**A Sugar Daddy and His Sweet Tart**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 1**

*A petulant 15 yo hottie becomes the sex toy of an older man. In Chapter 1, fleeing from her arguing parents, 15 yo Brenda, ends up at her BFF's dad house for the night...*

My life has really sucked these last three years. I was twelve and looking forward to starting 7th grade at Herbert Hoover Junior High, when my parents began arguing. Oh, they argued before, but they were arguing a lot more... mainly about money. We lived in a really nice house, just down the street from my BFF, Jenny. Suddenly we had to move, from our nice big house to a much smaller ghetto house several blocks away. Then Mom had to turn in her leased Lexus for a rinky-dink Honda. Not only that, but Daddy had to turn in his Escalade for a used Chevrolet junker. My allowance went to zero and they took away my debit card. How did they expect me to buy the things I needed? It's all so embarrassing!

That was then. Now three years later, my mom and dad are openly engaged in marital warfare. I suppose things were pretty shitty for them before that, like when my dad lost his business, the house and everything else, but for the most part they kept it from me. Oh, I knew there was something majorly wrong, but they didn't have it out in front of me like they did now. Gawd... the yelling, the screaming, the mean horrible things they say and said to each other.

They just yelled at each other whenever they were in the same room it seemed. Even sometimes when they weren't in the same room, they'd still scream and curse at each other. It was unbearable!

At first, I just went to my shitty room and tried to cover my ears so I wouldn't hear what was going on. With the paper thin walls of our shitty house, that really didn't work all that well. I still heard plenty. Enough to make me cry, night after night. I think that any day now, Daddy will be moving out and I'll hardly ever get to see him ever again!

My only escape was to be out of the house and away from home whenever they were both there. To that end, I found solace with my BFF, Jenny Jones. Jenny's mom and her dad had split several years before, so she sort of knew what I was going through. Thing is, her parents remained friends and on good terms with each other. Jenny says she never heard her 'rents arguing about anything, much less yelling and cursing at each other. She didn't have a clue that there were issues between her mom and dad until one day Jenny was surprised to learn that her dad had moved out and that was that. He had a rent house from before he married her mom, so he just kicked his renters out and moved in. It was only a few blocks from their old house and what would now become her mother's house, so Jenny saw Jeff quite a lot.

Well, Jenny's mom, Tracy, was an airline stewardess. Naturally she traveled a lot and was away from home a lot. So, whenever her mom was gone, Jenny would just stay with her dad. And whenever I stayed with Jenny overnight, which was like as often as possible, it was either at her mom's or her dad's, depending on whether her mom, Tracy, was in town or not.

Both houses were very nice and they both had swimming pools (another reason to hang out with Jenny). Her mom, who dressed like a teenager whenever she was off duty, wore the most revealing bikinis imaginable, I mean like there was hardly anything there. She let Jenny wear the same skimpy bikinis whenever it was just us girls there. I too had my "Jenny" bikini, which Tracy bought for me. If my mom knew how revealing that bikini was, she'd never let me go there to swim, but she didn't know. She just thought I was wearing the dowdy one piece she'd bought for me.

Well, like I said, Tracy and Jeff got along just fine and sometimes Jeff would drop in unannounced to see Tracy or Jenny, and sometimes we'd be in the pool practically naked. On those days, Jenny's dad saw plenty of girlie flesh. At first I was embarrassed for him to see me like that, but Jenny didn't care. Her mom was likewise liberal in what Jeff was allowed to see, so long as he was a gentleman about it and didn't comment or stare too much. Eventually, after a few times, I too was casual about him seeing my bare ass and my tits practically exposed. Oh, he looked, but he didn't stare, even though I was practically falling out of the top and there was no back to the bottoms at all.

Jeff figured that if swimsuits with thong bottoms were okay with Tracy and Jenny, and if they were okay by me, then he had no problem with us wearing them at his house, just so long as it was just the three of us. So, he took Jenny and me shopping for new bathing suits to wear when we were at his house. They were very similar to the ones Jenny's mom had bought for us, and just as revealing.

Now Jeff is a really good looking hunk with the most gorgeous eyes I've ever seen on a guy. He's also very muscular, as he has been working out regularly since he was a kid. In a word, Jenny's dad was yummy. He too wore skimpy swim briefs, but they covered a lot more than what our bikinis covered. Not only that, his bulging package was prominently displayed by his Speedo.

