Jenna vs. Jack (Jenna in the Mid West, Part 6)

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Jenna and her boss play around in the office. I am reposting these stories since I have started writing the sequel 'Jenna's Grand Tour'

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Jenna surreptitiously watched her boss roll his sleeves up his hairy arms and she licked her lips. The sun was slanting through the blinds of the newsroom and it settled on Jackâ s face, emphasizing the darkness of his eyelashes, resting on his brown skin as he concentrated on the computer screen.

She coughed, just so she could watch his green eyes flick up and settle on her, the corners of his lovely mouth turning upwards.

This wasnâ t just a crush anymore; she was in love with this guy. A desperate, obsessive love that kept her awake at night. Well, those nights when the gorgeous Jake wasnâ t keeping her awake for entirely different reasons. Jake was cute, but he was still a boy and Jack was all man, she thought, as she gazed at the curls of hair in his open collar.

She smiled back at him, knowing she probably had her feelings written all over her face, but she just didnâ t care anymore. Let him know. Let him do something about it. She couldnâ t stand the tension anymore.

His hands returned to his keyboard and the sun glinted on his wedding ring. Her stomach twisted. If only, if only, if onlyâ ¦

Her hand strayed to the open collar of her white blouse, and as if driven by someone else entirely, undid the top two buttons. It was a hot day and looking down she could see her creamy cleavage glowing with a sheen of sweat. She picked up a manila folder and fanned herself, blowing the edges of her shirt wider, throwing her head back slightly.

Jack had stopped typing and he was staring at her, hungrily. A pulse of desire shot through her groin as she realised he was staring at her mouth. She just couldnâ t help it; she ran her tongue along her top lip. He made an almost inaudible groan, and his eyes darkened.

Naughtily, she uncrossed her legs and opened them slightly as she leaned back and continued to fan herself. Jack was still glued to his seat, hand gripping his chair arm tightly. She undid another button of her blouse revealing the white lace of her bra and he shifted in his seat. Something was stirring in the crotch of his pants. Oh Lord!

She moaned as the cool air from the fanning of the manila folder hit her overheated breasts, and she ran a hand across her chest, grazing the soft rise of her breasts. She couldnâ t resist dipping a finger under the lace and caressing a tight nipple.

â Jenna,â she heard him gasp.

She stopped pretending she hadnâ t noticed him and looked him straight in the eye, smiling lazily as she undid the remaining buttons, and then ran her hand over her breasts, rubbing a nipple with her thumb.

He had stopped breathing. The room was completely silent apart from the whirring of their hard drives. She wanted him to touch her so badly, but he was still gripping the arms of his chair as if that would save him.

â Undo your shirt,â she said in a clear voice, making him jump slightly.

He hesitated but then undid each button, hands trembling as he revealed his lovely chest, and the dark hair that fanned across it. She returned her hand to her breast and squeezed, wanting to run her hands across his chest instead.

He gazed at her, patiently waiting for her next move, his hard cock now making a visible tent in his pants.

She licked her lips and lifting her bottom slightly pulled her skirt up her thighs. She opened her legs so he could get a good look at the wet crotch of her white panties.

He groaned, and his hand went to his own crotch, rubbing his cock through the linen of his pants.

â Take it out,â she said, her fingers dipping into her panties.

He unzipped the fly, the sound reverberating in the silent room, pulled his underpants down slightly and his hard cock sprung out into his lap, engorged and ridged with veins.

Who would have thought heâ d been hiding that magnificent beast? Jenna licked her lips again and stared at his cock as she tugged her panties to one side and slipped her fingers into her wet slit.

He moaned loudly as his fist closed round his thick shaft, his thumb running up the underside and pressing over the dripping head. Jenna imagined herself sucking it into her hot mouth as her fingers slipped and slid across her clit. He gazed intently at her exposed lips as his fist and thumb caressed his stiff cock, pulling it almost to his navel, and his other hand tugged his pants down further so he could cup and stroke his balls. They moaned together as their rhythm intensified, the sound of sliding skin filling the room, fingers rubbing against tight flesh, heads thrown back as they both came in twitching convulsions crying each otherâ s names out loud.

The sound of a ringing phone interrupted their lightheaded recovery. Jack grabbed for it, semi hard cock still in his hand.

â Hey darling,â he rasped.

Quickly buttoning herself up, Jenna made a resolution. She didnâ t care if he was married, she would have him if it killed her.

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