**A Sugar Daddy and His Sweet Tart**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 5**

*Jeff and Bill get frisky with the girls in Jeff's pool. Later, while babysitting for the "Bates", Brenda is taught some new some new tricks...*

At Jenny's the next night, I was so excited that I couldn't wait to tell her about my "babysitting" job and how easy it was to put one over my mom. Of course I didn't tell her it was Bill I was going to be with, but my fictitious college squeeze, Billy. She made me promise to tell her every little detail of our night of fornicating.

Saturday morning, Tracy had to go on trip, so Jenny and I moved over to her dad's. It was still quite warm, so we went swimming. It just being Jenny, me and Jeff, we wore the thong bikinis he'd bought for us. Jenny was oblivious to her dad, but I didn't miss the fact that Jeff couldn't keep his eyes off me. It was just so much fun being nearly naked and having him so obviously interested in me. I was, unfortunately, perfectly safe, as I was his daughter's best friend and all. Still, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like having sex with him, especially since I'd had a crush on him for like, forever.

So we're out there by the pool when Bill shows up. Jenny nearly freaked. I thought Jeff would have a cow, but Jeff seemed indifferent to Bill's presence, like it was no big deal that Jenny was nearly naked. He didn't seem to mind that Bill was getting an eyeful, nor the fact that Bill was ogling Jenny and me.

He didn't get to ogle for long as Jenny wrapped herself in a towel and made her way inside. I wanted to stay, but with Jenny's retreat, I couldn't.

"Gawd! I'm so embarrassed," Jenny insisted once inside.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? You know why! Bill saw my bare butt!"

"So what? Jeff didn't seem to mind showing us off," I pointed out. "So, let's go back, show off and have some fun!"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

She grabbed my hand and excitedly said, "Yeah! Let's do it! That'll show Daddy!" So we went back outside.

Jenny strode up directly in front of her dad and Bill, and with her back to them, unwrapped her towel. She stood there a good long moment, then strode away with her best runway model stride. I was so miffed! Nobody was looking at me! Annoyed at both Bill and Jeff, I went into the water. Jenny followed close behind.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the two men rise from their chairs. Jeff took two steps forward and dove in. Bill, who was dressed, kicked off his sandals and stripped off his shirt and shorts. "Oh, my god!" I gasped as I realized that he was commando. He too took two steps forward and dove in.

Jenny, who was doing her best to ignore the guys, squealed as Jeff surfaced, picking her up as he came up tossing her. A moment or so later, Bill surfaced next to me.

"You're naked!" I fussed.

"Hey, I didn't bring my swim suit," he replied.

"Oh, my god," I lamented. "What will Jeff say?"

"He'll get over it."

"But Jenny..."

"I really don't think she's offended. Are you?"

"No, I'm not, but..."

"If Jeff has a problem with my lack of dress, he'll run my ass off. But, he hasn't, has he?"

"I don't think he's seen you yet," I replied.

"He knows... I told him, so relax. Jeff's okay with it.

"You know, he fucks her..."

"Who fucks who?"

"You don't know? Then I'm not going to tell you."

Changing the subject and leaving me wondering who he was talking about, he said, "Look, we're still on for tonight, but Jeff really has the hots for you. So, I'm going to go flirt with Jenny; and Jeff... Jeff's going to try and score with you. And just to let you know, if he does, it's alright by me."

"You're passing me around?"

"No, but if you want to fuck Jeff, go ahead and have fun." With that Bill swam over to Jenny and Jeff. A moment later Jeff was by me.

"Bill's naked," I told him.

"He is?" he replied without any concern. "She's a big girl, just like you are."

He slid his hands onto the sides of my waist and lifted me out of the water and sat me back down, then launched me in the air squealing. I hadn't even come up out of the water to catch my breath and he had me. I surfaced just inches from his face and to my surprise, he kissed me. And not just a plutonic peck! He had one hand on my back and the other was filled with my bare buttocks. Before I knew it, my top, what little there was to it, was undone in the back. A moment later, the halter around my neck was untied and a moment after that, my top was floating away!

I heard Jenny squeak, "You're naked!" Then she squealed again laughing as she tried to get away. "Not my top! Not my top!" she protested followed by, "Oh, my god! My top!"

With my top as his trophy, Jeff swam away from me, joining Bill at the side of the pool displaying his trophy. Flustered, but excited, Jenny and I huddled together. "Can you believe?" she asked feigning indignation while stifling the urge to giggle and giving herself away.

"Hey, Brenda!" I turned to look and Jeff tossed me something.

It splashed down in front of me and I picked it up. "It's your dad's swim suit!" I exclaimed with a giggle.

"Daddy!" Jenny whined in surprise.

She didn't have much time to posture as the guys were coming at us in a churning spray, scattering us like we were deer. Bill caught Jenny first and lifted her from the water which exposed her tits. If her dad was going to offer a modicum of protection, he failed miserably, as he let Bill have his way with his daughter and went after me.

