

Summertime at Grandpa Dicks- Chap 5

by Ole Crannon

Karen had called me a couple of times during the following days, wanting to update me on her adventures. She hadn't been able to arrange an overnight stay at Janelle's as her mother had a number of things for her to do that kept her busy. Finally she did call to tell me that she was going to be able to go to Janelle's the next day and stay overnight. I was overjoyed at the thought of having my lovely twelve year old nymph back in my arms... and on my hard cock!

Karen said that she wanted to come over by herself first so we could have a serious talk without anyone else being there. She sounded both very serious and mysterious when she told me that. I asked if there was anything wrong and she said no, that she just wanted to discuss some very important things with me about her newfound sluthood. She sounded very mature for a twelve year old. She said she'd try to be at my place around ten in the morning.

I didn't know what to do to prepare for her visit, so I just cleaned a little bit and paced while I waited for her to arrive. Finally at a few minutes after ten, I saw her walking up the driveway, again nude. She was carrying a very small handbag though, which I suspected had her clothes in it. I had been erect most of the morning anticipating her wonderful little body, so I stood on the porch with a hardon as she came around the corner of the house. When she saw me, she lit up with a big smile and ran to me. She threw her arms around my neck and gave me a very warm, loving kiss. Then she dropped to her knees and took my whole cock in her mouth, sucking on it and cupping my balls with her hand.

"My God, girl, you sure know how to greet an old man", I said laughing.

Giving my cockhead a little lick, she stood up and straddled my cock between her legs and hugged me tight. "Oh, Gramps, you don't know how much I missed you the last few days!" she exclaimed. "Should you do me really hard right now so we won't be distracted when we talk?" she asked. She was moving her hips back and forth, jacking my cock between her thighs. I did want very badly to be inside of her, but I didn't want to cum right away and then not be able to do anything for a while. I did want to savor having my cock in this precocious little sex kitten for a while.

I said, "My lovely little minx, I don't want to cum immediately and then not be able to enjoy fucking you for a while, so could we just try to talk a bit, maybe with you sitting with my cock in you? That would feel good for both of us. And what exactly is so important that we have to discuss? Is there something wrong? Are you having second thoughts?"

"Oh no, Gramps! Everything is fine. It's just that I've been so horny and wanted to do so much sex stuff all the time, but I think I want to talk over with you some of the things I want to do. I mean, I want to learn all kinds of stuff and then do it all, but I know that it's important that I do it right. That's what I want to talk about." She hugged me again and gave me a little kiss. We walked into the house and I sat down in the chair, pulling her onto my lap. As she plopped down, she said, "I don't know if I want you more in my rear or in my...ummm, pussy this time. I really think I could get addicted to having it in the rear all the time. I get so turned on that way."

"You get turned on doing it any way", I said, laughing. "But I'll be happy to do it whichever way you want, dear."

She thought for a few seconds, then stood up and said, "Where's the lube? I want you in my rear really badly. And really deeply." I pointed to the tube on the desk and she grabbed it and put some on my cock, lovingly stroking it and getting it well slicked up. Then she got a sly grin on her face and turned around away from me and bent over at the waist. Looking at me through her legs, she put a little bit of lube on her finger and then sensuously reached up between her legs to massage her little asshole with it. Watching me watch her finger, she rubbed around the little rosebud, then pushed the finger inside. She had a big grin on her face.

Laying the tube down, she backed over to me and taking my cock in her hand, she rubbed it against her asshole then pushed back until the head popped into her hole. She let out a little squeal of pleasure, then sank back down until my whole cock was in her rectum. She realized that she would be facing away from me in this position, so she had me help her spin around so she was facing me. She pulled her legs up and put her feet on

each side of me, then leaned forward and put her arms around my neck. She looked into my eyes, wiggled her hips slightly then kissed me very passionately.

"Just so you know, I love you very much and I'm so glad that you've shown me everything that you have." she said. "I'm so happy to be learning about sex and I want to learn and experience so much more. Everything, in fact! And that's what I want to talk to you about."

Damn how I'd grown to love this little sexpot. And at the moment, she seemed much older than her twelve years. I realized that she indeed was very serious about this 'talk' and I wanted to give it the gravity that she deserved. I said, "Tell me what it is that you want to discuss, dear."

"Gramps, I know I'm just a kid. Well, almost a teenager pretty soon. But I know I don't have the experience and maturity yet that I'm going to need if I do the things I want to do. So I'm gonna have to rely on you to teach me and keep me safe, but still let me make some mistakes on my own. I gotta learn somehow. Gosh, I feel so different than I was just a few weeks ago. I almost feel like I've found something I wanna do with my life." She giggled. "Well, not that being a slut can be my profession. But I sure would like it if it could be. Gramps, I don't know what I want to do with my life as far as a job or career or such, but I do know that I want to be a nasty slut as far as my sex life goes."

I smiled at her. She continued, "I know. I know. I don't know the half of it. But from what little I've learned, I wanna do that nastiest things possible. I want to try everything. No matter how extreme, or whether I'll like it or not. I'll never know unless I try it. So I want you to show me everything. And do it all to me. Or help me do it. OK?"

I nodded. "I'll try to help you with anything that you want, my dear. Sometimes you will have to rely on my judgement though if I don't want you to do something. Will you do that?" I asked her.

"Yes, Gramps. I'll do that", she said. "And I want you to make me do things that I might not want to do at first. Will you do that?" she asked.

I kissed her lightly and said, "Yes, sweetie. Now tell me about these serious things you want to talk about."

"Gramps, like Janelle said, I've been a goody-goody all my life. I've always done the safe things. Now I've found out that I don't want to be that way anymore. I want to do and experience everything possible. I mean, I've seriously thought about this. I really want to be a sex slut. And a sex slave for you. I've found doing all these things turns me on. A LOT! And I like that. I mean, I wouldn't have ever thought about drinking pee before you made me do it... well, not 'made me' made me, but had me try it. And I find that I like it. It makes me feel so nasty. And that turns me on. And I like being turned on all the time. Thinking of nastier things to do or try. I mean, like I want to drink my dad's pee. And I'm gonna do it. Somehow. But that's sorta the kinda things I've gotta talk to you about. Like, how do I best go about some of those things. You know?"

I nodded, but before I could get a word out, she continued, "I know, you'll say that I shouldn't do that. That it could cause problems with my mom and dad. But I want my dad to do... ummm, fuck me. And I'm going to do that. I love him and I want to show him just how much I love him."

"Well, what I WAS going to say was that you need to be careful and make sure you take their feelings into consideration if you want to do that. I don't doubt that your dad will want to fuck such a sexy daughter as you. He'd have to be dead not to want to. But the taboos are really a problem to overcome."

Her smile lit up her face and she said, "Oh, Gramps, I should have known you'd know what I should do and not just tell me not to." She wiggled her hips. "Ummm, your thingie feels really good inside me. I'm sorry. Your COCK feels really good inside me." She smiled.

"So what else besides fucking your dad are you going to do?" I asked.

"Well, I want you to do some things for me. First, I need to learn about all the different sex things that I don't know about yet. You've got me started, but there's so much I don't know. So I'd like you to show me as many of the videos and things that you can. You can start with the tamer stuff, but I do want to learn about all the extreme things that you like and that turn you on to watch. And the things even that you don't necessarily like. I've gotta

be exposed to them sometime so I'll know what I'm missing."

I said, "That can take some time. There's a lot of stuff out there, you know."

Karen said, "I know. But we'll just have to take the time. It's important to me."

"Oh, well, if it's important to you..." I said facetiously and grinned at her. She playfully slapped me on the arm and then kissed me. "You know what I mean", she said.

"Yes, dear, I do. Now what are some of the things you want to try so far?" I asked her.

"Well, ummm, ya know how ya were gonna punish me for Janelle's mother coming over here without telling you why?" she asked. I nodded. "Well, you said you would cane me." I nodded again. "Well, ummm, like, would you do that?"

"You mean you WANT me to cane you?" I asked.

She looked embarrassed and nodded, eyes downcast. "Ummm, like, you know, when you hurt my nipples, and when you had Janelle twist 'em? Well, I sorta, kinda liked that. I mean, it hurt but I got wet. I don't know if I could take being caned, but would you like try it so I'll be able to find out?"

"You're serious about that, aren't you?" I asked.

She nodded, eyes still downcast. "I've talked to Janelle about it and she just doesn't get it. She doesn't like pain. But I had her spank me with a belt a little bit and it got me turned on. Her and I are wired differently, I guess."

"And did you thank her for it afterward?" I grinned.

She smiled and nodded, then looked at me. "Yeah. I made her really happy afterwards. I love doing sex things with her. She's worried that we'll become lezzies."

"Well, don't worry about that", I said. "You're both hard wired to like males, but you both can enjoy each other too. It's called being bi. And speaking of that, did you thank Claire the other day after she had been here?"

Again her face lit up with a smile and she said, "Oh yeah! I made her feel as good as I did Janelle. We enjoyed each other a lot. And we had a little time alone to talk. She's such a super person! She's going to help me too", she said excitedly.

I had an idea. I said, "Is Claire home now? What do you think about inviting her over to share our discussion? Would that be alright?"

Karen said, "Yeah, she's home. I wouldn't mind if she was here. We had a good talk, but we didn't have much time. So maybe it would be good if she came over." She wiggled her hips and then ground down on my cock. "Uh, but could you wait a minute? I've really gotta get off. This feels sooooooo good in me." She put her arms around my neck to steady herself then started to bounce up and down and grind her hips in circles. I held onto her hips and tried to hold back from cumming as long as I could. Karen got flushed and was breathing hard, then she squealed and sank down hard on my cock. She threw back her head and moaned. I had almost reached my point of no return, but managed to hold off and not cum completely. God this little vixen felt good!

As her breathing started to slow down, she hugged me tight and said, "Gramps, that was so nice. Thank you. But you didn't cum did you?"

"Almost", I said. "But there'll be plenty of time for that. It felt good for me too, though, dear. Now do you think that that will hold you for a while and we can call Claire to see if she can come over?" I asked.

Karen nodded, then said with a grin on her face, "Well, that'll do me for a while. But yeah, you can call her. But I've got a couple of things I want to ask you to do for me before she gets here. M'kay?"

I nodded and picked up the phone and handed it to Karen. She dialed Janelle's number, then handed me the phone back saying, "You talk to her."

When Claire answered, I said hello and told her that it was Karen's 'Grandpa'. She giggled and said, "Yes, I remember. What can I do for you, you old lecher? You need another twelve year old to come over and take care of you?"

"No, although we'd like the twelve year old's mother to come over. And not for fun and games this time. Apparently Karen has some serious things to talk to us about and I thought that it would be good if both of us were here to do it with her." I told her.

