

The Complete Series



A Better Man

MANUS DARE

A Better Man: The Complete Series

Manus Dare

Published by Manus Dare, 2021.

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A BETTER MAN: THE COMPLETE SERIES

First edition. December 1, 2021.

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A Better Man

The Wedding

1

Mrs. White beamed triumphantly as she fixed her daughter's hair in the mirror. Katelyn was gorgeous, her long blonde tresses gathered elegantly on top of her head, looking the picture of youthful purity in her white, silk wedding gown. Tears of joy came to Mrs. White's eyes as she pictured her daughter walking down the aisle and becoming Mrs. John Barton.

John Barton, the only son and heir to Louis Barton, was one of the most eligible bachelors in the county. And he was strikingly handsome, even giving old Mrs. White's heart a little flutter when he smiled. She had been so proud when Katelyn had announced their engagement.

So many times she and Mr. White had been close to despair over their daughter's future. Especially when Katelyn had brought home that wild, rude young man. Derek.

Mrs. White shivered just thinking of the muscular, tattooed man. Oh, there was no doubt that he was handsome. She was ashamed to admit it, but Derek Steele did a lot more than make her heart flutter, but she was experienced enough to see past his looks to that callous boy underneath.

How many times had she begged her daughter to stop seeing Derek? She had lost count. Then, just when she had given up all hope, Katelyn had broken up with Derek and met John. John was the kind of man every mother dreamed of for their daughter. Handsome, rich, and stable. Just what Katelyn needed.

And here she was, helping her daughter prepare for the most important day of her life. She wanted to cry, she was so happy, but she knew she had to be strong. After all, there was a wedding to take care of and the day was far from over.

Just as Mrs. White was putting the final touches on Katelyn's hair, there was a loud knock on the dressing room door.

"Who could that be?" Mrs. White scampered over to the door.

Mrs. White felt her stomach plummet when she saw Derek Steele standing there, glaring down at her. He was dressed in blue jeans and a white shirt that contrasted sharply against his tan skin. A blue snake tattoo curled around his huge bicep and disappeared under the tight cotton. Despite her hatred of the man, Mrs. White felt a strange pull in her stomach at the sight of that hard body looming above her.

"Hello, Mrs. White," Derek grinned and showed his perfect, white teeth. "I've come to see the bride."

"You...you..." Mrs. White spluttered, momentarily unable to form a coherent sentence. "You shouldn't be here!"

"Really?" Derek adopted a look of mock embarrassment. "Well, I'm so sorry. I thought I was invited."

Mrs. White's face was slowly turning an unseemly shade of red when she felt her daughter's steady hand on her shoulder.

"Mother. It's OK. I asked Derek to come."

Mrs. White's eyes opened wide.

"Please. Let Derek and I talk and then he'll go."

Mrs. White felt light-headed as her daughter pushed her firmly into the hall and shut the door behind her.

2

"What the hell are you doing here?" Katelyn rounded angrily on the larger man, her anger making her cheeks hot.

"I thought you said I was invited?" Derek smirked.

That smile. That god-damned smile. It had been the first thing she'd noticed about Derek, the way that smile said he owned every room he entered, including Katelyn's dressing room.

Looking at him now, she remembered exactly why she'd broken up with him and exactly why she could never truly be over him.

"I just said that so my mother wouldn't make a scene. Now tell me what you want."

Derek eyed her in her gorgeous wedding dress and Katelyn blushed. She knew that Derek was imagining her naked, his hungry eyes ripping through the barrier of her bridal gown and stroking her ripe flesh underneath. Flesh that was soon going to be John Barton's.

As if reading her mind, Derek stepped forward and slid his strong arms around her thin waist.

"Derek! Don't!"

The glittering engagement ring flashed brightly as she fought against Derek's huge arms. He pulled her into a tight hug, looking hungrily down at the young bride.

"Come on, Katelyn! I just want to give you a wedding present."

Derek's lips covered Katelyn's and she moaned softly. Her thoughts were confused as her pussy hummed with remembered lust. Derek's strong, rough hands roamed over the beautiful wedding dress. Her legs shook and finally gave way until she hung limply in Derek's arms, unable to deny his kisses.

Derek pulled his mouth away, looking down at the young beauty. Her face was hot and her lips parted expectantly, waiting for another kiss. Derek laughed.

"See, I knew you wanted it. You always want me. The only reason you're marrying John Fucking Barton is to make your mama

happy!"

Katelyn opened her eyes and, realizing what was happening, began to struggle against him.

"That's not true. I'm marrying John because I love him!"

"You can't deny what we had, baby."

"All we had was sex. We didn't have anything else. John's good to me. He gives me all that I need."

"No, he doesn't." Derek grabbed the young bride's hand and placed it over the bulge in his jeans. "I'm the only one who can give you what you need."

Katelyn's eyes widened. Derek's thick cock was throbbing under the fabric of his jeans, responding to her small hand. She'd tried to forget his cock, just like she'd tried to forget how much power Derek had over her.

But, she couldn't resist him. She had never been able to resist him.

"You remember this don't you, baby?" Derek grunted in her ear.

Katelyn gulped, "Y...yes."

"John Fucking Barton can't give you what I can, can he?"

Katelyn said nothing, her face burning with shame and her body burning with something else. She couldn't believe she was standing there, in her wedding dress, rubbing Derek's cock through the fabric of his jeans. Still, she couldn't deny the reality of the intense heat that was flooding into her body.

She loved John. He could give her everything she wanted. But, as she felt Derek's flesh throbbing under her hand, she realized that he could not give her everything she needed.

"Please...stop..." she moaned.

Derek ignored her pleas, sensing the submission in her voice. He whirled the bride around and pushed her down over the dressing table. Katelyn watched in the mirror, helpless with desire as Derek peeled off his shirt, revealing his sculpted chest and arms. She heard the zipper on his jeans, then felt his hands pull up on the lacy hem of her dress.

"Please..." she pleaded again. "Don't do this..."

Derek yanked her panties violently down over her ass and rubbed the fleshy head of his cock up and down Katelyn's slick slit. She was already wet, so wet.

I've never been this wet for John. The thought filled her with shame, but that shame did nothing to quell the burning heat in her pussy.

"You went out with me to be rebellious, baby," Derek hissed in her ear. "Well, there's nothing more rebellious than fucking another man on your wedding day."

Katelyn moaned, squirming back and forth, trying in vain to get away from Derek's thick flesh.

"Do you, Katelyn, want my cock in your pussy?" Derek chuckled.

"Please," she whimpered. "Please don't make me say it! Just fuck me if you want, but don't make me say that!"

"Tell me what you want, baby, or you don't get this cock!"

Derek swabbed her pussy already heavy with blood. She mewled like a wounded kitten and screwed backward, trying to push him into her. Derek pulled back, then slid forward again and slapped the head of his cock against her sex, sending shocks of pleasure through her body.

Katelyn cried out in frustration, unable to resist the heat between her legs. She looked back at her ex-lover and completed the obscene mockery of her wedding vows.

"I do! I do want your cock!"

3

Mrs. White was thankful the organ music was drowning out the sounds from inside the dressing room. What was Katelyn doing in there?

Before her mind could answer her own question, she saw a sight that almost made her faint. John Barton was storming down the hallway, rage contorting his usually handsome face.

"No! John, you can't go back there!" Mrs. White said, holding her hands up to stop the young man.

John looked down on the old woman, his eyes burning.

"I heard that the bastard is back here. I want to talk to him!"

John tried to muscle through, but Mrs. White blocked the way with her pudgy body. She might not be able to stop her daughter from making the biggest mistake of her life, but she could certainly stop it from becoming a social nightmare.

"John, I don't know what you are talking about! Derek's not here! But, I do know that it is bad luck to see the bride before the wedding!"

Derek looked as if he might force his way through, but then his jaw relaxed and his eyes lost their heat.

"You didn't see him?"

Mrs. White shook her head, unable to conjure up a second lie to her future son-in-law. John turned and walked back down the hallway to the sanctuary. Mrs. White breathed a sigh of relief.

4

It would have definitely been bad luck if John Barton had entered the dressing room at that moment. He would have seen his beautiful bride bent over the dressing table, her white wedding dress hiked up over her ass, her ex-boyfriend pounding her furiously from behind.

"Oh, yeah, baby. God, I've missed your sweet, little pussy."

"You're so big!" Katelyn moaned, trying in vain to keep her voice down. "So fucking good!"

Derek laughed and his laughter burned inside Katelyn's heart. Here she was, in her pure, white dress spewing obscenities as he fucked her, his pelvis slapping wetly against her ass.

"That's right, baby! Take that fucking cock! I want you to remember this when you're with Johnny tonight!"

Derek gripped Katelyn's ass with hard fingers and pulled her back against his advancing cock, ramming even deeper into her quivering body. Katelyn groaned as she felt his huge, unprotected cock penetrate deep into her belly. As she felt his huge muscle throb inside of her, she remembered she wasn't on the pill anymore. She had wanted to start her family with John as soon as possible after the wedding.

"Derek...please...don't cum in my pussy. I'll swallow it for you, baby. Just don't cum inside of me."

"No way, baby," Derek growled. "I'm going to take your pussy! I'm going to own you, slut!"

Derek redoubled his efforts, his cock slamming into the young bride's body with amazing speed and strength. Waves of pleasure burst in her pussy. Katelyn looked in the mirror at her handsome, cruel boyfriend. The white wedding dress seemed woefully out of place as she realized she would never be a pure, innocent bride.

Then, Katelyn White could think of nothing else as the pleasure of the rigorous fucking overtook her body. She closed her eyes and gripped the dressing table as the intense sensations hammered her pale body into submission

"Oh! God! Fuck, Derek! I'm cumming! Don't stop! I'm cumming!"

"Yes! I'm going to cum too! Going to cum inside you! Fuck!"

Derek his cock deep inside Katelyn's hot, throbbing pussy. He moaned as his cock exploded, his potent seed spewing into Katelyn's helpless womb. The young bride shivered in fear and spent desire, pinned between Derek's body and the fragile dressing table.

Finally, Derek's cock began to recede and he pulled it out of Katelyn's body. He sneered down at her and she felt his hot cum drip between her swollen lips and down her legs. He pulled up his pants and turned to leave, but not before he offered up a final insult.

"I hope you and John enjoy the gift."

5

Mrs. White said nothing as Derek came out and ignored the wink he gave her as he zipped up his jeans. Mrs. White began to breathe again as she watched him leave the church.

She stood at the door, wondering if she should go into the room. Finally, she took a deep breath and entered, prepared for anything she might see.

The room was in order, her daughter sitting at the dressing table, attempting to fix her hair, which had come loose from its pins.

"Here, let me help you."

Mrs. White came up behind her daughter and replaced the pins in her hair. She looked at her daughter's face in the mirror and wanted to cry at what she saw there, but she had to be strong. After all, there was a wedding to take care of and the day was far from over.

"It's going to be alright," Mrs. White said, pulling Katelyn's hair up on top of her head. "We all make mistakes."

"On your wedding day?" Katelyn said close to tears.

"Don't cry, dear," Mrs. White said sharply, then softened her voice. "I don't want to have to do your makeup again."

She finished tying up Katelyn's hair, then stood up and smiled down at her daughter.

"What you've done is wrong, but if you don't move past it you might as well not get married."

A thrill of fear entered Mrs. White's, old heart. What would she do if her daughter pulled out of the marriage at this stage? What would people think? She tried to push aside those feelings and focus on Katelyn.

"You do still want to get married, don't you?" Mrs. White said, keeping her voice steady.

Katelyn turned and looked up at her mother, her eyes wet and wide.

"Yes, I do!" she cried and gripped her mother's hand. "More than anything!"

"Good," Mrs. White said and patted her daughter's cheek. "That's good. What you need to do is put Derek out of your mind. You need to forget about him and focus on John. Focus on your life together. No one needs to know what happened."

"Now, let's fix that makeup and get you down the aisle."

6

John Barton stood nervously at the front of the church and tried to project an aura of excitement tempered by gentlemanly calm. John was a man who knew his place in the world. His father was a big name in the small town of Orion. He owned most of the land in the area and had invested in many of the local businesses. The Barton family were pillars of the community. John himself was a strong, confident man who had grown up believing the world was his. It galled him to think that the woman he most loved in the world might want someone else. Especially someone like Derek Steele.

He'd known Derek Steele since grammar school. He'd never been impressed by the charming, bad boy image Derek portrayed. The bastard had used his charm to seduce the girls of his class and intimidate the boys. John, given his status in the community and his place as captain of the football team, had been above Derek's influence. Still, they shared a common link with Katelyn White.

