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Sophie's Hotwife Adventures

P.T. Brown

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SOPHIE'S HOTWIFE ADVENTURES

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Chapter 1 – A poolside rendezvous

■

Sophie sat on the edge of the pool, splashing her feet around in the water gently as she lay back onto her arms, the afternoon sun on her face. Alastair, her husband, was in the water next to her. The pool area was quite busy with various couples, families and groups occupying almost all the sun loungers, and quite a few people in the pool. Over the hum of people talking and children playing, a bell chimed.

"Happy hour," Alastair said, looking up at his wife. "Your turn."

Sophie looked at him over her sunglasses.

"Same as yesterday?" she asked.

"Why not."

Sophie stood up put on her thin, almost transparent black gown over her costume and wandered off to the pool bar. Her husband admired her body from behind his sunglasses as she strolled away.

"Two Hawaiians?" asked the bartender as she approached.

"Are we that predictable?" she asked, smiling at him.

The barman laughed and went to work making the cocktails as Sophie stood in the sun.

"Are they nice?" asked a voice from behind her. She turned around to see a rather attractive younger guy standing in only swimming shorts eyeing the cocktail menu.

"Very, we like them." she said approvingly.

"Then that's what I'll have, I think."

The barman returned from the back of the bar.

"I'm sorry, I only have enough vodka here to make this one, I've sent someone into the hotel to get another bottle, won't be a minute." He said, putting one cocktail on the counter.

Sophie picked up the glass. "I'll take this to over to my husband, I'll be back in a sec." she said to the handsome stranger, wandering away and glancing at him over her shoulder.

When she reached Alastair, he was back on the sun lounge.

"They could only do one, waiting for Vodka, you can have this, and I'll go and get mine."

"Who's he?" Alastair asked, nodding at the bar.

"Some random why?" she asked.

"He couldn't take his eyes off you as you walked over. I think you have an admirer." Alastair said, sipping his cocktail.

Sophie paused for a second and put her hand on her husband's shoulder as she looked across to the pool bar.

"Then maybe he's my lunch." she said softly, so only her husband could hear. "Mind if I...?"

"Of course not sweetie." Alastair said, opening his book.

Sophie wandered back to the pool bar and stood up close, next to her admirer.

"Any sign of our drinks yet?"

"Not yet." he said, leaning towards her a little. "The bottle has arrived though, so it won't be long."

"Oh good." Sophie replied, taking a seat on a nearby stool and casting a look to her husband watching intently over his book from the poolside. The stranger sat on the stool next to her.

They chatted for a while, long after their drinks appeared. She established that

his name was Adam, he was ten years younger than her, single, on holiday with his brother, and was leaving in the morning for their flight home. He clearly looked interested in her, which she played to a little in the way she sat, crossing her legs occasionally. As she was playing with the straw between her lips and drinking the last of her cocktail, Adam finally decided to go for broke and get a little flirty.

"Doesn't he mind you sat over here chatting to a strange man?" he said, gesturing over towards Alastair, who was deep in his book.

"Oh no, we don't mind what either of us do, as long as we both know about it." she said, looking over her sunglasses at Adam briefly so their eyes met properly.

"Really?" Adam asked, clearly surprised.

"Really." Sophie replied calmly.

There was a brief pause, Adam clearly processing what he had just heard.

"It's a shame we're going home tomorrow, it would have been nice to chat again."

Sophie put down her glass on the bar and waved to the barman.

"I'm free now." she said to Adam casually. "Should I order two, or just one for my husband?"

The barman appeared.

"Hello." he said.

Adam looked up and smiled.

"Just one more Hawaiian please." he said calmly.

"No problem." the barman said and wandered off.

Adam sat still, looking a little unsure what to do next.

"You had better tell me what room you're going to be in hadn't you?" Sophie said calmly and confidently, without looking at him.

"517." Adam said. "Fifth floor."

"517." Sophie repeated softly. "Ok then, you go ahead, I'll be there shortly."

Adam didn't need telling twice, he got up and Sophie watched him as he went over to who she assumed was his brother, sat chatting to two girls on the edge of the pool. He whispered something to him, then headed into the hotel.

The barman passed Sophie the cocktail Adam had ordered, and she gently slipped off the stool and headed over to her husband.

"I take it you have plans?" he said, as she passed him the drink and sat down next to him on his sun lounger, slipping her shoes on.

"I do, I'll be in 517, come get me if I'm not back in an hour."

"Ok." Alastair said smiling. "Don't break him".

"There's a possibility he might break me." Sophie said happily, standing up and adjusting her wrap slightly.

Alastair laughed. "Don't get yourself broken then. Have fun."

Sophie leaned down and kissed him, passing him her sunglasses. "I'm sure I will."

She wandered off into the hotel. Alastair watched until she was out of sight, aroused at the thought of what Sophie was about to do.

In the hotel, Sophie called the elevator. She had butterflies in her tummy every time she did this, it was part of the attraction. The first time she tried, she met someone in the hotel bar a few years ago. Everything went well until the elevator opened in front of her, then she couldn't get in for nerves. The second time she did make it to the right floor, but then pressed to go back down to the lobby. Since the first time she did make it to the room, she's been hooked. Alastair always knows which room she's in for safety, and the sex she has with her husband after telling him about her adventures is the best she ever has. Not to mention the varied diet of other men she tends to enjoy.

The elevator door opened, and she stepped in alone, pressing floor 5. When it

reached its destination, she was a little relieved it wasn't a long walk to room 17, just down the corridor a little. She arrived at the door and adjusted her costume and gown, slid her fingers through her hair a little, took a deep breath, and knocked the door.

Adam must've been looking through the security hole in the door as no sooner had she knocked, the door opened. He was still in his swimming shorts. He smiled. She confidently walked straight in past him as he closed the door, and out towards the balcony, which was open but for the net curtain was across it, obscuring the view of the pool and blowing a little in the breeze.

"Pool view. Nice" she said, without turning around.

"I have to confess I sat here yesterday afternoon watching you swimming around." he said softly. She smiled to herself then turned around to face him as he walked towards her. He stopped, very close, and she looked up at him. Just as he leaned forward to kiss her, she tilted her head to one side, offering him her neck.

"No kissing." she said gently.

"Oh, ok" he said. "Anything else?"

"Oh no, not really." She whispered, reaching her hand up behind his head and pulling him towards her. He started to kiss her neck gently, sliding his hands up from her hips in front of her and tugging at the belt on her robe.

It fell open very easily, so he pushed it back over her shoulders and it fell to the floor. He placed his hands on the shoulder straps of her costume and slid them gently off her shoulders.

"I've never removed one of these before." he said, stopping kissing her neck briefly.

"Just peel down." She whispered, her breath becoming shorter as her arousal increased.

