CHAPTER 7

Jean-Louis left the bedroom and entered his changing room and, after taking another dose of Viagra, selected fresh clothing and, when he was satisfied about his appearance, descended to the ground floor and made for the dining room. He bounded into the room and shook the bemused young man’s hand. Jean-Louis knew that being very friendly often deflated any anger a man might harbour from having his wife being seduced by another man.

*“Please don’t let me disturb you, Jonathan. I must apologise for not being a good host last night and leaving you to find your own accommodation. I forgot it was the servants’ rest day and was so enchanted by your lovely bride that I forgot my manners. Mind you Maggie must share some of the blame for she is so sensuous, so lovely and so responsive that she’s enough to turn any man’s head and make him forget common courtesy. I hope you slept well and that we didn’t keep you awake all night although, you naughty boy, I did notice you watching us a couple of times and from the movements of your body I surmise that you were masturbating as you watched your bride being satisfied beyond her expectations.”*

Jonathan was speechless as he listened to the man talking as if it was the most natural thing in the world to ravish another man’s wife even though she was a new bride and had not yet consummated her marriage with her husband. He opened his mouth to protest but the maid he’d encountered earlier came into the room.

*“Ah, Luna, I will just have some paw-paw and coffee this morning as I have a luncheon appointment and it’s already late. You’ve met our guest Jonathan, he and his wife will be staying for the next two weeks and as his wife and I will be busy I want you to show him around the island and make sure he has everything he needs.”*

*“Oui, Masta.”* She replied flashing Jonathan a wide smile. It was the first time that he’d really looked at her and saw how attractive she was. Chocolate-coloured she was tall and lean but with bulging breasts and the most delightful bubble-butt. She had a pretty face and a smile that seemed to light the room.

She left the room to fetch Jean-Louis’ breakfast and he continued talking from where he’d left off. *“It might have seem to you that we never stopped fucking but we did manage to talk while resting and your lovely bride told me how long the two of you have been together and, from what she said, I think that the two of you have got yourself into a rut, even before getting married. I can tell you, from experience, that unless something changes your marriage is heading for the rocks, even at this early stage, because there is not enough passion in your relationship and your bride had never been fully sexually satisfied, well that is until last night. I like you both so this is what I am going to do to help you. For the rest of your stay here I will be Maggie’s surrogate husband and I will train her to be the perfect wife out of bed and the best whore you could wish for in the bedroom.”*

*‘You can’t do that, she’s my wife!’*

*“Of course she is your wife. I don’t won’t to steal her from you, let’s just say that I am borrowing her and when I return her to you she will a better and more exciting wife. In return you will have Luna and I can assure you she will teach you everything a man needs to know to keep his woman satisfied.”*

*“I can’t believe what you propositioning I am sure Maggie will having something to say about it!”* Jonathan blurted out outraged. He couldn’t snuffle the nagging thought that he had already conceded defeat by not interfering the night before when he’d watched this man ravishing his bride, again and again.

*“Speaking of the lovely Maggie, here she is.*” Jean-Louis said as Jonathan’s new wife walked into the room looking radiant in a bright green dress that hugged her torso and waist before flaring at her hips but leaving a great deal of her beautiful legs on display. She was wearing green shoes with four inch heels to match the dress. Although she wasn’t wearing any make-up she radiated youthfulness and good health and the green of her dress complimented her fabulous red hair and green eyes. She went up to her husband and kissed him chastely on the forehead and then went round the table to sit as close as she could to their host. The way she looked at him like an adoring poodle left Jonathan in no doubt that he’d already lost the battle.

*“Maggie, I was just telling your Jonathan that for the rest of your stay I will be your husband and that you and I will be together 24/7 until you leave for home and he seems doubtful that you will agree to this arrangement.”* Jean-Louis said as he looked deep into her green eyes while his fingers stroked her forearm leaving a trail of goosebumps.

Maggie tore her eyes away from the older man and looked seriously at her new husband. For a little while she didn’t say anything, as if she was looking for the right words, then she began to speak*. “I’m sorry, Love, but I must do this. I do love you, always have, but this is beyond my control and I have to give myself to Jean-Louis body and soul while we are here but I promise I will make it up to you when we get home. Please don’t be cross! This is fate and I have to experience what Jean-Louis can offer so that I can be a good wife for you.”*

Her feeling of arousal was even more powerful than the previous evening and her entire body seemed to be vibrating as she stood next to Jean-Louis. She was on edge and could hear her blood roaring in her ears while heat was rising in her body as trickle of sex juices, unhampered by underwear, ran down the inside of her naked thighs. She felt as if her entire being was being charged with a sensation which was so powerful that if it didn’t find an outlet soon it would cause her body to explode into a million, tiny pieces. It seemed unbelievable since she had just spent a night experiencing more orgasms than she could have ever expected to achieve in a month. Her head was spinning as golden heat spread further through her body seeming to promise something so wonderful and strange that she couldn’t comprehend the nature of it.

