

Things to do in Rome (Jenna's Grand Tour, Part 8)

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Who will win the battle of Rome? Does it really matter in the end? Contains explicit language and sext acts - do not read if you are easily shocked!



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"Why didn't you cancel one of the rooms?" Sean asked right in front of the receptionist at the Rome hotel.

Here we go, Jenna thought, just because she had spent one whole night in his arms, he now thought they were in some kind of relationship.

"Because the magazine is paying for them," she said slowly and patiently, "And I don't want everyone knowing about..." and she nearly said 'us' but thought better of it, not wanting there to be an 'us' in the first place.

"You have never met any of them in person so who cares?" he said reasonably.

She just fixed him with one of her glares and passed over her passport to the far too interested receptionist behind the front desk.

"Just seems like a terrible waste of money," he said, smiling sweetly at the pretty young woman who blushed, "when you're gonna be in my bed every night."

She whipped round to glare at him even more furiously and then grabbing her case hissed, "You just ruined any chances of that, buddy," and wobbled across the lobby on her high heels.

She could feel his eyes on her butt and then to her mortification, he yelled after her, "I bet you fifty Euros you'll be begging me for it by midnight!"

Jenna spent a couple of hours writing up her article on the Italian movie star she interviewed in Venice, giving the censored version of events that occurred before he took advantage of the fact she hadn't been wearing panties. Thinking about what happened then was dangerous, because it naturally led to thoughts of what happened later last night when a jealous Sean Lynch had stormed into her room and insisted on demonstrating how much more of a man he was, which then led to her getting all overheated which wasn't wise with the man in question just one room away.

She switched on CNN in the hope that endlessly streaming news might get her mind off the way Sean had made her come over and over again. Shit, she was thinking about it again. Then her stomach started to loudly rumble and at least she was thinking about food instead of sex.

And as if he had read her mind, Sean was at her door, looking far better than he had a right to and demanding that she go out to dinner with him. And because she was ravenously hungry and because they were in Rome she found herself not arguing for once and grabbing her coat.

They went to a little place he knew not far from the hotel in Trastevere and gorged themselves on pasta and slow cooked lamb. Far too many glasses of red wine later, she had stopped scowling and her stomach was full and she was resigned to the fact that there were worse places to be and worse people to be with.

By eleven they had slowly wandered back to the hotel and Jenna realized with relief that Sean seemed to have forgotten about his stupid bet because he hadn't mentioned it at all. In fact, he had managed not to make any snide comments all night, which was a record for him. They stopped in the corridor outside their rooms and he

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looked down at her as she fumbled in her purse for her room card, then he gently took her face in his warm hand and ran his thumb along her bottom lip. She stopped what she was doing and looked up at him. His eyes were so dark they were almost black and he smiled slowly, examining her face, making her nipples tighten against the lace of her bra. She let out a slight gasping noise as he bent towards her and nipped her bottom lip with his teeth, then ran his tongue along it. Her mouth opened in anticipation, but pulling away he said, "Night Jenna," and opening his door, disappeared into the room and firmly shut it behind him.

She stood in the deserted corridor for a moment, a little unsteady on her feet, then feeling lightheaded retreated into her own room.

But sleep was not going to happen. Not when she was so turned on by just a tiny little kiss, that she lay twisting and turning in bed, images of hot tangled limbs and Sean's world-class boners chasing through her head. Her breasts were tender against her tight T-shirt, her pussy wet and aching in her panties, her hands a poor substitute for what she really wanted. And what was worse was she knew what she really wanted was just a few feet away on the other side of that wall, lying smugly in bed, probably with his gorgeous arms behind his head and a cocky little grin on his face. Could she hold out until 12:05am at least? She didn't think so.

Five minutes later she was knocking on his door. He opened it looking genuinely sleepy. He was shirtless and at the sight of him, Jenna knew she had no regrets, at least a very needy part of her didn't.

"Do not say a word," she said as she pushed past him and pulling off her T-shirt got straight into bed where his sheets were warm from his body. He dutifully crawled in beside her and pulling her to him, immediately sucked one of her nipples into his mouth. She sank into the mattress, and he pulled at her panties and plunged two fingers into her, and she sighed with pleasure and relief.

Jenna woke in the morning to find Sean deftly sliding his hard cock into her from behind. It seemed he could make her wet even in her sleep, because she was slick and ready and he slipped straight in with a satisfied growl. Nudging her knee upwards so he could get the right angle, he established a delicious rhythm that had her moaning into the pillow and pressing her ass back against him as they came together with soft shudders.

