

# *Honeymoon in Belize*

SPECIAL BONUS EPILOGUE

for

# *Love at First Sight*

by

SHELLEY SOMMERS

*This is a work of fiction. All the characters, locations, and events described in this short story are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Honeymoon in Belize is a special bonus epilogue to Love at First Sight, a contemporary romance suggested for mature audiences.*

HONEYMOON in BELIZE

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# Honeymoon in Belize

Shannon, spooning with John, turned over and stretched. *He's still sleeping. I'll let him sleep a bit.*

John's eyes popped open. "I'm awake. Please come back. Now that we're finally on our honeymoon, I want you even more than usual."

"How is that possible, honey? We're 24/7." She laughed.

He grabbed her playfully, rolling her back toward him and kissing her. The kiss became full-throttle, passionate lovemaking that accelerated to orgasmic action.

As Shannon reached her climax, her channel vibrated as John plunged in and exploded with her. They quieted as their bodies nestled. His heart-pumping rhythm calmed her as it slowed. She whispered, "John, I love you forever."

"Mutual. Always." He answered. The ritual echoed the inscription, "forever," on their wedding rings.

"Honey, I've gotta get up."

"I'll miss you!"

She chuckled and headed briskly for the bathroom. When she finished, including brushing her teeth, she hurried back to the bed. The luxurious bedding and furnishings of their honeymoon suite filtered through her mind as she settled back next to him.

"Love this place. It's a perfect love nest for us. And with breakfast delivered, we could just live here, but . . ."

"What's the 'but,' Shannon?"

"There are so many things we can do here. After hibernating in classrooms and inside, I want to go horseback riding, ziplining, hiking in the rain forest, skinny-dipping in our personal infinity edge pool, see the butterflies, and everything!"

"Ambitious list. Can we choose a few? I love the idea that we're nestled up in the treetops with the pool. And I love that you can scream and no one can hear you! Ah, privacy!"

"All of that is wonderful. Let's plan some things to intersperse with our earth-shaking lovemaking." She reached down, trailing her hand until she reached his shaft. With just her slightest touch, his shaft grew, hardening and stretching until it was fully erect.

Unfocused because of her effect on him, he said, "Anything you want, my love."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything!" He grabbed her around the waist and hoisted her on top of him. She adjusted, so she lined up with him and slowly lowered herself on his shaft.

She moaned. "Ooh, I love this!"

As he thrust upward, reaching deep into her channel, and pulled out, plunging in again, her skin tightened and her gripping sped up. *Any second now . . . my orgasm will start.* . . . “Oooh.” She screamed as her whole body exploded and shattered into an exuberant, vibrating meltdown.

“Are you all right, honey?”

“This is the most all right I’ve ever been! We just keep getting better.”

He grinned. “I’m so glad! Just wanted to make sure. You know, our bodies melded, not just our minds. I can sense how you’re feeling . . . the climb to orgasm. My body reacts to yours.”

She cupped his face and kissed him passionately, with frenetic tongue-tangling. Pulling away, she inhaled deeply. “It’s okay, John. You just took my breath away.”

He pulled her back to him, their bodies flush and hot from their lovemaking. “More?”

“Always. You arouse me with the touch of your hand, a look, a lick, or your moaning.”

“Speaking of touch. Let me lick you, everywhere.”

She shivered in anticipation, clutching him around his waist, then dangling her hand, lightly reaching his shaft, and squeezing.

“OOOOH!” He shouted. He entered her seam, and in one hard thrust, reached her G-spot. Removing himself, he plunged in hard again.

Shannon responded, her muscles vibrating as they clamped on his shaft rhythmically. Screaming, she let loose, but her voice faded as she continued. Her orgasm continued until she collapsed in his arms.

John pumped slowly, ejaculating as he moved until he exploded deep within her. They settled in together.

“I didn’t get to lick you.”

“Not stopping you.”

“Give me a moment to recover. Just love the smoothness of your skin, your slippery channel that embraces my shaft, the way you move and come that brings me with you everything.”

“I love everything and the feel of you. You appreciate me!”

“I do. And, in a little while, let’s go out and do one thing on your list of things to do. What would you like to do first?”

“How about ziplining? I’ve never tried it and my adrenaline – You are certainly ready . . . for anything.”