He did as he was told and bent down, slowly peeling the costume to the floor, his eyes transfixed on her body. As he reached the floor, he stood up as she stepped out of it and kicked off her shoes. She stood in front of him naked and bent a

knee just slightly.

"Wow" he muttered, looking at her. "Mind if I?"

"No need to ask." she replied. "Just do, ok?"

"Ok" he said and took a breath.

He leaned forward and put a hand behind her neck, which she tilted again, the other way this time. He kissed her neck passionately, and she lifted one leg around him, throwing her head back slightly. He placed his hands on her buttocks and lifted her, she put her arms around his neck and wrapped her other leg around him in response. He stopped and looked into her eyes, carried her over and set her down in a seated position on the bed gently, just in front of his waistline. She knew what he wanted, and she wanted to see her prize too.

She pulled at the cord on his shorts and placed two fingers in either side of the waistband on his hips, and pulled them down, exposing his semi-hard cock right in front of her face. She reached up and took it in one hand, encouraging it to grow. She leaned forward and gently kissed the base of it, making it twitch slightly.

"I think it likes me." she said playfully as she continued arousing him with her hand.

"I think it does." he said, putting one hand behind her neck gently encouraging her forward. She looked up into his eyes, opened her mouth, and slid him inside. He moaned. She held her head still and placed one hand on each of his buttocks, encouraging him to move in and out of her mouth gently. He seemed reluctant. She stopped for a second and looked up at him.

"Don't worry about breaking me, this is one of my favourite hobbies, just ask my husband." She said softly, before leaning forward once more and taking him back into her mouth.

Adam put both hands on the back of her head as she pulled at him once more and he entered her mouth deeply, gathering in confidence and thrusting deeper each time. She moaned. 'Good boy' she thought to herself as his cock started to press against the back of her throat.

After a few minutes, Adam clearly needed a break, or this would be over quickly. He let go of Sophie's head, who leaned back slightly, freeing him from her mouth. He put his hands under her arms and lifted her quite aggressively back onto the bed. It surprised her a little, but she liked it. He climbed on, pressing her legs open wide, and burying his face in her pussy. His tongue movements were aggressive but not unpleasant, and Sophie loved receiving anyone going down on her. She pulled her legs up and held them open, giving him complete access. He took it, using his tongue and his fingers on her until she too, needed a break. She closed her legs slightly and he took the hint, sliding up and kissing her nipples. Eventually his slow movement up her body put him in the perfect position to enter her. He hesitated for a second.

"Aren't we forgetting something?" Sophie said calmly.

"Oh, fuck, yes, sorry." Adam climbed away quickly and rifled through the drawer next to the bed eventually pulling out a condom, fighting with the wrapper angrily to open it.

"Here. let me." Sophie said, holding her hand out. He passed the packet to her, and she gently opened it, squeezed the end gently, then rather erotically rolled it down Adams cock while looking sweetly into his eyes,

"There we go," she said, "now, where were you?"

Adam climbed back over her and seemed to wait for permission again.

"Hey," she said.

"Yes?"

"You don't need an invitation." She said confidently. Wrapping her legs around his waist and pulling him toward her. Adam adjusted his position and entered warmness her slowly. It felt amazing, for both of them. So much so that Sophie let out a loud moan, pulling him deeper with her legs.

Once fully inside her pussy, he stopped. She looked up at him, part angry and part frustrated, but he wasn't waiting, he was smiling down at her.

"What?" she asked, frowning.

"Just so we're clear. I don't need an invitation. No?" he asked.

"No, why?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, just checking." He said, before withdrawing his cock almost to the tip, then slamming it back deeply inside her. The shock and surprise took her breath away.

"Fuck!" She exclaimed.

"Oh, I plan to." Adam responded, fire finally in his eyes.

For the next five minutes he fucked Sophie eagerly and aggressively. She really enjoyed it, moaning loudly and spreading her legs as far as she could for him to enter. He wasn't being physically aggressive as such, just wildly passionate about his mission. And the feeling of this young fit guy inside her was just too good. After only a few minutes they were already dripping in sweat. He withdrew, flipped her over like a rag doll and pulled her up onto all fours, grabbing her hips and quickly entering her again, pounding away at her for all he was worth. She looked to her left and could see a mirror. She watched him fucking her, which really turned her on. She also thought that she looked good, and that her husband would love to see her right now.

Adam noticed her looking in the mirror and upped his pace a bit further, gripping at her arse. She buried her face into the pillow to muffle her moans, but it didn't seem to help. All she could do at this stage was let go.

She felt a climax building inside her, but she wanted to take charge at least once this afternoon, so she leaned forward onto the bed away from him.

"Lie down honey" she instructed. He quickly obliged. As he lay there, she gave a cursory inspection of the condom, which had survived perfectly in place thus far, so she grabbed his cock, sat down onto it facing away from him and began sliding up and down.

She put her hands up into her hair and rode him hard before placing her arms behind her. He got the point, holding her wrists tightly and driving into her in line with her pelvic movements. She felt herself building to an orgasm, and so did Adam. She rode faster and harder until she started to cum loudly. A moment later the feeling, sight, and sounds of Sophie on top of him made Adam sit up and pull her down further onto him as he came, filling the condom inside her.

After a second to catch their breath, Sophie gently held the condom in place as she slid off and lay next to him, both out of breath. He looked at her and smiled.

“That was amazing.” he said, stroking a hand gently down her shoulder. She smiled back at him.

“I had better go and deal with this.” he said gesturing to the condom.

“And I had better get back to my husband.” Sophie replied.

Adam stood and Sophie watched him walk naked to the bathroom, admiring the view. She wondered what other fun she could have had with him if they had more time, but also couldn't wait to get back to Alastair to tell him all about the fuck she'd just had.

She stood and started to put on her swimming costume. It was still slightly damp from swimming earlier, and it felt cold against her skin, which was still glistening with sweat.

She put on her shoes and reached for her wrap. As she slid her arms into the short sleeves the door clicked. Adam's brother came in. He was older than Adam, she thought, and rather attractive too.

“Hello. You must be Adam's brother.” she said, tying her wrap.

“Hello.” he replied awkwardly as Adam came out of the bathroom, now back in his shorts. Adam glared at him, presumably for coming back to the room when he had been told not to.

Sophie walked over and put an arm around Adam's waist and slid one leg across him seductively.

“It's a shame you didn't come up earlier.” she said to his brother. “I've never had brothers before.” The brothers looked at each other, slightly stunned.

Sophie looked up at Adam. “

Thanks for this afternoon. It was a lot of fun.” She kissed him on the cheek. “I best be going. Nice to meet you both, safe trip home.”

At that she stepped between them towards the door and opened it, silently slipping away into the corridor. She smiled to herself as she headed back to the elevator, satisfied with her afternoon.

As she stepped out into the sun, she saw her husband, still reading his book. He looked up at her as she approached and sat on his sun lounger next to him.

