

A SUGAR DADDY and HIS SWEET TART

by Art Martin

In this 8 chapter series, a petulant 15 yo hottie becomes the sex toy of an older man. In Chapter 1, fleeing from her arguing parents, 15 yo Brenda, ends up at her BFF's dad house for the night...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No," I told him.

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

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

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

As I walked into the kitchen from the garage, I heard the TV and the familiar banter of Jeff's buddies. That's when I realized the guys were over, and as I soon learned, over to watch the Thursday night football game. I'd been at Jeff's with Jenny on any number of Sundays while the guys hooted and hollered about the game being played. They were a nice bunch of older guys, playfully flirty, but I never had any problem with any of them. Of course, being with Jenny and not all that interested in two gangs in tight pants beating up on each other, or whatever it is they do playing football, we generally stayed out of the way. Oh, we didn't avoid them completely, as that would be rude, but we didn't hang out with them either. That is unless it was half time and early in the season when the weather was warm, then the guys would all hit the pool and come flirt with us. Of course we always wore modest bikinis on those occasions, and not the all revealing micros that Jeff had bought us. Then when the game started back up, they were all back in Jeff's living room in front of the big screen TV, lounging around in wet bathing suits and drinking beer. Sometimes some of the guys put on t-shirts, but sometimes not. Tonight, half of them were dressed and the other half, half naked, as they had been swimming before the game started. That explained Jeff in his Speedo. As I walked in, big old Bill Bates shouted out, "There she is! Hi, ya, Blondie!" Then he turned his attention back to the game. Bill was a very friendly guy and the most flirty of the bunch. He sometimes called me Blondie and not Brenda, my real name. He called me that for obvious reasons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I had no clue what he was talking about. "Two minutes to what?" I asked. "Two minutes playing time, until half time. Why don't you go change into that cute little bikini of yours and join us in the pool during half time."

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

"I'll double your tip..."

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

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

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

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

"He said you look fantastic."

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

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

"Does he let you keep it on?"

"Yes! What are you thinking?"

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

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

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

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

"No!"

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

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

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

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

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

Finished, he pulled on the tied elastic string and let it pop back in place.

"There, good as new." I took the opportunity and escaped outside where everyone was in the pool. Bill was right behind me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was happily in the enveloping arms of a big strong man, a real man.

Then I heard Jeff say, "Oh, come on, Bill! Really? She's just fifteen!"

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

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

"You wish," snorted Bill.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Me too," said another.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You sure?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, okay. Sleep tight."

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

2

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

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

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

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

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

I was just feeling a bit more relaxed when I heard a man from behind me

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

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

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

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

"Looking for you," he answered.

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

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

"Are you stalking me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Really?"

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

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

"Is that with or without taxes?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure, honey pot."

"When?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Really? A top too?"

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

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

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

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

He hit the key fob and unlocked the doors. I started to get in the front

passenger seat, but he stopped me and opened the back door instead. I thought it was rather peculiar that he wanted me to ride in the back, but then he got in the back with me, shut and locked the doors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and then I was totally naked. Totally naked and available. Naked and unable to prevent him from doing whatever he wanted with me.

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

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

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

"Have you ever sucked a dick before?" Bill asked rather crudely. "I bet a hot tart like you has sucked off a lot of boys. You ever suck off a man? Now is your lucky day, cupcake, so how about if you get down on the floor between my legs and show me what a good cocksucker you are." Taking it in my hand, my first impression was that felt hot to the touch. My second impression was the fact that I couldn't quite get my fingers to close around it. Good lord! I didn't know if I could get that thing in my mouth, but then I realized, 'He's going to fuck your little pussy with that! It won't fit! It won't fit! He's gonna tear me apart!'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After what seemed to be hours, and with my jaw now killing me, he came. He didn't warn me, he just came in my mouth. Nor could I pull off, as he now firmly held my head so that I couldn't take his spurting cock out of my mouth even if I had to. I had no other choice but to swallow, and swallow, and swallow as he came and came, seemingly he was cum-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 meannnnnn!" 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't 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 finish-

ed 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 thrusts 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 clasp 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 doozy. "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.