*“Well spoken, wife. Why don’t you show Jonathan how things are going to be during your stay. I am sure he is not quite convinced that I am not coercing you into doing something you don’t want to do.”* Jean-Louis said managing not to smirk as he looked at the crest-fallen young man.

Without hesitation Maggie left her seat and gracefully sank to her knees between the man’s spread thighs. Eagerly she unzipped Jean-Louis’ trousers and extricated his large cock, which was semi-erect, and both men heard her moan with delight as she eagerly stroked her tongue up and down the thick shaft before collecting the gleaming globule of precome which adorned the crown. Jonathan was left in no doubt that his bride was completely enamoured with the huge cock and was prepared to do anything it took to be allowed to worship it.

*“I hope this convince you, Jonathan. I didn’t tell her what to do but note how your bride appears to be in heaven from being allowed to worship my cock. I should tell you that earlier she experienced her first orgasm, without touching her sex or having anything done to her, just from the pleasure of swallowing my thick cum.”*

Jonathan looked on in dismay as he watched his bride’s mouth descend over the huge cock. Her mouth was stretched so wide that she looked as if she was in danger of dislocating her jaw. She’d managed to swallow about six inches, the same length as his cock, but it was obvious that she was eager to try to get even more of the huge cock into her mouth as her dainty hands gently massaged the man’s gigantic testicles while her stretched lips slipped up and down the massive shaft.

*“It’s not your fault that Nature was rather stingy when dolling out cock-size but, as you can see, my cock is nearly twice as long and twice as thick as yours and you should appreciate what a difference it can make to a woman.”* Jean-Louis said as he watched the beautiful woman devouring his cock as if it was her last meal. *“I know that this situation is kind of freaking you out, Jonathan, but put your trust in me and I can assure you that you will come out of this richer, both spiritually and physically. I promise you I will treat her as if she really was my wife which brings us to another point. Maggie tells me that she is not using any birth control, as you wanted to begin a family, and I can’t tell you how delighted I am with this because I fully intend to impregnate your beautiful bride, I probably have done so already, and since I already have seven children by different women, that I know of, you can guess how virile I am. But don’t worry I am a very rich man and I will make arrangements for the baby so that financially you won’t suffer as long as you look after it as if it was your own.’*

Listening to her lover telling her husband that he had already impregnated her made Maggie red-hot all over and suddenly a massive orgasm swept through her. She had to take her mouth off the massive cock to get enough air into her lungs. Her screams of ecstasy echoed around the room as her pussy clenched then relaxed squirting sex juices against the inside of her skirt, because she wasn’t wearing any underwear. Trying to fill her starving lungs she slumped down on the floor as the room swam dizzily around her.

Jonathan was stunned by his wife’s obscene behaviour and suddenly he felt sad as he realised that there was every possibility that he had lost his bride forever before they’d even had a chance to consummate their vows.

Meanwhile Maggie, driven by a madness she could not comprehend, had pulled herself up unto her knees and, grabbing the massive phallus with two hands, she prepared herself to finish the task she had set her mind to accomplish. The throbbing prick sent shivers up through her arms and made her large breasts dance with joy. She giggled at the thought that soon they would be filled with milk. She slipped her lips over the swollen cockhead and began sucking fervently. She wormed her tongue into the slit to gather the precome before swirling it over the entire dome.

Jonathan curled his fingers into fists as he watched his bride enthusiastically sucking another man’s monstrous cock as she had never done for him. He saw her easing the head of their host’s massive cock into her throat. She relaxed, breathing hard through her flared nostrils as she allowed the rigid cylinder to enter the tightness of her gullet. Her face was impaled on the prick yet half of it was not yet gobbled up by her hungry lips. He did not believe, for one moment, that she would be able to take the entire cock into her mouth.

His bride’s eyes bulged as she stared into Jean-Louis’ curly pubic hair realising that there was a long way to go. Her lips touched her fingers, which were still gripping his cock, and drool dribbled from her mouth, flowed over her fingers before dripping onto the swinging testicles which held the elixir she was after. Her jaw was open as wide as possible but her tongue was unable to move, flattened by his shaft into the bottom of her mouth. She felt the column of flesh throb and she became a dizzy with lust yet she remained confident that this time she would take every fantastic inch of the gargantuan prick into her mouth and throat. She was desperate to do so to show her husband that when the honeymoon was over he would take the best lover he could hope for home.

Jean-Louis groaned though his tightly drawn lips as the muscles of his stomach rippled with pleasure. His testicles rumbled and swelled with sperm churning to be free. *‘Suck all of it!’* he roared, his husky voice filling the dining room. *‘Suck my cock, Maggie! Show your husband how much you’ve learnt.’*

Driven crazy by his words and the knowledge that her new husband was watching her sucking another man’s penis Maggie felt that she was ready for the rest of the fat overgrown prick. She removed her hands and, gurgling hungrily, she moved her face forward into the man’s groin. Hot clinging lips glided over the shaft, as she took inch after inch into her relaxed throat, until they stopped as they met the hairy groin. If her mouth had not be so filled she would have shrieked with triumph for, this time, she had taken every hard inch of the giant cock and it felt as if the head was filling her belly.

