Stormy With a Chance of Passion

By seeker4

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Nov 2012

copyright 2012 by D. Scott Vaughan

A cancelled flight leads to a chance rediscovery of lost passion

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/stormy-with-a-chance-of-passion.aspx

My evening began badly. I was lying on my hotel bed massaging my temples in hopes of exorcising the headache that was pulsing and throbbing in my forehead. Between a powerful winter storm outside and a twelve hour day of meetings at the tradeshow I was attending, I wasn't really surprised that I'd triggered a migraine. The question was what to do about it. I'd already popped the requisite pills but they took time. Deciding that getting rid of some of the pent-up tension of the day's business would help, I thought about the whirlpool down in the hotel's pool area.

"Might do it," I said aloud to the empty room.

After a few more minutes, I dragged myself out of bed. Quickly changing into swim trunks and a hotel bathrobe, I headed for the indoor pool.

The pool area on the second floor was fairly quiet. Most of the hotel's guests were probably there for the show and were either resting from the day's events or holding after hours meetings. There were some people in the swimming pool and one young couple in the whirlpool.

As I walked over, I could see that the couple were locked in a rather intimate embrace with the woman on the man's lap. His right hand, as near as I could tell, was between her legs. It might, I mused, even be inside her bikini bottom. I sighed, not really wanting to disturb them. They brought back memories of similar intimate moments with my estranged wife Jenny in the early days of our relationship. When they saw me, though, they got out of the pool and grabbed towels, giggling and whispering as they left hand in hand.

As I slipped into the warm bubbling water, my memory continued to linger on thoughts of Jenny. My wife and I had been separated for a little over six months. She'd used a job opportunity out in Seattle as an excuse to propose a separation.

“It’s been nothing but struggle for two years, Nick,” she’d said at one point, “And I have no love or passion left in this relationship. I need a break and a chance to try something new.”

I’d argued against it as best I could but Jenny was a strong, stubborn woman. Once she decided she was leaving, it was pretty much a done deal. After six months, I didn’t miss her as much as I had at first. My thoughts still filled with her at times, though. Friends, especially my co-worker and best buddy Nate, told me to let it go and get on with someone new. I’d even had a couple rather enjoyable flings. But getting over Jenny was proving hard.

Closing my eyes, I tried to empty my mind or at least think about something less stressful and more relaxing than my marital woes. After a while in the water and darkness, I drifted off a bit and just lay there enjoying the sensation of immersion in pure relaxation.

“Hi there, do you mind some company?” said Jenny.

The sound of my wife’s voice startled me back to reality. My eyes flew open and I sat up in surprise, thinking that either the migraine or the drugs were causing hallucinations. But there was no mistaking what my eyes saw. There, on the edge of the whirlpool, sat Jenny with a big smile on her face. She also looked a bit nervous.

“Uh … not at all,” I managed to stammer out, “Come on in, the water’s great.”

Jenny wore a skimpy yellow bikini that I hadn’t seen before. It must have been a new one that she’d bought after moving. Her body was as lean and beautiful as ever though perhaps a bit more toned than when she left. My eyes feasted on her shapely tits nestled in the little triangles of the bikini top. Jenny didn’t have huge, or even big, breasts. They were just a nice size and shape for her body.

Jenny had grown her hair long again; longer than it had been at any time since our dating days. She’d worn it fairly short the last few years, thinking it was more professional. Seeing it long again had me wanting to run my fingers through it as I kissed her or stroke it as it dangled while she rode me. I’d long thought it to be one of my wife’s sexiest features and missed it when she started wearing it short.

“You look great, Jenny. Seattle must agree with you,” I said as she slipped into the water across from me.

As she settled into the pool, my wife’s foot accidentally brushed mine. At least, I thought it was by accident. The touch sent a little tingle of excitement through me and I impulsively touched her foot back with mine. Jenny smiled a little but said nothing. She touched me back, though, and made no

effort to move away.

