

By Donna M.

A woman shouldn't find out on her honeymoon how sexually naïve she is.

I was a junior in college when I met Jack. To say he swept me off my feet would be an understatement. From his first smile to our first kiss I was smitten. I held on to my virginity for a while but eventually succumbed. There were no fireworks. It hurt a little, it felt good a little. Jack didn't simply take my cherry and run, so subsequent sex improved for me even if in retrospect the improvement may have been merely psychological. Wasn't that what the experts always say—for a woman, sexual gratification begins in the brain?

After graduation we moved to the same city to work, and after a while he proposed to me. We had the most beautiful wedding. We were off to Aruba for our honeymoon!

It wasn't like we were consummating anything after all, but I still bought a new, sexy negligee for our wedding night. I also bought two new bikinis. One was all white and the other was an aqua print. Both were far skimpier than anything I'd ever worn or dared to wear before. I wanted my new husband to be proud of his new wife on the Aruban beaches.

After arriving tired but expectant in Oranjestad, we checked into our hotel and ordered room service. Champagne and munchies were downed in leisurely repose. I changed into my new negligee and garter set, all white lace and complete with white hose—and no panties. I checked myself out in the bathroom's mirror. I thought I looked hot. I wasn't a virgin, but I would play one on my wedding night.

"I saved myself for you. Take my virginity. Be gentle," I remember saying, or something close to it.

Jack thought my virgin play was corny and didn't get into it very much. I was disappointed but the sex was okay; no earthquakes, yet I think I orgasmed.

The next morning Jack was in a hurry to "get going" as he put it. He was eager to hit the beach, do some snorkeling, and maybe take a scuba diving lesson. I just wanted to lie on the beach and get a tan. I'm a brunette and not necessarily lily-white-skinned to begin with, but until I tanned I decided to wear the aqua print bikini, saving the white one until my skin was darker to add some contrast. I'd hoped to windsurf here too, though I figured I wouldn't since Jack didn't like the sport at all. Well, we'd see, maybe later in the week.

We went to Palm Beach, which figured to be filled with tourists, and it was. Jack said he liked my bikini, and to my pleasant surprise I got a few ogling looks as we picked our spot on the crowded beach.

Once we were sunscreened-up and reclining, Jack said, "Oh by the way, I asked about scuba lessons at the hotel desk and they filled me in on where to go. You interested?"

"You know how much I miss windsurfing, honey. Why don't you go for the lessons and in the meantime I'll check out renting a sailboard, okay?"

He was a little disappointed about separating like that, especially on our honeymoon, but admitted we'd both have fun that way. He wasn't particularly fond of windsurfing; the sport seemed too intense for him when he'd tried it (at my insistence).

"We'll do everything else together after this," he declared, and I agreed.

We sunbathed, and later headed back to our hotel. The concierge gave me a tip on where to rent a board and where the best windsurfing was, and with shorts on over my bikini bottoms I went

out in search of my adventure while Jack went looking for his. No doubt Jack would enjoy learning scuba diving—and probably I would as well—but first loves are always special, and windsurfing was mine. At Malmok Beach I located the shop and rented a sailboard. The young man who served me had difficulty maintaining eye contact, ogling my chest the whole time. Normally I'd be pissed but somehow today in my new bikini, and being a newly married woman and far from home, the attention was appreciated.

Growing up on a large lake with ferocious winds, windsurfing had always been my passion, my escape. The windsurfing here wasn't crazy wild like the Columbia River (I managed to survive that experience!) but close, the warm ocean water making for a pleasant ride without a wetsuit, wearing only my bikini. I found myself following a man who appeared to be knowledgeable of the local wind currents. I found myself admiring him as well; he had the bronzed skin of a native, a muscled upper torso (though not overly so, like a bodybuilder), and an ass I thought was fantastic. Men always comment about women's asses; well, I happen to admire a nice ass on a man every bit as much as any man can admire a woman's. This guy was wearing a tight set of trunks, not Speedos but something a bit more old-fashioned, I thought. I almost wiped out while I ogled his tight ass cheeks ripple from his maneuvering on the sailboard. I may be a newlywed but I could still look, couldn't I?

