

# The Honeymoon

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*Newlywed finds satisfaction on the beach*

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You have been dreaming about this day for years. Every woman does from the time they are a little girl. Maybe it's all the Disney movies or the Barbie and Ken dolls that they play with, but they all have the same dream, the same fantasy. One day their Knight in Shining Armor, their Prince Charming will fall in love with them at first sight, sweeping them off their feet to live happily ever after.

You met your white knight at the convention two years ago. After a long day of presentations to Fortune 500 suits you needed a drink. The hotel bar had just started happy hour when you walked in. A mojito and a quiet stool at the end of the bar was just what you needed.

About half way through your second drink he walked up and said, "Excellent presentation this morning, my name is Kevin, may I sit with you?"

Your Knight in Shining Armor, your Prince Charming just walked into your life.

The next two years flew by, they were just a blur. Yes, Kevin fooled around with other women the first year you were together, but you knew he was the one for you. When the two of you got serious the second year, everything clicked. You were soul mates, and the sex was so hot and steamy. For what he lacked in size he made up for with passion, holding you, caressing you, teasing you every time you made love. Even the quickies, the times you just needed to be fucked, to have your pussy ravaged, he took you hard and fast giving you just what you needed.

The memory of that night six months ago, when he asked you to marry him, is still fresh in your mind, as if it were yesterday. It was almost perfect, it came so close to what you had dreamed it would be like, spending the afternoon together walking and talking in the park, a quick stop at home to shower and pack a small bag to spend the night at his place. Then off to dinner at your favorite restaurant. Kevin even got down on one knee to ask you to marry him. From there, off to a club to go dancing, everything was perfect. Well, almost everything.

Kevin had a few to many drinks celebrating, got a little carried away at the club, telling women he was going off the market soon, asking them for hugs and kisses, going so far as to buy a couple of them drinks. He couldn't even drive home when you were ready to leave. Just getting him to the car was a struggle and he was passed out drunk when you arrived at his place. At least it was his car he threw up in. You still don't know how you got him into the house, finally dumping him on the sofa.

There you sat in the dark, with only the moonlight filling the room the night you got engaged. You stared at your ring as he slept; this part was not what you had dreamed it would be like. The ring was gorgeous, just what you had wanted, and you wanted to fuck his brains out to show him how happy you were to marry him. Your kitty was soaking wet just thinking about it, it needed attention right now.

Leaning back in the love seat your fingers took care of you that night. You started massaging your outer lips at first, rubbing and squeezing them. Sliding your fingers along the outside of them, up one side then down the other, feeling your wetness as it collected at the bottom of your slit. Next, you barely slid a finger inside your inner lips, teasing yourself, as you worked your way up slowly to your clit. Touching just your hood at first, moving it up and down over your clit. Rolling it between your thumb and forefinger until you couldn't take it any longer. By the time you came, four fingers were deep in your pussy, the palm of your hand pressed against your clit, your hips thrusting against the air as you squirmed in the love seat... That was one of your best orgasms and your Prince Charming was passed out drunk on the couch...

The wedding planning went smoothly; everything came together in the six months you had to get it done. It did seem like Kevin was drinking more though, he never drank to the point of passing out before, now it seemed to happen quite frequently. The sex slowed down as well, it lacked the passion it had at the beginning. But you quickly dismissed it as work related stress. Kevin was under a lot of pressure at the bank with all the media attention over the bank's mortgage portfolio. It must have affected his performance.

As you made plans for the wedding rehearsal and rehearsal dinner you asked Kevin to have his bachelor party the weekend before the wedding, but his best friend could not fly in the weekend before the wedding and for the wedding too. You knew most of his friends, and knew what type of bachelor party it would be; it definitely needed to be the weekend before the wedding. However, they had to have it the Friday night before your nuptials so the best man could be there.