4

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 togeth-

er. 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. Jen-

ny 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.

5

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."

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 every-

thing he would need. Finishing our drinks, it was my turn to be orally pleased. 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 man-handled 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 butt-hole. 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 man-handled 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 to 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.

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 be-

tween 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 loooooong," 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.

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.

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!

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 throatated 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 be 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."

7

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.

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.

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.

8

I rose sort of late, but I beat my folks out of bed. My ass still throbbed, but it was a pleasant reminder of all the fun I'd had the day before. I set about making breakfast, frying up bacon, scrambled eggs with cheese, and toasted English muffins. I had even made a pot of coffee, but I think I might have used too much coffee, as both my mom's and my dad's eyes widened upon taking a sip.

Mom was really appreciative of my efforts though. Mom and Dad were so cute, snickering whenever one of them whispered something to the other. Breakfast done, I washed the dishes while they retired to take a shower and get dressed for the day. They took a long shower.

Eventually they made their appearance once again. Mom in particular looked to be very happy, but Daddy was grinning too.

After a bit, I got a call from Jenny. I went to my bedroom to talk, so that I'd have a little privacy.

"Are you coming over for football?," she asked.

"I dunno. I'll have to ask."

"Well, ask!" From the tone of her voice I knew something was up.

"I will, but what's up?"

"Daddy wants us to waitress... topless."

"What? You're joking!"

"No, I'm not joking. Judy and her dad are coming over. Daddy says we'll make gobs of money from tips."

"He wants us to go naked?"

"No! Just topless and in a thong."

"Gawd, that's almost naked," I said keeping my voice down and not believing what I was hearing. But then again, after yesterday, it was very believable.

"Yeah, but not totally naked."

"Who's going to be there?"

"All the regular guys, Mike, Jim, Dale..."

"Are we supposed to fuck them?"

"No, no, no! It's all going to be hands off. Look, but don't touch. We're not whores, you know."

"After yesterday, we are whores," I replied with a snicker.

"Maybe, but Daddy's not going to let things get out of control."

"I'm still having my period, you know."

"Don't sweat that. You're not fucking anyone, just showing a some tit."

"And my ass," I added.

"And our asses," Jenny corrected with a snicker.

"So, do you want to come? Bill will be there and so will Mr. C. Nothing's going to happen other than giving the guys a thrill. So, are you coming?"

"I got to check with the 'rents. I'll call you back."

"Mom? Can I go to Jeff's this afternoon?"

"Is Jenny going to be there?" she asked.

"Of course. She just needs some company."

Mom looked at Dad. I could tell they were communicating by telepathy. Smiling she turned back to me. "That will be fine, dear."

"You want your dad to drop you off?"

"That'll be great!" I replied not expecting this offer.

"Well, then you'd better get ready. Your dad and I have plans for today."

"Okay, Mom."

I dashed back to my room and called Jenny. "They said, yes!"

I no sooner hung up and Daddy was at my door with his keys in his hands. "Ready to go?" he asked.

Ready to go? No, I wasn't ready to go. I needed to do my hair, and put on some make up and... 'I can do all that at Jeff's,' I reasoned. "Yes, Daddy, I guess." I was about to ask him what was the hurry and then I realized what the hurry was... they wanted to fuck! Fuck all day and fuck all night if they could. Boy, things had really changed since I gave them hell the weekend I became Bill's Sweet Tart.

I quickly grabbed some makeup, a thong, and some hair stuff and stuck it all in a backpack. In minutes Daddy was taking me to Jeff's where I was going to waitress practically naked for a bunch of men. If he only knew! He dropped me off and drove off before I was even at the front door.

"You're here all ready?" Jenny said answering the door. "The game doesn't start until 1 PM."

"You're naked!" I said.

"Yeah, Daddy likes me naked. So does Bill."

"Bill's here?"

"No, he just left ten minutes ago. Went to make a beer run and pick up the snacks."

"Judy?"

"No, she won't be here until around noon."

