

Summertime at Grandpa Dicks- Chap 4

by Ole Crannon

"Ummm, Hi Grampa. It's me. I'm at Janelle's and her mom wants to talk to you. Is it OK if she comes over now?"

If I had been wearing any underwear, I'm sure I would have pissed them thoroughly. As it was, both of my sphincter's slammed tight and my stomach was doing flip flops that would put a Cirque Soleil acrobat to shame. I stuttered and stammered a bit and Karen realized how much of a fright her words had caused. She said, "No, it's OK. She just wants to meet you. She's fine."

I finally got my voice back and said, "Un, OK. When?"

Karen paused and I heard her say something to someone, then she said to me, "Now. In about five minutes."

"Are you and Janelle coming over too" I asked her with trepidation.

"No, not right now. She said she wanted to talk to you alone." Karen told me.

"Um, OK. I'll expect her. She knows how to get here?" I asked.

"Yep, we told her. She's on her way right now. She doesn't want me to tell you anything else until you talk to her." she said.

"Dear, am I in trouble. Should I be worried?" I asked.

"No, nothing like that. But you might want to put some clothes on before she gets there, though." Karen giggled.

With my stomach still twisting inside out, I said, "OK, I'll do that. You can't tell me any more than that, though?"

"No, but she's cool, Gramps. You're gonna like her. Just don't let her wear you out so you can't take care of Janelle 'n me." She giggled again.

That made me feel a little better, but I still didn't relish facing a parent of a twelve year old girl that I was fucking. We hung up and I ran to throw some decent clothes on before she got there. I didn't know what to expect, and I hurried around the room, trying to straighten things up and make them a bit presentable.

Finally, the doorbell rang and I answered the door. Opening it, I was suddenly looking at one gorgeous vision of female loveliness. My mouth apparently dropped open, as this woman smiled at me and said, "Mr. Humbert, I presume? So you're the one who's fucking my daughter, huh?" With that, she started to come in and I just stepped aside to let her. From behind, she was as perfect as from the front. And her literary reference wasn't lost on me.

Janelle apparently got her exceptionally sexy looks from her mother. The woman was about five-eight, athletically slim, with stupendous, firm - about 36D - breasts and a killer ass. She was wearing a pair of shorts that showed her lithe legs off, and a halter top that was short enough to expose her belly button, and with a neckline that exposed the top swells of her breasts. And it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. And didn't need one.

She walked into the front room and looked around, then turned to me and said, "I'm Claire. Janelle's mom." and held out her hand to me. I took it and noted how soft her skin felt, almost like her daughter's. I was still at a complete loss for words. One, because I was fucking this woman's pre-teen daughter and two, because of her amazingly beautiful looks.

She realized how uncomfortable I was and said, "Oh, everything's fine, Humbert. I won't bite. Unless you want me to." She grinned and sat down. "I just wanted to talk to you about my daughter and Karen, and make sure we all understand everything. After all, those two are only twelve and don't necessarily have the maturity to make good decisions yet."

I sat down in the other chair and having gotten a very little bit over my fright, got my voice back. "I'm very pleased to meet you. Janelle and Karen have told me about you. Karen said you were beautiful, but to be honest, I didn't know how much to believe. Now I can see that she was vastly understating the situation."

She smiled at me and said, "Well, thank you. What a charmer. You obviously know how to make a female comfortable. At least with words. According to Janelle and Karen, you do quite well with other things also. Which brings me to the reason for my visit."

I had the terrifying urge to blurt out that I'd leave the girls alone and never see or touch them again if she would only not turn me in. A million things raced through my mind, but fortunately I couldn't bring myself to actually say much of anything except, "And that is?"

She looked directly in my eyes and said, "We know you're fucking both of them. How long has this been going on?"