“Thanks. You’re not looking too bad yourself,” she answered.

“How’s life?”

“It’s going great, Nick. Front office wants me to stay in Seattle longer. Maybe even permanently. They say I’ve probably saved that office.”

“Terrific. I knew you were up to the job,” I answered.

Except it wasn’t terrific, because an extension meant Jenny would be staying in Seattle. I wanted her back close to me.

My wife’s foot brushed my leg lightly and lingered there. It was clearly deliberate this time. I returned the touch by caressing her foot with my toes. She smiled at me with a sexy gleam in her blue eyes.

“So what brings you here? It’s a bit out of your territory,” I asked.

“The storm,” she answered with a sigh, “I was on my way to Montreal for meetings with Bruce and some other execs. My connecting flight got cancelled when they closed the airport and the airline’s putting me up here for the night. Maybe tomorrow, too, given the forecast.”

“Too bad,” I responded, “I hate these storms.” But inside I was cheering. My headache was fading, forgotten in the surprise and excitement of meeting Jenny.

“And you?” she asked, “I mean, I guess you’re here for the tradeshow.”

“Yep. Me, Nate, and Kelly. The Three Musketeers of Benemar. Got some new product to push so I’ve been going crazy today.”

Jenny giggled.

“So what do you do for fun out there on the left coast?” I asked.

“I’ve made some friends out there. Mostly colleagues and neighbours. We go to movies and clubs and stuff together,” she paused, hesitating a few seconds before continuing, “And I have a guy that I kind of fool around with. Not serious enough to be a boyfriend. More like what the kids these days call a ‘friend with benefits’, I guess.”

I nodded and sighed. It wasn’t unexpected. At least it wasn’t serious.

Our feet and legs were now entangled under the water, swapping flirtatious caresses as we talked. Maintaining composure was getting difficult. My cock was starting to stiffen and I could see my wife’s nipples pushing against the thin material of the bikini top.

“How about you?” she asked, “Anyone?”

“Not really. Just a couple flings. Lots of heat with no real fire if you get my drift.”

Jenny smiled and nodded.

“My relationship with Malcolm is like that. He drives my body wild but I just can’t see myself being in love with him the way that I am … I am with…,” my wife’s voice tailed off.

“The way the I am with you,” I finished.

Without another word, Jenny moved across the pool. I spread my legs to let her kneel in front of me. Looping her arms around my neck, she pressed her mouth to mine. My hands slid around her waist and caressed the smooth skin of her back. Our first kiss in over six months felt like it went on for forever.

First our lips slid sensuously against each other. Then our mouths opened and Jenny’s tongue slid up against mine. Our last kiss before she left me had been a perfunctory kiss goodbye. This one was the kiss to end all kisses.

“Fuck, I miss you,” she said when we finally took a break. Tears were running down her cheeks.

“Me, too. I’ve wanted you so badly.”

Then we were kissing again. Jenny rubbed herself against the erection that had formed in my trunks. My hands slid up her body to fondle her breasts, tweaking and squeezing her stiff nipples through her top.

“We really need to get somewhere private,” I whispered, realizing that we were engaging in foreplay in a public area.

Jenny looked down at my hard on. She reached under the water with her left hand and caressed it

through my trunks.

“Indeed. I don’t think I can deal with this properly here.”

“Your room or mine?” I asked, stroking my wife’s wet hair with my fingers.

“I have a Jacuzzi suite with a king bed,” Jenny answered.

“Beats my two queens and a tub.”

Giggling, Jenny stood up and then offered me her hand. I got up and stood in front of my wife, my erection pushing my trunks out into an obvious tent. Jenny giggled some more and caressed it again.

“How are going to hide that in the elevator?” she asked cheekily.

“I brought a robe with me.”

“Not sure that’s enough,” Jenny responded, running her hand along my cock.