The club where the party was being held had very loose rules; you accepted the fact that your Prince Charming was going to fuck some slut the night before your wedding. Hopefully, he would be too drunk to remember, or even get it up, but then again, if he gets too drunk, he'll be too hung over on Saturday morning to get married since the wedding was to be at 9 AM. If only it could have been an evening wedding, giving him time to sleep it off, but your flight for Aruba left a 2 PM that afternoon...

The morning of the wedding all the groom's men reeked of alcohol, but luckily, no one passed out or threw up. Kevin even got through the vows without slurring his words. At the Champagne brunch afterwards, it finally leaked out that not one but two sluts at the club last night had your Kevin's cock in their pussy at the party. You knew he was probably going to fuck someone, but damn, two whores at the bachelor party; and this is the start to your marriage?

You were so thankful he slept the entire flight to Aruba , his head resting on your shoulder, waking up occasionally to rub your thigh and tell you he loves you. It gave you time to think, to clear your mind of the past six months and especially last night. When you arrived in Aruba you were ready for a new start. The hotel was fabulous, everything the brochure said it was, and the staff was so friendly, talk about customer service nothing like the hotels in the US . Everyone was so glad to see you, kind and

polite; you quickly forgot about the bachelor party and were ready to begin your life as Mrs.

Kevin wants to fuck as soon as you walk in the room, but you need a shower and a nap, you still have your bridal make up on and all that gel in your hair. Making a quick promise to him of what the night will be like if he waits for you and you're showered, and in bed sleeping like a baby in twenty minutes. When you awake you glance over at the clock, three hours have passed. The mini bar looks like a hurricane swept through it. You're not sure how much he drank but you're ready to get out of the room and explore and at least he isn't passed out.

"Let's go for a walk on the beach and get something to eat honey, then we will come back to the room and fuck the night away, ok dear?"

Kevin reluctantly agrees, still wanting to consummate your marriage sooner rather than later.

The beach is spectacular, with the sun setting over the blue water, the sand is pure white, and the breeze is just right. You walk holding hands, then arm in arm for half an hour before stopping to sit on the beach and make out. His kisses are so gentle but full of passion, his hand caresses your breast so softly, you can't wait to get back to the room, to have Kevin deep inside you. He slides his hand under your skirt, and smiles when he discovers you're not wearing any panties. Feeling how wet you are, he wants to take you right there. The idea is exciting, being fucked on the beach, the sun setting over the water, but too many people are around. You don't mind being seen by a few people, but the beach is too crowded at this time of evening, maybe later, you think. Squeezing his cock before you get up, you grab his hand and head back to the hotel.

The hotel has several restaurants and you discuss which one you are going to dine at tonight on the walk back. Kevin suggests you stop at the bar on the beach for a drink before dinner. Hesitantly you agree, a little worried that he may drink too much and pass out again, but you quickly dismiss the thought when the bartender walks over and greets you.

“Hi, my name is Chris and I’ll be your host for the evening. Anything you need just ask and I’ll make sure you get it. I’m here to serve you and meet all your needs at our hotel.”

Chris is one of the most handsome black men you have seen. His smile lights up his face, his shaved head shines in the setting sunlight. He is built like an athlete, not huge like a football player nor tall and thin like a basketball player, just perfectly proportioned. His chest is thick and clearly defined under his polo shirt, the short sleeves are stretched to the max around his biceps, and you can see a hint of his well-defined abs if he stands a certain way. A double scotch on the rocks for your husband and a mojito for you are delivered quickly, and Chris makes casual conversation with the two of you as he serves the other guests. A thought flashes through your mind but you quickly dismiss it as craziness, not going to happen.

After dinner, Kevin wants to go back to the beach bar for one more drink before heading to the room to fuck the night away. Chris is still there and he spends some time talking to you. He is originally from New York City but has been living in Aruba for the past 10 years, tired of the rat race he just packed up and moved and has been bartending ever since. You lose track of time, and the number of drinks your husband has, because you are engrossed in conversation with Chris, he is so captivating. That is until you hear the thud of Kevin falling off the barstool.