Jeff made his appearance. He too was nude. "Hi, Benda babe," he greeted. "How's your ass today?"

"Still a bit sore," I answered tartly.

"Well, give it a rest today," he replied.

"Did Jenny fill you in on today's plan?"

"She told me that you wanted us to waitress nude for the game."

"Not totally nude. You're to wear a thong. You girls are going to be a big hit with the guys," he laughed. "I called them all and told them to bring cash, lots of cash, but nothing smaller than five dollar bills. You girls are going to make a ton of money today."

"You told them that we'd be topless?"

"No. They don't have a clue. They just think it's going to be a regular Sunday ball game.

"Now, there will be no touching. They can look, but not touch, except when they are stuff bills in your thong. And that goes for you girls too... no touching. Just smile and show off your bodies."

"I need to do my hair and put on makeup," I said.

"Well, you two go and do just that. I don't think I could get it up again, even if I had to." He said that while reaching out and tugging on Jenny's nipple. "Bill's fucked out too, for the time being."

That's when I noticed how engorged Jenny's pussy lips were. The outer lips were red and swollen and her inner lips obscenely hung from her pussy. I'd never seen her pussy look like that and I'd seen her pussy quite often. It was obvious that they had been fucking her since yesterday afternoon.

We retired to her bedroom where she affirmed that they had indeed been fucking her since yesterday, especially big dick Bill. I offered to get her a cold compress, which she gratefully accepted.

While I tended my BFF's swollen pussy, we had a chance to talk. We always talked, but I never suspected that she was holding back on me. But then again, I held back from her my growing relationship with Bill.

I had lots of questions. Before yesterday, I had a pretty good idea of the nature of the relationship between Judy and her dad, Mr. C. They messed around sexually. As shocking as that was, how much, I didn't know for sure, but now I didn't have much doubt. What I didn't know before yesterday and which I hadn't the faintest idea about was Jenny's relationship with Jeff. Until that naked swim in his pool with me, Jenny, Bill and Jeff, I assumed it was pretty much like my relationship with my dad, a loving, but not sexual one. After the swim, I had my suspicions and when I asked, Jenny got all bent out of shape about it, so I dropped it.

But now, after yesterday's orgy and what was about to happen, I knew

there was more to it than just Jeff being her step-dad from when she was two years old.

"Okay, tell me! All of it!" I told her holding the compress to her swollen pussy.

"Tell you what?"

"You and Jeff. You two fuck, don't you?"

"Yes," she openly admitted.

With more prodding from me, she then proceeds to tell me how it all got started. Seems that last fall, her mom, Tracy, got herself a new boyfriend, a boyfriend who stayed over quite a bit when Jenny was around.

Careful not to let Tracy catch him, he began flirting with Jenny. It quickly developed into more than just flirting. When Tracy went out on a trip, they rendezvoused at Tracy's after school and before Jeff got home. She had already lost her cherry during a small party down in Judy's basement and she was smitten by this older man's interest in her. She knew the very first time she met him at her mothers, that he'd fuck her. And, fuck her he did in her mother's bed. Several times a month.

Then early last spring, Tracy had asked Jeff to fix her toilet in her bathroom. He had a dentist appointment and had taken the afternoon off. Having time to fix the toilet issue, he went over to Tracy's while she was out on a trip. Entering the house, he went straight to master bedroom and there found Tracy's current boyfriend balls deep in Tracy's young daughter, fucking her cross eyed.

Needless to say, that caused quite a stir. Jeff ran the fucker off, telling him in no uncertain terms that he didn't appreciate him balling his fourteen year old step daughter. The guy beat a hasty retreat.

Not wanting to interfere with Tracy's sex life, he never said a word to her about it and the guy just disappeared. He also already knew that Jenny was sexually active and on the pill, from both her mother and his friend, Raymond Croft, who related to him what his daughter told him about what went on down in their basement, and if Ray's stories were true, he knew that his Jenny was a promiscuous slut.