"You owe me fifty Euros," he murmured into her hair.

By the evening, Jenna had forgotten what she had ever found attractive about Sean Lynch. She did have to admit that he looked hot in a suit. For some reason he had decided to forgo his usual jeans and T-shirt for the interview that afternoon and was dressed in a suit and tie as if he were Gregory Peck in Roman Holiday. Jenna had laughed at him, but he had just smiled lazily because he knew he looked good and he knew he was making her panties wet too. However, he had some serious competition, because the footballer they went to see was sex on legs - six foot three inches of bronzed highly conditioned muscles, and he was looking at Jenna with unrestrained interest, and when he had invited her to dinner, she had accepted without hesitation.

Sean was now standing in her hotel room, dragging the tie from around his neck, and angrily demanding she cancel.

"Since when have I taken orders from you?" she asked, rooting around in the bottom of the wardrobe for her Laboutins.

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"You are not going to dinner with that man," he growled again. She stood up, shoes grasped in her hand and noticing them he said darkly, "And if you walk out of this room wearing those shoes, I'll..."

"You'll what, Sean? What will you do?"

"I won't be responsible for my actions," and she noticed a slight spark of amusement flicker at the corner of his lips. What was that about?

"What are you going to do to stop me? Tie me to the bed?"

He looked at her with a wicked glint in his eye. "That is precisely what I am going to do."

"You wouldn't!" she gasped, taking a step away from both him and the bed.

"Come on Jenna. Don't give me the innocent ingenue act," he said moving towards her. She dropped the shoes on the floor.

"But I'm usually the one doing the tying! And for fun, not to actually imprison someone."

"I'm not imprisoning you, you silly woman. I'm just saving you from yourself." He was backing her up against the door.

"God, you're an arrogant prick!" she hissed into his face.

"And you're a controlling bitch!"

She slapped him hard across the cheek leaving a red mark on his skin and grabbing her wrists he shouted, "Right, that's it, I've had enough," and dragged her towards the bed, her feet madly kicking in the air.

"Let me go, you bastard!"

He managed to pull the belt from out of his suit pants and pinning her down onto the bed with his knees, wrapped it around one wrist pulling it tightly then tied it round the leg of the bed. He tugged on it to test its strength then keeping a tight hold of her other hand, swept his eyes around the room in search of another handy restraint.

"I can't believe you're doing this " Jenna said, her voice quiet with disbelief, but a very small part of her couldn't help feeling a little thrill of excitement at the strength of him as he held her down.

He caught sight of the tie he had just taken off, lying abandoned on the sideboard and he reached for it whilst still keeping hold of her hand, then he tied it round her wrist and finding it didn't reach to the other side of the bed, tethered it to the same leg as the belt.

He stood up and taking a few steps back, looked at his handiwork with satisfaction. Jenna lay on her side, her arms uncomfortably angled towards one side of the bed, glaring at him with fury. He looked calm and relatively normal dressed in his sensible suit, with his hands on his hips, regarding her with amusement.

"There you go," he said pleasantly. "That should do it!"

"You're a fucking lunatic!" she growled at him.

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He shrugged out of his suit jacket and sat down in the easy chair by the sideboard. "If I let you go out," he said calmly, "You'd only go and shag that wanker of a footballer, and I don't want you to."

"Jesus, Sean!" she cried with exasperation. "I was only going to dinner with him!"

"And then you were going to shag him. I know you Jenna, and I saw the way you were looking at him, and more to the point, I saw the way the fucker was looking at you."

Shit, he was right but she was hardly going to admit that.

"I'm not a total slut!" she said.

He raised his eyebrows in the way that always made her either annoyed or turned on. This time it seemed to do both.

"How many men have you fucked on this trip?"

"A couple," she muttered.

He raised his eyebrows again, and counting on his fingers said, "That chef, that kid in Budapest, whoever he was, that twat in Venice, and me. That's four. In a couple of weeks."

And the guy on the Eurostar train, she added silently.

"And how many women have you fucked Sean?" she asked archly.

"One," he replied.

She stared back at him open mouthed.

"You," he added helpfully.

"What about that blonde in Berlin?"

"We had a bit of a drunken fumble but that was all."

"And Paris?"

"I met up with an old friend, but she had to get a late flight so we just had a snog in the back of a taxi."

"You're just a pussy tease, Sean Lynch."

"I seem to have been giving you plenty."

"Not in Amsterdam you didn't" she muttered, still bitter from the rejection.

"You were legless and I didn't think it was a good idea."

