

## Summertime at Grandpa Dicks- Chap 3

by Ole Crannon

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It had been couple of days since I had sent the two twelve year old minxes, Karen and Janelle, home after having their first sex lesson together. And the two had gotten pretty emotional during that lesson. Both little nymphs were very competitive, even if they were best of friends. I was going to have to control, and hopefully channel, that desire for oneupsmanship.

I hadn't heard from Karen and I was starting to get worried that someone had found out something or that the two had gotten mad at each other or... well, I couldn't imagine. Only fear.

Finally, the phone rang. The ID showed it was from Janelle's house. I answered and Karen's voice said brightly, "Hi Gramps. It's me."

"Hello, darling," I said. "I was worried that something had happened or you and Janelle got into an argument. Is everything OK?"

"Yeah, great. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I just wanted to let you know that I'll be over in a few minutes. Don't get dressed up." She snickered, then said, "Just get it up."

I laughed and said OK and we hung up. I watched out the window and a short while later was rewarded with the beautiful sight of a naked twelve year old Karen skipping up the driveway. I was waiting at the door when she rounded the corner of the house. Her brilliant smile just seemed to light up the whole day for me.

I gave her a hug at the door and she dropped down on her knees and tried to take my whole cock in her mouth, almost choking as the head banged against the back of her throat. Her eyes watered but she sucked and licked on it for a few seconds to show me how happy she was to see me, then stood up and we went inside and sat down, her on my lap.

Karen threw her arms around my neck and gave a long passionate kiss. When she pulled back, I asked, "What was THAT for?" and smiled.

She said, "Just 'cuz I love you and you make me happy. And you're teaching me all about sex, which I just LOVE!"

I said, "Believe me, sweetie, you are an apt pupil." I kissed her on her button nose. "Where's Janelle?" I asked.

That's when she got a somewhat serious look on her face and said, "That's what I needed to talk to you about. But I wanted to do it just the two of us."

I was worried and said, "What's wrong, sweetie, did you two get in a fight? Is it something that I did?"

She hugged me tight, then kissed me and I thought I saw that 'PRM' (poor retarded man) look on her face again. She said, "No, not even close. We had a great talk when we got back to her place after we left here the other day and we love each other more, if that's even possible! We both have a better understanding of what each of us wants to do and I wanted to talk to you about that so you'd know."

I had my arm around her feeling her tit with my hand and I tweaked the nipple a little and said, "I'm so glad. So tell me, what can I do?"

"Gramps, I really love you. I mean it. But in addition to that, I'm really excited about what you're teaching me about being a dirty, nasty sex slut. I want to do it all. The thing is, Janelle doesn't quite feel the same way. Oh, she still wants to have sex and do all kinds of things, but she wants it for a different reason than I do. She just likes the sex. She wants to try out different things to see if she likes it or not. But she really just likes having sex," Karen explained.

I said, "You on the other hand...?"

"I want to learn to be a total, perverted slut. I wanna do the absolutest awful things just to do them. I mean I like doing things and I want to do things that I like, but I also want to find out and experience all the things I don't know about. I mean, like you showed us the women doing the crap eating. Grampa, I wasn't disgusted by it! I wanted to be there doing it with them."

"Are you sure, sweet thing? Janelle seemed really turned off by it." I asked her. "You're going to find that a common reaction."

"I know. And she apologized to me for being that way. She said that she just couldn't bring herself to do something like that right now. But she did understand why you showed it to us. And she promised that she wouldn't react like that again. She said after she had time to think about it, she felt really bad for acting that way when you're taking such a risk to help teach us everything. She said that she owes you a lot and will make it up to you." She paused, then got a silly look on her face and said, "Yeah, she'll probably be over here trying to screw your brains out to make it up to you. She's hot for sex, sometimes even more than I am. Well, not really. She just doesn't want to do the same things or do them for the same reasons as I do." She kissed me and continued, "But we both understand that now. And each other. So everything's fine. You can teach us everything and we'll each do our own things."

"That's really wonderful, dear. I was pretty worried when Janelle got so upset the other day. I don't want anything like that to happen to either of you. I want you to enjoy everything," I assured her.

