**A Sugar Daddy and His Sweet Tart**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 3**

*Fleeing her arguing parents, Brenda is given fair warning as to what was in store for her that night...*

I got home well before Mama did, and was able to remove and dispose of all the tags on my new jeans and tops, and stash them where Mama wouldn't stumble upon them. Then I put the casserole she'd prepared that morning in the oven and set the table for three, even though Daddy hardly ever ate with us anymore.

With time to spare, I reflected on the afternoon events, of Bill stripping me naked and frigging me to two orgasms and me sucking on his huge dick and drinking his cum. I pondered whether getting the new jeans and tops was worth doing that? After thinking on for a while, I concluded that I didn't do it to get the jeans. The sex came later, after the fact, so I didn't trade my dignity for new clothes. Satisfied that I hadn't suddenly become a whore, I could mull over what actually did happen in the backseat of Bill's car. It was enough to make my pussy get wet all over again.

Mama came home and she was so happy that I had started dinner for her. We ate and I hurried off to my room, while Mama did whatever she did in the early evening.

It being Friday night, I called Jenny to see if I could spend the night, hoping to get away before the evening fireworks began. Jenny was feeling much better, but she and her mother, Tracy, were on their way to Tracy's sister's house for a birthday celebration. So I called Judy, but she had a date, a real date with some high school guy who had his own car! With both of those avenues cut off, I resigned myself to staying home that night.

I was doing Facebook on my laptop when I heard the back door slam. Daddy was home. For a long time it seemed, I heard nothing more, but then I began hearing the voices. Not loud at first, but as the minutes passed, they got louder and louder. The 'rents were arguing again about something. I wanted to scream. I wanted to go in there and tell them both to knock it off. I did neither. I called Jeff.

"No, you can't come over here tonight. I have a date," Jenny's dad said.

"I won't get in your way," I pleaded.

"No, Brenda, no! And just to let you know, I don't think it's a good idea for you to come over here unless Jenny is here with me. Is that understood?"

"You don't have to be so mean," I pouted.

"I'm not being mean, just careful." With that he hung up on me.

By then the screaming had really started and I couldn't stand it. Then I had an idea... I called Bill.

"Eager little cunt, aren't you?" he replied when I told him I wanted to stay with him that night. "But, sure. Why not? It'll be fun... you and me naked together all night. Mighty fun!

"I'll be there in about fifteen minutes, honey pot. I'll call you when I'm close. Then come outside and around the corner and I'll pick you up. I sure as hell don't want your mama or papa seeing you getting in my car... Is that clear?"

"Yes, Bill. I'm not an idiot."

"I didn't say you were an idiot. It's just that kids sometimes don't think of the most obvious things. Just assume that they will be looking to see who picks you up. Okay?"

"One other thing, babe. You're gonna get fucked tonight. You know that, don't you?" I couldn't bring myself to answer. "Yeah, you know.

"I'll be there in a few minutes. I'll call."

I gathered up the stuff I needed to spend the night away from home... toothbrush, pajamas... no, not pajamas; change of clothes for tomorrow, hair brush, make up, panties... With my bag packed, I sat and waited for my phone to ring while the storm raged just outside of my door.

As I sat, I had a nervous feeling in my tummy. I knew full well what was going to happen that night. I was going to be fucked. Bill was quite clear about that. Fucked by a man who was the same age as my own daddy. Fucked by the biggest dick I ever imagined.

Was it going to hurt? Yes, it was going to hurt like hell when he shoved that thing up my tight little cunthole.

I was just about ready to chicken out and call Bill and tell him to forget it, but the phone rang instead. I picked up and Bill said, "I'm around the corner. Get your ass out here." My mouth opened to say something, to call it off, but he hung up.

I took a deep breath, picked up my bag and headed out the door.

"Just where do you think you're going?" my mother shouted at me.

"To Jenny's!" I shot back as I raced out of the house and around the corner. I saw the big black Mercedes parked around the corner and ran towards it. Glancing back to make sure I wasn't being followed, I hopped into Bill's car. As he sped away, my phone rang. It was Mama. I didn't answer.

Bill drove a little ways and turned up a street and then parked. Turning to me he said, "Let's be clear about this, Brenda. I'm going to take you home with me. When we get there, I'm going to strip you naked and fuck you. After I fuck you, you're going to suck my cock and get me hard again, then I'm going to fuck you again. That's what we're going to do tonight. We're going to fuck and suck... all night long and all day tomorrow.

"I would say that come sun up, that you won't be a virgin anymore, but you're not a virgin, are you?"

"No."

"I knew that when I ran my finger up your tight cunt the first time and confirmed that fact.

"Now, if you have any reservations about tonight, speak up now. If you have any reservations about me shoving my big cock into your pussy, just say so and I'll take you back home. I'm not going to rape you or anybody else. But if you want to fuck, we'll fuck. If you don't want to fuck, I'll drop you off right now. But once I get you to my place, I won't take no for an answer... I'll fuck that tight young twat of yours, Blondie. Come the morning, your twat won't be so tight. That and I'll do whatever else I want to do with you. Do you understand?"