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After showering together and dressing, with quick kisses as they put themselves together, John and Shannon were ready to try ziplining. He was apprehensive, although he couldn’t say why. But he’d try anything for Shannon.

“This is so exciting, honey!”

He gave her an “I’m humoring you” smile and kissed her.

“I can sense that you’re not as enthusiastic as I am about ziplining.”

“You’re right, but it’s time for me to take some risks, try something new.”

“I’ll agree with that for both of us. We’ve been pretty sheltered growing up, but I like the idea of whisking above the earth and moving quickly with nothing enclosing us. Almost like flying!”

“Okay, it’s bird time! We’re there!”

They met the staff member running the ziplines who gave them paperwork to complete. A few signatures, then Zack strapped Shannon into the harness.

John asked, “How long have you been doing this, Zack?”

“Twelve years. Love doing it myself.”

“Any mishaps, anyone hurt?”

“Nope. A few people who didn’t master the hand-braking and got stalled in the middle, but we have an easy way to bring them back.”

“That’s a relief.”

“A little nervous, John?”

“You could tell?”

“That’s why Shannon’s going first. Once you see her on the other end, you’ll know it’s safe and you’ll want to try it, too.”

“Okay. I can do this!”

“Great.” Zack turned to Shannon and finished strapping her in. He explained gripping to brake the speed, and led her to the edge of the platform. “Ready?”

“Very.”

He gave her a push and off she went. Almost immediately, she yelled, scanned the canyon below her, but glided quickly on the zip line. Too fast, she landed on the platform high in the trees at the other end.

John watched her, his heart pumping.

“Ready, John?”

“Yes.”

Zack went through his instructional routine slower for John, reassuring him how safe and strong the line and harness were.

John waited. Zack pushed him, and he was on his way!

Looking around as he flew across the canyon, John’s “Wow!” was the only sound he made. His flight moved so quickly that he had to remember that he’d need to brake, since he was almost there!

When he landed on the platform, Shannon hugged him. Then they unhooked him and he hugged her. "Shannon, let's do the rest of the ziplines. It went so fast, I need to see more."

She grinned. "Really? You want to do more?"

"Yes. It was great!"

"Let's do it."

Within the next couple hours, John had mastered the line and was varying his speed so he could see the view. When they finished all seven lines, Shannon caught up with him.

"Ready to leave?" she asked.

"Actually, no. I'd love to do more, but it's time to get ready for our special dinner."

"Are you the same person who really wasn't into ziplining?"

"I'm a convert."

"Congratulations! So, we'll be ziplining in the future?" She smirked at him.

"Sure!"

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Back at their suite, John asked, "Would you like to go skinny-dipping in the pool?"

"I have a special suit to wear. Let me put it on."

He reacted with disappointment. He could imagine her naked in the pool and many things they could try in the privacy of their pool.

Then she returned wearing a barely there, flaming red, spandex suit. It left little to the imagination. "What do you think? Like it?" She turned around, posing like a model, her leg jutting out and half turned, as she turned completely so he could see every angle.

"I like, but there's not much there."

"That's the whole point."

"It makes me want to take it off!"

"Great! You got it," she giggled.

"Do you mind if we do a slight detour to the bed before we go skinny-dipping?"

"I don't mind *at all*. Some moves I'm thinking about could cause drowning," she grinned.

"Ooh, what could that be?"

"You'll see." She led him to the bed. Taking his hands, she indicated he should remove the one shoulder strap to get started.

"I'm an engineer. I think I can find a way to undo this string thing."

“Okay. I’m here. Whatever you think works.” She stood grinning, watching him examine the stretchy spandex one-piece.

Looking up at her, he announced, “You’re right. You’ve gotta start with the strap.”

“Let’s record that for posterity, my darling. I was right . . . and you admitted it.”

“Let’s not resort to stereotypes. I respect you. More than you can imagine. After all, you take involved designs and coax metal into shapes that reflect your designs. Quite a talent. And, speaking of resorts, let’s use ours. Time to remove this joke of a, I don’t know what to call it, and get you naked.”

“Happy to participate. For every limb of mine that’s removed from the suit and my whole body finally out of the bodysuit, I’ll do something special for you!”

