CHAPTER 5

Numbing shock rushed through Jonathan’s body and he felt as if he was going to pass out so had to hold on to the wall to steady himself, He was physically exhausted from his ejaculations and the trauma of seeing his bride orgasming so strongly while being screwed by a stranger they’d met only a few hours previously. He didn’t know why but he was afraid that he would be seen so he carefully moved away towards the stairs. As he reached the top of the stairs he heard his bride loudly begging Jean-Louis to make her cum again and to never stop screwing her because she was his for as long as he wanted her.

He wandered around until he found the kitchen. He made himself a sandwich and poured a tall glass of cool lemonade before sitting on the veranda wondering what he should do about the man taking control of his bride on the first day of their honeymoon. His mind was filled with lewd images and fresh ones kept superimposing themselves in his imagination so that he could think clearly. It was obvious that Maggie had not been coerced and that she was enjoying every second of the fierce copulation. Apprehensively he considered his own reaction to the lewd spectacle. Instead of barging into the bedroom and trying to separate the man from his bride he’d stood outside like a schoolboy frantically jerking his penis while another man’s huge cock shuttled in and out of the place he always believed would be only his. He did not realise how much the combination of his mother’s dominance and the sheer exhaustion of travelling, allied to the problems of their accommodation, had sapped his weak male aggressiveness leaving him at the mercy of a more powerful personality. He was non-plussed by his cowardice and his obscene enjoyment of watching his bride being royally fucked by a superior man.

After finishing his sandwich, still unsure of what he should do, he seemed to be driven to wander back up the stairs and look into the room where he saw that his bride was now on all fours with her beautiful face centimetres from their host’s huge cock which was glistening with a combination of sex juices.

*"Suck!"* the man commanded.

Jonathan had tried to get Maggie to suck his penis but she’d always said that beside it being unhygienic it was also perverted so imagine his consternation when he watched his bride enthusiastically opening her lips and allowing half of the monstrous cock to penetrate deep in her mouth. She seemed unabashed that the monstrous cylinder of flesh was covered by an obscene film of her sex juices and his sperm. Jonathan was surprised by how easily she managed to absorb that huge cock into her inexperienced mouth. He could clearly see his wife's throat being plugged by the big cock-head and the way her eyes were bulging leaving him in no doubt that she was struggling yet she made not move to stop the huge cock sliding in and out of her mouth. The obscene sight excited him unnaturally and his anger turned to jealousy as he observed the willingness of his bride to perform the lewd act she’d denied him.

Maggie continued to suck the huge cock until Jean-Louis ordered her to stop and get on the bed. Immediately his muscular body covered her pearl-white body and, after a few minutes, Jonathan saw his wife's hips slowly beginning to undulate as the huge cock sank deeper and deeper inside her sex. He realised that his bride’s sex was now accustomed to being so hugely filled. As the bedsprings began to squeak, from his wife's body being pummelled back and forth by the power of the fucking, she opened her mouth and began screaming for the man never to stop screwing her and that she belonged to him body and soul. Her hands were digging into the man’s shoulders as if her entire body was on fire. His hands were clutching her firm breasts and he could see the crimson tips of her hardened nipples slipping through the man’s fingers. Her face was distorted with a look of pure animal lust, something he’d never seen before on his bride’s face.

The notion that she had managed to arouse such an exciting and experienced man to such a fever-pitch thrilled Maggie and filled her with intense lust. Pleasure was her only goal and she wanted her seducer to have as much as he was giving her and she never wanted it to stop. She had been reduced from a rather naïve, newly-married woman to a primeval female bent on pleasure and being impregnated by an alpha-male.

Even as tears flowed down Jonathan’s cheeks, as he heard his new bride surrendering herself completely to another man, his prick thickened and he jacked off furiously watching his wife's body being pounded into the mattress by the huge cock pistoning all the way in and out of her fully stretched pussy.

*"I'm cumming... I'm cumminggg again, Jean-Louis... shoot it into me, fill my pussy! Oh I can feel it*…*you're shooting it into me!”* Maggie screamed as she began to ride the waves of indescribable pleasure, her body completely in tune with her seducer. They were as one, sliding and twisting together as they reached for the ultimate pleasure of a simultaneous orgasm, the perfect state for breeding.

It was about then that Jonathan remembered that his wife wasn’t protected, as they had wanted to start a family straight away. How many loads of sperm had the man already unloaded into her sex, he asked himself? Because Jean-Louis’ cock was so long there was no doubt that he would have unloaded his sperm as near to Maggie’s eggs as it was possible to get and his head spun as he tried to come to terms with this added complication.

