

Jenna

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A story about the joy of having power over another person.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/jenna.aspx>

I saw Jenna from across the park. She'd bolted from the school office and had hidden by the time the teachers emerged from the office. She was fast, I gotta give her that. I could understand how they couldn't see her; she'd ducked into our old hiding place - Jenna used to be my best friend, but things change... she changed. It seemed like one day she was my best friend, the next she'd blossomed, moved on to the in-crowd and left me behind. I strayed over to where she was hiding, school was finished and I felt like being a prick. I walked right up to the entrance to the hiding spot, being inconspicuous so as not to draw attention but obvious enough to annoy Jenna. "Hey Jenna, whatya doin'?", I said in the most annoying, obtuse tone of voice that I could muster. "Fuck off," came an angry whisper from the bush. Yep, this is going to be fun. "Remember when we used to play in here, you know, in grade 6." "Go away, they'll see you," she said in a more desperate voice. "Just go, please." I dropped down to my knees and crawled into the hide-out. "Sorry, I couldn't hear you." She glared. "You're such a retard," she hissed. "Oh, ok... sorry... I'll go then," I said in a loud voice. She grabbed my wrist and held me back. "It's too late now. Just shut up and stay here. If they see you, I'm fucked." Normally Jenna is such a drama queen, but, for the first time I thought she actually might be in some real trouble. "What did you do this time?" She didn't answer, but I could see a wad of cash bundled in her hand. Neither her t-shirt nor mini-shirt gave her anywhere to stash it. "School raffle?" "If they catch me, they'll kick me out. Mum will kill me. Don't make a noise until the teachers stop looking." "You didn't really think this one out, did you?" I said. "No pockets, too many teachers and a hiding space you barely fit in. I suppose we're a lot bigger than we used to be when we used to play truth or dare in here." "Stop saying that, dork... that was years ago... and there was plenty of space before you came." "Ok, I'll go then," I said, raising my voice. The panic in her eyes made it so worthwhile. "Just sit and shut up." Jenna crawled forward to look between two branches. As she got a better view of the teachers, I got a better view of just how much she'd grown up. Her skirt had ridden up, giving me a full view of her knickers. Her bum was just glorious. The mound of her crotch looked so hot with the skull and cross bone motif of her undies. As she edged forward, her hips rolls from side to side. I was torn between wanting her as a woman and missing her as my childhood friend. Fuck it, I thought to myself, and reached forward to caressed her buttocks. "What the..." she snapped. I held a finger to my lips. "Shhhh". One of the teachers was close by. She wriggled her bottom to

