**A Sugar Daddy and His Sweet Tart**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 7**

*Brenda was in for a surprise when Judy's daddy picked her one Saturday morning,...*

I started my period on Saturday and started taking the birth control pills like I had been told to do. I thought I might hear from Bill, but I didn't. I called Jenny, but she was off with her mother somewhere. I tried Judy. She was home.

"I'm so bored," I complained.

"Why don't you come over?" she suggested.

"I started my period," I told her in case she wanted to mess around.

"Oh, that's okay."

"Can your mom come and pick me up?" I asked.

"No, she's on a trip, but I'm sure Daddy will. I'll call you right back."

Ten minutes later Judy called. "How about if we pick you up in thirty minutes?"

"That'll be great," I said having already gotten the clearance from my dad. Actually it was perfect, as Mom had gone to the supermarket to do her weekly grocery shopping and wouldn't be home until after I was gone.

It wasn't quite thirty minutes before Mr. C was outside blowing the horn. I gave Daddy a quick peck on the cheek and was out the door.

I slid into the back seat of Mr. C's Lexus, noting that he was alone.

"Hi, Brenda," he said looking over his shoulder.

"Hi, Mr. Croft. Thanks so much for coming and picking me up."

"My pleasure, Brenda. You don't mind if we take a little detour before going back to the house, do you?"

"No, not at all. So, where are we going?"

"To Bill Bates," he stated glancing back at me. "That's okay with you, isn't it?"

"Uh, where's Judy?"

"She's home. Just after she talked with you a boy showed up at the door. Randy, I think. I'm sure he'll keep her entertained for an hour or two, don't you think? He's been banging the hell out her for several months now."

Needless to say I was shocked to hear him say this. Not shocked that Judy was banging some guy, but banging him with her dad's knowledge and apparent permission.

"So... why are we going to Bill's?" I asked cautiously.

"I was on the phone with him just after Judy called you back and Randy showed up. Bill suggested that I bring you over."

"Oh... okay..." Just what was Bill up to? I soon found out.

"Hi ya, Raymond!

"Hi, Brenda-babe," Bill greeted when he answered the front door and let us in.

He was half naked, wearing only a pair of gym shorts, not that I minded. What I did mind was him putting his hand on my ass and patting it in front of Judy's dad before we were hardly inside.

"Bill!" I huffed indignantly.

"Relax, Blondie, we're all friends here," Bill said cutting his eyes to Mr. C..

"Yes, Bill told me about how you went topless with Jeff and him the other day," Mr. C said with a wicked grin. "He says you've got a great set of tits." I was speechless. "Jeff confirmed it," he added.

"He did?"

"Yes, and he agreed that it was about time that we all got together and shared the wealth."

"What do you mean, share the wealth?" I asked suspiciously.

"Well, you might not know this, but Jeff's not Jenny's biological father," Mr. C informed me, not that I believed him.

"He's not?"

"No, he's not. That's why he didn't mind when Bill removed Jenny's top, or got naked with you two."

"Oh, okay..." I wondered if Jenny knew that her dad wasn't her dad, but then I realized how stupid that was.

"But we wanted to make sure you girls were okay with it," Mr. C added. "Judy's on board and can hardly wait to get started. Jenny? We're not so sure about Jenny, but Judy says she'd jump at the chance to let loose. And you... Bill says you're willing and love getting naked with him."

"He did, did he?" Bill was behind me and suddenly I felt him trying to lift my t-shirt up.

"Bill, stop!"

"You really don't want me to stop," he said, then he stripped the shirt over my head despite my best effort to keep him from doing that.

"Nice tits!" Mr. Croft exclaimed.

"Yes, she does have nice tits," added Bill. "She's got a nice ass too. Wanna see it?"

"You bet!" Judy's dad said.

"C'mon, Blondie, strip for us."

"Bill..."

"I said strip, girl." His voice was firm and I knew he meant business, especially seeing that he was shucking his gym shorts. "Strip naked for us and we'll all have some fun."

