Forgetting Names in Budapest (Jenna's Grand Tour, Part 6)

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Jenna is back to her old ways.

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Jenna stared out of her hotel window at a grey and grim Budapest afternoon. The sky was heavy with the promise of snow and the little square in front was totally devoid of color, the few trees bare of leaves and the ground scattered in sparse dead grass. Inside, it was too warm and she sweated slightly in her cashmere sweater. A European winter was always either too hot or too cold, rather like her and Sean Lynch, she thought.

Since their dangerously pleasant afternoon tryst in Prague, she had decided once and for all to put an end to it. There was really no point in continuing it. All it was doing was getting in the way of their assignment and giving her unsettling ideas that she had no need for. Her reaction to yesterday's phone call with her American lover, Wolfe had really bothered her, and she needed to get back to her old self as soon as possible. Sean Lynch was tall. He had a great body. He had a big cock. But he wasn't the only man in the world with those attributes. He should be easy enough to resist.

She looked at her watch, and grabbing her coat and purse briskly walked down the corridor to Sean's room. If they didn't leave now, they'd be late and it had been really hard to get an interview with this reclusive Hungarian writer. They couldn't afford to be late for this one.

But there was no answer when she knocked on his door. She knocked again and then angrily banged on it, putting her whole weight into it. God, the man made her mad.

It opened without warning and she almost fell inside, her hands touching damp bare flesh, and looking up found herself inches from Sean Lynch's annoying smirk, and hot dark eyes. Her nipples instantly hardened as she realised he was naked with just a tiny towel wrapped around his middle. His big hands closed around her waist far too confidently and she leapt away from him as if she had been electrocuted.

"Why aren't you ready?" she said coldly. "We'll be late!"

His hand went to the towel and her eyes involuntarily followed it and noticed that he was hard. Was the man ever anything else? He was nothing but a goddamn walking hard-on.

Without saying anything he dropped the towel and nonchalantly walked away towards a pile of clothes on a chair, giving her a view of his world-class butt. She closed her eyes. God give her strength.

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The interview had done nothing to improve Jenna's mood. As she had suspected, the writer had been difficult. Not only had his English not been good, but he had been extremely reluctant to talk about himself and it had been like drawing blood from a stone. Sean hadn't helped matters either. He seemed to have taken a vow of silence, just hovering in the background moodily firing off a few shots and sulkily staring into space.

She exited the building, desperate to get away from them both, with Sean following, a few paces behind.

Catching up with her on his long legs, he said, "Let's go for a drink."

"No thanks," she said, not slowing down. She wasn't going to make that mistake again.

"Dinner then."

"No," she said emphatically, staring straight ahead.

"OK ," he said, grabbing her arm to stop her walking. She struggled but he had her in a tight grip. She was still refusing to look him in the eye. "Let's fuck then," he said.

She looked up at him now with narrowed eyes and tight lips.

"No way," she said. "I am not going there again."

"Why not?" he asked reasonably. "We did yesterday. I recall you quite enjoyed it"

"I am not fucking you again Sean," she said, trying not to look at his mouth, which was far too close.

He stared down at her with a grim expression, his usual cockiness completely gone. "You can be a right bitch," he said through gritted teeth.

"It was you who said it wasn't a good idea," she reminded him, trying to keep her temper and finally managing to pull her arm away from his firm grip.

"That was before I got inside you," he said in a low voice, which made something clench inside her chest, a feeling that made her even more angry.

"Go fuck yourself, Sean!" she hissed and stormed off down the sidewalk, leaving him standing there trying to work out what had happened.

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Jenna had dinner alone. She amused herself by watching the very handsome waiter blush slightly when he took her order and follow his beautiful butt around the restaurant. She fantasized for a moment about what it would be like to drag him into the restroom and suck on his dick, but he seemed a little busy and his boss was watching his every move.

Afterwards, a little overheated on a couple of glasses of red wine, she decided to walk back to the hotel. The area seemed safe enough and despite threatening snow all afternoon, the weather had stayed clear.

A couple of blocks from the restaurant she was stopped by an American accent saying, "Excuse me Ma'am! Do you speak English?"

She turned round to see a young guy in a puffer vest and beanie hat on his head. He had a small backpack on his back. He smiled at her shyly.

"Yes," she said, tentatively, "I'm American."

"Oh thank God!" he said, pulling off his hat politely. He seemed to have very good manners. "I've just got here and it looks like someone picked my pocket on the tram. My wallet's gone and I've got no money. Could I borrow your cell phone or something?"

He was really cute, not much taller than her and he had short blonde hair and blue eyes. He reminded Jenna of someone she had known back in the States. Someone she had had very satisfying sex with for a couple of

months last summer.

"It's really cold. Why don't you come back to my hotel?" she said. "It's just around the corner."

"Really?" he said innocently. "That's real kind of you."

Jenna smiled to herself. She was a regular Good Samaritan.

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Ethan sat on her bed, his backpack propped up in a corner. In the heat of the room, he had taken off his puffer vest and his sweater, and Jenna could see from the tightness of his long sleeved T-shirt that he had a nicely muscled torso and big biceps. He was telling her about his exchange semester at the University of Zurich, but Jenna was remembering Wolfe's words on the phone yesterday "Shit, he was built, and so young. I had a hard on just looking at him." She sure was wet just looking at this one. "I love those College guys," Wolfe had said. "By the time I'd finished with him he'd forgotten his own name." What a way to get Sean Lynch out of her head.