We embraced and shared another long, hot kiss. Jenny rubbed herself lightly against my hard cock to show just what she wanted and how badly she wanted it. Then we dried off, put on our bathrobes, and headed for the elevators. To anyone who saw us, we were probably just as giggly and giddy as the young couple before us.

In the elevator, I slid my arms around Jenny from behind. I kissed and nibbled my wife’s neck and earlobe while sliding my hand inside her robe to play with her breasts. My cock was pressed into the soft flesh of Jenny’s ass and I rubbed lightly against her. We were lucky and no one else got on. When the door opened on the tenth floor, where her room was located, Jenny slipped out of my embrace and scurried for her suite with me in hot pursuit.

As soon as the door closed, we were pulling at the ties on each other’s robes. They fell open and we slipped them off. Taking Jenny into a tight embrace, I French kissed her once again. My hands managed to undo the back strap of her top. My wife stepped away from me and held out her arms, letting me pull the bikini off. Then I grabbed her and pulled her against me with one arm while using the other hand to play with one of her tits. I kissed her again as my fingers stroked and pinched Jenny’s nipple. Then I lowered my face to her breast to suck the same nipple.

Jenny let me enjoy her breast for a couple minutes, moaning or crying out softly when I sucked hard or bit her nipple. Then she pulled me away and walked to the bed. Sitting on the edge, my wife

slipped her bikini bottom off before lying down on the bed and spreading her thighs.

To my surprise, her once dense bush was gone. There was just bare skin above the moist pink lips of her pussy. I'd always loved pubic hair but still found the new look quite to my liking. I slipped my trunks off and lay beside Jenny on the bed. Sliding a hand down her body, I caressed the smooth skin of her bare mound.

"Never thought I'd see you shaved," I said

"Waxed, actually. Malcolm likes it so I thought I'd give it a try."

I removed my hand and lowered my face to kiss the soft skin between her thighs.

"It's very sexy," I whispered, "I love your bush but this is hot, too."

Kissing my way up to Jenny's tits, I gently sucked and nibbled her hard nipples, enjoying my wife's reaction as much as actually playing with them. As my mouth lavished attention on Jenny's breasts, my hand was between her thighs. My fingers stroked her soft lips and probed her wet interior. Jenny moved her hips to press against my eagerly probing fingers.

"Eat me," she gasped, pulling me off her tits, "I want it, now."

I didn't need to hear more. I ran my tongue down Jenny's belly to her bare mound. Slowly, I circled her swollen clit, careful to tease it rather than stimulate it too directly. Then I lapped at the juice oozing out of her cunt, savouring the taste of my wife's sweet pussy before sliding my tongue inside.

Jenny's hands were on the back of my head, holding me in place and forcing me to continue my delectable meal. I moved up a little, licking her little bud while sliding a finger inside her. Then I closed my mouth over her clit to suck it until a loud cry and flood of juice told me Jenny was having an orgasm.

By this point, I was pretty close to climax myself. My cock was rock hard and I was desperate to plunge it into my wife's wet pussy. When I got off, Jenny responded immediately. She rolled over, pushed her ass up in the air, and parted her thighs to show off the dripping pink opening.

That was invitation enough. I knelt behind Jenny and guided my cock into place with the head against her lips. She was good and wet from her orgasm so I was able to just plunge in and start fucking. My wife's body shook as I rammed into her pussy with fast, hard thrusts. With each stroke, I drew closer to my own orgasm. I slid a hand under Jenny and began rubbing her clit.

“Oh fuck yes,” I heard myself gasp out loudly.

My orgasm was a powerful, shaking my body as it flooded my wife with my seed. Then Jenny came a second time, moaning loudly as her vagina rippled and squeezed my cock.

And then it was over. I pulled out and got down on the bed with Jenny. She rolled on to her side facing me and pulled me into the warm embrace of her arms and legs. Our mouths joined in another long deep kiss and then we lay still as our bodies came down from the heights we’d reached. My headache was long gone and forgotten as I rested in my wife’s arms.