"Bill, I started my period today," I told him trying to beg off, my eyes drawn to his wonderfully big pecker.

"So what? Your mouth is good and your asshole is available. You know you want this," he declared while fondling himself. "And I know you want Ray's cock too. So... let's do it, baby. I want to see you suck his dick."

We hadn't made it all the way inside and were still standing in the foyer; Mr. Croft by the door, me and then Bill on the other side. There wasn't any escape, not that I really wanted to escape.

Towering over me Bill growled menacingly, "I said strip, slut!"

Just what does he think I am? Okay, I kind of knew what he thought, but really. Did he think he could just pass me around to be used, and used by my friend Judy's daddy no less? Not that I didn't like Mr. C and the way he always looked at me whenever I was over, but still...

I had my hands on my hips glaring at Bill, trying to give him the evil eye and not look at his prick when I felt a pair of big strong hands sweep around my sides and cup my bare titties. Of course I knew whose hands they were and I should've been outraged and stopped him, but... I closed my eyes instead.

"Yeah, you want this," I heard Bill smugly say.

After feeling me up for a few moments while Bill watched, Mr. C dropped one of his hands , unbuttoned my jeans and unzipped me. Of course my jeans didn't just fall to the floor, as they could just hang from my hips in defiance of gravity, but that didn't stop Mr. C's hand from sliding down into my pants and panties to grope my clean shaven pussy mound. That was bad enough, but he probed even deeper and into the top of my slit to rub my clit.

For a brief moment I wished I had worn a pad and not a tampon that day, but I didn't like the way a pad looked when I was wearing my favorite jeans, the ones Bill had bought me some weeks before. But that was only for a brief moment, as I don't think he would have strummed my clit like he was if I wasn't wearing a tampon.

Bill stepped up to me, knelt and pulled my jeans down off my hips and stripped them and my panties down my legs giving Mr. C freer access to my clit. By then I was all for having some fun with my hunkasaurus and my good buddy's daddy.

I don't remember stepping out of my jeans and panties, but I guess I did sometime either just before or right after my orgasm hit, and boy was it a doozy! I mean, this was just so wrong in so many ways, but I couldn't help myself. All I remember is that I ended up lying nude on the cold tile floor of Bill's foyer and looking up to see Mr. C taking off all his clothes while Bill urged me to get up and suck Mr. C's dick.

"I want to watch you suck his cock, Brenda. So get your pretty ass up and get to it. The man's waiting, Brenda, and so am I."

Judy's daddy wasn't nearly as tall as Bill was, but he was a lot hairier. With all that dark body hair, he looked bigger than he was, and he was already pretty big to begin with. I managed to get up on my knees and Mr. C stepped up to me and stuck his cock in my face. He wasn't as big as Bill was and being uncut, his cock looked a lot different than Bill's circumcised organ. Now this wasn't my first encounter with an uncut cock, so I wasn't put off by it and knew that I just needed to peel back the foreskin to expose the business end and give it a kiss. As soon as his glans made contact with my lips, all hesitation on my part evaporated, as all I wanted was to feel that cock slide between my lips and into my mouth. It was such a totally slutty thing for me to do, but I didn't care.

"Yeah, suck that dick, baby. Suck him good, you hottie," came the prattle from behind me as I sucked Judy's daddy's cock by Bill's front door.

"Oooo, baby girl, you do suck cock good," praised Mr. C. It made me feel so proud to be making him happy! I couldn't help but wonder if I was giving him a better blowjob than Judy did. For a good five minutes I sucked and slobbered all over that cock, a very enjoyable five minutes I might add.

My bliss was interrupted by Bill pulling on my shoulders, pulling me away from my treat. "That's enough, slut. C'mon, let's go where it's more comfortable. I don't want you to bruise your knees."

I had my hands full of Mr. C's hairy buttocks, holding on as best I could while Bill tried to extract me. "C'mon, you whore. You can have his dick back just as soon as we all get comfortable. Now, c'mon... That a girl!"