"Turns out you were right," she snorted, and couldn't help adding, "For once."

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He took a long breath and she watched his broad chest expand in the crisp white cotton of his shirt. "Can I remind you that you are tied up and completely at my mercy, and you might consider being nice to me."

She stared back at him pondering her choices for a moment. What could he do to her anyway? He suddenly launched himself out of the chair and sat on the bed, taking one of her stockinged feet in his hands.

He held it delicately for a moment, running his thumb along the instep, enjoying the smooth slide of the nylon between their skin. Jenna's toes curled under his gentle touch, as he straightened her leg and ran his hand up her calf and back down to her ankle. He opened his legs slightly and settled her foot on his crotch. She could feel him hardening under the ball of her foot, growing and expanding in his pants as she pushed her foot slightly against him, the solid ridge of him rising to meet her. This was a dangerous game he was playing. It would be so easy to give a swift kick and completely put him out of action, but she was too entranced by the flush in his cheeks, and the little moan that escaped from his lips. He took a gentle hold of her foot and rubbed it up and down his shaft, his eyes glazing over, completely lost now in a fog of arousal. Wow, who would have thought that Sean was a bit of a pervert?

"Why don't you take it out?" she said softly, her voice sounding a little rough and completely forgetting she was angry with him.

"God, yes," he sighed and unzipping his pants, pulled out his cock. She managed to roll onto her back and sit up a little and her mouth instantly watered at the sight of him, all thick and throbbing with need. He pulled both her feet around his shaft and started to stroke them up and down his length.

"Shit, that's good," he gasped as the nylon of her stockings slipped over his sensitive skin, the head of his cock weeping a drop of pre-cum.

Jenna squirmed in her tight restraints, her pussy washed with desire for the hard cock between her feet. Watching Sean pleasure himself like this was too much to bear and she tried to pull her feet away from him, but he gripped her ankles tight and said, "Where are you going? I haven't finished."

"I can't stand it Sean!" she choked, pulling against the ties and writhing around so her skirt rode up to give him a view of her naked thighs.

He smiled silkily at her, still holding her tight by her ankles, opening her legs slightly to get a view of her sodden panties.

"You have to ask me for it," he said calmly.

She stared up at him with hot, angry eyes. He sucked her toes into his mouth, and she yelped, then he ran a hand down the inside of her leg all the way to the lace of her stocking tops and let his fingers just brush against the skin of her inner thigh.

"Fuck me, Sean," she said quietly.

He took her toes from his mouth and said, "Sorry? I didn't hear you."

"Please fuck me," she said a little more loudly.

He smiled smugly and slowly undid the buttons on the cuffs of his shirt, a small enough action but it made Jenna flood with heat and her nipples tighten into erect buds. Then she watched him undo all the other buttons of his shirt far too slowly, and finally pull it off his shoulders. He stood up and pulled down his shorts and

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pants and then took off his shoes and socks and he was standing there completely naked looking down at her, his proud erection still gloriously hard. Jenna's legs were spread so wide on the bed she was practically doing the splits. With her hands tied it was all she could do.

"I could untie you," he said thoughtfully, "but I quite like seeing you like that, all helpless and vulnerable."

He leaned towards her and pushed her sweater up so her bra was exposed to his gaze, then he tugged the lace down to reveal her erect nipples, and his hand thrust under her skirt and between her legs. She threw her head back and moaned as he pulled her panties to one side and his fingers slid inside her.

"Bloody hell, Jenna," he groaned. "You're always so fucking wet."

She bit her top lip, desperate to start ordering him around and at the same time determined to give him some control. She guessed he probably deserved it for making her feel this good.

He tugged her panties down her legs and then sitting beside her and pushing her legs apart again trailed a finger across her clit, and into her pussy, watching its progress with fascination.

"Shit, I have to fuck you," he said suddenly, much to her relief and he turned her over onto all fours and pushing her skirt up, squeezed big handfuls of her ass cheeks and then abruptly rammed his big cock into her. But, God, it felt good. She rested her face on the cool sheet of the bed as he slammed into her, his jagged breaths coming fast and desperate above her as a slow luscious orgasm came upon her and milked his cock in the way she knew he liked, but it seemed he was off in a world of his own, lost in some wild frenzy that came to a loud climax of frantic cursing, his nails digging into the flesh of her hips as he shot hot streams of cum deep inside her.

It took him a long time to recover from that one, much longer than usual. Jenna had to patiently wait for him to regain his breath and untie her. She noticed his hands were shaking and she kissed him gently as he wrapped her in his arms.

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