**A Sugar Daddy and His Sweet Tart**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 6**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, he does more..."

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

"Well... sometimes he kisses them."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're paying me for sex?" I asked as I took the card. Even if I was offended somewhat by the implications, in no way was I going to turn it down.

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

"Oh, okay."

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

"Thanks!"

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

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

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

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

"Bill! That's personal!"

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

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

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

"My appointment? What appointment?"

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

"Why?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm not your girlfriend?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you," I whispered.

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

"Bra too."

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

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

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

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

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

"Here? Somebody might see me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Good day, Henry."

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

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

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

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

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

"No, I just..."

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

"I do not!" I huffed.

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

"I am not!"

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

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

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

We got to the isolated free standing office of a Dr. Tubbs, M.D. The small reception area was empty of patients. Bill strode up to the unmanned window, logged me in and then pressed a button for service. No one came out for at least ten minutes, so 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."