Having pulled me away from Mr. C, Bill lifted me and effortlessly threw me over his shoulder like I was a rag dog. He only had a few steps to his living room and the big ottoman where he regularly ravished me. Gently he lay me on my back, placing my head hanging off the edge. As soon as Bill moved out of the way, Mr. C was there to feed me his cock.

"Just run it down her throat," my boyfriend told him.

"Oh, yeah," moaned Mr. C as I took him down my throat. "Damn, you trained her good, Bill. I've been trying to teach Judy how to do that, but so far no go."

"Be sure and let her breathe," Bill told him.

"Oh, yeah."

Mr. C pulled his dick out of my throat long enough for me to catch a breath before running it back down. I knew then that I gave a better blowjob than Judy did and that bolstered my ego. In, out, in, out, Judy's daddy fucked my throat.

Meanwhile Bill was busy between my legs. Pushing my knees to my chest, he told me to hold them. I did and felt the now familiar feel of cold lube on my asshole and then the slick finger penetrating me. He finger fucked my asshole for a minute or so, then moved into position. I felt his broad spongy cock crown press into my anus. He bumped into me three or four times, my backdoor opened and let him in.

He didn't ease into me, but pushed all the way into me with the first thrust. I grunted around Mr. C's cock deep in my throat, but other than that I didn't, or rather couldn't make it known just how much that hurt. Luckily I didn't bite Mr. C, that would've ruined the entire Saturday afternoon. But I also didn't have much time to reflect upon my discomfort as Bill began ramming into me. Oh, gezz, I just knew my poor asshole would never be the same, but whatever discomfort I was having initially quickly gave away as my asshole seemed to stop fighting and it suddenly felt good, really good.

Just as I thought it couldn't get better than having a man's cock down my throat while another man's cock moved vigorously up my ass, Bill's thumb found my clit. I felt Mr. C's cock pulsating and unloading and immediately after, I felt Bill's cock pulsating and unloading. Oh, my god!

When the lights stopped flashing and I once again became aware of where I was, I was alone and feeling very empty. I could hear the rustling of ice going into glasses in the kitchen and the two fuckers hooting it up. Knowing they were having something to drink, I suddenly felt parched. Thirsty or not, I chose to stay where I was, besides I didn't think I could move, much less walk, after having Bill rearrange my guts. Not only that, but I knew if I made an appearance in the kitchen that Bill just might throw me on the table and let Mr. C bugger me. Then again, if I just stayed there, Bill would probably have Mr. C bugger me right where I was. As I was comparing the pros and cons of staying or getting up, they came from the kitchen.

"See, Raymond, I told you she was still alive," joked Bill. "The girl loves to fuck.

"Don'cha, baby?

Right then a large amount of gas loudly and rudely erupted from my ass. It was so embarrassing! The guys, they just laughed as I let out another long fart.

"Here! Are you thirsty?" laughed Bill holding out a glass of wine to me. "I brought you some of that wine you like so much."

I gratefully accepted the glass of cold sweet white wine and took a sip. It tasted so good! As I sipped my wine, they came and sat with me, one on each side. It was kind of embarrassing sitting there nude with Judy's father, but then he was nude too and I had just performed oral sex on him, so why did I feel embarrassed? Then I realized it wasn't that, but I was concerned with what Mr. C might think of me now.

They bantered with me (I was mostly silent) telling me what a pretty girl I was, how sexy I was, what nice tits I had, what a fine ass I had, what a good cock sucker I was, that sort of thing, along with a few choice ribald jokes that weren't age nor gender appropriate.

Gradually I realized that they weren't putting me down, but just joking with me, like Judy, Jenny and I joked amongst ourselves. I realized that they were treating me like I was an adult, and I began joking back with them. Of course a second glass of wine helped a lot.

After we had finished our drinks, Bill sprawled out on his back on the bed ottoman bed. "I want you to blow me," he says to me.

