Dinner Party

by KarennaCÂ©

Dayle came back from the bathroom to find that someone had taken her seat. It

was a dinner party; places were assigned to the dozen or so guests. How could

someone not know it was her seat?

Jared looked up from his plate as she approached the table. "What's wrong?" he

asked.

She gestured toward the chair beside him. "You didn't tell her I was sitting

there? What am I supposed to do, stand?"

The woman who had taken her seat looked at her, rolled her eyes, and turned

away. Jared smiled. "You can stand right here next to me," he said.

"But."

He took her hand and pulled her closer, close enough that they were touching.

"Stand right here," he repeated.

Dayle looked down the long rectangular table. She and Jared had been sitting at

one end. No one looked back, although they must have heard her complain about

losing her seat. Everyone continued eating and chatting with the people sitting

near them. "Jared, there's an empty seat-" she began.

Jared let go of her hand and put his arm around her. His hand slid to her ass.

"You don't want to sit down," he said.

Dayle tried to step away, but Jared grasped her arm with his other hand. "What

are you doing?" Dayle asked in a whisper. "People will see!"

"No one's looking." Jared gestured down the table. Everyone's head was bent to

their plates. "No one will see a thing."

He rubbed her ass and Dayle stifled a moan. He knew that drove her wild. How

could he do this to her with all these people here, at a dinner party thrown by

his boss? "Jared."

"Shh. If you don't want them to look, be quiet," he whispered. He moved his hand

down the back of her leg, then up under her skirt. "Relax, Dayle. No one's

looking. Just be quiet."

Dayle caught her breath as Jared's hand crept up her leg to her pantyless pussy.

Why had she let him talk her into going commando tonight, of all nights? She had

found the idea exciting; a secret between her and him. Of course it would have

led to sex later, probably in Jared's car in some secluded place on the way

home. Jared loved the thought of being caught. But Dayle had never expected that

he would try something in front of other people.

Jared's straying fingers brushed Dayle's clit and she bit her lip to keep from

crying out. Still none of the other guests looked away from their plate. Or did

they? Dayle was sure that Jared's boss glanced at her, but with a slight smile

he bent back to his plate so quickly that she couldn't be sure.

Jared's finger began the pressure and motion on her clit that always made Dayle

cum. With a gasp, Dayle gripped the back of Jared's chair to steady herself.

"Are you enjoying this?" Jared whispered.

"You- stop, please," Dayle gasped. "Jared, I."

"You're going to cum," Jared said. "And I want you to. Cum for me, Dayle."

And as always when Jared gave that command, Dayle felt the orgasm grip her body.

In private, she sometimes screamed at this point. Here, surrounded by people,

all she could do was hold the chair more tightly and breathe heavily as she

came.

When Dayle opened her eyes, she thought she saw a few of the guests staring at

her, but they looked away quickly. "Good girl, Dayle," Jared said, his voice

low. "You came so hard. You love this, don't you. You know these people can see

you, and you love it."

"No, I don't." Did she? Dayle didn't like having people look at her usually, but

it was a turn-on to know that people were there, that they could see what was

happening. That some of them had seen; she was almost positive that eyes had

been on her during her orgasm.

Jared chuckled, making no attempt any longer to keep his voice down. Still none

of the guests seemed to notice, but Dayle thought she saw a few quick glances

toward them. "Yes, you do. You want to be watched, don't you, babe? You want to

show these people how much you love to cum." He thrust his fingers into her

soaked pussy. "Look how wet you are, babe. This is making you so hot you can't

stand it." He pulled his hand out from under her skirt, making Dayle moan in

frustration, and licked her juices from her fingers. "Mmm. You taste wonderful,

babe. So wet. Do you want more?"

"More?"

Before Dayle had time to figure out what Jared meant, he unzipped his pants. He,

too, had foregone underwear, and his cock bobbed free of its constraint. "Lift

your skirt and have a seat," he instructed.

No. That was going too far. There would be no way to hide what they were doing

from the other guests. But did Dayle really care? They'd already seen her cum on

Jared's hand. Let them see her fucking him. Before she could lose her nerve,

Dayle followed Jared's instructions, lifting her skirt above her hips and

lowering herself slowly onto Jared's hard, long cock. As she settled onto his

lap, facing away from him, she let out a moan.

This time, the others made no attempt to hide their gazes. Every pair of eyes at

the table turned to Dayle and Jared. Dayle was beyond caring as Jared's hands on

her hips moved her up and down on his cock. "Look at them all, Dayle," he

murmured into her ear. "Look at them watching us fuck." One hand came up and

tweaked her nipple through her thin shirt. "They're jealous of you, babe.

Jealous that your wet pussy is being fucked by my thick cock. Jealous that

you're loving being fucked. And they're getting horny watching you enjoy

yourself. You're turning them all on."

Dayle looked down the table, meeting the eyes of each of the guests. Each pair

of eyes held a mix of jealousy and lust. In response, Dayle rode Jared harder,

fucking him more forcefully until he moaned in pleasure. "That's it, babe," he

said. "Fuck me with that hot pussy. You want to cum again, don't you?"

"Yesss," Dayle gasped. She was on the brink. "Do you want me to cum on your hard

cock, Jared?"

"Hell, yes! Cum for me, Dayle. Cum for them. Let everyone see how much you love

fucking me."

This time, as her orgasm ripped through her, Dayle gripped the edge of the table

and screamed. Several of the dinner guests burst into applause. Dayle felt

Jared's cock tighten and twitch inside her. "That's it, babe," she said. "Fill

my pussy with your hot cum."

Jared let out a long, low moan as Dayle felt his cum shoot into her. "Fuck, that

was incredible, Dayle," Jared said. "What do you think? Did you like your little

surprise?"

Dayle surveyed the table, the looks on the faces of the dinner guests, and

nodded. "Yes, I liked it." She reluctantly lifted herself off Jared's cock and

turned to kiss him. "When can we do it again?"