Of course I couldn't spend the night with Jenny every night. My mom just wouldn't allow me to stay over during a school night, and that was fine, as Daddy didn't get home from his new job until after Mom went to bed. So, the yelling during the week was kept to a minimum. But, when they were home together, sparks would fly!

Then one night, Daddy came home early... Oh, my gawd! I couldn't stand it and just ran from the house. Once outside and away from the house, I called Jenny on my cell phone to see if I could come over for the night. She wasn't feeling all that well at school that afternoon and she now sounded awful. Jenny said she felt even worse than she sounded, but she asked her mom anyway.

Tracy said, "Absolutely not, Brenda. I don't know what Jenny has, but I don't want you getting it too. Just go home, Sweetie, and try to ignore the fighting."

Well, that was easy for her to say, but I wasn't about to stay and listen to all the screaming and the mean things my parents were hurling at each other. What if they got violent? No way would I want to called as witness against either of my parents if things got truly nasty. So, I called Jeff.

"Sure, honey pot," he said with ease. "Stay right where you are and I'll come pick you up."

Five minutes later, I climbed into his Corvette. I'd never ridden in his Corvette before, as there weren't enough seats for both Jenny and me at the same time. Not only that, but he was practically naked. Oh, he had his black Speedo on, but that was all. I don't know why I thought that was odd, because he almost never had shoes or a shirt on when I was at his house with Jenny.

A few minutes later we pulled into his garage. Once inside, he asked me if my mom knew where I was.

"No," I told him.

"Then call her and tell her," he told me.

So I called. To my surprise, Mom answered. "Brenda! Where are you? I've been looking all over for you!"

"I'm at Jeff's," I replied and hung up. Almost immediately she called me back. I let it go to voice mail and immediately deleted it.

As I walked into the kitchen from the garage, I heard the TV and the familiar banter of Jeff's buddies. That's when I realized the guys were over, and as I soon learned, over to watch the Thursday night football game.

I'd been at Jeff's with Jenny on any number of Sundays while the guys hooted and hollered about the game being played. They were a nice bunch of older guys, playfully flirty, but I never had any problem with any of them. Of course, being with Jenny and not all that interested in two gangs in tight pants beating up on each other, or whatever it is they do playing football, we generally stayed out of the way. Oh, we didn't avoid them completely, as that would be rude, but we didn't hang out with them either. That is unless it was half time and early in the season when the weather was warm, then the guys would all hit the pool and come flirt with us. Of course we always wore modest bikinis on those occasions, and not the all revealing micros that Jeff had bought us. Then when the game started back up, they were all back in Jeff's living room in front of the big screen TV, lounging around in wet bathing suits and drinking beer. Sometimes some of the guys put on t-shirts, but sometimes not.

Tonight, half of them were dressed and the other half, half naked, as they had been swimming before the game started. That explained Jeff in his Speedo. As I walked in, big old Bill Bates shouted out, "There she is! Hi, ya, Blondie!" Then he turned his attention back to the game.

Bill was a very friendly guy and the most flirty of the bunch. He sometimes called me Blondie and not Brenda, my real name. He called me that for obvious reasons.

I figured Bill was about my dad's age. He was a big man, not especially hairy and was very fit as he worked out regularly with Jeff. When I stood next to him, I felt so small! The guy had the biggest arms I've ever seen with muscles on top of muscles and they were all on display, as he was only wearing swim trunks. I always wanted to reach out and feel his muscles, but was too timid to try.

I came in and told everyone hello. I was about to leave and go to Jenny's room to watch some TV that interested me, when Bill says, "Before you go, Blondie. Be a good girl and bring me a cold beer."

So I go get him a beer and then someone else wanted a beer, so I got him one too. That started the ball rolling. No sooner did I deliver one beer, when someone asked me to fetch him a beer too. Suddenly I had become the unofficial waitress, walking back and forth in my tiny cut offs and belly shirt while the guys checked me out.

I knew they were all leching on me, especially Bill, but they'd all seen me before in less clothing out by the pool with Jenny. I tried to beg off, but Bill insisted that I stay and be their waitress with the promise of a twenty dollar tip at the end of the game. I had been saving up for a new pair of designer jeans, but I was still far short of what I needed, like 100% short. Twenty dollars? You bet!

Like I said, Bill was always rather flirty with Jenny and me, and tonight was no exception. There was a commercial break and Bill says, "I understand that you're spending the night with Jeff?"

I stepped right into it. "Yes, I am," I replied.