"I'm not going to do that!" I protested. "Your dick is dirty."

"It is not! I washed it off in the kitchen sink. Ask Ray if you don't believe me."

I looked over at Mr. C and he affirmed that Bill was clean.

"Well, okay," I replied with a naughty grin knowing that Mr. C wanted to see me blow Bill. Funny, I didn't feel self conscious about sucking Bill while Judy father watched, rather I felt a thrill at being so wantonly wicked.

I moved between Bill's splayed legs on my hands and knees, buried my face in his groin and took his limp noodle into my mouth. Soon I had him hard as a steel spike. Basking in the "praise" Bill was giving me, I felt Mr. C's hands rubbing and mauling my buttocks. Grasping a cheek in each hand, he peeled me open with his thumbs while he took up position to sodomize me. I knew I should have told him no, but what was the point? Would that have stopped him? I don't think so.

I was still quite slick with lube and Bill's semen, in addition his girth wasn't as thick as Bill's and he slid right into my rectum.

"Ah, yes... creamy smooth," he intoned planted to the root. From there he took his time, slowly moving in and out.

Neither of them was in any hurry to complete the act and every few minutes they would change positions with me. They rolled me to the side and Mr. C continued his slow fucking of my ass from a spoon. After awhile I was on my back with him humping up from below while Bill fucked my mouth. Mr. C sat up, taking me still impaled on his cock, while Bill momentarily broke contact before pushing his cock back into my mouth.

With my jaws hurting and my ass growing sore, I broke away from them pleading, "Enough! Enough!" They both laughed and told me what a good sport I was, then retired to the kitchen for fresh drinks all around.

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After having their fun and draining their balls, Bill told me, "Get your ass dressed."

"You're taking me home?"

"No, I'm taking you to church," he quipped.

While I put my clothes back on, Mr. C dressed while Bill retired to back to get something more than just the pair of gym shorts he'd greeted us in. But before Bill made his appearance, Mr. C escorted me out the door and into his Lexus.

"You're taking me home?" I asked again, but this time to Mr. C.

"Yes, I am taking you home," he replied.

He then activated his hands free car phone and called out, "Call Judy"

"Calling Judy," came back the mechanical voice.

The phone rang a few times. "Hi, Daddy!" Judy chirped.

"Hi, sweetie. Just a heads up, I'm on my way home."

"Okay, Daddy." she replied and hung up.

"We're going to your house?"

"Yes. You're supposed to be at my house, right?"

"I guess," I replied, relieved that he wasn't taking me back to my house, but taking me to see Judy.

We arrived five, six minutes later. We pulled into the garage. He closed the garage door and got out. I bailed out too. Judy was in the kitchen when we walked in.

"Hi! Where have y'all been?" Judy asked.

"Bill's," answered her dad.

"Is what's his name gone?" he asked.

"Yes, Daddy. He left even before you called."

"Have fun?" he asked stepping up to Judy and copping a feel of her tits. I was astounded that he'd be so bold in front of me, but I shouldn't have been surprised.

"Yes, Daddy. You know I did." By then he had a hand up under her shirt taking liberties with her big boobs. Of the three of us, Jenny, Judy and me, Judy had the biggest set of tits by far. She got them from her mama. Jenny had the smallest tits, B-cups and I was in between.

"Bill will be over in a few minutes," he said still mauling her.

"Bill? Big Bill? Why is he coming over?" Judy asked.

"He's coming over to have sex with you," her father told her.

"Really? Are you just joking?"

Ding Dong!

"That must be him now," said Mr. C. "Go answer the door," he added extracting his hand from under her shirt.

Judy looked at me and shrugged, then went to answer the door. I heard voices from the foyer, but it wasn't Bill's voice, but Jenny's. A moment later they entered the kitchen. I was surprised to see Jeff was with Jenny.

"Hi, Jeff!" greeted Mr. C like nothing unusual had been taking place.