“Hey you.” he said casually. “Have fun?”

“Yes, lots.” she replied. “Coming for a dip? I need to cool down.”

“Oh it was that good was it?” he asked curiously.

“Above average I’d say. The windows were open, and the room got hot.” she said, taking off her wrap in anticipation of getting in the water.

“Oh, the room was hot. I see.” Alastair replied sarcastically, closing his book, and standing up.

They wandered over to the pool and slid in. Sophie swam over and put her arms around Alastair and kissed him briefly.

“Anything stand out?” he asked, curious.

“Not really. All quite straightforward and vanilla today.” she replied, thinking it through. “But I do quite like how younger guys fuck like their life depends on it. It’s a pretty good workout.” She smiled, glancing at her wrists and biting her lip gently.

They floated in the pool together for a while, not saying much, enjoying what was left of the afternoon sun, and each other’s company. Eventually Sophie climbed up the steps to return to her sun lounger. Alastair watched, admiring his wife’s body. She lay down, bending one knee upward, then looked across at him, casting him a look that she hoped nobody else around the pool could see. She was already in need of another workout. A much longer, less vanilla workout. The kind Alastair excelled at.

He climbed out of the pool and sat on his sun lounger.

“Any idea where you want to go for dinner?” he asked.

“Maybe we should eat here at the hotel tonight.” Sophie replied. “We won’t have far to go to get dessert then.”

“Oh, so what’s for dessert?” he asked curiously.

“Me.”

Chapter 2 – A changing room quickie

■

After her steamy afternoon with the stranger on holiday this summer, Sophie soon became fed up with Autumn. With the dark nights closing in and very little exciting to look forward to until Christmas she decided that an indulgence in her favourite ‘hobby’ might help improve her mood a little.

These days, she usually she connected with guys through a website she used, then met them in a bar for a drink to vet them before retiring to a discreet location, but these days there was a shortage of new guys, and she wasn’t a big fan of screwing the same guy twice, other than her husband Alastair of course.

Not far from their house there was a quite upmarket hotel and spa, with a gym and leisure centre open to locals. To Sophie, this was an opportunity to meet hot guys which needed to be explored. She bought herself some gym gear and booked in for an induction. She was familiar with the hotel, as she and Alastair had been to their restaurant for a romantic dinner on a few occasions in the past, but she'd never been to their leisure centre, or stayed there overnight for that matter.

She went along one evening for her gym induction and was shown around and given instructions on each machine by a rather friendly and attractive young lady called Emma. Throughout the course of the induction, they chatted a little and Sophie gleaned that Emma was seeing one of the lifeguards, so Sophie - who liked Emma, made a mental note to keep her hands off any young men at the pool called Darren.

While her sexual appetite was voracious, Sophie had made a conscious decision early in her life to never knowingly sleep with married men (the ring almost always gave it away), or anyone that looked shifty if the subject of wives or girlfriends came up. It was harder now she was older as most men her age were married but given that she wasn't worried too much about age (over her lower limit of twenty years old), she could usually find what she was looking for.

When her induction was completed, she went for a swim, mainly just to get familiar with the place, then went home. Over the next couple of weeks, she

went often. She quite liked using the gym, something she had never been interested in before, and the pool facilities were good. During her visits she started to get a feel for the people she would see. There were a few who were there a lot, regulars who must've lived nearby, which ruled them out immediately. Then there were men she would only see once, or just a few times in that week and not again - she assumed these were staying on business at the hotel, and therefore ideal candidates. She didn't bother going at weekends, she almost always had something going on with Alastair, or the kids were visiting from Uni or something, and she assumed that weekends would mostly be members and visiting couples in any case.

After about three weeks and having made a few acquaintances of both sexes at the gym, she decided to change her focus from familiarisation, to sex.

Alastair thought it was funny that she had joined the gym. She was a slim, attractive woman who had never really felt the need to exercise much. He often joked that her figure was probably down to the amount of sexual exercise she had and thought it hilarious the lengths she was going to when there were much easier ways for her to get what she wanted. In any case, he'd found a new series on Netflix he liked, and was more than happy to have the living room to himself for a few evenings during the week while she headed out to "get fit", especially as he knew that in all likelihood, she was very safe there - regardless of what she got up to.

One rainy Tuesday evening, she came home from work, changed, had dinner with Alastair, and headed out to the gym. She had decided that she would do a little work on the machines, then head for a swim, all while she was on the lookout for an 'opportunity'.

She went into the gym and over to the running machines, as she always did, to find that only one was free. She put in her headphones and fired it up, getting up to speed before looking around the room a little. It was quite quiet. There were six people on the running machine, a few doing weights, but very little else going on. She ran for a while before slowing down and turning the machine off, standing on it for a while catching her breath. On the machine next to her, somewhere she hadn't looked ironically, a quite attractive man around her age slowed his machine to a walk, then turned it off. He didn't look directly at Sophie, and had his headphones in. He wiped his forehead with his towel, and she instinctively checked his ring finger.

'No wedding ring,' she thought to herself.

To her frustration, he stepped off the machine and walked away. Clearly people in the gym weren't of a mind to pick up women - she thought. She went to her locker and changed into her swimming costume and headed into the pool area. She'd identified Emma's boyfriend Darren quite early on, and as she went onto poolside he was there. She said hello to him and got in the water, swimming laps. A few minutes later, to her surprise, the handsome stranger from the running machine walked in and he too got in the pool. They ended up, with a few other people, swimming laps in a formation which meant each time they reached the middle of the pool, they passed each other.

Sophie had enjoyed looking at him as he swam past but had resigned herself to getting out of the pool and heading home when on her final lap, he looked across at her as she passed him. She smiled; he smiled back. As a result, she decided to swim for a little longer. Unfortunately, on her next lap, he didn't pass. She glanced around the pool to find he was leaning against one end of the pool, the end she was approaching. She swam to the wall next to him intent on turning for another lap as he looked at her and smiled again. She stopped gracefully by the wall. They looked at each other in silence for a second.

"Hi," he said.

"Hello," Sophie replied, resting her arms on the side of the pool.

"Are you staying at the hotel?" he asked.

"No, I live here," she said calmly, "you?"

"Work, never been here before," he replied. "Hotels good though, and the locals are really nice."

She wasn't sure if he was flirting or not, and she wasn't really prepared to go out on a limb.

"Some of us," she replied. "How long are you here?"

"Checking out tomorrow. Just passing through," he said.

"Shame" Sophie said, testing the water.

"I know, I'd have invited you for dinner before the gym tomorrow," he said suggestively.

Sophie turned on the charm, seeing the opportunity opening in front of her.

"I don't do dinner," she said, staring at him. "Only dessert."

He paused for a second, a little unsure of what she really meant.

"The restaurant is open till eleven, we could go and grab something sweet now if you want to?" he said.