throw off my hand, but she could do much without making noise. I continued to caress those sweet cheeks; the more she wriggled the hornier it made me. The teacher was lingering just in front of the bush. Just how far can I take this? I moved one of my hands to her crotch – she flinched. As she glared at me, I used the other hand to do a silent “Shh”. I started with broad strokes across her mound, tracing around her lips, up to her pubic area and then drew a single finger slowly down the middle. She mouthed “Stop it” to me, but I responded with another “Shh” gesture. Jenna lived in the house next to mine. Some times I would wait for hours to catch a glimpse of her going to bed, or changing or making out with her boyfriend. There have been so many lonely Saturday nights spent watching her dress for a party and wanking to the sight of her changing. But now, I was touching her in ways I had only dreamed. Slowing moving my fingers around her crotch, I started to feel her body rocking in time. I could feel her relax her hips, drop her body down slightly and open her legs slightly. None of this showed on her face – that just showed anger and indignation. The teacher was now standing just a few metres away. I could smell cigarette smoke wafting from his direction. That gave me perhaps a minute or less. Before Jenna knew what I was doing, I moved my hands up to her hips and pulled her panties down to her knees. Now she really was furious, she kicked me as hard as she could. I made as if I was about to get up, blowing her cover in the process. The threat worked, she settled down again. The kick certainly hurt, but it was worth it. Her legs were now further apart. Her beautiful cunt was facing me. She was hairier than I thought she would be – I must watch too much porn, not everyone is shaved. I resumed my finger exercises, but this time I started parting her lips, probing through her veils and feeling her wetness. “You know I watch you at home, getting dressed and all,” I said in a faint whisper. I don’t know if it was a power play, a confession or just an attempt to connect. She flinched and my finger slid easily back and forth, deeper and deeper into her lips. Nightly porn sessions had told me about the little man in the boat. By her gentle moans, I guess I found him. “Yeah, I know,” she said. I was so hard, I couldn’t control myself. I leaned forward and whispered in her ear “Lie down, I’m going to fuck you.” She looked genuinely surprised, but nodded. She wriggled back into our hiding spot, turned around and faced me. I’ve got to move quickly, if that teacher leaves I’ve got nothing. I undo my jeans, fumbling on the button. I’m so nervous. I do my best to be quiet, pulling down my pants. God, my dick is so hard it hurts. I pull my boxers down, letting my cock free. Oh God, I just want to be in her. Her legs are split, her cunt is juiced. I move in, but Jenna puts up a hand to stop me. I feel her other hand gently grabbing my balls, then moving up the shaft of my cock. I could come right now – no, I am going to fuck this girl. As I move in closer to her, she puts her hand on my mouth, leaving the other wrapped around my cock, and whispers in my ear “If you make a sound, I’ll rip you dick off” and with that, she dug her thumb nail into my throbbing penis. Jesus, now I understand why she put her hand on my mouth. The pain was intense, but I couldn’t yell. I tried to pullback, but she made sure that hurt too much. With one hand firm in control of my cock, she took her other hand off my mouth and made her own “Shh “ gesture. She had me. Our eyes met, how things had changed in just a few seconds. Now she was smiling – she had the power. Holding onto my dick tightly, she whispered, “Now we’re just going to wait a few minutes... in silence.” She started to stroke my dick. I suppose, unless I was hard she wouldn’t have as much control. The

teacher was still hovering close by. Christ, how long does it take to smoke a fucking cigarette? One hand was rubbing my shaft; the other had a thumb nail poised to strike. Jenna was scaring the crap out of me, I just wanted out. She looked down at my penis and smiled. "How you've grown up. Remember that time we did the dare? When we were both suppose to drop our pants, only I chickened out at the last minute. God, you hadn't even sprouted a pube then and look at you now." She looked back to meet my eyes and continued, "I think it's time to finish what you started." I wasn't sure what she had in mind, but I soon found she could move me to exactly where she wanted me. With her free hand, she pushed my head between her legs. Obviously, she thought I didn't get the idea so she drove her thumb nail into my dick again. She needn't have bothered, she was not subtle. I took a breath and dived in. My experience with cunnalingus was limited to one drunken party and way too much porn but Jenna wasn't shy pushing me into the right spots. I must have been doing something right going by how much she squirmed and wriggled. I tried to come up for air a few times, but was firmly put in my place. I ran my tongue along her lips, parting them to expose her clit. She'd split her legs as far as she could in the cramped hide out, driving my face into her cunt, then wrapping her legs around my head when I got her sweet spot. The arch in her back told me she was getting close. Her moans were getting louder and more urgent. Had she forgotten about the teacher? Had he gone or did she just not care any more? A spasm rippled through her body, and she fell limp. I straightened up. The teacher was gone, Jenna was lying flat on the ground, still panting and still holding my cock. Should I try and run for it? Should I try and fuck her? Even though she said nothing, her answer was clear. She started rubbing my dick with one hand, massaging my balls with the other but not letting me any closer or further away. Her soft hand was running up and down my shaft, her thumb ticking under the head. The pressure was increasing, the strokes becoming more urgent until finally I exploded. My cum errupted over her hand, spilling out onto one of her legs. Now it was my turn to slump to the ground. My dick was still pulsing, still pumping when she finally let go. Jenna sat up and looked at me. I couldn't meet her gaze. "Not bad," she said, then added with a smirk "for a retard." I seemed to be the first time she'd smiled at me in years. I tried to return the smile but, just to put me in my place, she wiped my cum off her hand using my shirt. Jenna grabbed her money and headed out of the hide-out, leaving me in a daze. "Do you want these?" I asked holding her knickers. "You keep them," she said. "They'll keep you company on those lonely Saturday nights." She stood up, stretched, turned to leave. Just before wandering off, she turned to me and uttered her parting words: "Drop by sometime, Jake."