“So I get five ‘something specials?’”

“Yup.”

“Not sharing?”

“Oh, I’ll be sharing. When you get me out of this.”

She smirked at him, a wicked grin on her face.

“I’m extremely motivated, love. Stand still.” He attacked her quickly, sliding the strap off her shoulder, then pulling the entire suit off in one move.

“Desired result achieved. I promised five things. Let’s make it one a day for the next five days.”

“And what would that be?”

“I’ll do anything you want me to do with and for you that you wish. Whatever it is, though, we both need to be naked.”

“Love it. I love your games.”

“Think about what you’d love to do that we haven’t. No hurting each other.”

“That’s a given. Why would I want to hurt you? I love you!”

“Now, do you wish skinny-dipping to be today’s special thing?”

“Sure, I’m an excellent swimmer. I think we’ll enjoy this.”

“Okay, we’ll set an alarm, so we still have time to get ready for our special honeymoon dinner.”

“You’re on. And, as you can see, I’m now *turned* on. I’ll race you to the pool.”

John landed in the pool first, then beckoned Shannon to jump in his arms. She landed in his arms, and he started kissing her from head to toe. When he reached the parts that were underwater, he had her hold on to the poolside and licked her. He focused on her female parts and enjoyed it immensely.

When he surfaced to breathe, he asked her, “Like it?”

“Especially those moves with your tongue. That and the water. So arousing!”

“You know what? We’re not aquatic creatures. Let’s dry off and head back to the bed.” He grabbed and carried her to the bathroom, where he chose the fluffiest towel to dry her.

Plunking her on the bed, he landed next to her and picked up where he left off with his tongue.

After ten seconds, Shannon’s orgasm started, as she screamed and gripped his shaft, squeezing him and moving her hand on him until he was hot, dry, and enlarged. Her orgasm continued as he licked her, so she used her mouth to stimulate his shaft.

“Shannon, so incredible. I want to be in you to come.”

“I promised anything. Come on in. I’m totally drenched and waiting for you.”

He plunged in before she expected and thrust deep and hard repeatedly until she exploded in another orgasm. He joined her, but kept pumping with so much energy, it was as if he hadn’t come just before. “You are incredible, my love. I can’t stop, ever! My shaft won’t quit. And I’m not stopping. Are you ready for more?”

“Oh, yes. I’m delirious again. Just keep reaching my G-spot and I won’t stop. I cannot believe how it gets better and better.” She screamed. And lost her voice.

Still plunging and pumping, John smoothly slid into and out of Shannon’s still wet channel, which continued to grip him as her orgasm continued.

Counting to ten, John exploded and slowed down until he was caressing her and kissing her gently. “Love, are you okay? I think I need to stop for now.”

“I’m fabulous, fantastic, ecstatic! My skin is still on fire and I’m so hot. We’ll have to invent a new word for the most incredible orgasm in the universe.”

“Shannon.”

“What?”

“The word is—YOU—Shannon.”

She cracked up, laughing until her sides hurt. She put her arms around him and hugged him. His shaft and her parts were achy from all the exercise, but they both reacted to the closeness. “John, I love you more than I ever believed I could love someone physically, emotionally, or sexually. I just heard the alarm go off, so we need to get ourselves prettied up, and dressed, for our special dinner at Mahogany. I think we’ve both worked up an appetite.”

“I have an enormous appetite, but it’s not all for food.”

She giggled. “Maybe it’s the lightning bolt that hit us. This is so unreal and I’ve never heard of anything like this before.”

“Would you want to share this with anyone else?”

“No way!”

“That’s why we’ve never heard of anything like this before. Let’s get in the shower.”



They showered, dressed, and were ready in time to walk over to the restaurant for their reservation. After they were seated, they realized just how hungry they were. They'd hadn't eaten anything since breakfast.

"Welcome to Mahogany! I'm Delilah, delighted to be your server and assist you. If you have questions about the menu, or the ingredients and preparation, I'll be glad to help.

They decided on the Lobster Cream Sauce with Basil Fettuccini. "I'll order for both of us, Delilah. We'd like to share an appetizer of Tuna Carpaccio, then each have the Lobster Cream Sauce. For dessert, we'll order one each of the cheesecake, the papaya and the berries. We'd like iced tea, and because we're on our honeymoon, Champagne."

