Mr. Denton cums to Dinner

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My need explodes in rough hot sex

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I had gotten the note from Mr. Denton at school along with a weird shaped package. When I opened it up after school, it was a small bullet shaped vibrator. I knew what it was but I was confused by the note. The note said simply, make sure you have this on tonight at dinner. What was that supposed to mean? I was having dinner with my family just like every night. Oh well…I shrugged. I put it between my pussy lips and slid my panties on and went downstairs to dinner.

As I was setting the table the doorbell rang. I looked up, and my mom said, “Oh Delilah, I invited your teacher, Mr. Denton over.” I was shocked. I knew my Dad and he were friends, but I hadn’t been aware that they still kept in touch. My dad walked I with Mr. Denton, they were talking and laughing about something they did in college. Mr. Denton smiled, and said hello to us all.

We sat down to dinner and my Dad asked me something about my Trig class and I started to speak when suddenly the tiny vibrator started vibrating. I broke off in mid sentence, and gasped, but then I continued what I was saying. Mr. Denton had the remote control to the tiny bullet vibrator firmly lodged between my pussy lips. Mr. Denton’s face was unreadable, completely stoic. The vibrator went to high and I jerked a little as an orgasm washed over me. I tried not to cry out and I managed to keep quiet.

Conversation swirled around the dinner. Mr. Denton kept the vibrator humming off and on and orgasm after orgasm washed over my shuddering body. I was visibly sweating now, and my breath was coming in hard little pants. My Dad noticed that something was wrong.

“Delilah honey, are you ok?” He looked at me with concern. I assured him I was fine. My mom and brother were staring at me. I started to speak and excuse myself from the table, but the little vibrator hummed mercilessly against my clit and my legs gave out before I could even get up. I felt another orgasm rocking my body, and I couldn’t help but grind a little on the seat. I was becoming desperate. I was going to shame myself in front of my whole family and scream out my pleasure. I looked at Mr. Denton with tears in my eyes from pleasure and terror that my secret was going to be discovered, and mouthed the word, “Please.” That’s all I said, but the vibrations stopped for a while.

Mr. Denton continued on like nothing had happened. At the end of the night, he left giving my dad a handshake and my mom a kiss on the cheek. He was walking home because he only lived two blocks away from my house. I waited a few minutes, and then said I was going to the store for ice cream. I walked out the front door, my legs quaking, my panties soaking wet. A trickle of sweat dripped down my back. I practically ran to his house. I pounded on the door with both hands.

He opened the door and grinned, “What a nice surprise Delilah, would you like to come in?”

I shoved past him into the room. As soon as the door shut, I slapped him as hard as I could, and ripped his shirt open buttons popping off. I raked my nails down his chest and grabbed his cock through his pants.

“Damn sweetheart, I can’t tell if you are mad or horny.”

I screamed, “Both you bastard, how dare you do that in front of my family!” I shoved him forcefully down onto the floor, and struggled with his belt no caring if my nails scraped his belly or his thighs. I ripped his pants down, and jerked my panties off. I ripped my skirt in an effort to get it off quickly. I straddled him and slammed down on his already hard cock. I was riding him hard and fast, my knees gripping his hips as I ground on him fiercely. I leaned forward and bit his shoulder hard as I slammed my soaking wet pussy on him. I came hard and fast. My nails were digging into his chest.

“Ouch you little bitch!” he growled at me.

I was still desperate to fuck him more. He rolled me over forcefully onto my back.

“No you bastard, we did it your way! Now we are going to do it mine!” I shouted at him.

He pinched my nipples hard, making me scream in ecstasy, and pinned my arms up over my head.

“No Delilah, you will NEVER forget who is in charge of this relationship”

He knew I was angry and sexually desperate. He used his thighs to spread my legs and thrust into me ruthlessly! He kept my hands pinned up over my head with one hand and grabbed the back of my leg with the other one. He put my leg up over his shoulder and JAMMED into my dripping pussy with a force that made me scream. He ground himself against my clit controlling the pace of his thrusting to make me more desperate. Sweat dripped off of my heaving body and he kept pumping in and out of me. Every time I was ready to cum he would slow the pace. I was pleading with him, alternately begging sweetly then cursing him when he didn’t let me cum. I completely lost control of myself. I was

like a crazy girl, screaming and cursing like a street whore.

He rolled me over onto my stomach and thrust into me from behind. Every time I tried to move to play with my pussy he slapped my ass hard. He kept fucking me, holding me down on the floor ignoring my attempts to pleasure my pussy. He gripped a handful of my hair pulling my head back and then holding me down if I tried to move. I was consumed with need. He pushed two fingers into my ass with no lube but I was so far gone with pleasure I didn't care. My body was his, completely. He could've done anything to me. He let go of my hair and slapped my pussy hard with his hands. There it was, the one thing to put me over the edge. I screamed as the most intense orgasm I ever felt in my life tore from my body. Wave after wave of pleasure ripped through my shaking, sweating, clinging body. I was literally crying with the intensity of my pleasure.

He gave a shout and Pulled his cock out shooting hot cum all over my back and my ass. I didn't move..I just lay there in a little heap, sweat rolling off my shaking body. He flopped over on his back. His breath coming in hard ragged breaths. We lay in silence for a while, the only sound was our hard breathing. He wiped my back with my panties, and helped me up. There was a bruise on his shoulder from where I bit him, and scratches on his back and chest. He led me to the bathroom. More gently than I could've imagined, he took a warm wash cloth and soap and bathed my sated body carefully. He gently wiped away all traces of our recent activity. Carefully he ran the warm washcloth between my legs. My pussy was aching with the pleasure of our evening. After he was done bathing me with tenderness I didn't know he was capable of. He kissed each breast reverently, and then kissed the outside of my pussy. I stood not moving, barely daring to breathe. I was completely incapable of doing anything for myself. The evening had been too intense. He dressed me. He borrowed underwear that his daughter had left in her drawer when she went away to school.

When I was dressed he dressed himself and took my hand led me out to the car. I told him I had told my parents I was getting ice cream. He stopped and picked some up, and gave it to me. Then as I started to get out of the car, he pulled me to him. "Delilah, you are MINE. I am not some little high school boy who dances to your tune."

I knew he was right. I whispered to him, "I know I belong to you."

He smiled, "Yes, you belong to me, and No one will ever fulfill your nasty fantasies like I do."

I sighed in acceptance. He said, "Now get in the house before your parents send out a search party." I walked slowly into the house, my body aching so sweetly with fulfillment and soreness from the rough fucking he had given me.