She still hadn't given me any indication on how she, or they, felt about the situation, even though Janelle had told me that they were swingers and lived a pretty free lifestyle. I had a feeling that she was relishing my abject fear and actually enjoying prolonging it. So I decided to try a little aggressive approach with her rather than just play full defense. I smiled at her and said, "Not long. Janelle said you were aware of it and approved. I figured that she wouldn't lie about something that serious. Besides, Karen said that your husband was going to be fucking her. You know, I'd like to think that it's more like I'm mentoring them rather than just fucking their brains out. And actually, it's been less than a week or so since Janelle joined Karen in our... ummm, 'tutoring' lessons. She's really precocious, isn't she?"

The beautiful woman smiled broadly and said, "Oh, God, you don't know the half of it. My husband and I have always had a pretty free, open lifestyle. Janelle was only five or six when she started masturbating... at least, that's when we found out she was doing it. Not long after that, she was getting into our sex toys and vibrators. I ended up having to buy her some of her own so she'd leave mine alone. I'm afraid she inherited my hyper sex drive. She's been trying to get her father to fuck her for several years. So far, we've been able to fend her off from that. I don't know how much longer he can resist her though. And yes, Karen has indicated that she does want him to fuck her, but I've been able to keep him, um, preoccupied enough that he hasn't done that yet. But it's only a matter of time." She leaned forward, giving me a great view down her halter at the tops of her breasts. "So, besides being a pedophile, what else should we know about you?"

I looked her in the eye and said, "As far as your daughter goes, you should know that I think she's a wonderfully mature-beyond-her-years, sexy young lady who knows what she wants and goes about getting it."

She leaned back in the chair and sighed, saying "You don't have to tell me that."

I smiled and said, "And I've come to care for her a lot. I don't love her like I do Karen, but I will protect her and try to help her safely learn about sex and her sexuality. She's obviously been well educated and motivated by you two. I've been amazed at her maturity compared to other girls her age. And Karen is similar, but without the experience and guiding hand that you've provided Janelle."

She laughed and said, "You silver tongued devil, you! Really know how to charm the panties off a woman... or a twelve year old, don't you?"

I looked her right in the eye and said seriously, "No, I've just found that honesty has always seemed to work best for me. I'm just calling it like I see it." Then I figured I'd turn the tables bit more and said, "So are you looking to have your panties charmed off? Or do you take them off voluntarily?"

To my surprise, she stood up and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her shorts and pulled them all the way down, stepping out of them. Then she skinned her halter top off and stood completely nude in front of me. Her crotch was shaved or waxed perfectly bare and her breasts certainly didn't need a bra for support. She spread her legs and pulled her cunt lips apart, then said "This is the place that I like to have silver tongues applied. At least if you're up for it?"

I took a deep breath at the sight of her stunning body. I could see where her daughter had gotten not only her

sexual attitude, but her delightful body also. I motioned for her to step closer to me and wet my finger in my mouth. She stood in front of me and I inserted two fingers into her moist tunnel and placed my thumb over her clit, which I noted had a ring in her clit hood. I looked up at her and started to massage the inner wall of her cunt with the tips of those two fingers, while slipping my thumb lightly back and forth over her clit and the piercing. From the low moan she let out, I had apparently found the right spot. Continuing my finger motions, it didn't take much time before she threw her head back and started moaning louder and longer. Keeping up the motions, but varying the speed and pressure, soon her legs were starting to shake.

Keeping my fingers up inside her, I stood up and pushed her back until she sat, or rather fell, back down in the chair she had been sitting in. Kneeling between her spread legs, I kept up the manual stimulation, but changed from thumb to tongue on her clit. I only paused a little bit after she hit her first climax and then I started up again, bringing her to another very loud, very thrashing orgasm. This time her juices literally sprayed out of her, drenching my hand and making a nice mess on me, the chair and the floor. That all could be cleaned easily. Her cunt on the other hand seemed to me to require some oral ministrations, which I was more than happy to provide. Without the manual stimulation on her G spot, my lapping of her clit took a little more time to bring her off and wasn't quite as earth shattering for her. Her juices had a slight bitter taste but were definitely not unpleasant.

