

Summertime at Grandpa Dicks- Chap 1

by Ole Crannon

Damn, I love summer! It starts getting hot and the babes start shedding their clothes, not only at the beach, but going shopping at the grocery store, fast food restaurant, drugstore, post office. Their thin tops and short shorts just get my meat harder than a parking meter post. 'Course there's some that really shouldn't be wearing short, tight tops and shorts because they look like beached whales, but even they can't detract from the good ones.

Another good thing about summer is that the kiddies are out of school and go shopping with mom, and they sometimes wear next to nothing. This is a story about what happened to me. One summer day, I stopped by the grocery store to pick up just a few things and there following her fat mother around was this lovely, long legged pre-teen with just enough budding titties to start to bulge out her top but not enough to need a bra.

I only stopped to pick up an item or two, but when I saw this lovely creature, I couldn't help but start to follow them around the air conditioned store. The young girl looked completely bored and I guessed that she had been made to accompany mom even though she wanted to do something else.

As I followed them, I thrilled at watching her long, slim legs that went up and joined together in the nicest little bubble butt that was encased in a pair of tight shorts. Watching her ass move as I followed behind them was sheer pleasure. Every once in a while she'd look at something and out of the corner of her eye catch me staring at her. She'd lower her head, and slowly turn to look at me and her face would get this wonderful bright smile with a little bit of flush from embarrassment.

Every time she'd catch me looking, I'd smile back at her and just watch her. After a couple of times, it became a little game, and she'd try to catch me looking at her, then shyly look away. They went down one aisle and then over to the produce section where there were a number of free standing tables of items instead of just rows of shelving. That was nice because I got to move to the opposite side of one stand so I could look at her lovely budding young tits filling out the tight tank top that she had on. I was hard from just looking and desiring this captivating young female.

Now, you should know that I'm old enough to be her grandfather, and almost her great grandfather, so I'm not some young stud that the normal young girl would be attracted to. Retired and single, with a lot of time on my hands.

Over the years, unfortunately, it was always a lot of looking and admiring, but nothing ever came of it. This young thing seemed different. I couldn't figure out what it was, but she kept smiling at me like she wanted to come over and talk to me. That doesn't happen to me very often with women of any age. But this young cutie kept looking and smiling and at one point, edged around one of the produce stands to the side that I was on and moved over somewhat close to me. She pretended to look at some produce items, but what young girl is going to be interested in talking their mom into buying ginger root or leeks?

She had gotten almost next to me when she looked up at me and said, "Hi" in this totally innocent, school girl voice. I said 'hi' back to her, continuing to look at her and keep her mom in my peripheral vision. As mom moved further away, I said to her, "Must be boring to have to go shopping on such a nice day when you could be out in your bikini getting a tan."

She looked at me and with a smile said, "Yeah, I really didn't want to come today. Mom wouldn't leave me at home, though. How did you know I wanted to lay out in the sun?"

I smiled back at her and said, "Oh, I figured that a girl as beautiful as you are would just like to be outdoors with as little clothes as possible on, enjoying the fresh air and sunshine."

She blushed furiously and cast her eyes downward at the floor. "You don't really think I'm beautiful, do you?"

I couldn't believe that she was actually carrying on a conversation with me instead of walking away or wanting to be somewhere else besides with an old man who had been obviously ogling her young body. I said, "Darling, you are the most gorgeous thing that I've seen all day. Or even for a long time. Yes, I think you are beautiful."

Very beautiful."

She finally looked up at me and gave me a radiant smile that would melt steel. She said, "You really think so? I saw you looking at me a lot and I sorta liked that. Do you have any kids of your own?"

"No, my daughter's all grown up with a family of her own," I said. "They live a long ways away and I hardly ever even get to talk to her on the phone much anymore."

She said, "That's sad. I loved my grandpa very much. He died a few years ago and I still miss him a lot."

"He was very lucky to have had you and watch you grow up into such a pretty, sexy girl. I'll bet you've got a whole list of boyfriends that are chasing you all the time," I said, actually very sincerely. Even though it was a come-on line, I didn't doubt the truth of it from the looks of her. I could see the boys following her around, drooling. Hell, *I* was following her around, drooling. Almost.

She flushed again from the praise and shyly said, "No, I really don't have any boyfriends. The boys my age are so immature and all they want to do is paw me. Sometimes I just hate to be around them."

I saw her mother heading back over to us. "Well, honey, with the body that you're developing, I can't say as I'd blame them. I'd want to touch you and do everything I could to make you feel good. You've got such a beautiful smile."

She brightened up at the praise and stood up a little bit straighter, which caused her little budding titties to be even nicer bumps in the thin material of her top. Her mother came over closer and smiled at me, then said to her daughter, "C'mon, we've got some bakery things to get." Then to me she said, "I hope she wasn't bothering you."

I said, "No, not at all. She's a delight. She was just telling me about school." The girl smiled radiantly again at the praise, then they headed off to the other side of the store. Instead of following them, I went around the other way so I could meet them in the bakery section, which I did. The young thing smiled brightly at me as soon as she saw me again. I returned a smile and she cast her gaze downwards, sort looking at me out of the corner of her eyes, shyly.

Her mother was picking over baked goods and wasn't paying any attention to her daughter. I was wracking my brain, trying to figure out some way to make this more than a one-time thing, but couldn't come up with anything. While her mother wasn't paying attention to her, she walked over by me and said playfully, "Sir, are you following me?" Then she smiled at me with a smile that seemed to make the air shimmer around her.

I said, "Certainly. I wanted to find the prettiest, sexiest girl in the whole store and I found her. You don't think I'd let her out of my sight, do you?"

She blushed again and looked down, and said quietly, "You don't really think I'm sexy do you?"

Keeping a sharp watch on her mother, who had turned away from us, I said, "My dear, if it wouldn't get me arrested on the spot, I'd lay you down on the floor and make love to you for hours. I wouldn't care who saw me."

Her eyes got wide and she said, "You'd do that? Right here in public. You'd make love to me?"

I said, "Well, I wouldn't want to embarrass you by doing anything you didn't want me to, but if you wanted me to, I'd enjoy doing it right here, in public. Everyone would see that I've found the sexiest, prettiest girl and she was letting me make love to her. Sure I would. Unless you didn't want me to."

She looked at me and said, "But you'd do it right here, in public? Wouldn't you want to, like, um, go somewhere private so we could have some, uh, privacy?"

Here she was, a nubile pre-teen considering the idea of having an old man make love to her in a public place, instead of running screaming away, yelling for the police to arrest this old molester. She was actually debating the public versus private part of it instead of whether she should be running away or not.

I still hadn't figured out what to do yet, so I said, "My dear, I'd love to take you some place very private and make

love to you for hours. Someplace where nobody need know and I could do everything I could to make you feel good."

She didn't say anything for a moment and then her mother came back over to us. She said, "Karen, stop bothering this poor man. We've still got a lot of shopping to do. C'mon."

I looked at the woman, trying to look and sound like the kindly grandfather, which I was, instead of Chester the Molester, which I certainly was and said, "Oh, she's not bothering me at all. We were having a nice conversation. I'd be happy to stay here and keep her company while you finish your shopping. I sort of enjoy talking to a smart youngster like her."

Her mother had a look of astonishment flash across her face like she couldn't believe someone would want to actually try to carry on a conversation with her pre-teen daughter, but then she said to the girl, "Well, it's nice you've found someone to talk to. I'll go get the rest of our stuff. You go ahead and stay here and talk. But please don't drive the nice man batty." To me she said, "Just send her to find me if you can't stand any more. Thanks." And with that she headed off, leaving her daughter with me.

The girl looked at me and said, "You really enjoy talking to me?"

I smiled at her and said, "My dear, I'd love to spend time talking to you whenever I wasn't making love to you. You are so sexy and smart."

She looked at me like I was a little slow, then brightened up and said, "You DO know that I'm only twelve years old and I'm a virgin?"

I grinned to myself and said to her, "Of course I know. Now. But is there something wrong with seeing a sexy, smart girl and wanting to make passionate love to her? Every girl's a virgin until they stop being one. I could get in real bad trouble if anyone found out that I was making love with you, but as long as you didn't say anything, I wouldn't. Would you like me to make love to you? Caress your lovely breasts and kiss your sweet lips? Are you saying you wouldn't like that?" I figured in for a penny, in for a pound.

"You think I'm sexy? Me?" she said, somewhat incredulously.

"I think you're beautiful, gorgeous, sexy, smart. All those things. You're going to grow up and be a major heartbreaker. Every guy will either want to have you or be sorry he doesn't. If I got even a little time to be the first to make love to you, I couldn't be happier. But, like you say, you're twelve, so that probably won't happen. And that is my great loss."

She didn't say anything for a moment and then said, "You're serious aren't you? You're really serious about making love to a twelve year old girl. It's illegal, you know. If I said anything, you'd be arrested."

I looked her right in the eye and said, "I fully understand that. And it would be worth it. But you wouldn't say anything, would you?"

She shook her head slightly and said softly "No", her gaze downcast. "I wouldn't".

Neither of us said anything for a long while. Then she looked at me and said, "Where do you live? Around here?"

I told her about where I lived, which was out in the country, a bit off the beaten path. She said, "Oh, I've got a best girlfriend from school that lives right by you. Her parents have the small horse boarding place just down the road from you. I told her I knew of the place and it wasn't very far from me. I told her where my house was in relation to her friend's.

She told me that she wished they lived out in that area, then she could have a horse to ride. I asked where she lived and she told me. It was a new housing development, one of the kind that are being built along a main highway out in the country to get a way from the city. Problem was, the houses were built right next to each other, hundreds and hundreds in the development which was exactly like living in the city except with almost a country address. The idiots that bought in those developments wanted so bad to get out of the cramped,

congested city and traded it for a cramped, congested development that took longer to drive to work than if they'd stayed in the city. The girl's mother certainly looked exactly like one of those type. I felt sorry for the poor girl.

I said, "Well, if you're out visiting your friend, you can stop by and see me. I'd love to have you visit."

"And make love to me?" she said, smiling.

I said, "Certainly. And talk to you. I'd love that."

"What would you do if me and my friend did visit you?" she asked, sort of like she was testing me.

I said, "Well, if you brought your friend, I probably wouldn't have a chance to make love with you, if she was there. Unless she wanted to join us. And you wanted her to."

"You mean you'd do that with both of us? How do you do that? I mean, with two girls at the same time." she asked, sincerely not knowing how it would be done.

I said, "Well, it's more difficult with two girls, because both would want to have everything done to them, unless they were close friends and knew how to share. But it's best to do it with just one at a time the first few times. That let's you concentrate on sharing the good feelings. Besides, I'm in love with you, not your friend."

"You just met me. How could you be in love with me?" she asked, incredulously.

"My sweet thing, I saw you and instantly wanted to make love to you. That's how I know. That doesn't happen very often. Almost never has for me." I lied through my teeth. Truth is, I fall in love with any hot body I see. It could happen dozens of times a day. But for this twelve year old, I meant it. I was in lust with her, if not in love.

She was flushed with the emotions that she was feeling. She obviously didn't get a lot of love or praise at home. And she WAS a very lovely, sexy girl. I wasn't lying about that.

Right about then, her mother came around the corner and said, "C'mon Karen, I've got everything on the list. We've got to get home." To me she said brusky, "Thank you for keeping an eye on her for me." With that she, brushed past me and headed to the checkout line, automatically expecting her daughter to obediently follow her.

The young girl looked at me with an exasperated look and said quietly, "I hope I'll see you again. Soon."

I said, "I'll look forward to it."

She turned and followed her mother to the checkout line. I had most everything I wanted so I did too. I got in the express line and turned to find the girl and her mother. They were two checkout lines down from me and when Karen saw me, she smiled brightly at me. I returned her smile, wanting to memorize it and burn it into my memory, because I figured there wasn't any chance that I'd see her again.

I got out to my car and put my few things in the seat next to me, then sat and watched the door of the store. When I saw them come out, I watched where they went to their car. I backed out of my parking space and made a point of driving right past them on my way out. Karen smiled sweetly when she saw me and blew me a kiss when her mother wasn't looking. I drove home with a hard on, thinking of what I could do to that wonderful slim, tight, budding pre-teen body. God that made my day! I almost drove off the road at one point fantasizing about her.

At home, I figured I'd never see her again, but the vision of her little body did get me through several serious masturbation sessions. Damn, she made me hot!

Like I said, I love the summer. Warm days, and school's out. It was several days later after my adventure at the grocery store when there was a knock on the door. As I live out in the country, I don't get many, if any, visitors that don't let me know they're coming. This is one of the reasons that I also don't have to wear any clothes most of the time. So I didn't have anything on when I heard the knock. I do keep a pair of sweat pants by the door just for this eventuality, so I said, "Be right there" and pulled on the sweat pants. Then I opened the door. I was really

shocked, but at the same time very excited to see lovely Karen standing at the door.

She had on the sheerest of tight crop tops, making her little titties stand out and a pair of very short, tight shorts. I started getting hard just looking at her standing there.

At a loss for words, I said, "Uh, Karen. Come in. I wasn't expecting company."

She said, quite self-consciously and demurely, "I hope I'm not bothering you. I was at my friend's and I remembered our conversation. I thought I'd see if you were home and if you remembered me."

"My goodness, how could I forget the love of my life? I'm sorry to be dressed this way. I don't usually wear anything around here." I said, my hard-on starting to tent the sweat pants.

The young girl obviously had noticed as she couldn't take her eyes off of it. I took her hand and led her to the couch and sat down, pulling her down beside me. She couldn't pull her eyes from my crotch.

I sat there a moment, then said, "You certainly look very lovely today. Even sexier than when I saw you at the store."

"You really think so?" she said, trying to tear her eyes away from my growing hard-on, but not having much success.

I took her hand and said, "Of course, my dear. You can see just what effect the sight of your lovely body has on me."

She said, timidly, "Is that your thing? Is that what you would make love to me with?"

I said, "Yes, my dear. Go ahead and feel it if you want. Neither I nor it will bite you."

I took her hand and gently placed it on my hard rod. She lightly squeezed it through the material of the sweat pants, then gently tried to stroke it a bit. I could hardly breathe looking at her young, nubile body and budding tits while she stroked my cock.