Tired, I rode to shore, much as a surfer would. The unknown man was there, seemingly waiting for me. Oh God! Along with the great ass out back he had a huge mound in the front of his tight trunks. How big a package did this guy have? It took all my willpower not to stare.

"Hi, you looked very good out there," he said.

"Thank you, but I sense a 'but' in there somewhere."

He smiled, "Yes, there is, I believe...you obviously are not a novice but (he chuckled a little when he said the word) you are a bit straight-up when making some turns."

"Straight-up?"

"Here, let me show you." He had me take a stance on the beach as I would on a board and stood behind me. "You don't use your legs to their advantage...and such beautiful legs they are...muscle tone, I mean." I'm certain I blushed as he said that and at the same time placed his hands at my waist. This dude had all the pick-up moves down pat, I was sure. He continued, "You have a tendency I noticed to bend your upper body too much and not let your lower body do its thing to help. If you surfed instead of riding a sailboard you'd be ahead of the game by now."

He proceeded to show me how to move into turns while using my whole body. I proceeded to get all tingly at his proximity and touch. And a voice in my head kept saying I'm glad Jack isn't here to see this.

"My name is Jongen, by the way," he said, almost at my ear.

"Mine's Lynn," I answered, my voice sounding hoarse for some reason. Okay, I knew the reason. "Your name...where does it come from?" I asked.

"My mother's sense of humor. Jongen is like how you Americans say 'Dude' or 'Bubba' when you don't know a young man's name." He launched into further explanation, hitting on the Dutch influence on his island homeland, while he was hitting on me. I loved his easy laugh, his easy manner, his attention—and yes, his looks and his blatant play for me. He didn't seem put-off when I told him I was on my honeymoon, asking where my husband was without the wolf-look that question might accompany another man's asking. He said he knew all the scuba instructors on the island and felt my hubby was in capable hands. Was I, I thought, and probably blushed again.

As I returned my sailboard to the rental place, Jongen lashed his to the top of this Jeep-looking vehicle that seemed to be something left over from World War II. I walked toward him to say goodbye. I wasn't trying to fool myself; I didn't want to NOT see him again.

He saw me approaching and smiled. Oh God, I loved that smile of his. "I don't know if you've got to get back to that husband of yours, but if you don't how about joining me at my father's bar down the street. He can make a great afternoon cocktail; anything you like. How about it?"

"Yes, I'd love to," was out of my mouth before my brain could decide otherwise.

His father's bar turned out to be a rather cozy little island joint about half full when we got there. Jongen introduced me and got a quizzical look in return from the old man. In some form of code I didn't get, he ordered me a drink which turned out to be rainbow-colored and very delicious. We sat and drank and talked for maybe an hour, though time had lost its meaning for me. I wanted to drink HIM instead. My one cocktail turned into two.

He asked, "How about coming upstairs to my flat while I take a quick shower, then I'll take you back to your hotel, okay?"

"I...I shouldn't really. I'll get a taxi."

"Don't be silly. It'll only be a few minutes and then I'll give you a ride."

I relented and we walked upstairs. His apartment was rather spare of furnishings and tidy, which for some reason surprised me. I sat on his sofa while he showered. At the sound of running water I daydreamed about what the part of his body I hadn't seen looked like. What I had seen was perfect enough. When he walked into the room he had only a towel draped around his waist.

"You know, you can shower too if you'd like."

"Ah, no thanks, I think I need to get back to my hotel," I said as I arose from the sofa and instinctively took a step toward the door and away from him.

He walked up behind me and before I knew it his body was against mine, with one hand at my abdomen just above the hem of

my shorts and the other at my side, a little higher than the other. He whispered in my ear, "I'd like you to stay."

"I...I...can't," I muttered, but at the same time shivered involuntarily at his touch.