Okay, let me be clear right now. We didn't get molested or even felt up. They were just playing and more or less kept their hands to themselves... more or less, as Bill didn't hesitate to cop a feel from me whenever he had a chance. They were like two teenage boys showing off to the girls, getting out of the pool and diving off the diving board, doing flips and jack knives in the buff, giving us girls an eyeful for ourselves. We too went off the diving board, and pretty soon, we were quite comfortable being topless with them and comfortable with them being totally native.

I must admit, to me Jenny's dad looked even better nude than in just his Speedo. Nice cock... not as big as Bill's, but I found it very beautiful. I just had to think of a way to play with it some without angering Jenny. As for Bill, from what he said earlier, Jeff didn't care.

Late in the afternoon, I heard my phone ring. From the ring tone, I knew it was my mother. Jenny and I were by then just sunning ourselves while the guys sat to the side and chatted about this and that. I picked up, but was too late, so I called her back.

"You need to come home and get ready for your babysitting job," she said. "Do you want me to come and pick you up?"

"Uh, no, Mom. We're at Jeff's and he'll take me home."

"Okay, but hurry along, dear. You still need to eat and get ready."

"Yes, Mama."

I hung up and turning to Jeff said, "That was my mom. I need to go home and get ready for my babysitting job tonight."

"Bummer!" Jenny exclaimed. "Wouldn't you rather just stay here?"

"Yes, I would, but I need to go home.

"Jeff, would you give me a ride?"

"You go ahead, Jeff," Bill told him. "I'll stay here with Jenny."

"Not a chance!" laughed Jeff.

"Oh, Daddy, I'll be okay," Jenny interjected.

"Uh, no you won't, sweetheart," Jeff replied.

"Bill, you take her," Jeff said.

"Jenny?" Bill asked naughtily.

"No, Brenda," replied Jeff with a laugh.

"Don't mind if I do," replied Bill.

Not wanting my mom to get a good look at Bill's car just before "Mr. Bates" picked me up to sit for his kids, I nixed the idea. "No, she's expecting you to bring me home, Jeff."

"Well, okay," he conceded. "We all need to grab a bite to eat, so we'll all go.

"Jenny, get your ass dressed, girl. You too, Bill."

Jenny was clearly annoyed that the party was busting up, but she did as her daddy asked. Back in her room, we dressed.

"My daddy has the hots for you, Brenda," she observed.

"Your daddy is a hunk," I replied.

"It's okay by me if you two, you know..."

"Really?"

"Yes! He's single and so are you."

"I think he just likes to look," I replied. "I like to look too."

"Me too!" giggled Jenny. "And Bill, oh my god! I pity the girl he sticks that thing in. God, I've never seen a cock that big, except on the internet."

"Yeah, he's a big boy, alright."

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Mr. Bates picked me up promptly at 6:30 PM. I thought he might just stay in his car and honk the horn, but he got out and went to the door. My dad answered the door.

"Bates. Bob Bates," I heard him introduce himself. "My wife and I will be out rather late tonight, but I'll try my best to get Brenda home by 2 AM."

"That's fine," I heard my dad say.

Then Dad called out, "Brenda! Mr. Bates is here to pick you up!"

"I'm coming," I called back.

I bounded for the door, kissing my dad goodbye on the way out. Bill was close behind. Being a gentleman, he got my door for me. Then he waved to my dad as he entered the car, with the express purpose of fucking me cross-eyed that night, my dad none the wiser. I must admit, Bill was convincing. He'd changed into some nice khaki slacks, nice polished shoes, a nice open shirt and was wearing a navy sports jacket, just the attire a successful man might wear to take his wife out for the evening.

We made a beeline to his place. Not surprisingly, he undressed me right away, then he undressed and had me blow him while he stood looking down at me. He blew his wad, pulling out at the last second and squirting me in the face and tits. Before I could figure out what to do, he had his phone out and took several pictures of me. I got mad, but he said that they were just for him, so it wasn't a big deal. He left me to clean myself up and went to get us something to drink.

With drinks in hand (I had a Coke and he had his scotch) we retired to the big sofa and ottoman. On the ottoman, he had his bag with everything he would need. Finishing our drinks, it was my turn to be orally pleasured. I was shocked, however, when he wanted to do it orally from behind while I was on my hands and knees, but not nearly as shocked as when he licked across my anus.

"Gawd, that so dirty!" I whined looking back over my shoulder. He paid no attention to my "objection" and just included my anus with his oral pleasuring and fingering of my pussy and clit. Soon I didn't care either, as it all felt so good.

He got me climbing the mountain toward the pinnacle of pure pleasure. I was almost there when he slid his fat cock deep into my juicing pussy. Bottoming out on my cervix, he ground his hips, stirring his cock inside me for a moment, before pulling back in preparation to sink back into me. It only took a few strokes and I was cumming on his wonderful dick.

My pussy was squeezing his dick as my orgasm swept over me. Suddenly I became aware of his finger up my butt, which only increased the intensity of my orgasm. My orgasm peaked, then began to fade, still he slowly fucked me with both his cock and his thick finger, adding lube to the finger deep in my ass. Another orgasm burst upon me and I was left breathless, my arms collapsing under me, and still he slowly fucked me. Bill always demonstrated great stamina and having already cum in my mouth once (and on my face), he wasn't going to be ready to cum again for quite some time. Meanwhile, he fucked me, and fucked me and my orgasms continued to roll over me. I was truly fucked senseless, not that he hadn't fucked me senseless before.