“FUCK! Shit, this is un-fucking believable. How the fuck am I going to get him back to our room? I cannot believe he is passed out drunk on our fucking wedding night of all nights. DAMN!”

“Listen hun, I have a break in about five minutes, hold him up and I’ll help you carry him back to your room, ok.”

“Shit, thank you Chris, thank you so much, I really appreciate it. Damn, what a fucking idiot, I cannot believe I’ve married a fucking drunk.”

Chris helps you gather Kevin up and the two of you manage to drag him back to your room. Once Kevin is lying on the sofa you give Chris a quick hug before he goes back to work. You notice how solid he feels when you wrap your arms around him, holding him a little longer than just a quick hug.

After Chris lets himself out, you sit in a chair in the dark, asking yourself, “what the fuck have you gotten yourself into? My White Knight cannot be a drunk, an alcoholic, who passed out on my engagement night and is now passed out on my wedding night too? This can’t be happening.”

After sitting in your hotel suite for awhile crying, staring at Kevin you decide, “If he’s drunk I might as well be too.”

You head back to the bar on the beach; a double shot of tequila is in front of you before you sit down.

Quietly Chris says to you, “Its ok hun, this will make you feel better.”

Downing the double shot Chris quickly pours you another and says, “One more double after this and it will be the last one, I’m cutting you off, you’re better than him, I won’t let you do it to yourself.”

“Fuck that shit, I’m getting shit faced drunk and if you don’t pour them for me I’ll go to another bar. There are plenty of them around”

“I tell you what hun, I get off in 10 minutes, let me take you for a walk on the beach so you can clear

your head, when we get back if you still want to get shit faced I'll tell my boy here to hook you up.”

You give him the 10 minutes. When he gets off you head down the beach but in the opposite direction, away from the hotel's private area, where all the tourist have to go. About a half mile down the beach there is a small gathering of people, Chris walks up to them and tells them to welcome you. You recognize a face or two as workers from the front desk at the hotel and assume the others are workers as well. There is music playing and a few couples are dancing, the others are just talking and having a good time.

Chris leads you to beach area where some couples are dancing and tries to Salsa with you. After the first song and a lot of laughing, he just gives up and pulls you close. His arms slide around your waist and you rest your head on his shoulders, closing your eyes, letting your mind go blank, just swaying with the music in his arms. His strong hands slide along the back of your white linen midriff top, rubbing all your anger, hurt, and disappointment away. When he slides his hands back down to your lower back, he massages you gently, his touch so soft and gentle on your exposed skin. You picture in your mind how erotic his dark hands must look in contrast to your white skin as he rubs your back in the moonlight.

It seems like hours go by as he holds you and rubs your lower back before his hands slide down along the back of your linen skirt and cup your ass, his fingers resting on your cheeks that are barely peeking out from under the hem. Slowly his hands slide from the outside of your legs along the crack between the bottom of your cheek and thigh until they meet in the middle, just above your tiny rosebud. He spreads your cheeks, the tips of his fingers just barely touching your rim, when you realize how wet you are. You wonder if he can feel your juices on your lips and thighs, with no thong on there is nothing to soak up your flow.

Pulling you closer against his crotch, you feel the bulge in his pants. You look up to tell him no, stop, but his lips meet yours as you open them to speak. His kiss is long and passionate, your tongues dance, he sucks and bites your lower lip before releasing it, only to kiss you again. Rubbing your pussy against his cock and thigh, you enjoy the feel of his strong hands all over your ass, squeezing, massaging, and spreading your cheeks as you dance. You reach between his legs and trace his

manhood through his khakis, longer and fatter than your drunken husband's; you know you want it in your mouth and between your legs, but you're married now, you can't have him.

As the song ends, he picks up a blanket and leads you a little further down the beach away from his friends. Far enough away so they can only see your silhouettes. Your mind is spinning now, it's on his cock and how good it will feel as it slides into your pussy. Then back to your drunken husband. How can you cheat on him on your first day of marriage? This isn't what you wanted, marriage is not supposed to start off this way. But, my knight in shining armor is not supposed to be passed out drunk in our room, and he shouldn't have fucked those two skanks at the strip club last night either...