He now had the opening to confront Jenny. The result of which Jenny became his teenage sex toy. Jenny, of course, was sworn to secrecy, a secret which she kept from me, her BFF. But now, it was out in the open between the three of us. We were all the willing sex partners to men much older than ourselves, the only difference being I wasn't related to Bill in any way.

I heard Bill come in. I expected him to come into the bedroom, but he didn't, except to say hello to me. Then he disappeared while I continued to tend to Jenny's overwrought pussy. By and by the swelling was reduced and the color of her vulva returned to its normal pinkish tone. Her inner lips, however, still hung out of her. Several times I had to replace the ice pack which I had wrapped in a sock.

Around noon, we heard a bit of commotion outside. The bedroom door swung open and Judy came in, all bubbling over with excitement.

"Come on, ladies, we need to get dressed," she announced. She was right, Jenny and I both needed to do our hair and do our makeup. Judy, all dolled up and looking positively whorish in her makeup, was more than willing to help us.

As for "getting dressed", Jenny was already nude, so she just needed to slip on a thong. I stripped down and put on my thong, a black one like Jenny had told me to bring. Except it wasn't the black thong I thought I'd grabbed, but another one, a tiny tinny one that rode really low in the front and hardly covered anything at all.

"You're wearing that?" Judy asked. "It hardly covers anything!"

"I know, I grabbed the wrong one," I lamented.

"I bet!" Judy laughed. "You trying to get fucked?"

"No!"

"Yes, you are, you slut!" she laughed.

Judy, she disrobed down to her black thong. Gawd, she had room to talk! Her "thong" didn't cover anything! It didn't have a gusset, just a string that disappeared between her pussy lips! Then she opened a bag and pulled out black platform high heels, which made her at least six inches taller. They were the sluttiest shoes I'd ever seen. But then she tops it by applying clip-on jewelry to her big nipples.

"Don't you just love them?" she gushed playing with the little danglies ornamenting her tits. As if she needed to draw attention to her hooters.

"Oh, no you're not!" Jenny said. "You're going to hog all the tips!"

"Hey, we'll just combine all the tops," I suggested, "and spit it three ways."

"Good idea," Judy agreed. Then she slips her shoes off and pulls out a pair of thigh high black fishnet stockings. Rolling them on, she put her shoes back on. "How do I look?" she asked expectantly.

"You look like whore," Jenny said.

"You really thinks so?" Judy asked.

"Yes," Jenny and I answered. Judy just grinned. It was the look she was striving for.

There was a light rapping on the door. It was Bill. He stepped in and com-

plimented us on our attire. He especially liked Judy's nipple jewelry and took the opportunity to cop a feel.

"You wear shoes like that very often?" he asked her.

"No, they're my moms."

"Well, your legs and feet are going to be killing you after a while, but do as you like.

"Now, here I have a little present for girls." He opened a bag and produced three sets of gold hoop earrings. Judy, of course, gushed over them. Jenny and I weren't so sure we wanted to give that look.

"I don't care if you like the look or not," he said in his get-tough voice.

"Put them on, Brenda. You too, Jenny." So we put the gaudy, slutty looking earrings on.

Then he pulls out a handful of rings, toe rings. They were so pretty! And Sexy! Jenny and I eagerly made our selections, while Judy stood there pouting. I picked out one with pretty purple stones set on it. Jenny picked out one with green stones. Rather than sliding over your toe, they clamped on, so they fit perfectly. We also picked out a silver ring for the other foot.

"You girls look great!" he said.

"Now, Jeff or I will come get you when we need you. No touching. Jeff, Ray and I will take care of any clowns who get too fresh with you. But we want you to flirt with the guys. Make them cum in their pants.

"Now, at the end of the game, we're going to have a drawing. One lucky guy will get a lap dance from the girl of his choice. He can put his hands on your ass when you dance in his lap and you can rub your tits into his face, but that's all. No pussy touching."

"What do you mean by a lap dance?" I asked.

"You crawl in his lap, facing and straddling him and grind your cunt into his dick and rub your tits in his face. You know, dance and squirm around like you're fucking him.

"Money from the raffle will be split among you girls equally, so don't get in huff if you're not selected. So are you all in? Or do you want to sit it out and let the other two girls split the proceeds?"