John had loved Katelyn ever since the third grade when she had shared her cherry Jell-O with him at recess. She was a cute girl with blonde pigtails and a pink dress. John had been completely smitten with her before he even knew what love or sexual attraction was.

He had watched in agony as Katelyn had dated Derek throughout high school. They'd been inseparable, except for those times when they had broken up and then gotten back together again. He was sure they were the first kids in his class to have sex. He couldn't think of them together without imagining Derek on top of her, inside of her. The idea made him crazy with anger and yet also turned him on. He'd spent a good portion of his high school life imagining them together and, to his shame, masturbating to the thought. He couldn't think of those images for very long for fear of going crazy with lust and rage.

Even now, on his wedding day, it was all he could do to hold back his fear and anger. He couldn't wait to be married to Katelyn. Then,

she would be his. Body and soul. Until that happened, they would never be able to banish the spectre of Derek Steele.

Just when he didn't think he could stand it anymore, the music started. Mrs. Frisby, the grey-haired old organist for the First Presbyterian, pounded on the keys of the pipe organ and The Wedding March filled the room.

John looked up as every head in the church turned to the doorway. There, shining in her brilliant white wedding gown was Katelyn White, the love of his life and his soulmate. Any doubts about Derek Steele fled John's brain as Katelyn, gripping her father's arm, walked up the aisle. Her three-year-old niece carried her train with such a solemn expression, the whole crowd cooed and smiled.

Katelyn stood next to him and gave him a brilliant smile through her veil. John's heart melted all over again. How could he think anything bad about Katelyn? What kind of man would be jealous on his wedding day? It was obvious from the look on her face that she loved him. She had chosen him. And why not? He was a kinder man than Derek.

A more successful man.

A better man.

7

Put Derek out of your mind. You need to focus on John. Focus on your life together.

Katelyn clung to her mother's words, trying hard to focus on John's hand. She kept her smile on her face, even as Derek's cum dripped through her panties and down her leg. The constant trickle of seed on her thigh kept bringing her thoughts back to her ex-boyfriend even as she was asked to recite the vows Minister Parsons was giving her.

"I, Katelyn White..." Was her voice trembling? A little, but she spoke loud enough for John and her maids of honor to hear. Her matron of honor, Annabelle Lee, grinned knowingly at her. She knew all about Derek Steele, even more than Johnny did. She knew what kind of power Derek had over the young bride and her flashing green eyes told Katelyn she knew what had happened in the dressing room. She suddenly wondered exactly how Derek had gotten into the church without being seen.

Had Annabelle helped him?

Katelyn looked away from her friend. Anna had always been a little jealous of Katelyn. Despite her hardships with Derek, Katelyn had always landed on her feet, including scoring the town's most eligible bachelor. Annabelle couldn't say the same and Katelyn knew Anna resented her for that. But, was her friend mad enough or crazy enough to try and destroy her wedding?

"...in sickness and in health..."

She repeated the words, looking away from Anna, but feeling her matron's eyes on her. She looked at Johnny, her cheeks wet with tears. That was all right, Johnny would think the tears were of happiness, not shame.

"Till death do us part," Reverend Parsons said.

"Till death do us part," Katelyn repeated.

A murmur ran through the crowd as Reverend Parsons gazed down at his audience, drawing out the moment.

"Is there anyone who has any objections? Speak now or forever hold your peace."

Katelyn's father had joked that he was going to stand up at this point and object, but he was kidding. Still, Katelyn couldn't help but glance around to see if Derek was there, hidden in the shadows, ready to proclaim himself before the whole congregation.

Instead, there was some scattered laughter and finally, her father called out.

"Just let them kiss already, Reverend! I'm hungry!"

The crowd laughed and Reverend Parsons beamed benevolently down at the happy couple.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife," he looked at John and grinned. "You may kiss the bride."

John grinned and she could see tears glistening on his cheeks. God! He was perfect! Kind, gentle, and strong. Everything she'd always wanted.

His hands shook slightly as he lifted her veil. She smiled through her own tears and John kissed her.

It was an awkward kiss, Katelyn remembered her lips kissing Derek only minutes before. She could still taste him even as John pushed forward, trying to pry her lips open and give the crowd a show. She relented and let his tongue into her mouth. The crowd whistled and hooted in appreciation.

Could John taste Derek on her tongue? If so, there was no sign of it when he drew back, grinning like a child who had just received the best Christmas gift of his entire life. Seeing that smile made the shame and guilt sting her heart.

Then, everything was a rush as Mrs. Frisby pounded out The Wedding March and the crowd filed out the doors so they could take up their positions outside.

John looked at Katelyn.

"Shall we, Mrs. Barton?" He held out his arm.

Katelyn looked into the kind, brown eyes of her husband and, in that moment, she forgot all about Derek Steele.

"Yes, Mr. Barton!" she laughed and hooked her arm in his. "Oh, yes!"

8

The couple came out of the doors into a stunning, sunlit day. Family and friends were on either side, cheering them on as they ran down the steps, the air filled with rice. Katelyn forgot her worries, forgot Derek, forgot everything in the excitement of beginning her life as Mrs. John Barton.

Panting and laughing, the couple collapsed into the back seat of the waiting limo. Katelyn waved to the crowd of well-wishers as the rental pulled away from the church. John pulled her from the window and she gazed into his soft, brown eyes realizing just how much she was in love with him. Just like her mother said, Derek was in the past. She could forget him. Surrounded by the luxurious leather seats and the soft hum of the limousine, Katelyn relaxed into the arms of her husband. Her body still throbbed underneath the wedding gown, but she could push that aside now that the church was receding into the distance.

"John, what about the driver?" Katelyn asked as John began to nuzzle her neck.

"Forget him," John worked his hands underneath the hem of her dress. "He's paid to keep quiet."

She moaned as John's fingers brushed her hot sex. Was she still sticky from the load Derek had left in her pussy? Of course, she was, but her husband didn't notice as his fingers dug underneath her panties.

"John! Oh, John!"

Katelyn looked up guiltily to see if the driver had noticed. Her breath caught in her throat when she saw the driver's eyes. Derek's eyes, glaring at her from under the low brim of his chauffeur's cap. Katelyn cried out and instinctively clamped her legs shut.

"What?" John asked. "Did I hurt you?"

"What?" Katelyn was finding it hard to look at John, with Derek's eyes boring into her. "No...no. Of course not! It was just surprising!"

"Oh, I have a lot more surprises for you," John said, slid off the seat, and knelt down in front of her.

"John? No! What are you doing?"

But John didn't speak. Instead, he lifted her dress and shoved his head beneath the folds. Seconds later Katelyn was crying out again as John's mouth opened her hot, sticky cunt.

"John!" she moaned. "Not here, baby!"

But John was beyond hearing. Her dress moved up and down as her husband worked his tongue inside of her pussy. Her lips, stuck together with Derek's come, finally came open and her fresh juices flowed. She spread her legs wider, allowing her husband deeper access, all the while looking into Derek's eyes as he watched her give in to pleasure.

She came that way, looking into her ex-lover's eyes while her new husband gurgled and slurped at her dirty pussy. The impossible scene brought her over the edge and she opened up, her cum spilling out on John's face as she bucked and rolled on the now slick seat. Finally, she closed her eyes. Derek's eyes still burned in her thoughts while John's tongue continued to lap at her weeping pussy. When she opened her eyes, she could no longer see Derek in the mirror.

John emerged from beneath her dress, his face flushed and wet with her come. He was grinning broadly, proud of himself for giving his new bride an orgasm.

"Fun, right?" John asked, flopping back on the seat and scooping up Katelyn's hand.

Katelyn gave it a squeeze and managed a smile.

"Yes, baby," she said and looked back at the empty mirror. "Yes, it was fun."

9

The limo pulled up to the curb as John held his bride's hand. He was almost humming with pleasure. They had never done anything like that before, sex in public, and he had been worried about how Katelyn might react. But, judging by her orgasm, he needn't have worried.

The only thing that gave him pause was her smell and taste. Normally, she smelled sweaty and her juices were tangy. This time, the fluid leaking from her swollen lips had been thick and bitter and her scent had been pungent and sharp to his nose. Maybe that's how she smelled when she was really excited. It wasn't bad, but it only served to remind him that he still had a lot to uncover about his new bride.

John gripped Katelyn's hand and they got out of the car as the driver opened it. He brushed past the man as Katelyn practically dragged him towards the entrance to the hotel. John looked back at the car. In the dimming afternoon light, he couldn't make out the driver's features, but he could see him tip his hat.

"Shit!" John said, patting his pocket. "I forgot the tip."

"John, no!" Katelyn pulled him back. He turned to look at her and she smiled sheepishly. "I'm sure he's already been given a tip. You know, from your father."

John looked back at the limo and it was already pulling away from the curb with a squeal of the tires. That seemed rude, but obviously the driver wasn't worried about a tip.

"I guess you're right," John shrugged and took Katelyn's hand. "I hope someone paid him well."

John saw Katelyn blush, no doubt remembering his mouth on her in the car.

"I'm sure they did," she said and gripped her husband's hand tighter. "I'm sure they did."

10

Together, John and Katelyn entered the large dining hall John's father had booked for the party. A hundred friends and family were there, clapping and hooting as they walked across the dance floor. A DJ, dressed in a ridiculous purple suit, played the rock version of The Wedding March as white and blue balloons suddenly fell from the ceiling.

"The happy couple!" the DJ announced and the throng of people went into a spasm of ecstasy.

And all Katelyn could think about were Derek's eyes in the rearview mirror. Those same eyes had glinted triumphantly as he took her in the dressing room. Katelyn's pussy was still wet from John's tongue, but her blood was pumping from Derek's eyes and the memory of his cock inside of her.

Suddenly, her maids of honor surrounded her, laughing and hugging her. Katelyn was the first of her group of friends to get married, a thought that was not lost on her as she noticed Annabelle standing in the shadows, watching and smiling. What did she know? Had she helped Derek? The thought seemed too impossible to contemplate, yet how else could Derek, the man everyone knew was Katelyn's ex-boyfriend, have infiltrated her wedding so completely?

As champagne was shoved into the couple's hands, Katelyn looked over at John, who was surrounded by his own friends, clapping him on the back and forcing him to drink. She took a sip, then a gulp, hoping the alcohol could drive the memory of what she had done from her mind.

It didn't. Instead of enjoying the laughter and excitement of her friends, Katelyn scanned the crowd, looking for Derek, wondering whether she would see his dark, hooded eyes.

"Looking for someone?"

Katelyn jumped, splashing her third glass of champagne onto her dress.

"Careful there, Katie," Annabelle laughed. "You always were a lightweight."

Katelyn looked at her best friend and for the second time that day, she saw the jealousy in her green eyes.

"It was you!" She stepped forward and sloshed more champagne in Annabelle's direction.

"It was what?" Annabelle said, innocently. She took the nearly empty champagne glass from Katelyn's hand and put another in its place.

"You...Derek..." Katelyn stammered and looked down at the now full glass as if it had appeared by magic. "You let him in."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Annabelle said, sipping the last of the champagne from the glass she had just taken from her friend. "And even if I did, what's the harm?"

"The harm?" Katelyn's voice was too loud, and she fought to control it. She pulled Annabelle away from the dance floor and into a darkened corner. Annabelle smiled indulgently, nodding at guests as if Katelyn was already drunk and she was humoring her. That smile pissed Katelyn off even more.

"You could have ruined everything!" Katelyn hissed. "What if John finds out?"

"Find out about what?" Annabelle giggled. "I mean, even if your big, strapping ex showed up, you'd just tell him to leave, right?"

She looked straight at Katelyn, that knowing smile on our lips.

"I mean, you did tell him to leave, right Katie?"

Katelyn said nothing, her cheeks hot with shame and Annabelle laughed.

"I knew it! You little slut!" One of John's aunts heard Annabelle's voice and turned around. Katelyn pulled in close.

"Shut up!" she hissed.

"I knew you were walking funny when you came down the aisle. Like you'd just ridden a thoroughbred. Guess I was right."

Katelyn imagined the image of walking down the aisle, bow-legged like she had just been ridden hard and fast. Had anyone else noticed? Did anyone else know?

"Oh relax!" Annabelle patted her on the shoulder. "No one knew. Well, maybe your mother. She looked like she got fucked herself! Derek didn't... ?"

"What?" Katelyn cried, shocked at the idea. "No!"

Annabelle shrugged

"Oh, well. Wouldn't put it past him. Your mom is still a fine-looking woman."