You let Chris take your top and skirt off before laying you down on the blanket. Your white skin appears pale in the moonlight as he stands over you. His muscles ripple as he removes his polo shirt, his dark skin shining in the moonlight. The khakis come off next; his chocolate colored cock is long, thick, and fully erect when he steps out of them. You look up at it, a drop of pre-cum catches the moonlight, lighting up like a lamp on the end of a lamp pole. His balls hang low in his sack and swing freely as he lies down next to you. Kissing you on the neck, he cups your firm tit, caressing it before squeezing your hard nipple. So soft and gentle, his kisses cover your face and neck, as you wrap your arms around his broad shoulders you shiver with anticipation of what is to come.

Steadily his kisses move down your neck to your breast, taking one in his mouth while his hand caresses the other. The slow intensity of his movements is pure torture. You want his thick dick in your mouth, or in your pussy, right now. You want to feel his large head throbbing in your throat, or the weight of his body on top of you as he fills your cunt, but he is deliberately slow, teasing you, torturing you.

"Fuck me; fuck me now...PLEASE..." you beg, grabbing his cock and pulling him towards your pussy.

But, his hand slides between your thighs, his finger along your slit, stopping you as your body jerks



when he touches your swollen clit. You spread your legs as he slides two fingers in your wet pussy, then close them tightly, trying to trap his fingers inside you. He works them in and out of you rubbing your g-spot as he finger fucks you. Gyrate your hips, your ass moving on the blanket you lose yourself in the sensations traveling through your entire body.

You feel him gently push on your shoulder and know instantly that he wants you to take him in your mouth. Kneeling beside him, with your feet by his head, you lean over taking the tip of his cock in your mouth. Sucking the pre-cum from the hole before licking his long shaft, you slide your tongue along each side from the head down to his pubes, licking every hard inch. You make love to him with your mouth. Swirling your tongue around the head before swallowing him, your mouth sliding up and down his shaft, you squeeze his balls gently as you lick and suck his cock.

His fingers are sliding in and out of your love nest as you kneel beside him, when you feel him pulling on your thigh. Swinging your leg over his head, you drop your pussy on his waiting tongue. His cock in your mouth and his tongue deep in you sends waves of pleasure through your body. You don't notice the small group of his friends that have moved closer to watch you suck him down your throat while he eats your pussy in a perfect 69. Squeezing your ass and spreading your cheeks, the tip of his finger finds your asshole. You respond by deep throating him, almost gagging as your nose touches his sack. Pumping your mouth up and down on his hard pole you try to coax the cum out of his balls. But, he wants your secret garden; he wants your legs wrapped around his waist as he strokes your dripping cunt.

Rolling you over on your back, he places the head of his cock on your swollen pussy lips. You look down at his chocolate bar on your cunt, open and inviting him in, and watch it disappear into your white, shaven, pussy. With that one thrust, all the nights of your husband passed out drunk, leaving you wanting, melt away. You feel the weight of his body on you as his head plows into your cervix, penetrating you deeper than ever before. Wrapping your legs around his waist, your nails claw his back as you hold him inside you, feeling your pussy stretch to accommodate his thick cock.

His strokes are slow and deliberate. You feel the head of his cock slide along your walls, spreading them as he pulls back, He pauses a moment with just the tip resting inside your open lips, you raise

your hips to meet his thrust as he slides back inside you, pressing your ass into the blanket on the sand. Repeatedly he hammers your pussy; his strokes are long and hard as he moves faster, in and out of your wet cunt. You want more of him in you as he fucks you, grabbing his ass; you try to pull him in deeper.

You have never been fucked like this before, never had this much cock stretching your pussy, you keep repeating, "Fuck yes baby, fuck my pussy harder, take my pussy baby."