She finally tore her eyes away and looked up at me. "Ummm, will you show it to me? I'd like to see it."

I said, "Certainly dear. But I if I'm going to take off my clothes, then it's only fair that you do the same."

She gasped and said, "I don't know. Maybe I'd better go." But she didn't take her hand from my cock and made no move to get up and leave.

I decided not to press the point. "OK, if you want. I just thought that you looked so sexy and might want to let me see all of you if I let you see me. But that's OK. I understand. Sometimes girls are a little embarrassed to let someone see them naked. But if you want, you can help me get these off so you can see my cock."

I stood up in front of her and didn't make a move to take off the sweat pants. I thought I'd let her initiate anything so she could be in control.

She sat there motionless, just staring at the tent that my hard cock was making in the loose sweat pants. After a little while she reached out a hand to the waist band of the pants and started to pull them down. As she pulled the front down, I put my hands on the back of the waist band and lowered them as she lowered the front. She got the waist band down far enough for my hard cock to pop up, which surprised her and she jumped back a little bit as it did.

I said, "Don't be afraid. It's OK." and I pushed the sweat pants down until they dropped to the floor and I stepped out of them. The combination of surprise, awe and curiosity was on her face as she looked at the hard meat throbbing in front of her. She licked her lips, then raised her hand to very tentatively try to touch the end of it. There was a little pre-cum at the slit and she felt it then rubbed her fingers together.

She looked up at me and said, "Is that the stuff that makes the babies?"

I said, "Not exactly. That's just pre-cum, sort of lubrication that's made so that if I was going to put it inside you, it would help make it slicker and easier to get in. Usually though, I like to use a lot of lube to make sure it feels good when I put in inside a girl."

She said, "Do you put it inside a lot of girls?"

"No. I don't meet any as lovely and sexy as you, so I don't get a chance to." I said, mostly truthfully.

"I don't think that would fit inside me. It's so big. I can't see how it could." she said quietly.

I said, "Girl's and women's vaginas are very elastic and expand to accommodate a large cock. It just takes a little time and being gentle and a lot of lube, and it feels real good then."

"You mean if you put that in me, I'd be able to take it all? It wouldn't hurt?" she asked.

"If we used a lot of lube to make sure both of us were very slippery and I took my time and was very careful, it shouldn't hurt at all. Except when your hymen breaks. That can hurt a little bit, but then it gets to feeling really good." I explained.

She said "Uh, I think I already may have broken it, maybe. I... uh, well... uh, sorta like... uh used my hairbrush... uh, once and it hurt a little and... uh, bled and... well, I don't know... it might not be there."

I said, "Then there wouldn't be any problem, as long as we went really slow and let you control it. Did you like using your hairbrush?"

She nodded. "Uh huh." She blushed quite visibly, embarrassed about the admission.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of, dear", I said. "Everyone, male and female, masturbates and makes themselves feel good at some time or other. If they don't, they're the ones that are abnormal. Doing it teaches us how to respond sexually when we end up doing it with someone else. Do you do it very often?"

Again the embarrassed blush. "Uh huh."

I sat down beside her and put my arm around her. "My dear, you should never feel bad about doing that. It's completely natural. Why would it be bad to make yourself feel good? Anyone that tells you it's bad is lying to you, because they do it too. I do it. All the time. Who told you it was bad?"

"My mom said only bad girls do that kind of thing. I don't want to be a bad girl and get in trouble." the poor thing said.

I squeezed her, my cock standing out and throbbing. "Honey, your mom was just trying to protect you, but she's a little misguided. She probably does it all the time. Or has. Have you ever looked in her bedroom, like her dresser or nightstand?"

The girl shook her head 'no'. I said, "I'll bet you anything that if you did, you'd find something that looks more like this" pointing to my cock, "than your hairbrush. It might even have batteries in it and if you turn it on, it will vibrate." I told her.

She looked at me like I was nuts. Then she looked back down at my throbbing rod. She started to reach out with her hand, but then drew back. I said, "It's OK. You can touch it and feel it all you want." I took one of her hands and placed it on my cock. She started to slowly stroke it.

"Like this?" she asked. I nodded and she started to stroke a little more. I took her other hand and placed it on my shaft. She started moving both hands up and down the shaft. It felt so damn good!

She said, "You don't mind if I'm not naked and you are?"

"Not in the slightest, dear", I said. "I only want you to be comfortable. I'm most comfortable without any clothes on. If you aren't, that's just fine. You can tell what looking at you does to me already."

"You mean, this is because of me?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, dear. The moment I saw you standing in the doorway, I started getting hard. Your lovely body has that effect on me." I told her.

She had kept her eyes on my cock the whole time she was stroking it. A large drop of pre-cum started to ooze out of the tip. She started to lean forward and licked her lips, then stopped and pulled back, but kept up her stroking.

I said, "It's OK if you want to taste it. It makes me feel really good if you put your mouth on it. It's called a blow job. Or oral sex. But I have to warn you, if someone as beautiful and sexy as you does that, it can really excite me and I could spurt some of that baby making stuff you asked about. That's called semen. Or cum."

"Would you like me to do that. I mean, like get you all excited and stuff?" she asked.

"You've already got me excited just looking at you. But if you want to, you can use your mouth and make me feel even better. I'd love to do it to you, too, and make you feel really good." I said.

"But I don't have one of those, so how could you do that?" she asked. I wondered, what were they teaching these kids in sex ed these days. Anything?

"No, you don't have a cock, dear, but you do have the same kind of nerve endings in your clitoris, that little bud right above your slit. That's what I would lick and suck to make you feel extra nice." I told her.

"But I'd have to take my shorts off for you to do that." she said.

"Well, yes, but if you don't want to, that's fine. I can make you feel pretty good even with your clothes on." I said.

She asked, "How can you do that? Don't I have to get naked first?"

"No. I can touch you over your shorts and top. Is it OK if I touch you like that? I don't want to do anything that you don't like or doesn't feel good to you." I told her truthfully.

She looked at me with those gorgeous eyes and said in a very timid voice, "OK, I don't mind if you touch me over my clothes. I'm just really afraid of taking them off."

She hadn't stopped slowly stroking my cock the whole time. I put my hands on her shoulders and gently pushed her back on the couch so she was slumped down a bit. Then I leaned toward her and put one hand gently on her crotch and the other over one of her little budding breasts. I started running my finger up and down the fabric over her slit, feeling the wetness that already indicated that she was very excited by what we were doing. Then I softly caressed her little tittie and massaged the nipple, tweaking it very gently. She closed her eyes and moaned with the pleasure that I was giving her.

I continued my ministrations on her nipple while I moved my finger up a little and felt for her small nubbin of a clit. When I could feel the bump of it through the fabric, I started to gently massage it, tweaking back and forth over it with my finger. Her moans increased in frequency and loudness until all of a sudden she let out a little scream and her legs stiffened and shook. I slowed my motions and just let her have her climax. Her face and neck were flushed and her breathing rapid and short.

I stopped my motions on her breast, put my arm around her and just held her tightly to me. After a few minutes, she was finally relaxed and looked up at me and said, "Oh, wow! That was much better than when I do it to myself. I never knew it could feel so good."

I said, "That was great, dear. I'm happy I could help you feel that way. I'll try to do that for you anytime you want."

I leaned down and gently placed a light kiss on her lips. It was the first time we'd kissed. She tasted so sweet. I

was really looking forward to what her lovely cunt juices would taste like.

She said softly, "I liked that. How can I do the same for you? I mean, make you feel that good. Would putting your thing in my mouth do that for you?"

"It certainly would, my dear. I'm sure that if you did that, I'd probably spurt a bunch of my semen for you. Would you want to do that?" I asked.

"Well, I'd like to make you feel as good as you did me. But would I have to have your semen in my mouth? I mean, isn't that, like, kinda yukky and dangerous?" she asked.

I said, "Not at all. Women do it all the time. It won't hurt you and there's nothing dangerous about it. Unless you count becoming addicted to it and wanting it all the time." I grinned at her.

She looked at me with a puzzled look. "You mean I could get addicted to it? How does that happen?"

I stroked her cheek and said, "I was being a little facetious, dear. Some women get very excited by doing oral sex and they can actually climax, like you did, just by having a cock spurt cum in their mouth. Some women like the taste of cum and want to have it in their mouth. I've met women who wanted me to pull out of their vagina and ejaculate into their mouth because they liked the taste so much. That's what I meant by getting addicted."

"What's it taste like?" she asked.

"Well, it's hard to describe unless you've actually tasted it. It's sorta creamy, maybe a little salty. Sometimes there's a little tang to it. Every man tastes different I've been told." I explained to her.

She said, "And it makes you feel really good to spurt it into my mouth? You can't spurt it somewhere else and feel good?"

"Sure, I could just spurt it into the air or on your face or even just on my stomach, but it's much better when a woman lets you cum in her mouth. It gives you much more of a connection. It shows that you love each other more." I explained.

"So if I let you shoot it in my mouth, that would make you feel better than if you shoot it somewhere else?" she asked.

I nodded. She thought for a minute and then put one hand on my hard cock and started stroking it. She watched it for a while, then she sat up and used two hands on it. "Does that feel good?" she asked.

Again, I nodded and she slowly bent down and stuck out her tongue and touched the tip of my cock with it. She got a little pre-cum on the tip. Pulling her tongue back in her mouth, she tasted it, then stuck her tongue out again and swirled it around my piss slit and the head. I groaned with pleasure and she looked up at me. "Does that make you feel good?" she asked.

"Oh God, yes" I said. She bent back down and took the tip of it in her mouth and held it there, still stroking with her hands. The sensation was so nice that I was almost ready to cum. I said, "I'll warn you before I shoot so you won't be caught by surprise, dear."

Without taking her mouth off my cock, she nodded then slid a little more into her mouth. She had the head in and she swirled her tongue around it, tasting it. Then she used the tip of her tongue to tease my pee hole and I almost lost it. I groaned loudly with the pleasure.

She pulled away and looked at me and said, "Does it feel that good?" I groaned and nodded yes, so she took my cock back into her mouth and let it slip in until it hit the back of her mouth. She started to gag and quickly pulled off.

I said, "That's OK. You don't have to go that deep, Just having your lovely mouth on the head of it will bring me off." So she bent back down and took the head back into her mouth. She had never stopped stroking slowly up and down with both hands. I wanted to put my hands on the back of her head and push her down on it hard, but

resisted the urge. I gently stroked her hair as she licked and swirled her tongue around the head and stroked the shaft with both hands.

I was starting to get to the point where I was gonna blow when she lifted her head up and looked me in the eyes and said, "You can shoot in my mouth. I want you to feel as good as you made me." Then she went back to sucking again. Her tongue licking down under the head of my cock triggered my orgasm and I said, "Here it comes, honey", just as I started to shoot.

She kept her mouth firmly attached to my cock while I shot spurt after spurt into her mouth. She excitedly started stroking faster as I shot into her, but she never let her mouth loosen around my cock. After I'd finished shooting into her, I had to take hold of her hands and stop her frantic jacking of my cock. It was pretty sensitive after cumming like that.

She just held her mouth on me as my cock started to shrink a little. I finally had to tell her that it was OK to pull off of it. She closed her lips as she pulled back, then looked at me with a puzzled look on her face. She wanted to ask me something but still had a mouthful of my cum. She started to say something that sounded like "ut ooo oo ooth oot?" I laughed and said, "It's OK, you can swallow it now." She looked at me thankfully and swallowed it down. God, how erotic that was to see this twelve year old virgin swallow her first load of cum down her throat. MY CUM!

I pulled her to me and kissed her. Then I said, "That was so good. You made me feel so wonderful! What did you think of the taste of my cum?"

"It was OK. It didn't bother me. I'll let you shoot it in my mouth whenever you want to if it makes you feel good." she said.

I smiled at her, rubbed her tummy and said, "Now you've got all of my little spermies swimming around in your tummy. I like the thought of that."

She thought for a second then said, "Will I get pregnant now? I mean, with all your little sperms inside me?"

I thought to myself, "Damn what are they teaching these kids, now days? Anything?" To her I said, "No, dear. You can't get pregnant by having me shoot my cum in your mouth and swallowing it. I would have to put my cock in your vagina and shoot it up there and then it would have to be right at your fertile time of the month. That's when your body has released an egg that the sperm could combine with and fertilize. Unless you were taking the pill or had an IUD or I wore a rubber."

She looked almost disappointed. I asked her, "Do you WANT to get pregnant, dear. Is that what you would like to happen?"

She looked pensive, then said, "Well, a bunch of the older girls have talked about trying to get pregnant and having their babies all at the same time. I don't know. I think I might like it. Can I get pregnant now?"

"Have you started your period yet?" I asked her.

She shook her head no and said, "Nope. A lot of my friends have and I don't look forward to it, but I know that it's gonna start sometime."

I asked her, "Have you started to grow any hair in your armpits or on your pussy?"

She looked very embarrassed and said, "Not really. Not yet anyway. Why?"

I said, "Do they teach you anything in sex ed at school?" She shrugged. I said, "Well, first thing that happens in puberty is that your little titties start to grow. I can tell that they have started doing that. I loved looking at them at the store, just like I do now. Have you had any little pains in your titties or chest?"

She nodded and shyly felt her budding little breasts and said, "Yeah, they're starting to grow and hurt sometimes. I just try to rub them and pinch my nipples when they do and that sorta helps, sometimes. At least it makes me feel good and takes my mind off it." She gave a little embarrassed smile.

I put my hands on her little mounds and massaged them, then tweaked and pinched the nipples. She moaned. I asked, "Like that?"

She nodded with her eyes closed. "But it feels better when you do it than when I do it. Don't stop."

I gladly kept rubbing them and playing with her nipples through the thin fabric. I said, "It would feel better if you took your top off so I could touch them directly."

She opened her eyes and said, "But then I'd be naked on top. You'd see everything."

I said, "Well, I'm naked and you're seeing everything. Is that so bad?"

She hesitated and said, "Well, no, but I sorta like seeing you naked. I haven't seen a man naked before. At least not close up like this."

