

Sugar Daddy

Gemma Parkes



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This erotic short story is a work of fiction, and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Erotic Content: Adults Only!

Cover Photo: Posed by model.

Gemma Parkes has written erotic and explicit stories for years which she has distributed only among her close friends. Now after much cajoling she has been persuaded to publish to a wider audience.

Gemma loves the sun, skimpy clothes, good food and good friends. Her favourite films are Some Like It Hot and 9 1/2 weeks, she likes the Smiths and is starting to get into Pink Floyd.

Gemma would love her work to appear in an anthology.

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Sugar Daddy

by

Gemma Parkes

This was the life. Hot sun caressing my oiled up skin, soft, clean, white sand beneath me. The beautiful horizon separated by a still, crystal clear aquamarine sea and a cloudless baby blue sky. I felt the deep soft quilting of the sun lounger on my spine and thought about nothing but the beauty of it all.

We had been here for two days now. An exclusive Caribbean holiday which was being paid for by my much older lover. I glanced at him through my oversize Gucci sunglasses and caught his admiring gaze, taking in my perfect olive skin. My toned body encased in pure white bikini bottoms their gold designer buckle glinting in the searing sun.

I stretched lazily, long tanned legs shining out their promise to be wrapped around him later. My sleek, waist length, black hair completing the perfect picture that was me. He smiled at me.

"Happy darling?" he murmured.

"Perfectly happy." I purred back at him, "Everything here is so beautiful."

He stroked my stomach softly with his gentle hand.

"It certainly is." he grinned.

I was 22 years old and had been working as a croupier for 5 months when I met Michael. He was 58 but, like most men, had matured into a handsome, self-assured charmer. He was gambling large amounts of money at my roulette table, choosing numbers at random. I was used to being included in the gambling process, it was an unspoken part of the job to flirt and allow punters to use your 'birth date' or 'lucky number'. If they won they may keep you with them all night, plying you with champagne (*which we didn't really drink*) and encouraging you to go home with

them when the shift finished at 4 am to help them celebrate further. If they were cute, or rich, I would often go and enjoy a fun night of wonderfully meaningless sex.

Michael was different. He had seen it all before, done it all probably; there was a deep wisdom behind his eyes that filled me with curiosity. He asked me to choose a number for him and smiled when it failed to come up. I chose three more for him but none of them won. Usually by now the men would become bored, even angry and they would summon another girl in an attempt to break their losing streak. But not Michael. He calmly walked away from the table and took me with him, holding on to my arm. He played the one armed bandits, asking me to stay with him for encouragement. Thirty minutes later he asked me what time I finished my shift and requested my company in the bar. It was an earlier shift than usual so at 2.30am I went to find him. I found him charming and attentive so when he suggested his hotel room I didn't hesitate.

Champagne, even in small amounts, always went straight to my head so I was totally relaxed when he eased my white cocktail dress from my shoulders kissing them softly with soft full lips and cupping my breasts without pressure, his fingers softly squeezing the nipples that came alive to his touch.

I had had many lovers, mostly around my own age, some of them into their forties, but as I gasped my way through my fourth orgasm with the sound of the chattering birds waking up in the dawn light I knew that I had never made love in my life before. I looked into his determined face and made a promise to myself to give this man anything he wanted in return for the way he was making me feel.

What began were three of the most amazing weeks of my life. We went everywhere in his chauffeur driven Mercedes, he bought me clothes from all the top stores. They fawned over him when he entered the buildings; everybody seemed to know who he was. I paraded before him in gown after elegant gown as he chose them all. I didn't mind, he had impeccable taste. He bought me silk lingerie and exquisite perfume. He imported jewellery for me from Tiffany's when he couldn't find the exact piece he wanted to buy. He finished every outfit with beautifully crafted high heeled shoes.

We made love in every smart hotel in London and several in Paris. He loved to show me off, wearing me on his arm like an accessory, teasing my sleek black hair through his fingers and down my back until it looked as he wanted it to look.