No one said "no" to the proposition. Besides, we already knew who would be selected, Judy.

"Any questions?" No one had a question.

"Well, I have a question," Bill said. "Which of you sluts wants to give me a blowjob?"

"Me!" piped up Judy. Gawd, she's such a slut!

After getting his cock sucked by Judy, Bill slipped out of Jenny's bedroom. Soon we began to hear voices, male voices. The voices got louder and louder as more men arrived for the Sunday football game.

We heard the familiar theme of Sunday football on CBS. Then we waited. Everything suddenly got really quiet. We could hear the talking heads, but the guys were mostly silent. Then we heard Bill talking. I could tell it was Bill, but I couldn't make out what he was saying. Suddenly the guys burst out talking. They went silent and we heard Jeff talking for a moment. Then they got real loud for a moment.

They were still chattering away when Jeff and Bill came and got us. One by one we entered Jeff's living room. It was packed with guys who immediately began hooting it up as we walked in; disbelief was a common expression, disbelief that turned into huge smiles and boyish antics.

Having made our initial entrance, we were sent to fetch beers. Ice cold beers in a bucket. We spread out and began offering brews. No one refused us. Guys scrambled to get out tip money, money they eagerly stuffed into the waistband of our thongs, while other guys begged us to serve them.

At first it was wads of ones and five dollar bills. Some wanted us to break a ten or a twenty, and we let them pluck the change from our thongs.

Of course Bill had to remind everyone to keep their hands to themselves, except when tipping. Someone tried to tip Judy by sliding a five dollar bill between her tits. Then someone slipped a bill into the top of her stocking, his hand "accidentally" brushing her pussy as he pulled his hand away.

Believe it or not, some guys were actually watching the game, except when a commercial came on and there were lots and lots of commercial breaks.

It's really all Judy's fault what happened later. After seeing the five pushed between her tits, only to slide out and flutter to the floor, the next guy she served lifted her tit and put his tip under her boob. Well, everyone wanted to do that.

Meanwhile, the guys were getting inventive with me. Forgoing the waistband of my thong, someone slipped a five into the side of the tiny gusset. Then someone stuck his tip down my gusset. Then another guy placed his tip between my buttocks! And someone else tried to repeat the "tip under the tit" trick with me, but I'm not nearly as big as Judy.

Jenny wasn't faring any better than me with the guys. And where was Jeff, Bill and Mr. C while this was going on? Just watching and not at all enforcing the "no touching" rule. Even when someone got the bright idea

that it'd be fun to tug on Judy's nipple jewelry. They were just clip-ons, so the next guy who tugged on them ended up yanking them off her tit. Apparently it didn't hurt, because Judy just laughed, but it did make her nipples stand out and she didn't put them back on for someone else to rip from her nipples.

I guess we could have complained, but with our tip bowl in the kitchen nearly full, none of us complained. Which gave our "daddies" an idea. Instead of doing the drawing for a lap dance at the end of the game, they decided to move up the raffle to half time. And rather than just one of us, giving a lap dance, we'd all do it, giving each raffle ticket three chances of being a winner!

Just before halftime, the new rules were announced along with the opportunity to buy addition chances to win. More money flowed into the raffle pot.

Halftime came. Bill instructed us to dance for the guys, so we did for minute or two. It wasn't a strip tease, because we didn't have much to strip off, we just jiggled around to whatever was on the radio. Of course Judy had out do Jenny and I. She hopped up on the coffee table and showing off her big tits, danced rather lewdly.

Then it was time for the drawing. Jenny was put on the coffee table. Poor Jenny, she looked like she was going to die from embarrassment. She drew a ticket from a paper bag Jeff held out to her.

"John B," she called out in a near whisper reading the winning ticket. John B gave out a hoot and Bill escorted her to him. A song came on and she crawled into his lap and began squirming around while he groped her ass cheeks. Of the three of us, Jenny has the smallest boobs, cute little A-cups, not that anyone minded, especially John B who leaned forward and rubbed his face into her tits as she bounced about in his lap.