Annabelle looked past her and wiggled her fingers at someone across the room. Katelyn turned and saw her mother smile and wave. She was still pale, but Katelyn thought her mother had gotten over what she had witnessed outside the dressing room. At least for now.

"Just stop it!" Katelyn spat and pulled Annabelle's arm down. "Just tell me why. Why did you do it?"

"Why do you think?" Annabelle said and her eyes turned hard as emeralds. "Perfect Katelyn. So pretty. And rich too. You have everything, but you had to have Derek all to yourself. And, when that didn't work, you had to take the best man in the whole fucking county."

Annabelle glared at Katelyn, stepped close, and jabbed her pale, pink nail into the bride's chest.

"But, I know you, Katelyn White. I know who you are and what you've done. I get branded the town slut because I'm poor, white trash while you get everything. Everything ever since we were little girls. So what if I messed up your little party? You still came out on top, didn't you?"

Katelyn stood there stunned looking at her best friend since they had been seven years old. Katelyn had invited the lonely Annabelle over to her house to play with her dolls. And, when Annabelle's mother was drinking and her daddy left, her parents had practically adopted her. They'd been together so long, Annabelle felt more like her sister than her friend.

Katelyn knew Anna could be jealous, but she'd never imagined this level of anger. She didn't know what to say.

"Oh, relax," Annabelle said, and the hardness melted from her eyes, but her smile was still cruel. "Derek only wanted to say

goodbye. No harm done. That is, unless John finds out."

Anna winked at her, then lifted the champagne glass in Katelyn's hand towards her mouth.

"Drink up, bitch," Annabelle laughed. "Enjoy your party."

She walked away and Katelyn stood, watching her. Annabelle turned back after a few feet and gave the young bride a wicked smile.

"Oh, and don't worry. He's not here. You know Derek was never one for big, social gatherings."

With that, Katelyn's best friend, and maybe her worst enemy, faded into the crowd.

Katelyn looked down at the champagne in her glass for a moment, then knocked it back in one, large gulp.

11

John had never seen Katelyn so drunk. He'd heard the stories, of course, of how she used to party, mostly with that asshole Derek and her friend Annabelle. He had just never actually seen it himself until she emerged from a crowd of bridesmaids, twirling around the floor, stumbling into aunts, uncles, and cousins.

John saw people looking at him with concern. He suddenly realized, as her husband, he was expected to do something. But what? He had never seen Katelyn so out of control. By the time they began dating, she cleaned up and stopped drinking except for the odd glass of wine. She'd always been in control.

Still, to avoid any further embarrassment, John smiled confidently and came up beside her on the dance floor. As he came up to her, he saw just how drunk she really was. Her wedding dress was stained with champagne and her hair had begun to fall from the top of her head and into her face. Her eyes were blurry and as he grabbed her around the waist, she turned angrily and, for a moment, she didn't recognize her new husband.

"Oh, Johnny!" she cried and flung her arms around him as if she hadn't seen him in years.

"Can I have this dance?" he said, trying his best to sound suave.

Katelyn snorted laughter and slapped him hard on the chest.

"Shur!" she slurred. "I am your wife, right?"

"Yes, you are."

Katelyn leaned heavily into him, hanging around his neck, rubbing her body against him in a pleasing, yet embarrassing way. She kissed his neck and John tried to find the rhythm of the music, but Katelyn was all hands and lips.

"I want you," she moaned and tried to pull him into a deep kiss.

John pulled back as the wedding party watched, some with amusement, some with disdain.

"I want you, too," he said and twirled her around to distract her freely roaming hands. "But, the party..."

"Fuck the party!" she murmured and this time her hand slid down between his legs. John pushed her away, his cock hard in his pants. Of course he wanted her, but here? This was crazy!

"Baby, what are you doing?"

"What's it look like?" She hooked an arm around his neck and pulled him in. Her kiss was sloppy, but passionate. He felt her need and lust pulsing through her body. The crowd hooted lasciviously and John realized this scene could quickly get out of hand.

"You two should get a room!" someone called out and John looked over and saw Annabelle laughing, holding a bouquet of flowers out to Katelyn.

Katelyn stared down at the bouquet. The flowers had taken two weeks of effort and John had to pore through books upon books of settings before they'd found the right one. But now, Katelyn looked down at the flowers like she'd never seen them before.

"You're supposed to throw it, Hon," Annabelle was smiling and John saw a look of bitterness cross Katelyn's face, then she tossed the flowers carelessly over her shoulder. Then, she flung her body into John's arms and hissed in his ear.

"Get me out of here and fuck me."

John looked back as younger cousins and bridesmaids fought like wildcats over the bouquet. Annabelle was not among them. Instead, she was still smiling at them.

"Go, love birds!" she teased. "I got this."

John turned and half-carried, half-dragged Katelyn to the doors of the dining room, leaving the chaos behind.

Their wedding was officially over.

12

That left the wedding night and, by all indications, John's lovely wife was more than ready. By the time they staggered to the room, she was already loosening his tie and ripping at the buttons of his shirt.

"It's okay," John said, trying to slow her hands down. "We have all night."

"But I want you now," she whined.

Her hands fumbled at his pants. He had never seen her so eager before, so out of her mind with lust. He gripped her wrists and kissed her. She groaned and bit his lip hard enough to draw blood.

"Fuck, Katelyn!" John cried, rubbing his wounded lip. "What the hell is your problem?"

"I want your cock in me, John. I need you to make me yours."

She had never used words like that before, but they lit the fire inside of him. He opened his pants and pushed them down over his ass.

"Yes!" she cried and pulled him towards the bed.

"Your dress," John said, but she didn't hear him. She hiked up her skirts and his beautiful wife spread her legs for her husband. John suddenly didn't care about the dress. His cock was hard and dripping and he fell on top of her.

"Do it, baby!" she hissed. "Fuck me!"

She was wet, so wet, as John pushed his cock inside of her. He didn't have time to revel in her moist heat as she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him into her body. He drove forward, his cock throbbing deep inside his wife's willing flesh.

It wasn't lovemaking. It was hard, pounding sex. Fucking, that's what it was. Fucking for the sake of release. He pushed down Katelyn's skirts and she looked up at him, but her eyes were glazed over with lust. John drove harder, trying in vain to get her to see him, really see him, but she was lost to the drink and the pleasure.

"Katelyn!" John groaned.

"Fuck me!" she cried and dug her nails into his back. "Fuck me, baby! "Fuck me, Derek!"

Derek? The name hit John's brain and his guts at the same time. He slowed down, but Katelyn's body kept thrusting upward against him pulling him in even deeper.

John looked down at her, gripped her chin, and made her look at his face.

"Look at me, Katelyn!" he snarled and when that didn't work he slapped her. "Look at me!"

"John?" she asked, her eyes clearing. Then, she grinned. "John! Yes! Fuck me, Johnny! Fuck me!"

He wanted to pull back but his need was too great. She'd been thinking about Derek while he was fucking her. On their goddamn wedding night. The pain and the shame were horrible, but instead of driving away that need, it only made him want her more. He drove into her, letting out all of his lust and anger into her shivering body.

He remembered standing at the altar, remembered all the rumors about her and he knew, deep in his heart, that they were all true. She still wanted Derek. She still loved her ex.

Yet, John wanted her, too. And now, he had her. The primal part of his brain burned as Katelyn screamed hot words in his ear.

"Make me yours! Make me yours, Johnny!"

She screamed and dug her nails deeper into his back. He cried out in pain as he exploded inside of her. Her body lifted upwards in climax, slamming against him as his cock squirted his pent-up lust deep inside his wife's hungry body.

"Yes!" Katelyn moaned again and her head fell back to the pillow. John kissed her lips, her mouth, her cheek.

"Katelyn?" he said when she didn't kiss him back.

He was worried for a moment until he heard her snoring softly into the pillow.

"Fuck!" he shouted and pulled out abruptly, the air cold on his wet cock. He looked down at Katelyn's peaceful face. Reluctantly, he settled her skirt back into place and covered her with a blanket.

So much for the wedding night, he thought bitterly. The anger and the jealousy were still simmering deep in his belly as the echoes

of Derek's name rang inside his head.

But, she's my wife now, he thought grimly, staring down at his sleeping bride. If anyone could make her forget that bastard Derek it was him.

John smiled grimly. Katelyn was his now and he would never let her go.

The Honeymoon

13

"Morning, Mr. Barton," Katelyn Barton said when she woke up the next morning. Despite the cotton taste in her mouth and the headache attacking her temples, she was determined to enjoy her first day of being married. She would even let John fuck her if that was what he wanted, although she wasn't sure, with the nasty hangover forming, that she would even enjoy it.

She didn't need to worry about that. John gave her a chaste kiss on the forehead and showed no signs of intimacy.

"Morning," he said.

She had expected a 'Good morning, Mrs. Barton' and was surprised when John rolled out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

"Are you ok?" she called from the bed.

"Fine," John said in a flat tone that told her he was anything but fine.

She got up from the bed and looked in the doorway as John got in the shower.

"You sure you're alright?" she asked.

"Yeah," John said and slid the curtain shut. "Just hungover."

"Ok," Katelyn said, but John had already turned on the water.

She contemplated climbing into the shower and forcing him to talk to her, but she was hurting too and decided just to let John soak. Maybe it was just the hangover, but she couldn't ignore the sliver of fear in her chest.

You're just feeling guilty, she told herself.

And she had plenty to feel guilty about. Just a day before, at the wedding, Katelyn had done something awful. While John had waited at the altar, Katelyn had been taken, in her wedding dress, by her powerful ex-boyfriend, Derek. The bastard's cum had been dripping down her thighs as she said her vows.

Even now, she could hardly believe it. She walked to the window, still feeling the effects of the drink on her body. She opened the hotel curtains and looked out at the cold, dreary Portland morning.

In just a few short hours, they would be in Hawaii, at a beautiful hotel on the beach. The thought of it lightened her mood, and she felt some of the fog lifting from her brain.

She grabbed the small pot provided by the hotel, and by the time John had gotten out of the shower, the room was filled with the smell of freshly brewed coffee. The pain of the drink and sex the day before lifted a little further.

"Hi, baby!" Katelyn said brightly and handed John a cup of coffee.

He took it with a sullen grunt and sat down on the edge of the bed in nothing but a fluffy white hotel towel.

How much does he know? Does he know I was with Derek?

She fought back her nervousness so the guilt wouldn't show on her face. She took a sip of coffee. The bitter liquid burned through the last of the fog. She set the cup down and sat down next to her husband.

"What's wrong, John?" she asked.

"Nothing," John said and, like a sullen child, refused to look at her.

She felt a hint of irritation. How was she supposed to fix things if he didn't talk?

"I know you, John," she said and slid a hand up his thigh. "I know when you're upset."

She leaned in close, her lips next to his ear. She blew cool air across his lobe. It was something that always drove John crazy.

It didn't work the way she had expected. John pushed her forcefully away, and when he finally looked at her, his eyes were hot with anger.

"You said his name!" He hissed angrily.

"What?" Katelyn asked. "What are you talking about?"

John got up from the bed and stalked away from her, the towel slipping on his hip. He held it in place with one hand and pointed an accusing finger at her with the other.

"You said his NAME!" he screamed so loud Katelyn flinched backward on the bed.

John saw her reaction and stopped. He dropped his finger and let his arm relax at his side.

"You said his name," he murmured again and turned away from her.

"Whose name?" Katelyn got up and went to her husband, still struggling to understand what he was trying to say.

John shrugged off her hand.

"Derek's."

Fuck, Kayelyn thought, and waves of fear and shame swept through her body.

She'd said Derek's name while she was making love to her husband. On their wedding night. It must have been so humiliating.

"Oh, God, John! I'm so sorry! I...I didn't know."

She wracked her brain, searching for any distinct memories of the previous night. It was a drunken blur of sex with Derek, alcohol, dancing, and then more sex with her husband. She didn't remember calling out her ex-boyfriend's name. What else had she said? All she could conjure were the emotions of lust and shame.

What would John do if he knew the truth? she thought miserably.

"I'm so sorry," she said, and it was true for more than just calling out the wrong man's name. "I'm so, so sorry!"

She tried to hug John, but he continued to pull away. Katelyn was momentarily frozen. She had never seen John like this. If he was angry, he was honest about it. That honesty was one of the things that had attracted her to him in the first place.

Katelyn realized she was going to have to do something drastic to take him out of this mood. Unless she had been drinking, Katelyn wasn't usually the aggressive one, but now she realized she would have to take the lead. It was the only way to move on.