Suddenly I was scared. Everything that seemed so cool just a few minutes ago had become very scary. Looking over at him I realized just how big he was. I was only 5' 6" tall and he was at least 6' 4" and outweighed me at least three to one, maybe four to one. And his cock... I knew how big his cock was. I couldn't get my fingers all around it and I have long fingers. I really didn't see how it would fit inside me. He would tear me apart with that thing!

"Tell me what you want to do," he pressed. "If you want to go to my place and fuck, say so. I won't settle for a finger fuck and a blowjob. If you want to go home, say so. So, what will it be, Cupcake?"

"You're being so meannnnn!" I wailed and tears, real tears and not the crocodile tears I'd pulled on Jeff the night before, but real tears began to flow. "You're scaring meeeee!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Take it easy, baby girl," he pleaded his tone having taken a one eighty. "Take it easy."

"You're gonna hurt meeeee!"

"No, no, no, no!!!! I wouldn't hurt you. I'll fuck you, but I won't hurt you. I promise, I won't hurt you."

"You're too bigggggg!"

"I'm big, but I'm not too big," he said, as if that would comfort me.

"Look, maybe I'd better just take you back home."

"Nooooo!" I wailed. "I don't wanna go home. Please, I want to go home with you! But, I don't want you to hurt me."

"I won't hurt you. I promise, I won't hurt you... We're just going have some fun. Look, we don't have to fuck, we can... just get naked and mess around a little."

"Promise?"

"I promise, I promise. We'll just mess around like we did in mall garage this afternoon. Would you like that?"

"Okay..."

"Are you sure about that? Are you okay with getting naked with me and getting your twat diddled and giving me another blowjob?"

"Yes..."

"You're sure?"

"Yes..."

"Well, I'd be a damned fool to turn you down," he said as he put the car in gear and began moving forward.

"Now, before we get to my place, do you want to stop anywhere and get a Coke or something?"

"That's okay... We don' have to stop."

It took five, ten minutes or so to get to the security gates to his neighborhood. The guard waved him through, even though I know he couldn't see who was in the car. I'd never been in this neighborhood before, as it was just outside my school district and I didn't know anyone who lived there. Until that very moment, I didn't know that Bill lived there either. For some reason I never imagined Bill living in such an upscale neighborhood, but here we were. The houses all seemed nice and large, but very close to each other and there were hardly any front yards at all. He turned into an alleyway and then pulled into a garage. He stopped, turned off the car and the garage door closed.

We got out and went inside his kitchen. Right away I saw just how nice his place was, especially when compared to the dump where I was now living, or even where we had been living down the street from Jenny's. We passed right through the beautiful kitchen and into the main room.

Oh, my gawd! It was huge and beautiful with gleaming wood floors and a soaring ceiling! And not just a plain ceiling, but one that was divided up into three dimensional squares boxes featuring indirect lighting. Simple, yet very elegant.

He went over and flipped a switch on the wall and the fireplace lit up! The room was sort of divided into two spaces by the furnishings. On one side he had a seating area with a humongous sectional sofa in a rich maroon velour fabric, facing the fire place, forming a U and surrounding a large leather padded ottoman. Actually the big ottoman was made up of nine individual ottomans arranged in a square. Everywhere you looked there was artwork. Not framed prints, but oils paintings, free standing sculptures, and other expensive looking stuff.

The other area faced away from the fireplace and had several swivel recliners that faced the biggest TV I'd ever seen. It was even bigger than the one Jeff had!

Off to the side was a wall of windows that looked out over a pool area with a waterfall.

A doorway led off to the front door foyer, a wider doorway led to a dining room and a third doorway led to the back bedrooms.

"Wow! This is really cool!" I exclaimed. I'd been in some nice houses before, but nothing this nice.

"Can I get you something to drink?" he politely asked. "How about a glass of wine?"

"I'm too young to drink wine," I replied.

"Nonsense. I have just the thing that I think you'll like." He turned back to the kitchen leaving me to take in my surroundings and gawk. A few moments later, he was back with a glass of cold white wine for me and a glass of scotch on the rocks for himself.

Remembering the last time I drank wine at that swimming party where I got banged, I said as I took my glass from him, "You're gonna try and get me drunk, aren't you?"

"No. One glass is all you get. It'll just help relax you."

Bill told me to go sit in a corner of big sectional sofa. He then disappeared and I tasted my wine. It was sweet and I liked it. A moment later he was back with a small bag.

"What's that?" I asked as he sat next to me at a right angle.

"Just some stuff," replied setting the bag down next to him.

He took a sip of his drink. "I lied to you, Blondie. I said I wasn't going to fuck you tonight, but... I am." Holding up his hand he continued, "But before you go get all upset again, let me, uh, educate you.

"I know I'm big and I have no business sticking my dick in a fifteen year old's tight cunt. But... you can handle it. A baby is a lot bigger than my dick is and you're more than capable of delivering a baby. Your pussy, it's elastic and it will stretch to accommodate my cock. Now, I'm not just going to jam it into you. That would hurt, and I don't want to hurt you. We'll take it slow, a little at a time and give your cunt time to adjust to my size. In fact, I'm going to let you control how much and how fast you want to take my dick."

"How do I do that?"

"You'll be on top. My hands will be resting on your hips, steadying you. You will lower yourself onto my cock and take it a little at a time until I bottom out in your cunt. Once you're comfortable with my dick up inside you, we'll fuck. I guarantee that you're going to love it. I want you to love it. Love it so that you'll come back for more. You won't come back for more if I hurt you, so it's my goal to make you love having my cock up inside you, fucking you cross eyed."