Suddenly he pulled out of my cunt and my ass, leaving me feeling empty. I stayed with my head on the ottoman and my butt raised for fucking. After a long minute, I felt something pressing into my asshole. It wasn't his dick, as I could see him behind me and his groin wasn't pressing into me. Whatever it was began to enter me.

"Owww!" I cried out while lifting myself up, then it popped into me and the discomfort eased.

"What did you do?" I asked as my asshole was spread open around the object.

"It's an anal trainer," he informed. "A butt plug. It doesn't hurt does it?"

"No. Not really."

"We'll leave it in for a while, then replace it with a larger one."

"Larger one? Why?"

"Why? Because I don't want to hurt you."

"Are you going to..."

"Fuck you in the ass?" he said completing my question. "Yes, I am."

Bill then flipped me onto my back, spread my legs apart and went down on me, which completely distracted me from the object up my butt. He only sucked on my clit for a few delicious moments before spinning me around on the ottoman with my head partially hanging off the edge. Straddling my head, he dragged his ball sack over my face several times, then leaning over me, presented his big cock to my lips. There was no hesitation on my part to take his cock into my mouth.

For me, all this was fine and good with the world just sucking on his fat knob, and it didn't bother me that he pushed several inches of his eight inch prick into my mouth, but he kept pressing more and more of it into my mouth. It hit the back of my throat, I gagged and he withdrew a little ways giving me time to swallow and catch my breath before he drove it against the back of my throat again. I gagged again and he repeated the motion. Let me tell you, at that point the last thing on my mind was the butt plug. I knew that he wanted to shove that thing down my throat and it scared me... What if I choked on it?

After a dozen or more tries, he pulled out of my mouth, only to be manhandled onto my hands and knees once again. My focus returned to the butt plug as he tugged on it. I yelped when he popped it out of my butthole. I was thinking, 'He's going to shove his dick up my ass!' and I knew it was too big.

Within seconds of taking the plug from my ass, I felt something even bigger pressing against me. The way it speared into my anus, I knew it wasn't his dick, but another, or maybe it was the same butt plug.

It wasn't the same one he'd put up my ass before, but an even larger one. Again I yelped as the widest part passed my sphincter muscle and popped in behind it and in the process took my breath away.

There was no way I could ignore what was in me, but I didn't have time to dwell on it as I was once again flipped onto my back and spun around with my head off the ottoman. In an instant, he was pressing his cock to my lips and I opened to take him in. I expected him to go straight for the back of my throat, but he didn't go quite that far. Leaning far over me, he fucked his dick in my mouth and as he did so, his finger found my clit. Almost immediately he began vibrating his finger on my clit causing me to squirm about. Suddenly, without warning, he jammed his dick into the back of my throat. I gagged and he did it again.

"Swallow it, Blondie!" I heard him say just before he jammed it into the back of my throat for the third time. I swallowed and his big dick went down my throat. I couldn't breathe as he held it down my throat. Butt plug? What butt plug? There was only his dick and my vibrating clit in my universe. He pulled out, letting me catch my breath and went to the back of my throat again.

He ordered, "Swallow it!" as I gagged. I swallowed and it went down my throat for the second time and the fireworks began. I came and came hard. When it passed, my clit was still tingling from the echoing orgasm and his manipulations, but I could breathe easily.

His dick went back into my mouth, sliding in until it hit the back of my throat. I swallowed and it continued in until his balls draped over my eyes and his pubic hair was smashed into my chin. "That's a good girl," he praised.

He withdrew all but the head of his cock from my mouth and pressed it back inside my mouth. I knew what to expect and swallowed at the precise moment before I gagged and took him into my throat once again.

"You've got the hang of it, baby," I heard him say just before pulling his dick out and letting me breathe before fucking into my throat again.

Butt plug? Like I said, what butt plug? At that point I was mostly unaware of it. I say mostly, because you can't totally ignore something stuck up your ass, even if it wasn't hurting you.

He pulled out of my mouth, leaned over and gave me one of his signature kisses with his big tongue filling and exploring my mouth.

He broke the kiss, telling me what a "fine piece of ass" I was, then manhandled me back onto my hands and knees once again. He tugged on the butt plug, focusing my attention back there once again.

"Does that hurt?" he asked as he tugged at it.

"No," I answered only to have my eyes crossed, "Oh!" as he pulled it past my sphincter and out of my ass.

"It's looking good," he said and as if to emphasize the point, he stuck a finger up my gaping hole and wiggled it around, bouncing it off the walls of my poop chute. "Just just need a little more," he said, "and you'll be good to go."

A moment later, another, bigger butt plug was introduced to me. I flinched, but didn't yelp when the widest portion passed behind my anal ring and lodged there. It was however, uncomfortable, at least for the first few minutes it was inside me. Then like the previous two, I hardly noticed it. Oh, I noticed it alright, but it wasn't hurting me at all. Besides he had me on my knees on the floor by the ottoman. Looking up at him he looked huge!