"Well I'd like seeing you naked too. What other men have you seen naked. Your dad?" I asked.

She blushed, but nodded and said, "Uh, yeah I saw him once. 'Cept his thing wasn't hard, like yours is."

"That just means he hadn't seen you. I'll bet if he's looking at you, his cock gets hard like mine does. Any man's would. You're just so sexy and desirable," I told her.

"Ewww, isn't that supposed to be wrong for your dad to want you. I mean, I'm not supposed to want to do things with him and he's not supposed to do things with me." she said.

"Honey, you let him see you naked and I guarantee he'll have a hard on like me in no time. There's a reason why society doesn't want fathers and daughters to make babies together. But that doesn't mean you aren't desirable to him sexually and him to you. Haven't you ever had desires or fantasies about doing sex things with your dad?"

She got very red and flustered. "Uh, I... uh, well sometimes I... uh, sorta think about...uh, him and me, sorta doing some... uh, things like... uh, hugging and well... sorta what we just did."

"So you'd like to have your dad fuck you, huh?" I asked bluntly.

She kept her eyes downcast and slowly nodded. I said, "You'd really like to have him slide his hard cock into your tight little pussy wouldn't you?" She nodded again. "Or you'd like to take his cock in your mouth and have him spurt his baby making juice down your throat, wouldn't you?" She started to tear up. "Or you'd like to feel his tongue licking your tight little pussy until you had an orgasm like I gave you by rubbing you, right?" She nodded again and started crying.

I took her in my arms and held her very tight, feeling her body wracked by sobs. Finally she settled down and sniffed. She looked up at me and said, "That means I'm a bad girl that I want to do those things with my daddy, doesn't it?"

I kissed her on the cheeks and then nose and said, "No, darling, it doesn't mean that at all. It only means that you love your daddy and want to show him how much you love him and share it with him. That doesn't make you bad. That just makes you a loving daughter. I only wish now that my daughter had shared her love with me when she was your age. I wanted her to, but like your dad, I was scared to do anything. If she had even let me know that she wanted me sexually, I would have loved to make love to her and make her feel happy."

"You would?" she asked with her voice breaking.

"Sure. Why not. Look, if you did share your love sexually with your dad, does that mean you'd want to break up their marriage and have children with him? That you'd try to run your mom out of the house?"

She shook her head no. I continued, "Would it mean that your dad would marry you and try to make you pregnant, and leave your mother?" Again, she shook her head. "See, if you think about it as just sharing and showing your love to one another, how does that make you a bad person? It doesn't."

"But they tell us it's not right. That we'd go to jail. That it'd hurt me." she said plaintively.

I said, "And they tell you that you have to obey the speed limit, don't they? Yet, have you seen your mom or dad, or anyone else going over the speed limit?" She nodded. "They say that everyone is supposed to declare all their income and pay taxes on it, yet there are all kinds of government officials even who don't do that. There's rules for everything, and for good reason. But you're not a bad person for not following every little rule. Understand?" She nodded again.

"So how is it supposed to be good to say that you're bad for showing your daddy how much you love him?" I asked. "I'm not saying that you don't have to be discreet and keep it to yourselves. Just like your dad and mom don't go around humping each other or licking and sucking each other in front of you. Right?"

She nodded. "I sorta see what you're saying. So if my daddy wanted to kiss me down there or I wanted him to make love to me, we should do it in private so nobody else should know."

"Exactly. You didn't want me to kiss you and try to make love to you in front of your mother in the store, did you? No. Making love or doing those kind of things are private between two people. If you were to do it, nobody needs to know. Just like nobody needs to know what we do here."

"But I didn't even know you when we met in the store. I just saw you looking at me. A lot." she said.

"Did it upset you that I looked at you? Or did it make you feel good?" I asked.

She thought for moment. "I sorta wondered what you were looking at, at first. Then when you kept following us and looking at me, I felt sort of a tingle. I sorta like somebody looking at me the way you were. I couldn't believe someone would want to look at me like that."

"I thought you were wonderful. So sexy looking. I'll bet every guy in the store looked at you that way." I said, keeping up the flattery, although it was pretty much the truth.

She smiled a little and said, "Well, the check out guy looked like he was checking out my boobies," she laughed at the word play. "And a couple of other guys did look at me like you did. Only they didn't follow us around the store, like you did."

"Like they say, 'Carpe Diem'," I said. She looked puzzled. "It's a latin saying. It means 'seize the day', or take advantage of the situation. Take action. If I hadn't taken the action to follow you and look at you after I fell in love with you, I wouldn't have had the chance to give you an orgasm and make you feel very good."

She blushed again and said, "Yeah, I liked that. Can we do it again? You can shoot your stuff in my mouth again. I sorta liked that."

I said, "I can give you more orgasms if you'd like, but males are different than females. Once I cum, it takes a while before I can do it again. But I'd love to bring you to orgasm as many times as you'd like."

She looked puzzled again and asked, "You mean if we got naked, you couldn't get hard again and put your thing in me, you couldn't shoot your stuff up in me, 'cuz you shot it already in my mouth?"

I said, "My dear, if you got naked, I guarantee you I'd get hard again, just looking at your body. But no, I wouldn't be able to shoot any semen up into you until my tubes got recharged a bit."

She fiddled with the hem of her top like she was toying with the idea of taking it off. I didn't say anything as I didn't want to press the point at all. Finally she said, "Well, if we were going to do that, I guess that we should wait until you're recharged so you could shoot it into me. I'd like to feel that. It felt sorta sexy when you did it in my mouth. It made me feel sorta wicked, like."

"Darling, just because I can't shoot any cum out right now doesn't mean that I can't pleasure you. There're other ways to make you orgasm without putting my cock inside you. Or your mouth." I explained to her. "Just like I

brought you to orgasm using my fingers and you hadn't taken your clothes off for that."

She thought for a minute. "But I'm embarrassed for you to see me naked. Nobody's seen me naked since I was little. I'm not supposed to let people see me naked."

"Why not? You're gorgeous! Haven't you ever seen the women naked in magazines?" I asked.

She nodded. "I've seen some magazines. My dad had some that I found once. But those women are beautiful and they're all grown up."

"You're beautiful too! Really! And those women were only a few years older than you are. Besides I've seen lots of girls your age in videos, naked. And having sex. In fact, I've seen girls much younger than you are having sex in videos. So age doesn't make any difference," I told her.

Her eyes widened. "You've seen girls younger than me having sex? How do they do it? Doesn't it hurt?"

"Did it hurt when I brought you to orgasm?" I asked.

"Oh no, it felt wonderful! But that wasn't having sex. You didn't put your thing up in me. I didn't even have my clothes off." she argued.

I said, "My dear, there are all kinds of ways to have sex. What we did was mutual masturbation. That's a form of sex. Having sex doesn't just mean that a man puts his cock inside the woman's, or girl's, vagina. It could be just putting it in her mouth, like I did with you. Swallowing my cum is considered sex. It's not the kind of sex that could end up making a baby, but it's still considered having sex."

She was trying to absorb all this. I could see her thinking things through. Then she looked at me brightly and said, "So we've already had sex together, right?"

I nodded. "And you didn't get hurt, did you?" I asked.

"No, it felt wonderful? Does it always feel that good. I mean to have sex?" she asked.

I said, "Sometimes it's way better. Sometimes it's not so good if you aren't treated right or with the right person. But I wanted to make you feel good. It would feel even better with your clothes off and if I used my tongue instead of my fingers down there."

"You mean lick me like I used my mouth on you?" she asked.

I nodded. She continued thinking then said, "I think I'd like that. Umm, could you show me some of the videos with girls like me in them having sex? I'd like to see what they do."

"Well, since it will be a while before I can cum again, I can't see why not." I said. "What would you like to see? Girls sucking guys, girls being sucked and licked. Girls having a cock inside their cunt or having a cock in their ass?" I asked.

She looked surprised. "You can do that? I mean, have a... um, thing in your rear hole? Isn't that yucky? All dirty like."

"No, not at all. Some women can have huge orgasms just from having a cock in their ass. It's a real turn on for them. But it's probably best if we don't get into all that stuff right now." I took her hand and we stood up and walked over to the computer desk. I could see her looking at my semi-hard cock out of the corner of her eye. I pulled the chair out and sat down, then pulled her onto my lap.

I let her get comfortable, which consisted of her spreading her legs over mine and reaching down between her legs to fondle my cock, which started to respond to her touches. I clicked the mouse and brought up my porn folders. I wanted to show her as much kiddie porn as possible so she'd see other kids, some much younger than her, happily fucking and sucking. The first one I showed her was a little, cute three or four year old toddler who sucked on a man's cock in several different scenes.

Karen took in a sharp breath when the video started and said, "She's so young! How can she do that?"

I said, "Just watch and find out."

She watched all of the scenes then said, "But she's so young. She's not supposed to be doing that! I mean, isn't that what they call 'molesting'?"

"Did it look like she didn't want to do it? Was she being forced, or hurt?" I asked.

"No, she just walked over and did it. It looked like she enjoyed it. Sorta like I did using my mouth on you. I liked that." she said.

"So I wasn't 'molesting' you when you did that? Was I forcing you to do it?" I asked again. "The words 'molesting' and 'abuse' have become so overused by the media that they don't mean what they were meant to. It used to be that they meant someone was being forced against their will to do something. You've heard the term 'verbal abuse', haven't you? That can mean anything from calling names to yelling at someone. But it's not the same as sexual abuse. That used to mean someone was forced to do something. It's the same thing as when they say you're bad if you make love to someone you're not married to or something. Everything's bad because they want to control you through guilt. Listen, are there some girls in your school who do all kinds of sex things and everyone knows they do?"

She nodded. "I know a girl who's done all kinds of things with boys and let them do all kinds of things to her. She tells us about them sometimes. There's a couple of others in the grades above me that everyone knows are having sex."

"Are they unhappy? Are they being forced to do it? Do you think they're being 'molested' or 'abused'?" I asked.

She shook her head and said, "No, they like it. And we like to have them tell us about the things they do. It's exciting."

"So why is it bad for you, but OK for them? Do all the boys want to have nothing to do with them because everyone knows they're doing sex things?" I asked.

"Oh, no. They're the most popular girls in school as far as the boys go. A lot of the girls call them sluts and whores, though." she said.

I pointed out to her that the girls who said those things might be jealous of them. She thought for a minute and said, "Yeah, all of the ones that get so upset about it aren't ones that the boys are after. Some of them are just downright mean and ugly. Nobody pays attention to them, anyway, 'cuz they aren't fun to be around."

"So the boys pay attention to the girls who do sex stuff. Do they pay attention to you?" I asked.

She paused then said, "Well, since my bust started to grow, they've been paying more attention to me. Especially when I wear tank tops or tight stretch tube tops. My mom doesn't like me to wear those 'cuz they show off too much she says."

I asked her, "What about you. Do you like to wear those things and show off your new titties?"

She blushed again. "Uh, yeah, I sorta like it. I get a lot more attention when I do that."

I thought I was wearing her down a bit. I was torn between showing her the hardest, most extreme scat, torture, animal and rough fuck videos and get her past shocked and into accepting normal sex, or just working up gradually. I decided on the latter.

I clicked on another video showing a three or four year old being penetrated and fucked. Then a similar one with about an eight year old girl. Then I showed her one of several twelve or thirteen year olds with their new, budding titties playing with each other and licking each other. Then I clicked on one with a twelve year old riding a cock in reverse cowgirl position and screaming through a really satisfying series of orgasms. The girl in the

video obviously enjoyed it, as did the girl sitting on my lap.

I was fondling her little titties with one hand and rubbing her crotch with the other. By the end of the video she was really panting and moaning with pleasure, and with one hand was lightly but rapidly stroking my now hard cock.

Continuing my ministrations on her, I whispered in her ear, "You like that, little girl? You like watching a girl like you take that big adult cock and have a screaming orgasm on it? You like to watch the cum drool out of her pussy? Does it make you hot, little girl? Do you want to be that little girl in the video. Do you want to ride my big cock and have me shoot my cum up into your tight hole?"

Karen stiffened and let out a squeal, then sat there shaking for a bit, breathing heavily. I gave her a few minutes to come down off her cum, gently stroking her chest and titties and just cupping my hand over her cunt.

After her breathing returned to normal, she turned her head and kissed me on the cheek. I turned my head and kissed her on the mouth, using lots of tongue. I started vigorously massaging her clit through her shorts again and soon she was moaning into my mouth. I pinched her nipples a little and then pinched her clit and she came again, shaking and stiffening her legs.

Again I let her come down from her orgasmic high. She opened her eyes and looked at me and said, "I don't know how it could get any better than that. You mean when you put your thing up in me, it will feel even better?"

Aha! I thought. 'When' not 'if'. She had already made up her mind. I said, "I think so, sweetie. That's just a little taste of what having sex is all about."

She just laid back against me and sighed, dreamily. She held her hand over the one of mine that was on her crotch and wouldn't let me move it to start her up again. She turned and kissed me again. She said, "I like it. But I'm really scared. Can we just watch some of the videos of different things without doing anything?"

"Certainly, my dear. What kind of things do you want to watch?" I asked her.

"I don't know. Why don't you show me some of your favorite ones. The ones that you make yourself feel good when you watch them." she said timidly.

"You mean the ones that I masturbate and cum to?" I asked. She nodded. I said, "Uh, those ones are a bit extreme, dear. I don't know if you'd like to see that kind of stuff. It's pretty nasty."

She looked at me and said, "What do you mean nasty? You mean like doing it in the rear end or like that?"

"Well, that's some of it. Anal sex is nice to watch, but I get a lot more extreme than that and I don't think you're ready for it yet. I mean, look, you can't even take your clothes off so I can see your wonderful body naked." I said.

She looked at me seriously and asked, "If I take my clothes off so you can see me naked and touch me, will you show me those ones?"

"As much as I want to see your naked body, I don't want to upset you even more. So we should wait on seeing those extreme ones until you're a little more used to sex." I said. "It's not that I don't want you to see them, it's just that even some adults can't watch all of them." I told her.

She asked, "But if I get naked and let you look at me and do all kinds of sex things with me, then you'll show them to me?"