"I'm not on the pill," I told him, admitting to my other great fear, but suddenly feeling a lot better about his size.

"So what?"

"I don't want to get pregnant." My last period was two weeks before and knew enough about how things work to know that I was at peak time to get knocked up.

"I don't want to impregnate you either. That'd get really complicated real fast. Neither of us need that!"

"So, you promise to use a condom?"

"A rubber? Heavens no! I don't need to use a rubber. You're not diseased or anything are you?"

"No! I don't want to get pregnant!"

"No problem, sweetheart. You won't get pregnant. At least not from me."

"How come?" I skeptically asked.

"Well, you see it's like this. I was married once and had two boys. After a few years, my wife and I realized that we weren't happy being together, so we divorced. Three years later, I was banging this woman who said she was on the pill. She wasn't. She just wanted me to knock her up and marry her.

"So when she springs it on me that she's carrying my kid, I said, 'See you later.'

"Now I support all three of my boys and see them whenever I can, but that's not the point. I decided that I would never again be put in that position... never. I had two choices, I could stop fucking every girl I could, or I could have my nuts snipped. I had my nuts snipped and within a few weeks, I was back banging every chick I could and not worrying about knocking her up.

"So you see, baby, you can't get knocked up by me, because I only shoot blanks."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. I could fuck you bareback six times a day for a year and you'd never get preggo. Now, I'm not going to fuck you six times a day, but I am going to fuck and cum off in your cunt. You'll love it! You'll see. No pills, no rubbers, no fuss, just fun, fun, fun!"

"Oh, that's cool."

He chuckled, "I just want to be your in the flesh, living dildo. I promise I won't say no to you whenever you want to use me.

"So, what you say we get started? I want you to get up on the ottoman and strip naked for me."

I was feeling very comfortable with Bill by then. Maybe he put something in my wine, or maybe I just wasn't used to drinking any wine, but I finished it off and hopped up on the ottoman. I didn't do a striptease, I just pulled my top over my head and pushed off Jenny's jeans. As Bill had earlier torn off my thong back at the mall, I was naked for him in no time.

"Nice, very nice," he said looking up at me while sipping his drink. "Now, turn slowly so that I can get a good look at all of you." I slowly turned, exhibiting myself like a piece of meat to a man a little older than my dad. It was naughty, really naughty doing this, but it also was thrilling.

"You are quite beautiful, you know," he said. "Pure hard-on material. Tell me, do you show off to your daddy like that?"

"No!" I huffed. Then for some strange reason, I added, "But my friend, Judy does."

"Judy. Judy who?"

"Judy Croft."

As soon as I said it I wanted to take it back. Jenny had told me that and I was sworn to secrecy. She told me that and lot more. I was so totally shocked! Of course it was all hearsay, but it went a long way to explain Judy's parties. Fortunately, Bill didn't ask me anything further about Judy.

"Cup your tits for me," he said, so I cupped my tits.

"Now tweak your nipples." I did and they stood straight out.

"Stand with your legs apart a little.... That's good. Now with your left hand, I want you to roll your nipple between your fingers and with your right hand I want you to play with your clit."

"Gawd, you're so bad, Bill," I giggled.

"Yes, I am and so are you, little girl. So, diddle yourself and get your motor humming."

I don't know why I did what he asked, but I did. And I wasn't even embarrassed about doing it, even though the only people who had ever before seen me doing that was Jenny and Judy. Gawd, it was so totally slutty of me to do that and surprisingly exciting.

As I diddled myself in front of him, he watched intently as he peeled off all of his clothes too. The last to come off where his boxers. I'd seen him nearly nude in his tiny Speedo over at Jeff's several times before and I always admired his very muscular body... a real hunkasaurus he was. But when his big old hard prick came in to view jiggling, it almost made me swoon, as I once again focused on where that thing would soon be.

Naked, he crawled up on the ottoman with me. From a kneeling position, he held his hand out to me. I took it and he pulled me down to my knees facing him. He then lay me back. My heart began to race as he spread my legs apart and got in between them. I was about to be fucked! And it wasn't the way he said it would be! Or so I thought.

His big hands swept up my thighs, over the side of my waist, settling on my tits. For a long moment he just felt me up, kneading my tits in his big hands while he grinned down at me. 'This is it! This is it!' I thought with a touch of panic. Then he leaned forward and took a nipple into his mouth. As he gnawed and sucked my nipples, I felt the growing passion in my groin, but I was still far from being ready to be fucked by him.

Expecting him at any moment to mount me and shove his fat cock up my cunt, I was surprised when he began kissing down to my tummy instead. He continued his downward trek, backing up as he went until he lay prone between my spread legs, his thumbs on either side of my labia pulling them open, his kisses falling to either side of my open slit.

He began blowing a stream of cool air up into my open snatch, chilling me. I gasped as the warmth of his wet mouth and tongue pressed into me. Sweet, Jesus! His fat tongue bore into my clit, mashing it as it ground into me. Then he took a long lick with the flat of his tongue, from the base of my slit back to my clit. I nearly came off the ottoman! From there, Bill literally ate me out. I was already aroused by my salacious show and he quickly had me bucking and twisting as rapturous waves of pure pleasure swept over me. I'd been licked by both Jenny and Judy many times during sleepovers, but Bill was the first guy to eat me, and he was a grand master of licking pussy... my two girlfriends hardly measured up at all.