"Maybe," Sophie responded. "But that's not entirely what I had in mind."

She lifted herself out of the water and sat on the side of the pool for a second before standing and walking away towards the changing area. She looked back to see him watching her. She smiled and carried on walking to her locker and pulled out her bag. As she turned, she saw him standing a short distance behind her. She had an idea, an outrageous but horny idea. She smiled and walked into a cubicle and went behind the door leaving it open a little. He clearly got the point.

A second later the door pushed open slightly and he rather nervously looked around it.

"Took your time," she said confidently, reaching for his arm and pulling him into the cubicle. He closed the door and locked it, turning to stand right in front of her in the confined cubicle.

"So, what did you want for dessert?" he asked.

Sophie looked up at him and smiled, reaching forward, and pulling the cord on his swimming shorts then reaching to each of his hips and pulling them to the floor. She looked at his semi-hard cock and gave an approving murmur before reaching forward and taking it in her hand.

"This will do nicely," she said, looking up into his eyes.

"Wow," he said, "I've never met..."

"A woman who knows what she wants?" Sophie interrupted. "You have now."

She lifted his cock a little and pulled him forward so she could put it in her mouth. Initially Sophie was a little put off by the chlorine taste from the pool water, but it wasn't long before that subsided and she was able to concentrate on the task at hand, or more importantly, in her mouth.

He stood with his hands behind his back as she easily made him hard with her mouth before stopping after a few minutes and reaching into a small side pocket in her bag. She pulled out a condom - something she rarely travelled without - and opened it, sliding it carefully onto him checking its condition before standing up and looking into his eyes.

"We'll need to be quiet, there's people about, ok?" she said.

"I..." was all he managed.

Sophie slipped the shoulders off her swimming costume and stepped out of it. His eyes sparkled at her naked body in front of him. She put her shoulder against the wall of the cubicle, stood with one leg on the floor and lifted the other onto the bench, opening her legs invitingly.

She thought by this stage he would have woken up and got with the programme, but he stood there dumbstruck.

"Hey," she whispered. He looked up from her body to her eyes.

"Fuck me."

He snapped out of it and stepped forward. He had to bend his knees a little to get low enough to enter her, but he managed it, and slid into her. She put her arms around his neck to support her a little as he started to get into a rhythm.

Sophie was horny, mostly at the "danger" of the situation, as the sex was a little mediocre, and he was too tall for this position to work very well. Desperate to get a little more out of it, she released her arms from around him and pushed him away against the cubicle wall. She turned her back to him, and bent over, placing her arms on the bench. This time he was a little more responsive, and quickly guided his cock into her pussy from behind before grasping her waist.

"Stay still" she instructed quietly.

Slowly, she started rocking forward and back onto him, using the bench for support. This was better, much better. Sophie adjusted the angle of her pelvis to get the most pleasure she could, then continued as he stood there, pinned to the wall, with her still-wet ass gently bouncing against his body.

By this stage in her life, it was rare for Sophie to have an orgasm with a stranger, and she quickly realised that tonight was going to be no exception. Nonetheless the situation she was in, and the cock she was using, was more than satisfying her needs. Even if she was doing a lot of the work herself. She felt him starting to tense and moan a little.

"Shhh," she said, reminding him there was a potential audience behind the door.

He went quieter, but eventually grabbed her hips hard and came inside her with little notice. She loved it when they did that. She held in place for a few seconds then slid off, giving the condom a quick inspection as she removed it for him and placed it in a little plastic bag she pulled from the same pocket of her bag as the condoms.

He stood there naked, and a little stunned, as Sophie pulled on her swimming costume once more.

"A few more laps in the pool to cool down then it's home to my husband for me I think," she said. "You can use this cubicle if you like, I'll be a little while. It was lovely to meet you." She reached up and kissed the stranger on the cheek.

As she turned and unlocked the door, he spoke for the first time in a while.

"I don't even know your name," he said.

"No, you don't do you," she replied, smiling.

She walked to her locker, putting her bag back in it before going back to the pool. She hoped he'd taken the hint. She didn't really want to swim again at all but didn't want to see him again either. Thankfully he had understood and didn't come back to the pool. When she came out to shower there was no sign of him, so she got dressed and headed home.

As she walked into the living room Alastair paused the TV.

"Any joy?" he asked.

She sighed.

"Yes, but no," she said, going onto explain the whole thing in detail. Once she had finished Alastair smiled at her.

"You scared him honey," he said, amused.

"Really?" she asked, frustrated.

"You met a guy, said hello, and five minutes later you gave him a blow job and let him fuck you in a changing room. That intimidates some guys, I've told you this before. Sometimes you're better letting them think you are giving in to them, rather than making them feel used."

"I know," she said. "I should probably have not rushed it in the changing room and gone to his room, but the changing room thing was so fucking hot, I couldn't resist. And now I'm just fucking frustrated."

"I like you frustrated," Alastair said smiling.

She cast him a sharp look.

"How about I help you ease your frustration?" he said.

Sophie looked across the room at him and stood up. She was wearing a long winter coat and her knee-length boots since she didn't really like wearing trainers and always changed into something a little more comfortable to come home after her shower. She slowly unzipped her coat and opened it, revealing that she hadn't dressed much at all, and under her coat was wearing only her thong and a bra, with the boots.

"Can you tell I was hoping you would say that?" she said as she slowly removed her coat.

"You don't intimidate me miss," he said calmly. "besides, you're overdressed."

She slowly unclipped her bra and took it off, before removing her boots and thong and stood naked in the living room in front of him.

"Lie on the rug, I'll be there in a minute," he said, turning off the TV and dimming the lights a little as she lay down on the rug in front of the fireplace.

Chapter 3 – An older man

■

Undeterred from her previous rushed but horny experience in the changing room, Sophie decided - with Alastair's encouragement - to head to the gym again later the same week. She was convinced his obsession with the new Netflix drama he was watching was at least partially behind it, but she picked out a gym outfit from the few she had bought and went out after an early dinner as usual.

She headed to the running machines as normal, in a much busier gym than most weeknights, and started her run. She wasn't expecting anything from being there and was beginning to think this wasn't worth the membership fee - aside from the exercise it gave her, which she was starting to really like.

After her gym session she headed to the pool and did as many laps as she could be bothered to before deciding to try out the jacuzzi. She climbed in with three people, two men and a woman, who seemed to know each other. They were friendly enough, saying hello as she climbed in, but carried on chatting as she sat there enjoying the warmth. Eventually she managed to glean from the conversation that they were all work colleagues, at the hotel for some kind of conference, and it sounded as if there were a lot of people there from their company, which made sense considering how busy the gym was this evening. It also sounded that this was their last evening, and that they would all be heading home at some stage tomorrow.