"How disappointing. Well, sorta." She laughed. "I was expecting that you might 'entertain' me again. But I'll be happy to help Karen out if she wants me to... in any way I can. Hint, hint."

I told her, "Well, after we get the serious part out of the way, I wouldn't be at all averse to having Karen show me exactly how she thanked you the other day. And I might be persuaded to lend a helping... ummmm, 'member'."

"You are a dirty old man, aren't you? Sure, I've got some time available. Let me throw on something and I'll walk over", she said.

"Oh, don't put anything on for our benefit. Anything would make you completely overdressed compared to us", I told her.

She said, "I don't doubt that. Karen has spent more time nude here than she has with clothes on lately. And to tell you the truth, I don't mind it a bit. I promise I won't dress up. See you in a few minutes."

I rang off and sat the phone down. "She'll be here in a little while", I told Karen. "Now what's this urgent matter that you wanted to discuss."

Karen put her arms around my neck and looked me in the eyes. "Gramps, there's a couple of things I want you to do for me. They shouldn't be that hard. Like I said, I WANT very seriously to become a sex slave. YOUR sex slave. The first thing I want to do is make a video of me doing some nasty sex stuff. It doesn't have to be super bad, just maybe like being done in all my holes and swallowing your cum. Or anything else you want to do with it. Can we do that?"

"Sure, baby. That shouldn't be much problem. In fact, we could do that today or tonight if you want. I'll get the video camera out and we'll make up a little scenario, then shoot it. Is that all?" I asked.

"Ummmm, no. The next thing might be a bit harder. But I'm really serious about it. I want to do it no matter what. And I don't want you to tell me that I can't. OK?" she said, dead serious.

"OK, sweetie. If it means that much to you, we'll do whatever you want. Within reason and physical possibilities, that is", I told her. "What is it that you want?"

"Gramps, I want to be a whore before I turn thirteen." she said. I didn't have a comeback to that and after a few seconds with no objections from me, Karen continued, "What I mean is, I want to be forced to have sex with some stranger, for money. I want you to sell my body to someone. And I want to have to do some pretty nasty things for the money. Will you do that for me?" she asked.

I didn't know what to say. My first reaction was of course 'no way', but then I realized that the idea sorta turned me on. It would take some doing, but it shouldn't be hard to sell a very sexy twelve year old to someone. But I wanted to find out more what... or why... she wanted this. I said, "Are you sure, dear. I mean, what makes you want to do something like that? Isn't doing extreme sex things enough for you?"

"Gramps, I've been totally goody-goody Karen all my life. I've changed! And I love the change. And one thing I really want to do to prove it is to be a whore. Actually, I prefer the term 'prostitute' for what I want to do. That is, selling my body for money. But the feeling I want is being a dirty, perverted whore. Is that bad? Am I wrong to want to do that?" she asked.

I hugged her to me, feeling her little nubbin titties against my chest and my cock still inside her ass. I could see where maybe being sold for sex was some kind of demarcation in her mind between the old Karen and the new slut that she wanted to become. It really wasn't all that big a deal, really, except to her. And if she wanted it so bad, I would help her and keep her safe while doing it.

I whispered in her ear "My little gorgeous sex slut. I love you and I'll do whatever I can to make you feel good and keep you from harm." I pulled back so I could look at her and said, "You're sure about this? Absolutely?"

She said, "Oh, Gramps, more than anything! I know that I can be anything I want. Right now, I want to be a whore and be sold. It's not like getting a tattoo or anything. It's only sex. And I could go find any number of upper class boys at school and have them pay me to do it to me. But that's not what I want. I want YOU to sell my body to some stranger. I want to be used for sex. Dirty sex! Oh, I haven't tried to think through all the reasons why I want to do this. And I don't care what they are. I just know that right now I want to do it. It may mean something only to me. But that's all I want it to be. Really."

As I thought about it, I figured that it shouldn't be difficult at all to 'sell' her to somebody for sex. I mean, she was a gorgeous sex kitten. What pedophile wouldn't want to fuck her? But doing it and keeping her safe was another thing. I'd have to work on that. And maybe bring Claire into our confidence and enlist her help. If she would.

We sat there for a while, discussing it until there was a knock at the door. It had to be Claire, and I thought it would be interesting to try something and see her reaction. So I leaned forward, holding Karen by the ass cheeks and keeping my cock inside her ass, then stood up. She wrapped her legs around me and held on around my neck, a big grin on her face at what we were going to do. I walked to the door and opened it. It was Claire, standing there completely nude. As I remembered, she was a real vision.

"Well, I might have known that you'd be fucking her", Claire said with a grin. She bent down to see where my cock was into Karen, then straightened up and put her arms around both of us in a hug. "If you want to pull out of this little slut, I'll be happy to suck you clean and then you can put in my same hole. That's my favorite one."

Karen whispered, "Mine too." She looked at me and said, "Go ahead. I'd like to watch that. Maybe even help a little." She got a mischievous smile on her face.

I looked questioningly at Claire over Karen's shoulder. She just smiled and licked her lips, then lifted a hand up to Karen's chin and turned her head so she could kiss the girl. And kiss they did! I could feel Claire's hand slip down to Karen's ass and try to get her finger in between Karen's membranes and my cock. Karen just moaned into Claire's mouth at the feeling.

I waited a while until the two broke apart from the kiss, then I backed over to the couch and sat down, all the while keeping my cock in Karen's ass. Once I was down and she could sit, she slowly raised up off of me, letting my still hard rod slip out of her hole. As she stepped over my legs, Claire was right there, kneeling to take my cock into her mouth. She took the whole length and looked up at me. Karen knelt down and started to kiss Claire's cheek and lips as

Claire slowly pulled back, then Karen licked my cock as it came out of Claire's mouth. God, what a feeling!!

As soon as Claire's mouth was off my cock, Karen's mouth was on it. They took turns mouthing my cock and kissing each other. I finally had to tell them, "Hey, if you want me to fuck your ass, you two had better stop that or I'm gonna cum. I don't care where I cum, but if you want it in your ass, you'd better get it there soon."

Claire stood up and turned around. Karen grabbed the tube of KY and motioned for Claire to spread her ass cheeks. Claire did and Karen took the opportunity to take a couple of licks with her tongue first before applying the lube. Claire just moaned, then moaned louder when Karen pushed her finger with the lube all the way into the woman's tight asshole.

"My God, girl, you do that good", Claire said to Karen. "Now help me get that rod into my ass so you can lick my pussy while this old pervert fucks me. Then you're going to suck the cum out of my ass after he shoots in me. Understood?" Karen pulled her finger out of the woman's ass and helped her drop down and impale herself on my cock with a loud groan of pleasure. Then Karen moved around in front of Claire and impishly rubbed her dirty finger under Claire's nose. Claire grabbed the hand and put the dirty finger in her mouth and sucked it. Then she laid back, spreading her legs and pushed Karen down.

"Suck my cunt, slut", she commanded Karen, who happily complied. I thrust my hips to work my cock in and out of Claire's tight hole. I could feel her sphincter muscles milking me as I worked on her. Claire moaned and pinched her nipples hard and said to Karen "Suck that clit, slut. Bite it hard. I want to cum... oh god...feels so good... bite it... that's it... oh shit I'm gonna cum... ohhhhhhhhhhh!" Karen had put her finger into Claire's cunt and crooked it like I had done to her, massaging the 'G' spot there.

I couldn't hold it any longer and I started to spurt into the woman's hot ass. I could feel her muscles clenching and spasming shortly after I had cum in her and she shook with her orgasm. She fell back against me, legs splayed open. Karen was still wiggling her finger in Claire's cunt, licking and biting on her clit, pulling on her clit hood ring and it didn't take too long before Claire shook again with a mini-orgasm.

Claire turned her head and looked at me and said, "I'm gonna steal this little slut away from you. I just love her tongue on my clit." She looked down at Karen, who was smiling up at her with cunt juice drooling down her chin and said, "You do such a good job of that, dear. You can suck my cunt and bite my clit anytime."

Karen just grinned up at her, then wrapping her fingers around my softening cock, pulled it out of Claire's ass and licked the head before taking as much of it as she could all the way in her mouth. She sucked on it and spit shined it good, then let it droop down. Putting her hands under Claire's knees, she lifted the woman's legs up in the air, exposing her asshole. Still looking up at Claire, Karen started licking and tonguing the cum drooling hole in front of her. She would stick her tongue in as far as she could, then pull out and lick as the cum seeped out. She was obviously hugely enjoying being a dirty slut in front of Claire.

Claire was fully enjoying what Karen was doing too. She watched as Karen licked and tongued her hole. After a while, Claire said, "Honey, you'd better let me up or you're gonna get more than you bargained for outa there."

This only caused Karen to renew her efforts, still looking Claire in the eyes. Then she paused and said in a very tiny voice, "Give it to me, please", and went back to licking. Claire looked at me and I nodded and smiled at her. Then she put her hands under her knees where Karen had been holding them and pulled her legs up. She bore down a little and her asshole puckered out, which made Karen try to push her tongue in as far as possible. After a few more drools of watery cum came out, a small turd popped out and into Karen's waiting mouth.

Karen wasn't surprised at all, since she had been waiting for this very thing. But the taste and texture did make her choke a little until she swallowed it down, then looked up at Claire with a big smile and mouthed 'Thank you'. Then she put her mouth back on Claire's ass and started sucking and licking again.

Claire turned her head to me again and said quietly, "I suppose you're the one who taught her this? How much can she take?"

I said, "No, I only exposed her to the idea. She's doing this all on her own. I'm sure she wants to do it to show you how much she loves you." Karen heard this and nodded, but didn't stop her licking and sucking.

Claire looked down at Karen and said, "You don't have to do this, baby."

Karen looked up at her and quietly said, "I know. I want to. Please give me more." Claire sorta shrugged and pulled her ass cheeks apart and started to bear down again. After couple of tries, a several inch long turd pushed out and into Karen's waiting mouth. The girl gagged and choked, but did swallow it down. She looked up at Claire with watering eyes and a big smile.

Claire reached down and pulled Karen up to her. She gave the girl a hard, passionate tongue kiss, then licked the tears from Karen's cheeks. Then she hugged the girl to her.

After a little while, I whispered in Claire's ear that now that we were all somewhat satiated, maybe we could start our discussion. She nodded and gently pushed Karen up off of her. Then she slipped off of me and sat next to me on the couch. Patting her lap, she indicated for Karen to sit down there, which Karen was happy to do. As soon as Karen was on her lap, Claire put one hand on Karen's slit, inserting a finger into her. Then she moved her mouth down to bite and nip on Karen's closest nipple. Karen threw her head back and moaned, then whispered "Harder. Bite harder." Claire did, while wiggling her finger inside Karen's cunt and soon the girl was bucking from an orgasm. Claire didn't stop biting and fingering until Karen had a second one. After Karen had

relaxed, Claire said, "OK. Now we can talk." She had a big grin on her face.

