

# Jenna's Vacation

By : SoulDiver

Jenna is back and having her brains screwed out in Manhattan but she is finally reaching her limit. She needs a vacation but I am not sure where to send her yet - it will have to be somewhere with an endless supply of gorgeous men, of course, even though she is about to vow to swear off sex for a while. This is the third part of my Jenna saga (The sequel to Jenna's Grand Tour) I have decided to make it a novel this time instead of a series of short stories. This first chapter is only a few weeks after Jenna's Grand Tour left off, in the story called Ill Met in Manhattan Contains explicit language and sext acts - do not read if you are easily shocked!



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## Chapter 1: Enough Already

Jenna's editor was clearly very glad to see her. The crotch of his Gucci suit pants was stretched tight over the enormous erection that appeared the minute she had nonchalantly opened her legs to reveal a lack of panties. He was standing by the window of his office and from her seated position she had an excellent view of Manhattan as well as the thick rod swelling in his expensive pants. She opened her legs a little wider and waited with bated breath to see if he was going to do anything about it.

"You appear to have forgotten to wear underwear, Miss Adams," he said in his coolly refined voice, his eyes fixed on her shaved mons.

Jenna just opened her legs even wider and sucked her pen into her mouth. His cock leapt in the confines of his now tight pants and she felt the cream of her arousal lubricating her lips. His usually pale gray eyes darkened to black. He could see how wet she was and she squirmed slightly in the leather chair.

"That is a serious infraction of the dress code," he said.

She just continued to suck on her pen and look up at him naughtily under batting eyelashes. God, she was turning herself on. If he didn't do something soon she might come merely from thinking about it.

"And what is the punishment for such infractions?" she asked, just managing to keep the smirk from her face.

His hand stroked his huge bulge thoughtfully, and then at last he walked towards her, very slowly, very confidently. She gulped as he drew near and stood with his crotch at her eye level. His fingers slowly unzipped his fly, the big gold Rolex on his wrist gleaming. Jenna licked her lips as he pulled out what she had been staring at for the last five minutes.

"Suck my cock," he said.

That was a punishment she was more than happy to comply with and she immediately leaned forward and licked the slippery head, while he watched her intently from above.

"Finger yourself," he said in the commanding voice that was making her squirm, and as she swallowed him into her mouth she thrust her fingers into her wet pussy mimicking the rhythm of her lips on his cock.

His hand came down and took hold of a handful of her hair, pulling her mouth from him, his dick slipping out and whacking against his belly, stiff as a pole.

"Bend over my desk."

She rested her cheek on the cool glass and stretched her arms to the side, nearly knocking his laptop onto the floor. He silently pushed it back across the desk and rested a hand on her head.

"Don't move," he said, then she felt him tugging her skirt up her legs and the cool air hit her exposed buttocks as he pushed it up and her around her waist. A warm hand stroked contemplatively over her bare flesh and she heard his breath catch, and then without warning he struck one of her cheeks with a hard slap that made her yelp.

"Be quiet," he said and he slapped her again, this time even harder and a jolt of both pain and pleasure shot through Jenna's core.

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"Again!" she begged and he slapped her harder.

"I said be quiet," he said and a gentle finger trailed between her legs and into her sopping wet folds. It felt so good she moaned and arched her back as he pressed two fingers inside her, then one more until she was writhing under him. His hand came down on her sore cheek once again and she suddenly came round his pumping fingers, crying against the cool glass and in her slumped haze she heard him groan as hot cum splashed across her ass.

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Her buzzer went and she pressed the intercom button. "Ready for your eight O'clock appointment Ms. Adams?" a smooth voice asked. Shit! She'd completely forgotten about this arrangement with Carl. Would it be rude to cancel? But then Jenna took one look at the guy he had brought round and reconsidered. He was taller than even Carl and his broad shoulders filled the tight T-shirt he wore and he widely grinned at her under his long blonde hair. Carl had outdone himself this time. The man in question noticed her frank look of appreciation and said smugly, "Wait until you see what he has in his pants."