Taking his dick in his hand, he began to playfully slap my face with it, then looking down at me with a hungry look stopped and ordered, not asked, "Kiss my balls." That was always fun for me to do. I don't know why, but I just love to nuzzle into a guy's ball sack, taking in its feel on my face and taking in his aroma. So I lifted his heavy tumescent organ to get it out of my way and began nuzzling, kissing and licking on his balls.

"You really like that. Don't you, honey pie?" he said while stroking my head and hair. "Well, so do I. And you're good at it too."

I licked, kissed and nuzzled his nuts for another minute or so before he said, "Now be a good girl and suck my dick." I knew that he expected me to take all of it, but I wasn't so sure I could from this angle, but I tried, I really tried and I swallowed that python like it was a goldfish. Except it didn't taste fishy, it just tasted like cock, a flavor I rather liked.

"Damn, you're a quick study, Blondie. Fuck, yeah, what a great cocksucker you've turned out to be." I think he meant that as a compliment.

I worked that dick over as best I could, trying to get him to cum in my mouth, so he'd go soft and not stick that thing up my butt. But... he pushed me away, saying that he needed to let his dick cool off some.

With his dick clear of my mouth, he told me to get up on the ottoman on all fours. I was a little slow and got a stinging pop to my ass. I moved real quick then. He didn't have to tell me to have my knees at the edge, I just did it.

He tugged on the butt plug, but it was lodged in there. "Hmmm, it won't come out," he said as he tugged and tugged. He stopped tugging and added, "Well, I guess you'll just have go home with it like that."

"No! I can't go... Owwww!"

Suddenly my ass felt empty. I must have been wide open as I felt him blow some cool air up inside me. Weird feeling! He followed that by squirting something cold up my chute. I hadn't seen it, but I knew it was AstroGlide and that I was about to have my ass fucked.

Again he surprised me. I was expecting it doggie style, but he rolled me onto my back, spread my legs and resting them on his shoulders, slid his cock into my pussy. Maybe he wasn't going to ruin my ass after all. Sweet Jesus, I just love the feel of his big cock filling up my pussy and the rubbing it did on my clit as he fucked me; it was probably what I thought about most these days. I always got hot really fast, and soon I was almost about to cum when he pulled out completely.

I saw him squirt AstroGlide onto his glistening prick, then aiming a little lower, he pushed into me. I grunted, "Uggghhh," at the anal impalement. Thankfully he didn't just shove it into me, as it was even bigger than the last butt plug he used.

He paused and let it sit for a moment and then pushed again. "Uggghhh!" I grunted as I felt his fat glans pop behind my sphincter. The worst was over, I thought, while he remained motionless for a moment allowing me to adjust to his girth. With his hands, he rubbed my thighs in an attempt to distract me, and I guess it worked.

He pushed again and went in further. Almost immediately I felt my gut cramping at the unaccustomed intrusion and I cried out. Bill continued to rub my thighs. The cramping eased after a minute or so, and he pushed in a little more. "Uggghhh!" I grunted and the cramping returned.

Little by little he worked his full eight inches into me. About halfway in, he stopped rubbing one of my thighs and instead began fingering my clit. That distracted me even more. When he was all the way in, I felt so full that I thought I might explode.

I was panting full time by then, like a woman giving birth and that helped a lot. He slid out and slid back in. In, out, in, out, big old Bill started to fuck my ass and as each minute passed, it felt better and better. The frigging of my clit helped immeasurably as he fucked my ass. He started chanting, "Cum on my dick. Cum on my dick. Relax, enjoy it and cum on my fucking dick, you slut. Cum on my dick. Cum on my dick."

The fingering was really getting to me by then and the fucking just felt better and better by the stroke. I heard myself bark out, "Ah, ah, ah, ah," and then my cunt just exploded, sweeping me away with the most intense climax of the evening.

By the time Bill got me home that night around 2 AM, I was a changed person. No longer could I think of myself as innocent in any way. I was a slut, Bill's slut, Bill's ass-fucking, cock-sucking teen slut. I didn't want to go home. I wanted to stay and sleep with Bill. Sleep with him so that he could fuck his slut first thing in the morning. Fuck me anyway he wanted. I was his slut. In my mind, my ass belonged to him. It's weird, he didn't call me a slut very often, but when he did, it thrilled me

The next day I was reminded of my "babysitting job". My throat was sore, not to mention my ass. Still, the slut in me wanted his cock back inside me, where ever he wanted to put it. I laid low that entire Sunday. Judy called and wanted me to come over, but I wasn't up to it. Jenny called and she wanted me to keep her company during her dad's standing Sunday football party. Mom thought I was sick and I went along with that so that she would dote on me. Even Daddy seemed concerned. Bill... I never heard from Bill. No text messages, no phone calls. I called him, but he didn't pick up. I texted him, but he didn't text back. Still, I was convinced that he loved me, even though he never said it. I hadn't figured out that, "I'm going to fuck you," doesn't translate into, "I love you." But then again, I was only fifteen and had a lot to learn about boys, men and love.