The three of them agreed to meet in the hotel bar at 9pm that evening and two of them, one of the two men and the woman, climbed out. The man that remained was quite a bit older than Sophie, in his sixties she thought. He had silver hair and the complexion of someone that had seen a little more life experience than she had, to put it politely, but there was something about him.

He sank under the water for a second then popped up, brushing his hair back and rubbing his eyes.

"Are you with us?" he asked, "at the conference I mean?"

"Erm no, I'm a local, just here for the gym," she said, brightly.

"Sorry if we've taken over the place," he said. "There are a lot of us, and some can be quite loud."

"It's ok, I like a bit of an atmosphere, sometimes it's too quiet. I take it they will all be drunk later if it's the last night? Conferences tend to be like that."

"Yup, some of them are probably already drunk. It's only us oldies and the gym bunnies that won't start drinking till later."

"You're not that old," she said, smiling.

"I am to this lot. They are all waiting for me to retire I think," he said, a little sarcastically.

"Why don't you? Retire I mean?" she asked, immediately realising she may have over-stepped the mark a little by asking.

"I own the company," he said and laughed.

"Oh," she replied. "Nobody around to take the reins?"

"My son. But I find it hard to let go, I'm a bit of a control freak, and wonder what I'd do with retirement on my own."

"On your own?" she asked, inquisitively.

"Divorced, years ago." He said, "Married to my work apparently."

"I know it's none of my business, but there's lots to do in the world, and it sounds to me like you have earned the right to step away," she said warmly. "You never know, you might find love again."

"I think I'm too old for love now," he said, a little gloomily.

"Rubbish. How old are you? If you don't mind me asking?"

"Sixty."

"You don't look a day over fifty," Sophie said.

"I like you," he said smiling. "Want to be my personal assistant? You can give me advice any time."

"Would I get to wear fishnet stockings and ultra-short skirts at work? If so, I'm in." she said, laughing.

"That I'd like to see," he said, staring across at her.

She pretended to be a little embarrassed and look away, but it wasn't anything she hadn't heard before.

"Sorry," he said, "Couldn't resist."

"It's ok." Sophie replied, "it's a nice thought."

"I wish I could invite you for a drink in the bar later, I'd love to see all their faces if I walked in with a beautiful young woman like you on my arm."

Sophie smiled.

"I don't think forty-two is young."

"It is to me."

It's worth noting at this point that Sophie learned early in her adult life that finding someone attractive, their age, their skin colour, their nationality, or their body size, was no guarantee at all that the sex would be any good. In that knowledge, and after a few poor experiences in bed with good-looking men, she broadened her sights a lot, and these days was less interested in how someone looked, and more interested in seeing if they could get her attention in some way. She had limits of course, they needed to be able to speak in full sentences, and not have poor hygiene, but some of the best one-off sex she'd ever had was with people she wasn't particularly physically attracted to.

"I don't have anything with me to wear to a bar. Just my costume, my gym gear, and a skirt and a jumper to go home in." Sophie said, keen to avoid the bar entirely, but liking the offer.

"And there was me thinking you were about to tell me you have a husband to get home to," he replied.

Sophie raised her hand out of the water and showed him her wedding ring.

I do have a husband, but he won't mind me not rushing back," she said confidently. "It's a shame you have to go to the bar, but then I don't have any fishnets with me."

He looked across at her, trying to work her out. He'd clearly never been in this position before, at least not in very many years, but there was something about him that was getting her interest and she wanted to give him something to smile about.

"Shame, no short skirt either?" he said, eventually plucking up some courage.

"It's not that short, sorry."

"I bet you still look great in it."

He went for broke. She couldn't blame him.

"How about we both go and get dressed and you stop by my room for a drink before you go home? I can always go to the bar a little late."

He looked genuinely nervous, as if he'd took a massive risk and was terrified it would blow up in his face. Sophie looked into his eyes and smiled.

"Give me twenty minutes," she said.

His eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Really." she said, standing and walking to the steps, letting him admire her body as she left the water. She stopped for a second and waited, looking down at him. "Where will you be?" she said softly.

"801. Eighth floor," he said.

"Ok, see you soon. I'm driving, so just a small glass for me. Something fizzy." She said and screwed her nose up at him sweetly before wandering back to the changing rooms.

She had a very quick shower, washed her hair, then dried it as quickly as she

could. She put on a little make-up, dressed, and took her gym bag to the car before heading across to the main hotel reception, arriving shortly after 8:30. As she walked through reception, she quickly sent a text to her husband.

'Got a date, older guy, going to his room. 801. Be home by eleven. Xxx'

Alastair, thankfully, responded quickly.

'Ok, enjoy, love you. xxx'

She had a feeling this would be fun, if not as vigorous as she usually liked, given he was the oldest guy she'd had sex with to date by about 6 years. At the very least she intended to give this lovely man a memory to enjoy.

With only a minute or so to spare, she entered the lift and ascended to the eighth floor. She stepped out to find the room she was looking for right opposite her, saving some time. She unzipped her coat, checked her skirt and jumper, and knocked the door.

It took a second or two, but eventually she heard movement on the other side, before the door opened and the friendly face greeted her. She looked around her to check for an empty corridor, then quietly slipped through the door and he closed it behind her.

The first thing she noticed was that he'd made the effort. He was wearing a shirt and trousers and smelled great. The next thing she noticed was that he'd gone to the trouble to get her a drink. He walked back into the room from the door, and she slipped off her coat, placing it over the back of the office chair at the table. He was visibly nervous.

"Is that for me?" Sophie said, smiling and gesturing toward the glass.

"Oh, yes, it's a buck's fizz, I hope that's ok," he asked.

"Lovely, thank you," she said, reaching for the glass and leaning against the chair while she took a sip.

"I was right about that skirt," he said nervously, standing awkwardly opposite her. Sophie knew she needed to calm him down or this was going nowhere.

She walked over to the bed and sat on the end of it with her drink. He watched. She patted the bed next to her, and he walked over, sitting nervously beside her.

She passed him her drink, which he took, and she stood up just in front of him. "I don't have the fishnets, but I imagine the skirt would have looked something like this," she said, slowly hitching her knee length skirt up her waist until it barely covered her underwear. She'd left her tights off, for obvious reasons.

He looked down at her freshly shaven legs.

"I think I prefer them without the fishnets anyway," he said. She took the glass from him as he continued to stare almost longingly at them.

"Go on, it's ok," she said softly.

He reached out a hand slowly and touched the outside of her leg. His hand was warm and soft, giving Sophie a little tingle as he touched her for the first time. He reached out his other hand, putting it on the outside of her other leg, then slowly slid his fingers around the back of her. He was so gentle, so gentlemanly, and clearly worried about pushing his luck. He slid his hands down the back of her legs to her knees, then back around the front and upward again, careful to stop before he became too friendly. Little did he know, that in Sophie's world, there wasn't much considered to be too friendly.