She slid to her knees and knelt in front of her husband. He looked down at her in confusion.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm making it up to you," Katelyn said and tugged at his towel.

"I want you to see that you're the only man I want."

John wanted to fight, she could tell by how his hands clenched at his sides, but he did not stop her when she reached up to pull down

the towel. His cock jumped free, already at half-mast despite the fight.

"Aww," Katelyn murmured. "It looks like he wants to come out and play."

"Stop it," John grunted, but his words were pushed from his mouth by a gasp as his wife took his cock in her hands.

Katelyn could feel the blood throbbing inside him as he swelled against her palm. She licked her hand and slid her slick, wet fingers over his shaft. John's eyes closed as he gave in to his lust.

"I love you, John," she said and licked the head of his cock. "You know that?"

John groaned, "Yes."

"Good, because you're the only man I want," she opened her lips and swabbed the head of his cock across her tongue, tasting the bitter tang of pre-cum.

"What..." John stopped and moaned as she took him into her mouth. "What about Derek?"

She popped the head of his cock out of her mouth like a lollipop. John groaned and leaned back against the counter, defeated. Katelyn giggled.

"Derek's not here, is he?" she asked. "I didn't marry Derek. I married you."

Katelyn waited for John to say something. Finally, he groaned and looked down at her.

"Yes," he said. "You're right."

Katelyn said nothing else. Her point had been made.

14

John moaned and let his body relax, all focus now on his cock and Katelyn's warm, sensuous mouth. Despite the pleasure of his new wife kneeling between his legs and sucking his cock, he still couldn't get the thought of Derek from his mind. He'd woken up with a hard-on, images of fucking Katelyn intermingled with her voice as she cried out Derek's name. The anger did nothing to dull John's desire. If anything, it made him harder.

He'd practically run to the bathroom, embarrassed and angry that he was hard. He had not wanted to forgive Katelyn, and he did not want her to see his erection.

The shower blunted his lust but did not wash away the emotions. As he washed, he tried to tell himself that it wasn't Katelyn's fault. She had been very drunk, and she had made a mistake.

Now, with her lips wrapped around his cock, the images of Derek crashed through his mind. Was she thinking about him right now as she sucked his cock? John had heard rumors of Derek's prowess from Katelyn's troublemaker friend, Annabelle. Was he so good that John's wife would never truly forget him?

John gripped the edge of the counter, trying to hold back his orgasm. He wanted to fuck Katelyn again, to dominate her as he had last night, but her mouth felt too good.

She sensed his approaching climax, and she sucked harder, gripping the base of his cock with a practiced hand, practice she had no doubt gotten by sucking her bastard ex-boyfriend. The wicked thought of Katelyn worshipping Derek like this stabbed at his heart, and his pelvis clenched tight. He cried out, unable to hold back his lust. The cum pushed up from his balls, through the constriction of Katelyn's hand, and burst into her mouth.

Katelyn held him between her lips, her throat working as she sucked his cum deep into her belly. For the first time since their wedding, John let go and all thoughts of Derek were washed from his mind as his wife took all of his creamy offering.

Finally, after every drop of his lust was gone and his body stopped twitching, Katelyn sat up with a pleased look on her face. She swiped a thumb along a corner of her mouth, caught a stray drop of cum, and licked it off her finger.

"Feel better?" she asked smugly.

"Yes," John laughed. "Yes, I do."

"Ready to go to Hawaii and leave all this behind?" she waved a hand at the hotel room, but John knew she meant more than just their current surroundings. She wanted to leave it all behind. Derek, her old life, everything except for John.

"Hell, yes!" John said.

"Yay!" She laughed and clapped her hands "Now, let's go. I don't want to miss our flight."

15

After the events of the wedding night, the trip on the plane to Hawaii was relaxing. They decided to watch a movie, sharing a set of headphones and sitting close together, Katelyn's head resting on John's shoulder. They were so relaxed that they fell asleep and missed most of the movie and a lot of the plane flight. Katelyn woke up as they were crossing the ocean.

"So beautiful!" Katelyn said.

"Yes," John said. "And so are you."

Katelyn blushed and hugged John's arm as they descended to the island.

They had seen the ocean before, but the Oregon coast was usually gray and cold compared to the sparkling blue waters below them. As the plane descended over the island of Kauai, John marveled at the island's lush green and the beautiful sparkling sunlight off of the ocean.

Rested from the long nap, John and Katelyn got their baggage and went out to pick up their rental car.

"Oh! Look, Johnny! It's a convertible!"

It was a beautiful red mustang with a black convertible top. John smiled. He remembered Katelyn talking to his father about wanting to ride around in Hawaii in a convertible to enjoy the sun and the ocean air. His father was not sentimental but doted on his new daughter-in-law.

"Your father is so wonderful!" Katelyn said as she got into the passenger side of the car. She untied her hair from her ponytail and shook out her long, golden locks.

"He loves you," John said and started up the car, hitting a button that folded the convertible up and then over until they were exposed to the brilliant Hawaiian sun.

"Aww!" Katelyn said and blushed. "I love him too."

John picked up her hand and kissed the top.

"And me?" He grinned. "Do you love me too?"

Katelyn smiled, licked her lips, and gave John a deep kiss.

"Why don't you take me back to the hotel and find out?"

John's stomach tightened, and his cock twitched. He gunned the car and zoomed backward, almost hitting a minivan that was backing out behind him.

"John!" Katelyn cried. "Watch out!"

"Couldn't help it," John said but backed up more carefully after the minivan had gone. "Just too excited."

"Oh, Johnny!" Katelyn gushed and she put her head on her shoulder as John drove them to the hotel.

The Grand Island Resort and Hotel was as beautiful as John had expected. They entered the large foyer. Tourists in Hawaiian shirts and khaki shorts walked across the gleaming wooden floors. Potted palm trees had been placed among the white columns, giving the entrance an island flair mixed with an old-world hotel elegance.

It was beautiful.

Katelyn moved gracefully among the crowd. She was dressed in a simple blouse and blue jean cutoffs, but she was the most beautiful creature on the island. She held onto his arm as he led them to the front desk. A male islander dressed in crisp white Grand Island polo and shorts smiled at them.

"How can I help you?"

"John Barton," John said and squeezed Katelyn closer. "And Mrs. Barton."

"Ah, yes!" The man said and grinned even wider. "The Honeymoon Suite! Congratulations!"

"Thank you!" Katelyn said and put her head on John's shoulder. "It's only been a day."

"Well," the man smiled at Katelyn. "Here's hoping for a long and happy stay at the Grand Island."

The man handed over the card keys and summoned a hotel employee to help them with their bags.

"Take them up to the Honeymoon Suite, Kai," he said.

Kai nodded and loaded their bags on a brass cart, and they followed him to the elevator.

As they crossed the wide floors, something caught John's eye. Leaning against a column was a tourist in a garish red Hawaiian shirt with yellow flowers. He wore the standard khaki shorts, but something about his stance made him look out of place. John only had a glimpse of his face and was struck by the intense eyes and the thick, dark hair.

Derek? Katelyn's ex-boyfriend in Hawaii? That was impossible.

A gaggle of elderly tourists walked between John and the mystery man. John stopped, pulling away from Katelyn's arm, and tried to look over the crowd. By the time they had passed, the man had disappeared.

"John?" Katelyn asked. "What's wrong?"

John shook his head. There was no way that Derek could be in Hawaii, was there? And at the same hotel they were staying at? It was ridiculous, yet the suspicion wouldn't go away, even when Katelyn's cool hand rested on his arm.

"It's fine," John said and let Katelyn lead him to the elevator where Kai was waiting for them. "Just thought I saw someone I knew."

"Really?" Katelyn said. "We're thousands of miles away from anyone we know."

"I know," John said and smiled down at her. "Probably just my imagination."

"Well," Katelyn slid closer to him. "I need your imagination to be focused on me."

John said nothing, but his body responded to Katelyn's heat. They were in paradise, a thousand miles away from family, friends, and Derek. He was just feeling the after-effects of the jealousy and anger he had experienced the night before. It was an emotional hangover, nothing more.

He pulled Katelyn close and inhaled her fresh, flowery scent. He kissed her softly on the lips.

"I'm all yours," he said.

Two weeks in paradise, he thought. Two weeks of sun and sand should be enough to erase that bastard from our lives.

John found himself smiling as Kai hit the button and the elevator rose, carrying the couple towards their honeymoon and the beginning of their lives together.

16

That night and the next day were fantastic for Katelyn. She made love to John deep into the night and woke up late to the warm Pacific sun bursting into the windows. Katelyn sucked John back into life, and they made love again, slowly and passionately exploring each other's bodies like a happily married couple.

It was everything Katelyn had imagined for a honeymoon. Beautiful ocean, hot sands, and John at her side. They relaxed, enjoying each other's presence, and talked about their future.

The thoughts of Derek, so worrisome and threatening the day before, began to fade in the hot sun. If she thought of him at all, it was as a shadow from her distant past instead of the phantom who had taken her on her wedding day. She still felt guilt over her weakness, but she finally felt she could move on.

"You look gorgeous!" John said.

Katelyn laughed. They were back in the hotel room after a day at the beach. Katelyn was dressed in a long white backless gown that showed off her tan skin and the tight curves of her body. She twirled, and the hem floated up around her calves before it fell again to the floor.

"You don't think it's too fancy?" she asked.

John rose from the bed and took her in his arms.

"Not at all," John said. "You're going to look so good next to all those tourists."

Katelyn laughed, feeling drunk even though she hadn't had a drop all day. She was drunk on her love for John.

"You don't look too bad yourself, Mr. Barton," she said, straightening the collar of his blue silk shirt.

"Oh yeah?" John said with a raised eyebrow. "Maybe we should just stay in tonight."

"Oh, Johnny! There's plenty of time for that!" she said and kissed him. "Besides, the luau sounds like so much fun!"

"I know," John said sheepishly. "I just like having you all to myself."

"Well, I'm all yours, baby," she kissed him again. "All yours."

John and Katelyn walked out in the muggy night. Hand in hand, they followed a torch-lit path to a large, white pavilion nestled among the palm trees. The night smelled of the ocean, but as they got closer to the pavilion, the mouth-watering scent of savory dishes made Katelyn's stomach rumble.

More flickering tiki torches lit the inside of the pavilion. A parquet dance floor stretched across the ground, ending at a stage flanked by palm trees. Tables were placed around the edges of the dance floor where guests dressed in touristy island prints sat talking excitedly over plates of roast pork and Mai Tais. Waiters and waitresses wearing white hotel uniforms moved about the crowd, smiling indulgently at the guests.

Katelyn felt her cheeks grow hot as heads turned. She had worried about the backless gown being too tight and too formal for the luau, but John's enthusiasm had won her over.

"Everybody's staring," Katelyn said, and John smiled. "I feel overdressed."

"You're perfect," John said, and Katelyn felt the warmth of his words in her chest. "They're just jealous."

Katelyn giggled. A tall waiter in white came up to them.

"Table for two?"

John nodded, and the waiter led them to a table on the far side of the dance floor. John hurried forward and grabbed a chair.

"Madame," John said and pulled the chair out for her with a flourish. Katelyn couldn't stop smiling as she sat down, and John pushed in her chair.

"Can I get you anything to drink?" the waiter asked.

John looked at Katelyn as he sat down, a sparkle in his eye.

"Well, I guess since we came all this way," he said with a smirk. "We might as well try the Mai Tais."

The waiter gave a small nod.

"Of course," he said and moved off into the crowd to get their drinks.

Katelyn looked around at the stage, the dance floor, and the beautiful torch-lit night beyond the pavilion.

It was perfect.

"I love you," John said and took Katelyn's hand, drawing her attention back to him.

"I love you too," she said. "So much."

The last bit of her guilt over Derek seeped away like spilled wine. There was a stain on her heart, but she could ignore that. Right now, all she wanted to do was to enjoy this night with her husband.

And she did enjoy it. The food was good, and the Mai Tais were even better. John and Katelyn laughed and drank and ate. They were into their third drink when dramatic music started up from the stage.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," a dashing Islander dressed in an immaculate white suit appeared on stage. "Welcome to the Grand Island Luau!"

The crowd clapped and chattered excitedly as strong, handsome island men in grass skirts and nothing else moved among the crowd. From the opposite side of the pavilion, a group of beautiful women dressed in colorful skirts and coconut bikinis emerged. Together the two groups moved up to the stage.

The dance was sensual. The women moved their hips suggestively back and forth while the men flexed and grunted from behind them. The alcohol mixed with the steady beat of the drum, and Katelyn's body warmed in response.