He could hardly think straight as he staggered to a bedroom next to the one where his wife was being fucked and possibly impregnated. Exhausted he fell on the bed, still fully clothed, and was asleep in seconds. He could not have been asleep for more than a couple of hours when he was awakened by the sounds of female moans punctuated by the squeaks of bedsprings.

 He needed to pee so he staggered to his feet and made his way along the corridor and, in passing, looked into the main bedroom. The side lights were on and he saw that his bride was on all fours with Jean-Louis kneeling behind her and her body rocked back and forth as the huge cock thrust deep into her body again and again. She shuddered as a series of intense orgasms whipped through her kneeling body. Her eyes were clenched shut, and from her mouth a dribble of saliva swung from side to side matching the motions of her hanging breasts. The loud sounds of his hips smacking against her luscious buttocks filled the room. She was moaning continuously interrupted only by the shrill screams each time she orgasmed. It was only when the man pulled back, so that only the tip of his cock remained in her body that Jonathan realised that it was imbedded in her anus and not her sex. Jean-Louis continued fucking her relentlessly, driving his huge cock into her bottom again and again as the interval between her orgasms grew shorter and shorter until she seemed to be in the grip of a near-continuous climax. Finally, she collapsed onto her front, exhausted and gasping for breath but the man continued to screw Jonathan’s bride ass until he blasted his cum into Maggie's throbbing bottom as if wanting to make sure that he had now marked and conquered all her orifices.

Jonathan, stunned by the obscenity of what he’d witnessed, made it to the bathroom and then staggered back to bed. He slept well but was vaguely aware that throughout the night the man continued fucking his bride and he couldn’t help but admire the man’s stamina even if he was being cuckolded.

Sometime later on he was once again awoken by the bedsprings being pounded so hard that it sounded as if he was in the room with them. He looked at his watch and saw that it was six in the morning. Judging from the sounds and the loud commentary from Jean-Louis, accompanying them, he knew that his bride was sitting on the man’s thighs facing outwards and as the huge cock hammered in and out of her widely stretched anus, like a jack-hammer. The man must have been holding Maggie’s fabulous breasts, in his hands using them as handles to lift her body up and down his cock as he drove it all the way into the depths of her anal canal. His bride was making incoherent babbling sounds and, though she’d been fucked almost the entire night, her body seemed to be again gripped by a series of continuous, intense orgasms until the man unleashed another blast of semen into his bride’s body.

Jonathan was too tired to feel sorry for himself and immediately drifted back into a deep sleep and, when he awoke again, the sun was shining brightly and he could hear sounds in the house and realised that the servants must have returned and were going about their duties. He looked out of the window and saw several gardeners tending the lush garden. He staggered out of the bedroom and, on his way to the bathroom, glanced through the open door of Jean-Louis’ bedroom and saw that the pair were naked and curled around each other, asleep as if at last exhausted from their all-night fucking. From the way they were laying he was sure that their host’s cock was deeply buried in his wife’s body. Using the plentiful array of toilet stuff he had a shower, shaved and relieved himself realising that his cock was sore from the way he had jerked it frantically the previous evening. If his was sore how painful must Jean-Louis’ cock be after the amount of fucking it had been subjected to, he asked himself and he also wondered what was the state of his bride’s once-tight pussy and anus. He finally emerged from the bathroom feeling energised and hungry and determined that today he would take control of the situation and wrest his bride away from the aged roué.

He stopped outside the master bedroom and saw that Jean-Louis and Maggie were no longer asleep and that their host was standing next to the bed holding her legs up and back, wide open with his hands beneath each knee so that the entire expanse of his wife's cunt was exposed as his monster cock rapidly shuttled in and out of her sex. He realised that with each stroke the cock was sinking to very bottom of her vaginal passage because the large balls were slapping against her upturned ass which could only mean that somehow he had breached her cervix and the cock-head was encased in his wife’s womb, the perfect position for impregnation.

His bride was howling like a bitch in heat as she was fucked by the powerful man. She was shrieking and grunting like an animal, she seemed to have become. Then the air was rendered by screams as once again she was overcome by a chain of connecting orgasms. Jonathan did not want to watch his bride being so thoroughly defiled once again but he was unable to tear his eyes away from the spectacle of his naïve wife being ravished by another man’s huge cock. He was a witness to the culmination as the man blasted another load of sperm directly into his wife’s womb as if he did indeed intended to impregnate her. When he was finished, he pulled his deflating cock out of his wife’s pussy and presented it to her mouth. She eagerly set about using her lips and tongue to clean it not seeming to mind that it was covered with a mixture of the man’s sex juices and her own pussy juice. When his cock was squeaky clean Jean-Louis disappeared into the bathroom leaving Jonathan’s wife still gasping for breath, on the bed, too exhausted to move.