Of course Jenny and Judy and I chatted it up all through the day and when we weren't talking, we were texting one another.

**Chapter 6**

*After orally servicing Bill, he takes Brenda to a doctor for birth control...*

Monday I felt a lot better. The soreness in my throat was gone and my ass was much better than the day before. On the bus on my way to school, I got a text from Bill. I was so excited! But... he only texted reminding me to do my exercises. Okay, okay... I've been doing them just as he said, especially during Algebra when I had nothing better to think about! I was hoping for a little bit more. Is that too much to ask?

As soon as I got to school, I met up with Jenny and Judy. We were chatting and carrying on when Jenny let the beans spill about us going topless with her dad and Bill.

"Oh, that's so cool!" Judy gushed. "Jeff is such a cute hunk and that Bill... "

"You can't say anything about this to anybody," I interjected trying to minimize the damage.

"Oh, I won't," Judy assured, "but that's just so cool. I love it when my daddy comes into my room and asks to see my tits. That's always good for some new clothes."

"You flash him for clothes?" I asked in disbelief.

"No, I don't flash him... I let him see all he wants," she giggled. "He's my daddy, you know. And I just love his expression when he touches them."

"Is that all he does?" I asked not believing she was telling us all this. It was one thing telling us about the latest guy who did this or that with her, but her dad? Of course she'd already told Jenny, but Jenny didn't elaborate when she told me, and I wasn't so sure I believed it then. But now...

"No, he does more..."

"Like what?" Jenny asked. Maybe Jenny didn't know so much after all.

"Well... sometimes he kisses them."

"You mean he sucks your tits," I pushed.

"Yeah, he sucks them and... it just feels so good. You know how much I like you and Jenny to suck on my tits."

"And any guy who gets their lips on them! God, Judy, you really are a slut," declared Jenny. "Does he fuck you too?"

"Oh, no! That'd be incest. But..."

"But what?" I pressed. "But what? Oh, my god! You suck his dick?"

"Yeah," she admitted with a grin. "I love sucking dicks, don't you?"

"Yeah, but not my dad's dick!" I snorted feeling all morally superior.

"You can't get preggo doing that," she huffed, "so it's not really sex."

"Tell that to my parents," I said to lighten up the air and burst out in naughty girl laughter. Judy laughed too, as did Jenny and all was well between the three of us once again.

Changing the subject back to where we had begun, Jenny revealed, "And my dad and Bill got naked with us. I mean like NOTHING. It was so cool. Oh, my gosh! You wouldn't believe how big Bill's dick is! It's like... this looooong," she said dropping her voice and spreading her hands apart in gross exaggeration.

Getting into it I added, "And this fat around!"

"I don't know how Bill walks around with something like that hanging between his legs," Jenny added sounding serious and we all cracked up.

"But really, guys," I said, "We have to keep this all to ourselves... forever. Tell no one what we just discussed." Then we did our hokey secret pact thing and headed off to our respective classes.

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I was hoping that Bill would text me again sometime during the day. Specifically I was hoping that he'd text and say that he'd pick me up and fuck me silly. Well, a girl can hope!

I guess I must have telepathic powers, for after willing him to text me, he did! "Bus stop" That's all it said and all that he needed to say. Yes! I was going to get fucked after school!

Sure enough, he was waiting for me when I got off the bus. By then I was used to seeing him dressed in a coat and tie. He stopped to get me my fries-and-coke fix from McDonalds on the way to his place. I was so very eager to get things going, but as soon as we walked inside his kitchen from the garage, he took a call on his cell phone.

"I need to take this," he said covering the mouthpiece. "Why don't you go into the bedroom and wait for me. I'll only be a minute." Then he returned his attention to whoever was on the other end of the line.

It kind of surprised me to see his bed unmade from that morning, as his place was usually very neat and orderly, but then I remembered him telling me that his maid service only came on Tuesday and Friday mornings. Knowing how he wanted me once he finished his stupid phone call, I undressed and sprawled out onto his big bed. I tried different poises, as I wanted to be as sexy for him as possible when he came in to fuck me, settling on one leg straight and the other bent, opening up my pussy to him without being too lewd and with my arms and hands over my head.

A few minutes passed before he came into the room. He stopped just inside the doorway to gaze at me. I could tell he was pleased even before he said, "What a beautiful sight. A young, naked sexy girl, just waiting for me to ravish her."

"I'm all yours, Bill," I purred.

Fully dressed, he came and sat on the bed beside me. His hand ran up my bare thigh to my bare tit and I closed my eyes and moaned softly at his touch. He mauled my tit for a few moments, then stopped. I opened my eyes and saw that he was undressing.

I know what a turn on it is for a guy to watch a girl strip naked. It's the same for a girl watching a guy strip naked, provided she wanted him naked and did I want him naked! Disrobed, he crawled up to me and took a nipple into his mouth, and as he did, I felt my pussy moistening for the main event.