"Sure, sweetie, as soon as you're ready to see them, I'll show them to you and we can try all of it out if you'd like." I promised her.

"Well, OK. Do you want me to take off my clothes? So you can see me naked? You're hard again, so can you put your thing in me and spurt up in me and try to make a baby in me?" she asked.

"Make a baby in me"? Shit, what was this little cunt thinking? To her I said, "Is that what you want me to do? Make a baby in you? Do you want to get pregnant?"

"Ummm, sorta. I mean, I think it would be neat to do sex things with a baby growing inside of me. And then do sex things after I have the baby with it right next to us so it could watch us." She looked down at the floor and blushed.

"Well, you haven't even started having periods yet, so you can't get pregnant until you do. I could fuck you all you want, but you won't get pregnant until your body starts releasing eggs. But until then, I'd be happy to practice with you. And what's with getting pregnant and then doing it with the baby watching?"

She looked really embarrassed and said, "Oh, it's just something that I've thought about. Some of the girls were talking about getting pregnant together and having their babies. And one girl said she'd like to have her boyfriend sex her with the baby watching. It just seemed exciting to think about."

"So you want to get pregnant and have a baby?" I asked. She nodded shyly. I said, "And you've thought about this a lot?"

She nodded again and said, "But I've never had anyone who could get me pregnant before. Now I do. So would you do it?"

Fuck! A twelve year old virgin wanting me to make a baby in her. This time MY mind was blown. But knowing that I'd had my tubes tied, I lied to her and said, "If you want to get pregnant and have a baby, I'll fuck you all you want and shoot my cum up into you. And when you're a little more experienced, I'll show you some of my favorite videos and we can try to do them. OK?"

She brightened up and looked happy. "Show me some more now, and I'll see about letting you see me naked. OK?"

I nodded and clicked on a video showing a woman taking on two guys, one orally and one vaginally. She sat on top and bounced around on one guy's cock while sucking the other one off into her mouth. After the guy came in her cunt, she lifted off slowly to show the scum oozing out. Karen was quite excited watching this one.

"That's neat. She had the best. She had him cum in her mouth and the other guy could make her pregnant. That's slick." she thrilled.

I decided to give her a taste of her fantasy, so I clicked on a preggo vid. This one had a really pregnant woman being fucked by two guys and squirting milk from her tits on them. Karen saw it and cried, "THAT'S what I want to do! Oooooooooo, she's so lucky!"

What had I got myself into. A little twelve year old with a baby complex. Shit! She was squirming on my lap and stroking my hard on. I didn't know how much more of this I could take. I asked her, "What else would you like to watch?"

She wasn't quite as shy now that she was sexually aroused. "Show me one where they're doing it in the back end. I don't see how they can do that."

So I clicked on a anal sex video and it started. Suddenly she exclaimed "Oh no!" and jumped out of my lap. I looked at her and she said, "I didn't realize what time it was. I've been having so much fun. My mom's supposed to pick me up at my friend's right about now. I gotta go!"

Well, at least she didn't have to get dressed, I thought ruefully. I got up and hugged her with my hard on pushing between her legs. She reached down and grasped it with her hand and said, "I'd really like to do more, but my mom will kill me if I'm not there. Maybe I can take my clothes off for you so you can see me naked next time." she said with a little grin.

I said, "Sweetie, there's almost forty acres of woods surrounding this place. If you want to run around outside naked, nobody will see you. In fact, you could take your clothes off as soon as you got to the drive way." I could tell this idea fascinated her, but then she got a worried look and headed for the door.

"I'm really sorry I have to go. Will you show me your really nasty videos sometime?" she asked as she leaned up to kiss me lightly on the cheek. I nodded and she ran out the door and down the driveway.

Like I said, I love summer. I hated the next two days though. My special little nymph didn't show up at my door for those two days and I figured that I'd either run her off by being too explicit and extreme, or she had gotten in trouble with her mother and the police were just waiting to raid my place and lead me off in cuffs to the gray bar hotel.

So I moped through the next two days, downloading porn and reading erotic stories. I normally only left the place once or twice a week to go grocery shopping and pick up mail. I didn't want to leave in case she showed up but I tried to calculate when they would go shopping again. Rigid suburbanites quite often have a specific schedule to do things, like shopping, cleaning, vacuuming, sex. So by the third day, I had pretty much given up hope and chalked it up to a one time thing.

I was in the kitchen late one morning getting something to drink when I saw movement out of the window. My heart leapt into my throat as I recognized the little slim body walking up the driveway. She had on different color shorts but they were very tight and hugged her little hips and butt. The top was one of those spandex tube top things that accentuated her new budding little titties. She only had flip flops on her feet.

As usual I had nothing on and I met her at the door like that, hard on and ready. When she knocked I opened the door, standing there in my full old man white saggy glory. Except the cock certainly wasn't sagging. She looked at me with a small smile on her face, but flushed as she looked at it and said, "Is that for me?"

I said, "Yes, my dear, it's all yours in any hole you want it." She looked at me like I was a stunted child, then asked me if she could come inside. I stepped aside and let her into the house. She walked into the front room and stood in the middle of it waiting for me. She had her fingers hooked in the top of her shorts like she was ready to pull them down. I almost held my breath as I looked at her. God, this slim twelve year old was sexy.

She stood there looking at me looking at her and then said, "I've been thinking a lot about what we did the other day. I figured that if you are going to put your thing in me and make me pregnant, you should get to see me naked. Is that what you want?"

I was at a loss for words. Stupidly, I said, "Uh, ummm, why sure, uh, I really would like to see you naked. But I don't want to force you to do anything you don't want to.

She started to make a motion like she was going to pull the shorts down, then stopped and said, "Uh, would it be alright if we sat at the computer and you showed me some of those videos again? I really liked watching them the other day. I'd like you to show me the ones that you think are so bad. I want to see what you want to do to me that is so nasty."

I moved over to the computer desk and sat down, patting my lap indicating I wanted her to sit there. She casually walked over and sat down, with her legs draped over one side of mine so she could look at me or the computer. She put one arm around my neck and looked at me very seriously.

"I want you to show me all the things there are about making love and having sex. I want you to teach me all about those way nasty things that you like. I'd at least like to know about them and see if I'd want to try them. Would you do that for me?" she asked sweetly.

My cock was hard between my legs and pressing up against her bottom. She could obviously feel it as she'd move slightly every once in awhile on it.

I said, "You know that you're going to have to take your clothes off if we're going to do all those things? You can't just sit and watch them on video. Besides, how can I get you pregnant if I don't put my cock in your tight little cunt and spurt my baby making seed up into you?"

She thought about this for a minute then said, "You can take my top off and play with my titties if you want while we watch the videos."

"What do you want to watch?" I asked her, toying with her nipples through the spandex top, then slipping my finger up underneath it and feeling her tight little tittie. She sighed at the touch on her bare skin.

"What ones are the most extreme ones you like to watch?" she asked me.

I wasn't sure whether I should answer her truthfully as I had some stuff that would turn most adults stomachs if they weren't prepared for it. I said, "Well, there's gangbangs, bukkake, water sports, scat, bestiality, very extreme BDSM, pedo, incest... ummm, and some others I can't think of at the moment."

She looked at me and said, "You watch all that stuff and get yourself off on it? Really?"

I nodded, knowing that she didn't know what most of that 'stuff' even was. I decided to start her off as gently as possible so I wouldn't scare her off. I said, "If you take your top off so I can rub your titties, I'll show you some of them."

She sat up and held up her arms over her head, waiting for me to lift her top off her. I took the bottom of it and lifted it up, skinning it up her arms and off her. She instinctively crossed her arms over her little breasts as soon as the top was off. She looked at me very seriously and slowly lowered her arms until her little breasts were fully exposed to me. I gasped in wonder at how nice and tight and firm they were. Brand new ones, not even fully developed yet. Little cupcake sized mounds with the cutest little pink nipples at each tip.

I traced one nipple with my finger and bent down and sucked the closest one into my mouth and flicked it with my tongue and carefully nipped it with my teeth. I could tell that she liked that because she tilted her head back and let out a long sigh. She kept wanting to put her hands up and cover herself up, but didn't do it. With the one nipple shiny with spit, I pulled back and said, "They are just gorgeous, my dear. I love them so much. As much as the girl attached to them."

She looked down and fingered the nipple I had removed my mouth from. "You do? They're not very big like some girl's are."

I said, "They're perfect, sweetie. They're brand new and they'll get bigger soon. You'll have to beat all the boys off with a stick, they'll want to touch them and kiss them and play with them."

She said, "Well they're not going to. You can because you love me. And you're going to make me pregnant. I don't want to let them touch me. They all act like little boys and just want to feel me up."

What's with this obsession about getting pregnant, I wondered. I figured I'd talk to her later about that. But first things first. I tweaked her nipple between my fingers and she sighed again. Then I pinched it a little and twisted it a bit. She looked surprised but didn't say anything. I raised my other hand up and did the same to the spit shined one.

She moaned a little bit, then said, "Why do you like to do that? Is that one of those extreme things that you like, to hurt little girl's titties?"

I said, "Doesn't it feel good to you? If you don't like it, I'll stop." I dropped both hands down. She said quickly, "No, no, don't stop. It feels good. I just wondered why you did it?"

"Some women really like to have their nipples tormented. That is, pinched and bitten and twisted. It turns them on to feel a little pain in their titties. Some women even like to have their breasts tortured really hard. It turns them on and they get off on it. I won't do it if you don't like it or it hurts you. I just thought you'd like to experience some different sensations to see what excites you best." I told her.

"You can do it to me. It hurts but it sorta feels like a good hurt." She paused and looked at me seriously. "Do you like hurting women's breasts? Torturing them?"

I said, "I like to do anything that sexually excites someone. I like to watch videos of women who like to have their breasts tortured because I know that they like it. And it's exciting to watch."

"Would you show me some of those videos. I want to learn how to do all that stuff." she said.

I clicked the mouse on the 'pain' folder and selected a very tame tit torture video where the woman was tied up and had clothespins put on her breasts. Karen watched it fascinated as I played with her nipples and pinched them every time a clothespin was put on the woman in the video. I twisted her little nips, not hard, but enough to cause her some pain. She grimaced when I did that, but didn't say anything or pull away. Each time the woman had something done to one of her breasts, I'd pinch or tweak Karen's nips a little harder. Toward the end of the video, after the master had used a crop to swat the slave's breasts and knock the clothespins off, I was really pinching and twisting Karen's nipples. She finally let out a high pitched squeal of "Owwwwwwww!" and I lightened my touch, softly palming the tortured nips with the flat of my hand. She sighed at that, but she still hadn't taken her eyes off the video. When it ended, she turned her head to look at me. "Do it real hard again", she said softly, looking deep into my eyes. I took both little nips in my fingers and started to pinch them tightly and then twist at the same time. She kept looking into my eyes until it got to be more than she could take and she looked away and said, "Owwww, stop." I immediately let go and gently massaged them again.

I said, "Does that make you feel good? Does it turn you on to have me hurt your little titties.?"

She looked sort of sheepish and slowly nodded. "It hurts. But it makes me tingly inside at the same time. Is that what that woman felt like when he did that to her?" she asked.

"Probably. Only much stronger probably. She's what they call a pain slut. She likes pain. She does this kind of thing all the time because she gets off on it. I mean, she orgasms from the pain. Some women can take a lot more than that."

"Will you show me some of them?" she asked very quietly.

"Sure, but why don't we look at some other things too? Like this one. I started a video of one woman doing a gangbang with twenty or thirty guys, all fucking her in every hole, sometimes three at a time. Most would cum on her, either her face or body if they pulled out. She looked like she was in ecstasy, calling for them to fuck her harder and do more to her. At the end she sat up and a bunch of guys pissed on her. She tried to get as much in her mouth as she could, obviously enjoying it.

Karen watched with her eyes glued to the screen. She only sighed when I licked her nipples and played with them. When the guys started peeing, I heard Karen's gasp of surprise. Not taking her eyes from the video she said, "Isn't that dangerous. Won't she get sick from that?"

I softly explained in her ear that it was perfectly all right, that piss was sterile as it left the body and that some women really enjoyed drinking it down, and that in some cultures, people drank their own pee every day. When it finished, she looked at me and said, "Do you want to do that? Pee in my mouth?"

I smiled and said, "Only if you'd like it. It's something that people have to try and work up to. But if you found you liked it, I'd love to do it for you. It can be very sexy, as you saw there."

She looked deep into my eyes for a moment, like she was trying to see my soul. "It was interesting. I don't know if I'd want to do it. How do you learn to do that? I mean, you don't just have someone pee in your mouth all of a sudden."

"Haven't you ever tasted your own pee? Haven't you gotten your fingers wet and tasted them. Or wanted to?" I asked her.

She thought for a moment, then said, "Not really. I did try to feel what my pee felt like one time. It was just warm water. But I didn't try to taste it. Should I have? Do other girls do that?"

I clicked to start another video. As it started, I said, "Some like it, some don't. It's a personal taste." The video showed two women pleasuring each other. They sucked each other's nipples and then each other's cunts.

Karen said, eyes glued to the action, "Are they lesbians?" I said, "Not necessarily. Women are more sensuous than men sometimes. They may just enjoy each other, but still prefer men." On the screen one of the women raised the other's legs up over her shoulders and started rimming her.

Karen watched for a minute then said, "Isn't that kinda yukky. I mean, that's where she poo's out of? Won't she get sick?"

I said, "Not if they're clean. Fresh scat isn't deadly. That's another sort of 'mis-truth' that everybody is fed. There's a lot about it I could get into, but for now, let's just enjoy the video." I started massaging her little titties again, then tried pinching her nipples. She moaned but didn't tell me to stop or take her attention from the video.

When it ended, she asked me, "So I wouldn't be bad if I did something like that with one of my girlfriends. I mean, if she wanted to?"

"Not at all. If it makes you both feel good, what could be wrong with it?" I asked her. She thought about that.

"Are you ready to take those shorts off and let me see you completely naked, so I can have a taste of your lovely pussy, like those ladies did?" I asked her. While she thought about it, I lightly pinched her nipples, then nibbled on them both. She watched me with interest.