"God damn, Jeff!" he exclaimed, "I'll take some of that action!"

Everyone, but me, laughed, including Jeff, who nonetheless came to my defense. "She's not sleeping with me, Bill. Just sleeping over."

"Oh, that's too bad," Bill replied, his eyes boring into me with his bad boy grin, while I blushed furiously.

I delivered Bill another cold beer. This time he insisted that I come sit in his lap. Like I said, I knew these guys and they were all decent guys, even Bill when he was being naughty. So rather than stand around waiting for someone to request a beer, I sat in his lap. I was wearing a very short top that exposed my midriff and he put his arm around me, his big ole bear paw resting on my bare tummy, sending a tremble through me. Lightly he moved his fingers against my bare skin. I sat for a few minutes and felt the growing lump on my rump. I wasn't naive and knew just what that lump was. I'd felt it in Daddy's lap several times over the years, and like I used to do with Daddy, I wiggled a little.

"Oooo, you'd better watch that, baby girl," Bill whispered. "On second thought, do it again."

Daddy never ever said anything when I did that, as though he was unaware of what I was doing. Not Bill. I hopped off his lap and asked if anyone needed a beer. One of the other guys downed his dregs and then shook his empty beer bottle at me.

For the next twenty minutes or so, I tried to stay busy, bringing out chips, serving other snacks and fetching beers, but eventually I ran out things to do right away. I tried to avoid Bill, but it proved to be impossible. He caught my attention and motioned with his finger for me to come to him. As I approached he leaned forward and in a low voice so as not to be overheard he said, "It's the two minute warning."

I had no clue what he was talking about. "Two minutes to what?" I asked.

"Two minutes playing time, until half time. Why don't you go change into that cute little bikini of yours and join us in the pool during half time."

"Mmmm, I don't know..."

"I'll double your tip..."

That new pair of designer jeans was suddenly a little closer to becoming a reality. "Deal!" I replied and headed to Jenny's room to change.

At a minimum, it took me more than five minutes to change. When I came out in my "more modest" string bikini, the stupid game was still going on. What happened to two minutes?

Bill waved me over and pulled me into his lap. "I love your bikini, Brenda," he told me. "It shows off your body quite well. But, I was hoping you'd put on that number that Jeff recently bought you. I understand that it really shows off your body."

"Jeff told you about that?" I naively asked, surprised that Jeff would ever mention it.

"He said you look fantastic."

I didn't know what to think. On the one hand I was miffed at Jeff for talking about it, as I was practically nude in that thong bikini. On the other hand, it pleased me that Jeff had noticed me.

"That's just for when we are in private," I said.

"Does he let you keep it on?"

"Yes! What are you thinking?"

"Sometimes guys don't think, especially when it comes to cute naked girls."

"I don't go naked!" I huffed, though that wasn't totally true.

Last summer, I went to a swim party with Judy Croft. Judy is another good friend and she's a total slut. It was all a bunch of older kids, high school kids. There weren't any adults around and we all got naked in the pool. I also got fucked... several times by different guys. Next morning, when I was thinking more clearly, I nearly freaked. Before that night, I'd never been fucked before. I'd given guys blowjobs at Judy Croft's house during parties, all the girls did, but I never came close to being fucked and was I fucked, and fucked, and fucked that night! I really don't know how many times or how many guys, but... I wasn't on the pill or anything! And I when I woke up next morning, I was all sticky down there! I freaked out! Fortunately, I started my period the very next day.

"Just wearing a thong bikini, you might as well be naked," Bill snorted. "Does your mother know that you prance around practically naked over here with Jeff?"

"No!"

"I won't tell," he snickered as he played with one of the strings to my bottoms, threatening to untie it.

Suddenly everyone got up and headed outside, leaving me with Bill. "Jeff swears he's not poking you, but... I'll bet your not a virgin."

"That's none of your business," I huffed. I made the mistake of getting up while he still had the end of a string in his fingers.

"Opps!" he said as the bow came undone on one side of my bottoms. He wasn't the first to try that maneuver, but the string was actually tied in a knot under the bow, the bow just being for show. I suppose he was disappointed that my bottoms didn't just fall off, but he seemed amused enough.

 "Here, let me fix that," he offered. I let him retie the bow.

Finished, he pulled on the tied elastic string and let it pop back in place. "There, good as new." I took the opportunity and escaped outside where everyone was in the pool. Bill was right behind me.

