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The Newlywed Line

*A Humorous Autobiographical
Christian Adult Romance Novel
Featuring Experimental Drugs*



Part 1: Getting High in the Sky

— Redd Desiree —

Story for ADULTS ONLY = Ages 18+!

A Note to You, Our Beautiful Audience!

Welcome, you beautiful or listener reader, you! This edition of *The Newlywed Line* was purposely distributed as a *free gift*, you fortunate audience member, you! Other installments are *not* free, however, and are or soon shall be on [Amazon Kindle](#) for reasonable prices!

And, yes, I am *totally* serious about this book being for *adults only*! Enjoy!

-Redd Desiree, Author

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Chapter 1:

Riding The Newlywed Line

"Sex is beautiful," I said aloud. I paused a moment and amended that statement. "Sex is beautiful if done correctly." I blinked as I looked around to see who else was watching.

"Almost done, my groom? We've been at this for hours!" My bride winked at me and flashed me a sexy smile.

"I'm close, my bride. I'm just proofreading my review of our time on The Newlywed Line out loud for your amusement!" I smiled back, snickering.

"Yeah, yeah," she said, sticking her tongue out at me. "The *amusement* part ended after the first 5 minutes of hearing you narrate the first page of this review!"

I sighed and smirked. "Is Kim ready?"

My bride grinned widely. "Yeah! She's been waiting on *you* for-" my bride blinked, "-*minutes* now!"

I facepalmed and shook my head.

My bride retorted, "I'll tell her you'll be ready for our threesome tour of Hawaii soon. We'll be back after a word from our sponsors!"

My bride walked toward The Newlywed Line's airport counter while I took a deep breath and took a moment to try parsing what happened since we left the Long Beach Airport in California. Some people would have rolled their eyes at my bride's sense of humor. I was more adjusted to it. I think.

My bride and I were in a small private airport in Hawaii, where I had been for so many hours that I no longer wanted to even think about the time. Then, at that thought, I was reminded that today was 8/08 and we were leaving 8/16 to return to our new home in Irvine, California. At least we scheduled a day to write this review.

Today was the first day of our honeymoon in Hawaii, or the sixth day of our honeymoon counting whatever preparations were needed for this trip and to finalize our new living arrangements together back at our new place. Our honeymoon was the first I'd heard of anyone's honeymoon being merely 'time off from work' together immediately after the wedding instead of flowers, luxurious dining, and room service.

When my bride made a very blatant broadcast on social media last year that she was getting married on August 1 of this year, we got certain... *unexpected*... responses. "Why get married in August? Isn't Valentine's Day more *romantic*?"

No. Having to wait in longer lines in restaurants isn't romantic. Having this day be nicknamed Singles Awareness Day isn't romantic. Getting married on my sister's birthday isn't romantic, especially if I'm wondering if I remembered to wish my sister happy birthday on my anniversary. Getting married on a cold, snowy workday in much of the world isn't romantic. What *is* romantic is *not being rushed*!

My birthday is near the end of June. About two weeks later is America's birthday, and about three weeks later is my bride's birthday. We wanted a teacher-friendly time in the summer for ourselves when the rest of America could reasonably attend our wedding and enjoy being outside.

At our wedding, plenty of people came to take pictures, wish us well, and consume the booze and cake we bought. Kim told my bride how she had missed her *so much* since they were classmates many years ago and that she was part of a startup airline company aimed at providing premier, private jet-like luxury air travel to couples and, ahem, "small groups," primarily for romantic purposes. This "Newlywed Line" as it was called was the brainchild of Kim's company who figured that anyone willing and able to spend \$30,000 on a wedding - which, last I heard, was about the average cost of an American wedding - would be *equally* willing and able to spend notably more for ultra-premium treatment. Round-trip airfare on The Newlywed Line was Kim's wedding gift to us on the condition that I gave an honest, thorough, and *very, very* preferably positive review. Guilt-inducing puppy eyes from my bride were involved in this conversation.

Thus, here I sat, my laptop plugged into a wall socket and babysitting our luggage while I made sure we were getting our wedding present. I only volunteered to take this 'gift' - which was more like a *job* - because it was 'free.' Still, about 7 hours of writing to pay for what would have otherwise cost \$5000 or more seemed like a good deal! I'm not sure how Kim's company intended to stay in business if they offered a similar deal to other early fliers, but we were the 11th couple or group to fly with them since their grand opening last week. What Kim's position was at The Newlywed Line was a topic I'd rather come up in natural conversation, if it ever did.

I scratched the underside of my chin with the back of my right hand as I looked up and saw my bride about 30 feet away, talking with her friend and somewhat pretending to be mad I was taking so long. My bride married a writer, a teacher, a priest, and a man who made her feel comfortable just by standing near her. She knew it was the grace of Christ that led me to Pastor Prince and his teachings about how Christianity is about accepting Christ once and being forgiven and prosperous *forever*. She knew that it was Pastor Prince's teachings on tithing that granted each of our families the money and stability we needed to succeed in life. She knew it was our prayers that brought us together and kept us together in the many months of our dating, despite our trials and her earning the nickname from me, "Little Miss Schadenfreude."

The setting sun's light caught my attention and made me shake my head a moment to clear it. I was putting the final touches on the review, then we could leave this airport and get to the *real* reasons we were in Hawaii!

I inhaled deeply and patiently read my review, speaking out loud as little as possible as to avoid sharing our private moments before blabbing them to the world online. Ironic? Maybe.

