HONEYMOON IN PARADISE

Chapter 3

Despite her terror and guilt Maggie's sex throbbed wildly fuelled by the way the man brushed aside her protests and treated her as if she was his bride and he could do anything he wanted with her. It was clear that he meant to assert his dominance without delay. Moments of rationality emerged through the clouds of her carnal lust and taunted her with questions about her morality and her marriage vows. The wrongness of what was happening to her clashed with the rising passion and it seemed as if deep in her mind a small voice reminded that she was a bride and that this was not her husband. An image of her standing next to Jonathan at the altar as the priest blessed their union whipped through her mind but quickly faded as lust throbbed deep in her womb and forced more sex fluids to ooze from her swollen sex.

She moaned in surrender when Jean-Louis said that he wanted to see her beautiful body in its natural state and, before she could make any move to defend herself, with a swift motion he unzipped her dress. The garment slid down her body and bunched around her feet despite her effort to stop it doing so. She might have tried to muster some form of resistance to try to stop him unhooking her bra but it was too late and he pulled it from her body so that Maggie was left naked save for her thong and heels. Jean-Louis pulled her against his body and his mouth closed over hers, his tongue moving inward, invading her mouth as their lips ground together feverishly. Despite knowing that it was wrong Maggie's mouth opened wide to provide free access to his probing tongue and, when his tongue withdrew, she followed it by shyly invading his mouth with her own tongue. Her naked breasts were squashed against his chest and she could feel her hard nipples throbbing wildly with need.

Throughout the intense first kiss, Maggie was intensely aware of the huge phallus thrusting against her mound, barely covered by the inadequate thong, which caused her sex to throb as it kept decanting more and more of her sex juice into the inadequate gusset of the flimsy garment. Her lust was goaded on to greater heights by the obscene images of a huge penis claiming what had been, to date, Jonathan’s sole property. Dizziness took control of her as she lewdly ground her sex against the hard pillar of manly flesh, her hips jerking uncontrollably and she felt the continuous dribble of feminine fluid washing out of her sex.

The masterful, older man picked up the nearly naked woman in his arms and easily carried her to the bed where she was left reclining, legs apart in fearful anticipation, as he stepped back and slowly removed his clothes until only his boxer shorts remained. His fully erect, stone-hard organ stretched the material to its limit. His ten-inch length was far too long for his remaining garment to contain and almost half of his rigid cock protruded from the top causing Maggie to shiver with a mixture of terror and growing desire.

*"Is this what you wanted to see, Mrs. Maggie Stewart?"* Jean-Louis asked as he moved closer to the woman whose eyes were locked on his throbbing shaft. Using her married name would increase her guilt which in turn would make her surrender even sweeter.

Her mind refused to admit that what she was about to do was wrong and immoral instead it focussed on the pleasures that were to come. *"Yes...ooohhhh…god... It's so big!"* she moaned as one of her hands moved between her thighs where it furiously worked the material of her thong against her pulsing clitoris. She’d never done anything like this before and it was only as her fingers began pinching her swollen clitoris that she realised what she was doing and, greatly embarrassed she blushed fiercely however she did not stop touching herself so lewdly in front of the stranger as she stared at the throbbing phallus. *“No, this is wrong!”* she mumbled, feebly trying to regain control of her body even though she realised that there was no way this would happen *“I’m married and I can’t allow another man to touch me. Please leave me alone!”*

Jean-Louis, ignoring her protests, pulled his boxers off releasing his throbbing sex column and it stood at an angle, hard and rigid, with a thick, viscous strand of precum hanging from its tip and catching the sunlight like a bright jewel. Maggie's pussy throbbed in response to the sight of the thick male organ while, at the same time, she was gripped by terror as she realised that he would want to bury that huge sex-pole into her rather tight pussy and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Besides her husband’s Jean-Louis’ penis was the only one she’d ever seen up close. Her seducer sensing her curiosity gave her every chance to inspect his huge organ. He was circumcised and she realised that the head was the size of an apricot and looked just as tasty. She could make out the thick veins along the shaft which seemed to pulse in time with his heartbeat and made his penis weave like a snake.