After a while, I sat back on my heels and let her start to recover a bit. She looked down at me and said, "Holy fuck! I can see why Janelle and Karen want to spend so much time over here!"

I said, "Thank you. Then I have to assume that you approve?"

"Fuck, if you can get me off like that without even pulling your cock out of your pants, I'm gonna be over here all the time. To hell with the two kids!" she said, catching her breath. I had to take that as a compliment, but I didn't know if she was serious or not. But at least the fear had pretty much left and my stomach was much more settled. My cock was pretty happy about the change in the situation too, as it was standing at full attention.

Claire looked down and noticed the tent in my pants and said, "Now this just isn't right. Get those clothes off so I can return the favor for you." She leaned forward as I stood up and she unzipped my pants and pulled them down, releasing my hard rod. Not even waiting for my pants to drop or for me to get my shirt off, she engulfed the head of my cock with her mouth, moaning. Then she started bobbing up and down on it, swirling her tongue around the head and licking the underside as she pulled back, then plunging it deeply into her throat. She was quite good at deep throating, taking the whole length all the way down as she plunged forward, then licking as she pulled back. 'Quite good', hell, she was fantastic! She held her hand at the base, thumb and forefinger encircling it and pressing hard back against my pubic bone. Her other hand cupped my balls and gently caressed them. I hadn't experienced such technique in years.

She kept pulling almost all the way back off, licking and swirling her tongue around the head, then jamming it back deep down her throat, holding it there and swallowing, milking my cock with her throat muscles. Then she slowly pulled back up, using her tongue on the underside of the shaft to tickle and stimulate it, before doing the head swirling again. She repeated this over and over, and it took no time at all before I was uncontrollably spurting my cum into her mouth. At the first spurt she pushed all the way forward, taking the full length, then swallowing to literally milk the cum out of it and down her gullet. This woman - and her technique - was absolutely amazing.

Now it was my turn to barely be able to stand on shaking legs. I managed to do it until she let my cock slip out of her mouth, and then I staggered back over and plopped down in my chair. I said, "Jeez-us Fucking H. Kee-rist, lady! That's the most amazing oral technique I've experienced in years!"

She smiled and licked her lips and said, "Thanks. Glad you liked it. Just wanted to return the favor. You didn't do so bad on me, either."

We sat and just looked at each other while we both tried to relax and catch our breaths. She finally said, "So, just what are you planning on teaching the two little sluts? And how far along are you, so far?"

I didn't know how much I really wanted to reveal to her yet, but up to this point, I didn't figure I had a lot to worry about them reporting me or anything. I said, "Well, we've just gotten started. The two girls are very different in some ways, but very much alike in their desire for sex. Janelle has much more experience it seems, thanks to

you and your husband, but she seems to have a hyper sex drive like you, rather than actually wanting to learn to be a slut and do every kinky thing under the sun, as Karen seems to want to do. I haven't really gotten into a lot yet. I did take Karen's virginity, both front and rear and she liked it. She has a real curiosity about trying everything she can. Janelle seems to have gotten over the 'novelty' phase and just really likes sex. And the two seem to have very deep feelings for each other. True friends."

"They've been close friends for several years, but Karen's parents seem to be pretty uptight and haven't let her develop a lot. She's really bloomed, if that's the right word, in the last week or so. It's like night and day. She was so lovely a girl before, but now she seems much more outgoing and confident. You've apparently been a good influence on her." She smiled ruefully. "Although I don't think her parents would agree if they knew what was going on."

I asked her, "Do you know them well?"

She shook her head. "Not really. The girls have been close friends for years, but we've only really met her parents a few times. Faye, her mother seems to be the one who's really wound tight. Her father, Ralph, is more laid back and open. So what have you exposed the girls to, so far?"

"I've really just let them start with each other, somewhat. Karen's learned girl-girl things for the first time and because she loves Janelle, they have had each other. I've done Karen orally, vaginally and anally and she likes it all. Your husband should have a good time with her. And she's tried a little piss games, and likes it. Or, at least, is not turned off by it."