I became so sensitive that I had to push him away. He rose and through the slits of my eyes while I gasped for breath, I saw him open the little bag and take out an object. It was only while he was squirting lubricant over it that I realized that it was a flesh colored faux dick. With the bottle of lube in one hand and the dildo in the other, he returned between my legs. I felt the toy press in between my labia and then sink deep into my pussy.

"Oh, gawd!" I groaned as he began to fuck me with it. Judy had some toys like this and we always had fun with them. It was fairly big, I guess, but not nearly as big as Bill's real cock. I realized then that he was just getting me ready, ready to be fucked, fucked by a big cocked man and as the seconds passed and the number of trusts into my love hole increased, I began begging him, "Fuck me, Bill! Fuck me for real!"

He tossed the dildo aside, and lay upon his back, lifting me as he did so and positioning me poised over his jutting member. "Okay, baby girl. You're up. Time to take my cock into your sweet pussy. Now, just lower yourself slowly onto my dick"

I felt his cock head spread my lips apart and felt them stretching over it.

"That's it, honey. A little more. A little more..."

It was now lodged in the mouth of my vagina. I pushed more, but it didn't move. At Bill's urging, I pushed down harder.

"Oh, god. It's too big! It's too big!"

"Push down harder. C'mon, Blondie, show me what a slut you are. Take my dick into your cunt."

I pushed down harder and... Oh, my god, it felt so big!

"Fuck, you're a really tight little bitch," he said. "Now push!"

I pushed and... "It hurts, it hurts!"

"Stop pushing. Just let your cunt get used to it."

I paused for a long minute and then he was urging me to push down, push down, push down. I'd push and a little more of his monster went inside me, splitting me open, taking my breath away. I'd pause to catch my breath and the pressure and the discomfort would ease up a bit. I'd push down and take a little more into me, stop when it hurt and then let the discomfort ease before taking more of him into me.

It seemed to take forever. How long, I have no idea, but I almost had all of him inside me, but there was no more cunt hole available to take it. I never felt so full in my life and I was covered in sweat, but I'd done it. I took his big cock into me and as the seconds ticked away, the pain/discomfort progressively mellowed.

I opened my eyes and looked down into his rugged grinning face. It was odd, I wasn't exactly hurting, but I was hurting. I managed a smile.

"When you're ready, let me know," he said pushing a strand of my golden hair out of my face. We sat there for another long minute with me impaled on his prong. The pain mellowed to a discomfort and the discomfort mellowed into... Oddly, it was beginning to feel good with a curious mixture of pain and pleasure.

I thought I had made him wait long enough and nodding my head, I whispered, "Okay, I'm ready."

Within a blink of the eye, he rolled us over with me underneath him, yet he was putting no weight on me, my bent knees clasping at his hips, his hands pinning my hands above my head, his cock deep within me.

"Ready to be fucked, little girl?" he asked looking down at me.

I didn't answer, my eyes wide looking into his eyes. I felt him slowly withdraw a little ways, then push slowly back in until his cock crown was pressed into my cervix. He did that several times. Little did I know that he was gauging how deep he could fuck me without slamming into the back wall of my pussy and hurting me. Gradually the strokes became longer and longer. My poor pussy lips were stretched taut around his wide girth, my clit was pressed against the top of his shaft, his shaft always rubbing my clit as it moved back and forth slowly in me.

"Oh, god. Oh, god. Oh, god," I panted as the beast rose within me. It built and it built and I knew when it came, it was going to be a dozy. "Ah, ah, ah," I barked as he picked up the pace.

"That's it, baby. Cum on my dick, cum on my dick, you little slut," I heard as he fucked and fucked me.

Then it hit me like an exquisite velvet explosion. Oh, my gawd! I thought was dying! I groveled beneath him, my legs splayed out wide, punching my pelvis up at him, trying to get more of his wonderful cock into my hotly pulsating vagina.

"Cum on my dick, slut. Cum on my dick," I heard him say through the tumultuous moments. "Cum on my dick, you little whore."

I suppose I should have been offended by his prattle, but I wasn't. Jenny, Judy and I talked dirty to each other when things got hot and heavy, and this was certainly a hot and heavy moment. And in that moment, I became his whore. Whore to a man older than my own father. Then as my orgasm roared on, I felt it. I felt his cock swell as it began to throb and as it throbbed, I felt his semen shooting up inside me, which only made me cum all that much harder.

His cock stopped throbbing and soon began to soften even as he continued fucking me. Then he rolled off of me, pulling his cock out of its new playroom. I didn't see it, but judging by the large pool of sex sauce on the ottoman afterward, I'm sure it just flowed out of my gaping vagina when it was all over.

For a long time, neither of us moved. We just lay there looking up at the casemate ceiling, filled with the afterglow of great sex. If you'd told me then that within the hour we would fuck again, I wouldn't have thought I'd have the energy. But Bill was true to word. He had me suck him to a hard-on and after putting me on my hands and knees, fucked me from behind.... I loved it!