Sensing her surrender he closed the space to the bed swiftly and pushed Maggie onto her back, ripped off her thong and dipped his head between the spread thighs and glued his experienced mouth to her pulsing cunt before she had a chance to realise what he intended doing. Her screams of pleasure echoed through the house as his tongue began to explore her throbbing vagina as unknown-up-till-then pleasure swept through her convulsing clitoris. Soon her throbbing sex was wrapped around the tongue digging deep inside its moistness as her thighs clamped and strained eagerly around her seducer’s head. Her eyes were closed as her body was gripped by the throes of complete abandon. Jonathan had never done anything like this to her and, though she felt that it was sinful, dirty and probably unhygienic, she nevertheless soared into a dimension where only pleasure mattered.

Jean-Louis’ hands reached greedily and closed around the firm mounds of her exquisite breasts and clutched them with fingers curled like talons causing her to wince from the sudden pain. The fingertips left red imprints glowing on the smooth, creamy flesh before he began to squeeze the hard teats, rubbing them mercilessly, tugging on them until they felt as if they were so full that they would burst.

Unable to control the spasms of ecstasy that ripped through her body, as Jean-Louis closed his lips around her swollen clitoris, her hands reached down to force the man’s mouth harder against her burning sex. Unknowingly, with that one instinctive movement, she had lost control and had begun the dramatic transformation from newly-wed bride to a woman who would experience every nuance of depraved sex with a stranger. From that point on it would only take minutes.

Unaware of how swift her descent into depravity would be she desperately ground her pussy against the man’s mouth, her thighs closing around his head while her churning buttocks mashed uncontrollably against the bed, as wave after flushing waves of unbelievable pleasure blasted through her as she experienced her first-ever orgasm. She nearly lost consciousness as the pleasure swept through her body like a tsunami. Finally the pleasure began to fade and the exhausted woman fell back on the bed. Her lovely body was covered in sheen of perspiration and her sex and the inside of her thighs were coated with a mixture of his saliva and her abundant sex juices. Seconds later she felt Jean-Louis’ hot breath against her face at the same time as she felt the rubbery, bulbous head of his huge cock nudging her still-opened pussy. Lewdly he rubbed the head against flesh still sensitive, moist and tingling from the recent, ecstatic release and unconsciously she spread her legs wider, arching her pelvis up in a primordial invitation to be bred...

Jean-Louis held his aching cock poised against her sex, his eyes gleaming at the sight of the shaking woman who was now totally in his power. He loved the sensation of mastery, the knowledge that she was a new bride who had not yet consummated her vows and that he was going to completely subjugate to his will. She had only been on the island for just under three hours so he was surprised by how quickly she had surrendered. Now he would pay her back for tricking him earlier when they got into the taxi. Instead of taking his time and allowing her to become used to having such a large cock invading her pussy he whipped his hips forward and rammed his gargantuan cock into the very tight entrance to her sex as if he wanted it to come out of her second hole.

*"Ooohhhh...aaaarrrrggghhh! I can’t bear it, please take it out. You’re killing me!”* the young bride shrieked as she tried to escape the brutal invasion of the massive cock into her tight pussy. Her hips thrashed wildly, trying to dislodge the column of male flesh which was cleaving the sex lips and had become lodged just inside the softness of her vaginal passage. The pain of the sudden intrusion seemed to wipe out most of her arousal and she felt as if she was still a virgin. Desperate to escape the pain she grasped the older man’s shoulders and tried to force him back to give her some release from the excruciating agony but her cries of pain seemed only to unleash the beast in Jean-Louis and, with a savage snarl. he cruelly dropped his pelvis down driving the thick rod way up into the sensitive sex passage.

*“Aaaaarrrrggghhh!, please…please…stop! I can’t stand it…you’re hurting me!”* Although she feebly struggled, in a vain attempt to dislodge the cruel phallus from her unprepared depths, she realised that she was so well and truly skewered that there was no way she could dislodge the man and that there was no way he would listen to her pleas.