John grabbed Katelyn's hand and looked at her with bright, hungry eyes, and Katelyn knew he was feeling the same thing. Together they watched as the MC in white led the crowd through the dances, a history of Hawaii told in the form of glistening bronze skin and primal, powerful movements. The heavy pounding of the drums matched the throbbing in Katelyn's heart. She was wondering if she could get John to leave when the MC announced the evening's final dance. The hula.

The crowd, whipped into a frenzy of good food and potent drink, clapped as the beautiful island girls descended from the stage.

"Now, who out there would like to show us your hula skills?"

The beautiful girls walked into the crowd. They took particular delight in working the room, plucking men from their wives and girlfriends.

A young, lithe island girl swayed in front of them, and she looked down at John.

"Care to show us your skills?" she asked in a challenging tone.

Katelyn laughed.

"Yes! Yes, he would!"

"No," John tried to wave off the young girl, but she was pretty and persistent. "I don't dance."

"Come on," she said. "Show your wife what you can do."

Katelyn's eyes widened at the girl's brashness, but she realized it was all part of the show. She nudged John's arm.

"Yeah, Johnny!" Katelyn giggled. "Show me what you can do!"

Guests from other tables laughed, and pretty soon, there was a chant of 'Show her! Show her!' coming from the crowd.

"Fine," John stood up, and the nearby guests cheered.

The young girl led John through the crowd and up to the stage. John looked feverish and very drunk as the pretty dancers walked the men through the steps. Finally, a steady beat began, and Katelyn laughed as she watched her husband try to copy the woman with awkward jerks of his hips.

"Go, Johnny!" Katelyn screamed and raised her Mai Tai to the stage before draining the glass.

She set the cup down on the table, and a shadow loomed above her. She blinked up at the tall figure dressed in the formal whites of the hotel. He set another glass down in front of her.

"Another drink, miss?"

She immediately recognized that voice. She looked up into the dark eyes and the wicked smile. That damn smile that she always wanted to kiss.

"Derek?"

It couldn't be, not here, not now. She blinked again, thinking it must be the drink, but when she looked at him again, there was no doubt. Derek was here, and he was grinning down at her like he was giving her a gift.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" she snapped and tried to rise, but Derek placed a firm hand on her shoulder and held her down.

"You might want to keep your voice down, miss," Derek murmured to her just loud enough to be heard over the music. "You wouldn't want your husband to get worried now, would you?"

Katelyn looked over Derek's shoulder at the stage. John was still whirling on the stage with ridiculous gyrations of his hips to the enjoyment of the hula dancers. At any moment, the song would be over, and John would come back to the table and see Derek. Katelyn did not want to think about what would happen if John found Derek at the table.

"You have to get out of here!" she hissed.

"I will," Derek said and slipped a cocktail napkin onto the table. "Read it. If you don't, I'll let your husband know what we did at the wedding."

Derek sauntered away into the crowd and disappeared.

She looked at the napkin. On it was a small map in black ink and words in Derek's heavy scrawl.

Come here

Katelyn moaned. She couldn't do this, not on her honeymoon. But what would Derek do if she didn't meet him? Would he confront John and tell her about her infidelity? And who would John believe? He should believe her, but Derek's presence would damn her, even if John believed her.

She looked at the stage. John was still dancing, but the song would come to an end soon. If she was going to go, she needed to do it now. She needed to end this once and for all.

She picked up the drink and knocked the entire Mai Tai back in one gulp. It burned going down, but the alcohol exploded in her gut, and heat suddenly flowed through her, giving her courage. She lifted herself from the table on unsteady legs and looked at the stage one, last time.

I will end this, Johnny! I will end this tonight.

Feeling less confident than her thoughts, Katelyn stumbled from the ballroom and down the hall, leaving her husband dancing on

stage.

She followed the map into the shadows of the hotel. A door had been propped open, and she looked around to see if anyone was looking, then peeked inside.

The door was suddenly pulled open, and Katelyn cried out as she was pulled into a small, dark room. Derek slammed a hand over her mouth.

"Ssh!" he hissed. "You don't want anyone to find us do you?"

Katelyn shook her head. Derek slowly lowered his hand.

"I'm glad you came," Derek said with a cruel smile. He pushed against her, the strength of his body pressing her up against a shelf.

The room was apparently a housekeeping closet. Brooms and mops hung on hooks around the walls. Racks of toilet paper, soap, and cleaning products lined one wall. On the other wall was a built-in shelf and a deep industrial sink used for filling mop buckets.

"Like I had a choice?"

"Oh, baby," Derek cooed and ran a finger over her cheek. Katelyn turned away from his touch. "You always have a choice."

He gripped her chin, turned her head, and planted a forceful kiss on her lips. Katelyn fought the urge to kiss him back, keeping her lips closed. Derek slid a hand over her breast and squeezed. Katelyn gasped, and her mouth opened, allowing Derek's tongue to slide inside.

Katelyn forgot herself as Derek's touch, and the alcohol made the blood burn in her veins. She couldn't think or fight. All she could do was give in to the kiss.

Derek was the one who broke the kiss, not her. He pulled back, smiling down at her with smug satisfaction.

"We can't do this," Katelyn murmured, although her body wanted it more than ever.

"Of course we can," Derek said.

He bent to kiss her again, but Katelyn fought through the haze of alcohol-infused lust and held a hand against his lips.

"No," she moaned. "It's over, Derek."

She tried to move, but Derek held her in place.

"You sure about that, Katelyn? After what we did at your wedding? You still think it's over?"

Derek lifted onto the shelf and pushed at her dress, trying to hike the fabric up over her hips.

"Would Johnny think it's over?" Derek said and kissed her neck.

Katelyn whimpered. The threat was clear. If she left, Derek would tell John everything.

"Please, don't do this," she whimpered and looked up at Derek with wet eyes. "Don't make me do this."

"I'm not going to make you do anything, baby," Derek said. "Tell me you want to leave, and I'll let you go. For good and forever. Can you take that, Katelyn? Can you handle not having me ever again?"

"Yes," she moaned but didn't fight as Derek pushed her dress up over her hips. "I...I don't...need..."

She cried out as Derek scraped the thin fabric of her panties aside and dug his rough fingers deep inside her throbbing pussy.

"Sure," Derek sneered and worked his hand between her legs. "That's why you're so fucking wet!"

"No," she moaned, but she was dripping. She tried to protest. It was the alcohol and the thought of being with her husband after the luau that had made her so excited. But, even as she tried to conjure the words, she knew she was wrong. It was Derek's hard body and strong hands working between her legs that turned her on.

With one hand working her pussy hard and fast, Derek put his other hand on her throat and held her still. He pressed his cheek against her face, his hot breath huffing in her ear.

"That's it, Katie!" he hissed. "That's it. Just let yourself go!"

She wanted to, oh God, how she wanted to! But, she tried to hold back, tried to think of John, but the guilt and the shame she felt were nothing compared to the growing crescendo of her orgasm.

"Oh God!" she screamed and bucked against Derek's hand, her whole body twitching uncontrollably as her pussy convulsed around his invading fingers. Her juices spilled out over his hand as Derek kept plunging deep inside of her until she couldn't stand it anymore, and she slumped against him, weak and defeated.

Derek pulled his fingers from her pussy. Her sex felt raw and used, but she was throbbing from her orgasm.

He raised his hand and showed her his dripping fingers.

"See?" Derek said. "I knew you wanted it."

He shoved his fingers into her mouth so she could taste her juices on them. She moaned and lay back against the wall with her beautiful dress bunched up around her waist and her legs spread open.

"No more," she moaned as Derek pushed his pants down and revealed the long, beautiful cock that she remembered so well.

"Please, no more."

Derek took the long shaft in his hand and swabbed her tender pussy with it. She twitched on the shelf. He didn't put it in, instead rubbing it back and forth across her swollen slit, teasing her clit. Katelyn was so turned on she was working herself to yet another orgasm when Derek pulled away.

"You're right, you know," Derek said. "Maybe we should stop."

Katelyn blinked back tears of frustration. She could leave now before this went any further. She could go back to Johnny, back to her honeymoon and their life together.

But, there was a deep hunger inside of her, a hunger that only Derek could fill. He'd given her an orgasm, but that had only scratched the surface of her true need. She moaned as Derek stroked his cock in front of her, teasing her with its closeness.

"God, what am I doing?" Katelyn moaned, and Derek snickered.

"You're getting what you really need," Derek said. "You're getting what you want. The big house, the rich husband, everything little Katie wanted."

He slid his throbbing shaft up her wet slit. Katelyn whimpered helplessly.

"But, you want this too, don't you?" he asked.

Katelyn said nothing. She looked towards the door to the janitor's closet and could hear the music through the walls. She should leave now, go back to Johnny. Forget about Derek and everything else from her previous life. She could truly leave it all behind.

Instead, she nodded.

"That's my girl!" Derek grinned. "If you want it so badly, go ahead and put it in."

Whimpering, Katelyn reached down between them, grasped Derek's throbbing shaft, and guided it into her hungry body. She screamed as Derek thrust hard and deep inside of her, making the shelf creak beneath her weight.

"Yes!" Derek cried in triumph. "Poor fucking Johnny! He doesn't even know what he's missing!"

The guilt and the shame overwhelmed her, and Katelyn mewled pitifully. The pain was nothing compared to the lust she felt as Derek began to fuck her.

Sorry, Johnny! she thought as her body shook from Derek's hard thrusts. So sorry.

17

Shortly after he got on stage, John had lost track of Katelyn. The Mai Tais had warmed his blood, and the thumping of the drums had taken control of his body.

He responded to the laughing of the crowd as the beautiful island girls walked the stumbling, drunken men through the elaborate hip movements of the hula. John knew he looked ridiculous, but that was the whole point. So instead of fighting it, he decided to give in and have fun.

John would never have put on such a display if he hadn't been this drunk or this happy. But he didn't know anybody here, besides Katelyn, and he knew that she was laughing hysterically at his antics.

The drumming swelled, and the hip movements became faster and faster. John was laughing as the island girls gyrated to the pumping, constant beat. There was an undertone of sexuality to the dance and the sinuous movements of the dancers on stage. Of course John couldn't match that sensuality, but he could definitely feel it pumping through his blood along with the steady beat of the drums.

He looked over the crowd searching for Katelyn's glowing face. He couldn't see her, but that didn't bother him. What with the chaotic movements on stage and the alcohol in his system, he had forgotten precisely where they had been sitting.

It didn't matter. After the dance, after another drink, he would take his wife upstairs to their room, and he would fulfill the promise hidden deep inside that dance. He laughed and danced harder, knowing that soon, very soon, he would be deep inside his beautiful wife. Nothing could feel better than that.

18

Nothing is better than this! Katelyn thought as Derek pounded her against the wall, his thick cock stabbing deep. She moaned and wrapped her legs around his waist, her calves gripping his ass as he fucked her hard and fast.

"That's it, Katie!" Derek growled in her ear. "Give me what I want."

"Oh, God!" Katelyn cried, and Derek thrust harder, driving her up off the shelf. Cleaning supplies and rags fell to the floor, making a mess as Derek made a mess of Katelyn's wet pussy. He was stretching her, filling her, and she couldn't hold back her need anymore.

"Oh, God! Derek, baby! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

She wrapped her arms around his neck, and her body lifted off of the seat, shuddering violently against Derek as her orgasm crashed in waves through her body. Derek grabbed her tight ass, the one she had worked so hard to fit into her wedding dress, and lifted her up and down on his pole until her orgasm became one long series of climaxes, each one exploding inside of her until all she could think about was the throbbing muscle pumping her pussy and the next wave that would carry her away forever.

Eventually, however, the pleasure receded, and her body came to a quivering rest. She sobbed against Derek's chest, letting out all of the emotion of the last two days.

"Shh," Derek murmured and stroked her hair. "I know, baby. I know."

Katelyn wasn't even sure what he knew, but the words calmed her. Derek set her back on the seat, and she leaned back against the cool cinder block.

"Tell me," Derek said, slowly pushing his cock back into her pussy. "Tell me I'm better than John Barton."

Katelyn moaned as Derek's cock stretched her. He was better. Better at sex, better at making her feel like a woman. But, that

wasn't love. That was lust, and that wasn't enough. That wasn't enough to make Derek a better man.

"No!" Katelyn moaned, and Derek pulled out, then thrust hard, sending shock waves through her pussy. "No!"

"Yes!" Derek said and stabbed again and again into Katelyn's wet flesh.