"Hey, Raymond," greeted Jeff in return.

"Hi, Mr. C," sang out Jenny.

"Hi, ya, doll."

I answered by letting out another big wet sounding fart. I didn't do it on purpose, it just happened. Everyone looked at me and cracked up.

Right about then, I heard the front door slam shut. A moment later Bill strolls in like he owned the place and announces, "Let's party!"

Taking charge, he directed, "Jeff, you've been dying to get into Brenda's panties. Sorry, she's on the rag, but I'm sure you'll figure it out.

"Ray, you get Jenny. She may be a little shy at first, but I'm sure she'll come around once we're all naked.

"Me, I get to wallow in Judy's big tits."

Jenny, Judy and I just stared at each other with our mouths agape. This really couldn't be happening!

"Judy," Mr. C said, "Get us a round of beers." Judy went to the fridge, opened it and bent down to get beer from lowermost shelf. Her dad was right behind her and ran his hand all over her ass.

"Daddy!"

"Don't daddy me, little girl," he laughed then playfully popped her on the butt.

Judy handed out beers to the men, then Mr. C suggested, "Let's take this party down to the party room," as he gestured towards the basement stairs.

I'd been down there many, many times. Usually just goofing off with Judy, listening to music, playing ping pong. I'd also sucked my first dick down there. So had Jenny. In fact we all sucked a bunch of dicks down there over the past year or so. There were four large sofas down there, each with seating for four if you squeezed in. There was a folding, roll away ping pong table that was set off to the side. There was a bathroom and built in refrigerator that was always stocked with soft drinks and beer. And there was a great surround-sound stereo system, a huge flat screen TV and mirror ball. It was a great party room, plenty of room for dancing and plenty of room for smooching.

Mr. C went straight to the stereo system and put on some dance music, bump and grind dance music.

"Judy, you're up first, baby," Mr. C said, "and let's see you shake those tits!"

Judy, who had always had an exhibitionist streak, went to the middle of the floor and began dancing.

"Take it off, baby!" her father hooted. And she did just that, peeling off the loose top; her braless boobs were on full display in seconds.

"Yeah, baby!" Bill hooted, "let's see some ass!"

Off came the softie gym shorts and she danced in just a black thong.

"Take it off! Take it off!" Jeff was getting into it now.

Down went the thong and she really put on a show. Gawd, she was so lewd! She rubbed and fondled her tits and ran her hand between her legs. Getting down on the floor, she spread her legs, humped the air and showed off her shaved pussy, a pussy that was still a bit flushed and puffy from her earlier and very recent tryst with who's-it.

At the end of her second song, she got up off the floor, bowed sassily and then to a clapping audience, traipsed off to sit in Bill's lap.

Bill looked over at me and said, "Okay, Brenda. You're up next."

I hesitated and Bill growled, "Get up there and get your ass naked, slut."

I didn't mind him calling me a slut when we were having sex, but this was different. This was in front of my two best friends and their fathers.

"Go on, you know you want to do it," he said more reasonably. "Do it for your Sugar Daddy, Sweet Tart."

Sweet Tart, that was better, almost endearing. I rose from the sofa and as a new song began, I began to dance. I looked to Bill. He was watching, but he was also feeling up Judy's big tits as she sat naked in his lap. Miffed, I looked to Jeff as I danced. He was grinning ear to ear.

"Take it off!" Mr. C shouted with a laugh. Off went my top. "Take it off!" he called out again. I had on a front clasp bra and it was on the floor in seconds.

"Yeah, shake those titties, baby," Mr. C called out.

Turning my back, I shimmed out of my shorts and down to my thong.

"Is that a fine ass or what?" Bill called out. My spirit brightened, he was paying attention to me after all.

"Got any ragtime music?" he then quipped.

'Gawd, announce it to the world, will you,' I thought as I felt the heat in my face.

As I slid the thong off my hips, Bill continued taunting me, "Don't worry, Jeff, her ass is good to go!