Chapter 2:

Writing The Thorough Review

Passengers' Names

FOR PURPOSES OF THIS REVIEW, NAMES ARE CHANGED TO DETER STALKERS AND TROLLS! Sorry, fans.

Passengers' Ages

Kim, my bride, and I are similar ages, old enough to have our master's degrees, and young enough to be wed for our first time each. Take your best guess.

Participants' Professions

My bride's family owns a prominent fitness equipment business based in California where she sometimes acts as a trainer and fitness model. (If I told you the company, you'd probably know who we were *immediately*.) I work as a high school computer science teacher in Irvine, California, and I know social media well enough that withholding certain names and other things from the Internet is likely beneficial to the careers of my bride and me.

Passengers' Physical Descriptions

Photos were on the page of my bride's face and mine with our blue-and-pink flower leis made of hydrangea flowers, sometimes called 'Change Roses.' My bride wore a thematic neon pink-magenta low-cut T-shirt. I wore a thematic neon blue T-shirt.

My bride's bright long blonde hair, blue eyes, and radiant light-skinned face displayed her beauty. My brown-black hair and green eyes made me look like a much younger version of Bill Murray.

There was more than our leid 'bust' shots revealed. My bride was built like a female mixed martial artist due to years of dieting and exercise. As part of her modeling gigs for her family's company, she was merely expected to look - and be - this fit. I've never seen a treadmill advertised by fat models.

I *wanted* to be this fit and tried to be for years, but I was never that into it and exercising for me was more of a hobby. Marrying a fitness-focused bride fixed that. Sorta.

I had *some* pudge, but that's because I wasn't about to micromanage what and when I ate like I had nothing better to do. I was already exercising more than 10 hours a week, but couldn't stand the pear-orange-carrot-kale-whatever 'green shakes' my bride at least *tolerated*. On the upside, I was nimble, strong, and endurant enough to jog a city block or few without collapsing in a spitting, puking heap, and I could reliably carry a 50-pound backpack while walking. I was *practically* fit.

Another reason I wanted to marry the woman I did was that she was *beautiful*. Text alone can't describe it, and this isn't the place to be subtle; thus, I'll rephrase: She had boobs. I eventually learned from her playfully shoving them in my face they were D-cups - natural of course, since I wouldn't accept anything surgically-altered.

At first, I was fearfully modest and wanted to say nothing, but my bride knew she was beautiful and busty and was plenty comfortable with her body and sexuality to talk openly about her sex parts, especially when she felt comfortable and I felt awkward. She had *plenty* of laughs at my attempts to be 'gentlemanly:' I was trying to prove to her that I was a serious marriage candidate and that I wanted her for more than her physical form. Eventually, we had our first 'boob talk' and discussed what I *really* thought of her boobs, her appearance in general, and whether I would marry her regardless. I found her beautiful, she was sexy and she knew it, and I was marrying her *specifically* for sex, for as I learned many years ago, in Christendom, sex is for marriage and marriage is for sex. (Being able to admit that part to her out loud with her grinning and giggling at me was relieving in the long-term but simply *embarrassing*, in the moment.)

I just realized I went into way more detail here than I thought The Newlywed Line would care about.

Physical Descriptions of Aircraft - Exterior

The outside of The Newlywed Line's jet (a TNL-1 aircraft) was generally blue with pink hearts, a shiny silver underbelly and front view, and the white cursive text, "The Newlywed Line." Stock images from the website

accompanied my brief description.

Physical Descriptions of Aircraft - Interior

Stock images of our jet's interior (a TNL-1 aircraft) accompanied my description, but this time there was *far* more those stock pictures *didn't* show.

The inside of our jet in the guest was about the equivalent of a large, luxurious hotel room. (There was a door leading to the cockpit that was normally closed during flight.) The walls were white, with many windows in typical airplane style on either side of the main room. The standard "No Smoking/No Vaping" icon and the seatbelt icon were displayed on signs in the main room near where we entered, but there was no sign for calling attendants. Looking around, this main room was *spacious* for an airplane, about 10 feet wide, 8 feet tall, and 20 feet long. It was the first time on an airplane I could stand with my arms stretched above my head and feel comfortable. I felt tears of joy close to leaving my eyes.

On the sides of the main room between the windows were display cases with clear plastic doors and silver handles. (In fact, there were silver railings beneath and above the display cases.) The display cases had various custom-made and exotically-shaped neon blue, neon pink, and white bottles. The contents of said bottles were meant to enhance the experience of the ride. (More on that later.)

The main room had 12 comfy blue leather seats with pink hearts on them with three rows of two seats on one side of the plane near the windows and three more rows of two seats on the other sides. Each chair had a car-like seatbelt that stretched across the chest and the lap, as well as a TV about the size of a tablet computer attached to its arm. The chairs swiveled and easily locked into place. There was so much leg room that, for a brief moment, I forgot I was on an airplane!

Near the back of the main room was a small kitchen area with a fridge, a freezer, a microwave, and a sink. A clean white floor mat with a pink heart on it was on the ground beside the sink.

Inside the fridge was a *bounty* of snacks! There were meatball subs with

ovalini mozzarella on garlic bread - my bride's request; a 24-pack of water bottles for us at my request; various types of chips, pretzels, and peanuts as well as a heart-shaped box of chocolates, all of which seemed standard; and a mostly heart-shaped cake with a pair of pink boobs being tit fucked by a large dick whose scrotum formed the base of the heart, which was probably my bride's idea of getting me to laugh. (I did snicker out loud at that cake.) We weren't hungry yet, but since this flight would likely be about 6 hours, we appreciated the preparations.