We'd pause for a moment while he put me into another position and then fucked me again. He mounted and fucked me again, and then again, time and time again, all through the night. He didn't cum in me again, not until late in the night, as he was conserving his strength. But every time he fucked me, I came hard on his big cock. We'd get up every so often, for a drink of water, a quick snack, or to go to the bathroom.

After the third long fucking, we moved from the wet ottoman to his big comfy bed where we'd fuck again and again. We'd doze off and I'd be awakened by Bill mounting me once again. He didn't cum every screw, but I did, and sometimes I came several times before he was through with me. The man had incredible stamina. The last fucking came just as the sun was coming up. After that, we slept, really slept. Getting up only after it was well past noon.

When we did get up, I could hardly walk and waddled about. He fixed us a big breakfast and we lounged about for several hours. I thought I might ought to get dressed, but he wouldn't let me. He wanted me nude, nude and available to him.

We lazed about in his pool and lazed about in the big Jacuzzi in his bathroom. We fucked a few times that afternoon, but nothing like the intensity of the night before. I don't think I would have lived through another fucking like that.

Around five thirty or so, we were both famished. Bill let me get dressed and then took me out to a nice restaurant across town where it was unlikely that we'd be seen by anyone who knew us. After a fabulous meal, we came back to his place and we had sex again, starting off much like the night before with him going down on me. Like I said before, the man was an expert when it came to eating pussy. We fucked and I sucked him a few times, but nothing like the night before, as we both crashed and stayed asleep.

Again we slept in a little late, but upon rising, he took me into his insanely large walk-in shower and bathed me under the spray of a dozen or more shower heads.

Again he fixed us breakfast. Then once I'd done the dishes, he took me back into his living room, put me on my hands and knees at the edge of the ottoman and had at it with me. This was a straight hard fucking. The sound of his groin slapping into my buttocks echoed through the big room. It wasn't by any means a gentle fucking, but a punishing one and he slammed into my cervix time and time again. I tried to crawl away from him, but he grabbed a hand full of my long blond hair and held me unable to escape. Not that I really wanted to escape, as I was nearly delirious with fuck lust. He finally shot off in my overworked cunt. Then still holding me in place with my hair, he stayed in me while his cock slowly deflated to a more normal size while he played with my asshole with his free hand. When we uncorked, so to speak, it was with an audible sucking sound, like pulling your foot from a deep mud hole.

After showering again, we dressed and went to Jeff's for his standing Sunday afternoon football party.

**Chapter 4**

*After Brenda, Jenny and Judy get it on at Jeff's during the Sunday afternoon football game, Brenda learns that she's been busted...*

It was a short drive to Jeff's, just on the other side of the freeway. It had been raining that Sunday morning, but had slacked up a bit. As we turned onto Jenny's street Bill says, "We can't just walk in there together. I'll drop you off first. Then I'll drive around for five minutes before I come in. Okay?"

"Sure," I agreed just as we drove past Jeff's house. He stopped two doors down and told me to get out. I grabbed my bag, hopped out and made a run for it as I didn't want to get soaking wet. I got wet, but not soaked.

I rang the doorbell and a moment later Jeff answered.

"Brenda! Where have you been? Your mother called looking for you."

"I talked to her," I lied. "Is Jenny here?"

"Uh, yeah. She's in her room."

I had to cut through the living room where all the guys were to get to the bedroom hallway. Something was going on with the football game that had already started, so most of the guys didn't look up to see me, but Mike did. "Hi, Brenda!" he called out as he waved. Then he turned to the guy sitting next to him, whispered something and that guy turned away from the game long enough to look and wave at me.

I tried Jenny's door, but it was locked. I knocked. No answer. I knocked again, this time a little harder.

"Who is it?" I heard her say through the door.

"It's me," I replied.

"Brenda?"

"Yes! Let me in!"

She opened the door, just enough for me to slip inside, then quickly shut the door behind her and locked it. I was shocked to see Judy, lying on Brenda's bed totally naked, her legs spread out like she'd just been fucked. Jenny was nude too. It was obvious that they had been up to no good. Judy waved to me with something in her hand. Turns out it was a vibrator that Judy had liberated for the afternoon from her mother's bed stand.

It's not that I'd never before seen these two naked together. We all got naked together during sleepovers. But here, in the middle of the afternoon with a half dozen men in the next room?

"What are you two doing?" I asked. "Are you crazy?"

"You just have to try Miss Melisa's vibrator," Jenny gushed; Miss Melisa being Judy Croft's mom. "It's the absolute best!"

"Hey, I'm not done with it yet," Judy called out as she put the vibrator to her cunt.

"Come on, ya'll," she added. "Come suck my titties."

Jenny didn't need a second invitation, and neither did I. Of the three of us, Judy had the biggest tits, D-cup beauties with dark areolas and nips that went with her dark hair and dark brown eyes. Thinking back, I can hardly remember her without a set of hooters, even in grade school. Jenny and I both loved to suck on and play with them. Judy, she seemed to have a direct connect between her tits and her cunt, so she loved to have them played with.

I hadn't even gotten undressed yet, and here I was sucking on Judy's big tits. Jenny stopped sucking on her tit and asked me, "Where have you been? Your mother's been looking all over for you!"

Letting the fat meaty nipple slip from my lips, I answered, "I was supposed to be with you."