"Of course you can," he said, before lightly moving my hair aside and kissing me on the nape of my neck.

"I...we...can't...do this," I said, hardly recognizing the croaking voice as my own. "I'm...married."

"You were also married when we talked and drank, and when you came up here with me. You're married now as I hold you. You're married now while I remove your bikini, correct?" That's what he did, as my top dropped to the floor and he cupped a breast in one of his strong hands.

I shivered again but didn't stop him, hoarsely whispering "Yes."

I pushed down my shorts and my bottoms and kicked them aside while he still held my back to him. He must have dropped his towel since I felt his swelling manhood rise and brush against me, all while he kneaded a breast with one hand and slowly rubbed my belly with the other. I leaned my head back to him and in that twisted position let him kiss me. What was I doing? On my honeymoon and nakedly kissing another man?

His fingertips found my vulva. As he brushed them ever so gently against my clitoris I moaned and turned to him. "N...N...No," I whimpered.

He ignored my voiced plea and listened to my body instead, which was crying out for him. He kissed me again and I succumbed. I hadn't looked at his cock but the feel of it, standing tall and rubbing against me told me I had to worship him. I broke the kiss and sunk to my knees. He was more than twice Jack's size both in length and girth. When I took him into my mouth I wondered whether it was Jongen who was huge or Jack who was small. I had no experience to

answer my own question. As if hypnotized I went to work on Jongen's spectacular shaft.

In a moment, he pulled me to my feet and kissed me yet again. "So much passion locked away within you," he said once our lips separated. He was right. Fate brought me here, knowing Jongen would draw heretofore restrained passion from me.

Straight out of a romance novel he lifted me into his arms and carried me to his bed. His lips and tongue were weapons to destroy my defenses; they licked and probed every vulnerable place, from neck to cleavage, nipple to navel, inner thigh to aching clitoris. I was overwhelmed. Was I climaxing so soon?

"Aaaaaahhhhh," I moaned, as he kept working on me, until he stood up and pulled a condom packet from the nightstand.

I lay there mesmerized as he tore the foil packet and nonchalantly unrolled the condom onto his impressive erection. Unbelievably I begged him to fuck me. My legs spread and he eased between them, taking his time to nestle his cockhead between the folds of my pussy and penetrating me. I gasped at the surprising fullness of his penetration.

"You are even more beautiful when you're aroused, Lynn," he said, just above a whisper. "Has anyone ever told you that before?" He knew the answer already, beginning his manly thrusting rhythm.

His muscles rippled and I melted around him, arms and legs clutching his body so tightly that only his swaying hips moved. So many new sensations—some physical yet others psychological—and then the howling voice echoing around the small bedroom was mine. I grabbed his clenching ass cheeks and pulled him completely into me as I orgasmed like never before.

He uttered "Oh, man," but nothing else. He was still hard. He hadn't cum yet. Jack would have easily been done by now, and thinking that, my orgasmic shivers were joined by schoolgirl giggling which made Jongen stop and stare.

"Oh God, I need more of that," I said throatily. I rolled him onto his back and straddled him.

This was new to me—being aggressive—for besides being a good girl on her back, I knew nothing else. Now I would learn. I grasped his cock in my hand and shuddered when I felt how wet his shaft was: wet from ME. I slid down around him and began my own up-and-down rhythm. I alternated bouncing and wriggling atop Jongen as he grasped my breasts and held on tight. I discovered faster was better and ended up slamming myself down on him at an ever increasing speed. Who knows when my orgasm actually started but I was quivering and screaming once more.

"Lynnnnnnn," he moaned, "Sweet Jesus, I'm going to cummmmmmm!"

"God, I need to see it...feel it," I groaned, jumped off him, and stripped off the condom just as he ejaculated a prodigious first rope of cum all over my head and face. In reaction I jerked backwards in surprise, with the second, third and fourth shot hitting me in the chest and belly.

