

# The seduction

*by* Siren of Brixton

## 1. He

Women's heads turned when Remy stopped in the doorway — as they always did. He noticed — as he always did — but paid no attention as he scanned the room. Too nervy to care. No sign of Fiona. Good. It paid to be the one doing the waiting.

Remy was good at seduction and he knew it. His good looks helped but that wasn't it. He figured it was because he really liked women. Really liked them. All of them. And tonight his sights were set on Fiona.

Location, location...For a shitty airport hotel, the bar was actually pretty busy. He picked a spot in the corner, well away from the rowdy middle-aged tourists doing cock-sucking cowboys hands-free. As he edged past one of the women in the group caught his eye. Naked interest. He slipped her a wink and grinned inwardly at the reaction. Think of me later, lovely.

He pulled out his phone, tapped 'Remy's on a cougar hunt' and was gratified with an immediate response. He exchanged a few spiky comments with his mates but the tone changed and he felt a twinge of guilt for going public. The last meeting had bruised Fiona, he could tell, and god only knew what reporting back was costing her. He put the phone away.

The waiter, disinterest in a cheap uniform, ambled over. Remy ordered bourbon shots with beer chasers. He had an idea she'd like that, something masculine, no soft edges.

He had admired Fiona even before this project. He'd seen her in action; flattering and charming, flirting and seducing, using every feminine wile she had — until someone crossed her. Then she went for them, straight for the jugular, take no prisoners. Cowed by no one. When he got the assignment, some of his workmates expressed sympathy. People saw her as a bitch. She excited him.

Spending the last weeks with her had only excited him more. By day, he was energised by her. By night, his fantasies thrilled with

her. He found himself distracted in meetings, watching her lips, her breasts. Imagining his hands buried in that mane of hair. And this night would be their last together. Last chance saloon.

She swept in, theatrical as ever, on a zephyr of musky perfume. Shrugged off her jacket revealing slightly fleshy arms. Remy kissed her hello and gently gripped her upper arms as he did, relishing the touch of the bare flesh. He had dreamed of stroking that soft, crepey flesh under the arm. But he knew better than to say so. Instead:

“How did it go?”

She grimaced, but the waiter arrived with the drinks before she could answer.

“You are a genius,” she said, signalling the waiter for two more shots. Remy handed her a glass.

“A toast?”

“Oblivion,” she said, but with a glimmer in her eye. They shot the bourbon together. She closed her eyes, savouring the burn, her pink tongue sneaking between her lips to lick up the last drops.

Watching, Remy felt a surge of desire, had to shift in his seat to release the pressure on his cock. She caught him, caught his eye. The glimmer sparked. Game on.

The second round of shots arrived and they dispensed with them just as efficiently, Fiona's posture relaxing as the alcohol started to take effect. Remy passed her a beer.

“How was it?”

She shook her head, releasing another heady cloud of perfume.

“Don't.”

For a moment her eyes took on a faraway cast. Remy wished he could make it better.

“To oblivion and beyond then.” The glasses chinked, and she was back.

“God, I hate these places. Why would you stay here if you didn't have to?”

Remy pulled his phone out.

“Shall we go somewhere else? I promised you a good time.”

Her gaze was direct.

“Oh, I intend to hold you to it. But we don't need to go anywhere else.”

Unmistakeable. He felt giddy as anticipation turned to promise. He scooted closer to her, so their knees were almost touching. He leaned in close.

“You know sometimes these airport hotels are used by swingers.”

She leaned in too. He could smell her body now, warm beneath the musk of her perfume. He stared at her mouth, longed to fall into it, lose himself in her. Steady, mate.

“Is that so?”

So close he could feel her breath.

“Want to play a game?”

She put her hand on his knee, slid it up onto his thigh. Her eyes never left his face.

“What did you have in mind?”

## **2. She**

Bourbon, beer and a beautiful boy. Fiona rested her head on the bathroom wall, closed her eyes and rode the wave of pleasure, blissful with unthinking sensation. The stress of the past weeks — of the whole shitty experience — had washed away, along with any objections she might have found to bedding someone who, for all intents and purposes, works for her.

Sitting there, knee to knee, discussing the sexual potential of the other guests in the bar, her body made the decision her brain was unsure of. He wanted her. She felt his lust like a physical presence and it made her feel immense. Powerful.

He excused himself to go to the toilet and she'd watched the other women in the bar, their gazes drawn as iron to magnet, and she'd known. When he came back she slid the card key across the table to him, resting a finger on it. Be a man for me, boy.

His eyes creased up with a thrill that made her wet. He wanted her. He picked up the card, his touch lingering on her fingers just longer than necessary.

He'd pinned her to the wall in the lift but before he could do anything the doors slid open again to admit air stewards with weary eyes. He peeled away, leaving her giddy. She stole glances at him in the mirrored walls. He really was beautiful. The younger women in the office could barely speak to him and even some of the ones who should know better went all fluttery around him.

Men had never really had that effect on her. Ambition had always trumped passion — well, romance, anyway. She figured out early on that heartbreak didn't help you get ahead, that the most dangerous liaison is an affair of the heart. Her rule was only mix business with pleasure if it's good for business. And her rules worked. Or at least they used to.

She stood up rapidly to stop the unwelcome thought from killing the buzz. She stepped out of her dress unsteadily, dabbed perfume behind her ears, between her breasts and behind her knees, then brushed her hair out. She turned to the mirror. The harsh fluorescent light did her no favours. She shook her hair out, straightened her shoulders, sucked in her stomach. Butterflies of insecurity took flight in her gut. What am I doing?