She took a sip of her drink, then leaned back to place it on the table, staying stood in place. She looked down at him and smiled as she caught his eye. She reached down and took his wrists gently and turned them, sliding his hands gently to the inside of her thighs, then letting go again.

"I did say it was ok," she whispered.

He slowly stroked her inner thighs, sliding upward a little more than he had previously, then he leaned forward and kissed her right leg, just below the bottom of her skirt. She let out an approving moan. He moved across and did the same to the other leg.

Sophie stepped back, which startled him, and she turned around.

"Unzip me, would you?" she asked, smiling to herself.

She felt his gentle touch on the back of her skirt as he unzipped it. She held it in place, then turned around to face him before slowly wiggling it off her hips, still bunched up from her pulling it up earlier. She let it fall to the floor.

"Now, where were you?" she asked.

He couldn't see any more of her body than he had in her swimming costume, less in fact, as she still had her jumper on, but the atmosphere in the room was changing to something Sophie found very familiar, and she liked very much. One of clear sexual desire, from both of them.

She stepped out of her skirt and forward towards him. He placed his hands on her legs again, a little more confidently this time. He leaned forward and kissed the top of her leg, just below the waist of her thong, then slightly lower, and lower again. She'd not had anyone quite this leg obsessed in a while. She liked it.

Sophie bent down slowly and unzipped her boots, taking them, and her socks off as he watched. She stood and slipped her jumper over her head and dropped it on top of her skirt, leaving her standing in front of him in only her bra and thong. She walked casually over to the wall and turned off the overhead light, leaving only the bedside lamps on, which were perfectly bright enough.

He watched her every move silently, his eyes glistening. She climbed slowly onto the bed and lay on her side, one leg bent over the other, and patted the duvet next to her. He turned and slid up the bed beside her. She took his hand and placed it on her outer thigh.

"You like my legs?" she asked seductively.

"Very much," he replied.

"They are all yours, take your time, no rush," she said, rolling onto her back and putting her hands behind her head, his hand sliding across her waist.

He sat up and undid his shirt, taking it off as she watched, before sliding down the bed and encouraging Sophie to bend one knee for him. She did, dreading that he had a fetish for feet, as that was a no-go and would have ruined the moment. He didn't, she felt a kiss on her ankle, which was within limits, and he slowly, carefully, caressed every inch of her leg with either his hand, his tongue, or his lips, even extending it straight in the air so he could hold it to access the back.

Every time he was near the top however, he stopped just a centimetre short of the fabric of her thong. Frustrating and turning her on in equal measure. When he was finished, and as Sophie expected, he moved to the other leg to do the same.

This was peculiar to Sophie. Most of her extra-marital sex had followed a standard pattern, and on that basis, she was usually able to compare different men. In most cases she gave him a blow job, then he ate her out. She would put a condom on him, check it was intact, then have sex in a few positions. Either he, or in exceptional cases both would orgasm, she'd check the condom on removal, dress, kiss him on the cheek, then get out of the door. As a result, her current situation was a little surreal. She was genuinely being - for want of a better word - worshipped. This she liked. She was getting outrageously wet, and she still had her underwear on.

When he reached the top of her other leg he stopped and looked up at her.

"It seems you have run out of leg," she said, "see anything else you like?"

"Everything," he answered. clearly now coming to terms with what was on offer. "Mind if I..." he said, gesturing towards her bra.

"Allow me," she said, reaching under her back and unclipping, sliding it down her arms and dropping it to the floor. He looked delighted at what he saw. As he leaned forward clearly intent on kissing her nipples, she stopped him.

"One second," she said, and reached down and wriggled out of her thong, throwing it in the general direction of her bra. He didn't look down, instead meeting her stare.

"There, now you won't need to ask again will you," she said, reaching up and tugging his head forward towards her chest. He set to work on her nipples with his tongue. Again, a new thing, as most of her partners simply groped or squeezed them while they had sex, if her bra even came off at all.

For the next ten minutes or so, he caressed her upper body with his hands and mouth, much to Sophies pleasure. He didn't make any attempt to kiss her mouth, which was good, as that too was a no-go, which she hadn't thought to mention earlier as things started moving. But he did give her attention pretty much everywhere else above the waist.

He was clearly becoming confident as he eventually rolled over on top of her as he kissed her tummy, and he slowly probed his tongue downward past her navel.

Eager to not have another break in proceedings unnecessarily, Sophie wriggled one leg, which resulted in him lifting his body slightly. She opened both of them, threading them between his arms and legs, giving the opportunity, if he wanted it, to go down further. He did. Her non-verbal encouragement did the trick, and he continued downward until Sophie arched her back happily as she felt his tongue flick against her clit.

"Fuck," she whispered under her breath as he slid further down and inserted his tongue into her.

He stopped briefly but didn't look up.

"Mind if I carry on taking my time?" he said.

"Take all the time you want." She replied, closing her eyes, and running her hands through his hair, pulling him back into position.

It had been a while since Sophie had orgasmed with anyone other than her husband. Most of her partners were only really interested in fucking her, as was she usually, and oral on her was just a means to an end, or at least that's how it felt. The only time she had orgasmed was through sex, with really energetic or quite well-endowed men with lots and lots of stamina and who went for ages, building her slowly. Never had a random guy given her this level of attention, it was almost as if he wanted to make sure she enjoyed it too, rather than just assuming she would if they had sex quickly.

He was gentle, and he knew how to make a woman wet. His actions very quickly started to make Sophie feel quite hot and bothered, and she wasn't going to stop him. After about ten minutes of ecstasy, Sophie felt her body tense and she grabbed his hair, pulling him in, he responded exactly as she wanted him to, and moments later, with her legs wrapped around his head, she came, shuddering and moaning. When she'd finished, she released him, and he slid up the bed next to her.

"Thank you so much." he said. "You have made an old man very happy."

She looked across at him, puzzled.

"Do you want me to go? I have little time yet."

"Oh no, not at all, I'd have you lie here with me all night if I could, but unfortunately I doubt there's anything more I can do to satisfy you, at my age at least. It's been a very long time."

Sophie felt frustrated, as much for him as for herself.

"How long?" she asked curiously.

"Over ten years," he said, looking embarrassed. "Like I say, I doubt I could..."

"Mind if we try?" she asked. "I'd like to, really. If it doesn't work, I'll swan around here like a naked PA for a while for you until I go home. Promise."

He laughed.

"I can hardly say no to an offer like that can I?"

Sophie slowly put a leg across him and swivelled her body onto his.

"My turn." She said, a little mischievously.

She kissed his bare chest as she fiddled with his belt, eventually with some success, and moved on to his trousers. Her hair draped across him, so he couldn't see her face, but was watching the top of her head intently as she slowly kissed down the centre of his rather well-maintained body. He couldn't quite tell how she was getting on with his trousers until she felt a hand slide into his underwear achingly close to his cock. Sophie could see exactly what she was doing and was just getting herself into position. She'd undone and opened his trousers and was about to slip down and pull off his clothes.