Despite her protests, her body knew what it wanted. Her body knew who was the better man. But she wasn't going to give Derek the satisfaction. She moaned as Derek's thick cock sawed into her abused cunt. He continued to fuck her, hammering away at her until her mind was broken and Derek's hot flesh burned away all thoughts of John.

Derek's mouth grazed her lips, and she kissed him greedily. Her legs spread lewdly to the side as she let Derek assault her pussy with pulse-pounding stabs of his cock. She couldn't hold back yet another orgasm burning inside of her body.

"I know I'm better!" Derek growled in frustration. "And you do too!"

Derek howled with anger and lust as he grew inside of her, giving her every ounce of his power. She screamed, matching his howl as she came on his cock, the pleasure exploding through her entire body. Even in their most passionate days, Derek had never shown this much need for her, this much hunger. And she responded in kind, taking his need and making it her own until they were both covered with sweat, tears, and cum.

Finally, Derek's body went rigid, and she knew he was cumming. She felt the hot, sticky fluid fill her pussy until it spilled out around Derek's throbbing shaft. She mewled in pain, realizing once again she had let another man take her pussy, but the shame did nothing to erase the uncontrollable pleasure Derek was giving her.

Together, the two lovers descended from the heights of their climax, and Katelyn's mind came back to her. She felt the cold stone against her back and the hard bench under her ass. The dingy cleaning closet came into focus as her ex-boyfriend slowly withdrew from between her legs. Warm, sticky seed bubbled out of her pussy, onto the shelf, and into a puddle on the floor.

"I knew it," Derek said and pulled back. "I knew you wanted it just as much as I did."

Katelyn couldn't deny it any longer. She had wanted it, and part of her still did.

She slid off the table, straightened her panties over her abused pussy, and then pulled her dress down. It was wet in places, stained by her sweat and Derek's cum. There was nothing she could do about that now. She just needed to get away from Derek.

"It's over," she said. "We're done now. Please, just go home."

"There is no home," Derek said, not looking at her eyes. "There is no home without you."

"You're not serious!" she scoffed.

One of the reasons she and Derek had never worked out was Derek's lack of commitment. He was happy with sex and had never wanted to do anything more than that. Katelyn had needed more.

"I am," Derek said and stared deep into her eyes. "I'm very serious."

He stepped forward and took her hands and gripped them tightly.

"You're crazy!" she said. "I'm married now. John is a good man, a loving man. Something you can never be."

"I'll show you," Derek said. "I'll show you I am the better man."

Katelyn couldn't take it anymore. She brushed by the large man and put her hand on the door.

"It's over, Derek! I don't ever want to see you again."

Derek placed a heavy hand on the door, keeping her from leaving.

"Oh, it's not over," Derek said. "After all, we've got two whole weeks in Hawaii to figure it out."

Katelyn's heart sunk as Derek laughed. She scrabbled at the door until he finally lifted his hand, and the door flew open.

Katelyn ran down the hall towards the sounds of music and dancing, Derek's laughter following her all the way.

19

John stumbled back to the table as the dancers descended from the stage. John ignored everyone. He only wanted to see his lovely bride.

He walked back to his table and stared at the empty glasses and plates. Katelyn wasn't there. Did he even have the right table?

What in the hell? He thought.

John scanned the dance floor, looking for Katelyn's blonde tresses and her white dress. All he could see was a wave of floral shirts, grass skirts, and gray hair. He was just about to wade into the crowd when he heard a voice behind him.

"Johnny?"

John turned, and Katelyn was standing there. She was flushed, her blonde hair mussed and sticking to her face with sweat. Her dress was wrinkled and wet in places. Instead of messy, however, she looked vivacious and glowed with a primal energy. That energy spoke to the beast inside him, and he felt a faint stirring of lust in his belly.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, baby! I just went to the bathroom!" she placed her hands in his, panting excitedly. "You were so good up there!"

John could smell Katelyn's musky scent, a scent that his body associated with sex. He felt the animal desire building inside of him, yet his cock didn't move. He ignored that for the moment as he looked down at Katelyn's dress.

"Why is your dress wet?" Katelyn looked down and laughed.

"Oh, that?" she giggled. "I spilled a Mai Tai on my dress. That's why I went to the bathroom."

She pulled John into a hug, and he felt her trembling.

"You're shaking!" he said. "You ok?"

"Yes, baby!" she grinned. "I'm just so happy!"

She gripped his hand tightly and pulled him towards the door.

"Come on," she said. "Let's go to the room."

John grinned and let his wife drag him out the door, happy to follow wherever she might lead.

20

Katelyn was still trembling when they got back to the room. It wasn't because she was excited. Rather, she was frightened. Frightened by her feelings for Derek and terrified that John would find out.

"I've never seen you like this before," John said, rubbing warmth into her shoulders.

"I've never felt like this," she said truthfully.

She had never meant for any of this to happen, but now that Derek had been inside of her, all of the feelings she had suppressed came flooding back, like blood to a sleeping limb.

She kissed John, trying to force her husband's presence to fill her body in the way that Derek had filled her. She pushed her tongue into his mouth, moaning in hunger. John responded, hugging her tightly, and she relaxed into the heat of his body.

It felt good, and her love for John swelled within her chest. Excited, she reached down between their bodies and slid her hand over his crotch. She rubbed back and forth, expecting his body to respond. It didn't.

"John?" she said, looking up at him. "Are you ok?"

"Yes," John grunted and pushed his cock against her hand. She felt a tiny twitch, but no other response. "Just give me a minute."

He unbuttoned his pants, and she palmed his cock. She was amazed at how limp it was. Compared to Derek's thick, ready muscle, John's soft flesh was just sad.

Finally, he pushed her hand away and fell to the bed, sighing angrily. She laid down beside him and rested a hand on his thigh.

"I must have had too much to drink," he said.

"It's ok, baby," she murmured. "We can just go to sleep."

John rolled over on his side, running a finger over the curve of her hip to her breast.

"You seemed so excited," John said. His finger circled her nipple. She was still aroused from Derek's hard pounding, and John's fingers

sent tremendous aftershocks through her body. She moaned as John pulled down her dress.

"Johnny, it's okay," she said as John exposed her breasts. "You don't have to."

"But, I want to," he said with a mock whine. "I want to make you feel as good as you made me feel."

Katelyn could not think of a good reason to stop, so she let John pull off her clothes, then cast the garments aside, and grinned as he split her legs open. He smiled at her, love and devotion in his eyes, dropped his head between her legs, and tasted her dirty pussy.

"You smell so good," John growled, and a nasty thrill ran through Katelyn's body. Did she really smell good? After being sullied by Derek's thick cock, she couldn't imagine her pussy smelled anything but rank and dirty.

John didn't seem to think so. He dove deep, pushing his tongue between the swollen lips of her sex, lapping eagerly up to her clit. She could feel him bury his nose and mouth into her sweaty flesh, feeding hungrily on her cunt.

"So wet," John bubbled, then sucked her clit into his mouth.

She moaned as she thought about Derek fucking her. He was the reason she was wet, not her husband, and that only made the nasty thrill throb harder and deeper inside of her cunt. She humped her hips, smashing her wet mess into John's face taking vulgar delight in knowing that he was tasting Derek's cock on her, that his mouth was devouring the sweet flesh that Derek had conquered only moments before.

With those obscene thoughts in her brain and John's eager mouth on her pussy, Katelyn exploded in her husband's face, her juices spurting over John's cheeks. She reached down, grabbed her husband's hair, and shoved him deeper into her pussy, humping his face as she rode out the waves of her orgasm.

"Johnny! Oh, Johnny!" she cried and came again, drowning John in her juices.

She fell back on the bed, exhausted. John came up from between her legs, and she was shocked at the amount of fluid dripping off his cheeks and chin. She worried for a moment as he

looked down at her. He wiped her cum off his face and looked at it on his hand.

"Wow!" he said finally and grinned. "You were really turned on, huh?"

"Yes," she said, and she forced a smile on her face. Of course, she was turned on. She'd just been fucked by Derek, then eaten by her husband. The best possible sex she'd ever had in her life, and it was so, so wrong. "Yes. Very excited."

John fell on the bed beside her and took her in his arms. She snuggled in close, and he kissed her. She was shocked when she realized that she could taste just a hint of Derek's cum on her husband's lips.

"Guess I'm pretty good at that," John joked, and guilt swirled uneasily in Katelyn's gut.

"Yes," Katelyn said. "The best."

John grinned with satisfaction. In his mind, he had pleased his wife. He rolled onto his back and the stress and the drink of the last two days finally caught up with him. Before long, he was asleep.

Sleep did not come so easily for Katelyn. Instead of a honeymoon away from the real world, she was now trapped on an island with her ex-boyfriend. She didn't know what was going to happen next, and that scared her.

Just how was she going to survive the next two weeks in paradise?

Lust in Paradise

21

John looked out at the pristine beach, happy couples and families playing happily in the blue waves. He looked over at Katelyn sitting beside him in her new two-piece, white bathing suit, the small scraps of fabric doing little to cover up her golden curves. He wasn't jealous that she was showing off so much skin in public. In fact, he was happy. This gorgeous, sweet young woman was completely his for the rest of their lives.

Katelyn was oblivious to her new husband's looks. She was relaxing in the sun reading an honest-to-God paperback she'd picked up at the airport. It was the smutty romance she rarely read, but with a day of sun and relaxation ahead of her, the book engrossed her. It made John happy to see her so relaxed, especially after the drama of the past few days.

Ever since the night she had cried out her ex-boyfriend's name, things had been going well. She'd been ravenous for sex, so ravenous her juices had become thicker and she was looser than normal, but she still felt good, like a hot oil slick against his flesh.

John shifted in his chair, his cock hardening under his flimsy swimsuit. "Want to join me?" he asked as he stood up from the chair, unable to stand the heat growing in his loins.

Katelyn looked up and smiled, seeing her new husband's obvious discomfort but choosing to ignore it.

"No, baby, I think I'll just enjoy my book while you swim. Besides," she said with a wicked grin, "It's easier to watch you get all nice and wet from here."

John chuckled at her teasing.

"All right," he said, puffing out his chest and making her laugh. "Just enjoy the show."

John waved at her as she watched him walk to the water. He slid into the ocean. It was warm, but the water dimmed his ardor enough for his cock to soften. He dove under the surface, enjoying the buoyant feel of swimming in saltwater. Finally, when he could not

hold his breath any longer, he burst into the brilliant sunshine, brushing the water out of his eyes.

He looked at the beach to wave at Katelyn, only to find her chair empty, the paperback lying forgotten on her seat.

22

"Please, Derek! Not here!"

It was too late. Already Derek had pulled Katelyn into the bathroom, a wet, cinder block structure a hundred feet away from the beach. He jammed the door shut with her body and she could hear people passing by, trying the handle on the door and moving on.

"I want you, baby." Derek spun Katelyn around and smacked her exposed ass. She cried out in pain, but that didn't stop the lust from dripping between her pussy lips and down her thighs.

"John's waiting for me!"

She knew her strong ex-boyfriend didn't care. In fact, it turned him on even more knowing that John was waiting for her.

"Fuck John!" Derek hissed in her ear as he pressed her face against the cold metal door and ripped the tiny string of her bikini aside, exposing her hungry, swollen pussy.

It had been like this for the last week of her honeymoon. Her demented ex had somehow followed Katelyn and John to Hawaii, and now she was helpless under his power. If she fought, he would tell John what had happened, and Katelyn's carefully planned life would be over. But that meant that when Derek called, she had to come.

The worst part was, she had found that she wanted Derek even more than when they had dated. His strength and prowess easily made him the best lover she'd ever had. Much better than John. What should have been a getaway for her and her new husband was quickly turning into an obsession for her ex-lover.

"Tell me you want it, bitch!" Derek growled and pulled back on Katelyn's hair. "Tell me you want my cock!"

"No!" she moaned, but she felt her pussy flood with juices. She wanted it, and the denial only made Derek more forceful.

He spanked her ass, and she cried out, not caring if anyone outside could hear her. What would John think if he saw her now?

The thought brought a fresh wave of lust to her cunt, and when Derek smacked her again, she couldn't hold back her desire.

"Tell me you want it!" Derek commanded, and Katelyn couldn't fight anymore.

"Yes," she moaned pitifully. "I want it. God help me, I want it."

"God can't help you now, slut," Derek grunted. "Only I can help you now."

He shoved his thick cock into her pussy, stretching her wide open as he had been doing for the last week. When John was asleep, or when he went to get her coffee in the morning, Derek was there to take over the duties that were reserved for the man she loved. But John, God love him, couldn't make her feel like this.