“Good morning,” Jenny said as I emerged from the washroom the next morning.

My wife was sitting up in bed with the covers up to her waist. The sight of her naked breasts got me stirring again. I was tempted to jump into bed and go another round with her but time wasn’t on my side.

“Good morning. How are you today?” I responded as I grabbed my trunks and started pulling them on.

“Fantastic. Last night was amazing, Nick.”

“For me, too. Makes me wonder why we split up in the first place,” I said. I sat on the edge of the bed and caressed Jenny’s back.

“If it had been like this, I guess we wouldn’t have,” she answered.

“Wish I had time for an encore but I’ve got an eight o’clock breakfast meeting downstairs. I have to get to my room to wash and dress for it. What are your plans for today?”

“Call the airline and see what they’ve found for me,” Jenny said, “What’s the weather like?”

“I peeked out earlier while you were sleeping. Still snowing and blowing pretty hard. Maybe a bit better than yesterday.”

“Maybe we’ll get another night together, then. If I was stuck here alone, I’d be cursing the storm. Right now, I’m praying it holds out for another day or two.”

I laughed and shook my head. Getting up from the bed, I found my bathrobe and put it on. She got up

as well and started walking to the bathroom.

“Got your phone on?” I asked her.

“I’ve got a new one, actually. The boss sprang for a Galaxy 3,” Jenny responded happily.

“I wish I worked for Bruce,” I responded with a snort, “I’m still running this old Blackberry. Anyhow, text me once you know what’s up. If you’re still in town tonight, then I suggest we order in some room service and enjoy that Jacuzzi.” I nodded towards the huge tub that sat between the bathroom and bedroom of the suite.

“You’re on. Have a nice day,” Jenny answered.

“I’m sure I will,” I said, giving my wife a final kiss before leaving.

“You’re looking rather jolly today,” Nate commented when I reached the company booth, “Especially compared with yesterday.”

“I feel great, amigo. I’m always a bit hyper after losing a migraine, though,” I answered with a grin.

“No, no. I’ve seen that before. This seems more like …” he paused and frowned at me, “Like the morning after your first night with Sabrina. Did you get laid last night?”

I shook my head and chuckled. Nate had a bit of a one track mind at times.

“Yes, Nate, I got laid. None of your business, of course,” I responded.

“Oh come on,” he answered giving me a nudge, “Just a tidbit. Someone you met at the conference? Someone you picked up after hours?”

“I’ll tell you her first name and that’s all,” I said.

“Okay. That’s a start.”

“Jennifer,” I answered and flashed him a wicked grin before quickly walking away.

“No way, man,” he called after me, “Your ex?”

I stopped and turned back.

“She’s technically not my ex,” I shot back, raising an index finger, “We’re only separated, not divorced. Later, buddy.”

With that, I headed off to my meeting. I was almost there when my phone bleeped. Pausing, I pulled it off my belt and checked the message.

“Nothing flying until later today. They’ve booked me on a 9am flight tomorrow. Date night is go,” Jenny had texted.

“Excellent. Looking forward to it,” I responded.

“Plans for lunch?” she sent back.

“Not really. Want to meet?” I answered, suddenly glad that I didn’t have any lunch meetings planned.

“If you can get away.”

“I probably can. Last meeting for the morning ends at 11:30.”

“Got a place in mind?”

I thought about it a minute. Someplace nice but close by so I wouldn’t miss my first afternoon meeting.

“The café off the lobby. The desk can show you where it is. I should be there a little past noon,” I sent back.

“OK. See you then. Can’t wait. I’m so hungry today,” she texted, adding a winking smiley.

Jenny arrived for lunch dressed to kill. My wife had always had a knack for looking professional and drop-dead sexy at the same time. For lunch, she’d put on a grey skirt that was just short and tight enough to arouse interest but still within reason for a meeting. Sheer black stockings covered her legs, ending at black leather pumps. Under a jacket that matched the skirt, Jenny wore a sheer white blouse. The blouse was the drop-dead sexy part. It was slightly see-thru and had a deep plunge. It looked like she’d foregone a bra but at first I couldn’t tell for sure given the distance and lighting.

