HONEYMOON IN PARADISE

CHAPTER 4

After spending a frustrating time trying to get some sense from the airline employees without results the chauffeur, who’d done everything he could to delay Jonathan rejoining his wife, drove him back to the villa by the longest route so that it was nearly three hours later before the car pulled up at the front door.

Jonathan entered the front hall and was surprised to discover that the villa seemed to be deserted not knowing that Jean-Louis had ordered the servants to stay away till the next day. After calling out and not getting any answers he explored the ground floor before climbing the stairs to the first floor and that is when he heard strange noises seeming to come from behind a partly-closed door. Startled he crept up to the door and had no difficulty recognising feminine groans of passion and intense ecstasy. His shoulder nudged the door and it opened silently so that the woman’s screams of passion were now clearer. The voice, although distorted, seemed familiar.

*"Ooohhhh...aaarrgghhh...yesss...more…harder...yesss…that’s…it…you’re…..killing, killing me, oooohhhh…don’t…don’t ever stop…just like that! Yesss screw me…yesss…screw me Jean-Louis…screw me forever. I…I…I’m coming again…I can’t believe I could come so often! I want…no I need more!"*

Jonathan could hardly believe what he was hearing and stood shocked rigid when he recognised his bride’s voice even though he didn’t recognise the obscene words pouring out of her mouth as Maggie had never used them before. He could hear bedsprings protesting from being used so hard and deduced that his bride's body must be wedged between the bed and the body of the man who was driving his penis into her adulterous pussy. He became aware that blended with his bride's groans and the squealing of the bedsprings was bull-like, male grunts punctuating the sound of colliding flesh.

Unable to resist temptation Jonathan peeked around the door and his jaw dropped at what he saw. His new bride, completely naked, was lying on her back on a large bed with her legs wrapped around the waist of their rescuer, who was standing beside the bed hammering his swollen penis all the way into his bride's speared sex. Despite the shock and revulsion of seeing his beautiful bride locked in an obscene embrace with another man, Jonathan felt a tingle gripping his penis as it quickly grew rigid as his eyes focussed on the spectacle of the another man ravishing the woman he’d married just over twenty-four hours previously. From where he was standing he could clearly see the massive staff entering and leaving his bride’s pussy but could hardly believe that it seemed to be twice the length of his penis and much thicker. It was no wonder that it stretched his bride's sex to its maximum as it pistoned in and out at a steady rate. Despite his shocked state he became aware that Maggie’s groans had turned to full-throated screams as her hips thrust back against the man’s pelvis inviting him to ram that entire monstrous phallus into her body even more brutally. The blood rushed to Jonathan’s face as tumultuous sensations of horror, disgust and anger blended into a single sensation of overwhelming nausea which blinded him for an instant before clearing. He was rooted to the spot unable to move as he continued staring at the obscene spectacle with bulging, disbelieving eyes.

*"Oh god! I'm coming again! You are making me come again...I’ve…I’ve lost count but…I am sure I’ve come more with you than is possible to count…I have never come before! Screw me, Jean-Louis! Harder...please harder… aaarrgghhh I am coming again!"*

Jonathan was close enough to see his wife's sex contracting around the huge phallus pumping deep inside her and, despite being devastated that his bride had allowed another man to screw her on the first day of their honeymoon, his prick jerked wildly. He was disgusted that he couldn't control himself as he felt the semen, he’d been storing in readiness for the wedding night, blasting out to drench his under-shorts.

His wife’s desire for her ravisher was clearly etched on her beautiful face and it was obvious that his bride was being shaken by a series of tremendous orgasm which seemed to follow each other at an increasing speed. Their rescuer didn't give her any time to rest between orgasms. When Jonathan opened his eyes he saw that the man was now seated on the edge of the bed and his bride was mounted on his thick penis with her feet resting on the floor. Maggie's amazing bottom was facing him so that he had a perfect view of the huge stem pumping in and out of his wife's sex and again he was amazed that she could take something so large inside what he’d always believed was a small vagina only able to cope with his modest length and girth and often only if they used extra lubrication.

