

Chapter 1

Lad's night out.

A splash of my best cologne, and I was ready to head out into town with the lads. Tonight was going to be a good night, I could feel it in my loins. Feeling certain I'd be getting laid tonight, I'd commented as much to the lads earlier in our WhatsApp group. After all "everyone loves a squaddie" I'd said.

I took one last glance in the mirror to check that my T-shirt wasn't creased and my jeans hadn't somehow got dirty, even though I'd very carefully washed and ironed it all, especially for tonight.

It's been a little over a year now, since I joined the British Army, and I'm enjoying being stationed at the new base. Like most of my generation, I work hard and party harder. I know for a fact that's one of the first things my buddies would say about me if they were asked.

So far I've found the locals to be very friendly and although there have been a few encounters with the odd girl here and there, I'm really looking out for someone a bit different. Someone more adventurous. Someone who's going to tease me and above all, someone I can live out all my fantasies with. Put very simply, I know I'm lusting for an older woman.

Recently turned nineteen, I understand from slightly unfortunate experience that many women in their forties laugh at me when I flirt with them, but I'm still determined. After all, I am a squaddie; therefore failure is not in my nature.

'Right then, who's up for shots?' I shout to my mates as we walk into The Bowl. Unanimously we chose our local, the only pub on camp as it was cheap, therefore saving ourselves for splashing out when we reach the nearby town a bit later. *Hell, it's busy in 'ere tonight*, I think to myself but I manage to get to the bar to order four shots and four pints. Scrambling back to the lads through the heaving crowd, I notice someone new standing with a couple of more familiar faces, just a few feet from the bar.

I'm pretty sure I've not seen her before, either in here or in the village – I'd definitely remember her if I had. By my judgment, she is an older woman in her late thirties at the most. She has gorgeous, long, blond hair and from where I'm standing she seems quite tall and she's got a really lovely smile. I take another look at the smile and notice her lips and the pink lipstick she is wearing.

I've done my shot and started on my pint, but all the time my mind is wandering. I keep glancing her way, to get another look at that smile, at those lips with that pink lipstick. It's all I can do not to think about her and how she would take my hard cock into her mouth. How it would feel to have those lips wrapped around my length. I realise my cock is beginning to twitch every time I even glance her way. Yet I just can't seem to stop looking at her lips as she's taking her glass to her mouth, thinking and fantasising that it's my erect cock she is placing in her mouth, sliding her lips up and down over the full length of it.

My pint is finished now and it's time to leave, but somehow I manage to persuade the lads to stay for one more. I even get the round in again as I don't want to leave yet. I need to find out who this older woman is. This older woman who is totally unaware of how much she's teasing me.

'Taxi for Jamie,' someone shouts.

'Come on lads, it's time to get out and get smashed. Who's up for some pussy as well?' I say, realising a little too late that it was loud enough for the whole pub to hear. I can't help glancing over to look at her as I say it, taking in every detail about her. Watching her lips move as she's talking and smiling and lost in my thoughts I see her turn to look around the pub, to see who is the gobby guy in the room and she looks straight at me. My heart stops, my mouth goes dry, my palms are sweaty and my cock is throbbing. It's so hard already and all she's done is look and smile at me with that smile I've been watching for the past hour while thinking about her lips and what they will look like around my six inch cock.

The taxi journey was short as the base is only three miles from the town centre. Even so, I don't want to get out when we get there. I feel like telling the driver to turn the taxi around and go straight back to camp. I force myself to get out of the taxi and be the loud, lairy lad that all my mates have come to expect when we're all together.

Since leaving The Bowl my thoughts continue to wander towards blond hair and pink lips....and the time passes in a bit of a haze of distraction all the way through the next two pubs on our pub crawl.

'What's up J?' one of the crowd asks me.

I shrug my shoulders and take a drink of my pint, not wanting to let on even to myself that I'm not really interested in being out now with them. I want to go back to The Bowl. I need to see if this woman is still there and most of all, find out who she is and why she is here. Is she visiting? Has she moved into the village? My head spins with a thousand questions all on the same subject newly resident in my mind - the older woman.

There are often times in life when instinct or intuition, whatever you want to call it, will occur. It's now almost 2200hrs and we've been out since 1930hrs. There are loads of conversations going on now all around me, as a lot more people have joined the group without me really noticing.

'And you must be Jamie,' someone says.

My brain is running at a million miles an hour trying to place the voice as I've definitely not heard it before. It's sweet and soft, most definitely a more mature woman's voice but it doesn't sound old. Turning around to check it out, I can see some familiar faces. A couple of them are from the village, I've often chatted to them either in The Bowl on camp or at the Sports and Social Club in the village.

Focusing in I notice something familiar, which I hadn't noticed earlier when our group was growing. While my mind was elsewhere, back at The Bowl mainly, I hadn't paid any attention to who was joining us, but as I'm looking for the voice I see the blond hair.