I said, "First off, I've gotta tell you that watching the two of you together is really erotic." I stroked my newly hardened cock as exhibit A. "Now, Karen. What is it that you wanted our advice and counsel on?"

Karen said, "I've gotta tell you, Mrs. B... ummmm, 'Claire'... that I love making love with you. I enjoyed our time together the other day and I really want to do it as often as we can." With that she kissed Claire. After the kiss, Claire whispered something into Karen's ear that I couldn't hear and Karen covered her mouth and giggled. Then she jumped up and ran into the bathroom.

Claire smiled and said, "I just told her she needed some mouth wash."

"Ummm, you seem to be alright with the scat thing. Am I to assume that you've been exposed to it before?" I asked.

"We've been in swinger's groups since before Janelle was born. And while it's not our thing, yeah we've been exposed. It doesn't turn me on to be a receiver, and my husband isn't into it either, but it doesn't turn us off or disgust us. It was just so unusual for such a young girl to be into scat. Like I said, is this part of your doing?" she asked.

I said, "Not really. I did let Karen- and Janelle- see some videos where it was done. Apparently Janelle shares your feelings and was a bit disgusted at first. The two got a little competitive and I had to try to tone them down. But I think they've worked it out between them. I don't think you have to worry about Janelle getting into it."

Karen walked back in at the tail end of this, and sat back down on Claire's lap. "Into what?" she asked and gave Claire a kiss.

"Much better. The scat thing", Claire said.

"Oh, yeah. That." She looked a little embarrassed. "I'm sorry if I disgusted you with that. But I wanted it so much. I wanted you to know how much you mean to me and how strong my feelings are for you."

"Don't worry, dear. I'm not disgusted at all. I was just telling your Grampa Dick that I was just surprised at someone so young was into it." She hugged Karen tight. "But I'm certainly not disgusted with you for doing it. And I understand why you did it."

Karen brightened up with a radiant smile. "I just am being surprised by you guys all the time. I'm so glad I've got you to help me do all the things I want to do", she said.

"Ummm, just what are those things, dear?" Claire said gently.

"Well, Janelle and I talked about a lot of stuff after we were here. Janelle likes sex. A lot. Which you already know. But she wants to do new stuff because she just likes sex. With me, it's a little different. I want to really be a sex slut. I want to be Grampa's sex slave and do the nastiest, dirtiest things he can make me do. Really! I want that. It's completely different from Janelle, although I want to do things with Janelle too. I mean, I love her and doing sex things with her is so great. But we talked and we know what each other wants. We understand each other.

"You see, Janelle tried to explain to me that I could do all the sex stuff and not have people know about it. That's sorta what she does. I know you guys have let her have sex, and she has been very...ummmm, what's the word, 'discreet' about it, I guess you'd say. I mean, she isn't known as the school slut like some of the girls are. And Janelle's probably done more than them, too. But she just doesn't brag about it or talk about it. And she doesn't do things with people who'd kiss and tell."

Claire had a real look of relief on her face. She said, "Thanks. I was hoping it was that way." She looked at me and said, "Like I told you, we've been in swing groups since before Janelle was born, so we've been pretty open about sex. We've discussed it with her and have given her a lot of freedom. And she knows that she can talk to us about anything. I'm glad to hear that she has justified our trust in her."

Karen looked at Claire and said, "The only thing you need to do is let her dad do it to her. She really wants to do that. She loves him... well, both of you... so much, but she really wants to be able to show him how much."

Claire had a little bit of a guilty look on her face. She said, "You're probably right. We've resisted it and I'm not really sure why. I guess we're gonna have to rethink that part. We knew it was going to happen, eventually but..." Her voice trailed off. Then she pinched one of Karen's nipples and told her, "But you're NOT to let her know! When she finds out, I want it to be from us. OK, sweetie?"

Karen rubbed the nipple and said, "OK. I won't say anything, even though she's my best bud and we tell each other everything. But can I do your husband now? I really wanna. Can I, puleeeeeze?"

Claire laughed, then nodded her head towards me and said, "But is that OK with your slave master? After all, you're his property, aren't you?"

Karen looked a little concerned then brightened. "We've already talked about it and Gramps said it was OK. And I'm gonna do my own dad too, as soon as I can. That's one of the things that we need to talk about."

Claire looked at me and said, "Oh my. What have you gotten into, old man?"

I looked at her with a rather guilty smile and said, "Oh, you haven't even heard the half of it yet!" I looked at Karen and said, "Do you want to tell her, dear, or should I? You know, what we talked about what you wanted to do?"

Karen got that mischievous look on her face and said, "Oh, you mean making a video of me being naughty?" Then she stuck a finger in her mouth and tried to look innocent. Innocent? Yeah. Sitting naked on her best friend's gorgeous mother's lap, who was also naked. I knew she was toying with me.

"So you want me to tell her, huh? OK. Claire, Karen wants to be a whore. She wants me to sell her body to some stranger for kinky sex before she turns thirteen. She seriously wants to be pimped out." I explained to Claire.

The woman just looked at me then at Karen. She said, "You're sure about this?" Karen nodded and started to say something, but Claire hushed her. "Shush dear. Let us talk." Claire looked over at me and said, "Well, I know a couple of girls who turn tricks on occasion. It's not so bad for them." Karen got a 'see I told you so' look on her face. Claire continued, "But they're a long ways from being twelve years old and have had a goodly amount of experience. Now I'm not saying you shouldn't, but if you want to definitely do this, you need to be very careful." Karen started to pipe up again, but Claire shushed her again.

"I don't know why you would want to do such a thing, but I suppose you have your reasons. But you're only twelve. That makes it really complicated for everyone involved. We could actually go to prison for a long time just for what we're doing here today with you. I know it's stupid, but that's the reality. And pimping out a twelve year old is even worse, if that's possible. I know it's done all over, every day of the week, but that doesn't make it any better or safer. What I'm saying is that you had better give this idea some serious thought before you try to put it into action. Whatever put this idea into your head?"

Karen thought for a while then said, "I like the idea of being a slut. It makes me wet when I think about doing nasty stuff. I wanna do it all. And being a whore is like being a public sex slut. I don't know if I'll like it, but like all other kinds of stuff I wanna try, if I don't like it then I don't have to do it anymore. But I'm finding out that I love sex. And Gramps said I have a very submissive streak. He's right. And being a whore and having my body pimped out for sex seems so submissive to me. I don't know. I can't put into words very good. I just know that I've gotta do it. I wanna do it."

During most of this time, Karen had been fondling and caressing Claire's breasts and playing with the nipples. Claire nuzzled her head against Karen's and said, "That feels good, honey. I like that." Then she said, "I guess I sorta know what you mean. I just hope that Janelle doesn't want to do the same thing. You two haven't talked about this, have you?"

Karen shook her head 'no'. "We've talked about a lot of other stuff. But not this. Should I not tell her about it?"

Claire said, "I don't know. That's up to you, dear. I just hope that Janelle doesn't want to do the same thing." Then she looked at me and said, "You know how much you could get for pimping this gorgeous young thing out for a night, don't you?"

"You mean in number of years or how many life sentences?" I asked her, only partially kidding.

She laughed. "Yeah, that too. But really, you could put a pretty large down payment on her college tuition if you found the right market." Karen's eyes got wide. "I hear the Arabs and those kind don't mind paying a small fortune for a very young girl. 'Course, she'd have to be trained to take some pretty extreme stuff, I suspect."

Karen piped up with "Uh, guys! I'm right here. Duh!" We both laughed, realizing that she felt left out of the conversation.

I said, "Hey, you're just a piece of meat. A submissive sex slave, remember. You're gonna have to get used to it." I grinned at her.

"Oh, you're teaching me, again. Good one. But I really want to learn all the most extreme stuff and I want to do it with a stranger. Will you guys help me or do I have to do this all on my own?" She looked at Claire. "Would the girls you know help me do anything like that?"

Claire said, "Honey, anytime you get an underage girl involved in just about anything, you're going to have people shying away from it. I mean, we've been in swing groups for years and have been exposed to some of the kinkiest things. But whenever anyone even brings up the idea of underage kids, most everyone shuts down. Now there are some people we know who have been after us privately ever since Janelle was born that want to do things with her. We've never got her involved with anyone because of the terrible consequences that could come down on anyone who was caught doing anything. But let me tell you, we've had the quiet offers. And believe me, you can't believe how popular I was when I was pregnant with Janelle."

Karen looked at her in awe and I said, "I can believe it. You're amazing now. I can't imagine how sexy you were with a baby bump."

Claire laughed. "Yeah, Ron would have been jealous if he hadn't been getting so much attention too. I almost can imagine where Janelle gets her sex drive, other than me and my husband's genes. I mean, with the constant cocks poking and prodding my uterus with her in it and spurting their cum up into me. Not to mention how many ladies' tongues, fingers and other things. In fact, I'd be surprised if Janelle DIDN'T have a hot sex drive."

Karen was amazed and said, "You've had a lot of women do you? Even while you were pregnant? But you're not a lezzie."

"Honey, I was exuding pheromones like crazy and everyone wanted a piece of me", Claire told her. "And no, I'm not a lesbian, as your Grampa found out. I love men." She tweaked one of Karen's nipples. "But like you've found out, sharing sex with other females is just a beautiful thing. It doesn't make you a lesbian. It just makes you a loving person. But, yes, I've had my share of women, even when pregnant. Especially when I was pregnant. I was horny all the time, mostly. So I'd just about do anyone, anytime, back then. Hell, I'll still do about anyone, anytime. I'm just a horny bitch." She kissed Karen.

I spoke up and said to Claire, "Well, I'll do my best to help you out anytime you need it... that is, if I'm able to recover from the little nymph sitting on your lap."

"You've done pretty good both times now", she said. "So I'd say that's a good sign. And now that my dear husband is going to have to satisfy two oversexed twelve year olds, I may have to be over here more often." She laughed and bent her head down to suck on one of Karen's nipples.

Karen moaned and then said, "So it's OK for your husband to do me now? You don't mind?"

Claire bit down on Karen's nipple slightly, eliciting a little squeal from the girl. Then she raised her head up and gave Karen a peck on the cheek. "No, I don't mind. Just leave a little for me, that's all. I've already told him that he could fuck you in every hole if he wanted to. In front of Janelle and me if he wants. Out in the front yard if he wants." She grinned.

"Ooooooo, that's another thing I want to do really badly. I wanna have sex in public. I want people watching me do it. I want them to see me do the most pervert, awful sex things possible", Karen enthused.