Nothing untoward happened in the pool. The guys, or at least some of the guys, took turns tossing me into the air, where I'd splash down practically in the arms of another man, only to be launched again. It was great fun. Then someone noticed on the tiny portable TV that the game was back on and everyone rushed out of the water and back into the house, leaving me alone in the pool with Bill.

"You're going to miss the game," I told him as he backed me into a corner.

"I'm not missing a thing, kitten," he replied. "All I want is just one kiss." Well, what harm is there in just a kiss? That is as long as he kept his hands to himself!

He bent over and lowered his lips to mine. The closer he got, the farther back I went until I couldn't go back any farther. With our lips gently touching, he traced my lips with his tongue, then wormed it deep into my mouth. I'd been kissed before, but not like this. His tongue was as big as the rest of him and he filled my mouth with it. For several long moments, he tongued my mouth.

I felt my pussy tingle as I envisioned his hard cock filling my mouth. I'd given a few blowjobs before, at Judy's parties while her 'rents weren't looking, so I knew what a boy's dick in my mouth felt like... but Bill was hardly a boy and I had already felt how big his cock was when sitting in his lap earlier. At that moment, I knew that I'd let him fuck me if he tried, even though I couldn't imagine something that big going into my little pussy. But, he didn't. He didn't even cop a feel. A roar erupted from inside the house and he broke off the kiss, took me by the hand and led me to the stairs and out of the water. We dried off and moments later, we joined the other guys in front of Jeff's big screen TV.

"Man, you missed it!" Mike said to Bill. "On kickoff, the Eagles ran it back for a touchdown! They're now up by three."

As there were various bets around the room, with the change in fortunes on the football field, everyone, but Bill, was agitated. He seemed unaffected by the news and as he sat, he pulled me in into his lap once again, only this time I was more than happy to be with him. He pulled me against him and I felt my skin against his skin.

I was happily in the enveloping arms of a big strong man, a real man. Then I heard Jeff say, "Oh, come on, Bill! Really? She's just fifteen!"

"Relax. I'm just holding her," Bill replied.

"If he tries anything, Brenda," Jeff said to me, "I'll punch his lights out!"

"You wish," snorted Bill.

I'd never heard anything remotely cross between any of these guys, so I was surprised at the exchange. I was expecting Jeff to do or say something more, but he didn't. I then became aware that a whole new dynamic had settled into the room. Everyone, Jeff and myself included, realized that Bill had staked a claim to me and no one dared to challenge him.

For the next hour or so, he just held me, my waitressing duties put on hold. As he held me, one hand moved ever so slowly across my belly, the other subtly rubbed my thigh while he nibbled at my neck and ears. I got so hot that that I couldn't stop my ass from grinding against his big hard cock trapped in his swim trunks. I was becoming more and more aroused. I squeezed my legs together, squirming around, setting my clit on fire, even though I was aware that the game wasn't the only show... everyone was watching.

Suddenly the dam broke and intense orgasmic waves shot to every nerve ending in my body. I didn't scream, I couldn't scream, as I couldn't breathe. While the lights flashed in my lust sodden brain, I just grunted and shook uncontrollably as wave after wave of pure ecstatic energy swept through me. Mercifully, it finally subsided, leaving me gasping for breath. Gradually the fog lifted and I became aware that everyone was looking at me.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" someone exclaimed. "Did you see that?"

"I didn't touch her," I heard Bill declare. "This little hottie got herself off big time." He chuckled adding, "She got me off too.

"You guys all saw it. I didn't touch her pussy. She got herself off."

"Bill, I think you need to go," I heard Jeff say.

"Uh, yeah... I guess I do," Bill replied.

"Hey, but the games not over yet," someone piped in.

"Yeah, there's only six minutes left," someone else said.

"I think it best that everyone, and I mean everyone, just go home and forget about what just happened," Jeff declared.

"Man, as long as I live I'll never forget that!" someone declared.

"Me too," said another.

"Not a word to anyone, guys," Jeff said. "Not a word. Any one of you could have stopped it, but you didn't. In the eyes of the law, you're just as culpable as Bill is. So, for all of our sakes, not a word. "

"Sure, Jeff." I was now cognizant enough to know that it was Mike speaking. "But can't we finish the fucking game? I mean, we all have bets to settle."