"Well, some of the things I have a feeling I'm not gonna enjoy a lot, even if the idea of them or watching them turn me on. Like the nipple twisting thing. That really hurts, bad. But even if it hurts, I find it turns me on. A lot! Janelle is different. It's just pain to her. She's never even been spanked by her dad. She said that when I pinched her nipples, all she wanted to do was knock my hands down and run away. I guess she isn't wired the same as me. But that's OK. We agreed that we're different and we're going to react to things differently. Oh, and we also agreed that we wouldn't try to outdo the other one, like we tried to do before. We even kissed on that." She got a big grin on her face. "Well, we kissed on a lot of things. We both like doing that."

I grinned and said, "And I like watching that, too."

She said, "Yeah, we know, you dirty old man. And we'll do it all you want. We'll suck each other, too. And we'll lick each other's rears."

The difference in language usage between the two girls was striking. Janelle was like a longshoreman while Karen was like a church lady. I was either going to have to tone down Janelle's mouth or help Karen learn to roughen up her language when situations called for it.

"You will, will you?" I said. "Even if it means doing more than that?"

Karen got a wicked grin on her face and said, "Yep, even more. In fact, Janelle did it for me, Grampa! I ate some of hers. I mean... her... ah... crap."

"Honey, you can use the nastier language when it's just us together. It really isn't bad and it can sometimes help communication better." I told her. "It's really all right for you to say 'shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cock and those things.'"

"I know, Gramps, but I've always been raised not to say stuff like that. My mom never uses any dirty language like that and she'd really punish me if I ever used it. I know that it's OK with us, but it may take me a little while to learn how to do that. But what I meant to say was that Janelle let me eat some of her...well, shit. Grampa! I did it! It felt so nasty and I could tell by Janelle's face that she couldn't believe that I did it, but I wanted to show her how much I love her. We cried. And she actually kissed me after I did it!"

"Oh, sweetie, I'm happy for you that it brought you closer together." I said. "But you have to be careful. I'll show you a lot of perverted things, but that doesn't mean that you should go right out and do them all. Not until you learn a lot more. But I'm glad that you two are OK."

Karen's face lit up and she said, "Oh, we're more than OK. She said it was OK for me to have her dad, and she's gonna do mine!" She saw my questioning look and said exaggeratedly, "I'm sorry. She's gonna FUCK my dad

and I'm gonna FUCK hers. Unnerstand now?"

I saw that she was excited about that, but I said, "Ummmm, that's fine, dear, but do you think that you two should be doing that? I mean, could it cause problems?"

She gave me that PRM look again and said, "Why? I've already sucked her dad off. He said he'd like to do... uh, fuck me so why not? As far as my dad, I want him to, ah, I want to do all kinds of dirty things with him. I don't know if he'll do it, but I don't care. I love him and I wanna try."

"What about Janelle and her dad? Is she going to 'do him' too?" I asked.

"Probably not. She said that they've already discussed it and both he and her mom said it wasn't gonna happen. She told me this after we talked and agreed on our things. They've let her screw around with boys and let her be completely free sexually, but they said that there was a line, and that was it. God, I couldn't believe it. I mean they talked about stuff like that. My mom would have kittens if I even brought up the subject of sex."

"So they've let her be sexually free if she doesn't try to seduce her dad? That's really good. I like that," I told her.

"Yeah. They're neat. And now that they know we're doing sex stuff, they're even better. I mean, they don't put any clothes on when I'm around with Janelle now. Her mom made some remarks to her husband about how he wasn't going to be able to handle two women now that I was around. Stuff like that. It was really cool!"

"They sound pretty liberated. I can't think of anything better. I wish more families were like that. Dear, you mentioned that Janelle has never had a spanking. I think I know why." I said to her.

She looked at me puzzled and sat there thinking. Finally, I said to her, "Janelle doesn't have to rebel. She doesn't have to try to seduce her dad and compete with her mother for his affections, because everything's out in the open. They've discussed it and Janelle obviously knows where the limits are and she's happy with them. I have a feeling that they have some arguments now and then, like any normal family, but there probably isn't the sexual tension component that can cause so much trouble."