"That's it, baby," Derek cooed in her ear. "Take that big cock, baby! You know you want it!"

"Yes!" she was screaming now, pushing back on Derek's cock, meeting his thrusts with her tight, round ass.

They filled the bathroom with their grunts and cries and the smacks of Derek's hard stomach against her buttocks. She tried to climb the wall as the pleasure built inside her pussy, but Derek followed, hammering her swollen sex into submission.

"Who's pussy is it, bitch?" he grabbed her shoulders and pulled her onto his cock with hard and fast thrusts. "Who does your pussy belong to?"

"Oh, God!" Katelyn screamed, unable to think anymore. "Oh, God!"

Derek grabbed a handful of Katelyn's hair and pulled her head back, bending her painfully against the bathroom door.

"Say it, slut!" he hissed in her ear. "Who owns that pussy?"

"You do!" Katelyn cried. "You do, baby!"

That was all the encouragement Derek needed. He impaled the pretty young bride on his thick cock, pounding her into the door. Katelyn screamed as she came, thrashing against the cold metal as she gave in to her ex-lover's power.

A moment later, Katelyn felt Derek tense, and she had another, smaller orgasm as Derek's cock exploded inside of her, flooding her unprotected womb with his hot seed.

How many times had he cum inside of her since her wedding? Was she even now carrying his child?

She continued to jerk on his cock like a landed fish, coming down from the heights of her orgasm. Finally, Derek pulled out, his thick cum dripping down her thighs.

"Here," he said, and handed her a towel as she stood up on shaky legs. "Wrap that around your waist so your hubby doesn't see a real man's cum on your legs."

Katelyn said nothing, just nodded as she wrapped the towel around her waist. Derek pulled her into a deep kiss, and she no longer had the strength or the will to fight.

Finally, Derek leaned in close and cupped Katelyn's chin.

"I'll be seeing you soon, Katie." He grinned and gave her a last, deep kiss before he left the bathroom.

Katelyn made her way down to the beach, her legs still shaky from Derek's powerful fucking, and her thighs sticky with his cum. She felt a wave of shame overcome her as she saw John waving at her, smiling.

I am so sorry, John, she said to herself for the hundredth time on this trip. I am so, so sorry.

"Hey, honey," John said with a frown on his face. "You ok? You look a little pale."

"No, no, I'm fine," she said. "Just a little hot is all."

She stood there for a moment, unsure of what to do. If she removed the towel, John would certainly notice the thick trails of cum drying on her thighs, but she couldn't just sit in the towel for the rest of the afternoon. She looked at the cool blue ocean and the solution became clear.

"You know, I think I'm ready to go swimming." She smiled. "You coming?"

John laughed.

"I thought you'd never ask."

Katelyn grinned and before John could see anything, she ripped off her towel and sprinted towards the ocean, her husband close behind. She hit the surf with a splash and felt the cool, blue water wash away all evidence of her betrayal.

A moment later, John crashed down beside her and she was in his arms, floating on the endless sea.

Katelyn

Dinner was nice. They went out to a new restaurant that they had never tried before, but Katelyn had to admit, she was tired of fish. If she had to eat another Mahi Mahi, she would go insane.

Throughout dinner, Katelyn thought about that afternoon. About how Derek had taken her so hard and fast next to the beach. It was as if he couldn't get enough of her, and her body had responded to that primal need inside of him every time she saw him.

It wasn't fair. She had broken up with him months ago, met John, a nice, wonderful man who wanted to take care of her, and yet all she thought about was Derek's body and his throbbing flesh inside of her.

"You okay?" John asked.

Katelyn forced a smile onto her face and ate another bite of fish.

"I'm fine," she said. "Maybe too much heat today?"

Definitely too much heat, she thought as the memories of Derek's cock inside of her came flooding back making her pussy wet. It was so wrong to get wet for another man while she was sitting across the table from her new husband.

After dinner, they went back to their room. She could tell by the way John looked at her he wanted her and she wanted to want him. She needed to want him, but as he kissed her neck, she thought of Derek's hard, sharply angled body and his rough mouth on her skin. When John sucked a nipple into his mouth, it wasn't hard. He sucked the flaccid flesh and instead of pleasure, all Heather felt was a slight tickle. When John moved down her body, she stopped him in her belly.

"Please, baby," she whined. "Please, just fuck me."

John rose from between her legs, excited and confused. She usually needed more preparation, so when she asked for very little foreplay, John didn't hesitate.

He came down between her legs and slid in easily. Fucking Derek again had stretched her open as he forced her to reshape to his

thicker cock. John fit easily in his place, but he didn't seem to notice. He seemed to think it was because of his prowess.

"God, baby! You feel so wet!"

"I am!" Katelyn moaned. "I'm hot for you, baby. Please, fuck me hard!"

She felt a twinge of guilt at the lie. She was loose because of Derek's cock, and she was wet because she could still remember his body inside of her.

She tried to focus on John as he hammered inside of her. But it was no use. John was not hard enough, powerful enough, or long enough to penetrate her as deeply as Derek. Worse, Derek had not only infiltrated her body, but he had also assaulted her mind.

It was over before she felt guilty. John panted his undying love in her ear as his movements became more and more erratic. Finally, he squirted his cum inside of her, then rolled off to the side, sweaty and exhausted.

"That was so good!" he moaned, clasping her hand. "Was it good for you?"

Katelyn realized that if you had to ask a woman if it was good, then it probably wasn't.

"Yes, baby," she lied. "It was wonderful."

Katelyn woke up the next day, the glorious Pacific sun streaming in through the windows. She rolled over and found John's spot empty and cold.

"Johnny?" she called out, but there was no answer.

She checked her phone, but there was no text from her husband. However, glaring up from her phone was a text from Derek.

She'd changed his contact name to Mother just in case John picked up her phone. Luckily, he hadn't, and he accepted her explanation that her mother was just checking up on her when Derek texted. Still, it gave her a chill to think what might happen if John found out about Derek's messages.

I want to see you today, was all it said. Straightforward, but the words made a fire spark between her thighs and her heart speed up. She quickly pushed down the feelings.

She thought about texting back. Derek had hinted at dire consequences if she didn't. He could tell John about their continued affair, he could show up at the hotel. He might even hurt Johnny.

The thought of the two men in her life fighting for her stirred something primal and dangerous in her stomach. She couldn't allow that to happen. Not just because John could get hurt, but because she thought she might actually enjoy it.

Shaking, she blocked Derek's number and set the phone down, her heart racing. There had to be another answer. She and John had to get away from the big island and off the beaten path.

She took up her phone and began to research. By the time John came back with coffee and bagels, she had found just the thing they both needed.

23

"I don't know," John said, shaking his head. "It's awfully expensive."

John looked at the page Katelyn had shown him. The Secret Grotto Getaway promised to be a one-of-a-kind experience, a place where people could get away from everyone for a day and be by themselves in an island paradise. With no internet or phone service, they would be like two shipwrecked lovers alone on their own private island.

"Come on, baby," Katelyn purred in his ear. She was still naked and smelled of sex and seawater. Her scent and the touch of her soft skin made it hard to think.

John looked closer at her phone, his body already responding to her gentle persuasions. The site said it was perfect for newlyweds or 'lovers looking for their own island hideaway.' John assumed that meant married people cheating on their spouses. What was clear, however, was that he and Katelyn would be alone in paradise, and they could do anything they wanted.

He imagined skinny dipping in a crystal blue pool, or bending Katelyn over the rocks in the glittering waterfall, or sliding into her soft flesh on the white, sandy beach.

He looked at the price tag. The trip would take the rest of his father's honeymoon money and eat into their savings, but as Katelyn rubbed her soft breasts against his back, he made the decision.

"I'll see what I can do," John said, and Katelyn clapped with glee.

"Oh, Johnny!" she cried, and kissed his cheek. "Thank you so much. I really wanted this!"

"You're welcome," John said and dialed the number to set up the appointment. As it rang, Katelyn gave him a wicked smile and sank to her knees, unbuttoning his khaki shorts.

"What are you doing?" John hissed, and put his hand over the phone.

"Just showing you my appreciation," Katelyn giggled, and then her hot, wet mouth engulfed his turgid flesh.

"Secret Grotto Excursions," a happy female voice chirped. "How can I help you?"

"Huh..." John grunted as Katelyn cupped his balls and pumped her mouth up and down on his cock. "Huh... hello. My name is John Buh... Barton. I'd like to sign up for one of yuh... yuh... your exclusive island getaways."

"Very good, sir," the woman said, evidently not bothered by John's stuttering. "You do know that this is our most exclusive and expensive product?"

"Yuh... yes," John moaned as he felt Katelyn's mouth vibrate on the head of his cock as she giggled. "I... I do."

"Very good," the woman said. "I just like to ask. The price surprised A lot of customers."

John looked down at Katelyn and she looked up at him, her blue eyes locked on his, her mouth sucking hungrily at his cock. His beautiful wife, his loving partner, and she was all his for the entire day.

"I... I understand," John said. "The price is worth it."

Katelyn's eyes grinned at him, and she sucked harder and faster on him. His ass bucked off the seat. He held the phone to his chest as he squirted his load into his wife's soft mouth.

John said nothing for a moment, just watched as Katelyn, his glorious goddess, rose from between his legs and wiped a drop of cum from her lips with one finger, then gave him a satisfied smirk.

"Sir?" the woman asked.

"Yes, I'm here," John said.

"How will you be paying today?"

24

Katelyn felt the blow job she'd given John that morning was a small price to pay as they boarded the small pontoon boat called the Island Hopper that would ferry them from the big island to the Grotto.

It was a brief trip to the luxurious, man-made island. Lush green palms decorated the surface and, as they passed through a small channel under a canopy of green, Katelyn felt her old life, and Derek, disappear.

Two young women dressed in red muumuus with large yellow flowers waited for them on the shore. They were both beautiful with the light, mocha skin, dark eyes, and rich black hair of native islanders.

"Welcome to the Secret Grotto, Mr. And Mrs. Barton," one woman said.

"We have everything you need on the beach."

Katelyn smiled at John and gripped his hand tightly as the young women led them through the palm trees to a private stretch of beach. Hills overgrowing with lush, green vegetation surrounded them, cutting them off from the rest of the world.

In the middle of the beach was a large canopy that provided shade for a table set for two. A soft blanket was on the ground next to the table for lounging on or other, more intimate, activities. Katelyn shivered as she thought of making love to her husband on the sand. Derek's face flashed briefly before in her mind, but she quickly pushed it away. Everything seemed easier to forget in this private paradise.

"Please, sit." The two women gestured to the chairs.

John and Katelyn sat as the two women busied themselves with opening champagne and providing a light snack of fresh fruit, meat, and cheese. John reached forward and gripped Katelyn's hand, then looked around at their small corner of paradise.

"I'm glad you talked me into this," John said.

"Me too!" Katelyn said, and her chest lightened as she realized she could put the mistakes of the past few days behind her.

They had a couple of glasses of champagne, but John kept glancing over through the trees at a small path.

"Tell me," John said to the hostess. "Where does that path go?"

"Oh that," the hostess grinned. "That leads back to a private waterfall and pool."

"Just like the brochure." John smiled at Katelyn. "What do you think, honey? Want to go check it out?"

Katelyn saw the hungry look in John's eyes and grinned.

"More than anything!" she exclaimed.

The two of them got up from the table as one and clasped hands.

"Would you like one of us to show you the way?" The hostess asked.

"No," John said. "I think we can find our way from here."

Katelyn was thrilled at the hidden undertone of John's sexual need. The hostess recognized it immediately. She nodded with a knowing smile and went to talk to the other girl as John pulled Katelyn into the trees.

Katelyn giggled as John picked up speed, and by the time they got to the small, pristine pool underneath the waterfall they were practically running. Katelyn only had a moment to glance at the cool, blue water before John pulled her into a hug and gave her a deep kiss.

This is what she wanted. This is what she needed. Not some dirty affair in a bathroom, or sneaking around trying to find pleasure and stolen moments with Derek. While that held a certain thrill, she knew she wanted John. She wanted paradise. And now that she had it, she would not let it go. No matter what happened.

"Well, well, well," a low, dangerous voice spoke from the trees. "Isn't this a coincidence?"

25

Katelyn turned and saw Derek lounging confidently on the stones surrounding the pool. He wore a white t-shirt and ripped jeans with heavy work boots on his feet. He looked completely out of place among the cool blue water and whispering palm trees.

"Oh my God! Derek, no!" Katelyn cried.