Gawd, I was so embarrassed, but what could I do? Everyone had witnessed me getting off big time. And it was true, Bill hadn't touched me, or at least he hadn't touched my pussy or done anything special except perhaps nibble my ear lobe. So we sat with big old Bill still holding me to him, only his big dick had deflated and was no longer poking me in the ass. Instead, there was a wetness. My inner thighs were certainly soaked, but I was sitting in wetness too, wetness from Bill's cum soaking through his swim trunks. I don't think either of us had expected anything like what had just happened, none the less, Bill gently opened my legs.

"You're soaking wet." I heard him say loud enough that others hear too. With that, I jumped up and ran to Jenny's room.

I had just closed the door, but hadn't locked it and was about to strip off my bottoms when Bill joined me. "Hey, are you okay?" he asked. "You know, nothing really happened. I'm sorry if I..."

"It's okay, Bill," I told him. "You didn't do anything wrong."

"Neither did you," he rejoined. That's when I noticed the big wet spot on the front of his mostly dry swim trunks and I knew for certain that he'd cum too.

"Bill, you really need to go," Jeff said from behind the big man.

"I'm going, I'm going. I just need to speak with Brenda first."

"Jesus Christ! Make it quick." I saw Jeff move away from the open door.

"Uh, where's your phone?" Bill asked. I pointed to my short shorts on the floor. "May I see it for a moment?" I bent down, fished my iPhone from the pocket and handed it to him.

Quickly he began punching on the screen. A few moments later, off somewhere in the distance I heard a phone ring, then stop. His fingers flew across the phone again and then he handed it to me. "Here's my number. If you ever need or want anything, call me."

"Sure, okay," I replied as I looked at the name "Bill" in the contact he'd created.

I looked up to see him step forward, placing his hands on my waist. "One more kiss?" he said with a smile as he lifted my chin upwards with his finger. This time it was me who drove the tongue into the other's mouth. He accepted it and returned the tonguing.

Breaking the smoldering kiss, he said, "Yeah, you're a hottie, baby," turned and headed out.

The house was suddenly very quiet. Once again I began to strip off my bottoms when Jeff came in. "Oh, sorry!" he said.

"That's okay, Jeff." It's not like he hadn't seen my butt before. Besides they weren't fully exposed and I just pulled my bottoms back up.

"Well, uh... are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm okay. Bill didn't do anything."

"You sure?"

"Yes, Jeff. I'm sure. I just got... I don't know..."

"Well, I should have put a stop to it before it went too far, and for that, I'm very sorry," he said.

I sensed that an "adult" lecture on boys and men and girls was about to break out and I mustered up some tears. That put a stop to that. Guys just can't function when a girl is crying, and Jeff was no different than my dad when it came to that tactic.

"Oh, god, don't cry, Brenda. It wasn't your fault. Oh, jeezz, can we just forget that anything happened?"

"Nothing happened," I sniffled. "I think I just want to go to bed."

"Oh, okay. Sleep tight."

With that, Jeff scurried out of Jenny's room closing the door behind him. This time I locked it before undressing. I hit Jenny's shower, cleaned up and slipped on one of Jeff's old t-shirts that Jenny and I liked to sleep in and went to bed. If I was worried about anything, it didn't keep me from conking out.

**Chapter 2**

*Dressed to kill in a borrowed outfit, Brenda receives an offer from Bill that she can't resist...*

In the morning I had to borrow something from Jenny to wear to school. No way would I be allowed to stay at school in my cut-offs and belly shirt, so I helped myself to Jenny's clothes. I knew she wouldn't mind, as we often borrowed clothes from one another. I picked out this really cool pair of jeans (ones like what I had my heart set on) and a nice top with a scooped neck. Now Jenny and I are the same height, but my butt is fuller, as are my tits, but I managed to shimmy into them.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I couldn't have been more pleased. The jeans fit so snuggly that they looked like they were painted on me, and the top, stretched tight across my boobs made them look bigger than they actually were. Adding to the look was the fact that I was braless. The night before I hadn't worn a bra over to Jeff's and there is no way I could fit into one of Jenny's smaller bras. The scoop neck showed just the right amount of cleavage to be interesting, but not so much to get me sent home. Best of all, my nipples... Ooooo, Mama would have a stroke! Daddy, he'd look, but I bet he wouldn't say a thing!

Jeff dropped me off at school and the way the guys looked at me, I knew I looked fantastic! I looked about for Jenny, but never saw her, as she stayed home that day recovering.

As it was Friday, the day just seemed to go by faster. Not that it went by all that fast, if you know what I mean, but I was really having fun showing off and getting disapproving glares from all the girls who wished they were half as hot as I was. As for school-school, I really didn't pay much attention to what any teacher was saying, as what happened in Bill's lap the night before kept playing in my head.