"I dunno," she said, "but it's almost weird. But the 'I like it' kinda weird. After we had our long talk and she told her mom and dad about me and her doing things, they were really cool. I mean, I actually walked up to her dad and took a hold of his cock and told him I wanted it in me. He just smiled at me and said, 'When the time's, right, kitten.' Janelle's mom walked in and saw me holding his cock and she walked over and said he was gonna have his work cut out for him satisfying both her and me. I couldn't believe it! And she's really pretty, too."

"So it won't be long before you're sucking her cunt for her, huh, slut?" I said with a big grin.

She said, "I dunno, Gramps. I'm not a lez, and I do those things with Janelle 'cuz I love her and she loves me."

I said, "But I thought you were a sex slut. Sluts do all kinds of things like that because it's fun to do, or it's nasty, or just because you want to make someone feel good. Or just because. So why wouldn't you want to lick her pussy? It's what a good slut would do."

"You know, you're right, as usual. I'm not a lez, but I like doing those things with Janelle. I guess no matter how much of that kinda stuff I do, I still want you or her dad to do it to me most of all. So I'm not a lez, just a slut. So I guess I'd do it with her mom."

"I'd rather enjoy watching that," I told her grinning.

She hugged me and said, "I'm sure you would, you nasty old perv. I'll see if we can arrange that."

"So do you want to call Janelle and have her join us?" I asked her.

"You just want to watch us do nasty girl-girl things with each other, don't you?" she said, grinning. "I know you."

"Yes, in fact, I do. And I'll tell you why. You just indicated that you didn't want to do girl-girl sex stuff with Claire, even though you tell me that she's good looking. You say you want to be a sex slut, but you don't want to do sex

slut things because they're with another female. So you've got a lot to learn, missy. You need to realize sex is sex. With a girl or a guy. With a girl, the plumbing is different, so you do different things. Like licking, sucking, fingering, fisting, all kinds of things. And you learn to get off on them," I told her. "You get off on doing those things with Janelle. Why not with Claire? Or another woman?"

"Why do you have to be right like that all the time?" she said, laughing.

"Years and years of experience, my dear," I told her. "Will Rogers once said that there were three kinds of people: the ones that learn by reading, or the few who learn by observation. I'm just letting you learn by 'reading' or sharing my experiences and observations."

"So what about the third kind? What do they do?" she asked me.

"Well, he said that the rest of them have to pee on the electric fence for themselves." From her expression, I could see that she had no understanding of electric fences, water's conductivity of electricity or the consequences of those two meeting up, so I took some time to explain them to her. "Have you ever touched an electric fence wire, sweetie?"

She said, "Uh, yeah. They've got some at Janelle's. Once I got too close and accidentally touched one and got a zap. It really hurt."

"And you understand that being wet conducts electricity better than dry. Right?" I asked her.

She nodded. "Like standing in a puddle of water and touching a light socket. I've seen that on TV or in the movies."

"Right. Water provides a path for the electricity. But we're getting away from the whole point. Imagine someone standing next to an electric fence wire and peeing on it. The water, or pee, is conductive. How do you think that would feel?" I said grinning.

The light went on in her head and she made a face and grabbed her crotch. "Oh WOW! Now THAT would hurt!"

"So do you think someone would learn a lesson that way? Now you see the alternative to learning from others' experiences and observations," I explained to her.

"That Bill guy was pretty smart, huh, Gramps?" she said to me.

I grinned at her and said, "Yes, ol' 'Bill' was definitely smart. You should go do some research on him on the web just to see how smart he was. But use the name 'Will', as that's what everyone knew him as."

"OK, Gramps. Now, we've got some time. Can you show me some videos of the things a sex slut does?" she asked me.

"Sure, baby. Don't you want to call Janelle and have her join you?" I asked her.

She thought for a second and said, "No, I'd like to spend some time with you. Maybe you can put your thing in me while you show me some videos. If you don't mind, that is."

"Honey, why would I ever mind being with you and fucking you?" I told her. "There's nothing that I like better."

"Even better than whipping and torturing me or having me drink your pee or other pervy stuff," she asked.