"Oh wow, that was a lot!" Ok, so maybe after I've had the orgasm of a lifetime I was allowed to say something stupid.

"That's a clue to what you did to me. You had that effect on me, ever since I saw you riding your sailboard, athletic and so sure of yourself, not strutting like a beach bimbo."

"Well, you had an effect on me too."

"Now what?"

"What do you mean? Like, taking me back to my hotel, and my husband?"

He looked away, as if that's not what he meant. He changed the subject and urged me to the shower. I'd forgotten I had cum all over me, including in my hair. Post-orgasmic, I felt so good, so alive; it was easy to forget anything. Like my wedding vows.

Under the hot spray of the shower, he washed my hair and other areas. He grew aroused as once more I felt his magnificent manhood rise and brush against my backside. This and his tender touch had me aroused too. I leaned forward slightly in the shower stall and he entered me from behind. He held my hips firmly as his thrusts went from slow to fast. Eventually, he was nailing me so hard my feet would leave the shower floor on each thrust.

I felt his spasms as he unloaded deep within me. I was only tangentially thinking that this time he did me bareback. For the longest time he simply held me, oblivious to the spraying water, as his cock lost its stiffness while still nestled within my pussy—my well satisfied, contented pussy.

An hour or so later Jongen drove me to my hotel. I thought Jack would want to talk about two things: my day and his. Surprisingly he was reluctant to discuss either.

I had to ask, "So, was the scuba lesson as much fun as you thought it would be? You're not talking about it like I thought you would."

"It was fun, I guess."

"That's all? What happened?"

"Nothing, dammit. We just learned some things and went underwater a bit. Not deep."

I didn't understand his snappishness. Maybe it was my guilty conscious, but I got it—he had met another woman, maybe even the instructor, and he'd fallen. Had he fallen as far as I had? I couldn't ask, not after what I'd done all afternoon. Some honeymoon! As we ate dinner, Jack let it slip that he wanted to take another scuba lesson. He only halfheartedly asked if I wanted to join in. He seemed relieved when I declined. I guess I was right. Tomorrow he would

see his new crush, and I would fuck Jongen again.

I was back to Malmok Beach the next day. When I spotted him with his sailboard, I waved. His smile when he saw me was fantastic. I'd worn the white bikini, and he unabashedly looked me up and down before whistling.

"I thought I'd never see you again, Lynn. You look like an angel in that bikini—a very sexy angel."

We talked for a while on the beach but it was only a pretext to what we both wanted to do. He took me to his apartment and fucked my brains out. I did a slow striptease getting out of my suit before climbing onto his bed where he licked my pussy until it was crying out in wet glory. I got onto my hands and knees. He slid into me easily, his hands strong on my hips. His thrusting was slow yet steady, as if not wanting the sex to end. Regardless, it was coming to a climax for me.

Jongen's bed was wet from sweat and spilt seed. I felt like my body was enveloped within a cocoon; and maybe it was, the butterfly that was the new, sexually charged me ready to emerge. How could I return to Jack as if nothing had happened? I had to. After a shower, Jongen returned me to my hotel where I found Jack as quiet and sullen as yesterday. What was it with him?

"Tomorrow will be our day sweetheart," I declared, and he agreed, though I saw something in his eyes I couldn't define.

Aruba's Palm Beach was tourist-pretty, but there was something about Malmok Beach (besides Jongen and windsurfing) that appealed to me so I persuaded Jack it was the place to go the following day. I wasn't sure if I wanted to see Jongen or not but when I did I know my heart fluttered.

"So this is where you went windsurfing, huh?" Jack asked. "You

seem to know that guy over there, the one walking this way. Did you windsurf with him?"

"Yes I did, he's very good," was all I could think to say.

"Very good," Jack echoed as he watched Jongen get nearer.