I caught the bus home and had to fend off all the Mexicans who rode that bus. I got off at my stop and had to endure all the whistles and cat calls in Spanish. Fortunately, it was mostly girls, Mexican girls, who got off at my stop and as soon as the bus pulled away, the rude remarks ended.

I was just feeling a bit more relaxed when I heard a man from behind me say, "Hey, little girl, do you want some candy?" I almost freaked!

I turned to see who the perv was and there in a big black Mercedes Sedan was Bill, dressed in a business suit, hanging out the window while he slowly drove along just behind me. The Mercedes surprised me, as I always assumed he drove a pickup truck or maybe a Jeep Wrangler, not that I ever gave it much thought. And the suit... I'd only seen him dressed casually, sometimes very casually. As to what he did for a living, I hadn't a clue.

"Bill! You scared me to death!" I fussed.

"Sorry," he said, but from the way he was smiling I knew he didn't mean it.

"What are you doing here?" I asked bouncing up to his car.

"Looking for you," he answered.

That confused me. How did he know where I'd be or even where I lived? "How did you find me?"

He held up his phone. "I put a GPS app on your phone last night so I'd know where you were. Works great!"

"Are you stalking me?"

"No, no, no! I just needed to find you. Didn't have a chance last night to pay your tip. Last night, I didn't want anyone thinking that I paid you to... you know... So, here's your forty dollars."

I happily accepted the cash. All day I'd thought I'd never see that money, and here it was! Now all I needed was another eighty bucks and I could buy those jeans!

"Uh, sorry about last night. I didn't mean to... you know," he stammered.

"It's okay," I replied as my face flushed with the direct reminder.

"If you ever need or want anything, anything at all, just call me. You still have my number, don't you?"

"Yes, yes I do." Suddenly the answer to my eighty dollar shortfall became very clear. "Ummm, there is something you can do for me," I began.

"Anything within reason," he replied staring at my tits and nipples poking through my top.

"Uh, you really are a hottie, you know. I bet you drove all the boys crazy today. That top shows your tits off very well, and the jeans... Damn, what a fine ass."

Ignoring his rude comments and sticking my chest out just a little to make my tits more prominent, I ventured, "Well, it's about these jeans..." I turned a little to show off my ass to him. "These are Jenny's jeans. I borrowed them this morning. I just love them and I was just wondering if..."

"You want me to buy you a pair of those jeans? Deal!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really. How much are they? Not that it matters."

"Uh, one hundred twenty dollars," I said meekly.

"Is that with or without taxes?"

"Uh, without.... I think."

"Sure, no problem. Where do they sell them?"

"At the mall. In this really cool specialty shop..."

"I don't go to the mall that often," he replied. "Do you want me to take you?"

"Will you?!" I nearly squealed in delight.

"Sure, honey pot."

"When?"

"Right now. Hop in and your Sugar Daddy with take you and buy you those jeans."

I scurried over to the other side of the car and got in, my senses immediately overwhelmed by the smell of rich leather.

"Is your mother expecting you home soon?" he asked.

"No, she won't be home until after work, around six, six thirty."

"That gives us a little over two hours," he said as he pulled away.

The mall was only about ten minutes away. I directed him to the parking garage near Macy's and within another few minutes we were at the boutique where Jenny bought her jeans. I knew because I was with her when she bought them. I knew exactly what I wanted and just what size too, so I quickly grabbed a pair, and clutching my prize, headed to the checkout counter.

"Don't you want a new top like the one you're wearing?" Bill asked looking down my cleavage as I laid my jeans on the checkout counter.

"Really? A top too?"

"Make it two tops and I want them both as tight on you as the one you're wearing."

I was practically giddy as I headed off to find two new tops. That took a bit longer, as Bill wanted me to try them on first before he gave his approval, which required him to look over my shoulder and down at my tits.

With my new clothes in hand and with Bill two hundred forty dollars plus tax poorer, we headed back to his car.

Bill had parked on a nearly deserted level in the parking garage. I thought that he'd parked there so that no one would park too close to him and ding up is car. Then as we approached the isolated car, I noticed how heavily tinted the windows were, and how it was impossible to see what was inside the car.

He hit the key fob and unlocked the doors. I started to get in the front passenger seat, but he stopped me and opened the back door instead. I thought it was rather peculiar that he wanted me to ride in the back, but then he got in the back with me, shut and locked the doors.