Judy was up next, the guys all hooting at her as she was once again on display on the coffee table. Her dad held the bag for her to pick a winner. She trotted over to the winner and when a song started, she went in for the kill, thrusting her tits into the guys face while she dry humped him. He too had his hands full of bare buttocks, but as she pummeled him about the face with her tits, he managed to grab on with his lips and began sucking tit. Judy didn't object. Indeed, once he let go, she offered up her other tit for him to suck. The guys watching went crazy.

That left me. Up on the coffee table the guys leered and made rude comments. "I'd fuck that!" one guy said.

Bill rejoined, "Her cunt's my private stock, so that ain't happening!"

Nothing like letting everyone know that he was having sex with me! But I think everyone had already figured that out.

I picked a ticket and climbed on board. This guy wanted to suck tit too, but I successfully kept his lips off my nips throughout the dance, but he dug his fingers deep into my ass cleft. Then as I was about to dismount, he shifted his hands to my hips. It was only as I got up off his lap, did I realize that he'd hooked his thumbs under the waistband on my thong and as I rose, he yanked down my thong.

"Nice pussy!" he declared to the laughter of the guys.

I, of course, hastily pulled my thong back up, not that it covered much. Halftime over, Bill began promoting a new raffle to take place at the end of the game. Money poured in again.

I was serving up finger sandwiches when I felt the string of my tampon being tugged on. "Toot, toot!" the merry prankster hooted. Me, I wanted to die. Apparently after my thong had been pulled down, things down there got jumbled around, including the tampon extraction string. I ran back to the kitchen, dumped the tray of sandwiches and slipped into Jenny's room to check things out. I had been near the end of my period that morning when I inserted a fresh tampon. Now I took it out and after nearly six hours, there wasn't a trace of blood. It was done and over with. Disposing of it, I put my thong back on and went back into crowd of horny and now drunk men.

After the halftime lap dances, all pretenses of no touching were out the window. We were now openly groped. More than one guy pulled me into his lap for a nipple kiss. There seemed to be a hand on my ass at all times. But the tips kept flowing in and I just smiled and made light of it. At long last the game was over, not that anyone gave a shit who won or lost because it was lap dance raffle time again. Like before, Jenny was up first. The guy actually had his dick out and was rubbing it on her pussy as she gyrated in his lap. I thought she was going to be fucked, but it never got that far.

Judy got up on display, cupped her tits and shook them, a move that caused a commotion. Before drawing her winner, she bent down and whispered something to her dad. Mr. C nodded, then held his hands quieting the mob.

"My slut daughter has a suggestion." He actually called her a slut in front all these guys, but then again, I think they all knew she was slut by then, as well as Jenny and me. "The winner has an option, his choice. Either a lap dance or... a titty fuck."

I'm sure the clamor I could be heard out on the street, "Titty fuck! Titty fuck! Titty fuck!"

She shook her tits again, then drew a name. The guy leapt to his feet crying out, "Tit fuck! I want to fuck her tits!"

Judy now took charge. "I want you naked. Totally naked."

"Okay, by me!" the guy replied and he stripped off.

"Oh my god," Jenny said to me, "she's going to get fucked!" I believed that too, because knowing what a slut she was, we both knew that she'd want that cock somewhere besides between her tits. And once that happened, we'd all be gang fucked.

Mr. C then extracts from his pocket a bottle of AstroGlide and squirts it between her tits. At that point it was obvious that they had planned to do this all along, or why would he have had the lube, ready to go, in his pocket?

She lay upon the coffee table with her butt at the very edge to give the guy some room. As the crowd drew in a tight circle to get a good view, he straddled her. Laying his hard-on between her tits, she pushed them together, encapsulating his dick with her tits. He began humping. Over and over, his angry looking cock head appeared and disappeared between her soft breasts while the crowd cheered him on. A couple of guys had their cocks out whipping away.

With the hours of sexual tension building, it didn't take him long to erupt, shooting his junk all over her upper chest, neck and on her face. Sated he climbed off. The two guys wanking it stepped up and let loose on her as she lay below, covering her with more cum while she laughed and smeared it into her tits.