She smiled. "Hmmm, so when I have her eating me out, she won't be turned off if I lose control and let a little out then."

I shook my head. "No. And she'll probably go even farther than that. She's open to experimenting with everything."

"You mean scat?" she asked. "We're really not into that, but we've been exposed to it from time to time. We have people in our group that are into it."

I nodded. "Not a lot, but she really wants to try everything. That's what I'm going to be helping her do. Just safely experience the whole range of sexual aberrations. Or fetishes. And Karen has a deep desire to do it all. She really wants to. Maybe it's from the repression at home. I don't know. She's a very intelligent and strong willed young lady. But she does have a submissive nature. She's not gonna be a dominant, that's for sure."

She grinned and said, "A little like me, I suppose. I've really wanted to be dominated and controlled at times, but my husband, as good as he is, is not a dom. He's not a submissive either, at all, but he just doesn't have the personality to dominate me, and sometimes I like that. There are a few of our swinger friends who are into it that I've enjoyed some." She smiled cryptically, then continued "So what do you think about Janelle? What's she interested in?"

I said, "Being with Karen and having sex, I suppose, not necessarily in that order. She loves Karen and the two are good for each other. But Karen really wants to be a slut and experience and do every perverted thing imaginable. Janelle just likes having sex and getting off on it. She seems to want to do new things, but for different reasons than Karen. Probably more for the novelty."

"So you think you're gonna be able to handle those two, huh? And me, now that I've got a taste of what you can do. God! When they told me that you were an 'old guy', and Karen called you 'Grampa', I was a bit worried to say the least. You know, the 'Lester the Molester' picture in my mind. But I can see that 'older and experienced' beats 'younger and enthusiastic'. We've known that Janelle has let some boys fuck her and while we weren't real overjoyed about them being young and inexperienced, we knew that it really didn't matter what we wanted. She was going to do it anyway. Now that I know she has an older and more experienced... ahem, 'mentor', I think I can let go of some of those fears. But I was surprised when I found out how old you were. Young girls aren't usually attracted to grandfather aged men. At least not that I've seen. How did you meet Karen? You're obviously NOT her grandfather."

"No. I saw her in the grocery store and immediately fell in love with her. Can't explain it. But we just had an

attraction. I suppose it helps that she had a grandfather that she loved very much and he passed away, so I may have filled that void. I don't think that applies to your daughter, so I don't know what her attraction is, if any. Probably just perversity and sex. But I don't mind, if you and your husband don't."

"Now that I've met you, we don't. If you can guide Janelle along with Karen and keep them safe, we'll help as much as we can." she told me. Then with a grin said, "And participate as needed."

I said, "If I can ask? You seem to have a free lifestyle and a good, healthy view of sex." She nodded and smiled. "What's the problem with your husband fucking Janelle. They've said you've talked about it with her, but her father won't do it? Is there a hangup with the incest thing?"

She smiled and sighed. "No, not really. We've been swingers all her life and we always knew she'd be exposed to sex. In fact she's been absolutely precocious about it. But we agreed that he wouldn't actually fuck her until she was sixteen. That's legal age, sort of. I've gotten over any maternal jealousies that I would have had, and since we've been very open and permissive with her, she's not pestered him to death to fuck her. Well, not too much. She still tries to seduce him just for the fun of it or the challenge, but because we've let her have sex with others... well. Anyway, we have a number of swinger friends that would really like to get together with her. But letting her be pretty free has probably taken a bit of the edge off the 'wanna fuck Daddy' desire. And I have to admit that as much as I dearly love my daughter, I have had some real fantasies about watching her being fucked by adult cocks in every hole. Still, we don't know for sure that either of them will be able to hold out for another four years. And I don't mind. In fact, it may be better if he did fuck her. Then at least the challenge would be over and we could get on a bit more 'normally', if I can use that word even."