"How are you going to drive from the back seat?" I asked.

"That's not why we're back here," he replied clearly amused at my naivety.

"Oh..." I can be so dense sometimes.

"There's just more room back here and the steering wheel doesn't get in the way. Now, how about giving your Sugar Daddy a kiss?"

I'd never been alone in the back seat of a car with a boy before, unless my mom or dad were driving, much less with a big flirty man like Bill and I was bit apprehensive. I didn't know why I felt apprehensive, as I'd thought about being alone with Bill several times that day... being alone with him, naked, with him having his way with me. And now I was alone with him, in the back seat of his car in a deserted garage.

As his rugged manly face grew closer to mine, I suppose I could have said, "No," but I didn't. And when our lips met, it was too late for me to say anything as his tongue filled my mouth. And once his fat tongue was in me, I had no thoughts of saying, "No." God, that man can kiss! Almost immediately I felt all tingly and just began to melt, and before I knew it, his big hand was cupping and rubbing my tit as he kissed. Then suddenly he broke the kiss and zip... my top was pulled over my head and discarded.

"You have beautiful tits, you know," he commented as his eyes feasted upon them before he took one of them into his big hand again. He resumed kissing me while his big fingers danced over my tit and played with my nipple. I could hardly catch my breath before his lips left mine and attached to my stiff nip.

Oh, my god! Did that feel good! I cradled his head in my hands and held him to my breast while he sucked my nipple. At that moment, I never, ever wanted those great feelings to ever end. I got so hot I was panting, panting and unaware of where his hand had gone. That is until I felt the button pop open on my jeans. That was quickly followed by the zipper being lowered and then him tugging down on my jeans.

He sat up abruptly and gripping the waist band of Jenny's jeans with both hands he said, "I want your ass naked! Totally naked!"

He began tugging them down. I suppose I could have said, "No," but I didn't, and instead, lifted my ass off the seat to help him strip me nude. Seconds later, he had those tight jeans down around my ankles and then off completely, leaving me in nothing but my thong. But not for long. He grasped the thong and pulled outward. I heard the material rip and then I was totally naked. Totally naked and available. Naked and unable to prevent him from doing whatever he wanted with me.

His lips attached to my nipple again and his hand cupped me between the legs. I guess I could have tried to close my legs, but they seemed to have opened even more instead. Soon, he was rubbing my bare pussy and I was getting hotter and hotter. He didn't immediately jam a fat finger up my twat, but rather just slid his finger along my crack, gathering and smearing the moisture that was now seeping from my cunt.

I gasped as a thick finger slid deep into my labial folds. He began sliding the pad of his finger tip just inside my slippery lips, going up one side and down the other, only to reverse and go back the other way. Back and forth, back and forth, his finger moved inside my cunt. Suddenly his finger descended deep into my vagina. My cheery was long gone, so it didn't hurt in the least, it just felt incredibly good. Then when he was all the way inside me, his thumb pressed into and alternately strummed across my clit. This was followed by quick, short thrusting motions and I went into orbit! Quickly the passion built in my groin, until it exploded with a mind numbing climax.

When the tumultuous orgasm passed, he sat back and left me alone while I recovered. I was well aware that Bill was sitting next to me, but I was unaware of what he was doing, that is until I had recovered my senses somewhat. I looked over at the forty something man who had so easily gotten me naked and who had just gotten me off big time. He was still in his coat and tie, but his trousers were completely off. There sticking proudly up between the tails of his starched dress shirt rose his manly organ. I'd seen a few boys by then, boys that I had sucked off and some of the ones that fucked me at the swimming party, but none of them had anything like this. It seemed huge, massive, more of a weapon than a penis. But what really had my attention was the fat knobby head, it was several shades darker than the rest of his impressive cock.

"Have you ever sucked a dick before?" Bill asked rather crudely. "I bet a hot tart like you has sucked off a lot of boys. You ever suck off a man? Now is your lucky day, cupcake, so how about if you get down on the floor between my legs and show me what a good cocksucker you are."

Taking it in my hand, my first impression was that felt hot to the touch. My second impression was the fact that I couldn't quite get my fingers to close around it. Good lord! I didn't know if I could get that thing in my mouth, but then I realized, 'He's going to fuck your little pussy with that! It won't fit! It won't fit! He's gonna tear me apart!'

"C'mon, little nudie! Get to blowing my fuckin' cock! Get those lips around my dick, Blondie!"