Half an hour later, Jenna's lips were happily wrapped around her second cock of the day. She lay on her back, her head hanging over the edge of the bed and Carl held her on either side of her face and rhythmically shoved his rock hard prick into her wet mouth, groaning loudly in time to his strokes. Her eyes were closed tight and the musky smell of his balls and sound of his deep voice made her squirm.

"Oh yes baby, work that dick," he moaned. "Take it all in. Get it nice and wet."

He slid it over her tongue as she closed her lips around the head and sucked.

"Criss!" he hoarsely groaned and rammed it all the way into her mouth, giving her a taste of the salty pre cum that leaked out.

Then she felt hot hands clamp around her ankles.

Carl stopped thrusting and said, "Oh yeh! Spread her legs Troy. Open her up wide." His fingers caressed Jenna's cheeks as he looked down at her. "Do you want Troy's big cock inside you, Cherie? Are you ready for him?"

Jenna's hands stroked Carl's muscular thighs as an affirmation, her hips bucking upwards as Troy roughly dragged her ankles apart and then ran his hot hands up her the trembling skin of her inner thighs, his fingers reaching their goal and teasing her pussy lips, slick with her juices.

"Fuck Jenna," Carl groaned, pulling his cock out of her mouth and dragging its tip across her lips, so she could lick off the beads of pre cum. "I can see how wet you are. And look how hard Troy is," he added, holding her head by the back of the neck and helping her to sit up so she could see Troy kneeling between her legs, his monster prick in his fist. Carl laughed. "Watching you suck my cock has really turned him on. He's going to stretch you wide, babe. He'll split you in two."

Troy just ran his hand up and down his hugely thick shaft and grinned at her. Jenna's pussy clenched just looking at him, she could come just at the thought of that glorious rod of meat roughly ramming into her. She reached down and fingered her pussy, pushing deep into the dripping folds.

"Look at that Troy," Carl sighed. "She's fucking desperate for it."

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Jenna loved the way Carl always kept up this constant stream of filth. The first time her colleague, Tom, had introduced him to her she had hardly believed her eyes. He was 6 foot 3 inches of perfectly toned and immaculately groomed muscle, from his silky black locks to the tips of his manicured toes. Too good to be true really, and not exactly heterosexual she had thought at first but he was an underwear model and the meticulous grooming and waxing was just a requirement of the job and when he had joyfully stripped off and joined her and Tom in bed she had discovered Carl's special talent; his filthy mouth. And the fact that he was French Canadian just turned her on all the more.

Troy was Australian and his special talent was pretty obvious. He had it in his fist now and Jenna's mouth was watering as she watched him run his thumb up its rigid shaft to its glistening head.

"What are you going to do with that monster, Jenna?" Carl asked, running a hand down to her breasts and pinching a nipple between his thumb and finger. "Can your pussy take it?"

She opened her legs wider and sank a couple of fingers in to show them there was no problem as far as she was concerned. Troy gave a little growling noise but was waiting for direction from Carl.

"Go on Troy," he said roughly. "Fuck her. Fuck her so hard she's screaming. Make her come all over your big cock. Pound her until she can't take any more."

And with solemn concentration Troy lined his hips up with Jenna's, pushed the wide head of his cock into her pussy lips and then with a sudden jerk of his hips rammed it home, so hard and deep she screamed out loud, her nails digging into Carl's biceps. "Shit! He's so big and hard!" she yelled and she meant it. She had never had a cock as big as this. Her eyes were watering, her legs were spread wide apart, her back was arched off the bed. He was stretching her to capacity, but she was loving it. The minute he started to thrust she would come. But he stayed buried in her for a moment, his wavy blonde hair falling over his forehead as he stared down at where his thick shaft was sunk inside her, stretching her glistening pussy wide. The three of them enjoyed the sight of him impaling her for a moment, their breath coming ragged, then Troy thrust his hips slightly and Jenna yelled out, and grabbed at his tight ass. She heard Carl groan, "Oh yeh," then Troy withdrew and shoved into her in earnest and Jenna came round his cock in great shuddering spasms, her whole body shaking and twitching and Troy grabbed hold of her hips and lifted her, then dragged her onto him, at the same time pounding upwards so hard and fast her orgasm wouldn't let up, she just kept on coming in gushes of wet cream that flooded his huge prick and leaked onto his balls.