"You know," I told her, "all of those things are enjoyable, especially if they're done with you, but I can honestly tell you that there's nothing more satisfying to me than just being able to hold you close to me, feel your wonderful body and make love with you. To make you feel good."

"Awww, Gramps, that's nice. And I feel the same way about you. Sometimes I feel like doing nasty things and being all perverted 'n stuff, then there's times like now that I just want you to hold me and feel your thing inside me," she said, laying her head on my shoulder.

We sat there, just feeling good with each other, then I clicked on a video for us to watch. It was one of two sexy women together who made love to one another, but ended up with them fisting each other's holes. Both fore and aft. Karen watched it while stroking my cock, then had me put it into her tight cunt in a reverse cowgirl position. That way we could both watch the video, while she ground her hips and moved up and down.

Karen was getting pretty excited watching the movie and feeling my cock push against her cervix. When the first girl started to get her fist worked into her partner, Karen slowed down her gyrations to watch carefully. She asked me questions like 'doesn't that hurt' and 'how can she take that much in her' and others, which I answered for her. Then as one onscreen started to work a hand into the other's ass, Karen watched intently, again asking me questions. As the fisting got more energetic, so did Karen's movements on my cock. She ended up bouncing up and down and grinding on it, obviously turned on.

When the video ended, she turned to look at me. She said, "Grampa, when you put your thing in my rear, it really felt good. I mean, REALLY GOOD! Is that how it feels to have a whole hand inside you? I mean, it's gotta hurt, doesn't it?"

"Did it hurt when I put my cock in your ass?" I asked her.

She pulled one leg up and started to turn around, using my cock as a pivot. Bringing her leg around, she pivoted all the way around, which was a very interesting sensation in itself. Once she was facing me again, she put her arms around my neck and said, "Yeah, at first when you were stretching me. Then it felt good once you were inside me. I felt so full!" she said.

"Then you probably realize that stretching your anal sphincter to get it into your ass is what hurts," I told her. "If you can learn to relax the muscles, it doesn't hurt- at least as much. If you practice stretching those muscles, they'll hurt less and less as you get used to it- at least up to a point. Sluts who take fists and large objects practice relaxing and stretching so they can do it. And I dare say, it feels good, just like it felt good to you. Once you had relaxed and started to enjoy it."

"Mmmm, it felt really, really good. So should I practice stretching my holes out so I can take ginormous things up in me?" she asked.

"That's up to you, dear. It depends on what you like and what you want to do," I told her.

"But do real sex sluts take huge things in their holes, like fists 'n things?" she asked.

"Some do, some don't," I told her. "Depends on what they like and who they're with and what they feel like doing, I guess. Most of the ones you see on video are usually getting paid to do those things. They probably enjoy them or they wouldn't be doing them, and to get as good as they are - or as big - they have to either do it all the time or practice a lot to get stretched that far. It takes a bit of constant stretching to even be able to take large things in them."

"Gramps, will you put your whole hand up in me?" she asked.

"If you want me to, hon," I told her. "It can take some time and can be painful though. Besides, there's some physical limits. You're only twelve and still growing. Your holes may not physically be able to stretch and take large size things yet. That may take some time."

"But then it would be good to start now if I'm gonna be able to put huge things inside me, right? I mean, then as I grow, I'll be able to do more and take bigger things. Right?" she asked.

"Yes, baby, that's the theory. However, you've gotta remember that there are physical limits to things and if you try to do too much, you'll only end up damaging yourself and cause a lot of problems," I warned her.

"Then you'll have to help me make sure I don't do any major damage, won't you?" she said, smugly. "So what do we have to do to start getting me stretched and learn to relax my spinker?"

"Uh, that's 'sphincter' dear," I told her, laughing.

"OK, 'sphinc-ter'," she said, emphasizing the pronunciation, then sticking her tongue out at me. "What do we have to do?"

I didn't say anything, but clicked on the browser and did a search on the word, selecting several information pages and then explaining to her the physical workings and purposes of them. This led us to other things and we spent a good amount of time getting her a bit more educated in human- and especially female - reproductive anatomy. She marveled at the way the body was put together and how it worked. Apparently they don't teach much of that in school. At least not to twelve year olds.