At the center of the main room was a king-sized bed with blue, white, and pink sheets and pillows. Blue, white, and pink hearts decorated these sheets and pillows, and there were controls on the side of the bed to operate the 'sunroof.' The top of the plane didn't open, but on the top-inside of the plane, we had a highly-reflective TV screen that showed the immediate outside of the plane by default.

Black dome cameras decorated the top corners of the plane's interior. Maybe the pilot wanted to watch us.

Near the back of the plane beside the bathroom was an emergency exit on each side, in the unlikely event of a water landing.

And, *very importantly*, there was a bathroom in the back of the plane that had two stalls, a sink, and a *shower* big enough to comfortably fit two people! Alleluia!

Describe Your Experiences Before Liftoff

We arrived at the gate after passing security where the attendants there checked us in and gave us flower leis made of alternating blue and pink flowers. We posed for them and they took our pictures. They smiled and hugged us, telling us, "Congratulations!" It was a heartwarming few minutes.

After waiting for the plane to be ready, we boarded and shook hands with the pilot and copilot, each of whom had the same first name. The pilot and I were about the same age, and the co-pilot was slightly older due to having been out on medical leave for a while. My bride nicknamed them "Pilot Mike" and "Medical Mike." Each of them wore a blue formal pilot's suit coat

and pants with pink hearts on the outside of each sleeve and "The Newlywed Line" written in white cursive text on the back.

Medical Mike said to us with a sly smile, "Ready to get high?"

My bride snickered, smiling widely. I blinked a moment before joining her snicker.

Pilot Mike said with a smile and a shrug, "I'll take that as a yes. Take your seats, buckle up, and we'll head out any time now."

My bride smiled at them. "Ooooooh!" she playfully said, clapping her hands at the Mikes. She turned to me and said, "Race ya!"

I took a deep breath and she lunged forward, sprinting and jumping into the nearest available seat before I realized what was going on. "I win!" She stuck her tongue out at me as my body switched from running to filling my insides with high-intensity workout blood to after-running breathing.

I merely smirked back at her as our captain's voice came over the intercom. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. Our estimated flight time is 6 hours and 20 minutes from Long Beach Airport to *beautiful* Hawaii! For now, please sit back, relax, and enjoy takeoff! Once we're in the air, I'll turn off the obligatory 'fasten your seatbelt' sign and you'll be able to enjoy this flight *much* more. I'll be back on the intercom to warn you when we're about to make our descent into Hawaii. Knock on the cockpit door if you need something."

I took my seat in a seat adjacent to my bride and loosely fastened my seatbelt. It was a trick I learned from commercial airlines: Wear your seatbelt as loosely as possible to show the flight crew you have it on. It's there mostly to prove you aren't about to get up and rush the cockpit.

My bride pulled her seatbelt over her chest, playfully wiggling her boobs and me and winking. The sunlight reflected off her silver-colored metal buckle and her golden cross necklace. As part of playfully strapping in, she used her elbows to squish her boobs together. She snickered which snapped me out of thinking about how much her boobs had *grown* since we met many

months ago.

She wasn't pregnant, but as part of a boob talk where she was playfully laughing and I was awkwardly squirming, she asked me a question which exemplified how each of us felt in that moment. "Do you wish I had bigger boobs, my love?"

My face probably turned a combination of pale white and deep red as I briefly lost my ability to speak.

She snickered at me and smiled playfully and confidently, pushing her boobs up from their bottoms. This was a rare time in our relationship when I wasn't sure if I should tell her the truth as I understood it. I hesitantly, reflexively, and nervously said, "Yes."

"Oooh! Me too my love!"

At that point, I may have been in shock and not understanding things correctly. I somehow became relieved enough and regained enough composure to say, "Please, no surgery."

"OK my love, but, *how* then?" She was still her typical happy self, but seemed a bit more serious than usual.

I blinked a moment and the thought came to me. I panted a moment as I my ability to think conscious thoughts returned. "My love, let's pray on it."

She blinked back at me, raised her eyes, and in her cute soprano voice said, "*Really?*"

"It worked on the last girl I tried it on!" I said with a laughing smile. "She didn't even know I prayed for her!"

She facepalmed and snickered. We held hands and I led our prayer, "Lord Jesus, thank you for being our salvation. Thank you also for growing my love's boobs. Abba, you know what my heart says."

"Yeah! Bigger is better!" she said with a buoyant smile.

I smiled similarly. "Thank you, my love."

She winked back. "Thank *you*, my love!"

"Alleluia!"

"Yes, ally you yer!"

I groaned a frustrated groan at her and looked at her in the eyes, expecting her to say the right thing to praise Christ.

"OK! OK!" she said with a hmph. "Alleluia!"

I smiled and continued. "In Jesus's Name. Amen!"

"Ay-men!"

Well, since that time, each of us believed Christ for my now-bride's boobs to grow. She playfully reminded me of how her bras were singing the alphabet song, growing in cup sizes toward Z. It was a matter of weeks - maybe months - before her growth spurt stopped or was put on indefinite hold at K. We prayed similarly for my dick's erect size to increase - and it did, to about 7 inches.

The forward motion of the airplane and whirr of the engines eased my return to reality. The grey-black screens attached to our seats simultaneously turned on, and an overly-loud-while-still-tolerable female narration came from the screens. The scene was an airplane flying in the air centered on the view of the screen.

*"Welcome and welcome to the Newlywed Line,
Here's our safety vid to help you pass the time."*

Time seemed to stand still for a moment. They were *singing*. Maybe they learned something from Virgin America's widely popular safety song.