At her door, she'd leaned against the wall, eyes locked on his while he slid the card key in and out of the slot. The light clicked green and he held the door for her gallantly. The oil diffuser she'd brought had filled the room with the cosy warmth of vanilla. She moved around the room, switched on lamps, closed the curtains, hung her jacket. She turned to find him watching her, naked appreciation in his eyes. Her body vibrated to his lust like a tuning fork.

"Do you always decorate?" he said, gesturing at the silk scarves she hung on the walls, the afghan on the bed.

"I travel — have travelled — so much"

Truth be told, she was more at home in hotels than in her flat these days. She'd brought it after *The Divorce*, a symbol of her independence, but the job kept her on the road so much she'd never made it her own. It echoed with the ghosts of her ambitions for it. Plenty of time to think about that next week.

“Why don't you pour us a drink while I change?”

She had to pass him to get to the bathroom and he caught her in his arms. She could see his pecs outlined in his still-crisp shirt, and a tuft of black curls peaking out of the open collar. He smelled like youth.

“Don't change too much.”

He kissed her then, a soft, fleshy kiss full of the tenderness of desire. Pulled on her lip gently with his teeth. Left her wanting more.

### **3. They**

Fiona stepped into the room. Backlit by the bathroom light, the curves of her silhouette were outlined beneath the peach silk. Lace stocking tops peeked from beneath the French knicker.

Remy stood, crossed the room as though compelled by an unseen force, stopped just short of touching her.

“You are so beautiful.” He could see doubt in her eyes, so he kissed it away. She was bold in response, taking charge of the kiss, pushing him back into the room. He went with it for a bit, then pushed back, let her know he could be boss. They broke apart, thrilled.

“I've wanted this for a long time.” He handed her a champagne.

“To the good things that come to those who wait, then”. They clinked their glasses together. She filled her mouth with the chilled champagne and kissed him, the wine effervescing as their tongues intertwined.

“Delicious,” she said, licking her lips.

He pushed her hair aside with his free hand and nuzzled his nose against her neck, inhaling deeply. Slipped the flimsy strap off her shoulder, traced her scent over the curve of her shoulder and down the back of her arm. Nuzzled the skin, darted his tongue out to taste it. She pulled away.

“Bingo wings, sorry.”

He looked disappointed but changed tack. Led her to the bed.

“Shall we turn some lights out?”

He shook his head, "I want to see you. Look at you."

"Let me see you, then."

She kneeled on the bed and unbuttoned his shirt, slid it off his well-muscled shoulders. Pulled the tail of his vest from his trousers, feeling the warm flesh of his belly as she lifted the warm cotton away. Unbuckled, unbuttoned, unzipped his trousers, revealing his hard cock straining against jersey shorts. His body was sculpted, a kouros.

Fiona slid her fingers inside the elastic of his shorts, caressed the cheeks of his arse. Pulled the jersey away from his body, and slid the fabric down. His erection sprang free, rampant.

"See what you're doing to me?"

She looked up into his liquid brown eyes and the self-deprecating joke on her tongue died on her lips. They kissed again, this time with the heat of passion flaming between them. Remy pulled Fiona close, crushing her breasts against his bare chest, then eased her down onto the bed. He smiled. She smiled back. Pure pleasure.

"You're having quite an effect on me, too."

He cocked a brow, cupped her breast with his hand and rubbed his thumb across the erect nipple.

"That's not what I meant."

His fingers trailed down her body. He kept his eyes on her face as he slid his hand under the silk and stroked her pubic hair.

"Getting warmer."

Remy kissed Fiona again as his hand slipped into the folds of her vagina. It was wet, very wet. Their kiss deepened. Fiona pushed against his hand with her hips. Remy broke the embrace.

"I want you naked."

Fiona sat up.

"Undress me then." Coquettish. But then they both noticed Remy's hand, the fingers covered in blood.

"Oh god." Fiona scrambled off the bed, shocked. She felt beneath her legs. Blood on her fingers too. Remy stood there, holding his hand before him.

"It's okay..." he said, but she was gone, into the bathroom. He could hear her repeating, 'Oh god, oh god, I can't believe this, oh god.'

"Fiona? It's okay, really"

He heard the toilet flush. Fiona opened the bathroom door. Dismayed.

"Look at you. God. I'm sorry."

He squeezed past her, washed his hands while he talked to her.

"Really, it's okay. We can just put some towels down..." Fiona looked appalled. "...or not. It's all good."

She regarded him, this boy, this young man she'd planned to seduce.

"I'm menopausal, Remy," she said, "I'm not even supposed to have..."

"Oh," he said, uncomprehending. She continued.

"I bought lube this afternoon. You can't...women my age can't always get wet. I was thrilled when I thought you made me wet." She laughed, a dry, humourless snort. "Pretty fucking ironic, isn't it?"

Her lips started to quiver.

"Good story for you anyway."

"I'm not going to tell anyone." He reached for her but she twisted away.

"Don't fucking lie to me. I hear the talk. I know what they say. You think I'm an idiot. Well fuck you."

Confused emotions flashed across Remy's face.

"Hey what did I do? We were having a good time."

"I'm finished, Remy. Finished. Everything I've worked for, all the late nights, all the trips. You know what my 'retirement' present was? A travel wallet. So I can sit in my flat alone and look at my fucking passport?"

She lost it then, everything spilling out in a flood of snotty, ugly tears. Remy wrapped his arms around her. She resisted at first, but he held firm and eventually she gave in, sobbed it out in his arms.

"I'm sorry," she said. Remy shook his head.

“Nothing to be sorry for.” He pulled her hair away from her face, tenderly wiped tears from her eyes.

“Shall we turn in now?”

Fiona started to say no, but stopped when she looked in his eyes. She nodded, and let him lead her to bed. She curled up, foetal, and he curled around her, two quote marks at the end of a story.

