

# Red Neck Round Two (Jenna in the Mid West, Part 5)

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Jenna discovers that Jake is no rough red neck after all. I am reposting these stories since I have started writing the sequel 'Jenna's Grand Tour'



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The day Jenna moved into her new rented apartment she decided to celebrate by calling Jake and asking him to visit.

Sheâd last seen him when heâd given her broken down car a tow into town. That was after heâd given her pussy a pounding over its hood. Sheâd had the longest orgasm of her life, spread-eagled on the car, ass exposed to the midday sun and any passing cars.

Some guys were only good for a fucking. She did like a bit of rough when all she wanted was some quick sex. She thought of the cops and the mechanic and sighed. But Jake wasnât one of those guys. He was sexy all right, but he was also super cute. She remembered his panty shifting grin, and the way his clothes smelt of fabric softener. She could bet his Mom still did his laundry, which turned her on. The thought of her corrupting Mommyâs little boy made her hot.

Jake and Jack were both in that league: guys you could fall for. She couldnât have Jack because he was married with babies, but she could damn well have Jake. And hell, it was only a difference of one letter!

She was so excited at the prospect of having him in a bed, she couldnât think straight all day. Even her daily fantasy about Jack noisily taking her against the filing cabinet was superseded by images of Jake naked and spread out for her pleasure. She practically ran home and spent an hour soaking in the bath, removing every hair from her body and anointing her skin with rose scented oil. She dressed in her favourite matching silk camisole and French knickers, then put some cookie dough in the oven. There was nothing like the smell of freshly baked cookies to get a guy in the right mood.

Jake was nice and punctual. The bell rang at 8pm and she opened the door with a happy smile. Sheâd forgotten quite how gorgeous he was. 6ft 2 inches of sun tanned deliciousness and he was grinning at her as if she was a huge bowl of ice cream and he was the spoon.

He took in the wispy scraps of silk that barely covered her body and his blue eyes grew wide. Such a sweetheart! He had to have known she was a sure thing tonight, but he still had the grace to look really appreciative.

â Hey babe,â she purred, â Did it take you long to get here?â

â No,â he said staring at her long bare legs, â It sure is nice to see you.â

â Then kiss me, you idiot!â Jenna cried and found herself pressed into his sweet smelling shirt, as his soft lips closed over hers. She hummed with pleasure as he kissed her, slowly and tenderly, moving his lips to achingly suck on her neck. A warm hand found its way to her round bottom and pushed beneath the loose silk.

â Youâre so hot,â he moaned, as he palmed her ass cheek and licked her neck. She held on to his shirt and wrapped her legs around his waist, so he could lift her up and press her against his hard groin. He walked a couple of steps into the room and managed to slam the door behind him, Jenna hanging ecstatically round his neck.

â Whereâs the bed?â he gasped as she licked his ear and nipped his ear lobe.

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“To the right,” she murmured into his ear.

When he got into the bedroom he promptly threw her down onto the bed and laughed at her surprised face.

She squirmed with pleasure as she watched him slowly unbutton his shirt and pull it off his broad shoulders. Oh, she remembered those abs. Then he unhurriedly unbuttoned his flies, looking at her hungrily and pushing them down to reveal snow-white underwear. She smiled to herself. Oh yes, his mother definitely still did his laundry. But thoughts of his mother vanished when he cupped his hand over his hardening cock and stroked it, grinning wickedly. He leaned onto the bed, placed a hand on either side of her and slowly crawled over her, not letting their bodies touch. She was writhing with frustration now, but he finally reached her mouth and lowered his lips over hers. With a moan she dug her nails into his back and he lightly brushed his hard groin against her, as his soft lips eased her mouth open so he could push his tongue inside. Her hips rose off the bed as his hot tongue plunged inside her and his lips created a delicious pressure, but he moved his groin away from her and she was left clutching at him, whimpering into his mouth.

“Oh Jake, please!” she heard herself begging.

“Tell me what you want,” he whispered into her ear.

“Touch me, Jake,” she cried.

He slowly pushed his hand under her camisole and cupped one breast, rubbing the nipple with his thumb. She was so turned on by now, she could feel the unmistakable early stages of an orgasm building.

“Fuck me,” she begged, bucking against his hand. “Oh, fuck me hard!”

He chuckled and got up to pull his underpants down, his erection eagerly springing outwards. God, he had a gorgeous cock. He was gorgeous all over, every single wonderful inch of him. He reached down and careful not to make contact with her skin, he stroked his hands up the silk of her knickers and gently pulled them down over her legs.

Jenna was on fire. He had barely touched her and she was just about ready to go off.

He smiled at her freshly waxed pussy and lazily slid his hand up and down his cock. Reaching down to his jeans, he pulled out a condom, carefully ripped the foil open with his teeth and without breaking eye contact with her slowly slid the rubber down over his rigid cock. He held it in his hand and teasingly ran a palm over his hard stomach.

“Jake!” she pleaded, and almost screamed as she felt his tongue flick against her swollen clit.

“Oh God, I’m coming,” she warned him, and he quickly entered her, suddenly sliding against all her aroused nerve endings. The pulsating contractions of her orgasm hit like a freight train and squeezed round his cock, dragging moans from him as he thrust into her. Her head was thrown back, her hands gripped the sheets, her whole body shook as he relentlessly drove her into mindlessness. At some point he must have come, but she barely noticed, she was in such a fog of pleasure.

When she came round she opened her eyes to find him gazing at her and smiling smugly, blue eyes shining with triumph.

She hadn’t even needed the cookies.

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