"Again, that's where your age comes into play", Claire said. "You're very underage, so you put anyone who does anything with you, or even watches you do it, at risk. Serious risk. I'm not saying it can't be done. It's just that there can be very serious consequences. You're going to have to keep that in mind."

"Awwwww jeez. I just wanna have fun. Why does it have to be so serious?" Karen whined.

I said, "We know, dear. It's absurd but that's the way it is and it probably won't be changed anytime soon. So you have to take that all into consideration. If not for yourself, for those you do things with. You'll have to be very careful."

Claire said, "And it goes even more for your dad. I know you just want to show you love him. But for him, it would be even worse than for someone not related to you. So when you decide to involve him, make sure you know what you're doing. And understand the consequences."

"Damn, it's just so unfair!" Karen whined, surprising both of them with her use of profanity. "But you're going to let Janelle do it with her dad!"

"Yes, and we're going to have to talk with her and make sure she understands the consequences, too. Although we've discussed this many times before and she has really been quite good," Claire told her. "She hasn't even told you a lot of things, has she?"

"No, and I'm sorta mad about that. But I do understand. I'm just gonna have to find a way to do the things I wanna do without hurting anyone else. I hope you guys will help me", she said sincerely.

Claire hugged Karen to her tightly and said "Of course we will, sweetie. I wasn't trying to scare you out of it. I just wanted to make sure you knew what could happen."

I leaned over and stroked Karen's shoulder and said, "That's right. We're already involved. And we love you and don't want any harm to come to you. I guess I'm gonna be a pimp soon. Think I'll look good in a purple floppy brim hat and scarlet zoot suit?" Both of them laughed at the absurd vision that brought to mind.

Karen finally perked up and said, "Jeez, I wanted this to be a serious talk, but not morbid."

I said, "So what else do you want to do. Or talk about doing, dear?"

She looked at Claire and said, "You know I love Janelle. I want to do things and I don't want to hurt her. Ever. So if I do some wild things, she doesn't have to do them too. We talked about it and agreed that we'd try to not compete with each other, just enjoy what each other does. So I don't think you have to worry about Janelle. But anyway. Gramps, I'm gonna need you to show me as much of your extreme videos as you can. I want to learn about everything, so I can figure out how to try to do it all. The more perverted, the better."

"Honey, are you sure you want to try the very extreme stuff?" Claire asked her.

Karen looked at her and said, "You mean, like scat? You seemed to go along with that when I asked you."

"Touche, dear", Claire said. "But yes, extreme stuff like scat. I mean, there're adults who can't handle such extreme stuff. I just wonder if you know what you're getting into, is all."

"I DON'T know what I'm getting into, that's the point. I've gotta find out what there is before I can do or not do it. Trying to protect me by keeping something from me isn't gonna help. So if I can see it on videos, then we can determine if I can or should try to do it. Does that make sense to you?" she asked us.

Claire and I looked at each other. I shrugged my shoulders. "There's some logic there, I guess." To Karen, I said, "So are there some things you've seen that you want to try?"

She looked at me and said, "You know you talked about the needles and stuff. I do wanna try that soon." Claire gave me a perplexed look. Karen continued, "You know how you said you were gonna punish me for scaring you and that maybe a caning might be appropriate? Well, ummmm, would you mind trying that on me? I think I'm ready for it."

"You're asking to be caned?!" Claire exclaimed. "Shit, you may be a bigger pain slut and submissive than me. I've thought about it a few times, but haven't ever been able to follow through. My God! A twelve year old is a better slut than I am", Claire exclaimed to me. "Are you gonna do it to her?" she asked.

"I will if that's what she wants. You want to join her?" I asked, only half jokingly.

"Yeah, c'mon Claire. He can do us both at the same time." Karen enthused, not realizing what she was getting herself into. But she had to learn sometime. I just didn't think Claire would do it.

Claire looked at me for several seconds. I could almost see the thoughts running through her mind. She had told me that she was a submissive from time to time and had participated in some submissive scenes. I wondered if this would be one of those times. I said, "You two sluts caused me a lot of anxiety the other day. You both deserve punishment. On your knees, sluts and prepare yourselves."

Karen said "Yes, master" and started to stand up. Claire mumbled "Yes, master" and followed her. They both knelt down in front of me, put their hands behind them and bowed their heads. I was somewhat taken aback by Claire's joining in. And I wasn't really prepared either.

I stood up and told them, "Bow down with your foreheads on the floor, in submissive position. I want your asses ready for your punishment." This time it was Claire who said, "Yes master" first, echoed by Karen. They both leaned forward and put their foreheads on the floor. I said, "Wait like that for me. I'm going to get your restraints." I headed to my bedroom to get things out of my toy box. I heard the two whispering so I commanded, "No talking between you. You're going to be punished, not sent to detention." I'm sure I heard some snickering.

I grabbed two sets of padded cuffs and a nice length of thin cane and headed back to the two submissives. They were in the same position as when I left. I cuffed both of their wrists behind them. It wasn't necessary, just a psychological emblem of their submission. Then I flicked the cane through the air, making a nasty sssssssswish sound.

"Now, which one of you two sluts first?" I asked them rhetorically. "Karen! You perpetrated this little scare, so you're first." I swished the cane through the air a couple of times and Karen involuntarily flinched each time. Then I brought the cane down on Karen's ass, but not really that hard. Just enough to sting a bit. Still she screamed, more in surprise than in pain. I swished it again against her delightful little ass, causing another loud scream. I said, "Quiet slave or I'll have to get the ball gag out to keep you quiet."

Then I moved over and laid a stripe with the cane on Claire's ass, hitting both her butt cheeks. I'd put more heft behind that one than I had Karen's, but other than twitching at the blow, she didn't cry out. Then in a very submissive voice, Claire said, "Thank you, master. May I have another." Claire obviously had some experience from either watching or participating in this kind of fun. So I gave her another one. She jumped again and said the same thing.

I moved over to Karen and leaned down to feel the welts from the first two strokes. She twitched slightly as I touched them. I thought that she could handle one more so I stepped back and brought the cane down across her lower butt. Despite her effort to not cry out, she let out a little squeal of pain and jumped. Then I moved over behind Claire and said "One more for you too, slut?"

Claire surprised me by saying quietly, "Yes master. One on my nasty cunt would be appropriate."

I was again a bit taken aback, but figured that she was the one calling the shots, as it were. So I changed position and then brought the cane solidly against her cunt with a pretty good force. Despite her efforts, she screamed with the pain. Then she again surprised me saying "I'm sorry, master, for my lack of discipline. May I have another?" Knowing that she was directing me, I again brought the cane down directly against her cunt. It was a very good, direct hit and I knew it had to hurt like hell. Claire confirmed that by a very muffled, yet painful,

squeal. Again she said, "I'm sorry, master. May I have another?" I said, "Wait your turn, slut", and moved over to Karen.

I ran my fingers along her slit and found she was sopping wet. I wondered whether she could take one directly on her cunt. I figured that it wouldn't hurt to try. At least it wouldn't hurt me. So I flexed the cane, then brought it down with not a lot of force, striking both her little asshole and cunt lips. Karen screamed with pain, then quietly imitated Claire, saying "Thank you master. May I have another?" in a timid voice. I knew she really didn't want to get hit again, at least not on her cunt.

I told them to both kneel erect on their knees and face each other, which they did. Karen had tears streaming down her cheeks. Claire was misty eyed but I could tell she was extremely turned on at the same time. I had the two of them scoot forward so their breasts were touching and told them to kiss, which they did, exchanging tongue. I stood beside them so I could wield the cane with either hand. With Claire being on my right I could get more force with her. Karen would be on my weak hand, on purpose. I swished the cane through the air once then brought it in a flat swing against Claire's buttocks. It was a good solid hit and she jumped from the blow. Tears started to flow with that one.

I changed hands and lightly brought the cane across Karen's butt cheeks. She squealed in pain, but that's all. I asked them "Any place that I've forgotten?" Claire pulled back from Karen and nodded. I motioned for her to speak. She said, "Would Master remove my cuffs so I can show him?" I nodded and stepped behind her and removed the cuffs. Then I had them turn and face me. "Show me, slut!" I said.

Claire lifted her hands to cup her magnificent breasts and said, "You forgot these, Master." I couldn't believe how much she was getting into this, although she did have years of swinger experience and if she hadn't participated as a submissive, she had certainly at least watched at some time. So I figured she knew what she was doing and what she was asking for. I flexed the cane and then stepped to her side so I had a clear swing at her boobs.

I brought the cane down, striking the tops of both breasts she was holding out for me. I only used moderate force as I didn't know how much she could take, and she gasped but didn't scream. Then she said, "Thank you, Master. May I have another one, harder?" This slut was a glutton for pain. If she had never done the pain slut submissive route before, she was certainly taking it well this time. But again, I knew she was directing me, rather than the reverse. So I took good aim and swung the cane horizontally, striking her breasts right above the nipples. I could see the red welt from the first blow coming up. The second one would soon follow. Again, Claire only gasped at the blow.

I looked at Karen and saw her watching Claire's breasts in awe. Her eyes widened when Claire said again, "Thank you Master. Another one. Harder." Karen looked at me then down at her own tiny little titties. I could tell she didn't really want to have hers done, but didn't want to be outdone, either. Claire was still holding her large breasts out, ready for my next blow. This time I put some force into it and struck both breasts between where the other two stripes were. Claire screamed in pain, then hung her head and said quietly, "Thank you, Master." No request for another one. I bent down and ran my fingers along her slit and found that she was virtually dripping. She had really gotten into this. Or maybe even gotten off. I told Karen to kiss slave Claire's breasts and nipples, which she gladly did. Claire liked it too, I could tell. I took the cuffs off of Karen.

"OK, both of you onto the couch. Claire lay on your back. Karen lay on top of her sixty nine style. I want you two to take care of each other now." The two almost literally jumped to follow my directions. When they were positioned, they went at each other's cunts ravenously. Both were seriously turned on by the caning and it wasn't long before they both reached orgasm. Then started on the next one.

I could tell from their reactions that both were going to become well trained pain sluts. Now I just had to prepare to keep one step ahead of them. And I thought that I'd like some intimate time alone with Claire. Soon.

I sat and watched the two females bring each other off again. When they finally looked up at me for my next orders, I said, "Well, it certainly looks like you to enjoyed each other. Get over here and kneel before me."

The two jumped off the couch and were kneeling in front of me in a flash. Apparently they both liked my kind of punishments. I fingered the red welts on Claire's tits, then took both of her nipples between my thumbs and fingers, painfully pinched and twisted them. Claire took a sharp breath from the sudden pain. I said to her, "So you like this, huh, slut?" She nodded and said "Yes, Master."