"What the hell are you doing here?" John snapped, and Katelyn looked over to see his fists clenched so hard his knuckles were white. She realized that if she didn't do something soon, this was going to get dangerous.

She stepped forward into the sand and held out a hand.

"Derek, just go!" she cried. "Please!"

"Go?" Derek said and slipped off the rocks. "After all the fun we've had on your honeymoon?"

"Fun?" John asked, and looked at Katelyn. "Katelyn? What's he talking about?"

"Nothing." Katelyn turned to John and put her hands on his arms. His muscles were so tense. "He's just trying to ruin everything. Please, let's just go!"

"What? You didn't tell Johnny-boy about us? About how I'm fucking you on your honeymoon because he obviously can't handle the job?"

"What the fuck did you say?"

"Johnny, no!"

She'd never seen him so angry, and she worried he might hurt Derek. He might even kill him. For all Derek's power, John was still a powerful man and if this came to violence, she did not know what would happen.

Derek didn't care. He stepped forward and came face to face with John. Katelyn tried to push them apart, but John swept her aside. Derek was a head taller than John, but John was broader and she knew he was on the verge of lashing out.

"I asked you a question," John said in a low, deadly voice. "What the fuck did you say?"

"I said," Derek grinned. "That I've been fucking your wife."

John screamed, and his hand shout out and connected with Derek's face. Katelyn cried out and shrank back as John moved in, swinging his left fist to follow up with his right.

Derek, however, moved like a snake, quick and deadly. He swayed to the right and with his other hand; he hammered his fist into John's stomach. John let out a great whoosh of air. Then Derek's other fist cracked along his chin with a vicious uppercut that snapped John's head back on his neck.

"Stop!" Katelyn screamed, but something inside of her reacted to the primal display of strength.

Derek was like a jungle cat, fighting for dominance, and he was winning. He beat John down with an ugly precision. She couldn't believe his strength. Derek wanted her in the most primal way. He wanted her so badly he might kill poor Johnny.

She winced as Derek's foot connected with her husband's face. She heard the bone break and John let out a pitiful moan as he fell to the white sand, blood pouring from his nose and mouth. She willed him to get up, to keep fighting for her, but her husband lay still on the sand.

Derek's chest heaved with exertion, the muscles on his arms standing out and the veins throbbing along his forearms. He was going to keep hitting John until he killed him. Finally, she stepped forward and put a hand on his chest.

"No more," she said, and she knew what she had to do. Her body trembling, she slid off her sundress, revealing her tanned skin covered only by her tiny white bikini.

Derek dropped his fists to his sides and blinked. The white-hot fury melted away, replaced by his hunger for her.

"You sure?"

"Yes," she said. "Please, just stop hurting him."

She untied the top of her bikini and let it fall to the ground, revealing the large, golden swell of her breasts. She told herself that she was doing this for Johnny, to protect him, but her nipples were

rock hard, and her body burned with lust. She had never seen such savagery before, and she wanted to feel that savagery inside of her.

"Katelyn," John moaned and she glanced down. He was looking at her discarded bikini top with horror. "Katelyn, what?"

"Shh," she said, and took a step towards Derek. "It's ok, Johnny. I'll protect you."

Derek grinned like a wolf, stepped forward, and gripped Katelyn by her hair. He pulled roughly on the back of her head and she whimpered in pain as he bit her neck, then sank his teeth into her breast. She moaned and ran her fingers through his dark hair as he feasted on her plentiful flesh, sucking and biting at her as if he wanted to devour her. Despite her words, this wasn't about protecting her husband. This was about being taken by the stronger man.

Derek forced her to her knees and rubbed his crotch against her face. She moaned, rooting at his bulge, her mouth already dripping with saliva. Derek unbuttoned his jeans and skimmed his pants down over his hips, releasing his thick monster. Katelyn whimpered as Derek slapped her cheek with the heavy meat, and she heard the echo of that whimper from Johnny lying prone on the beach.

"Suck it, Katelyn," Derek growled. "Suck my cock in front of your husband."

John groaned in pain as Katelyn opened her mouth and took her lover's cock. It was so big and hard; the flesh throbbing with the same heat that pulsed between her legs. Derek grabbed the back of her head and thrust his cock between her lips, fucking her mouth and throat with his hot meat.

"You see that, Johnny?" Derek mocked him as Katelyn slobbered and gagged on his thick cock. "This is what she wants, you fucking bastard. This is what she's always wanted!"

Katelyn moaned as spit spilled out of her mouth. She wanted to deny it, but she couldn't. Instead, she continued to worship Derek's powerful cock as John rolled on the ground. She felt sorry for her husband. This wasn't fair to him. He was a good man, he just wasn't the man she needed.

"You see?" Derek laughed as Katelyn sucked harder and faster. "She doesn't deny it. That's why she let me have her pussy on your wedding day. While you were saying your vows, my cum was inside of her pussy!"

He gripped Katelyn by the hair and pulled her over to where John was lying. He forced the young bride to look at her husband. Poor John's face was swollen and bloody, tears leaking out of the corners of his eyes. Katelyn felt his pain, but there was nothing she could do about that now.

"Tell him!" Derek said. "Tell him who owns your pussy!"

"You do!" Katelyn moaned.

"What? I don't think he heard you!" Derek said, shaking her head in front of John's face.

"You do, Derek!" she cried. "You own my pussy!"

"Hear that, Johnny-boy?" Derek got down on his hands and knees in the sand beside Katelyn and licked her cheek. "She's mine. She's always been mine."

Derek pulled off his shirt and ripped off his pants as Katelyn looked at her husband. She wanted to reach out and comfort him, but she knew that would only make it worse. This was going to happen and, by the way her pussy was throbbing, she wanted it.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," she said. "I'm so sorry."

26

John watched in pain as Derek gripped Katelyn by the hips, her face inches from his, and shoved his cock deep inside of her. John felt intense pain as Katelyn screamed in a way she never screamed for him. Derek pounded into his bride, fucking her soft flesh with powerful thrusts that rocked her forward so close he could feel the heat of her breath as he fucked her.

"You like that, slut?" Derek grunted and pulled back on Katelyn's hips as he thrust forward, the quiet peace of paradise filled by the lurid smacks of flesh on flesh.

"Yes!" she moaned in John's face. "Yes! I love it!"

"Good girl!" Derek laughed and stood up, pulling Katelyn up roughly by her hair.

Derek forced Katelyn to bend at the waist, her hands gripping the rough bark of a palm tree. John watched from underneath his wife as Derek pierced his wife's swollen, pink sex with this thick cock. From this angle, John could see Derek's massive flesh stretch his wife open as he fucked her. Every part of Katelyn's golden body was rocking above John's face, her breasts bouncing back and forth as her lover pounded her into a blissful state of ecstasy.

"Go ahead, bitch!" Derek growled in her ear. "Go ahead and cum on the cock!"

John groaned as Derek stabbed even harder into his bride. Katelyn leaned back, wrapping her arm around Derek's neck as her body trembled, then jerked.

John had never seen his wife squirt before and now, lying underneath her, his wife showered him with her hot juices as she exploded in orgasm on her ex-boyfriend's cock. He turned his head, but he couldn't get away from her lust as it rained down upon his beaten face, stinging the cuts Derek's hands had left. All he could do was close his eyes and wait for it to be over.

Exhausted, Katelyn fell to her knees beside John. Derek sank into her again and entered her again. He pounded her from behind as

John watched, his thrusts becoming more powerful and more urgent.

"I'm going to cum inside you, baby!" John heard Derek hiss in Katelyn's ear. "I'm going to cum inside you while your husband watches!"

Katelyn moaned, but her body rocked backward to meet Derek's thrust, urging her lover on with her body. The idea of Derek filling her in front of her husband seemed to turn her on even more. So much so that by the time Derek was growling in orgasm, Katelyn was there to meet him.

"Yes!" Derek howled. "That's it, baby! Cum with me! Cum with me!"

Like true lovers, they came together, their bodies rising and falling on the waves of their bliss.

The two lovers lay panting together for long moments beside John. The pain had subsided, but the rage was still there, rising in his belly and giving his limbs a desperate strength. This couldn't be the end. He loved Katelyn. She was his wife.

Derek finally moved off of John's exhausted bride, leaving her wet and weak in the sand. John saw his opportunity, and he moved quickly, anger and desperation fueling his beaten body.

"John, what?" Katelyn mewled and looked up at him, but he pushed her down, lifting her beautiful, round ass. If she liked it rough, he was going to give it to her rough. He was going to prove to her who was the better.

"I'll fuck you, whore!" John growled, and Katelyn tried to move away. He caught her by the hips to keep her from escaping. "I'm going to fuck you like the whore you are."

"Johnny, no!"

No doubt Katelyn was expecting the timid, respectful Johnny he had always been. But that Johnny was gone, destroyed by his faithless wife and the savage scene they had forced him to witness.

Now, all he wanted was Katelyn's body and soul. Nothing else would do.

John pushed her face into the sand and shoved his trunks down over his ass, revealing his cock. It was smaller than Derek's, but John didn't care. He was going to give her the fucking of her life. Katelyn tried to wriggle away, but John pulled her back, giving her a hard slap on the ass to keep her still.

"Thatta' boy, Johnny!" Derek hooted.

Instead of stopping him, Derek had sat on a rock, his limp shaft hanging heavily between his legs. John ignored him. This was between husband and wife.

Katelyn was looking back at him, no longer fighting. There was a desperate look of lust in her eyes, and Johnny knew she wanted it. He growled in rage and shoved his swollen flesh inside of her.

"Johnny!" she moaned as his cock entered her. "Yes, Johnny! Fuck me!"

Her words goaded him on, and John pounded hard into her from behind. Derek watched, lounging confidently on a rock, a cruel smile on his face.

"Fucking little slut, fucking little slut!" John chanted repeatedly, pounding inside his wife with all the energy he could muster. He let out all of his anger and pain with each thrust, needing her to give in to his fucking and cum like she had never cum before.

But no matter how hard John fucked her, it didn't seem to matter. She was loose from Derek's cock, and the bastard's warm semen sloshed around John's turgid flesh. He drove forward into the morass, but his desperate pumping elicited no cries of lust, no screams of ecstasy.

Too soon, he felt his orgasm rise to the surface. Katelyn moaned as he drove harder into her, but he knew it wasn't enough. He had failed. He raised his head to the trees and howled like a wounded animal as he released all of his anger and lust into Katelyn's quivering body.

Exhausted, he fell on top of his wife. The jealousy and rage had faded with his orgasm. All he felt was an all-consuming need to keep holding onto Katelyn.

"I love you, Katelyn," John said desperately. "Please don't leave me."

He waited for Katelyn's words of affection, but Derek knelt and lifted John's head by the hair and looked at the husband with cold, blue eyes.

"Nice try," he said with an evil grin.

Katelyn pushed up onto her hands and John slowly let go, falling to the sand as Derek helped his bride to her feet. Katelyn looked down at Johnny and gave him a sad smile.

"I'm sorry, Johnny. I want to be with Derek." Katelyn looked into Derek's eyes, her face wet with tears of love and happiness. "I've always wanted to be with Derek. Now, I can be with him forever."

She looked down at John again, her face filled with pity for her beaten husband. Finally, she slipped her wedding ring from her finger and let it fall, glittering, to the sand.

"I'm leaving you."

John

I'm leaving you.

The words echoed hollowly in John's mind as Derek kissed Katelyn. Together, the reunited lovers washed the sand from their bodies in the waterfall, then, hand in hand, they left John alone in paradise.

Like Adam and Eve, John thought. But if they're Adam and Eve, what does that make me?

He gripped the discarded ring he had slipped on Katelyn's finger just two weeks ago, curled up into the fetal position, and cried.

The hostesses found him there an hour later.

The captain of the boat gave him some whiskey and John finally calmed down enough to tell them the story. The captain looked perplexed.

"I'm so sorry, sir," the captain said. "We saw no one enter or leave the island since you arrived. A boat must have landed on the other side and this...this bastard must have walked around."

John nodded, looking down at his empty glass. The captain refilled the glass, but there was nothing left to be said.

The sun was painting the ocean in purples and blues as they made their way back to the hotel. John took no solace in the beauty of this paradise. To him, it was hell on earth.

As they came into sight of the big island, John's phone buzzed. It was a notice from the credit card company telling him there was a possible fraud on his credit card. When he called, he was informed that his card had been used to purchase two one-way tickets to Mexico. John canceled the card, but it was already too late.

Katelyn was gone.

John had lost her to a better man.

The End

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