"Gawd, she's such a slut!" muttered Jenny. At that moment I couldn't have agreed more.

If that wasn't bad enough, when she got up from the table, Judy preened for the crowd with her hands locked behind her head, her face and body covered in globs of nut juice.

"Who wants to suck my tits now?" she laughed. There were no takers. I received a stinging slap to my ass. "You're up, slut," Bill said, "so get your ass up on the table."

The only thing I could think of was, 'Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Oh, my god!'

"That's going to be hard to top," Bill told me as I stood waiting my fate, looking at the naked guy who had just put on a show with Judy being congratulated by his buddies.

"I won't let them fuck you," he said, but he'd also said he wouldn't let them touch me and he didn't stop them from feeling up me and my friends.

"Titty fuck! Titty fuck! Titty fuck!"

"You're not big enough to do that," he said, "so how about a blowjob?" I was struck speechless.

"Listen up, guys!" Bill said in a thunderous voice that silenced them. "My Sweet Tart is about to draw the name of one of you lucky bastards."

"Titty fuck! Titty fuck! Titty fuck!"

Bill held up his hands. "Lap dance or... a hand job!"

A general murmur erupted along with nodding heads. I felt a wave of relief flow through me.

"Okay, slut, pick a dick," Bill said holding out the bag of tickets to me and grinning. I reached in and picked a name. It was Mike. He was a good buddy of Jeff's and I'd known him for ages. Despite that he seemed to have no problem allowing me to debase myself in front of this crowd.

"You want him naked?" Bill asked. I nodded. Mike stripped.

Bill had him sit naked on the coffee table and had me kneel between his legs. Reaching out, I took his hard cock in hand and just toyed with it for a while until it began drooling. Mike gasped as I began rolling his cock crown between my fingers. Soon I transitioned to stroking the stalk. Looking up from my task, I could see that Mike was enjoying this. A strong hand went to the back of my head. I tried to resist, but Bill was way too strong for me and inch by inch, he slowly pushed my face closer to the dick I was stroking.

"Suck it! Suck it! Suck it!" rang in my ears, ears burning in embarrassment.

As the cock touched my lips, I whimpered and let it slide into my mouth. As my tongue caressed the cockhead, all reluctance evaporated and I began sucking that cock like my life depended on it. Mike didn't last long after the transition and he unloaded in my mouth. But I didn't care, I just wanted to please, please Mike and please Bill. From that moment on, there was nothing I would refuse my Sugar Daddy.

Swallowing Mike's copious load, I let his flagging prick slip from my lips. Bill pushed me backwards onto my back on the floor. Guys gathered around, jacking their dicks. Cum began to rain down and splatter on me along with five and ten dollar bills.

Suddenly the cum storm abated and then was over.

"Party's over, guys!" I heard someone call out. "Zip up and get the fuck out of here!" It was Jeff. There was some grumbling about the next game that had already started, but Jeff was calling it quits before it really got out of hand.

"We gonna do this again next week?" someone asked.

"I'll call you," Jeff replied.

"Yeah, let's do this again," someone agreed.

"I said, I'll call you," Jeff said, "but for now, the party's over. Go home."

"Hey, great party, Jeff," another guy said.

Another said, "Let's give these girls a hand," and I heard and saw vigorous clapping from the guys looking down at me with their limp dicks hanging out.

"How much to fuck one of them?" someone asked.

"Their pussies are not for sale," Jeff replied.

"Could've fooled me," said another.

"Out, out, out!"

"Okay, okay," and the crowd dispersed.

I sat up and one of Jeff's regulars knelt down, his eyes roaming across my cum spattered body. He looked up into my eyes and told me, "Brenda, you girls were terrific tonight. This is one party I'll not soon forget. Thanks." Opening his wallet, he pulled out all the cash he still had and dumped it on my lap. Then with the rest of them, he was gone. Gone until next Sunday.

9

To be continued...

In Chapter 9, Mr. C has special plans for his slut daughter...