"Thank you, Mr. Dominico. I'll order that now."

Mellow music played while Shannon and John discussed plans for the rest of their honeymoon. Breakfast delivered to their room was terrific. They'd eat lunch out, but half of the time, they wanted naked in and near bed, or the pool.

"Works for me, John."

"Magical." He took her hand, kissed her palm, then turned it over and kissed each knuckle.

"I do believe I've never felt this loved in my entire life."

"Please get used to it. Remember, forever, Shannon."

"Forever is perfect with you, love."

~\*~

Dinner over, they strolled the property holding hands. The path was concrete and well lit.

"Honey, I just saw something move by the leaves under that tree." She pointed, unconsciously moving back, away from the tree. By moving back, she was off the concrete walkway. "John, I just stepped on something." She froze in shock.

John saw a long, green-and-yellow scaled snake bite her calf and slither away. He rushed to Shannon and carried her to the office, in the near distance. "Stay calm, honey. How are you feeling?"

"Scared. Do you know what kind it was?"

"No, I read up on poisonous snakes, but there are many varieties here. The best thing is to go for help. You shouldn't walk because that helps spread the venom—if it is venomous. I need to get you somewhere to sit down."

"Okay, I'm starting meditative breathing now." She closed her eyes as John rushed her to the office.

When he reached the office, he banged on the door with his elbow. A staff member opened the door.

"Shannon accidentally stepped on a snake—it bit her! Please call for help."

"Put her down on that chair," he pointed to a comfortable chair. "I'll call for help. Can you describe the snake?"

“It was green and scaly, with a yellow stripe, about six feet long.”

“That helps narrow it down, but I won’t assume it’s non-venomous. Let me get your names.”

John shared their names and Bob, the staff member, grabbed the special satellite phone, called and, in rapid order, he had conveyed all the information, including that it might be a parrot snake.

He turned to John and Shannon. “They’ll have a helicopter here in ten minutes or less with the anti-venom shot. Keep still and it’ll stop it from spreading fast. How are you feeling, Shannon?”

“Scared, but I’m trying to meditate.”

“That’s good. Anything else you’re feeling?”

“Sore where it bit me, on my calf.”

Bob examined Shannon’s leg. “I see the bite area. When this happens, we’re supposed to mark what time it happened and which is the tender edge. Can you show me where that is, Shannon?” He grabbed a permanent marker.

She pointed.

He turned to John. “Do you know what time it was? By any chance, did you take a picture of the snake, John?”

“No, sorry. I wasn’t thinking, just focused on bringing Shannon to safety. It was about five minutes ago.”

“That’s okay, but your description is helpful.” He glanced at the wall clock and put a line on the tender edge, then jotted the time next to the line. “We have time. You got here quickly. John, how far away were you? Do you remember any landmarks? I’d like to call our groundskeeper, who has protective gear, to locate the snake.”

“We were on the concrete path across from a building, back in that direction,” John pointed, “near to here, because I could see your sign. Shannon had backed up and wound up off the sidewalk when she saw something moving. She stepped back, landed on the snake, and it reared back and bit her.”

“Helpful. Excuse me while I reach out to our groundskeeper. Maybe they can find the trail the snake took.” He headed behind the desk and called.

John gave his full attention to Shannon. “Feeling anything, honey?”

“Achiness, and my leg hurts.”

“It might be early, before symptoms show. I read you should take off any jewelry or anything tight, in case you swell up.”

“Okay, I’ll give you my rings to hold. My clothes are loose, so they’re fine.” She removed her rings and gave them to John. “I trust you to keep them safe, and I want a special ceremony when you place them back on my finger.”

“I’ll do that.”

She looked up at him, offering a brave smile. “I love you, John.”

“Of course you do! And I love you! Now, don’t worry. The helicopter should be here soon. I saw a helicopter pad nearby.”

“I’m thinking, ‘Calm. Calm. Calm.’”

“Good.”

Bob waved to John. “They just notified me. They’re landing.”

“Great. Fast!” John nodded. “Should Shannon just stay put here?”

“Yes, they’ll come to you.”

A medic arrived with a full pack. Bob rushed over to open the door.