I said, "Then I suppose that I'll have to discipline you again when you misbehave. Won't I, slut?" She nodded and said "Yes, Master" again.

I leaned over to whisper in her ear, "Just us. Alone." She smiled and said, "YES! Master." I reached down and grasped Karen's nipples hard and pulled her up to a standing position. I kissed her and said, "You did well for a beginning pain slut. I'm impressed. Maybe next time we'll see about skewering these cute little things with needles or fish hooks. Whatta ya think, slut?"

Karen cast her eyes down and quietly said, "Yes, master, I'd like that."

"Claire, stand up!" I commanded and she did. To the two, I said, "OK, punishment time is over." Claire threw her arms around my neck and kissed me and said, "That was amazing." Karen nodded in agreement. Claire turned to her and said, "You were too, honey. Really great. And you got me off so hard. Thanks!" They kissed. When they pulled apart, they stood there with their arms around each other, looking at me and waiting for whatever was going to happen next. I motioned them over to the couch and we all sat down, one on each side of me.

I said, "Well, a good start on the pain slut stuff. Claire, do you have any suggestions on what this new slut is going to have to do to become the total slut that she wants to be? I mean, from an experienced female perspective?"

Claire looked at me then over at Karen and thought for a few seconds. Then she said, "If she's gonna be whore'd out, she's gonna have to take some big things in her little holes, so she probably should start being stretched as much and as often as she can. Inflatable butt plugs, huge dildos. You know."

I nodded. she continued, "Deep throat. Definitely a must. I can give her some tips on that."

I said, "I don't doubt that at all, based on what you've done on me. Wow! Karen, you're gonna have a good teacher on that."

Karen was sitting taking this all in. She spoke up, "Claire, you say I need my holes stretched and learn deep throat. Ummm, Grampa, I remember a video you showed me of ladies taking horses. I think I'd like to try something like that. Claire, you've got horses. Could you help me with that?"

Claire's jaw dropped for a second, then she recovered. She looked at me like 'This is all YOUR doing', but just said, "Uh, dear, our horses are mares or geldings. We'd have to find a stallion for that and I don't really think you're ready for that kind of size yet."

I thought for a while then said to Claire, "What about Chet's? He's got a number of miniature horses and several of them are stallions. After all, they breed them. And I've seen some of his with their cocks hanging out. They might just be the right size for her."

"Hmmmmm. You might be right," Claire said. "If we could borrow one of them and bring him down to our barn, I could set up some hay bales and blankets. You know, that just may work." She looked at Karen and said, "Are you sure you're ready to take on bestiality so soon?"

Karen nodded. "I think so. It was neat watching the women in Gramps videos do it with the horses. I mean, I'd never even thought about it before, but it seemed so nasty. And I got turned on thinking about those large things going inside me. Mmmmmmm, I'm starting to get tingly just thinking about it."

"Well, I'm not sure I want Janelle exposed to that," Claire said. "We'll just have to do it when she's not around."

"What's wrong with her knowing about it?" Karen asked. "She wants to learn about all kinds of sex stuff too. You mean it's OK for me to do but she's too good for it?"

"No, I'm not saying that." Claire said with an expression of exasperation on her face. She looked at me. "Damn you. Look what you've gotten us into. Karen, dear, let me think about this. I'm just really not sure I want my daughter involved in bestiality. I'm sorry."

"So it's OK if I get f-f-f... fucked by dogs and horses, but Janelle can't? I can be whore'd out and used but Janelle can't?" Karen was almost in tears. I put my arm around her and held her tight.

Claire said, "Karen, dear, you don't understand. I don't want Janelle to get into bestiality because I'm afraid she'll like it too much and take it too far. You know how competitive she is. Besides, she takes after me so much. Honey, I guess I've really got to be honest with you. I've taken on dogs."

Karen looked at Claire in amazement. "You have? What... I mean, how... I mean..." The girl was about speechless.

Claire smiled self-consciously at me and said, "In some of our swing groups, there are some women that are really into bestiality. Well, watching them get screwed by a dog looked so... ummm, erotic. I had to try it. My god, you can't believe how some of those hounds can pound you. Talk about multiple orgasms. Shit, I could have gotten addicted. You'll go outa your gourd the first time one of them hammers your cunt. And getting knotted! Damn, don't get me started."

"So you're worried Janelle will get hung up on dogs? Or horses?" Karen asked.

"Oh, sweetie, you're gonna love it. I haven't done horses yet, though. Thought about it. Just haven't figured out how to do it. But maybe if you're gonna try it, I can too. But, I'm a bit worried about what happens if your parents find out you are doing these things. I mean, they could make real trouble really easily for any of us." Claire said.

Karen said, "We'll just have to make sure they don't find out, won't we?" She smiled at both of us. "At least until I can get my dad to do something with me so they're in a position where they can't say anything. Right?"

I laughed and said, "She's got a point, doesn't she?"

Claire said, "Yeah, and it looks like you've started training a blackmailer." She looked at Karen and said, "But as long as you use your powers only for good and never for eeeevil, slut."

Karen laughed and got up and sat in Claire's lap and hugged her. "I promise to use my powers to get you off, anytime you want."

Claire said, "Well, you certainly did that today." She looked at me and said, "You know. I think I'll leave you two alone and let you get her started on some of your far out videos. I'm gonna go home and think about some of the stuff we've discussed and how we can do some stuff." She kissed Karen and then slid her off her lap and stood up. "I've got a lot to think about and some stuff to discuss with Janelle. And my husband." She looked down at her tits and said, "He's gonna want to know how I got these marks. That should be fun telling him."

I said, "You're not gonna be in trouble with him for it are you? If there's anything I can do..."

"No, it'll be fine" Claire said. "Like I told you, he's not a Dom. But I suspect that he might want to watch you 'punish' me next time. You won't mind that, will you, Humbert?" she asked.

I just grinned at her. Karen said in surprise, "You want to do that again? I mean get caned? Didn't it hurt?"

"Of course it did, silly. Didn't it hurt you?" Claire laughed as Karen nodded and rubbed her tender ass. "You don't think you have a corner on the kinky sex market do you? We were doing nasty things long before you were born dear. Right, old man?"

"And I suspect it will be continuing for a long time, too." I said, grinning. "Uh, did you want to borrow a cover up or something to get home?"

Claire laughed. "No, it's so nice out today, I thought I'd leave it out," she said, cracking an old joke. I chuckled and smirked at her, but Karen took a while to get it. Claire continued, "Besides, I dropped my wrap down at the beginning of the driveway. Like you, Karen, I enjoy being outside naked too." She hugged the young girl, then gave her a good kiss. Then she turned to me and put her arms around me. "After you get recharged, fuck her good and hard. She can stay overnight and I'll run interference if any is needed. If you want Janelle to join you, just give a call. I'm sure she'll run all the way here. And probably naked, too." We all laughed.

I walked her to the door while Karen sat down at the computer. When we got out on the porch, Claire whispered to me, "I really liked the caning. I want more of it. Although it will probably turn me on so much that I'll rape you till you can't stand up."

I kissed her and said, "Hey, I rape pretty easy. But I'll be happy to introduce you to the contents of my toy box whenever you want. But be careful what you ask for. I'm not sure you can take all of them."

"After today, just try me buster. I mean it." She grabbed my cock and bent down to lick the head. "I look forward to you using this on me some more. Well, take good care of your slut in there. And let me know if you want me to send my daughter over."

"I will." I said. It was again fascinating to watch her rear end cross the yard and disappear around the corner. I just shook my head. What an amazing piece of woman!

I went back inside and stood behind Karen, my hard cock pressing against her back. She looked up and over her shoulder at me and said, "I want that in me so bad. Let me know when you think you're ready to go again. Or is that a hint that you are already?"

"I think we can watch some videos to further your... ummmm, education. We've got a lot of ground to cover and if we just fuck all the time, we're not gonna make much progress. Not that fucking wouldn't be just as nice." I told her.

She stood up to let me sit down, then sat on my lap, my hard cock sticking up between her legs. She had the favorite videos folder opened already. We spent the next several hours selecting and watching various fetish videos on the screen. She'd make comments about things she wanted to try and tried to keep her comments of surprise or awe - or distaste- to the minimum. We ended up with a list of things that she wanted to try.

"You're sure you want to do all this stuff? Or, rather, have it done to you?" I asked her.

She nodded. "And lot's more, but that will get us started. I only have little titties now so we can't do a lot of the tit torture stuff that you have videos of. But we can stretch me as much as possible, with as many things as possible. The caning was really something else, but I think I do want to try it on my breasts like Claire did. I think I'm really gonna like the dogs and horses. I've already drank several people's pee and I've had both Janelle's and her mom's crap. Ummmm, what else?"

I said, "When did you take Janelle's scat?"

Karen flushed and said, "Oh, I didn't tell you about that. Gramps, I had her do it for me. She was really turned off by the idea of it at first, as you know. But when we got to her place that day, I wanted so much to show her that I loved her. We talked about everything and we did each other until we were shaking. Then I told her that it meant a lot to me to show her how much I care about her, to the point that I would eat her sh-sh-sh... ummm, scat. She finally understood and gave it to me. It was hard to get down, but I felt so hot doing it for her. Like today with Claire. It's hard to get down, but it gets me so hot doing it. Gramps, does it turn you on to torture a woman. Like doing Claire and me today. Or if you were to do needles and stuff with us."

"Well, dear, I enjoy it when you enjoy it. Now you have to understand that there's a big difference between hurting someone and causing them pain. Today, I caused you and Claire some pain. Claire a bit more than you, I suspect..."

"I know!! Gramps, I couldn't believe how much she took." Karen interjected.

"Well, she's been around a bit and is more familiar with the S&M scene than you are. But anyway, it was... ummmm, exciting to see the two of you responding with sexual arousal from the pain of the caning. It can be arousing for me, but I suspect not as arousing as it is for you. But I get pleasure from knowing I'm giving you pleasure. Even through pain. So I guess you could say that it does turn me on in that way."

"What about watching me eat, ummm...scat? Does that turn you on like watching the women in the videos?"

Karen asked.

"Not nearly the same, dear. In fact, doing some things with you far surpasses any possible fantasies I could have. Other things are best left as fantasies... or videos. Like scat." I answered.

"But you'll do all kinds of extreme things with me? Even if it doesn't turn you on?" she asked.

"Dear, just being around you turns me on. Just looking at your beautiful body or face turns me on. Watching you walk turns me on. I can't think of anything that you could do that wouldn't turn me on. And if you want to learn all kinds of extreme sex, then I'll love teaching you." I told her. And meant every word of it.