Jean-Louis couldn’t remember the last time he’d enjoyed himself so much as he felt the inner membranes cling to his rigid cock as it slid even deeper inside her sex passage until he could feel the taut thighs flatten against his thighs. He didn’t realise it, at the time, but he’d penetrated further into her than Jonathan ever had. He felt the entrance of her cringing womb resist before yielding to the cruel onslaught of his cockhead. A gasp of mingled pain and pleasure escaped her open mouth as she felt the unaccustomed invasion deep inside her baby-making cradle. The giant, palpitating cock seemed to expand even more inside her womb and her body automatically responded by gripping it fiercely as if to make sure it would not leave before depositing its potent load and create a new life.

Only a day before she’d promised Jonathan, as a bride, that she would be faithful to him forever yet here she was on a bed with a stranger’s massive penis wedged deeper inside her sex than her husband ever had and adoring the sensations so much that she never wanted it to stop. She loved her husband dearly but at that moment all she could think about was the pressure of that huge penis in what had been a very tight vagina and she raised her hips to give her seducer the perfect angle of penetration not realising that this gesture was the ultimate surrender and the perfect position to be impregnated.

Unknown, before-that-day, sensations flowed through her nerve-endings and, though she knew that it was wrong to have sex with anyone but her new husband, she could not deny that her body was on fire and that the huge penis was stroking all the right places. The pain slowly vanished and Maggie began to mewl with pleasure, through tightly clenched teeth, as her hips began to undulate in a welcoming rhythm as the massive shaft sank even deeper into her belly. Every particle of her being was crying out for release as the man began to feverishly screw her. She felt aroused as she had never had before and she was amazed that this stranger could do that to her but her husband had not. Somehow this man had unlocked the door to her arousal and was eliciting unknown pleasures from her skewered body which was desperate for orgasmic release yet she secretly hoped that the wonderful sensations would never cease. Her hands gripped his muscular buttocks pulling his pelvis tighter against hers because she felt that she couldn’t get enough of him. Her pussy was sucking fiercely on his cock in an attempt to draw even more of it inside her welcoming body. Jean-Louis’s penis was so much bigger than Jonathan’s and she felt proud that she was able to take every inch of it inside her. Her pussy had adjusted itself to its new owner as it ploughed slowly back and forth conquering every inch.

Jean-Louis could hardly believe that the naïve bride could be so passionate as he fucked his cock deeply into her tight pussy, again and again. His hips gyrated as he drove his cock so deeply into her that the head kept battering past her cervix into her deepest recess.

*“Please…please don’t come inside me…I’m not using birth control and you could make me pregnant!”* She pleaded as the last vestige of morality surfaced. Her body was undulating as the relentless pole of masculine flesh pounded into her core again and again. She felt the rising tide of an orgasm sweeping through her like a maelstrom completely engulfing her and unbelievable pleasure billowed through her and blotted out everything else. *“Aaaaarrrrggghhh! I…I’m…”* She did not have enough air left in her lungs to finish her sentence as her orgasm peaked. She could feel every vein in his cock and the purple knob-head rubbing against the walls of her womb as her love-passage gripped the mighty cock like a vice, imprisoning it in her, holding it hostage for the life-creating fluid it could deliver.

Normally Jean-Louis would have controlled his urge to ejaculate but this time he swiftly wanted to stamp his ownership of the young woman. Her gasped reminder that she was in great danger of being impregnated added another layer of excitement to his lust. As soon as he felt her climaxing he allowed the rumbling sperm to blast up his prick and out into her spasming vagina and deep into her womb. He could feel the passage absorbing his seed like a sponge as she continued to be tormented by her own orgasm unaware that his sperm was as close to her ovaries as it could get and there was an awful lot of it.

The first spurt was long and hard and reached the back of her womb as instinctively she lifted her bottom off the bed to allow that final penetration. The cervix, tight around the shaft behind the cockhead, seemed to exert increased pressure to compel more cum to erupt deeper into her womb and up into her fallopian tubes. Within seconds her egg was being attacked by millions of sperm as another spurt blasted from the giant cock. There was too much sperm to be contained in the limited space and some was being forced out to trickle down the cock-shaft before draining out and surging between her splayed bum-cheeks.