"You really want to put your thing up in me, don't you?" she asked bluntly.

"Of course, my dear. How can you get pregnant if I don't do that?" I asked her.

She looked at me and said, "But I can't get pregnant until I start having periods. So there's no use letting you put your thing in me until then, right?" She had a little mischievous smile on her face.

I smiled at her and said, "Your loss. Then you won't get to feel what it's like to have it up inside you, thrusting in and out, making you scream with pleasure, and then spurting my baby making seed up into you."

She chuckled and said, "It's that good, huh? Make me scream?"

"I seem to remember you screaming a little bit the other day and you didn't even have your clothes off as much as you do now." I tweaked one of her nipples firmly. She grimaced but said nothing.

I clicked the mouse and started another video which featured a very young girl and her dog. Karen turned her attention to it and when the girl started reaching under the dog and trying to get him hard, she took in a sharp breath. After a while she said, "She isn't going to have sex with a dog is she? I mean, that's just, like, I mean, ummm, you're not supposed to do that. Are you?"

I just fast forwarded the video until the girl started sucking the dog's cock. Karen said, "Ewwwwww", but didn't look away. We watched as the girl onscreen let the dog mount her and jackhammer his cock in and out of her cunt. I could see Karen getting a little flush and her breathing faster. I started twisting and pinching her nipples. She moaned.

"Is...uhn... that... uhhhhh... what you... ahhhh, want to... uhhhh, do to me... unnnng." Her legs were trembling. The dog onscreen hadn't knotted the young girl, but had cum inside her. When he pulled out, the doggy cum ran out of her cunt as the camera zoomed in for a close up.

I was pinching her nipples quite hard while she rubbed her snatch with her hand. She groaned and sighed, her head thrown back. I let go of her nipples and pulled her head to me and kissed her passionately. She moaned into my mouth.

Suddenly she stood up and slipped her shorts down her legs and stepped out of them. She covered her bare crotch with her hand, but I got a glimpse of her slit and a few light hairs starting to grow. She straddled my legs and sat down on my lap with her lovely cunt right over my hard cock and put her arms around my neck. "There, you happy? I'm naked now." she said.

I kissed her again and put my hands on her bare butt cheeks. They felt so delightful. I squeezed and kneaded them as I told her "If I can look at you or just be near you, I'm happy. To be able to put my cock in your tight little cunt and make you scream with pleasure as I fucked you, now that would really make me happy."

"If I let you put it in me, you promise it won't hurt?" she said, looking at me very seriously.

"Honey, I'll let you control it and I'll stop anytime you tell me to, if it hurts. I won't do anything that hurts you." I said to her sincerely.

She got that mischievous grin again and said, "But you pinched my nipples and hurt them. I thought you said you wouldn't do anything that hurt me."

Aha, Catch-22. But I was prepared for that one. I said, "You liked it when I did that. You didn't tell me to stop because it hurt. When you finally did, I stopped immediately, didn't I? Besides, it turned you on. Got you excited. Didn't it?"

She sheepishly looked down and nodded her head. "I guess so", she mumbled.

I took her chin in my hand and lifted her head up so I could look into her eyes. I said, "Look, I love you. I won't purposely do anything to hurt you. If you tell me to stop, I will. OK?" She nodded. "Now, you're embarrassed about all kinds of things, like being naked in front of me. I don't want you to be embarrassed. I want you to be free to do anything in front of me. Anything." She nodded again.

"Now I haven't done anything but try to show you I love you, right? And I've given you some pleasure, right? So I want you to do something for me that will help you get over your embarrassment of being naked. Will you do that for me?" She nodded. "OK, what I'm going to do is look at you and feel you all over so you can get over being embarrassed. Stand up."

She stood in front of me, arm across her titties and hand covering her crotch. the usual embarrassed naked woman stance. I told her to put her hands down. She slowly did that and stood in front of me in all her naked glory. I just drank in her lovely form, her young nubile body. She flushed very red.

I said, "Look, you are so lovely, I just love looking at you. I love you. There's nothing you have to hide from me. You're so beautiful, you should stand proudly and show off your wonderful body." I leaned forward and reached a hand out to finger her little slit. She started to turn away, I said sharply, "Don't!" She stopped and stood still for my probing finger. Her slit was very moist, wet even. I used her juices as lubrication and ran my finger over her little clit, back and forth. She shuddered, and spread her legs slightly to give me access.

I said, "Turn around and bend over." She looked at me like I was psycho, but I twirled my finger to indicate she should turn around. When she did, I put my hand on her back and pushed lightly to get her to bend over, which she did. "Now, pull your cheeks apart so I can see your lovely cunt and asshole."

She twirled around and put her hands on her hips, ready to tell me just what a perverted asshole I was and that she wasn't going to do anything of the sort. I put my hand up and said, "As long as you're embarrassed about your body around me, it will inhibit your pleasure. I'm going to see and feel it all sometime, so why not get all the embarrassment out of the way and get to the good stuff. I promise you'll feel better and I'll make you feel better. I guarantee it."

She looked at me for a long while, then slowly turned around, bent over and pulled her ass cheeks apart. I ran my finger along her slit and then around her little rosebud. I could tell she was dying of embarrassment from this. But we might as well get that all over with. I leaned forward and put my tongue on her little asshole and started working it around, trying to get inside her tight little sphincter. I could hear her breathing hard. While I tongued her asshole, I started to work a finger into her moist slit. She didn't know what to do in response to this invasion but she held as still as she could. I continued licking, then I pulled my finger out and moved down to her slit. I licked the length of it then tried to stick my tongue into it. She moaned this time and pushed back onto my tongue. I continued licking and ran my hands up and down her legs, then up to her slit where I used my thumbs to spread her cunt lips open. She tasted so delightful, a virgin twelve year old cunt.

Alternating between licking her slit and driving my tongue in and out, then licking her little clit didn't take long before her legs started shaking and she was moaning loudly. Right then I stopped. She screamed "Don't stop! Put your thing in me and do it inside me. Right now. Pleeeeeeeeeeeeze!"

I turned her around and said, "What do you want?"

"Put it in me and do it, please?" she pleaded.

I said, "Put what in you? Do what?"

"Your thing! Your... uh, cock. Please put it in me."

"And do what with it in you?" I asked.

She looked exasperated, but still turned on. "I want you to...to...to... umm, fuck me with it. There I said it. Happy? Now please put it in me."

I pulled her down onto my lap and hugged her to me. "There that wasn't so bad was it? I almost had you screaming and I haven't put my cock inside of you yet."

Without the stimulation of my tongue, she was calming down a bit. She was still flushed. I kissed her deeply and passionately and she returned the kiss. I said, "See, you don't need to be embarrassed in front of me. I've seen and licked all your private places so you don't have to be shy and try to hide from me. You're beautiful and should be proud of your body."

"You really think that, don't you. You like my body, huh?" she asked.

I nodded and said, "Of course I do. You're beautiful."

She said, "Then why didn't you put your thing in me? I wanted you to. I want you to."

I kissed her again and said, "I want to take the time and make it special for you the first time. We don't have time right now to do it right. But believe me, we will."

I wanted so bad to fuck this delightful little pre-teen, but I did want to do it right and make it good for both of us. She had come back and I knew she'd come back again. So I was putting off short term pleasure for long term... ummm, pleasure.

I said, "When do you have to leave?"

She looked at the clock and said, "I can stay for another half hour, then I've gotta get down to my friend's place. Isn't that enough time for you to do it in me?"

I kissed her lightly and said, "Sure, I could fuck you real quick, in and out, and maybe you'd get off. In fact you probably would, but I don't want your first time to be that way. I want it to be nice. Listen, is there any way at all that we could figure out how you could stay here overnight soon? That way we could do it right."

She thought a bit and said, "I don't know how. I only get to go to my friends place and then I come here. She's been covering for me while I'm here."

I suddenly had a sinking feeling. "Does she know what we're doing? Did you tell her?"

"Janelle? No. I want to, but I haven't. She just thinks you're a friend of the family and I'm visiting you." she said.

"OK, that's fine. We can do it during the day when you can come over. I just want to have a couple of hours to make it good for you. When can you plan on coming over again?" I asked her.

"Maybe tomorrow. I don't know. It depends on what my mom has planned." she said.

I hugged her to me and kissed her lightly. Holding her tight, I said, "You do want me to do it right for you, don't you? I want to make you feel really special. Is that OK?" She nodded her head and hugged me back.

After a while, she pulled back a little and said, "I really like what we're doing. I appreciate you teaching me all

about sex. Eventually, I want to see all those very nasty things that you like and maybe do them all with you. Thank you for being patient with me."

I said, "Well, I love doing it with you. Look, I'm going to give you my phone number and when you can come over for a couple of hours, call me. I'll even come and pick you up if you need me to. We'll plan on just me making love to you, nothing else. OK?"

"OK" she said. She stood up in front of me and pirouetted around. Then she turned to face away from me and bent over from the waist, keeping her legs straight. She licked her finger and ran it along her slit, watching me from between her legs. She rubbed her slit with it and then ran it around her little rosebud asshole. Then she pulled her cheeks and cunt lips as wide as she could and said, "Getting a good look? Like what you see?" I nodded.

She stood up and turned around and knelt down between my legs. She gave my hard cock several strokes with her hands then put the head in her mouth and started tonguing it. The long slow strokes on my cock were feeling good and the delightful warmth and wetness of her mouth on the head of my cock was going to get me off soon. Then she looked up at me and took my cock out of her mouth and said, "I want you to spurt in my mouth again. Will you do that for me?" All I could do was nod and she started working with her mouth. Little by little she took a bit more each time she sucked it in her mouth. She had about two to three inches in her little mouth. It didn't take much longer and I started spurting my cum into her mouth. She didn't take her mouth off my cock until I had completely finished. Then she pulled back and carefully opened her mouth to show me my cum, then swallowed it down with a big smile on her face.

"I'm getting to like that," she said.

I pulled her up to me and gave her a kiss. Then I wrote down my phone number on a yellow note and gave it to her. I hugged her to me and felt her little firm butt. Then I helped her put her shorts and top on and, promising to call me as soon as she could arrange some time, she left. I couldn't believe my luck at finding this innocent, vulnerable yet very sexy young lady. And I couldn't wait for her next visit so I could feel my cock slide into her warm, tight cunt.

Then next day was Friday. If she wasn't able to come over then, I doubted that anything would happen over the weekend. She probably wouldn't be able to get away from family then. So Monday or later was about the soonest I could look forward to seeing her. And fucking her. I was sorta kicking myself for not sticking my cock into her when she was begging me for it.

I almost paced the floor all day Friday. Nothing. No call. No Karen. I was so frustrated I could hardly concentrate on surfing for porn. And THAT was unusual. Then Friday evening the phone rang. I noted the callerID, but didn't recognize it.

"Hello?"

"Hi, it's me" came her girlish voice over the phone.

"Karen, hi. I'm so glad you called." I said.

"I can't talk long, but I can come over tomorrow, if that's OK. I can stay all day. I couldn't arrange for overnight, but all day will give us some time."

"That's wonderful, dear. What time? Do you want me to pick you up somewhere? What can I do?" I asked.

"No, I'll be going over to Janelle's house and I'll come over from there. Just have everything ready. I should be able to get there about ten. I won't have to be back until around five. Does that give us enough time to do what you want to do?"

"That will be great." I said. I didn't want to press her for details on how she set that up. I'd find out in the morning.

"I'm really looking forward to it. So I'll see ya about ten?" she said.

"Fine, see you then." I said and hung up.

I'd already changed the sheets on the bed and cleaned everything I could think of, hoping that she'd have come over earlier, but tomorrow was fine. I was excited. And aroused.

I slept well and woke early, refreshed and looking forward to fucking my little twelve year old lover. I got a light breakfast and then checked out the over night news on the web. Actually, I just went through the motions, as I was totally absorbed in the fantasy that was about to come true. I didn't need to look at any porn since I'd have the real thing soon.

Pacing in front of the window that had a view of the driveway, I waited for any sight of Karen. After an agonizing wait, at ten fifteen I saw movement a ways down and soon a lovely, completely naked Karen came walking up the driveway. She wasn't completely unselfconscious, but she was obviously enjoying being outside without any clothes on. She carried her shorts and halter top in her hand.

I opened the door and stood on the porch, naked with my raging hardon, waiting for her to round the corner of the house. When she did, a big smile lit up her face and she ran to me. Throwing her arms around me, she said, "Oh, Grandpa, it feels so good to not have any clothes on outside. I really like it."

'Grandpa'?? WTF was this? First the obsession with me getting her pregnant, now 'Grandpa'? She had straddled my cock so it was between her legs. Now she knelt down and took it in her mouth. She tried to get as much in as possible, and when the head hit the back of her throat, she started to gag. She pulled back and looked up at me through teary eyes and smiled. Then she took it back in her mouth and started sucking on it, licking on the bottom with her tongue at the same time. I figured that I'd be able to cum at most twice in the time we had allotted to us today, and I wanted at least one of those times to be during her first vaginal fuck. So I gently pulled her off my cock and pulled her up, hugging her to me.

"What's this 'Grandpa' thing? That's something new." I asked her softly.

She looked at me with a wonderful happy expression on her face and said, "I loved my grandfather very much. He taught me a lot of things. Before he died, he'd touch me or put his hands on me and make me feel so good. He didn't ever do anything like you do, but I just felt so good being around him and having him hold me. I feel the same way about you and I'd like to think of you as my grandfather. It makes me feel happy because I have so many good memories of him. And if he was around today, I'd like to try doing all this stuff with him. I hope you don't mind."

I hugged her tightly to me, feeling her soft yet firm little titties pressed against my chest. "Oh, sweetie, I don't mind at all. I'll be happy to be your surrogate grandfather and lover." I put my hands on her shoulders and held her back at arms length to look at her and said, "Now, what's with this new nudist thing. I thought you were embarrassed with someone looking at your body."

