When the Cat's Away (Jenna in the Mid West, Part 15)

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...the mice will play. I am reposting these stories since I have started writing the sequel 'Jenna's Grand Tour'
Contains explicit language and sext acts - do not read if you are easily shocked!

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Jenna woke with the morning sun bright in her eyes and a hot naked body pressed against her back. For a moment she was confused. This was the Mayorâ s bed but it wasnâ t his arm slung across her. Then she remembered and smiled.

She felt Wolfe stir against her and said. â Whereâ s Joe?â

â Gone to work,â he mumbled into her hair.

Should she be doing the same? And then she remembered with relief that she had the day off.

â He left us on our own?â she asked. Quite frankly, she was surprised heâ d do that.

â Yeh,â Wolfe said, his hand suddenly coming to life and edging its way towards her breast.

She let him run his hand over her and graze her nipple with his fingertip before she said, â I donâ t feel right doing this without him.â

â Oh go on,â Wolfe said in his smoky morning voice, â Letâ s be naughty,â and something very long and stiff pressed against her back.

She sure was tempted. She was only human after all, but she reluctantly peeled herself away from Wolfeâ s warm body and went to the bathroom.

When she came back, Wolfe was laying on his back, spread out on the bed, one arm behind his head, one hand lazily stroking his cock and grinning at her. Was it because he was gay that he knew how to do this? He used his body for erotic effect much better than any straight guy.

â Wolfe?â she asked, ignoring the fact he was jerking off. â Which do you like more? Girls or guys?â

â I honestly donâ t know,â he said, sitting up. â Sometimes I love some pussy and then other times I can be completely gay. I think it depends on the individual person Iâ m with.â

She sat down on the edge of the bed. â Iâ ve always thought that bi guys are basically gay,â she said.

â Sometimes they are. Sometimes I am, but then I meet a girl like you and it all changes,â and he gave her a mouth watering lop sided grin. God, he was a charmer.

â And Joe?â she asked tentatively.

â Itâ s telling that we call him by different names,â he pointed out, avoiding answering the question, and at that moment saved by the phone ringing.

Jenna reached to the bedside table and picked it up.

â Hey,â said the Mayorâ s deep voice, â Are you still in bed?â

â Yes,â Jenna replied.

â Is Wolfe still there?â

â Yes.â

â Be nice to him, Jenna. I donâ t want him causing trouble. Iâ ll get rid of him later,â and he hung up.

Wolfe rolled on his side, his curly head resting on his arm, looking up at her through his long dark lashes. â What did he say?â

â Be nice to you.â

Wolfe grinned. â You know what that means,â he said gruffly, nudging her with his foot. â Heâ s probably sitting behind his desk right now, jerking off at the thought of us fucking each other.â

It was a nice thought, Jenna had to admit, though she wasnâ t sure it was true.

â Come here,â he growled, â and kiss me.â

What harm could it do? Nothing wrong with kissing him a little, even if they were both completely naked and he was sporting a huge hard on.

He didnâ t just kiss her, of course. The moment his tongue parted her lips, a firm hand pressed against her backside and pulled her against him, so his cock could grind against her pussy in a very provocative way. Her hands went to his hair and she moaned as his lips caressed hers, and his cock slid against her.

â Jenna, I want to fuck you so badly,â he gasped into her neck, as the head of his cock almost slipped inside her.

She was so so close to letting him sink into her, but placed her palms on his chest and wordlessly shook her head.

â Turn around then,â he said and he spooned her, reaching round to stroke her belly, erection pressing against her back. â Youâ re so beautiful,â he whispered as his hand moved downwards, â so hot.â

Jenna knew she should stop him but she was paralyzed with lust. His hands reached her neatly trimmed hair and he trailed his fingers through it, eventually sinking one into her wetness. For a gay guy, he certainly knew his way round a womanâ s body. His finger firmly stroked her clit and she arched her back, unintentionally stimulating his straining cock. As two of his fingers sunk into her pussy and stroked her into mindlessness, his lips caressing the nape of her neck, he carefully moved so that his cock was once again pushing against her wet entrance. He added one more finger and thrust them into her pussy so she arched her back enough for him to deftly slide out his fingers and slip his cock inside her. By the time she had realised what he had done he was plunging in and out of her in such a delicious way she didnâ t want to stop him. He moaned against her neck as he cupped a breast and continued his relentless rhythm. His fingers returned to stroking her clit and he slid in and out, in and out. Jennaâ s moans escalated.

â Thatâ s it Baby, come for me,â he murmured into her ear, sliding in and out, finger slipping over her clit, and then cried, â Oh fuck, youâ re going to make me come too!â and with a strangled cry, he shot his cum into her as her orgasm gripped hold of his cock and milked him for all he was worth.

He lay on his back, long hair curling on the pillow, heavy blue eyes gazing at her, cock still slightly hard lying between them as she straddled him.

â You are a very bad man,â Jenna said and kissed him, hard.

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