A feminine-looking figure wearing a full pink bodysuit, pink mask, and pink cape appeared on the plane as the lights went out. Her cape fluttered slightly in the gentle wind that suddenly appeared. It was... the narrator? As a *superhero*? Looking at her, I was wondering when she boarded the plane, why we didn't hear her, and why we hadn't met her already. She didn't seem like an attendant from the airport. I was about to raise my hand and ask when I saw light from the outside stream *through* her body. She was a *hologram*. *Clever*.

I was so engrossed in how technically impressive this was, and how impressive the male hologram in a blue body suit wearing a blue mask and blue cape was, that I was barely paying attention to the exact words they said for their safety speech. I wasn't concerned: I'd watched tens of airline safety speeches in my life and knew the most important stuff. (Virgin America's was the most memorable, and George Carlin's was the funniest.)

Most of it wasn't memorable nor noteworthy. They used lights and sounds to direct us to the location of our safety equipment: Oxygen masks were located directly above us; the inflatable life vests were in our armrests; the inflatable slides would deploy from the emergency exits in case of an unscheduled landing, and so on. (I now began to wonder why there was so much stuff on this plane that was *intended* to blow up in case of emergencies!)

This part of the safety song got my attention:

*"While we're each aboard this plane,
You can't vape or smoke,
'Cause fire in this atmosphere
Could make us explode!"*

There was a loud explosion and a bright orange flash followed by foul-smelling smoke. The breeze increased in intensity and vented the room. As I coughed, sneezed, spat, and held my shirt over my nose to prevent further breathing of this stuff, I was surprised they would go *that far* to ensure no one smoked on a plane. My bride also coughed and snorted, but quickly snickered as the smoke was clearing.

They continued their song:

*"Sorry if we bored you,
We'll be on our way,
'Cause part of this script was written
By the FAA!"*

At this point, I burst out laughing at how ridiculous this was. My bride merely looked at me and smiled. The superheroes flew off and out of the plane's main door, the overly bright screens turned off, the cabin lights turned on again, and I took a deep breath, my shirt now no longer covering my nose. I looked at my bride and applauded. She shrugged and also applauded, cheering.

The melody reminded me and sounded comparable to the Toys R Us theme song from the 1990s, and maybe acted as a tribute to that company. May it rest in peace.

Around this time, we felt the plane tilt up and I felt the pressure and head rush of our flight becoming airborne. A moment later, I *also* heard my bride's favorite word: "Wheeeeeeeee!" I smiled at this and raised my arms beside hers. I echoed her sentiment: "Wheeeeeeeee!" She promptly assaulted my armpit with her fingers, causing me to sputter and laugh. She giggled with delight as her fingers gravitated toward my neck, the back of my knees, and my crotch.

"Hey!" I shouted reflexively, trying to protest amidst my heavy laughter. "Wait... until..." I never got to finish my sentence before she rammed her tongue down my throat and I started choking for a different reason.

A few breaths later and I returned the favor, more gently, and we made out for a moment. Was it romantic? Maybe. Did it help us pass the time until we could safely remove our seatbelts? Definitely.

Chapter 3:

Riding High in the Sky

We barely heard the distinct sound of the seatbelt sign being disabled while we were making out, but I *knew* I heard *something* and reflexively turned toward the sound of the noise and we reluctantly unlocked tongues.

"What is it, my groom?"

I blinked a bit and shook my head. The sign was off when we wanted it to be off. "The seatbelt sign's off," I said.

"Alleluia!" my bride shouted.

"And, on that note my bride, let's pray." I noticed my bride's face turn frowny as she her soft, strong hands. We each knew this was wise as she smirked and looked at me to start the prayer.

I said in a sing-songy voice with a smile, "Father in Heaven, Lord Jesus our Abba, thank You for being our Salvation. Thank You for this glorious honeymoon, filled with your grace and protection."

"And sex!" my bride interjected, smiling while energetically rocking her body back and forth in her seat.

"That too," I continued with a smile and a combination sigh and laugh.

"Thank You, Abba for a wonderful time with my wonderful bride."

"And with you-ou-ou my groo-oo-oom!"

"Thank You Abba for your grace for our lives, for making us, our family, our kids - whoever they are once it's time - and those around us as wise, prosperous, healthy, forgiven, and protected as you."

"And fun! And sexy!"

"Those, too my bride." I smiled and winked at her. She was obviously eager for this prayer to finish. "Thank you, my bride."

"And *thank* you my groom!" she said in a tone high-pitched even for her soprano voice.

"Alleluia."

"Alleluia!"

"And in Jesus's Name. Amen."

"Ah-men!" my bride sang.

We undid our seatbelts and investigated our surroundings. I mentioned the outline of the main cabin above and I'll not repeat it verbatim here. After a bit of exploring, my bride went to the right side of the cabin and I went to the left.

"Look at these, my groom!" She held out some magenta bottles and white bottles about the size of her hands as she stood beside an open cabinet with a transparent plastic door. I looked around me and found a similar cabinet with a variety of bottles of a similar size to the ones my bride found. I reached in there randomly and also grabbed a bunch of bottles with my left hand.

The first one that got my oddly curious attention was a transparent white bottle shaped like a lightning bolt which I leaned forward to examine. I think I grabbed it backwards because I noticed various nutrition facts, active ingredients, and warning labels. The only ingredients I recognized were 'caffeine,' 'sugar,' and something that wasn't entirely 'taurine.' I think this was intended as a stimulant like an energy drink. This made perfect sense considering The Newlywed Line was basically made for mid-air sex and expanding the membership of the so-called 'Mile High Club.' I put this in my right hand while I examined the next bottle.