"Ain't that right, Ray?"

"Yeah, her ass is nice and broken in," Mr. C said. "Took my cock with no problem."

The song ended just as I stepped out of my thong. I wanted to run and hide, but I was afraid I might anger Bill, so I looked to Jeff for safety. I adored Jeff and he hadn't make a single crass comment. Leaving my clothes where they were, mixed with Judy's clothes, I dashed off to Jeff who was holding his arms out to me.

I hopped into his lap. His strong arms surrounded my naked body. Kissing my neck he whispered, "You were great, Brenda, and you're beautiful." My heart fluttered at his words, especially when he nibbled on my ear and ran a hand over my bare breast.

He stopped nibbling and said, "Okay, Jenny. It's your turn."

"Daddy!"

"Just dance like you danced for me last night."

I'm thinking, she danced naked for Jeff last night? Oh, my god! But I really wasn't too shocked, not after the impromptu pool party the other day, and I heard myself calling out, "Yeah, Jenny. Show some tit!"

"Jenny! Jenny! Jenny!" the group chanted.

Blushing, Jenny went to the middle of the room. She started in the middle of the song playing so she wouldn't chicken out and soon she was getting into it. Of the three of us, Jenny was the best dancer, having taken modern dance lessons for years, and she had a slew of dance trophies to show for it. Her motions were so fluid and graceful, that her clothes just seemed to float off of her.

Her dance over, Mr. C got up from next to Jeff. Taking Jenny's hand, he led her to the other side of the room and a vacant sofa. In seconds he had his tongue buried in her mouth, a hand on her tit, and a hand between her legs.

Jeff, ignoring what was happening to his step-daughter, turned his full attention on me. As he sucked a tit while tweaking the nipple of my other tit, I couldn't help but think, 'Why do I have to be on the rag today?' Gawd, I wanted to screw him so bad!

Meanwhile on the next sofa over, Judy was on her knees between Bill's legs. When he'd gotten naked, I don't know, but he was and she was honking away on his big dick. That's what I needed do, I realized.

Breaking away from Jeff's nipple sucking lips, I yanked his shirt tail up and pulled it over his heads. In almost in desperation, I went after his jeans, yanking his belt buckle open, unbuttoning him and unzipping him. He kicked off his shoes and raised his ass off the sofa so I could strip his jeans off. That done, I went after his briefs where he cooperated fully. He was still in his socks when I slurped up his beautiful cock . I was in oral sex heaven with his cock in my mouth. Did I mention how much I enjoyed sucking dick?

"Holy shit, Brenda!" he exclaimed. "Take it easy, baby." I didn't want to take it easy, I wanted to give him the best blowjob of his life. And when I pushed his cock down my throat, he exclaimed again, "Holy shit! Holy shit! Oh, fuck, yeah! Suck it, baby! Suck my dick, slut!" I didn't take exception to Jeff calling a slut; sexually engaged with him, it thrilled me.

I jumped when cool gel was wiped on my asshole. I couldn't see who it was, but surmised it was Bill and surmised that in moments he'd be running his fat cock up my ass. I wouldn't mind a cock up my ass, but that wasn't the cock I wanted up my ass.

Before Bill lifted my hips and skewered me, I hopped and straddled Jeff, took his cock and impaled myself on it.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed again. "Oh, yeah, baby!" Unfortunately he didn't last long with me bouncing on his just-sucked prong and he shot off up my ass, way too soon as far as I was concerned. I began to whimper as he went soft and fell out of my ass.

Holding me tight to him, his seed began dribbling out of me and onto his cock and balls as well as onto the sofa. He said, "Sorry, babe, I came too quick. But next time I'll last longer, baby girl," and then kissed me and held me tight to him.

"I don't mind," I whispered to him. "I just want to make you happy."

"Oh, I'm happy. Trust me, I'm happy."