She heard Carl shout out a strangled French profanity and felt streams of his cum splash onto her chest but her eyes were on Troy as he continued to slam into her, his biceps bulging as he gripped her hips, his abs rippling and at last he growled, "I'm going to fucking cum," and he gave one almighty thrust and his muscles pulled taught as his cock pumped hot gushes of his seed deep inside her, triggering another all consuming orgasm from Jenna that gripped his shaft and milked every last drop of cum from him, leaving him gasping above her.

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The room stank of sex but Jenna was too exhausted to do anything about it. The spunk of two men stained the crumpled sheets, but it was all she could do to stagger into the shower on shaking legs and stand slumped under the hot water. She had been with three men today. She had come so many times she had lost count, and still she felt her pussy start to come alive as she soaped her heated skin. What was it going take to finally satisfy her, to drive this constantly burning need away for good? Would she ever feel thoroughly sated? She slumped back against the shower wall and let the hot water stream over her, desperate for relief from her own out of control desires.

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Jenna was dozing on the couch wrapped in a slightly damp bathrobe when her intercom buzzed again. It took her a while to register that it just kept on buzzing, an annoying grating sound that finally roused her.

"It's me," a deep voice said.

Her finger automatically pressed the entry button and in a daze she opened the door.

He was wearing his battered leather jacket and a thick gray scarf wrapped around his neck. His nose was slightly red from the cold. She just stared at him, unable to think of a thing to say.

"Are you going to let me in?"

She stood aside as he walked past her, bringing with him the scent of whisky and cigarette smoke.

She closed the door and leaned against it, watching him stand uncomfortably in the middle of the room, all large and dark and imposing.

"What are you doing here Sean?" she eventually asked.

His hot gaze settled on her and she shivered. "I don't know," he said.

They both knew that was a lie. His eyes burned into her as he swept them over her body and her hand involuntarily grasped the edges of her robe to pull it more firmly over her bare chest.

"Are you still married?" she asked, her voice coming out in nothing but a hoarse whisper.

He gave a bitter little laugh and said, "Yes."

"Well you shouldn't be here," she said, her voice becoming stronger. "You need to leave."

"You're telling me you have some boundaries?" he asked.

Jenna tightly closed her eyes. He could be a nasty bastard sometimes, and she had to close her eyes to remember that. When she was looking at him it was so easy to forget.

"My married status didn't stop you fucking me in the car park that time," he said hoarsely.

Her eyes angrily flew open and she took a step towards him, her fingers curled tight around the edge of her robe. "I seem to recall that you told me you were married *after* you pushed me against a wall and fucked me."

"And you loved it," he murmured taking a step forward. "You came so hard you almost passed out."

"God, I hate you Sean Lynch," she said just before his mouth slammed down onto hers.

This is it, she hazily thought, as his hands grappled with the belt of her robe and roughly tugged it over her shoulders, his mouth clamping down on one of her nipples. This was what she so badly needed and she sighed with the relief as he greedily sucked on her, biting down slightly so she yelped and dug her nails into his back.

He groaned her name as he pushed her down onto the sofa and unbuttoned his jeans, his eyes never leaving her exposed naked body. Jenna was sore from the pounding Troy had given her but she didn't care. She wanted Sean inside her. She needed him inside her now. And he obliged, hurriedly freeing himself from his

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pants and lining himself up to slide into her. She lifted one leg so it rested on his shoulder and he entered her with a satisfied moan, sliding in deep and hard. His lips slammed down onto hers again as his thrusts quickened and she gasped into his mouth and clung to him and broke apart as he moaned her name again.

Jenna pushed his slumped body off her and got up on wobbly legs. She escaped into the bathroom and sat on the toilet staring blankly at the tiles on the wall opposite. Would it always be like this now? A few minutes of frenzied screwing followed by this sudden rush of bleak guilt?

She needed a vacation and she needed to get away from Sean Lynch.

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