Ever since I got the text "Bus stop" I'd imagined how he was going to take me. Would he play with my tits? So far so good. Would he diddle my clit? Not yet. Would he lick my cunt until I came? We'd see. Or would he shove his big prick into my mouth first? That'd be fun. Anal? Would he do me in the ass at some point? I hoped not as I was still not quite ready for another ass fucking, but if he did, I knew I wouldn't try to stop him.

As it turned out, after driving me crazy slobbering all over my tits, he swung around with me on top, so that his cock was in my face and my pussy was in his face. I'd done the 69 with Judy and/or Jenny many a sleepover, but I'd never done it with a guy before. Oh my gawd... it was the best of all worlds, his tongue sliding up and into my needy trench and his seeping prick available for me to orally enjoy. It was a very enjoyable way to have oral sex... unhurried and taken at your pace. If it felt as good to him as it felt to me, I knew he was enjoying it immensely as I was.

I wasn't concerned about him cumming in my mouth. Indeed, I wanted that pleasure, as I knew he'd get it up again in short order, and when he did, I would be in for a long protracted fuck where I'd cum and cum and cum on his dick. Cum until I was delirious. I couldn't lose! And that's just what happened.

He got me off with his tongue twice before he unloaded in my mouth. With each pulse, I swirled his jiz around my mouth, getting as much flavor out of it as I could before gulping it down. I drank and drank from his love fountain savoring every drop. He came forcefully a number of times. How many, I can't recall, but when his cock finally stopped pulsing and spurting it's cream, I still wanted more. I was still going at his soft cock like a calf going after its mother's teat until he had to pull away from me.

"Damn!" he said with a laugh. "Enough! Shit... you really like sucking cock, don't you?"

"Uh huh," I answered with a naughty grin.

"I bet you could suck dicks all night and still not have enough."

"I'd like to try that someday," I jokingly answered, not revealing that I had done just that during several parties at Judy's.

"Maybe I can arrange it," he joked back, or at least I thought he was joking.

We lay around for some time, where I massaged and scratched his back. All guys it seems, like that a lot. I even kissed and nibbled at his taut buttocks a few times. He liked that a lot and asked me not to stop, so I kissed all over his butt, but didn't get too risqué.

When he'd had enough of that and was convinced that I wasn't going to kiss his anus, no matter how much he asked, he rolled over and demanded, "Suck my cock to hard-on, slut, and I'll fuck you silly." Rather than feigning offense at his choice of words, I just smiled and got after it, sucking his softie, kissing his balls and licking him all over. Long before I tired of that game, he got me on my back with my legs pushed forward and took me.

"Yes!" I hissed as his big prick slid in deep and filled me up. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Bill. Fuck me!"

He said some nasty things to me, just what I don't remember, other than him saying I was a cum dump. But I didn't care. In fact it thrilled me, something I thought odd later that night in my bed reliving my afternoon tryst with him where he did fuck me silly.

It was a little after 5 PM when he finally spermed my cunt, except he didn't have sperm in his semen, and rolled off of me. We had been going at it for well over an hour and by then we were both rather sweaty. He then treated me to a hot bath in his big two-man Jacuzzi. As he cuddled me from behind and mauled my tits, I remember thinking, "I could get used to this."

After the relaxing hot bath, we dressed and he took me home, delivering me just before 6 PM. As we rode to my house, he said, "Oh, I almost forgot." He reached into his shirt pocket and handed me a Visa card. "It's a prepaid card," he explained. "I have two hundred bucks on it. Don't just waste it, but next month, I'll put another two hundred on it."

"You're paying me for sex?" I asked as I took the card. Even if I was offended somewhat by the implications, nmo way was I going to turn it down.

"No, no, no! Not at all. I just figure you could use a little spending money."

"Oh, okay."

Wow, I thought, I still had most of the forty bucks he first gave me, plus all of the fifty bucks he gave me for "babysitting" and now two hundred more? I had more money than I'd ever had in my life! And more was on the way as next month was only a week or so away!

"Thanks!"

"You're welcome. You're worth every penny of it." Was he paying me for sex or wasn't he? I couldn't be sure, and I really didn't care, just so long as he kept having sex with me.

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To my surprise, I heard from Bill the very next day. "Tomorrow. Bus Stop." I was bit disappointed that it wouldn't be that afternoon, but it gave me something to look forward too. Besides, Tracy was taking Jenny shopping that afternoon after school and she invited me along. I could hardly wait to spend some of Bill's money!

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When I got off the school bus Wednesday afternoon, Bill wasn't there. Miffed, I started walking home, thinking that he had stood me up. But before I got home, he rolled up in his car and told me to get in. We drove to a nearby construction site and parked somewhere in the rear of the half completed building. It was deserted, as it had been raining off and on all day and no one was working.

"When do you start your period?" he asked as soon as we parked. I was sort of shocked, as no guy had ever before asked me something that personal.

"Bill! That's personal!"

"Cut the crap," he said. "When do you start, or have you already started?"

"Uh, not until this weekend... Saturday or Sunday. Why?"

"Good. Now, your appointment isn't until five," he informed me.

"My appointment? What appointment?"

"I made an appointment for you to see a doctor."

"Why?"

"I might not be able to knock you up, Blondie, but other guys just might. I'm putting you on birth control pills."