"Well, you've been busted. She called my mom and Mom told her that you weren't with us and that she hadn't seen nor heard from you since Thursday. I couldn't very well cover for you after that. Sorry, Brenda, but it looks like you've been busted."

"I don't care," I bravely said, fighting back the panic that was lying just under the surface.

"So where were you? You weren't with this slut," Jenny said as she roughly tweaked Judy's nip.

"I was... I was with a guy."

With that admission, Judy shot upright to a sitting position. "You got laid?" Judy asked with glee.

"Ummm, yes," I said with a shy smile.

"Who? Who fucked you?"

"Just a guy. A guy I met at the mall."

"You got picked up at the mall?" Jenny said incredulously.

"Yeah, he's... a hunk."

"Where? Where did you do it?"

"At his place. He's older and has his own place."

"A college guy?" Judy asked putting the vibrator back onto her clit. "What's his name."

"Umm," I couldn't think quick enough and blurted out, "Billy."

"Billy who?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Just Billy."

"Wow! You fucked an older guy and you don't even know his last name!"

"I know his last name, but I won't tell either of you two blabber mouths."

"So, you've been with him, like all weekend?" Jenny asked.

"Yeah. It was fun and it was wonderful," I said dreamily.

"Hey! Now that Brenda is a total whore, next party I'll just invite high school guys and let them all know it's open season!" Judy said with a laugh. She might have been just kidding, but knowing Judy, she might not have been. She was always bragging about getting fucked and urged both Jenny and I to try it. Jenny did last spring, but I held out (excluding that swim party), until Bill put it to me.

Not wanting them to pry too much, which they would, I went back to sucking tit. A few minutes later, Judy came, and in the process, got Jenny's sheets all wet.

Leaving Judy to come down from her sexual high all by herself, Jenny asked me to tell her all about it.

"I can't," I pleaded. "He's older and he could get in a lot of trouble if it ever got out, so please don't ask me anymore questions."

"Okay, the who is off limits. What we want to know is the what, when, how..."

"Gawd, I'm so parched," Judy complained coming to her senses. "Brenda, you're still dressed. Go out and get us all something to drink and maybe some snacks. When you get back, you can tell us all about it."

Welcoming the time to gather my thoughts, I slipped out of Jenny's bedroom and made a beeline to the kitchen. I hurried past the guys unobserved, but when I entered the kitchen, I stopped dead in my tracks. Bill was there, and so was Mr. C, Judy's dad, and they were talking together. I'd never seen Mr. C at Jeff's before. I'd seen him and his wife, Miss Melissa, any number of times over at Jenny's moms, but never at Jeff's. The possibility that Bill and Mr. Croft might know each other, never crossed my mind, and now the comment I so flippantly made to Bill about Judy and her daddy came back to haunt me.

The two men stopped talking and looked at me, their eyes crawling over me and I imagined them both undressing me. Bill was certainly was undressing me in his mind. Mr. C... I wasn't so sure about, but who knows? If any of what Jenny had told me about him was true...

"Hi, Blondie!" Bill said with an easy smile.

"Hi, Brenda," Mr. C added. "When did you get here?"

"A little while ago," I replied without elaboration. "Ummm, sorry to interrupt, but I need to get us some drinks and snacks."

Bill's hand went to his crotch where he pretended to squeeze himself. I knew exactly what he was getting at and I would have died if Mr. Croft had seen him.

I brushed past them and set about gathering up some goodies when I felt Bill's hand on my ass. I froze and looked over at Mr. C who was watching and grinning.

"Behave!" I admonished while brushing Bill's hand away, only to have him put it back on my ass. "Stop!" This time Bill removed his hand, but the damage had been done, leaving me no option but to blush at his forwardness.

Unfortunately, I only had two hands. So, I had to make several trips to the kitchen and each time, Bill put a hand on my ass. If Mr. C didn't already know what had taken place between Bill and I, he certainly might have guessed. Naturally, I didn't say anything to my two friends about what had happened.

Jenny wanted me to try out Judy's vibrator, as did I. So I too stripped naked, lay next to Judy and tried out the vibrator. OH MY GAWD! Did that ever feel great! It didn't hurt that my two buddies were sucking my tits either.

Things went downhill fast from there, and it wasn't long before we were all eating out each other. I tried some of the things Bill had done to me, and they were a big hit. We messed around together for a good long time.

The lesbo party broke up when there was a knocking at Jenny's door. "Brenda! Your mom just called again," I heard Jeff say. "She wants you home... Now!"

"Can you give me a ride home?" I asked.

"No, but Croft and Judy are leaving in a few minutes, and he can take you home. So tell Judy, it's time for her to go too."

"Okay," I replied through the closed door. I wondered if he suspected anything.

No sooner had I got my panties on when my phone rang. It wasn't Mom's ring, so I picked it up. It was Bill.

"Meet me in the hall bathroom," he said then hung up. I finished dressing and went to see what he wanted. I tired the closed door and found it unlocked. I stepped in and Bill closed the door behind me and locked it.

"Just enough time for a kiss," he said as he took me in his strong arms and laid one on me.

He kissed me hard and deep, groping my ass. Breaking it off, he said, "You smell and taste of pussy. You girls been licking each other? Damn, what I'd give to see that!

"You'd better wash it off though. Your mama might smell it." So I washed up real good. He kissed me again and groped my butt again. Then he had me sneak out. With the coast clear, he came out also.