During the third week Michael started to dress me up for his private pleasure and our love making took a different route. I performed all the usual clichés for him. Naughty school girl refusing to read aloud, being spanked soundly over his knee for my disobedience; cheeky cowgirl riding him backwards while he whooped out his delight and French maid reaching high to dust the tops of cupboards with my feather duster while he eyed my bare bottom showing below the short flared skirt and pristine apron.

Once he made me dress up as a hooker, and using the hotel lift, kneel before him to give him oral. He didn't flinch when the doors opened up revealing us to three bemused Japanese tourists, although my mouth froze around him when I heard their gasps he just gripped a handful of my hair to keep me in place and simply pressed the 4th floor button.

I tried not to think too much about these changes in his character. Most of the time he treated me like a young Goddess and I lapped it up. Whatever he wanted he got because whatever I wanted I got.

Now we were here on the paradise island of Antigua in an exclusive resort. An absolute dream holiday! It was amazing.

The cocktail waiter arrived, bringing us both something cold and delicious to drink. He was darkly handsome, around 28 years old. I remember Michael saying something to him in Italian, explaining to me that the waiter was from Rome and worked here through the summer months. I tried to ignore my jealousy as I realised that Michael must have been here before, maybe many times, with other girls. I also tried to ignore the waiter's knowing smile. I could tell what he was thinking, how dare he assume anything about me? I waited until he had returned to the bar, some distance away and sat up to sip my drink. My lover's eyes were boring into me and he reached out to softly stroke my stomach, allowing his fingers to push against the restriction of my waistband.

"Take these off." he ordered gently, tugging at the fabric "You need an all over tan to show off the beautiful lemon dress this evening."

"But, Michael..." I began "Everyone will see me." I gestured around at the beach; but there was only one other couple and they were at least 50 yards away.

"Do it for me baby." he coaxed, his deep voice tugging at my core.

I looked all around us. There was no one at all close enough to see. I slowly raised my hips and slid the bikini bottoms down past my ankles to the white sand below. He smiled broadly and coating his fingers with sun oil he began to gently stroke my bikini line around the expensive 'landing strip' waxed area he had paid for two days before.

"That's much better." he murmured.

I looked down at my glowing olive skin, I knew I looked really hot, I decided he was very lucky to be with me as I stretched out my long legs and relaxed back into the comfort of the sun lounger. The summer sun was such a turn on, warming my skin and making the world a beautiful place.

I didn't see the waiter come back; I just felt his shadow across my face. I opened my eyes and saw him leering at me. I rolled over onto my stomach, some things were private. When I turned my head to the side I could see him talking quietly to Michael. We were probably breaking a decency law I mused. When I saw money changing hands I was convinced that Michael was bribing him to ignore what he was seeing and leave us alone.

We lay undisturbed for around an hour after that, and when the other couple left the beach all together I even ventured naked into the sea. Such was my growing confidence. Michael patted me gently dry on my return and reapplied my sun oil.

I was beginning to doze when I felt his hand stroking my thigh. He used long sweeping strokes all the way up to my bottom then down the other side. I sighed my approval at his expert touch. The pressure of his hands increased a little and dipped at the top between my thighs. I murmured and instinctively opened them

slightly. He dipped again, this time allowing his finger to tease around my dampening opening. I raised my bottom lazily to give him better access. I felt his finger push inside me and move softly in and out. I shifted and opened my eyes to look at him.

"Shall we go back to the hotel room darling?" I breathed, hardly daring to break the spell.

"No, baby, let's stay here in this beautiful sun." He replied working two fingers inside me now, leaving me in no doubt as to what he meant.

"But someone might see us." I began, though my body was already responding to his touch as he crooked his fingers in search of my G spot.

"Shh." he replied, "There is no one around, close your eyes baby; I want you to do this."

He was right, there was no one else here, our holiday was so exclusive and I was sure now that he must have paid the waiter to give us some space. I was finding it really hard to care anyway as he probed inside me making me whimper.