The second bottle was a transparent blue. I know of no better way of describing its shape than to call it a cock and balls. (I groan and sigh and

roll my eyes as I write this juvenile phrase.) Beyond containing various ingredients I couldn't pronounce as well as testosterone and 'horny goat weed' which I later learned was the *name of a real plant*, this bottle had some noteworthy phrases:

-WARNING: ONLY FOR USE WHILE ABOARD THE NEWLYWED LINE!

-WARNING: ONLY FOR USE BY ADULT MALES!

-WARNING: AVOID CONSUMING GRAPEFRUITS AND GRAPEFRUIT JUICE WHILE AFFECTED BY THIS PRODUCT!

The first phrase I understood: This was probably their special mix of sex juice that they didn't want sold on the black market. The second phrase also made sense because this was probably erection fluid. The third phrase seemed *oddly specific*: I learned later it functioned like certain *other* hard-on drugs I'd rather not mention now since grapefruit increased the effects of such drugs, possibly causing medical troubles.

There was also *this* warning which I had never seen before today:

-WARNING: THIS PRODUCT HAS PRELIMINARY FDA APPROVAL FOR PRIVATE USE. FULL FDA APPROVAL PENDING. NOT FOR COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION.

In other words, this sounded suspiciously to me like, "Experimental Drug!" How The Newlywed Line *also* seemed to be a drug company briefly surprised me, but my bride's playfulness carried through her voice as she said, "C'mon! You're taking too long! Kim said to pick something, chug, and enjoy!" At that point, I wondered if I'd married my opposite: I was acting cautiously and she'd probably belched up her first batch of sex drinks. I shrugged, opened the blue bottle, closed my eyes, and started drinking.

It tasted fruity and distinct, like a combination of orange juice, cherry cough syrup, and menthol. Pretty much immediately, I felt a rush of blood to my groin. I resisted the urge to scratch my crotch with my other hand, then, still wanting to focus on finishing these as soon as practical, I belched up the unique aftertaste, reflexively popped open the white lightning bolt-shaped

bottle, felt like some sort of mad scientist or chemistry teacher, and started drinking. Time to seize the moment!

I *immediately* felt jittery, like I had just downed coffee mixed with a candy bar. Regardless of what the label said, I think I just drank pure, liquified sugar. I'm not sure if I'd be sleeping tonight.

"Whee!" my bride excitedly exclaimed as I was snapped back to reality and opened my eyes. At least I *thought* this was reality. My bride was naked and bloated and *floating* on the ceiling like a balloon, her belly cartoonishly expanded and her arms looking like stubs at her sides! At this point, I wasn't sure *what* to believe!

My bride said, "Why so serious my groo-oo-oom?"

Now, I was a *bit* more sure this was real, but I still felt like *maybe* I was dreaming, or had consumed some fast-acting potent hallucinogen in the 'experimental' drugs I chugged whose bottles I'm pretty sure I dropped near me in my surprise. Whatever happened, I needed some relief - *quickly* - because I was losing my capacity for rational thought!

My bride flipped in midair and used her legs - at least I *assume* she used her legs - to maneuver, sometimes kicking the ceiling to push herself downward, only to be lifted again. As part of this demonstration of her newfound status, I noticed some white balloon-shaped bottles on the floor beside the bed and rushed there. I just *had* to know what she drank.

The bottles had another batch of ingredients written in scientific jargon. The only thing I recognized was a word that wasn't 'helium' but looked partly like 'helium.' This situation had gotten *weird* quickly, but I was caring less and less by the moment because of how jittery and *horny* I felt. I think my bride felt the same way about that horniness.

"C'mon! Let's fuck! Get in position and I'll give you a blown-up blowjob!"

I snickered as my bride extended her legs from the ceiling, suspended in midair, while we removed my shorts and tossed them toward the floor. My cock was engorged and grown and I felt like I had the stamina of ten men!

My eyes reflexively closed as I felt my bride's lips close on my crotch. Her tongue moved the base of my balls and massaged them, and I felt my cock grow in her throat. How long I couldn't say.

Her mouth massaged the back-top of my dick to make me harder faster. She gently bit my foreskin and rubbed her top teeth around its head and the underside of my cock that largely controlled when my semen came out. I couldn't see it, but I felt that my member was red and pulsating.

My bride massaged my balls with her tongue, paying special attention to where they connected to the rest of my body. "Ooooh!" she exclaimed playfully and excitedly while I grunted something similar. She exercised my crotch with her mouth, preparing it for a long plane ride, moving her mouth and teeth this way and that to get my circulation flowing without making me cum. I was overtaken by ecstasy and felt like my cock was the only part of me that mattered.

"Move the bed up, my love," my bride said as I opened my eyes again, my primed, wet cock out of her mouth and her inflated torso and possibly stretched tits bouncing from the air in front of me. Her soft, strong hand touched mine as we reached for the side of the bed, my arm barely long enough to reach the control panel from this angle. With a sudden springing motion and whirring noise, I pushed a lever and the bed moved up about an inch and my bride no longer stood on the ceiling on her tippy toes. We continued this until the bed was about a foot off the ground and we could easily reach each other.

My bride said with a sly smile, adjusting her midair position, "Time to fuck me in the crotch!" With a deft maneuver, she speared my crotch with hers. She grabbed onto the railings, the TV, and anything else within convenient reach to help her thrust up and down from her position and I grabbed onto her boobs and lower body - whatever I could reach - to further pleasure her.