Jean-Louis growled with pleasure as he looked at Jonathan and saw that the young man was staring at his wife with open mouthed astonishment. He was as astounded as the young man as he remembered her first clumsy attempts at cocksucking the previous evening. The young woman was an incredibly swift learner.

Maggie’s throat was a wet, tight, clinging to his fat cock like the muscles of a virgin pussy before; slowly she dragged her lips along his bloated shaft until only half of the prick remained stuffed in her mouth and throat. Gurgling as she swiftly swallowed the spit, which had accumulated in her mouth, she used her hands now to urge the powerful man to fuck her face as hard as he had fucked her cunt throughout the night. She scratched his heavy sperm-filled testicles and clawed his thighs and his hips then she waited, the throbbing in his cock growing stronger. Not once did she spare a thought for her husband and what he must feel like seeing another man using her as if she was his wife or even worse his whore. A mantra repeated in her head over and over again. ‘I am carrying his child. My belly is going to swell out because he has impregnated me. His baby is going to suckle from my milk-filled breasts. I am carrying his child. I belong to him and I must do everything in my power to please him.’

Jean-Louis growled like an animal as he slammed his body into her face, fucking his prick to the hilt inside the welcoming mouth without mercy and then pulling it half of it out again. Grunting he lunged again, fucking her face in a wild series of hard-hitting jabs that caused her large breasts to jiggle wildly beneath her top.

Maggie absorbed the punishing blows, enjoying them, thrilled with his power and the size of her lover’s cock. His prick fucked all the way into her throat repeatedly and she gurgled around the immense girth. Each powerful jab smacked his hairy groin against her sucking lips mixing pain with pleasure and she knew that he was getting close. She wanted his sperm, wanted it in her mouth, wanted to taste it, every drop, wanted him to fill her belly as he had filled her womb. She knew the moment when her sucking had caused his excitement to past the point of no return. His prick had swelled even larger and his lunging thrusts had grown even more violent, more demanding. She sucked, clawed his flesh, and sucked at his prick like a starving baby at her mother’s breast. She needed his sperm as much as he wanted to give it to her.

He bellowed with pleasure as hot, thick cum blasted from his prick. A thick stream of gooey sperm quickly filled her stuffed mouth and squished down her throat. With Jean-Louis continuing to fuck her face brutally she sucked the sperm up from his churning balls, her cheeks hollowing as she exerted greater suction. Her tongue became a whip as her mouth became flooded with cum. Her cheeks filled with the sticky ooze as the first deposit gushed into her belly.

Jean-Louis was a prisoner of her mouth and in her desperate hunger she had taken complete control. He groaned, his cock spurting out cum like a fountain filling her mouth and flooding her throat.

Soon she began to choke on his gooey sperm as she grabbed the thick shaft and jerked her fist up and down. Stringy lumps of hot baby-making juice filled her cheeks but, however fast she swallowed, with her hand and mouth working together, she could not keep up with the flow as Jean-Louis lunged, gasped, then lunged again. Strings of cum began dribbling from her nose as everything became a blur. Her sucking mouth seemed to reach into his testicles for the last few drops of sperm. Maggie sensed that it was over but still she increased her efforts. Ferociously she sucked on his waning cock. Whipping with her tongue allied to deep sucking gulps until finally there was no more elixir to be had and the giant cock began to wilt and retreat.

Jean-Louis groaned as he realised that, though somehow amateurish, he’d just experienced the best cock-sucking ever. He stared down at Maggie and saw that she was still going crazy trying to draw out non-existent sperm from his deflating cock. He reached down, grabbed a fistful of her thick red hair, and yanked her head up. She looked up dreamily into his face with sperm dribbling from her lips before she swiped her tongue and scooped stray drops from her lips.

Jonathan had looked on with a mixture of disgust and arousal finding it hard to believe that his lovely bride had become a depraved cocksucker in such a short time and wondered whether, despite being together for so long, he really knew her at all. He wasn’t prepared for what happened next. Maggie got to her feet and came around the table and stood next to him, her hand gripped his chin and turned it upwards and she plastered her mouth against his. His lips were open in astonishment and she was able to drip Jean-Louis’ sperm into her husband’s mouth before he could resist.

Feeling that slimy concoction of his wife’s saliva and their host’s sperm slithering down his throat was too much and Jonathan broke away and just managed to grab a jug before throwing up.

The sight of her husband being sick brought some sanity back into the situation and Maggie, for a brief moment, wondered what she was doing and whether she was going mad.

Jean-Louis called for Luna who immediately understood the situation and gently led Jonathan out of the room and into the bedroom allocated to him. She swiftly undressed him and steered him into the shower. She took her dress off, the only garment she was wearing, and got under the shower also and began to wash all over making sure that his penis got a lot of attention.

After the shower she led Jonathan back to the bedroom and helped him to lie down and he was soon asleep exhausted from his emotional turmoil.