Next thing I know and he's lifted me like I was a rag doll and put me on the floor and between his legs. His big hand moved behind my head and began gently pushing it (not that I tried to stop him) towards the angry looking monster jutting up from his hairy crotch, a clear bead of nut juice already forming at the tip.

Judy Croft had the best parties ever. Once the party got going, her parents never came down in the basement game room to check up on us and central feature of those parties was giving all the guys blowjobs. All the girls did it and all the boys left very happy.

I rather liked giving blowjobs and was told that I was very good at it, so I took Bill's big dick as a challenge. I licked up the bead of salty precum and licked across the broad expanse of his super smooth glans. After taking measure of the challenge before me, I opened my mouth wide and slid my lips over the fat head.

"Oh, yeah, baby girl... that's it, suck your Sugar Daddy's big nasty cock. Show him what a good girl you are to him... That's it, honey... I know it's big, but you can do it, you can do it... Oh, fuck, yeah, girl... Suck that dick..."

He was definitely a mouthful, but I got the entire head in my mouth and a few inches of his stalk as well. 'This isn't so bad,' I thought as I tasted more than just his precum. He was also somewhat aromatic and heady; sweaty from a long day at work and had a faint taste of dried piss. I began bobbing my head, sliding my lips along the upper reaches of the great shaft, my tongue dancing over the taut skin of his hard-on, exploring the texture of his cock and the feel of the bulging veins that crisscrossed his impressive organ, as well as the various ridges and rims. He didn't complain of me scraping him with my teeth, and for that I was rather proud of myself.

Whereas he'd gotten me off in what seemed to be record time, it took me somewhat longer to get him off, a lot longer. Several times I had to stop and let my jaw rest, time I spent nuzzling into and licking his big sweaty balls. All the while he praised my efforts.

"That feels so good, baby. That's it, lick on my meaty balls..." and, "You're doing fine sucking my dick, sweetie. Most girls find it just too big for them to handle, but you seem to enjoy it." I did enjoy it. Like Judy, I'm such a slut!

After what seemed to be hours, and with my jaw now killing me, he came. He didn't warn me, he just came in my mouth. Nor could I pull off, as he now firmly held my head so that I couldn't take his spurting cock out of my mouth even if I had to. I had no other choice but to swallow, and swallow, and swallow as he came and came, seemingly he was cumming in buckets, though that's a gross exaggeration. Not that his cum was gross, it wasn't, I actually rather liked the odd manly flavor.

He held me on his dick until well after he stopped pulsing and not until he appreciably shrank in my mouth. That was an odd feeling. I knew what it felt like to have a boy get hard in my mouth, but to have a man sized organ go soft in my mouth was a new experience. Suddenly I now could get more and more of his dick into my mouth until I had him to the root. Of course he wasn't nearly as long, nor as thick as when he was hard, but was still a mouthful and it felt like something of a victory for me.

I let his limp noodle slip from my lips, then sat back and looked up at him. He was smiling broadly, a happy man, a very happy man.

"You did just fine, sweetie, real fine. I could tell that you'd done that before as soon as you started. You like sucking cock, don't you?" I smiled a little smile and nodded that I did like sucking cock.

"I thought so. You know, you're going to be a very popular girl with boys."

"Thank you," I said softy as I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Thank you?" he repeated, then burst out in a laugh, "Well, you're welcome. We're going to have to do this again some time. Would you like that?"

I nodded and he laughed again. "My good buddy, Jeff, is going to be so jealous. Here he's had you at his finger tips all this time and he never let you sample his cock! You know, he's got the hots for you, baby. But that's too damned bad... your ass is now mine, sweet pea. And I won't take kindly to any interlopers trespassing on my property.

"Now, I ought to fuck you right here and now," he said rather ominously, "but I want you to think about that for a while before I do. So, come up here, baby girl, and let me have some more of your delectable titty pie."

I crawled up into his lap and offered him my tits for sucking, an offer he took up immediately. He was gentle, but not too gentle with my nips, sucking one after the other while his hands stroked my bare ass. However, by the time he was finished, my nips were swollen and getting a bit sore, but it was a good sore.

He then laid me across his lap, face up and put his hand between my legs again. "Open up," he said and I spread my legs to give him easy access to my cunt. I was rewarded for my sluttiness with another good finger fucking, one which filled the car with wet smacking noises until I had my eyes crossed for the second time. We then dressed and he took me home, the rich smell of leather replaced by the pungent smell of my aroused pussy.