"Lift your bottom higher baby." he commanded softly.

I did as he asked, removing my shades so that I could press my face up against the deep quilting and I was rewarded by the sliding motion of those magical fingers in and out, fast then slow, teasing me and making me so very wet. I started gasping and rocking back against them.

"Keep your eyes shut baby," he reminded me, "I want you to focus on the way you feel, not what you can see."

He entered me then and I moaned out as his hardness filled me and relaxed into the slow familiar rhythm of his steady thrusts that would soon bring me to orgasm, he pounded and I rocked back against him matching his tempo and whimpering softly. I could feel it building, tingling at my very core. He slowly withdrew, he sometimes did this to make it last longer so I breathed deeply waiting for him to re enter, I was so close and trembling all over.

He was back inside me, this time hard, fast and furious, I gasped as he gripped my hips. I raised my head as he hit my cervix; he was so long and thick and hard, much harder than usual, he was hurting me with his ferocity, digging his nails into my skin... something wasn't right, I opened my eyes and looked over my shoulder.

"Bella, sexy signorina." the waiter grinned, his cock embedded deep inside me.

I turned to Michael, my eyes wide.

"Do this for me Darling," he said, "He wants to enjoy your beautiful body and I want to watch you, you look so beautiful right now, is it ok my little siren?"

I looked at his excited face, his cock already in his hand. I felt my indignation falling away as my senses took over. He was right, this was beautiful. The hot sun, the white sand, the waiter felt so good inside me, I was wild with desire as I watched Michael squeeze his cock between his thumb and middle finger and felt the exquisite pounding between my legs.

"Bella, Bella!" the waiter cried thrusting hard with his long phallus. I knew he could feel my juices building, feel the grip on him as I responded. I thrust my bottom up and started to push back at him, milking him. If Michael wanted a show, I would give him one. But he'd better be careful, I was enjoying the stamina from this young stud, I'd forgotten just how good it felt.

Michael was suddenly in front of me.

"Open your mouth baby." he grunted, clearly very turned on by my response. I did as he requested, and opened my mouth wide to allow him to push himself inside, I felt the cock behind me increasing its pace while Michael's slid slowly along the length of my tongue. It was surreal, so many sensations at the same time. The heat from the sun searing down on us, the sliding friction against my inner walls, and the sight of Michael, cock in hand, feeding me slowly, inch by delicious inch. I knew I couldn't hold on for much longer and stopped pushing backwards. Instead I focussed on Michael, the jolts from behind me forcing him deeper down my throat. I always loved to taste him, I gazed upwards with large appealing eyes the way I knew he

loved and teased him further with my tongue. Pressing my full velvet lips around him and listening to his deep grunts of approval.

I felt the Waiter slowing and my orgasm threatening to release itself at any point. I froze just before it came, deep and slow, my pussy alive with reverberating spasms and my legs hot and numb. I squealed against Michael's cock, my body beginning to shake and convulse as I contracted wildly against the emptying Italian shaft that had taken me there. Michael released his own pleasure deep within my mouth and I swallowed gratefully savouring his pleasure.

"Good girl." he panted, his face red, his expression new to me. They both withdrew from my body and I lay forward, turning my head to the side to stare at my lovers.

The waiter pulled on his shorts and left us without a backward glance. Michael lay back along his sun bed naked and closed his eyes.

"I might go for a swim in a minute darling." his voice was steady, "Care to join me?"

My mind focussed. It was clear to me now that my services had been paid for. Was this a usual routine between Michael, the waiter and anyone he decided to bring along? Was this the price I had to pay for the luxury of being with him? I thought hard. Did it really matter? What had happened was immensely exciting and satisfying. The thought of it was enough to make me want a repeat performance. I was only young after all, life was for living and with that came experiencing new thrills. Besides, there was the Mercedes to think about. "Yes darling." I spoke steadily "I think I will join you, the water looks absolutely beautiful."

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