"Close your eyes for me," she said, suspecting she was being watched.

"Ok," he responded.

She slid off the bed and he arched his back to help her as she removed his trousers and underwear. Luckily, he wasn't wearing shoes, so everything fell to the floor easily. She looked at his naked form, impressed immensely for a guy his age, and more so by the size of his cock. She climbed up between his legs

and lifted it slightly.

"Ok, you can open them now," she said.

He opened his eyes and looked down at her. She smiled and looked into his eyes as she licked his cock from the base to the tip. He moaned a little.

"Mind if I take my time?" she asked, teasing him. He smiled.

Sophie kept her gaze into his as she licked around the tip of his cock, pulled his foreskin back gently, and slipped him into her mouth. She knew, instantly, that this was going to work, despite his reservations. It started to twitch just like every other cock she had sucked and rather quickly started to get very hard, much to his surprise by the look on his face.

For the next five minutes, Sophie really got into what she was doing. She liked the challenge of giving oral to guys with large cocks, and this was no exception. Eventually, confident that she'd most likely given him the best blow job of his life, she felt herself becoming incredibly horny again.

"I think I need to put a condom on this, as I'd really like you to fuck me with it," she whispered to him.

"I don't have any." he said, frustrated.

"Just as well I do then, isn't it?" she said, sucking him briefly once more before quickly getting off the bed and heading to her handbag.

As she rooted around and found one, he couldn't help but finally ask.

"Do you do this often?"

Sophie opted for full disclosure, as she liked him. She talked as she climbed back onto the bed and opened the condom, rolling it slowly onto him.

"I don't like labels. But I guess I'm what most people would call a hot wife. I can, and do, have sex with any man I want, with my husband's complete blessing, within some rules. And tonight, I wanted you."

She finished rolling the condom down onto him almost precisely as she finished

speaking.

“Ready?” she asked.

“Think so,” he said nervously.

She slid up the bed a little, and rolled into her back on the myriad of pillows as he got up on his knees. She bent her knees and opened her legs for him, and he shuffled round to take position between them. Sophie, detecting his nervousness, held out her hand and took his cock, encouraging him toward her sex. Just as he was about to penetrate her, she looked up at him.

“I’m Sophie, pleased to meet you.”

“Terry, you too.”

She smiled at him as he looked into her eyes and she held his cock in place with one hand, putting the other behind his back. She pulled gently on his back, releasing his cock as he slid it deep inside her.

“Oh, my, fucking, god.” She exclaimed, her eyes bristling at his size. “you feel fucking amazing.”

Terry, satisfied with how things were proceeding, grew in confidence rapidly.

“How about you wrap those amazing legs around me?”

Sophie didn’t need telling twice. She lifted her feet and slid them behind him, arching her pelvis slightly, he pushed to see how she would react.

“Jesus Christ” she whimpered. “I’m so glad I came out tonight.”

“Me too.” Terry said. At that he slid almost entirely out of her and started to thrust deeply.

Sophie’s arms started flailing around her as she panted and moaned and squirmed with pleasure. So much so, that the newly invigorated Terry moved his arms from next to her, to either side of her head, pressing down on her shoulders, keeping her body in place as he more enthusiastically went about fucking the younger woman beneath him.

It wasn't long before Sophie stopped swearing under her breath, and just whimpered loudly in pleasure with each thrust. She started to sweat, her pale skin flushed, and veins started to stand proud on her head and neck. Terry slowed a little, concerned to check she was ok. Sophie lifted her head to look at him.

"Don't stop Terry, please don't stop," she said desperately.

Terry did as he was told. He threaded his arms under her knees and lifted her ankles onto his shoulders, allowing him to go deeper. Sophie closed her eyes and gripped the duvet as Terry went back up to speed.

"Fuuuuuuck," she said, panting hard.

Terry's confidence grew with every second. His brain had finally come to terms with the situation, and he decided he would absolutely make the most of it.

After a few minutes of vigorous fucking, and with plenty of energy left, he wanted her in a different position. He withdrew, causing Sophie to moan in disappointment and stare up at him. He slid down the bed and manhandled her over onto her side. She giggled. He bent one of her legs up, pulled the lower straight and put one knee either side of the outstretched leg, giving her no warning at all as he pushed back into her, using her hip to pull her body onto his cock. Sophie yelped, swore again, and buried her face in the pillow beneath her, trying not to scream.

For the next ten or so minutes he moved Sophie into a variety of positions, some felt good, some great. He seemed to know exactly when to switch, delaying the orgasm she so desperately wanted him to make her have.

Eventually, having used most of the furniture in the room in some way he carried her from the table she'd been sat on with her legs over his shoulders as he stood in front of it, and threw her gently into the bed. She instinctively got up on all fours and wriggled back towards him as he stood on the foot of the bed. He grabbed her hips and entered once more.

Sophie absolutely loved being taken from behind. She often used this position with guys she didn't find attractive, so she didn't have to look at them, which was useful, but mostly she encouraged it because it felt amazing. Tonight, was no exception.

Terry decided that, much as he didn't feel ready to finish, he'd keep her in this position until she did, and given the relentless, amazing fucking she'd had, Sophie was more than ready for that.

Almost as soon as Terry started to thrust into her again, her toes started to curl. She'd been quite vocal so far, but now she stepped it up further, encouraging Terry to go harder and faster. Eventually, through a collection of loud moans and whimpers, she gave him one last push.

"I'm ready to come, I want to come, fucking make me come Terry," she panted.

Terry tightened his grip on her hips and pulled as hard as he pushed. Sophie was in so much ecstasy she almost started to cry as her body started to shake, and her legs started flailing as she came with him inside her body. Terry slammed into her one last time and let go of her hips simultaneously, sending her flying flat onto the bed, rolling around naked while her orgasm subsided, and her body steadied.

She put an arm across her tummy as she lay there panting. She glanced at the clock. 9:45pm, plenty of time. Terry was still stood at the foot of the bed, enjoying watching her. She glanced at his cock, and noticed the condom was still empty.

"Did you not?" she asked, gesturing towards it.

"Almost, but you seemed to need to stop," he said, smiling to himself.

Sophie slid to the end of the bed and sat in front of him. "Well that's hardly fair is it?" she said. "Let's see what I can do about that for you."

She beckoned him forward, opening her legs to let him step close. She slowly rolled the condom off him and dropped it to the floor.

"Be sure to warn me. My husband doesn't approve of me swallowing other men's cum. And if I get any in my mouth, I just can't help myself," she said a little seductively.

She opened her mouth and looked into his eyes, waiting. Terry held the base of his cock and stepped forward, sliding the tip between Sophie's inviting lips. She still waited, not moving. He lifted his other hand and gently put it on the back of

her head and pulled her forward, sliding into her mouth further. She slowly closed her eyes and started to suck.