Mr. C rounded up Judy and I, dropping me off at my house. I had butterflies in my tummy the whole five minutes to my house. I was in soooo much trouble and I knew it. I would be grounded for life! Maybe even longer. My life was at an end. I would have to run away!

Just as I expected, Mom lit into me right away. "Where have you been, Brenda Marie Adkins!?!" She used my full name, a sure sign I was in deep shit. "Your father and I have been worried sick! You weren't with Jenny, so where were you?" she shouted.

"I was with Judy!" I shouted back.

"Judy? You said you were going to Jenny's!"

"I said Judy's!"

"No, you didn't. And I called Melissa and she said she didn't know where you were."

"That's because she was on a trip!" Like Jenny's mom, Judy's mom was a stewardess. They worked for the same airline and were good buddies. That's how I got to know Judy and her family. I really didn't know if she was on a trip or not, but decided to chance it.

"Oh," Mom said taking the bait. "But you wouldn't answer your phone. I called and I called. Why didn't you pick up?"

"Why? Why would I pick it up? I was getting the hell away from you and Daddy! All you two ever do is fight and say nasty things to each other. I'm sick of it, I'm sick of it, I'm sick of it!"

By then Daddy had come in to get in his two cents worth, but I didn't let him. "When was the last time you were nice to Mom?" I shouted at him with reddened eyes and copious manufactured tears now flowing. "When was the last time you bought her some flowers?"

"We can't afford flowers, right now," he defended.

"You can get a bouquet at Kroger's for three lousy bucks!" I shot back. I was really proud of myself, putting it all on them, which it was.

"And you, Mother! When was the last time you were nice to Daddy?" At this point I overplayed my hand. "When was the last time you gave Daddy a blowjob?"

"Brenda!"

"Don't Ba-Ren-Da me!" I countered. "You two should be working together, and not against each other. And until you do, both of you just leave me alone!" I had good flow of tears by then and having run out of things to pin on them, I turned, ran to my room, slammed the door shut and locked it.

There was a rapping at my door. "Brenda, Brenda baby, can we talk?"

"No! Not until you and Daddy are being nice to each other, so just go away and leave me alone!" Silence followed. She got the message. Good thing I wasn't hungry.

Amazingly enough, I didn't hear any arguing between Mom and Dad that night. I heard low voices, every now and then, but no yelling, not even a raised voice.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mom was nice to me the next morning. She's always nice to me, but she didn't mention the weekend. I'd gotten away with it! She wasn't too thrilled with what I'd chosen to wear to school that day, but she also didn't make an issue of it either.

Daddy? Daddy was still in bed as he didn't have to be at work until late that morning.

I took the bus to school and endured the lurid remarks in Spanish from all the Mexican boys. Gawd, they were such pigs! I had to do something about that, but just what I wasn't so sure of. So, like every other day, I put up with it and tried to ignore them.

Early in the morning I got a text message from Bill. "R U doing your exercises?" Sunday morning, before we went to Jeff's, he explained that if I did keigel exercises, that it would keep my vagina nice and toned, and it would keep my pussy tight. I hadn't done them nor even thought about doing them, but with his reminder, I did them like he said to do and did them in class while listening to my teacher's lecture.

The day before, I'd overheard some of the guys saying that they'd be over at Jeff's for the Monday night game that night. Jenny would be there too, I knew, as Tracy had just left on a trip Sunday morning. Jenny of course wanted me to come over and keep her company. I told her I'd try, but it all depended on what my mom and dad were up to. If they were fighting again, I'd be there and spend the night with her.

But as it turned out, there was nary a cross word between my folks. I asked, but was calmly told, "No," so I was stuck at home, in my room, texting Jenny and Judy.

I was so bored! Of course I thought about big old Bill Bates and his big cock and what it felt like inside me and I was diddling myself to those memories when Mom knocked at my door. She just wanted to know if I wanted any desert, explaining that she had made a Blueberry Crunch and was about to take it out of the oven. Blueberry Crunch! Mom made the best Blueberry Crunch in the world. Of course I wanted some and thus made myself available.

It was, of course, a ploy to lure me out my room, and it worked. Dad had been home for hours by then. We all sat around the kitchen table for the first time in a long time. Any minute I expected the prying questions to be directed at me, or a cutting remark made, but they didn't. Nothing heavier than just small talk about our respective day. After that, we watched some silly PBS show together that had been previously recorded on our DVR. The show was quite funny and we all had a laugh together. All in all, it was actually pretty nice, reminding me of the good old days.

\*\*\*\*\*

One day at school is pretty much like another, but late the next day, an hour or so before the final bell, I got a text message. During the final change of classes, I took the opportunity to read it. It was Bill. "Pick U up at the bus stop," it said. Made my pussy tingle to see that!

Sure enough he was waiting for me when I got off the bus, dressed in a light gray business suit. I climbed into his car and he sped away. He was very direct. "I want to fuck you," he said.

"And hello to you too," I answered somewhat annoyed. Who did he think I was?

"Yeah, hello, Blondie," he answered. "Do you want to stop for snack before we get to my place?"

I was rather hungry, as the school lunch that day was especially gross. "Stop at McDonalds. I want some fries and a Coke."