Each stroke brings you closer to that explosion you want so badly, that should have happened in your marriage bed. You moan louder as he presses against your clit bringing you to the edge of your orgasm.

Ordering you he says, "Squeeze my cock with your pussy," as he moves up higher on you.

When you bear down on his cock, it changes the angle of your hips and his cock slides along the sensitive tip of your swollen clit. The orgasmic explosion that flows through you is like a tidal wave crashing down on the beach.

"Oh my god yes, fuck me, use my pussy," you scream as you cum.

The contractions of your walls try to force his big cock out, but he just pumps your cunt harder, his head throbbing inside you. He grunts as your orgasm continues, then his whole body tenses, his cock ravishing your pussy as he fucks you harder. You feel the first load of his cum squirt inside you, like a fire hose turned on high; he continues to stroke you, when you feel him squirt again, his hot cum filling you.

“Give me your hot seed, fill me, fuck me hard baby,” you tell Chris as he pumps more cum in you.

You don't know if the orgasm racking your body or his stroking of your pussy stop first, as you lay on the blanket, but your love nest is quivering, and his cock is slowly softening inside you. Exhausted, you lay there in pure bliss trying to comprehend what just happened. You had the fuck of your life and it wasn't with your husband on your wedding night.

Voices from the small group that gathered to watch fill the air;

“Wow that was so fucking hot.”

“Damn you two really put on a show.”

“I want to be fucked just like that.”

“Chris, you really work that pussy, you da man.”

You realize you were being watched the whole time.

Excited, you whisper in his ear, “Chris, fuck me again baby, fuck my wet, married, pussy from behind.”

Another couple lays a blanket down next to yours and starts to make out. Lying beside Chris, you stroke him with your hand as the two of you watch them. It's not long before Chris is hard and standing at full attention again.

Rolling over onto all fours, putting your face down on the blanket, raising your ass up high you offer your pussy to Chris, spreading your legs wide so he can take you from behind. Chris moves between your legs and mounts you, sliding his cock deep into your open cunt. You brace yourself, ready for the long hard thrusts that you know are about to begin.

Chris fucks you long and hard, his second orgasm is long in coming so he is able to ride you from behind forever. Fingering your clit as he works your pussy, the waves of pleasure rock your body repeatedly. His black hands on your white hips as he knells behind you taking your pussy with his hard cock create an erotic silhouette in the moonlight. Closing your eyes you focus on this imagery as you listen to the sound of him sliding in out of you and the smacking of his abs and thighs against your tight ass.

Chris puts one hand on your shoulder and grabs your hair with the other as he cums. Grunting loudly as he holds his cock in your pussy, you feel his warm cum fill you, his head throbbing as he releases his load. You collapse together on the blanket, cuddling as you bask in the after glow of your orgasms. You nod off to sleep to the sound of the waves gently crashing along the beach, with Chris cupping one of your breasts.

With a gentle shake of your shoulder Chris wakes you up to see the sun slowly rising on the horizon.

“You’d better get back to your room baby, in case your husband is looking for you.”

“Shit! Damn! Where are my clothes, I have to get back,” your voice filled with panic.

Chris hands you your skirt and top and helps you get dressed quickly. You try to run off but he grabs your wrist pulling you to him. He kisses you long and hard as if to say don't forget what we just shared. You tear yourself away from him and rush back to your room.

“Sara!” Chris yells as you run away, “It will be OK.”

Running along the beach, his words are not too encouraging as different thoughts flash through your head; “ I just got married and in less than twenty four hours I've cheated on my husband. What am I going to say if he's awake when I get to the room? Chris was so damn good, should I fuck him again? I've married a fucking alcoholic, till death do we part.”

The door clicks loudly as you pull out the key card and turn the handle. The stench of vomit fills your nostrils as you step into the room. Kevin is on the sofa where you left him, his face inside a trashcan. Disgusted you take a shower and climb into bed; closing your eyes, Chris's hands rub your back as you drift off to sleep.