For his part, Jongen was discreet in addressing me with Jack there. He welcomed me back to "his" beach and asked if I was going windsurfing today. I introduced Jack and said we'd only be sunbathing. I looked sideways at Jack, wondering if he was getting any clues that Jongen and I had been lovers, but instead I was surprised to see a totally different expression on Jack's face. He was looking at Jongen as I had! Holy shit! Jack kept sneaking looks at him as he walked away.

I was imagining things I shouldn't have, so I needed to ask a few questions. "You taking any more scuba lessons? I figured you'd want to see your hot female instructor again," I said with a facetious-sounding (I hoped) laugh.

"Instructor is an ex-Marine," was his terse reply.

Ah-huh. Must be a very virile, good looking ex-Marine, I bet. "Just kidding. So, any more lessons?"

"No. I don't think so," he said rather pensively. "Lynn, you know how you've always wanted me to like windsurfing. Do you think that guy I just met could teach me? You know, like get me interested more?"

Yeah, he could get you 'interested' if he swung that way, I thought. Really interested. I said, "Why don't I teach you? I've offered to enough times, that's for sure."

"I don't know, maybe I just wouldn't be comfortable having you teach me, you know, like maybe you'd give me a hard time or something."

"I'm your wife now, for God's sake! What's wrong with me

teaching you?"

He sulked and eventually we went back to Malmok Beach, looking for Jongen. Jongen's expression was curious at best, sneaking a glance my way as if to ask what the fuck? Looking at Jongen walk to the water with his sailboard and my husband, my pussy dripped, longing for my newfound lover. I had to have him at least one more time before I went home.

I stood in the sand and watched the lesson proceed offshore. Jack looked like once he had the chance to hold on to Jongen he wasn't about to let go. Jongen seemed uncomfortable, but from this distance I couldn't tell for sure. When they were done, Jack and I helped Jongen stow his sailboard. Jack was reserved and sulking again. I guessed that Jongen must have firmly turned away his advances. When Jack was looking away Jongen gave my hand a quick squeeze. I only wished he was squeezing me elsewhere.

Dinner that evening was subdued. Jack remained taciturn throughout the evening until we were in bed, where he suddenly turned ferocious and fucked me from behind like a madman. He'd never been like that with me before. He pushed the head of his cock at my anus, and I reluctantly let him have his way. It hurt, but I did it for him. He came in no time.

Our honeymoon week winding down, we spent more time away from each other than together. I went back to Malmok Beach looking for Jongen. I found him at his father's bar. His smile glowed when he saw me. I couldn't believe this was more than sex for him but I was being convinced. He ordered another strange cocktail concoction for me and we sat and talked the afternoon away. How many of those potent fruity drinks had I consumed before I was back in his apartment and in his bed?

Our lovemaking turned out to be an amazing athletic endeavor. We experimented in so many positions I lost track. I also lost track of my orgasms. Jongen came twice himself. We ended up sweaty and sated.

He wasn't sure how to broach the subject but our pillow talk afterwards was mostly about Jack and his predilection. Jongen was concerned for me, as I was for myself. I knew someday I'd hear those stereotypical words "I've been living a lie," or something like them from Jack's lips. In the meantime I'd live my life in my own way, outwardly being the happily married woman.

"I will never forget you, Lynn," he said, and I saw the pain etched on his face as he said it.

I'll never forget him either, I thought as he kissed me that one last time.

On the plane ride home, I reflected on the fact that on my honeymoon I'd actually fucked a stranger more times than my husband. I also reflected on how naïve I'd been. How could I have not seen it in Jack? What does that say about me as a woman?

Someday soon, I thought, I'm going back to Aruba and look Jongen up.

"I miss you already," I whispered when no one could hear me. My pussy ached, yearning for him.

The End

Apologies to Milton for stealing his title.

My inspiration for this story was one written by the late Stevesaint called "Honeymoon Beach" which is now back on ASSTR for all to enjoy. Gay themed, that story always intrigued me, thinking how at a time when two people should be at their (sexually) happiest someone else can get in the way. All of Stevesaint's stories can

now be found in the Collections section of ASSTR

I hope you enjoyed my version.



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