"After the other day, when you looked at all my private parts and told me that I should be proud of my body, I thought about that a lot. I realized that it feels good to be naked. And it does. So I started not having any clothes on at home as much as possible. Or maybe just panties. My mom saw me in my room naked and made a comment that I should cover myself up. I asked her why and she couldn't give me a good answer. All she could say was that good girls didn't run around naked, and I wouldn't want my father to see me like that. But I DO want him to see me. I want him to see how beautiful I am and like looking at my body like you do." She flushed a bit and looked down at the floor and said very softly, "And I'd sorta like him to want to do things with me."

I said, "Don't worry, sweetie. If he sees this fine, sexy body, believe me he'll want to do the same things I want to do with it."

She said excitedly, "But he did see me. I mean, naked. I had to pee so I walked to the bathroom naked. Daddy was coming from his room and saw me. I remembered what you told me about being proud of my body and even though I was a little embarrassed for him to see me, I just said, "Hi, Daddy" like nothing was wrong. All he said was "you better put some clothes on", but he didn't stop looking at me. It was so exciting to have him seeing me naked. And I remembered what one of the ladies did that I saw in one of your videos, so when I got to the bathroom door I pretended to see something on the floor. I bent down like I did for you the other day and pretended to look at it, but I peeked between my legs and I could see Daddy looking at me. It gave me such a

tingle that I left the bathroom door wide open while I peed."

I said, "Your dad would like to do what I'm going to do to you today, darling. He wants to fuck you. Watching you like that shows it."

"Oh but that's only part of it. I was hoping that he'd walk by or come into the bathroom while I was in there but he didn't. I was sorta disappointed. But when I walked out, he was in the hallway, right next to the door to my room. I had to walk right in front of him and he could see my whole front naked. I was still sorta embarrassed to let him see me, but I was more tingled than embarrassed. So I walked up to him and gave him a kiss and said 'love you daddy' and went into my room. I left the door wide open and sat down on my bed. And Daddy walked by my door two times! I smiled at him and he smiled back but he didn't tell me to put any clothes on this time. Oooooo, I felt soooo sexy having somebody see me naked."

I said "Darling, you'd be sexy if you were in a vacuum and nobody was around to look at you. You make my cock hard just thinking about your sexy little body. And believe me, your daddy doesn't want you to put anything on. He likes looking at your naked body. I'll bet your mother had the best sex in a long time that night."

She looked at me, somewhat stunned. "How did you know that?" she asked.

I said, "Looking at your naked body turns your dad on. He'd be dead if it didn't. You could give a queer a hardon. So you got him aroused and he couldn't fuck you so he fucked the one he could. Your mother."

"You think he actually wants to do things with me? That would be so neat. But you're right, I could hear them after they went to bed. I could hear something thumping and mom would moan real loud and one time she sorta screamed." She got a look of epiphany on her face. "Gramps! She sounded just like me when you did that thing and made me feel super good. Organicing."

I laughed and hugged her to me. "You mean 'orgasming' I think."

"Yeah, that's it. I mean you said that when you put your cock in me and squirted into me that you'd make me scream. Well, I think that's what mom did. Or what dad did to her."

Smiling, I said, "Yeah, and afterward I'll bet your mom said something like 'what brought that on all of a sudden' to your dad. And he probably gave her some lame excuse, because if he told her that he'd watched you naked and it turned him on, she'd call him a pervert and be all jealous. I wonder what your mom looked like when she was younger."

Karen said, "I've seen pictures of her in the family album. She looked almost like me. I remember when I was real young and she was a lot thinner and prettier. Dad loved to hold her and hug and kiss her all the time. Now, he doesn't do that much."

I was fondling her little titties and tweaking the nipples. She moaned and said, "So are you gonna put it in me?"

In answer, I picked her up in my arms and carried her to my bedroom where I gently laid her on the bed. I laid down beside her and started kissing her while caressing her breasts and working down to her bare slit with my hand. Then I followed with my lips, kissing each nipple and biting them a little, then kissing down her tummy. I moved down between her legs and kissed her little mound, then her clit. Licking it with the flat of my tongue, she sighed and moaned softly with pleasure.

Then I started darting my tongue in and out of her moist slit. After getting her worked up a bit and even more vocal, I threw her slim legs over my shoulders and tongued her little tight rosebud. I tried to get my tongue in it as far as possible, but it was closed tight. But it wasn't my main target this time, so I went back to licking and tonguing her sweet cunt. I pushed her legs up so they were almost against her chest, effectively doubling her over, which gave me the most wonderful access to both of her holes. I continued to alternate between her asshole and cunt, enjoying both the taste and feel, and making her moan loudly with the pleasure I was giving her.

I held her legs down so her knees were almost beside her head and started working on the little nubbin of her clit. I'd lap with the flat of my tongue, then circle and swirl around it with the tip, then flick it back and forth. Karen

started shaking and I took her clit between my lips and softly bit and pulled on it, flicking the end of it with the tip of my tongue.

Karen screamed and stiffened, her whole body shaking. I held her completely doubled over and moved my tongue to her asshole. While she was shaking, I tried again to work my tongue into her little rosebud. The stimulation prolonged her orgasm and she was squealing and gasping for breath. Finally I moved to lay next to her and let her legs down. She laid there, sprawled on the bed, hardly able to move.

After a while, when her breathing got back to normal and the flush had pretty much left her face and chest, she turned to me and said, "That was wonderful. I've never felt so good. I'm really getting to like this sex stuff." We both laughed at that.

I said, "And I haven't even put my cock into you yet. Just wait until you feel that."

She lazily said, "If it's anything like that, I want you to keep it in all the time. I like that. So will you put it in me and...uh, love me?"

"You can say it dear. When we're together like this, you can use the dirty words. It's OK to do that while we're having sex. Now tell me what do you want me to do?" I asked her.

She put her lips close to my ear and whispered, "I want you to put your cock in my pussy and fuck me with it." She was blushing at using the dirty words.

I rolled on my back and held my cock up. I told her to take the lube that was on the table next to the bed and lube my cock up real good. Then she was to lube her little hole good so we were both as slippery as possible. Her little cunt was almost dripping from what I had done to her just a few minutes ago, but I wanted to make very sure that there was no possibility of discomfort for her.

She took the lube and put a good size dollop on her hand and then sniffed at it and felt it with the tip of her finger. I told her to rub it all around inside her pussy and get it very slippery. She spread her legs and applied it, rubbing it around and poking her finger into her hole. She sighed at the good feeling that gave her. Then I had her take some more and apply it to my cock. She rubbed her hands together to get them slippery then stroked my hard cock up and down. It was my turn to groan with pleasure as she did that.

Not wanting her to stop, but knowing that her cunt would be much more pleasurable, I had her straddle me. I said, "Now lift up so my cock is at the entrance to your hole." She did that and I rubbed the head back and forth in her slit, both of us enjoying the super slippery feeling of it. Then I told her, "Now, you can control how much you take and how far you want it in you. Just lower yourself down slowly and take as much as feels good. When it gets too much, you can stop and lift up. You can control it that way to make it feel as good as you want to."

She nodded and started to lower herself down. As my cockhead entered her, she gasped, but kept sinking down slowly, taking it little bit by little bit. She started breathing fast as she got about two inches in her. Luckily, she had taken care of the damn pesky hymen with her hairbrush handle, so there wasn't going to be any pain to distract her or turn her off.

Slowly she sank down, gasping and moaning at the feeling of being filled up. When she had about four inches in her, I felt my cockhead bottom out against her cervix. It felt really good to me, but she gave a little yelp and lifted up a bit. I told her, "That's why I wanted you to have the control. You can put as much or as little pressure as you like. As you get more relaxed and feeling good, you'll be able to take more in you. Your vagina will stretch. If it hurts at all, just stop and let it pass, then continue when you want to. Don't worry about me. It feels wonderful and I'll enjoy anything you do."

She nodded to me, then sank down a bit, putting a little pressure on her cervix. She said, "That doesn't really hurt, but it puts a lot of pressure in me. Kinda feels good though. It doesn't hurt you to press down hard?"

I shook my head and said, "No, honey, it feels so good to me. You can push as hard as you like down on me and it won't hurt me. Just do what makes you feel good. If it feels good to press down, do it as much as you like."

With almost a look of concentration, she started to lift up until only my cockhead was in her, then drop slowly

down. Several times she did this and then she dropped down until I was pressing hard against her cervix. She threw her head back and moaned loudly. "Oh that feels good. It hurts, but it feels like when you twist my nipples. It hurts but feels so good at the same time."

I smiled. She was going to be one of the ones who liked some pain during sex. She could already take quite a bit with her nipples being tormented, and now she liked banging her cervix against my cock. She continued to move up and down, moaning loudly "ohgodohgodohgodohgoddamndamndamnohgod" over and over with variations. Soon she was almost bouncing up and down on my cock, squealing loudly. She hit bottom several times and it just stimulated her more. She was starting to shake and get louder when she dropped all the way down, crushing her cervix against my hard cock. She held it there and screamed loudly while her whole body shook and trembled. She held herself like that until she started to quiet down, then she'd move her hips and do the whole thing over again. She was screaming "yesyesyes" and "fuckmefuckmefuckme" over and over again. I could see her body covered with a slight sheen of sweat and her face, neck and chest were flushed red. Still she pushed down hard and screamed. The pressure on my cock was getting to me, but I tried to just enjoy her pleasure and to hold off if I could. It was gonna be hard with her tight, velvety cunt wrapped around my cock and her motions pushing my cockhead against and around the mouth of her cervix.

I got to the point where I knew it wouldn't take much more to make me cum so I raised my thighs up a bit, lifting her up and lessening the depth of penetration, removing the pressure on her cervix. She fell forward onto me and snuggled her

head into my neck under my chin. It was several minutes before she got her breathing slowed down and said, "You were right. That was the awesomest feeling I've ever had. I want you to do that all the time. I love you, Grampa."

I held her close, trying my damndest to keep from cumming whenever she wiggled her hips on my cock. It felt really good but I wanted to fuck her again and let her feel me spurt into her. I doubted that she would have felt it with the pressure she was exerting on her cervix.

We lay like that for a while until she had regained some of her composure. Then I rolled us both over so I was on top of her and threw her legs up over my shoulders. I leaned down and kissed her, doubling her over, and held her lower legs alongside her head. She was so limber that I could do that without her feeling any discomfort. It also lessened the depth of her vagina and I pushed into her cunt, my cock bottoming out. She grimaced as my cockhead hit her cervix, but she said, "Push hard. I like it." Keeping her legs all the way back beside her head, I started stroking into her, trying to carefully bottom out each time. She gave out a little squeal each time I hit her cervix and she was breathing hard again. I continued this for a while until I was almost ready to cum. I pulled back a ways and started stroking with quick, short strokes, feeling the soft walls of her cunt almost clinging to my cock. When I was ready to spurt, I pressed into her, pushing the head of my cock up against her cervix and holding it there. The pressure built up in my urethra until it overcame the pressure of her cervix against it and I forcefully spewed my seed into her.

Karen was screaming with pleasure, kicking her lower legs and gasping for breath. After I had finished spurting into her, I kept the pressure up and she kept moaning and screaming. At one point she yelled, "I felt it! I felt you shooting into me! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" She was shaking her head side to side, moaning and gasping, tears streaming down her cheeks. I let go of her legs and moved them back down so she was stretched out with my softening cock still inside her warm cunt. I held myself up on my elbows and gave her light kisses as she started to recover from her climax. Every once in a while, I'd wiggle my hips, moving my soft cock in her and she'd moan softly. I could have put her legs up beside her head again and kept my cock in her, but I just wanted her to feel good and relax. After my cock popped out of her tight cunt, I laid down beside her and held her in my arms, softly kissing her forehead, cheeks, nose, eyelids, and of course her lips. She just sighed with pleasure.

After a while, she opened her eyes and looked at me. She didn't say anything for a long while, just looked into my eyes. Finally, I said, "A penny for your thoughts, darling." and smiled.

She finally got her voice back and said, "Nuh uh. That was worth a million gazillion dollars. How did you do that? I can't believe how good it felt. Well, feels. Grampa, I really did feel you spurting inside me. It was awesome. I can't describe it."

I said, "You don't have to, my dear. I understand. And I want to make you feel that way as much as possible."

"Oh Grampa, I want it all. I want you to do it to me all the time. Will you teach me all about sex? Will you do all your nasty stuff with me? I want to do it all. Everything. I want to be like those women in your videos." she exclaimed.

"Oh my darling, I don't think you really know what you're asking for", I said to her.

She said, "I may not understand it all now, but I want you to teach me. I want you to show me how to do all that stuff. If it feels anything like how you just made me feel, I want to do it all the time."

Knowing this was a lot of post-orgasmic bravado, I smiled at her. "OK, I'll teach you everything you want to know. So you want to be my perverted sex slave, huh? Do you still want me to make a baby in you? To get you pregnant."

She nodded and said, "Sure, after you teach me how to be your sex slave. Then you can get me pregnant and I'll be your pregnant sex slave. How about that?"

I didn't have the heart to tell her that I wasn't able to get her pregnant. I'd leave that for later. Like after she was my sex slave. And I didn't know how much of her talk was just arousal driven or if she really meant it. I knew she didn't have any real concept of what being 'like those women' in the videos was. I didn't want to scare her off by telling her too much, too soon.

To test a little bit I said, "So you want to be a sex slave. You want to be fucked by as many men as possible?"

"Sure" she said enthusiastically. "If it feels anything like what you did, I'm ready for it."

"How about drinking pee? Or sucking a dog? You up for that kind of stuff?" I asked her.

She hesitated, then said, "Uh, I think I could learn the pee stuff. A dog? I don't know about that."

I said, "Then you're not gonna be much of a sex slut, are you." taunting her a little bit.

I could see her steel herself and her expression got serious. "Fine! I'll drink pee and suck dogs and let them put their things in me. What else do I have to do?" She was considering this a challenge now.

"Oh, how about sucking your girlfriends' cunts? Or taking a horse cock? Or fucking your dad? A good slut wants to fuck her own father." I said.

She looked a little shocked. "What girlfriends? And it's not possible to have a horse cock in me. Besides that's really perverted. But I already want to do things with my dad. I already let him see me naked."