Jonathan felt his heart thudding painfully as he tried to come to term with the size of the phallus pistoning in and out of his bride’s sex. Not only was it thick, but now that that he could see its entire length, each time it emerged from his wife's pussy, he realized that it must be at least 10 inches in length if not more... just huge and his wife was taking all of it into her sex every time she rammed her hips down on the male spike. Each descent down the shaft brought new grunts and shrieks of intense female pleasure from his wife's throat. Her face was a mask of pure lust and passion. Her mouth was opened in an attempt to get more air into her lungs and her eyes were closed as her tongue shot out and licked frantically at her top lip. She honked and grunted as another orgasm blasted through her causing her large breasts to flop from side to side in a wild dance of lust. Her flaming red-hair flew around her face like demented curtains.

Jonathan couldn’t seem to draw his eyes away from the obscene scene and he was surprised and disgusted when he discovered that he had another-hard-on so soon after ejaculating. He freed his prick from his trousers and his hand flashed up and down the throbbing shaft, jacking off harder and faster than he had ever done before. He couldn't help himself. The sight of his wife obeying another man's command to fuck herself on his cock harder... faster... was so sensuously erotic and kinky. He knew he was going to cum again soon but he couldn't stop it. His load spewed heavily against the door at nearly the same moment as his beloved bride’s body contorted as another orgasm ripped through her.

After a short while he finally pulled himself together and peeked into the room and was stunned to see that the man had manoeuvred Maggie so that she was now riding his cock in a reverse position, facing the door. Jonathan could now clearly see the huge organ splitting his wife's sex, her throbbing clitoris fully protruding from its protective hood, and her magnificent breasts bouncing wildly as Jean-Louis hammered his phallus in and out of his bride’s sex. Jonathan couldn't understand how he could remain hard for so long. His wife’s face was shiny with perspiration and her mouth was open as she gasped for air. Her luxuriant curls were flailing back and forth as she bounced up and down the man’s towering phallus. The man had released his savage hold on her breasts and the full, ripe globes were bobbing wildly. The bright red nipples were jutting out like ripe berries. His eyes travelled down the length of her magnificent torso to the provocative curve of her hips, down to the fiery red curls which meshed with the man’s silver pubes at the end of each stroke. Her strong thighs were like alabaster columns and he could see the inner muscles standing out like whipcord beneath the ivory skin as she used their strength to grind her cunt wildly up and down the massive prick.

Unknown to the husband and wife Jean-Louis had spotted Jonathan hovering in the corridor and was relieved that his original perception that the young man was immature and wouldn’t interfere with the seduction of his wife was correct. Knowing that the husband was watching his new bride being fucked so thoroughly excited him so much that he lost control and he felt a rush of heat flare up in his balls before his cock began to jerk uncontrollably. *“That’s it my little slut…keep fucking me…I am going to fill you full of spunk…keep fucking! I’m going to fill your womb full of baby-making seed!”* He cried out as his body was caught up in a fierce whirlwind as he felt the first jet of his potent sperm blast to the back of her womb.

*“Oh God, I’m cooommming! Oooohhhh...aaarrgghhh...yesss...I’m…I can feel it!!!”* Jonathan’s bride shrieked as she climaxed at the same time as Jean-Louis. Her bottom crashed down on his strong thighs as instinctively she impaled herself fully on his spurting cock. The muscles of her sex passage gripped his shaft, squeezing and torturing the blood-engorged shaft demanding the life-giving semen. Spurt after spurt of rampant sperm blasted into the cavern of her womb and there was so much that some of it trickled back around the pumping cock and seeped into the matted pubic carpet and formed a collar around the base. Once again she had given no thought that she was at the height of her breeding cycle and that once again she had invited millions of hungry invaders to assault her eggs. Finally exhausted Maggie collapsed against the man’s body and clung to him like a limpet. She could feel his prick losing its hardness but it still managed to fill her pussy more that her husband’s fully erect cock had ever done.