She stood up and turned around to straddle my legs, then guided my hard cock into her wet cunt. She sat all the way down on it, taking it all until it bottomed out. She smiled at me and said, "I couldn't do that last week. It feels so good when you hit all the way up in there."

"Feels good to me too, sweetheart," I told her. "You're probably going to like being stretched with some big things. If you were older, I'd see about opening up your uterus with some dilators. But you're too young. But maybe..."

"Maybe what, Gramps? Is there a way to do it?" she asked.

"No dear, I wouldn't do anything like that to you at your age. Could cause too much problems. But I was thinking about maybe dilating your urethra. Let me think about that." I told her.

"Got that on any videos so I can see what you're talking about? And where's my retha?" Karen asked me.

"It's 'urethra' dear. That's the hole you pee out of. And stretching it with dilators can be a... well, stimulating experience. Here, I'll show you." I turned the chair so we could both see the screen and found the pee hole gang bang video and started it playing. Karen watched in fascination as the woman slid a speculum in her stretched pee hole, then took a full sized cock up inside it, then had what was obviously several serious orgasms from it as the cock stroked in and out of her enlarged piss tube. The guy groaned and spewed his cum, then pulled out so the camera could see the cum floating in her bladder and slowly draining out.

"Looks like she really likes that, huh?" Karen said. "I'd like to try it."

I showed her several more of the same woman who was well known for taking huge objects in both her cunt and ass. Karen watched, fascinated as the woman took monstrous sized dildos in both her holes. After the last one ended, she said, "I'm gonna like doing that stuff. When can we start?"

"This from a shy twelve year old who before last week couldn't let anyone see her without her clothes on?" I asked teasingly.

She hugged me and gave me a big kiss, grinding her pelvis to smash my cockhead against her cervix. "And all thanks to you, you perverted, dirty old child molester. Are you happy with what you've turned me into?" She grinned broadly.

"Honey," I said, "I love you so much any way you are. But being an insatiable nymph is quite a change from the shy old Karen. While I like it, I do worry that you could get hurt or something. Ahhhhhhh, damn dear, that feels good when you do that." She was grinding hard on my cock, which was quickly getting me to the point where it wouldn't take much more to get off.

"Feels so good to me too, Gramps" she said, continuing the grinding motions. "Let me know when you're gonna cum. I want you to spurt it in me so I can let it drain into a glass, then fill it with your pee and drink it all down."

"You're turning into a first class slut, aren't you?" I said. "What's with the fascination with drinking piss"

Continuing her hip motions, she said, "I dunno. It just feels so dirty and perverted. I mean, I get turned on thinking about doing really dirty things that other people would be disgusted to do. I don't know what it is, but since you started showing me all these nasty fetish things, I want to do things like that. Like wanting to be a

whore. It's so nasty and perverted to be sold for dirty sex. And the idea just turns me on. The more I think about it the more I want to do it. You're gonna do it for me, aren't ya?"

"Honey," I said, "are you sure you really want to do that? Let's give it some time and thought. OK?"

"Gramps, I've thought about it. A lot. I really want to be sold. To be used for really nasty, hard sex in all my holes by as many guys as possible. And I want to do it before I'm thirteen. You'll help me do it, won't you? Pleeeeeze, Gramps!"

"I just don't understand it, is all", I told her. "I mean, wanting to have sex I can understand. Liking it a little rough, sure. Lots of people like that. Maybe even having several guys do you. OK. But being pimped out for money and possibly hurt badly? Some of it I just don't get. I'll try to help you, but I'm really worried about it."

"Don't worry about it, Gramps. Just help me do it and keep me safe." she said. "But I really wanta be a cheap, dirty whore. And I want it really rough. I want it to hurt. I don't know why I want all that, but I just do. The more I think about it the more turned on I get and the more I wanta do it. I know it sounds stupid, but plain old, shy goody-goody Karen is gone. In her place is a super pervert sex slut. Cum in me, Gramps. Cum in your dirty slut. Spurt your cum up into me. Use me, Gramps. Hurt me. Ohhhhhhhhh, Gramps, I'm cumming. Do it to me..."

She started shaking and pressing down on my cock. I couldn't hold back any longer and thrust my cock up into her hard, jamming into her cervix. She squealed from the pain and threw her head back, shuddering with orgasm. I started spewing my hot cum up into her hole, the pressure of her cervix against my cockhead increasing my sensations and orgasm. Shit, this little pre-teen could make me cum! She could make a statue cum!

After I finished filling her cunt with my hot sperm, she jumped off, holding her cunt lips closed with her hand and ran to the kitchen to get a glass. She came back and squatted down, put the glass under her and then leaned forward to take my slimy cock in her mouth. She looked up at me while she spit shined my wilting rod, my cum dripping from her cunt into the glass. She seemed to thoroughly enjoy sucking and licking my cock.

After she was satisfied that she had gotten all my cum and her cunt juices off my cock, she reached down and picked up the glass from between her legs. She wiped her finger along her cunt to get the last drops and put it into her mouth to lick it clean.

"C'mon, Gramps! Fill the glass so I can taste what your cum and piss tastes like together" she said.

I stood up and took the glass from her. "Are you sure about this, baby?" I asked her.

"Yeah, Gramps. I'm getting to like it. Ya know, in addition to it being so dirty 'n stuff. So c'mon, fill it up for me", she said.

It took me a while to relax and get the piss flowing, but I finally got the glass filled for her. She took it from me and with an impish grin on her face, put a finger in it and stirred it around. Then she popped the finger in her mouth and sucked it, looking at me with this incredibly sexy, innocent smile on her face. Then she stood there looking me straight in the eye and drank the whole glass down without stopping.

"Mmmmmmmmm, good. Thanks Gramps", she said, sitting the glass down on the desk. "How soon do you think you'll be able to get hard again and do me in my rear?" she asked.

"Hon, it's gonna be a while. Let's think of something else we can do for a while." I said.

"OK. Will you tie me up, use your cane again and really beat my tits like you did Claire's. I know I don't have huge, gorgeous tits like hers, but you can cane me on my little titties. Wanna do that?" she asked.

"What has gotten into you? Why do you want me to do that to you", I asked.

"I saw how turned on Claire got when you did it to her tits. And it turned me on, I guess. I was getting wet when you caned my butt. I want to see how much I can take. Do it to me. OK?" she pleaded.

"You want to see how much you can take?" I asked incredulously. "What do you mean by that?"

She looked at me seriously and said, "I want you to beat me. Hard. Cane me as hard as you can. I want to see how much pain I can stand. And how much it turns me on when you do it."

"My dear sweet baby," I said to her, putting my arms around her and hugging her delightful naked form to me. "I don't know if you realize what you're asking for. And I certainly don't know if I can do what you're asking. I love you and I'm not sure I could inflict that kind of pain on you."

She pushed away from me, putting her hands on her hips. "Gramps! Listen!" she said angrily. "I WANT you to do it. I'm relying on you to teach me everything about sex. You showed me some of those pain sluts who can take whipping and beating and needles and fish hooks in them. How can I ever know if I can do that and whether or not I would like it if you won't do it for me? I'm counting on you to teach me all this stuff. Besides, I got kinda turned on when you did it on my butt. Yeah, it hurt. Like heck! But I started getting real wet from it and thinking about it. How can I find out how much I can take if you won't do it? And if you won't, then I'll have to find someone who will."

I didn't know what to say. She was serious. Deadly serious about wanting this. Now I was no stranger to inflicting a little pain on willing submissives, but I wasn't sure I could do it to her. I thought for a bit, then said, "Honey, if your heart is set on it, then I'll do it. But not right now. I'm gonna have to work up to this a little bit. But let me plan a little and then we'll try it. OK?"

She threw her arms around me and said, "Oh, Gramps! I'd really like you to do it now while I'm in the mood. But if it would be better for you, that's fine. As long as you promise me you'll do it."

I hugged her to me and said, "I promise I will, kitten. But right now I've got something else we can try that you may like. C'mon." I led her to my bedroom where I had my toy box. Well, several toy boxes. I've got a lot of toys. The one I wanted was one of the medical ones. I pulled out a set of dilators in a leather case, opened it up and showed them to her.

"What are those things?" Karen asked.

"These, my dear, are Hegar sounds. Or dilators. They're used to dilate, or stretch, your pee hole. Your urethra." I told her.

"So those are the things you're gonna stick in my pee hole, huh? Will it hurt?" she asked me.

"Umm, well, stretching your hole can be a bit painful, depending on how much it's stretched at one time. What's this new obsession with pain?" I asked her.

"I dunno. Guess I just want to see what it feels like. So whatta ya do? See how big a one you can get in me?" she asked.

"Normally, I'll start with the smallest one and then work up, stretching a little bit by little bit. But if you're set on feeling some pain, I can start larger and do as much stretching as you can take." I told her.

"So what's it gonna take before you can put your thing in my pee hole?" she asked, grinning.

"Depends on how much pain you can take doing the stretching. I don't want to damage you. It could take months for an adult woman. I don't know if we'll be able to stretch yours that much. But don't worry about that. I have the feeling that you're gonna enjoy the process." I told her.

We took the stuff into the bathroom and while I got the silver antiseptic and cleaned the sounds, then got a sterile catheter and some lube out, I explained what I was doing and why we had to be super careful about sterility and cleanliness to avoid any bladder infections. She listened intently, nodding as I explained the things to her. She asked me what the long rubber thing was and I told her that it was a urinary catheter, which is inserted up the urethra into the bladder to drain the urine.

"So you don't use that to stretch me, just drain me, huh?" she asked.

I smiled and said, "Well, not exactly. It can be used in fun ways too. I'll show you pretty soon. But first, sit down on the toilet and let me clean you up real good." I showed her how to clean around her urethra good with the antiseptic to keep from getting any nasty bacteria up in there. Then I pulled out one of the smaller metal sounds and had her hold her cunt lips open. I inserted the tip of the sound into the opening of her urethra.

"Tell me if it hurts or anything." I told her. She nodded. I worked an inch or so of the sound up into her.

"Ummmmmmm, that feels neat, Gramps. Wow, I've never felt anything like that before. Push more of it in." she said.

I worked about two inches into her, then started pulling it back, then pushing it in again, fucking her tiny pee hole with the metal rod.

"Oh, wow, Gramps. That feels so good!" she exclaimed as she threw her head back, panting. I withdrew the sound and picked up the next larger size. This one should actually do a little stretching, judging by the visual size of her exposed urethral opening. With her watching me, I very carefully slipped the tip of the sound into her little hole. She gasped a little as it went in, indicating that there was a little more stimulation than the last one. I gently worked the sound in and out of her until I had about two inches inside her. I looked up at her.

"That still feels good. Try a larger one." she said.

