**A Sugar Daddy and His Sweet Tart**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 3**

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

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

With time to spare, I reflected on the afternoon events, of Bill stripping me naked and frigging me to two orgasms and me sucking on his huge dick and drinking his cum. I pondered whether getting the new jeans and tops was worth doing that? After thinking on it 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," he said. "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. What will it be, Cupcake?"

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

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

"You're gonna hurt meeeee!"

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

"You're too bigggggg!"

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

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

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

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

"Promise?"

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

"Okay..."

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

"Yes..."

"You're sure?"

"Yes..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How do I do that?"

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

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

"So what?"

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

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

"So, you promise to use a condom?"

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

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

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

"How come?" I skeptically asked.

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

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

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

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

"Really?"

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

"Oh, that's cool."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Judy. Judy who?"

"Judy Croft."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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