“Hello, honey” Jenny said in a slightly sultry tone as she reached the table. She walked behind my chair, her fingers lightly brushing my neck as she did so. The sensation sent a little tingle through me.

I rose to greet my wife. We hugged and swapped a friendly kiss. As we sat down, Jenny leaned forward slightly. The plunging neck of her blouse flashed me a good look at her naked tits, confirming her lack of a bra. Jenny took the chair nearest me which gave me a good view. My gaze kept wandering to the plunge as we chatted and reviewed the menu, stealing every glimpse it could of my wife's breasts. Looking wasn't enough, of course, and I desperately wanted them in my hands or mouth.

"So how's your day going? Anything exciting going on at the tradeshow?" Jenny asked after the waitress left with our orders.

I felt her hand rest on my knee and then slide up to caress my thigh.

"All just talk, I'm afraid," I answered, "Briefing clients on the new stuff, talking to opportunities, keeping the big contracts happy. Had to wait for you to get some excitement."

I reached under the table and found her thigh, caressing it lightly through the sheer stockings. My wife moved a bit closer, allowing my hand to go higher. The stockings were thigh-high and when I encountered Jenny's soft skin above them, I kept going until my fingers touched her shaved pussy. No underwear. I gave her a light kiss on the lips. Jenny raised her eyebrows and shot me a wicked grin

"Food's coming," she whispered.

I gave her pussy a quick stroke and then withdrew

"Wish I was," I whispered back.

"You just wait," Jenny replied.

As we ate, my wife and I continued to flirt both under and above the table. By the time we finished, I was getting hard and Jenny was clearly eager to do something about it. I wasn't sure we had time to go up to the room for some fun, though. Jenny stood up and grabbed my hand.

"Come with me," she said insistently.

"Don't really have time to go up…"

“We don’t have to,” Jenny cut in with a sly wink.

I followed my wife into a back hallway where there was a small washroom.

“Passed this earlier and I think it might work,” Jenny said as she pulled me into it. Once I was in, she closed and locked the door behind us.

“Just might,” I replied as she put her arms around my neck and pulled my mouth on to hers.

As Jenny’s tongue slipped into my mouth I pulled her skirt up and massaged her ass. The thought of her going around with nothing beneath her skirt had excited me in the café and now it gave me fast, full access to her. My wife moved against me, swaying her hips to rub against the bulge in my slacks. That got me harder and more aroused.

Releasing me, Jenny pushed me back against the counter so I was leaning on it. Dropping to her knees, she undid my slacks and pulled my cock out. Looking up at me with lust in her eyes, she stroked it with her fingers a few times before wrapping her lips around the head to suck it. As my wife sucked and licked me, her left hand stroked my balls and ass. Her right was between her own legs giving her pussy some attention.

“I’m ready, baby, get up here,” I finally ordered, knowing I wouldn’t last much longer.

Jenny released my cock and stood up. She pulled up her skirt and sat on the edge of the counter with her thighs spread wide. I stepped between them and guided my stiff cock into my wife’s wet pussy, easing it in slowly until I was buried deep inside. With Jenny’s hands on my shoulders and mine on her waist, we stared into each other’s eyes as I fucked her with slow, steady thrusts. I slid my hands up under her top to play with her tits and stroke her hard nipples.

“Oh yeah,” Jenny said softly as I picked up the pace, “That’s it, baby. Fuck my little pussy. Fuck it like that, yeah.”

The dirty talk ended when my wife threw her head back and let out a rather loud cry as she climaxed. I was afraid someone outside would hear but I was too horny to stop. My orgasm built and I began fucking Jenny harder and faster. Then it was my turn to cry out as I came.