I pulled that one out and took the next larger one and positioned it at the opening. Slowly I slipped it in, watching her reaction. She gasped again and made a face, indicating that it was indeed stretching her pee hole a bit and causing some pain. I asked her if she was OK.

"Yeah. It hurts a bit, but it still feels good. I like it. I can't believe how neat it feels to have something up there. Really, Gramps, I could get to like this." she told me.

I started working the sound in and out again, fucking her little, tight hole. She soon was panting and groaning with pleasure. So I grabbed the next size up, pulled the one out and inserted the next one. As it went in, she gave a little squeal of pain.

"Ooooooo, that smarts! You're certainly stretching it now, Gramps. But keep doing it. It feels good." she told me. So I worked the sound in and out a bit. Karen's eyes rolled back and she started grunting and panting with each stroke in and out. I continued until I saw her legs start shake and pulled the sound all the way out.

After a few seconds, Karen screamed in frustration and said, "Damn, Gramps! I was almost there. Put it back in!"

I picked out the next larger size and smiled at her. "Let's see how this one does, baby." I inserted the tip and slowly worked it into her little piss tube. She groaned again at the stretching that it was doing, but her breathing started quickening and she moaned. I worked the metal rod in and out until her legs were shaking again and she was grunting and shaking her head. Suddenly her whole body stiffened and shook. I slowed my actions but still gently worked the sound in and out. She screamed and writhed in orgasm. She had enjoyed getting off many times, but this was even a stronger reaction than normal.

As I continued to work the sound in and out of her pee hole, she continued to shake, moan and writhe, breathing hard, her neck and chest flushed. After several minutes of this, I held the sound still, about two inches up into her. Her panting slowed and she started to relax.

"Oh Gramps! That was awesome! I've never felt like that before. Even when you do me... you know, in the rear end, it doesn't feel like that. Almost. But that was amazing. Oh, thankyou, thankyou, thankyou!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

I slowly slipped the sound out of her piss tube. She almost got a sad look on her face and said, "I feel so empty after what you had been doing."

I laid down the sound and opened the catheter package up. I said, "Well, let's see if this will do anything for you."

She said, "What's that thing? Does that go all the way up in me?"

"Yup," I said. "I'm going to thread this up your pee hole into your bladder, which will drain all the urine out of it."

"Why can't I just pee?" she asked.

"You did like the sensations that the sound made in you didn't you?" I asked. She nodded her head. "Well, this will make similar sensations and then I'm going to show you something real nasty. I think you'll like it."

I lubed the end of the cath and started threading it into her pee hole. I got it a couple of inches up and Karen was moaning, "Mmmmmmmmmmm" while I did. Then, as I inserted a bit more, I felt the slightest resistance, which is what I was looking for. Her eyes popped wide open and she said, "Oh, wow! What did you hit?"

"That's your urinary sphincter, dear. That's what holds the pee back until you relax and let it flow out." I held the open end of the cath and slightly advanced the other end into her. She gasped as the tip of the rubber tube stretched and passed her sphincter. "Feel good, sweetie?" I asked.

Karen nodded and said, "It hurts a bit, but it feels really good too. Is it all the way into me now?"

I smiled at her. "Nope, only the tip is in your bladder. I'm gonna push more into you. Let me know if there's any change or any sudden pain." I told her. Then I eased the tube up into her until only about three inches was left outside her. This was a foley catheter, so it had a 'Y' end on it. Karen was panting a little, but watching with interest as the tube went into her. I had put a clamp on the end and I now held the end between her legs over the toilet bowl and removed the clamp. Her piss started draining out and she giggled with a combination of pleasure and released tension.

When her bladder was completely emptied and no more urine was draining out, I picked up the inflation syringe that comes with the foley package. Slipping the tip into one side of the 'Y', I pushed the plunger which filled the little balloon on the end that was inside her. Karen watched in fascination as I explained what I was doing. After the balloon was filled with the sterile water, I removed the syringe and slowly pulled the cath back out of her. It came almost all the way out until the little retention balloon caught against the opening of the sphincter, plugging up the opening and holding the tip of the catheter inside her. I looked up at her and gave a slight tug on the rubber tube. Karen gasped at the sharp sensation.

"Now, the end of the catheter is sealed inside of you by that little balloon. If I pulled hard, it would really stretch your urethra, really fast and probably damage it. So we're going to be very careful right now that we don't do that." I grinned at her.

"It feels really odd, Gramps. When you tug on it, it doesn't hurt but it gets a lot of pressure. So now that you've got it stuck in me, what are ya gonna do with it?" she asked.

I put the clamp back on the end of the tube and handed it to her. "Here, now that it's plugged inside of your bladder, it'll stay there until we deflate the balloon. That's why it's called a retention catheter. You can stand up and move around with it in you if you want." With that she stood up and moved around a little, holding the end in her hand.

"That feels neat, Gramps! Can you, you know, put your thing in me with it in me? That would really feel good, I think." she said.

"Yep, we can do that. And you'll probably really like screwing with your urethra being stimulated at the same time." I told her. "But, I want to try something else first, before I put my cock in you."

I picked up a glass from the sink and held it under my cock, trying hard to relax enough to pee in it. It took a while but I finally had the glass full. I told Karen to sit back down again and I took an empty 60 cc syringe and sucked up my pee until it was full. Karen watched as I put the tip of the syringe in the tip of the catheter and then released the clamp. The I started squeezing the plunger of the syringe.

"Gramps! You pervert! You're putting your pee up into me! That's so nasty! Oh, I can feel it filling me up." she exclaimed, excited.

I emptied the syringe then filled it up again and repeated the process until every bit of my pee was up inside my sweetie's bladder. Then I clamped the end of the catheter to hold it in there.

Sitting the syringe down, I said, "Well, whatta ya think?" She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Gramps, you're such a dirty old man! I'm filled with your hot pee. That' SO nasty! Ummm, will you put your thing in me now? I want to feel you in me too." she said.

I kissed her back and nodded, then sat down on the toilet. I held my hard cock up and Karen straddled me. I guided my cockhead to her opening and she sank down, groaning with satisfaction. "Ohhhhhhhh, Gramps, that feels so good!" She started grinding her hips.

I reached down and grasped the catheter just past where it came out of her pee hole and then started slightly tugging on it as she ground her hips. Very soon, she started breathing fast and groaning and it didn't take long for all the stimulation she was feeling brought her to the edge of orgasm. As he little body started to shake, I pulled a little harder on the cath and pushed my cock up into her, mashing against her cervix. She threw back her head and gave a little squeal, her body shaking.

After she started to relax, I started tugging on the cath again and thrusting up into her. She started moaning and humping up and down. I reached around and started inserting a finger into her little asshole and she got even more animated. We kept this up through two more crashing orgasm for her. Finally she was panting and hanging from her arms around my neck.

"Wow, Gramps! That's awesome!" she said, breathlessly. "I can't believe I've got your pee up inside me. It feels so wicked."

"I thought you'd like it, little one. Feel like a really dirty slut, huh?" I said.

She looked at me and said, "Yeah. I do. How'd you know?"

"Well, this isn't the first time I've done this type of thing. But I want to do one more thing. Stand up, hon." I told her.

She stood up, the catheter dangling between her legs. I said, "Now, bend over the counter so I can enter you from behind."

She looked happy and did as I told her. I entered her again and started stroking in and out of her. I knew it wouldn't take much more for me to cum. I kept up until I was about ready and then grabbed the glass and pulled out of her, spurting my cum into the glass. She turned around to watch me and said, "That's a waste."

After I had finished spurting and draining as much of my cum into the glass as I could, I told her to sit back down on the toilet. She did and I squatted down and took the end of the cath and held it over the glass. Then I released the clamp and let the warm pee dribble into the glass until there was about an inch, then I clamped the cath again. I swirled the pee and cum together and Karen said, "Yummmm. Is that for me?"

I said, "Yep, but not the way you think." I grabbed the syringe and sucked everything out of the glass. Then I inserted the tip of the syringe into the cath and released clamp. Pushing the plunger down, I squirted the mixture up into Karen's bladder. She squealed with delight as I did this.

"Oh Gramps, that's kew! Now I've got both your pee and your cum up inside me. Oh, I just love this! It's so nasty! I'm really a dirty slut!" she exclaimed.

I put the clamp back on and removed the syringe. I stood back and said, "OK, slut. Let's see how long you can keep that in you." I put out my hand and helped her stand up. She was grinning from ear to ear, and started dancing around the room, catheter swinging wildly between her legs.

"I'm full of Gramp's pee 'n cum," she started singing, prancing around. Then she threw her arms around my neck and pulled up to kiss me. "I can't believe I'm such a slut, Gramps! Oh, I love you for doing this!"

I smiled and reached down and tugged on the catheter. "How's it feel?" I asked.

"Like I gotta pee! Really badly! But I can't go. Even if I relax, nothing comes out. It's a really weird feeling." she said, and started dancing and prancing around again. "This is fun!" She grabbed the glass from the counter and said, "C'mon. Let's go look at some more of your dirty old man videos."

I nodded and quickly picked up the used sounds and threw them in the sink, running some water. I figured I could clean up later. We went into the front room and sat down at the computer. Karen sat on my lap, playing with the catheter with one hand and the other around my neck. She'd giggle to herself every once in a while.

"Show me the worstest, nastiest torture video. I wanna see what I'm gonna have to do." she said.

"Listen, sweetie, this isn't a contest. You're not gonna win every time by doing more than someone else. So get that through your head. I'll help you with experiencing some pain if you want, but get this competition thing out of your head! Hear me?" I told her in my very best master's voice. She suddenly got very timid and nodded.

I clicked on a video where woman was caned pretty hard. As it started, I said, "Look, sweetie, if you want to experience some pain, I'll help you. But a little at a time and if you decide that it turns you on, then maybe we'll do more. But we take it little by little, OK?" she nodded, watching the video. I stopped that one and started one that showed several women hung by their breasts. She gasped as she watched. Then I started on where a woman was suspended above the floor by ropes around

her breasts, then the master pounded six penny nails into her swollen breasts with a hammer. Karen fidgeted and could hardly watch as the nails were driven half way in.

When an eight penny nail was hammered straight into her breast through the nipple, Karen couldn't watch any more and turned to me saying, "How can she take that?" I didn't say anything but turned her head to make her watch the second eight penny nail being hammered into the other nipple. Karen gasped and shuddered as the camera pulled back showing the woman, nails embedded in her breasts, hanging suspended a foot above the floor, held up only by the rope around her tortured breasts.

I stopped the video and turned Karen to look at me. "See, sweetie, you may think you want be this nasty slut and do everything, but that's not how it works. We'll try some things and maybe work up to others, but get it through your head right now that you're not gonna be able to do everything everyone else does. Got it?"

She cast her eyes down and nodded her head, flushing. She mumbled, "I understand."

