burst at any moment as it pulsed strongly with every beat of her heart. Chills rippled through her body contrasting with the fierce heat gripping her pussy. She took no notice of the beautiful scenery as the car wended its way up the hill. She was unconscious of her surroundings as all her senses seemed to be focussed on the exquisite pleasure which was seeping into every parts of her body and infusing her with a sensation she had never experienced before. She felt as if her body was soaring towards an unimaginable pinnacle of pleasure. She asked herself where was Maggie, the faithful, loving wife whose only ambition had been to make her husband happy and wondered whether she’d gone forever and what kind of vile, sinful creature she was metamorphosising into. She felt as if she was a chrysalis emerging from its cocoon not as a butterfly but more like a moth fascinated by light and heat and being drawn inexorably to self-destruction.

She was still in the grip of sexual fever and bewilderment when the car stopped and Jean-Louis, gripping her elbow, led up the stairs to the entrance of the villa. As soon as they entered he lifted her in his powerful arms and carried her up the stairs into his bedroom despite her feeble protests that he should put her down and that she was married. He replied that she was indeed, to him till she left the island.