"Yeah, I've seen just what happens when either of those two girls are challenged by anything. I'm trying to break them of it a little bit, make them understand that just because they are dared or challenged doesn't mean they have to win," I told her.

"Yeah, well good luck with that," she said, smiling. We both laughed.

She stood up. I just sat there, looking at her. "You have an amazing body," I said.

"Thanks. Good genes mostly. Hope I've passed them on to Janelle. But I also do a lot of riding and aerobics. In our swingers group, everybody enjoys trying to be fit and desirable. But I'm glad you approve." She struck a very sexy pose. "I hope you'll be seeing a bit more of it. If you don't mind."

I said, "It will certainly be my pleasure to give you pleasure. And I hope you'll allow Karen to enjoy your charms, as she needs that experience. Besides, she thinks you're hot, as the kids say."

"She's not bad herself. I'll probably enjoy 'tutoring' her immensely. I'll let you know how that goes. We should probably stay in touch and coordinate between us, if you don't mind. And I'd like you to come and meet my husband. We could probably have a pretty enjoyable time with all of us together, I suspect. Interested?" She asked.

"Definitely," I said.

"I wish I hadn't sucked you off, now. I really would like a good hard ass fucking, but I suspect, if you're like my husband and a lot of the other guys, you're not gonna be recharged for a while yet. So I guess I'll head home and see if the batteries are good in one of my toys." She smiled as she pulled her shorts on.

I said, "As much as the spirit is willing, the flesh is still weak, alas. But I'll be happy to oblige you that way next time if you want."

She nodded and said, "I'm gonna hold you to that, old man."

She finished dressing and I walked her to the door. I opened the door and she turned to me and took my face in her hands and gave me a very nice, deep kiss. After we pulled apart, I asked, "Was that for anything special or just a friendly goodbye?"

She smiled and said, "That's a thank you for being kind and gentle with my daughter. Oh, and for getting me off as nice as you did."

I said, "It was my pleasure" and gave her a peck on the cheek. She smiled and turned, sashaying around the corner of the house and down the driveway with much the same sway of the hips that her daughter had. Damn it was nice!

I got a cold drink and sat down. I couldn't believe what had just transpired. But I did feel a lot better now, compared to the abject fear I felt before. I wondered just what was in store for me next.

I sat there for a while just mulling over the last week's events in my mind. Probably ten or fifteen minutes later the phone rang. The ID showed it was from Janelle's house and I answered it. Karen's excited voice was on the other end.

"Gramps! It's me! How did it go?" In the background I could hear Janelle's voice saying, "Yeah, did you fuck her?"

I said "You really had me going when you called before. I'm going to have to come up with an extremely appropriate punishment for pulling that on me. A simple caning probably wouldn't be hard enough. What do you think?"

There was a long pause, then her timid voice said, "I'm sorry Gramps. We thought it'd be a fun joke to play. You're not gonna really cane me for doing it are you?"

I said, "I don't know. What do you think would be an appropriate punishment? How about fucking your ass and not letting you cum?" I laughed. "When are you coming over?"

"Ummm, my mom wants me home pretty soon, so not today. But I'll talk to Janelle's mom and see if she can arrange for me to stay overnight soon and we can have a whole day and night to play. How's that?" she asked me.

I said, "Are your folks getting upset about you being at Janelle's so much?"

She said, "No. Mom's been sorta happy I'm not around all the time... well, except when she wants me to do housework or errands. Janelle's mom has been real good. She'll maybe set it up for us and we'll have more time together. That'll be nice."

"Well, you better show Janelle's mother how much you appreciate what she's doing for us. I know for a fact that she'll enjoy that very much. And you will too." I told her.

I heard her giggle, then say, "Umm, I've gotta go. I think I'm going to go thank her real quick. Thanks Gramps! I love you so much!"

"Wish I could watch you thank her. I already did my thanks. Bye sweetie." I told her.

She was giggling when she hung up, saying "I've gotta hear about that. Love you."

[continued in chapter 5]