As my orgasm passed, I stopped and pulled Jenny close to me, holding her while I caught my breath. Then I pressed my mouth to Jenny’s and slid my tongue inside. After a lengthy bout of French kissing, she started giggling.

“We should go,” my wife said as she tried to contain her laughter, “I’m amazed we got away with this as long as we did.”

“Me, too. Was it ever hot, though.”

“I know. I’d do it again.”

“Seconded.”

We did a quick clean up and then Jenny slipped out first. I left a few minutes later. As far as I could tell, no one had noticed. At least, no one had noticed and done anything.

I arrived at Jenny’s suite for our planned evening after a busy, rushed afternoon. I was tired but the thought of another night with my wife aroused me enough to put the fatigue and stress of the afternoon behind me. Jenny greeted me at the door in a classic little black dress and sheer black stockings similar to the ones from lunch. The dress was short and fit her like a glove, showing off her body without actually revealing too much skin.

“You brought that dress for a business meeting?” I said rather incredulously as I admired her.

“It’s for after the meeting. Raylene’s taking me out on the town in Montreal,” Jenny answered. She put her arms around me and gave me a kiss.

Raylene was her colleague, best friend, and partner in crime. The two had known each other since university and had enjoyed some rather wild times together.

“Did anyone warn Montreal that you and Raylene are coming?” I asked with a smirk. I planted a light kiss on her forehead and gave her ass a squeeze .

“Nope. They won’t know what hit’em.”

I laughed and kissed my wife. As we locked lips, I caressed Jenny through the thin material of the dress and felt the first stirrings of arousal.

“We should eat first,” she said, slipping out of my arms.

There was a room service gourmet meal for two set up on a table by the window. Jenny had opened the curtains, giving us the city lights and the snow as a backdrop while we enjoyed the meal and a bottle of red wine. All through dinner, we chatted and lightly flirted with each other.

“Nick, I’m really enjoying this. It’s like dating all over again,” Jenny said after we toasted our reunion.

“It is, isn’t it? Except I don’t recall us being this horny at first.”

“Yeah,” she answered, “It didn’t take long, though, even back then.”

I recalled our first time. Jenny had been a classmate in university. We had started casually dating at the start of our sophomore year after enjoying an evening together at a friend’s party. One afternoon, we got caught in a rain shower while making out in a park near Jenny’s apartment. Retreating to her place, we ditched our wet clothes, showered together, and then picked up where we left off except now we were naked on her bed. It certainly wasn’t our first time making out but it was the first time we’d been completely naked with one another. One thing led to another and by dinner time, I’d taken Jenny’s virginity.

“No, it didn’t,” I agreed, “This day has been amazing. Never thought I’d feel this way again.”

“If only I didn’t have to go back to the coast.”

“I can look for something in Seattle,” I said, taking her hand in mine, “I have contacts there and in Vancouver. If Bruce wants you to stay out there, I’ll come join you. Always thought I’d like to live out West.”

“Let’s see what happens when I get to Montreal, then. For tonight, let’s just enjoy being a couple again,” Jenny responded cheerfully

“I’ll drink to that,” I responded, raising my glass.

After dinner, Jenny got up and started filling the tub as I slipped out of my suit.

When I was naked and the tub was full, I got into the hot water and stretched out to let the jets massage me all over. Jenny turned on her laptop and put some soft jazz on. Then she turned out all the lights but the one over the Jacuzzi. Standing out where I could see her clearly from the tub, my wife began to dance to the song that came on.

She moved her body slowly and sensuously, sliding her hands over her body and caressing herself through the dress. Her left hand cupped and fondled her left breast; her right slid down and lifted her skirt. Jenny wore thigh-high stockings again but this time she had a black silk thong on. Swaying her hips gently to the music, my wife gently rubbed herself through the silk. The sight of Jenny doing an

erotic dance for me had my cock starting to harden but I resisted the urge to touch it. That might get me aroused too quickly.