Ethan was still rambling on nervously so she decided to take matters in hand.

"It's hot in here isn't it?" she said, giving him one of her favorite lines.

He abruptly stopped talking and stared at her, his blue eyes darkening and fixing on her breasts. It seemed College guys were familiar with obvious lines. She took a couple of steps towards him, bringing her breasts closer to his eye line and placed her hand on his head, running her fingers through his silky hair. He gulped and stared at her nipples hardening through the thin cashmere sweater, obviously still processing this wonderful good fortune.

"Are you gonna just look, Baby? Or are you gonna do something with these?" she asked huskily, pushing her breasts towards him.

"Oh yes," he moaned and his shaking hands came up to cup her breasts, his fingers tentatively trailing over her straining nipples. She pushed firmly against him to tell him it was absolutely fine to proceed and she had no intention of stopping him. She wasn't some cock tease college girl. He seemed to get the message because his hands went under her sweater and pushed it upwards and over her bra and she tugged at his hair so that he clamped his lips on her nipple through the lace and sucked.

"Oh God yes," she cried and he grabbed at her butt and pulled her between his legs.

She tugged her sweater over her head so he could get better access and then undid her bra and pulled that off too. He cupped her breasts in his hands again and squeezing them together, sucked on them as if his life depended on it. All the time she ran her hands through his hair and made encouraging little moans and let him know just how well he was doing.

Suddenly she wanted to see that body, so she pushed his head away from her and kneeling down between his legs, grabbed at his T-shirt. He helped her pull it of him and she ran her hands over his chest with an appreciative sigh. He was tanned and hairless and totally edible. It was a long time since she'd had such firm young flesh in her hands and dipping her head, she licked his hard abs, running her tongue along the ridges of muscles making him throw back his head and groan.

His hands landed on the back of her head and pushed it down towards his crotch. What a fresh little stud, she thought, but she didn't mind because she was wet at the thought of what lay under those jeans, and if she didn't get in there soon he was probably about to shoot his load in his shorts. She rested a palm over his hard bulge and felt him jerk, then unzipped him and pulled him out. He wasn't that long but he sure was thick and cut. A nice American cock, she thought as she wrapped her hand around it. She felt his eyes boring into her as her tongue just flicked his tip and he moaned softly and tried to pull his jeans further down his legs. She tongued the tip a few more times then sucked him into her mouth and at the same time grasped his shaft which made him thrust his hips and try to push his cock further into her wet mouth, but she teased him by just sucking the head and swirling her tongue around his sensitive glans, while she stroked him with her hand and he moaned and grabbed at her hair. Then she cupped his balls and greedily swallowed his full length, taking him right to the back of her throat.

"Oh man!" he cried loudly and pumped his salty cum down her throat, holding the back of her head so she had to take it, not that she wasn't going to, but she did wonder where his impeccable manners had suddenly flown off to.

Pulling away, Jenna wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and noticed that he'd collapsed onto the bed. His jeans were in a pool around his ankles and his head was lolled to one side. She was tempted to ask him what his name was, just to check.

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In the morning he woke her with yet another erection jabbing into her back. She stretched and let his hands eagerly wander over her for a while, over her breasts and nipples, down her sides, over her butt, between her legs, fingers slipping over her slightly sore labia, dipping into her pussy, hot breath panting on the nape of her neck, cock growing ever harder and more insistent. Then, quickly turning round she rolled him onto his back and pinning him down by his biceps, straddled him.

"Oh yeah, " he gasped as she sank down onto his cock, feeling him stretch her open again and all her juices slickly easing him in.

Jenna gazed down at his lovely young face, still puffy from sleep as she started to frantically fuck his thick cock, transferring her hands to rest on his pecs so his fingers could find her ass and play with her butt hole, something she had taught him to do last night. He was a quick learner. Two fingers sank into the tight sphincter, making her gasp as her clit tightened and convulsed. She loved this sensation of being stimulated in both orafices. She managed to look over her shoulder as she pumped up and down on him so she could see them in the mirror on the wall opposite and she watched the college boy's cock, slick with her juices pounding into her, his legs spread wide, his knees bent, his hips banging away.

"Don't stop," she gasped, and she knew he could keep it up because he had some staying power. She had found that out last night, once he had come a couple of times already and got the initial rush of lust out of his system. She looked back down at him, and he was grimacing with the effort.

He held her round the waist and shuffled up the bed slightly so he was sitting up and then grasping her butt cheeks lifted her up and down his cock until she was crying out and digging her nails into his shoulders. She closed her eyes as her orgasm began deep inside her, building in slow contractions but just as it was about to hit fully he tensed under her and then pulled her off him and threw her to one side.

"Man," he stammered. "I didn't know..."

Jenna's confused brain registered someone standing in the doorway and then slowly realised it was Sean. He was dressed in his usual black jeans and sweater and was cleanly shaved for once. He stared at Jenna blankly.

Ethan was pulling a sheet over himself and continuing to stammer embarrassed apologies.

"No problem," Sean said in a steady voice. "She's all yours mate." And then he abruptly turned and with a slam of the door was gone.

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