Content, I slid off his lap. There across the room, Mr. C had Jenny impaled on his dick. He was standing and moving her bodily up and down, her legs flopping around, fucking her on his cock. On the next sofa over, I could see Judy's legs, high in the air and Bill's butt moving up and down. What a party!

Jeff got up and took me into the bathroom. He turned on the shower and proceed to wash me, paying lots of attention to my tits and my ass, then settling down to diddle my clit until I had a wonderful orgasm. I guess they had one of those tankless water heaters, because we stayed in that shower for a long time and the hot water never gave out. Our shower was ended, however, when Bill, with Jenny in tow, opened the glass door and crowded us out.

Jeff dried me off and I was handed off to Mr. C while Jeff turned his attention to Judy. Slow sensuous tunes were now being played. Mr. C took me in his arms and danced skin to skin with me, while Jeff and Judy danced with Judy rubbing her big tits into Jeff's bare chest.

Mr. C spun me around and danced holding me from behind, his hands on my tits and his cock rubbing against my ass. Soon he was hard again, his erect cock nestled between my buns. He danced us over to a table, where he picked up a tube of KY Jelly. Still holding me, but not so tightly, I felt his hand, coated with cold gel, go between my cheeks to lubricate my anus. He stopped dancing and slotted his cock. It slid in easily. Then he resumed dancing with me, a groping slippery hand on a tit, a twiddling finger on my clit and his cock up my ass slowly moving as we moved. I came and came hard. Still he danced, plucking at my nipples, diddling my twat, and with his cock still up my ass. Another orgasm swept over me. I would have collapsed, but he held me upright, dancing, dancing, I came again, then again. I don't think he ever did cum, but he pulled his hard-on from my butt and let me crumple to the floor.

Next thing I knew, and I was being lifted from the floor and carried to the arm of a sofa where I was draped over it. More lube was put up my ass.

"She's all yours, buddy," I heard. I recognized the voice too. I was Bill. I looked up and saw him grinning down at me, as a pair of hands took me by the hips. "Ummmph," I groaned as a cock slid up my ass again. At first I thought it was Mr. C, but he was across the room with getting a blowjob from Judy.

Thap, thap, thap, thap, I heard as my buttocks were slapped with the groin of the man sodomizing me. Even in my nearly delirious state, I figured out it was Jenny's dad who was doing me. I laid my head on the sofa and just let it happen.

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Later that afternoon, I called my mom and asked her if I could stay at Judy's tonight. It was almost a relief when she said, "No, I want you home."

After my third shower that afternoon, Mr. C took me home. He didn't say anything as he dropped me off. I was just in time for supper, and put on a brave face.

"You look tired, dear," my mom said. "And why is your hair wet?"

"We've been swimming all afternoon," I lied.

"It's too cool to go swimming."

"Judy's pool is heated. It was fine, except when you got out of the water, so we stayed in the water." Had she looked at my fingers and seen that they weren't all wrinkly, she'd known that I was lying, but she didn't look.

"Well, your dad brought home a movie for us tonight," she said changing the subject. "It's a romantic comedy. I think you'll like it."

And I did like it even if Daddy looked positively bored, but he'd gotten it for Mom and not for himself. It was actually very pleasant to be home on a Saturday night with my folks being civil to each other. Actually they were more than civil and so cute cuddled up together.

Even though I was enjoying the movie, I found it hard to keep from yawning. It was even more difficult to keep from farting. Thankfully, my folks didn't make an issue of it, as I explained that I had a bad case of gas all day. It was still quite early when the movie ended. I just wanted to go to bed and was about to make up some excuse, when Mom announced that she and Dad were going to bed.

Once in bed, I found it hard to go to sleep, as my ass was still throbbing. I had definitely over done it with the anal sex that day. I got up to get a snack and in the kitchen I heard it, the rhythmic sound of a bed thumping against the wall. They were fucking! Mom and Dad were fucking! It put a smile upon my face, as I realized that maybe everything would be fine between my folks. With that happy knowledge I dozed off pretty quick.

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