"I'm not having sex with anyone else!" I told him somewhat indignantly.

"Girl like you... a girl who likes to fuck as much as you like to fuck... Well, why take the chance? Let's get you protected. Your parents should have done this for you, but seeing that they haven't... it's just the responsible thing to do. Why risk you ruining your life, just because you decide to have a little fun?"

"Oh, okay..." I replied. As I thought about it for few seconds, I knew he was right. I did like to fuck. In fact I loved to fuck and if he wasn't around...

"Are you saying you want me to mess around on you?"

"Who you fuck is your business, baby, not mine. I'm not your boyfriend, I'm just the man who is fucking you."

"I'm not your girlfriend?"

"I adore you, honey. I really do, but let's face it, you're kind of young for me. Not too young to fuck, but other than fucking, we really don't have much in common, do we? You're going to find some guy, or guys, closer to your own age to run around with and fuck."

"Are you about to drop me?" I said as tears began welling up in my eyes.

"No, no, no! You're a lot of fun and I love getting you naked and making you cum on my dick. We're friends, good friends, fuck buddies. I have no intentions of letting go of you, so dry those tears... I just want you protected, that's all. It's what Sugar Daddies do for their kittens... they look after them and make sure that they are well taken care of.

"Say, is that a new blouse?" he asked changing the subject.

"Yes, I bought it yesterday... with the money you gave me."

"Looks great on you. Sets off your tits quite nicely."

"Thank you," I whispered.

"Seeing that we have some time to kill, why don't you take it off." I was about to show him and tell him no, but instead, I pulled the top over my head.

"Bra too."

I reached back, unsnapped my bra and took it off.

"Nice.... very nice," he said looking me over as I sat topless in his car. A moment later and his lips were attached to one and the other was in his big hand. He played with my tits for some minutes.

He rose up from my breast, looked around and declared, "It's stopped raining. Come on, let's go."

"Where are we going?" I asked but he'd already gotten out of the car.

He walked around and opened my door. "Come on, get out."

"Here? Somebody might see me."

"There's no one around. Get out." He reached in and pulled me out of the car still topless and then practically dragged inside the building through an opening.

"Isn't this trespassing?" I asked covering my exposed boobs, and expecting a security guard to show up any moment.

"No, we're not trespassing. This is my project. I own it." I never had a clue what he did for a living and I never asked, so this was sort of a revelation for me. His building? No wonder he had tons of money!

We went deep inside. He stopped, right in the middle of this big open space and began undoing his pants. He was going to fuck me here?

"I've been thinking about doing this all day," he said as he pushed down his suit pants, exposing his cock. I'd been thinking about it too all day, but not in this setting on bare cold concrete.

"Alright, slut, show me your best blowjob."

I gave him a sultry smile realizing he didn't want a fuck, he wanted a suck and I went to my knees. Taking his soft cock in my hand, I kissed it and kissed his balls and kissed his cock once again. He began to harden as I slobbered all over the object of my daydreams. As he began to harden, I slurped up the fat head into my mouth, lashing it with my tongue, hastening the engorging of his organ. Soon he was hard enough to take him deep into my mouth. He hit the back of my throat and suppressing my gag reflex, I swallowed him to the moans of his approval.

I had been sucking him and taking him into my throat for several minutes when I heard a man say from behind me, "You there! What are you doing?!...

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Bates. Uh, sorry..."

"That's quite alright, Henry," I heard Bill reply. I had stopped sucking and Bill swatted me on the back of my head to continue.

"I best be on my way," I heard the security guard say. "Good day, Mr. Bates."

"Good day, Henry."

I should have been embarrassed, but I found being discovered and observed half naked sucking dick in an empty building to be rather thrilling. A thought occurred to me, a thought that sent a shiver through me. I imagined the unseen man, Henry, coming up from behind, lifting me by the hips and entering me while I sucked and deep throated Bill's dick. Never mind that I still had my jeans on, in my salacious imagination I was totally naked and totally available.

Evidently Bill found the episode to be tantalizing as well. I hadn't been sucking Bill's cock all that long and normally he shows great control, but he began grunting and his cock started throbbing and his semen commenced filling my mouth. Gawd, I so wished that he'd stripped me naked before starting all this, at least I could have frigged myself to an orgasm, but my clit just wasn't accessible.

Spent for the moment, he helped me to my feet and gave me one of his full tongue kisses. Breaking the kiss, he said, "That was terrific, baby. Sorry about the audience."

"That's okay," I told him. "It was kind of hot."

Bill laughed, "So you like to be watched being a slut." It wasn't a question, but a statement.

"No, I just..."

"You're a bigger slut than I thought," he chuckled. "But then again I know you like to show off."

"I do not!" I huffed.

"Yes, you do. You loved showing off at the football party the other day and you loved showing off your tits to Jeff last Saturday. Admit it, you're an exhibitionist at heart."

"I am not!"

"Oh, yes you are, hot little cock sucker."