"McDonalds it is," he said as he pulled onto the main road that led to the freeway and McDonalds.

He stopped and got me what I wanted, saying "No ketchup in my car!" and then proceeded towards his place on the other side of the freeway. I was only part way through my fries when he pulled into his garage.

"Finish up," he said. "We don't have much time, you know."

I was well aware that I had to be home before my mom, but that was still a little over two hours from then. Still, I rather wolfed down the fries, finishing them off within minutes of entering the kitchen. While I ate, he was unbuttoning my blouse and unzipping me. He removed my blouse and then my bra. Next to go were my jeans and my panties. His hands, his wonderful hands were all over me. I wadded up the empty fry carton and put it on the counter. By then he was almost naked too.

I expected him to take me into the living room and doing me on the big ottoman, but he lifted me, sat me on the kitchen table and had me lie back. He spread my legs apart and went down on me, my legs resting on his broad shoulders and his hands on my tits. No kisses, not foreplay, he just went straight for my cunt. Of course the oral sex, in and of itself, was foreplay to what was to soon come. Speaking of cumming, I did cum on his tongue, and in a matter of minutes.

As I coasted down from my cum, he pinned my legs back with his hands, practically doubling me over, and standing at the end of the table, he entered me.

"Oh, yes! God, yes!" I cried out taking him easily.

He was big and I was still tight, at least for him I was. It felt so good having him fill me up once again with his big prick. He started slow, but gradually increased the pace, and as he fucked me, his cock rubbed against my clit coming and going. I didn't last too long before my second climax of the afternoon hit me, rolling over me and casting me into a vortex of pure lust. Still he fucked me. Soon, another orgasm rose from within and cast me over into another swirling whirlpool of ecstasy.

I don't know how many times I came before he filled me with his jiz, but I was a sweaty mess when it was all over. I even left a big sweat mark on his table. I couldn't speak, nor stand at that point, so he carried me to his bedroom and into his giant walk-in shower. That revived me enough to give him a blowjob and get him hard once again. He then carried me, dripping wet and flopped me on his bed. Automatically, my legs spread open and he was inside me once again and once again, he fucked me and fucked me, and fucked me, rolling me around and positioning me like I was a blowup sex doll, and fucking me, fucking me. I came, I came and I came.

He carried me, half dead, back into the shower. Then after drying me off, he told me to, "Go get your ass dressed." I did and added a wad of toilet paper to my panties to soak up his cum. Before I was fully put back together, he was out, dressed in shorts, a t-shirt and sandals.

Bill took me home and dropped me off around the corner from my house. I made it inside just before Mom got home. She asked about my wet hair and told her that I had just gotten out of the shower. She didn't ask anything more, nor did I offer it up.

Once again, my folks didn't fight that night. It was like it was before Daddy's company folded up and we lost everything.

Bill picked me up at the bus stop once again that Thursday. He was nicer to me, not that he wasn't nice a few days back, but his agenda was the same, he wanted to fuck, so we fucked. Back home, I realized that I wasn't just eager to have his cock in me and cum on his dick, but that I wanted it and needed it. I just didn't realize how much I needed and wanted it.

That night, Jenny called. She wanted me to come spend the night with her at her mom's on Friday night. After my disappearance last weekend, I wasn't so sure if my mom would let me and seeing that she and Daddy had cooled it with the fighting, I didn't have an excuse just to go and get away. To my surprise, Mom said yes, but she wanted to check with Tracy first. So she called Tracy and Tracy told her the invite was genuine, and that she would be there the whole night. Mom said yes.

No sooner had I made my plans with Jenny, that Bill called me. For obvious reasons, I took the call in my room for privacy. Bill wanted me to come and spend the weekend with him like I'd done the week before. I explained about my plans Friday night with Jenny. He asked me to shoot a small video clip of her eating me out and vice versa and sending it to him.

"Gawd, you're so bad!" I told him.

"So are you, Blondie."

"Well, I won't do it. That's not fair to Jenny."

"Then send me a clip of you fingering your pussy," he countered. "On second thought, don't send me anything like that. Too dangerous. Tell you what, I'll video you the next time you're over."

"I don't know when that'll be, Bill. Monday?"

"Yeah, let's fuck on Monday. I'll pick you up at the bus stop."

He paused and then asked, "How about Saturday night?"

"I don't know if I can get away Saturday night," I replied.

"Do you babysit?"

"Babysit? Not lately."

"How about if you babysit for me, Saturday night?"

"Your boys are going to be in town?" I'm so slow sometimes.

"No," he laughed. "That's what you tell your mom. You have a job, Saturday night with the Bates. I'll come pick you up and take you home, say around 2 AM. Then you and me will fuck until it's time for me to bring you home. "

I may be dense at times, but I immediately saw the possibilities. "That should work! I'll go ask and call you back."

I hung up, and rushed out of my bedroom. "Mom! Mom!"

"What is it, dear?" she said as she finished setting the table.

"Ummmm, Judy has this babysitting job this Saturday, but something's come up and she can't make it. She asked me to fill in for her."

"I thought you hated babysitting."

"I do, but Judy says these kids aren't total brats and she really needs me to help her out of a bind. Besides, it'll give me the opportunity to make some money."

"Sure, baby. That will be fine."

"I'll go call her now!" I gushed and rushed off to call Bill.