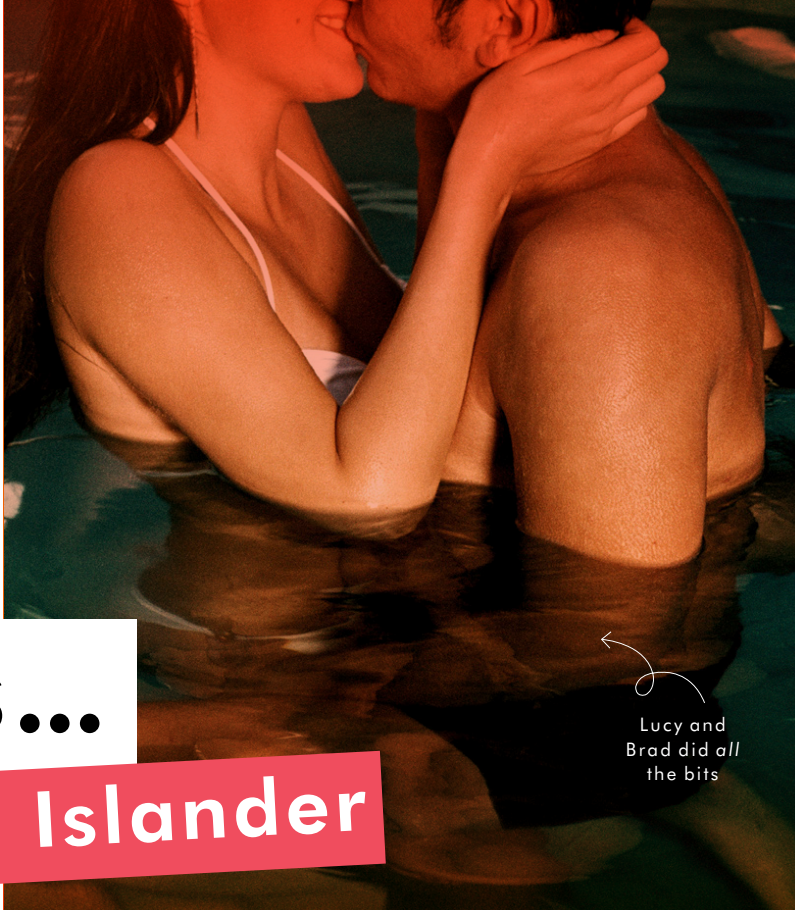


# My best sex ever was...

## with a Love Islander



Lucy and  
Brad did all  
the bits

After watching him on TV for two months, Brad\* turned out to be Lucy's\* type on paper

It felt like the whole of the UK was gripped by *Love Island* fever. And

if there was one man that everyone was lusting after – those on the show and everyone watching at home – it was Brad. But while meeting the show's stars might be an unlikely event for some, as a newspaper reporter, I was frequently at the same events as them all.

I was also, for the first time in two years, single. My boyfriend had recently dumped me and I was in desperate need of distraction. Like some sort of reality-star miracle, along came Brad. His agent was keen to initiate a face-to-face interview between us at an awards show my newspaper was hosting, so without a second's

delay, I made sure that Brad was on the guest list.

As we met outside the venue, it instantly became clear that our relationship wasn't going to stay professional for very long. Brad was in a navy-blue suit and I wore a slinky red dress, strappy shoes and bright lipstick. We spent the evening inappropriately talking throughout the awards ceremony, exchanging flirty looks and drinking cocktails – before he suggested moving on to another venue, just the two of us. We sipped G&Ts at a nearby hotel bar, all the while edging closer together, the tension building.

Brad was a tease. He knew I'd been watching him on TV for months as he'd honed his abs in the villa's gym and flirted up a storm in the challenges. He was aware

of how alluring he was, and before I ordered myself a cab home, he grabbed my waist and pulled me in for a passionate kiss. Afterwards he gave me a look that said, "I know you've been waiting all night for that."

I wanted more. The next day, we texted about the things we wanted to do to each other,

**"He was aware of how alluring he was... and I wanted more"**

and two nights later I was in a cab, in just my underwear and a coat, on the way to Brad's. As soon as he opened the door, he lifted me up and carried me to his kitchen counter as our lips ran over each other. His face filled with glee as I unbuttoned my coat to reveal my sexiest Agent Provocateur set.

He quickly stripped and pulled my underwear off – throwing it onto the floor and pushing my legs into the air. Trembling, I gripped the back of his neck and I felt my nipples harden as he held onto my outer thighs and buried his tongue deep within me. I orgasmed quickly and then he eased himself into me. Feeling his hot skin against mine, and sinking my nails into his back as he bit my neck, I resisted the urge to scream. Afterwards, I stayed the night before discreetly leaving in the morning.

Since that night together, I've bumped into Brad a few times – including once at a celebrity wedding that I was covering for a magazine. We chatted, giving each other a knowing glance. Now, when I watch couples head to *Love Island's* Hideaway, I know they're in for a treat. Islanders really are the sex symbols they're cracked up to be.