We ran into Henry one more time as we were leaving the building. I suppose he knew which way we would being going, as it seemed that he was waiting for us to pass. He was an old guy, sort of withered up looking and he gave me a toothy smile as we passed. I couldn't help but notice that he never looked at my face, only at my bare tits. Men!

Back in the car, Bill helped me get back in my bra and then I put my top back on. My hair was mussed and my lipstick was a bit smeared by then, so I had to fix all that before I let Bill take me on to my appointment with the doctor.

We got to the isolated free standing office of a Dr. Tubbs, M.D. The small reception area was empty of patients. Bill strode up to the unmanned window, logged me in and then pressed a button for service. No one came out. At least for ten minutes or so while we waited. Finally a man came out, a rather fat obese man dragging along a thin young girl, maybe twelve years old. She looked over at me and weakly smiled as the fat guy hurried along and out of there.

A man, an older man around fifty or so wearing glasses, with graying balding hair and a white lab coat appeared. He looked at the log in sheet and called, "Brenda Bates."

Bill stood and it took me a moment to realize that Brenda Bates was me. Bill was posing as my father! I stood, then followed the doctor and Bill into the back and into an examination room.

"Mr. Bates," the doctor began, "what can I do for you and your daughter today?"

"Well, she's sexually active and we need to get her on birth control."

"I see. And who recommended me to you?"

Bill told him some name I'd never heard of before and the doctor said, "Oh, yes. I see. Shall we get started?"

Dr. Tubbs turned to me and said, "I need you to disrobe completely."

"Uh, do you have a gown for me?" I asked looking about and not seeing any.

"Gowns are totally useless and just get in way," he answered. "You're not shy are you? Certainly you're not shy about undressing in front of your daddy."

I'd been to many doctors over the years and sometimes they made me undress and put on a gown, but never did they just want me naked, and certainly not in front of my daddy! But of course Bill wasn't my daddy and I wasn't his daughter, but the doctor thought so.

"Strip naked, Brenda," Bill barked. "We don't have all day." So I stripped.

Never before had I felt so naked before. Then Dr. Tubbs takes me out of the examination room and puts me on a scale and measures my height. Back in the examination room, he had me sit on the examination table and took my blood pressure, my pulse and looked in my ears, my throat and up my nose. Then he listened to my chest, moving his stethoscope all across my chest, my tits and then my back. He had me lay back on the table and then he listened to my tummy, and thumped it a few time.

"Now, I just need to check your breasts," he said. I'd had breast exams before, but he took a long time doing it, pushing here and there, sliding his fingers over my nipples and making comments like, "Excellent erectile response," as my nips stiffened up. Pretty soon it was obvious that he was openly feeling me up. I looked over at Bill who just grinned and winked at me. At long last the good doctor finished my "breast exam".

He opened a drawer, pulled out two stirrups and set them in their mountings at the end of the examination table. He had me scoot down a little and lifted my feet to the stirrups. My legs were now wide open with my cunt on full display. He put on a thin latex glove, lubed it up and proceeded to probe into my vagina. He probed around for a moment, then using a speculum, opened my cunt wide. He studied my cunt for several minutes while probing with his fingers. He removed the speculum and I thought the exam was over.

"Are you doing your kegel exercises, dear? To keep your vagina nice and tight, you need to do your exercises every day."

He stuck his middle finger up my cunt and told me, "Now squeeze my finger. Squeeze it. You can squeeze better than that." I squeezed as best I could.

"Your daddy must have an impressive cock," he said cutting a glance over at Bill who was grinning. "A thick cock," he added as he continued moving his finger in me while I squeezed.

"If you want to give the boys a nice tight fuck, you need to do your exercises every day, or you'll wind up loose as a used up whore.

"Now, let's see how quickly you get off," he said. His free hand returned to my tits, mauling me and tweaking my stiff nipples. In addition to the finger up my twat, his thumb was now pressing and strumming on my clit.

"Oh, oh, oh," I squeaked as my clit came alive. I looked over at Bill, thinking he might put a stop to the molestation masquerading as a medical exam, but he just stood close by watching and grinning. I tried not to be turned on by any of this, but I was and soon I was quaking and cumming for the good doctor.

He finished by examining my anus, noting that there wasn't any evidence of tearing, and again telling me that I had to do my kegels if I wanted to continue having sex like I was and have everyone enjoy it.

Finally it was over and Tubbs removed his latex glove that had been in both my pussy and up my ass.

"Your daughter is a fine specimen of womanhood," he told Bill. "Fine piece of ass you have here. If you ever want to trade her in, call me. I know plenty of men who would like a girl like her, and who would pay handsomely for her."

"She's not for sale," Bill told him and he wasn't grinning anymore.

"Of course not, but circumstances do change."

"Birth control pills. That's what we're here for."

"Of course. I'll be right back."

Tubbs left the room and Bill helped me off the table. I was almost dressed when Tubbs came back in with a paper sack full of wheels of birth control pills. Handing them to Bill, he said, "That'll be four hundred dollars cash."

Bill took out his wallet and peeled off four one hundred dollar bills. A minute later we were out of there.

"You seemed to like the doctor," Bill joked. "He pegged you right away as a hot one.

"Now, let's get you home before your Mama does."