Sophie knew exactly how to make a man orgasm with her mouth. She also knew how not to. Over the years she'd gotten herself in too many situations where she wanted it over quickly and used her mouth to achieve it, such as being bent over in an alleyway behind a pub somewhere, or because she'd lost interest in the guy at the last minute, there were lots of reasons. There were other times when she realised, she'd need to be careful to delay him to ensure she could get what she wanted from the liaison.

As a result, she'd practiced her technique carefully, and she'd had plenty of opportunity to hone her skills. Tonight however, was neither really. She had plenty of time, and given how Terry had just made her feel, and given her two orgasms in the process, she really wanted to give him the best experience she could - within her agreement with her husband of course.

It didn't take her long to make Terry start to moan, running his hands through her hair and giving her head a cheeky but gently pull forward occasionally to encourage her to go deeper. She gave him her full attention, playing with his balls with one hand and eventually clamping her other hand around the base of his cock. She slid it, and her mouth, up and down his shaft slowly at first, then gently increasing in tempo until she was working him as quickly as her neck could manage, and deeply as her mouth could manage.

She felt him start to tense, and deep down she really wanted to finish him in her mouth, she felt he'd really earned it, but knew she couldn't.

Terry, loving every second of the experience, did everything he could to hold off the inevitable. He even looked away, as the sight of Sophies head bobbing up and down on him quickly was as visually exciting as the sensations it resulted in. It didn't help that she was moaning while she was doing it to him, so looking away didn't help that much.

Eventually he could take no more and looked down at the top of Sophies head. "I'm going to have to stop you, much as I don't want to," he said. Sophie stopped quickly and let go of him, lying back on the bed.

"Here," she said, gesturing towards her chest. "Anywhere but my face. I'll help."

He climbed on to the bed next to her and kneeled above her body. She looked up at him. "Tell me when." She said, lifting her head and turning to suck him a little more. He took his cock himself stroking hard as she sucked, tensing again.

"Now" he said. Sophie lay back and took his cock in her hand as he let go of it, and she quickly and aggressively stroked as he started to grunt loudly, eventually letting go, and huge streams of cum flowed from him onto Sophies body, covering her breasts and tummy.

She couldn't remember the last time a guy did that, but she could remember how much pleasure she got from watching it happen. When he'd finished, he looked down at her, a little embarrassed.

"It's good for the skin apparently." She said, smiling up at him. She put a finger in a little pool of it on her left breast and slid it slowly around her nipple. "And it's lovely and warm. To start with at least."

He lay down next to her, seemingly unsure of himself now things were finally over.

"Mind if I jump in your shower quickly?" she asked.

"Not at all." Terry replied.

She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks, won't be long."

She got up and went into the bathroom, quickly showering while Terry dressed. When she came out, she had a towel wrapped around her, and Terry was sat on the end of the bed, her clothes carefully folded beside him.

"Aww, thanks," she said. She undid the towel and let it drop to the floor, then slowly put on her underwear as he watched.

"No one would ever believe me at the golf club." he said to himself. Sophie had an idea.

"Stand up," she said brightly. "And get your phone."

Terry did as he was instructed and she took his phone from him, opening the camera. She stood against his body in her underwear, let her hair fall over her

face, obscuring it from the camera, and rested her head on his shoulder. She held out the camera and lifted her knee up.

"Help me with that, or I'll fall over," she said smiling. Terry held out his hand and took her leg, allowing her to wrap her lower leg slightly around him, and she took the photo.

"There you go. Evidence," she said, passing him the phone. He looked at the photo. You couldn't make out her face, as she intended, but you could see his, and her body pressed against him, one leg clearly wrapped around him.

"Thank you, Sophie," he said as she pulled on her skirt, turning for him to zip it back up for her. "I must not be your type, and you could have obviously had any man you wanted."

Sophie pulled her jumper on. "I had the man I wanted. Well, he had me, and I loved every second of it," she said warmly. "And now I am going to go home and tell my husband all about it."

"Interesting arrangement." Terry said.

"Works for us," she replied. "Are you going to the bar now to tell your employees about the night you have had?"

"I'm going to the bar, but I'm not telling anyone down there. They wouldn't believe me anyway."

"So, you can see me out then?" she said, picking up her handbag, and putting her coat over her arm.

"They'll see you." Terry pointed out. Sophie smiled. "Oh" he said.

As the lift descended to the ground floor, Sophie turned and looked at him.

"We won't meet again. So, thank you. I don't say this often, but I genuinely won't forget tonight in a hurry."

"Thank you too, Sophie," he said.

"Now, one arm around me please," she said. "Hand on my hip."

The lift opened and they walked into reception, Terry holding her close, his arm around her body. The entrance to the bar was right in front of them, and as Sophie looked in, she saw a sea of faces looking out at them, more and more people nudging each other to look.

Sophie stopped and turned toward him, raising her spare arm, as she was still carrying her coat over the other, and putting it behind his neck, she pulled him gently toward her and whispered in his ear.

"They can't possibly know you just fucked my brains out. But now they are really intrigued. It's up to you whether you tell them or not. Don't wait too long for retirement. Bye," she said, then kissed him on the cheek.

She turned and walked away through the reception doors into the car park and slid on her coat. She didn't look back. She simply headed to her car and drove home with a smile on her face.

When she arrived home, Alastair had made a coffee for both of them, having tracked her phone on its route back from the hotel. She walked into the kitchen behind him and came over, putting her arms around him and resting her head on his shoulders.

"Define older," he said.

"Sixty." Sophie replied.

"Jesus Soph, that's a record."

"Kind of, oldest yet, but not the biggest age gap I don't think. Remember I had a guy in his late fifties when I was 23?"

"Oh, yeah, you liked that one as I recall."

"I liked this one too," she said softly.

"The guy?"

"The fuck. I'm knackered," she said, letting go of him and stepping back.

Alastair picked up the drinks. "Come on you, let's get to bed and you and tell me

all about it," he said, leaving the room and heading towards the stairs.

Sophie took off her coat and draped it on the sofa as she followed her husband through the living room and up the stairs. She undressed completely and slipped on a short, white silk negligée and climbed on to the bed, resting her head on her husband's shoulder and putting her leg across him.

She told him every fine detail, as she always did, and Alastair listened patiently, finding her story arousing, but she clearly was far too tired to help him do anything about that - which happened occasionally.

When she'd finished, she sat up and sipped her coffee.

"Have you ever wanted to see?"

"See what?"

"You know, what I get up to?"

"It has crossed my mind. But I wouldn't want to be in the room."

"That's not what I meant actually. Leave it with me, I might surprise you sometime." Sophie said, putting her coffee down and snuggling up to him. He put an arm around her and stroked her shoulder as she drifted off to sleep.

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