Scanning the room, the medic, with a nametag labeled “Curtis,” moved quickly to Shannon. “Hi Shannon, I’m Curtis. How are you feeling?”

“Okay. Sore on my calf, but a little achy.”

“I’ll take care of that right away. Since we don’t know if the snake is venomous, we’ll take the precautions.” He pulled equipment out of his pack, including an alcohol swab. Gently swabbing the site, he discarded the swab and alcohol in a special pack, then pulled out a needle, sealed in plastic.

“Are you ready, Shannon? This might sting for a moment.” He stared at her, gauging her mental state.

“I’m brave. We went ziplining.”

“Good for you!” As he prepared the syringe, he kept talking to distract her, then John, so she’d look at him.

“Did you both enjoy the ziplining, John?”

John looked at the medic and nodded. “Shannon especially, but I became a convert.”

“I don’t need a zipline. Being up in a helo makes being suspended in the air not such a big thrill. I don’t need to do it anymore off duty.” He finished giving Shannon the injection, pulled it out, and tossed it in his pack.

“When are you giving me the shot, Curtis?” Louisa asked.

“Just did. Your husband is a great distraction, isn’t he? Thanks for helping me out, John.”

“You’re welcome. I understood what you needed. Glad to help out.”

Curtis pulled out an instant thermometer, swiped over Shannon’s forehead, and used a stethoscope to listen to her heart. When he finished, he made notes, then told Shannon, “You’re normal. By now, we’d have seen things happening. Make sure you clean the wound site with soap and water and put a compress on it. Otherwise, take ibuprofen or acetaminophen if you’re feeling achy or sore. You should be fine in a day or two. If you’re feeling worse later or feel feverish, let us know right away. I think you got lucky, and the snake wasn’t venomous. Probably a Mexican Parrot Snake. Any questions?”

“Can I resume normal activities? Like swimming?”

“Shannon. Take it easy for the next 24 hours. If you just paddle around, gently, that should be okay. Let us know if you swell up or if you notice any other major symptoms. Here’s my card.”

“Thanks, doc. What a relief! Not how we planned for our honeymoon to go, but I guess the horseback riding can wait. But seeing the butterflies?”

“Tomorrow, if you’ve had no other symptoms. Don’t walk a lot. Don’t run. Seeing the butterflies is fine. Relax.”

“Thanks, doc,” John said. “I’m thrilled Shannon is in good shape. I want to have a very long, happy marriage.”

“I wish you both that, too.”

~\*~

Readers,

John and Shannon have an idyllic romantic honeymoon. John offers to bake apple pies for the resort’s Christmas dinner and developed a major following after that. Between Shannon’s snake bite and John’s apple pie prowess, the resort offered them two free extra days. They appreciate the gift and decide to stay.

They return to their home in San Diego, ready to conquer the world, or at least their classwork and other commitments. And they continue to enjoy trying out the beds in the other bedrooms.

PS The groundskeeper found the snake that bit Shannon, which turned out to be non-venomous. Her brothers, fascinated by her encounter with the snake, consider her a badass.

Enjoy!

Hugs,

Shelley Sommers

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# Acknowledgments

Information on Belize is based on research, since I haven't been to Belize, yet.

## **Hotel Information**

After looking through Belize resort information on Google, I decided on: A fictionalized version of Chaa Creek as the prototype for a luxury eco resort where Shannon and John enjoy their honeymoon. <https://www.chaacreek.com>

## **Snakes and Snake Bite Treatment**

In my research on snakes, snake bites, and treatments for snake bites, I used the following websites for background:

<https://www.belizehub.com/snakes-of-belize/>

The website described the most poisonous snakes in Belize.

<https://tropicalnaturalhistory.org/wp-content/uploads/2019/08/venomous-snakes-of-belize>

This website was particularly helpful as it listed ways to avoid snakes, how to treat potential poisonous bites, and what to expect. (It prevented me from having John play hero by making a knife cut and sucking out potential venom. I wanted to be accurate!)

## **Ziplining**

Using Chaa Creek as a model, their three levels of ziplining experiences impressed me and the long stretches of zipline that were available:

<https://www.chaacreek.com/belize-tours/ziplining>

I also watched ClaireTrips' video on You Tube to see what her experience was like:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r427b9yNBxY>