My bride's crotch was still tight after the few times we had sex since our wedding. We took each other's virginity and were proud of it!

A warm, fleshy, muscular sheath gripped and poked my dick and slammed into my groin like we were on some sort of exercise machine. I'm pretty

sure drinking that blue-bottled goo grew my dick because less of it was fitting in my bride's crotch. Whatever. I felt *powerful*. I felt like a *man* and my bride felt like a *woman* and we *knew it*.

My bride could tell I was close to cumming and started spinning in midair, our crotches wet with pre-cum, as I felt her grind my crotch from a rotating angle. So *this* is how it felt to be screwed!

With a burst of strength, I squeezed my bride's nipples - one of her most sensitive sexual spots - and let my cum fly into her crotch. I held my dick steadily in place and vigorously massaged her nipples until I felt the quiver and orgasmic release of her crotch on mine. I was still horny, but I felt like I regained some of my senses, and when I saw a thick batch of my cum drip from her crotch as she twirled in midair, I simply laughed.

"Good, my groom!" My bride joined me in laughter. "So, now what?" she said, genuinely curious. "I only came once and I *know* you're still horny!"

My body spasmed, in the final throes of reacting to my last orgasm. Some deep breaths later, I said, "What else was in that cabinet for you, my bride?"

"Well, my groom, I'd *get* it, but I'm too high right now and guys aren't meant to touch the stuff!" She smiled and I raised my eyebrow, each of us still eager to get on with the sex. "Hug me!"

My bride stood comfortably on the ceiling and extended her legs so I could easily wrap my arms around at least part of her body. This was an interesting way to make out, but I was too horny to leave my dick unattended. I hugged my bride's waist as best I could while thrusting my still-erect cock into her crotch. She moaned quietly in relief as her eyes rolled to the top of her head. I licked her cleavage and nipples as best I could as I squeezed her and helped her to orgasm again.

She inhaled and exhaled deeply with a loud burp and I felt her bloated form shrink a bit. She giggled and moaned and belched as I continued fucking her crotch through a series of convulsive orgasms from her and one more from me. I embraced her body as her levitation became less and less until it

ended with a long, loud fart followed by her cumming one more time. "Woooo!" she shouted while riding me in the cowgirl pose.

I coughed and choked and laughed as I rolled over to my right as far as I could, startled and starting to care more about the air quality in the room. I covered my nose with my shirt while my bride laughed quite happily at this happening! Instinctively, I still thrust a moment while she had her schadenfreude moment, then she rolled off my crotch and tickled my knees to have me stand quickly. "Go get more of *your* stuff and *I'll* get more of *mine*!"

I headed toward the cabinet I started emptying, grabbed my shorts, and quickly vented the stink in my bride's direction. She grabbed her clothes and fanned the fart back my way. Soon, things were vented and I properly examined the cabinets on my side of the room. They all contained some combination of white, blue, and pink bottles. I correctly assumed blue bottles were for males, pink for females, and white for either. Beyond the bottle types we already found (white balloons, white lightning bolts, and blue male crotches), there were pink bottles for boobs, butts, and what looked like grocery store milk jugs with handles.

"How many of these should I drink, my groom?" She got my attention immediately after I finished examining the cabinets. She had in her arms what seemed like several cabinets' worth of feminine drinks. "How about all of them?" My face winced at this: She seemed like she was starting a competition. Part of me felt relieved and proud she was using this opportunity to its fullest!

"Where will you start?" I asked, earnestly curious, my eyebrow raising at this remark.

She dumped her bottle collection on some seats near the bed, grabbed one seemingly at random, and started chugging. It looked like a butt. "Ooo-ooh!" she said after she finished her drink, then stuck out her tongue at me as if she were a young child teasing others at school. "C'mere and feel my butt!"

I quickly walked over there and noticed my dick was still long, yet soft. It

bounced and flopped playfully as I moved toward my bride and grabbed her small, muscular heart-shaped butt tightly with her. In what seemed like seconds, her butt rounded out gradually, but noticeably. Her butt seemingly grew a half-inch or an inch in diameter. Was it fat, muscle, air, fluid, or something else? I couldn't tell, and she didn't care. She wiggled her slightly-enlarged butt mischievously at me. "What's this about not liking butts?"

I sighed and tickled her butt. "I only said that butts were less important to me than boobs: Boobs dispense life-giving milk. Butts dispense decay and death."

"Lemme change that!" She quickly searched through her drink pile, opened two more butt bottles, and poured them into her mouth in a combined stream that made her look she would have fainted of thirst. Her butt grew another inch or more as she wiggled her newly-expanded back curves at me. "So, anal?"

I recoiled with disgust.

"Well, you didn't want anal sex the last 5 times!" she teased.

"It's a *butt*. I only tried anal *once* and *briefly* because I was curious." I quivered at the thought. I think my erection was shrinking in agreement.

"I'd hate to waste this opportunity!" She looked at me over her shoulder with a sense of inspiration and cunning that only she had. "Fuck my butt boobs!"

"What?"

"My butt cleavage!" she said, jumping on the bed face and boobs first, the mattress making bouncy springing noises as she grabbed another butt bottle on the way. "And what else are you drinking, my love? Your cabinets seem remarkably busy!" She chugged it like it were her new favorite flavor.

My erection was waning and I felt my dick quickly shrink back to its slightly-longer-than-normally-flaccid size. I quickly checked the cabinet and

grabbed two blue bottles, shrugged, and drank them quickly.