I said, "Well, for one. Any of your girlfriends that you'd like to do it to. Second, you can suck on a horse cock and I've got videos showing women taking them in both their cunts and asses." Her eyes got wide. "And third, letting your dad see you naked isn't the same as getting him to fuck you. When you have sucked him off into your mouth, and he's fucked both your cunt and ass, then you might consider yourself a bit of a slut. But if you keep denying any kinky or perverted thing that you don't think you'd like, then you're not much of a sex slut." I didn't know how far I should push her, but if I got her thinking about doing really extreme things, then doing less extreme things would let her build up to others.

She was thinking. I was sure she had never heard of or thought of these things before. She had been a 'good girl'. But now that she had a taste of what kind of pleasure she could have, she was now considering things that she couldn't have thought about last week.

"Will you show me some of that stuff on your videos? I want to see what it's like and what I'd have to do. If other girls do it, maybe I can too." she said, trying to muster up some of that bravado.

I said, "Stay here a minute." I went and got a warm washcloth and came back and cleaned her up a bit. She moaned as I wiped her drooling cunt and flicked her clit with my thumb. Then I said, "Go to the computer and I'll be there in a minute." I helped her up off the bed and she went out. I cleaned up and then joined her. I sat down and had her sit in my lap. I knew it would be a while before I could cum again, and watching some raw videos

would help get me pumped up. Damn male refractory periods!

After we got comfortable, I clicked on some videos. The first was from a lez piss and scat site. They had some of the most beautiful models doing the nastiest actions with each other, including pee drinking, scat eating, vomiting and other wonderful perversions. I picked a short one with two gorgeous women sucking each other then drinking each other's pee. Karen watch it with intense interest.

When it finished, she said, "They look like they really enjoy that. I guess it's not really that bad." I decided not to show her the one of the beautiful woman eating the other's shit right out of her ass and swallowing it down. So I clicked on a short horse clip.

This one showed a young blonde girl who got a stallion hard, then started to suck him off. She got a goodly amount of the horse's pre-cum and cum in her mouth, then got on a bench under him and put the horse cock in her ass. Karen gasped a little when it showed that. The girl in the video jacked the horse in her ass until it came inside her. She then held a bowl under her and when the horse cock dropped out, the horse cum flowed out into the bowl. Then the girl stood up and drank all the horse cum out of the bowl, licking her lips afterward.

Karen had her hand over her mouth as this one finished. She sat there for a little bit, then said "What else?"

I didn't have much in the way of incest, but I did have an old German one that showed (supposedly) mother/son and father/daughter. I clicked on that one and let it play a while. Karen watched it, but didn't seem real interested in it. I clicked it off and she said, "They're just doing ordinary sex stuff. I could do that."

I said, "With your dad?"

She nodded and said, "I'd already like to have him do things with me. If it takes doing it with my dad to make me your sex slave, then I'll do it. I'd like to do it."

"OK" I said, "that's your first assignment. See if you can get your dad to touch you while you're naked. See if you can get him naked with you. If you want to combine things, go into the bathroom when he's taking a piss and suck him and drink his pee. Let him know you're ready to service him in any way he wants." She had a funny look on her face. "Why don't you try to bring home one of your cute girlfriends and get her to let you suck her pussy. Maybe you could let your dad see you doing it. Wouldn't he be turned on watching that?"

She thought about these things for a while. It was obvious that these kind of things were completely foreign to her thinking and she was having to adjust that thinking a bit. I could almost see and hear the gears turning in her head. To help a little bit, I

put both hands over her titties and started fondling them. Then I started tweaking the nipples a little bit until she moaned lightly. Adding pressure by pinching them, I started twisting them, gently at first but getting rougher as she gasped and groaned at the pain. Still, she didn't put her hands up to make me stop and didn't tell me to.

I alternated between fondling and pinching/twisting. Her breathing was started to quicken and she gasped, "Grampa... ungh... is a... ahhhhh... sex slave... ohhhhh, unghhhh... have to... groan... take a lot of... accccckkkkk... pain?"

I twisted harder and she squealed loudly, but she still didn't pull away or try to make me stop. I dropped one hand down and felt her slit. It was dripping. I continued to pinch and twist the nipple and added flicking her clit. Then I put my finger on her clit and put pressure on it, snapping it from side to side. Karen screamed and shook with a mini climax. When her legs stiffened, I stopped twisting and just palmed her little tortured nipple. I cupped her crotch with the other hand and gently rubbed.

After she started to quiet down, she turned her head and kissed my cheek. "Thank you, Grampa. That hurt but it felt so good. How do you do that?"

I smiled at her and said, "I don't. You do. And to answer your question, sometimes a sex slave has to take a lot of pain. If you're a true pain slut, which you show the beginnings of being, then you'll take a lot more. And it will turn you on."

She looked a little puzzled and said, "But how do you know that I'm a beginning pain slut? What makes you think

I like you to hurt me?"

"Dearest, you just got off on my hurting your nipples and pinching your clit. I was causing you a bunch of pain and you got off on it. You wouldn't if it didn't turn you on. Plus, when I was fucking you, every time you slammed down on my cock and hurt your cervix, you liked it. And got off on the pain." I told her.

"But that didn't hurt so much as feel good pressing down. And when you do my nipples, it hurts but it gets me excited. Does that mean I'm a pain slut?" she asked.

"Well, you're leaning to be. The more you connect sexual pain with pleasure, the more pain you'll be able to stand and the more you'll want to get off on. That's a pain slut." I explained.

She said, "Gosh, Grampa, I always thought sex was so simple. Just two people doing it. You know, his thing inside her and going in and out. I didn't ever think that pain could be sex. Or that licking someone, or drinking their pee was sex. I'm really learning a lot. I want to learn all about it. I want you to do all kinds of things to me so I can learn all about it."

"Well, you're off to a good start, my darling. Believe me. Here, let me show you something that's a little bit extreme but is what a pain slut does." I clicked on my torture folder and started a tit torture video going. This one showed a very pretty and well endowed woman getting lots and lots of needles pushed into her breasts. She quickly looked like two pincushions, med needles sticking all around in her two tits.

Karen watched with a mixture of fascination and horror. After a while, without taking her gaze from the video, she asked me, "Do I have to do that? Do you want to stick needles in my breasts?"

I waited a little bit and said, "Not unless you want to. If you decide you want to try it or have it done to you, I'll do it to you. But like I said, this is a little more extreme."

She finally looked at me and asked, "Do you like watching that being done or doing it to someone?" In answer, I took her hand and put it on my hard cock between her legs. Her eyes got big and she said, "So I've gotta let you do that to me. Torture me like that?"

She went back to watching all the needles being pulled out of the woman's tits. I whispered in her ear, "Not unless you want me to do it to you. It might take a long time and you'll have to build up to it, but if you're a true pain slut, you'll beg me to do it. And you'll get off on it."

On the screen, all the needles were out and the woman's breasts were bloody. She rubbed them, looking into the camera and with a big smile waved 'bye' to the camera as the scene faded to black. Karen said, "Grampa, she really likes that doesn't she?"

I said, "That's a true pain slut."

She turned her head, still stroking my cock between her legs, and said, "Then I'll do it for you. I want you to do anything to me. I want you to make me the most awfulest dirty sex slut around and I want to do the nastiest things you can think of to me."

I said to her softly, "Be careful what you wish for. Don't wish for something you'd regret afterwards."

She looked at me seriously. "Will you keep me safe, no matter what I want you to do to me?"

"Of course, darling. But you have a ways to go. You're just getting started. Don't try to do too much at first."

I could see this was the wrong thing to say. She took it as a challenge and she wasn't about to let anyone challenge her and win. She said, "Do you have any of those needles?" I nodded. She said, "Go get them and I'll show you what I can take. Go ahead and put them in me."

I knew I wouldn't win in this situation, so I said, "Dear, could you let me sorta work up to that. It hurts me to see you hurt and I'm gonna need a little bit to work up to doing stuff to you. Right now, I have a hard time pushing into your cervix 'cuz I know it hurts you. So it's not you, it's me. But if you want to work up to those kinds of nasty

things, I'll try to help you." I tried to look as serious and honest as possible to her, despite the visions of her little titties being skewered with huge needles. There was an element of truth in what I said, because I was scared to push her too far, too fast and sour her from her new sex slut adventures. No use killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

She said, "OK, but I want you to show me all the things that you like and I want you to teach me to do them. If you have to work up to it, that's OK. But I really want this."

I could see she was serious. She truly thought that right now, she wanted to do all kinds of things. I just had to guide her and not let her get out of control. I saw that we had another couple of hours until she had to leave, and I wanted to fuck her little cunt again once more before she left. I said, "You know, you didn't get to see the video showing anal sex the other day. Do you want to see it?"

"Yeah", she said, squeezing my prick. "And then you can do it to me. It felt so good when you licked me down there. Do you like to do it that way?"

I started the video playing and fast forwarded it a bit to where the guy puts it in. Karen watched it avidly, stroking me between her legs. I said, "I love anal sex, dear. But we have to be careful to stretch you and relax you because I don't want to damage you doing it before you're ready."

"I'm ready right now," she boasted. I had her stand up and I went to get the lube. When I came back she was watching the guy jackhammer his cock in and out of the woman's ass. The woman was moaning and yelling for him to do it harder. "Fuck my ass, you cocksucker. Ream it out. Oh god that feels so good. Ram it in me! Do it harder!" and similar expositions. I sat down in the chair and lubed my fingers up good. With the other hand I pushed on Karen's back, indicating for her to bend over. Not taking her eyes from the video, she did. I told her to pull her ass cheeks apart and she did. Slowly I worked the tip of one finger around her rosebud and then pushed against it a little. I told her to push back like she was taking a poop, which she did. Right about the time the guy pulled his cock out of the gaping hole and squirted his semen into it, my finger slipped through her sphincter. Karen gasped at the intrusion but continued to push back against my finger.

I started another video where two guys double teamed one woman, eventually doing a double penetration of her ass. As I worked my finger gently in, I fast forwarded the video to where one guy was already in the woman's ass and the other guy was starting to push his in the same hole.

Karen gasped and exclaimed, "Two! How can they do that?" She was wiggling her butt on my finger and pushing back against it. She obviously was enjoying the sensations. I had my finger all the way in to the palm. As the second guy slipped his cock into the woman's already filled asshole, I slipped a second finger into Karen's. She groaned and wiggled, but didn't give any indication she wanted me to stop. I moved and twisted my fingers, trying to stretch her little sphincter. I knew if I could get three into her, I could probably get my cock in her.

After the two guys each pulled back one at a time and spurted their cum into the woman's widely gaping ass, I stood up, pushing the chair back. I grabbed the lube and got my cock as slippery as I could. Then I put some on my fingers and her hole for good measure. Then I put my cock next to my fingers. As I pulled my fingers out, I quickly let my cock slide in to replace them. Karen gasped as the head slipped in past her sphincter. Then she started pushing back against me, trying to take more in her.

From a virgin in every hole last week, I now had taken all three of them. She cried out, "Harder! Fuck me harder, dammit!" emulating what she had seen the women do and say in the videos. Holding her hips, I pulled her to me and she took my whole cock into her rectum. She was breathing rapidly and I slowly stroked all the way into her, then pulled back until I was almost out before pushing back in to the hilt. Her tight ass felt as good as her tight little cunt. As I stroked into her, she started muttering and screaming things like she had seen in the videos, like 'do it harder', 'do it faster', ream her out. Her legs were shaking, and soon her whole body was spasming. She continued to yell dirty things, gasping for breath at the same time.

I was getting ready to spew. My cock felt like it was enveloped in a tight, warm tunnel and her tight sphincter was spasming around my cock. I've been fortunate over the years to learn a lot of control, so I can last a bit longer than the average stud. Age also helps some.

I pulled her hips tightly to me and held her against me, my cock all the way sheathed in her rectum. I knew her legs were going to give out any time so I backed us both back to the chair where I could sit down. With her impaled on me, I lifted one of her legs and helped her spin around on my cock, so she ended facing me. She threw her arms around my neck and started smothering my face and neck with kisses. I didn't mind in the slightest.

After she had settled down a little bit, I took her chin in my hand and looked directly into her eyes. I said, "I held off cumming because I want to be able to watch you and look in your eyes as I spurt my cum up into you. I love you, little girl."

She nodded, then kissed me again and said, "I'd like that, Grampa. Do it to me." She started grinding around on my cock which wasn't far from going off in her. I thrust my hips up into her a couple of times and then started spewing, both of us looking in each other's eyes. She moaned and I groaned at the same time, shooting up into her. She said excitedly, "I can feel it spurting in me!" She clenched her ass muscles a couple of times and started to cum also. Her little body shook and we held each other tightly until we both had come down a bit from our orgasmic highs.

She started kissing me and thanking me for making her feel so good. Then she pulled back and looked at me. "Now, you've had your cock in all my holes. I'm completely yours. I'm your sex slave to do what you wish with." She was absolutely serious, I could tell. God, what a sexy nymph!

As good as we both felt, I thought I'd test her new resolve for being a sex slut and said, "You know, if you were a true sex slut, you'd get a glass to drain all the cum out of your ass and then drink it down after you had cleaned my cock with your mouth." A fleeting look of fear flickered in her eyes, quickly replaced with the steely reserve I saw earlier.

"I'll do that. I'm your complete sex slut. Let me get a glass. I'll do it for you." I could see she was serious. What the heck! I held her to me and stood up and walked into the kitchen with her, my cock softening but still up in her ass. I held her up to get a glass out of the cabinet and when she had it in her hand, I lowered her down and let my cock pop out of her ass. She immediately squatted down and put the glass under her ass, letting my cum drain out of her. She looked at me with one of those "I'll show you, you fucker" looks of steely resolve in the face of a challenge. Then holding the glass, she leaned forward and took my slimy, brown stained cock in her mouth. She licked and sucked and almost gagged one time, but she continued to spit shine my now soft rod. When it was all clean, she stuck her tongue out at me, then looked down between her legs at the glass with brown stained cum in the bottom of it. She waited as a little more dripped out, then when not much more was forthcoming, she stood up in front of me.

Looking me right in the eye, she tilted the glass up and drained the scum into her mouth. She reflexively started to gag and her eyes watered, but she swallowed it and slammed the glass down on the counter.