After we had covered most of the female reproductive system, she ground her hips down and around on my still hard cock and said, "Gramps, I love the feeling of your thing pressing against my cervix. When you do it hard, it hurts, but it feels so good, a good hurt. I wish you could put it all the way inside my uterus, stretching it and filling it up. Wouldn't that feel so good?"

I kissed her and said, "I'd love that too, sweetie. But I don't think that's possible. I don't think my cock's long enough to do that."

"Is there anything that you can use to do that. I mean, put something into my uterus? I'd like to feel something all the way up inside me," she said.

"Well, this is where I try to protect you and give you the benefit of my knowledge. One, your uterus is still immature. You haven't even started your periods yet. Two, there's a reason why it's not simple to get things up inside it. If it was meant to be done, it would be much easier. Three, it can cause damage that will keep you from being able to have children. And you said you wanted to get pregnant, didn't you? Those are just three quick ones. If you give me time, I'll come up with some more."

She thought for a while, then said, "Yeah, I want you to make a baby in me. So we can't do anything that would damage me for that. But I get so shivery when I think of what it would be like to have something pushing up into me there. It would hurt good, like when you push hard on my cervix. I really like that." She ground her hips, trying to put pressure on her cervix.

"Honey, I like it too. We'll have to see what positions we can use to help you get all the pressure you want. In fact, here. Put your feet up here beside me legs," I told her. She moved her feet up, pulling her knees up against her chest. I held on to her to balance her so she wouldn't fall. Then I pulled her forward and thrust up into her at the same time. She squealed with pleasure as my cock pushed hard against her little cervix.

"Oh, Gramps! That's wonderful! It hurts so good." She started working her hips. "Uhhnn, uhnn, ohhhhh, nnnnng!" she moaned as I pushed hard into her. She started to shake and threw her head back and concentrated on getting as much pressure as she could from my cock. Slightly grinding on me, she worked on it until, with her little body shaking, she screamed with pleasure as she orgasmed. I held on to her tightly and let her enjoy it.

After she had come down a bit from her climax, I said, "That looks like it was a good one for you, honey."

"Yah-uh, Gramps. I got so excited thinking of having you push something into my uterus. Isn't there something that we could use to do that that would be safe and not damage me?" she asked.

"Well, there are uterine dilators that are used for that purpose, but I still don't like the idea of doing it to you, no matter how much it turns you or me on," I told her.

"It turns you on too? Great! I want you to figure out how to do it for me then. OK?" she told me.

"Let me think about how to do it then, sweetie. I don't want to damage you in any way," I told her. "And promise me that you won't try anything like that unless I'm there to help you. Or do it for you."

"Sure. What other videos can we watch?" she asked.

"When do you need to go? When are they expecting you back?" I asked her.

"Umm, I got a little while, I think. Why, are you trying to get rid of me?" She grinned and moved her hips.

"Darling, that's the furthest thing from my mind. Especially with you sitting on my cock like you are. Why would I want you to stop? But I'm just worried that if you're late, someone will get upset and that would effect our time to be together in the future. That's all," I told her.

"Janelle knows I'm here and what we're doing. Claire knows I'm here, but she probably doesn't know what we're doing. I don't have any specific time I've gotta be back other than for dinner, I guess," she said.

"OK, just as long as you don't get in trouble," I told her.

Since we had some time, we watched a bunch more videos and when Karen had a question about physical or sexual things, we looked them up and studied the information so she'd be able to understand things better. It wouldn't be just her taking my word for something. She did get excited a couple of more times and squirmed and wiggled on my cock until we both had good orgasms. Well, she had several and her getting off finally got me off and I spewed into her hot little cunt.

After we had both gotten off, she hugged me and held on, thanking me for everything. Then we got up and got cleaned up. She picked up her clothes, if you could call her skimpy top and tight shorts which revealed everything 'clothes', and headed back to Janelle's. She gave me a goodbye kiss at the door and swung her hips in exaggeration as she walked away. As usual, I ran to the kitchen window to watch her delightful little fanny sashay down the driveway. Just before she got out of sight, she waved her hand above her head to me. What a lovely little minx I had found.

[continued in Ch 4]