"That's *it*?" my bride asked, tauntingly. "C'mon! You can do better than that!"

As I reached for more blue bottles, I considered grabbing more, but I valued my long-term well-being and was already quickly feeling the effects of these drinks. Once again, my dick quickly expanded as I walked toward my bride reclining on the bed, waving her bubbly butt at me in a rhythmic and dancing pattern, but I also felt like my balls and ball sack were expanding slightly. I could *definitely* feel a rush of blood toward my crotch as my body was put on rapid sperm production mode. Before I my crotch touched her body, I had the strongest boner I ever remembered and my dick was probably 11 or 12 inches and so thick I could barely wrap my thumb and second finger around it.

I aimed my dick at my bride's butt cleavage and missed, sticking her in the crotch. "Hey!" she shouted. "Messing with people is *my* job!" I only smiled and snickered at her as she lunged forward to remove my dick from her crotch. "Once more from the top - and get it *right* this time!"

I complied, horny and testosterone-filled as ever. I wasn't sure how deep my bride's butt cleft was, but I could fit in about half my cock. We grabbed her butt cheeks and ensured my cock stayed within the guardrails as she wiggled, flexed, and danced. I massaged her butt as I thrust my most tender physical parts against what was normally her garbage disposal. My mind pulsed with "dick" and "sex" and "cum" that I went along with this with barely a thought.

I enjoyed the feeling of what was effectively a form of tit fuck with a different view, but was glad when it ended in an explosive orgasm. I shot some of cum from later spasms up her butt to make her happy. "How are ya feelin', my bride?"

"Eh," she said, unimpressed. "I just wanted to try it."

"How long do these drinks last, anyway?" I asked with a sigh, scratching the underside of my ball sack.

"Weeeeeeeellll, Kim said they use arousal and sex hormones as fuel, buuuut sometimes also *cause* arousal. We should be back to normal before landing." My bride looked at me a bit disappointed as she rose from the bed and got us some water bottles.

I sighed with relief before my crotch told me it was still go time. "My bride."

"Yes, my groom?"

I took two water bottles from her, chugging one and rinsing my cock with the other. I winced as the refrigerated water touched my hot cock, but my horniness prevented the pain. She smiled and tickled my dick as she chugged her water bottle. "Now, for the reason I wed you!" I said as we tossed our water bottles aside.

"*Say it!*" my bride urged.

"Fucking your rich, fit tits!" I excitedly replied, winking. My bride and I were upper middle class based on the price of things in Irvine, California, but with her family's business and my new teaching stint starting soon, we were well on our way to living fanciful, rich lives. Of course, tithing to our church helped generate income for us, but fully explaining Malachi 3:10 from the Bible is a topic for another time.

I sat on a nearby clear seat beside a cabinet for quick access to male drugs. My bride brought over a pile of pink bottles - including some between her boobs and in her butt cleavage - for our amusement as she walked sexily toward me. She placed the bottles on the floor within easy reach and said, "Boobs or milk first?"

"Boobs, of course, my bride!" Her boobs had swollen during sex by a cup size or few. She was probably rockin' M cups, and that was *before* boob drinks.

"Can my boobs *ever* be too *big* for you, my groom?" She pinched my nipples as my cock's throb pulsated, pushing it closer to her cleavage.

I had my speech well-rehearsed. "Theoretically, yes, my bride, but I doubt we're reaching the point where your boobs are each about the size of your torso. There may be enough drinks around here for that, my love, but let's enjoy being people with big sex parts instead of big sex parts with people. I like these sex boosts, but I don't want to be *stuck* with them!"

"Aww!" my bride said with a dramatic pout.

"We're still flying back on The Newlywed Line. We can try the super extreme stuff then if we still want."

Her dramatic pout continued with a "Hmph!" She rolled her eyes at me, playfully frustrated, and said, "Fine!" She grabbed some boob bottles and handed them to me. "Here! You tell me when you're satisfied while I..." she trailed off, getting up from her seat and grabbing some dick drinks, "do the same with you!"

I was too horny to protest.

We each popped open a drink and fed each other from our respective bottles. After 2 more drinks, I couldn't take it anymore and just told my bride to chug what she was about to chug quickly. My sex parts had grown just as expected and my dick was long enough that I could easily suck it if I wanted, which I did while I waited for my bride to finish chugging the boob bottles and milk bottles at hand.

When my bride looked up and saw me sucking my own cock, I think she orgasmed. This may have been a dream come true for her, pun intended. She released a sigh of relief and said, "Wait for me!" She tickled my neck, armpits, and cock which got me to laugh enough so she could put her now much larger rack around my cock. I'm not sure if bras came that big, but her boobs were most the size of her torso and probably well in the second half of the alphabet for cup size.

She massaged my dick and I came immediately in her face. She shook her head and said, "Got more in there for me, my groom?"

I nodded and grabbed her boobs, massaging them. When my dick was in

her mouth, I tickled her underboob and felt her tongue bounce on the underside of my cock. She smiled and snickered.

We fondled this way, her mouth sucking up my many orgasms and our seats dripping wet with hers, mostly stimulated by my licking, sucking, and tweaking her nipples. I may have even blacked out for a time. For my final orgasm, my bride removed my dick from her mouth and let my cum spray her face and head, even getting some in her ears. She said, "So, is this aural sex?"

I smiled, shook my head, and facepalmed. For that, I twisted my bride's nipples and caused her to shout and orgasm in ecstasy.

It was around that time that I started feeling the effects of the sex drugs. Many people don't realize just how much of a workout that was, and even with the practice we had in the past week or so, that was my most intense sex ever!