"OK, Gramps, does that prove to you that you've got yourself a sex slut?" she asked defiantly.

I decided to play with her head a little more and said, "Well a true slut would have me piss in the glass and drink it down."

By the look of revulsion on her face, I knew she wouldn't do that. But in an instant that look was replaced by the hard look in her eyes. She had been challenged. She grabbed the glass and held it down under my cock and said, "Fine! Fill it! I'll do it!"

I took the glass from her and sat it on the counter, then took her in my arms and hugged her to me tightly. "I know you would, dearest one. I know you would. But you don't have to."

She took a deep breath and pushed me away. "Fine, then I'll do it myself." she said, irritated with me. She held the glass between her legs and started to pee in it. She got it almost all the way filled up before her stream petered out. Looking at the glass of piss, she again took a deep breath and raised it to her lips. She started to gulp it down, involuntarily making a disgusted face. She got about half through it when she suddenly sat the glass down and leaned over the sink and puked all of it up.

She retched several times, heaving it all up. I rubbed her back and tried to calm her. She looked up at me

through very watery eyes, with spittle drooling from her mouth down her chin and said, "I'm sorry." I told her it was fine, that I didn't expect her to do it. After she caught her breath and wiped her eyes and mouth, she got that steely eyed look again and grabbed the glass. I started to protest, but the look in her eyes told me to shut my fucking mouth... or something similar.

Karen looked at the remaining piss and again tilted it to her lips. This time she drank a little more slowly instead of gulping it down and that helped. She emptied that glass and slammed it down on the counter, almost shattering it.

She looked at me and then said, "There! Now kiss me, fool!" and threw her arms around my neck. We kissed passionately for a while, her tasting a little pissy. But I didn't mind at all.

When we pulled apart she said, "I told you I'd do anything for you. I wanted you to know that I meant it."

"I know full well that you did, darling. And I'm duly impressed. I won't make you do things like that any more. You've proven yourself to me hundreds of times over today."

She looked at me like I was a retarded child. Almost speaking slowly so I could understand, she said, "Jeez, Gramps, for someone so smart, you can be so dense. Can you get a clue!? I WANT TO DO THIS! I don't know how to get it through to you. I did that because I wanted to. I need to learn. I can't learn without trying new things. You said you'd keep me safe and protect me. Well, I'm taking you at your word. You tell me what the nastiest things a sex slut does and I'll do them. Or at least try it. It might take me a while and we may have to work up to it, like the needles 'n stuff, but I really wanna do it." She reached up and knocked on my head. "Got that? Been stupid for long?" She laughed.

I was so amazed that I didn't even try to speak. All I could do was hug her with tears in my eyes. After several minutes, I held her out at arms length and said, "We're gonna have to sit down and talk about all this."

"We sure do," was her response. "If you're gonna treat me like a kid instead of a sex slut in training, we're gonna have a problem." I took her hand and we walked back to the front room and I sat on the chair and pulled her onto my lap.

I looked at her and saw that look of steel resolve in her eyes. I said, "I'm sorry. I'll try to never underestimate you again. You're amazing!"

She threw her arms around me and hugged me tight. She said, "This all excites me. Until last week, I hadn't done anything daring or adventurous in my life. I've always played it very straight, like my parents. I've always been the good girl. Well, all of the bad girls are out having all the fun and I want some of it. Not only that, but I want to outdo them. And I want you to help me. Try to keep me safe, but help me become a slut. I'm YOUR slut."

From a chance meeting in the grocery store to this! I felt like I should cash in my savings accounts and buy a ton of lottery tickets. How lucky could one guy get?

I said to her, "The only problem is that we can't let anyone know what we're doing. If your parents or the school or anyone found out, they'd put me UNDER the jail. So we've got to be very careful. YOU can do most anything and all they'll do is give you detention or send you to counseling. But you wouldn't see me again if you lived to be hundred should they catch me doing anything with you. Or even suspected. At least for another four years or so."

"Why four years?" she asked.

I said, "In this state, the age of consent for sexual purposes is sixteen. I'd still get charged and they'd try to put me away, but it'd be harder. Once you're eighteen, then you're pretty much fair game. That's the age of legal consent for most things.

She made a face and said, "That's stupid! I'm the one who wants to be a sex slut!"

I said, "Darling, you already are one." She brightened at being told that. "You just need the experience now. But being a sex slut is a state of mind. You've already proven that you have that. Now you just have to let experience

catch up to you."

"Well, I want you to get me as much experience as possible as fast as you can." she said. "I wanna do better than those women in your videos. Say, could you make a video of me doing all kinds of slutty things, like drinking pee and drinking your cum out of my ass and stuff like that? Maybe shove needles in my titties. We could put it on the internet!"

I said, "Look, it's not an all or nothing proposition. You can do all kinds of sex things, but nobody needs to know. You'd be perfectly normal in regular life, but slut stuff in private."

She gave me that 'poor retarded man' look again and said, "But that's no fun if nobody knows about it. I want to do slutty things and have everyone know about it. I want them to want to watch me like you do your videos."

"And yet the other day you didn't want to take your clothes off so I could see you naked. Why such a big turnaround?" I asked her.

"I didn't know what kind of a thrill it was. I've always been taught that I had to stay covered up and not let anyone see my body. Mom almost wouldn't buy me a two piece bathing suit. She nearly had a cow when I came home with that spandex tube top. Now I've found out that it's fun letting people look at me. Looking back, I guess I sorta felt something like that when you kept looking at me in the store. I LIKED knowing you were looking at me. And I got so excited too when daddy saw me naked. I got that kind of feeling when you made me turn and bend over to expose my bottom to you. I was embarrassed but as soon as I did it and saw the look on your face, I got excited. When I took my clothes off coming up the driveway, I got so hot! I'm seriously thinking about walking naked back to Janelle's to see if anyone sees me. I hope they do!" she said brightly.

"An exhibitionistic slut. I love it!" I said. "You know that you can get in some real trouble if you're not careful?"

"Sure" she said. "And I probably won't do anything stupid. That doesn't mean I can't fantasize about doing it and get turned on. Give me a little credit!"

"Oh believe me, I do. You just keep surprising me. Tell me about this Janelle. You said you haven't told her about what we do." I said.

"She's been my BFF for a long time. Why? Do you want to put your thing in her, too?" she asked.

I grinned at her and said, "See. You know me too well already. Would you share me with her or would that make you jealous?"

She thought for a second then asked, "What would a sex slut do? Would she share?"

I said, "Yes, because she would know that there's enough love and sex to go around for everyone. And that sharing with someone just makes it better for everyone."

She reflected on that then said, "Yeah, I still think you just want to get into another twelve year old's panties." She hugged me, then said, "But I'd help you do it. I'll try to set it up. I think Janelle would like it, too."

I protested, "No, dear, don't. Having one of you will probably kill me prematurely. I don't know if I could handle the two of you. Besides, you need to be careful who knows what and who could find out."

She said, "But Janelle's been much freer about things than I ever was. That's why I like her. She hardly wears any clothes at all. I've seen her dad naked. I don't know if she lets him do her, but I wouldn't be surprised now that I think back on things. They're all much closer than my family. But even so, I know she'd like to do sex things. She's already done things with some of the boys. Besides, she got her boobies before I did and they're bigger than mine. You'll like them." she said, purposefully rubbing her breasts against my chest.

I looked at the clock and asked her, "When do you have to go?"

She looked and said, "Uh, I think I've got time for one more. Can you put it in me and do me again?"

"So which hole do you want it in this time?" I teased.

"I don't care. You've had them both. You pick one and I'll drink your cum from either one of them." she said, smiling.

I said, "What a slut!"

She laughed and said, "I hope so! I'm trying hard."

"And being very successful, my dear. You've succeeded in blowing my mind several times today. I really love you."

"Yeah, you probably tell that to every twelve year old girl after you've done all her holes." She laughed.

I asked her, "So how do you want to do it?"

She thought a second then said, "If you put it in my rear, what's even dirtier than cumming in me and having me drink it?"

"Pissing in your ass, then making you drink all." I said, instantly regretting my words.

"OK, let'd do it!" she said immediately. "Use the same glass?"

I knew better than to try to take my words back now. Once she gets that steely look, she won't back down. I'd found that out. Besides, it shouldn't hurt her. She may puke again, but it shouldn't hurt her.

She got the glass and I got the lube and squirted some out on my hand. "What position would feel best for you?" I asked her as she came back.

"I want to look at you. I want to look in your eyes and tell you how much I love you while you piss inside me. Can we do that?" she asked.

"Sure" I said. "I'll show you a good position, for either hole. OK, straddle my legs and sit facing me. Then put your arms around my neck." She did that. "Now, bring your feet up here on the chair on each side of me." She did and slipped her feet under my thighs on the chair. "Now, raise up so I can lube your hole and my cock." She raised herself up and I smeared lube on my cock generously and then more on her asshole. Holding my cockhead against her little rosebud, I said, "Now, you've got control. You lower down and raise as much as you feel like." She held on and looking me in the eye, lowered down, putting pressure on my cock. She grunted and tried to push out when all of a sudden my cock slipped into her ass. She gave a loud grunt of surprise, then kissed me passionately.

She pulled back and said, "I love it back there, Grampa. I really do. Thank you for showing me how to do it that way."

Then she started bouncing up and down, grunting and moaning with pleasure each time my cock plunged up into her rectum. She was taking it all the way in, without any apparent discomfort. Other than the stretching of her sphincter, which she obviously liked.

She tried to emulate the sluts on the videos, saying, "I love how your cock feels in my rear. Push it in me. Do me harder. Oh god, I like it like this. Make me cum with your big thing in my rear." She still hadn't quite got the hang of the dirty words yet, but I had no doubt that that would be next.

She was doing the Ohhhhhh's and Ahhhh's and the "Do it to me harder" with each bounce up and down, really getting into the feeling. Her tight little asshole scraping up and down my shaft was quickly brining me to the point of no return. She was groaning louder and her legs started shaking, both with the exertion and her approaching climax. I couldn't hold off much longer and when she stiffened and screamed, that's when I pumped into her and shot my load. After the initial scream, she yelled "I can feel you shooting into me! Do it Gramps! Shoot it all in me!"

After twice previously, I didn't have much cum to give her, but that didn't make any difference to me. It still felt so damned good cumming in her ass!

After we both relaxed for a minute, Karen looked at me and said, "That was great. Now pee in me. Please?"

How could I resist a request like that from a sexy twelve year old riding on my cock? I couldn't. So I worked on relaxing my urinary sphincter. It takes a little practice to be able to pee with a hard on. Luckily, I had just cum hard and my hardon was slipping away. As it did, my relaxing muscles let my piss start to stream into her ass. Karen squealed loudly and said, "I can feel it. You're peeing in me. Oh, that feels neat! You've gotta do that more! I love you so much!"

My stream dribbled to a stop and I could feel some leaking out around my cock. I grabbed the glass and scooted forward then put the glass under her ass. My cock softened and finally popped out of her ass, followed by the deluge of my piss and cum, and her ass juices and, as I soon found out, a few nuggets of her shit. Karen hugged me and said, "Can we do this in the kitchen again. Just in case?"

I said "Sure" and she got off my lap and we walked into the kitchen. She took the glass from me and held it up to look at it. A look of real apprehension, but not fear, flashed on her face, then she said, "So a real slut would be able to drink this down? Right?"

I'd learned quickly to neither challenge her nor be condescending with her. "No, not necessarily." I said.

"But if she was a really super slut, she would, right?" she asked. I almost thought she was trying to have me talk her into it, when I really wanted to talk her out of it.

"Dear, what do you want me to tell you? There are piss and scat sluts who would do it in a moment. There are others who wouldn't think of it. I don't expect you to do it. I don't know what to tell you. I love you for wanting to do it for me."

"But for me to become the most perverted slut, this is the thing I'd have to do, right?" she asked. "Will it hurt me? If I eat my crap that's in here, I won't get sick will I?"

"No, you should be fine. I've got some stuff I can give you that will kill most any germs that you get. But scat sluts eat shit all the time. I'll show you some of the videos if you want. I didn't want to disgust you by showing those to you yet. You may puke again trying to get it down from the revulsion that's been programmed into us, but it won't hurt you. After all, it's your shit. Or crap."

She took a deep breath and lifted the glass. I said, "Hon, I'm trying to tell you that sluttiness is in your head, not what you will do... or drink. Just because you haven't run away screaming in fear shows how much you are capable of doing. Please, you don't have to drink that to show me you're a super slut. Or want to be."

She looked at me and said, "You're right. I don't have to do it to show you." She smiled at me. "I have to do it to show myself." With that she put the glass to her lips and started to drink it down. This time, she had learned from her previous lesson and drank much more slowly. She'd stop every so often and smile at me, then take a deep breath and drink some more down.

She finally got all of the liquid down. She held up the glass and looked at the little shit nuggets at the bottom. Then she upended the glass and shook it until they fell down into her mouth. She looked at me and opened her mouth to show them to me, then swallowed. She started to gag, but fought it back and proudly opened her mouth to show me that it was empty.

"I'm serious, Gramps. I want to have fun. I want to be a slut. I don't want to be quiet, safe little Karen any more. You've showed me a way to do that. And I like it. I want people to love me 'cuz I'm a slut and I want people to envy me 'cuz I'm a slut. If they hate me, I don't care.

So what? I've watched all the 'bad girls' get the boys and have other girls envy them. They get things done for them and they always have a bunch of friends. They have fun having sex. You've showed me how much fun it is to have sex. I'm gonna rely on you to show me how to do it safely, but I wanna do it."

"Wow. I don't know what to say except I love you. I'll try to keep you safe and help you in any way I can." I said.

"And... uh, fuck me as much as possible?" she said smiling, using a word she never used. "I just love having you inside me."

"I love being inside of you, dear." I said and hugged her to me.

We agreed that she had to get back to her friend's, so I helped her clean up. We talked for a few minutes more and she promised me she'd talk to Janelle but would be careful not to let all our secrets out.

She refused to put her clothes on, insisting that she wanted to stay naked as long as possible. I watched her lovely pre-teen ass sway down the driveway, top and shorts in her hand.

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Cont'd in chapter 2
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