Now Jenny reached around to her back and unzipped the dress. She lifted if off slowly, baring more and more of her body. First I saw her thighs, then the little black thong over her pussy, then her toned belly, and finally her naked breasts. With a final flourish, my wife yanked the dress off over her head and tossed it aside. Wearing only stockings and thong, Jenny cupped her breasts in her hands and started playing with them. She swayed slowly to the music with her eyes closed as she massaged them and pinched her nipples.

I couldn’t remember Jenny ever doing an erotic dance for me before and I loved every minute of it. My eyes were locked on the beautiful sight of my wife slowly baring her body to me and my cock was stiff under the water, begging for attention that I was loath to give it. I knew it would get the attention it needed when my wife was good and ready to give it.

Now Jenny slid her left hand down her belly and under her thong. Her fingers moved in slow circles inside the silk, obviously playing with her pussy. She began to rotate her hips in slow thrusts timed to the rhythm of the music. Then she pulled her hand back out and licked her juices off her fingers. Using both hands, she slid the thong down and let it drop to the floor at her feet.

Walking up to the tub, my wife put one foot on the edge and began sliding the stocking off of it. The raising of her leg put her pussy on full display for my hungry eyes, the lips flushed and glistening with her juices. When one stocking was off, she changed to the other foot and removed that stocking. The sight of her aroused cunt was too much for my eyes and I reached out to caress her soft lips before slipping a finger inside.

With the stockings off, my wife was finally naked. She sat on the edge of the tub with her feet in the water and her knees parted to open my way to her pussy. Kneeling between Jenny’s thighs, I caressed them with my fingers, first the tops and then the inside, ending each stroke by lightly brushing her pussy lips. Then I kissed my way up the inside of Jenny’s left thigh, ending by licking her pussy. I repeated this on the right side. Then I gave in and began hungrily licking and nibbling my wife’s pussy lips while probing her wet inside with a finger. The taste of her aroused pussy filled my mouth.

“That’s good; baby,” Jenny cooed softly, “So good.” My wife lovingly stroked my hair and neck as I ate her.

Before she could cum, though, Jenny pushed my head back.

“Lay back, Nick,” she whispered, “Just lay back and enjoy.”

I did as she said, lying back in the tub with my head resting against one end. My cock stood stiff, almost poking up out of the water. Jenny smiled and straddled it. Using her hand, she held the tip against her pussy and rubbed against it with gentle motions of her hips. With the middle finger of her other hand, my wife massaged her clitoris.

Finally, with me in an almost agonizing state of arousal, Jenny lowered herself on to my cock. I closed my eyes and moaned with pleasure as her warm, wet vagina enfolded my cock the way the warm water was enfolding my body. Re-opening my eyes, I drank in the sight of my wife riding my cock. Jenny moved against me in a slow back and forth motion that sent little waves through the tub. Then she then began sliding up and down my pole. I met each descent with a thrust so that my cock was driven deep into my wife’s body. Jenny’s breasts jiggled seductively with each collision of our bodies.

A powerful orgasm rose from deep inside me. I closed my eyes and let loose a loud groan. My body shuddered as my cock pumped its load into my wife’s body. Jenny bore down, taking me all the way in and rubbed her pelvis against me while massaging her clit with a finger. Throwing back her head, my wife cried out loudly as her own climax hit.

Snowflakes drifted quietly past the window of Jenny’s suite as we cuddled and relaxed in the wake of our orgasms. The soft jazz emitting from the laptop drifted around us.

“Should go to sleep soon,” Jenny whispered, “they’re picking me up at six.”

“Do you want me to stay the night?” I asked.

“You’re my husband, Nick. I wouldn’t have it any other way,” she answered. There were tears in her eyes.

I smiled and kissed my wife. Six months ago, I’d never dreamed that I would ever make love to Jenny again, let alone with this kind of passion. The past twenty-four hours had given us back our love and our passion. Now we had to build on that to get back our marriage.