I hugged my bride and she hugged me back. "I wuv you my wuv!"

"I wuv you too my wuv! Oh yeah, and thanks for sex!"

"Thanks for sex to you too! Sex is beautiful," I said. I amended that statement. "Sex is beautiful if done correctly."

"Amen!" she said, beaming and radiant.

"Alleluia," I said, my breathing becoming heavier.

"Yes, alleluia!" my bride replied.

"I may be sleeping soon for the rest of this trip."

"Yeah! That's probably the most exercise I've seen you want to do in a day!"

I sighed, groaned, and stood. I gathered and my stripped clothes, took a shower, did some other things not worth mentioning, and headed to the bed

feeling high on endorphins but ready for a break. I passed out while my bride watched some online videos via the plane's wireless network and ate her meatball sub, which smelled *delicious* in the brief moments of my consciousness.

Other Comments

Smile! Jesus loves you!

Overall Rating

For us, the Newlywed Line was a unique experience and one we're eager to experience again on our way home! (Don't expect a review, though. This one took long enough to write!)

My bride gives this airline a 100%! (It would have been a 99.9% because the ride ended, but this was close enough.) I give it a 92% because of the normal monetary cost of thousands of dollars and the painful safety video. Otherwise, this was well worth it! Alleluia!

Chapter 4:

Riding into the Sunset

With my review emailed to Kim - because their system never anticipated someone writing a 10+ page review - I called out to my bride, packed my laptop, and was *very ready* to explore the state of Hawaii again.

"Hey, guy!" my bride said, raising her eyebrows suggestively at me as she grabbed her part of the luggage, elbowing me in the knee on *very* purpose.

"Alright, you two," said Kim who had followed my bride from behind me and appeared suddenly. "I hope you're ready for your *Hawaiian dream vacation*," she said with a giddy smile, rubbing her hands together excitedly. "Your first luau together starts in less than an hour! I'll drive you there, and ensure your luggage is taken to your hotel room."

My bride smiled at Kim and said, "Aww! Thankee!" She then flashed me a look that said, "We *are* doing this or I'm sending you to heaven today, *permanently!*"

I looked at the two gals and said, "Alright. Lead on!" I took a deep breath, smiled at them, and shrugged.

The point of this Hawaiian honeymoon was to get an authentic Hawaiian experience, *especially* for my bride who was experiencing this culture in person for the first time.

The red-orange setting sun was at our backs as we hustled through the airport to the parking garage, my bride's boobs jiggling sexily as we jogged. It was like watching a behind-the-scenes look for a cowboy movie where the choreographer and her assistants were showing the actors where to ride their horses for the big closing scene.

Here's the thing about riding into the sunset: The sun always rises, and the adventure of that day always leads into the adventure of the next.

Epilogue:

What Do You Believe?

Plenty of people have read or heard stories like this where something seemingly *fantastic* happens then shrugged it off as being too fantastic or different to be true. I call it true because I lived it, but sharing my experience in book form would make many people question which parts were exaggerated or imagined. I'm not about to sign an affidavit, but the Word of Christ is "trustworthy and true" (Revelation 22:6, New International version), and "All Scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting, and training in righteousness" (2 Timothy 3:16, New International Version).

Thus, I leave you to your own conclusions.

Contact the Author

Since I know some of you will want to share your thoughts about my story, do so here:

[*NewlyWedLine@gmail.com*](mailto:NewlyWedLine@gmail.com)

Credits & Special Thanks

-=GODHOOD=-

-Jesus Christ: He is Lord, Savior, Daddy, and a wonderful inspiration! Alleluia!

-=COVER ILLUSTRATION=-

-Denis Belitskiy: Cover Illustrator (stock image only). Picture from Dreamstime.com, ID 100681873 © Denis Belitskiy.

-Divine Promise O: Cover Illustrator (aside from the stock images). [Fiverr.com](https://www.fiverr.com) ID: [Grafiz designs](https://www.fiverr.com/ID100681873). Resides in Nigeria, Africa.

-=FINANCIAL BOOKS THAT HELPED US IN OUR MARRIAGE=-

-Greg Campbell. Author of [*Everything is Money: A Handbook to the Basics of YOUR Financial Literacy*](#). Reading this helped me understand how Christ and money are very closely related and very compatible!

-Robert Kiyosaki. Author of [*Rich Dad Poor Dad*](#). The rich find ways to have money work for them instead of being slaves to money.

-Dave Ramsey. Author of [*Total Money Makeover*](#). Debt is bad, m'kay? The Bible says so, m'kay?

The Newlywed Line *Part 1: Getting High in the Sky*

*"A loving doe, a graceful deer-
may her breasts satisfy you always,
may you ever be intoxicated with her love."
-Proverbs 5:19, New International Version*

The wonders of modern science have given us food out of thin air, accurate photographs of a black hole, self-lacing sneakers, and toilet paper. That's the sort of stuff I saw in science fiction movies years ago!

What I didn't expect was for reality to turn out even more marvelous than fiction! On our honeymoon were holograms, 'experimental' sexually-fueled drugs, and explosions aboard our state-of-the-art luxury flight to Hawaii on a private jet, The Newlywed Line. This was but the start of a prolonged adventure that accepting this wedding present caused! Why hadn't I heard of anyone predicting these for my future?

The content of this document, what a certain legal advisor of mine says to call a 'novel,' is just your typical humorous autobiographical adult Christian romance novel featuring experimental drugs.

Right?

*This book is for ADULTS ONLY, those aged 18 years
and older!*