I hugged her to me. "But I'll try to help you experience as much as you safely can. I love you, honey."

She said tearfully, "I love you too, Gramps. I just love what you've shown me and done to me so far. I just get so turned on doing anything with sex and I keep wanting to do more. I really want to be a slut. I especially want to be your slut. And I love you for everything you've taught me."

I got her off my lap and then I stood up. "C'mon, let's go get you emptied out." I said and led her to the bathroom. I had her stand in the tub and handed her the glass. Then I took the inflation syringe and put it in the cath and started to deflate the bulb. Once it was down, the cath started to slip out of her.

"Ooooooooooooooooooooo! Oh, Gramps! That hurts! What's wrong?" she cried.

I told her to hold the glass and she did, catching a good amount of my pee and cum streaming out of her. She sort of pranced in place, going, "Ow, ow, ow" for a bit. When she was empty, she stood there with the glass in hand and looked at me. "Wah-OW! That stings!" I quietly explained to her that by stretching her pee hole, we had stretched the membranes of it and the urine, being acidic, would sting the raw tissues for a bit. But it would go away. She nodded, then said, "This is your cum and pee, Gramps. I love it. Thank you." then lifted the glass up and drank it down, looking at me the whole time. When she finished, she licked her lips and said, "Yummm! Grampa's Dick juice!" We laughed.

I started the water running and washed her off. I wrapped her in a big bath towel as she stepped out of the tub. As we walked back to the computer she said, "It just blows my mind how dirty and perverted you are. And I love

it that you're teaching me. Thank you Gramps."

We decided that we were both getting hungry, so I made us something to eat. We were sitting, finishing up when the phone rang. I answered it and it was Janelle. She asked if she could talk to Karen. I handed her the phone.

They squealed and giggled and used their pre-teeny secret code speak for a while. I puttered around cleaning up the dishes and things, then Karen said that Claire wanted to talk to me. I took the phone and said 'Hello'.

"Well what sort of things have you been doing to that poor little twelve year old, you dirty pervert?" Claire said, laughing. "I do hope you're having fun." I told her I was, definitely.

Then I heard her tell Janelle to go do something as she wanted to talk to me privately. There was a pause then she said, "Listen, Dick, I especially enjoyed our little session today. It brought out my submissive streak nicely, don't you think? Anyway, I'd like to see if you could set aside a little serious caning time for me. My husband noticed the nice welts you gave me and he agreed that he isn't gonna be able to do that for me. So, you think you could help me out. After all, I'm letting you fuck my twelve year old daughter and her friend."

I laughed and said, "My dear, I will be happy to apply whatever discipline you think you need, whether you let me fuck your daughter or not. You think you can survive it?"

I could hear what in a male would be testosterone in her voice. "Hey, old man, all you did was get me good and wet, today. I'll take anything you can give me." she said laughing. She paused then said a less forcefully, "Well, we may have to work up to some stuff. OK?"

I turned away from Karen and moved out of her earshot and said, "OK, I'll leave the metal breast skewers and the large fish hooks and weights for later. We'll just start with the riding crop and cane then, and work up to the good stuff."

There was a long pause, then she said, "Uh, you've actually done stuff like that? I mean, the skewers and stuff? And you'd do it to me?"

Gone was her normal braggadocio and in its place I could detect a slight quaver in her voice. She may have watched some S&M play scenes, and even been turned on by them, but apparently she wasn't sure just how extreme she wanted to get. I said, "We can take it as slow as you want and go to whatever extreme you'd like to try, my dear."

Again there was a long pause, then she took a breath and said, "Well, uh, I dunno. You may need to take it easy on me and slowly work up to some stuff. But after this morning, I really think I'd like to have a caning session with you. As long as you don't mark me up too awful much."

I decided to reinforce my dominance over her and put a little fear in her. I said, "My dear, let me assure you that if you want, I have a number of ways of inflicting excruciating pain without even leaving a visible mark. But we can start with the simple caning if you want."

The swagger in her voice was completely gone now. "Well, ummm, thank you. I've watched some D/s sessions, but the caning you did was the first time I've actually really experienced it physically. Well, except for some nice rough fucks. Which I find I like. A LOT."

I said, "My dear, I'll be as gentle or as strict as necessary. But you did very well this morning. I was impressed."

I could almost hear the pride in her voice from that praise as she said, "Oh, this is going to be so interesting." There was a pause then she said, "By the way, I called a swinger friend of mine who occasionally turns some tricks. I asked her if she might be able to help us to... ummm, 'pimp out' your little twelve year old wanna-be whore. She was really afraid of being involved with anyone underage, but she said she'd talk to some 'professional' acquaintances in the field and see what she could find out. Like I thought, though, a pre-teen girl can bring in some really heavy money, especially if she can do what they call 'rough trade', like Karen seems to want to do. I really don't think she knows what she's getting into, but if she's set on it..." Her voice tailed off.

I said, "I know. But I guess I'm gonna have to educate her pretty fast. I don't know if I can do that."

Claire chuckled and said, "Do I detect a bit of hesitance in your voice? You really care about her, don't you?"

I lowered my voice. "Yes, I love her as if she were my own. I've already run up against those kinds of feelings in dealing with her. But please, don't let that slip. OK?"

Her voice softened and she said, "Why, old man! Going soft?" She chuckled. "But don't worry. That makes me feel even better about what you're doing, knowing how deeply you care about her. We're beginning to feel like she's family to us, too. I know Janelle loves her a lot. Since the two of them started with you, I've noticed that their little 'sisterly' competition has diminished. You're having a good effect on both of them, apparently."

"Well, that's good, I guess" I said. "But it still doesn't make it any easier to do some of the things she wants. Please do keep in contact with your friend. My little slut-to-be wants to be sold as a whore before her birthday. Which doesn't leave us a lot of time."

"I'll talk to my husband too, then" she said. "He has a lot of contacts, especially in the swinger circles. We've known that there are some who'd really like to do our daughter and have been very upfront about it. Most of the swingers don't want to have anything to do with underage children, but of course, those who have kids will have the subject brought up." She laughed. "Especially ones with a sexpot like Janelle. Believe me, you aren't the only dirty old pedophile who wants to do things with her. And you're one of the only ones that's actually been able to."

"I don't doubt that you've had your hands full with her. She takes after her mother in that she sheerly exudes an aura of sex." I told her.

"Umm, I think I'm blushing. You really mean that?" she asked.

"Completely, my dear. You both can make men hard just walking by. I'm amazed that her father has been able to resist her so far." I told her. "Or her teachers."

"I'm not sure if all of her male teachers have actually been able to resist. You know, we've been very open with her and allowed her to have sex if she wanted. I have a sneaking suspicion that some at the school have... uh, sampled her wares, so to speak. I'm gonna have to actually ask her, I guess."

"Well, she certainly seems very sexually mature, if not experienced. I'm very happy to be able to... ummmm, 'tutor' her. I hope I can just keep up with those two. And now you." I told her, laughing.

"I'll go easy on you, Dick. After all, I've got my hubby and my swinger friends to handle most of my needs." she said.

"Except for the serious stuff, huh?" I said.

"Ummm, yeah. And I trust you to handle that properly for me."

"I certainly will do my best, my dear." I told her. "When do you want to get together?"

"How 'bout if I call you if I get some time free in the afternoon while the kids are in school? Are you available during the day?" she asked.

"Being retired and fancy free, I'm here most every day. Just call and give me a little warning and I'll get things ready for you." I told her.

She laughed, having gotten some of her bravado back. "Wouldn't want to interrupt your porn surfing, would we? I'd like to have you show me some of your collection, if you wouldn't mind. Maybe there's some things I'd be interested in trying."

I said, "I have some exquisite tit torture videos that you might want to see. And then there are the dogs, horses, mice, snakes and those things, plus the incest, forced sex, huge objects..."

"Whoa, whoa! Hold on there! Not so much, so fast, old man. Jeez, you don't want to turn my stomach before we even get started, do you?" she interrupted. "My God... did you say snakes? Mice? Ewwww!"

I chuckled and said, "Yes, dear. What? You've never given any thought to what you could do with the proper size snake? Say nice two footer? One that would fit right in you without a lot of effort." I heard her sharp intake of breath.

"I think you better stop now before you totally freak me out! No, I've never given that any thought. But I'll be interested in seeing some of what you've got." she told me.

"No problem, dear. I'll keep the skewers sterilized until you're ready. And we can start with the cane as you want." I told her.

"Hmmm, this is gonna be rather interesting, I can tell. I don't know how much of this I'm ready for. But..."

"We'll just have to see what happens, won't we? Just give me a call when you're ready to start." I told her.

"OK. Well, I've got a lot to think about, don't I? I'll let you get back to your little nymphet there. What're you doing to her today?" she asked me.

"Oh, we watched some videos and then I used some sounds on her little pee hole. She enjoyed that." I told her.

"Ewwwww. Doesn't that hurt like crazy?" she exclaimed.

"Karen rather enjoyed it. She wants to do more of it. We just had a little to eat and I don't know what we're gonna try next. But if Karen wants Janelle to come over, I'll have her call you. OK?"

We exchanged goodbyes and I hung up and went back over to Karen. I kissed her on the top of her head and sat down. "If you want Janelle to come over, just give them a call." I told her.

"Yeah, I know. But right now I just wanna be here with you. Alone. And do stuff." she said.

"I'm not sure how much I can do for a while, sweetie. You wore me out a bit. Say, have your parents been getting suspicious about you being over at Janelle's so much?" I asked.

"No. Not really. I think Mom's sorta glad she doesn't have me there all the time. Dad's been wondering what I've been up to though. I forgot to tell you, Gramps. I almost got him to do something with me! It was so exciting. I think it won't be long now before I can get him to go all the way with me." she said excitedly.

"I hope you're not stressing him out, dear. You know, it isn't like every father has sex with his daughter. It could be emotionally traumatizing to him if he isn't inclined toward it." I told her.

"Oh, I think he's inclined, Gramps! The other night, I made sure to let him see me naked and he liked it. I was in my bedroom and he walked past to go to the bathroom. I followed him and started talking to him. He didn't try not to look at me. In fact, he looked at me a lot. I asked him if he liked the way I looked and he said I was very beautiful. He sat down and I sat on his lap naked. I put my arms around his neck and told him that I liked being with him. He touched me all over and said he like being with me too. I held his hand on my titty and kissed him. He liked it, I could tell. But then he said that we should probably not do that and that I should probably put some clothes on. I told him that I liked doing it and wanted to do more because I loved him. I could feel his thing really hard under me. I wiggled around and told him that he must like to do it too because he was so hard. He was surprised and asked me how I knew about stuff like that.

"I told him that I knew a lot about sex and I wanted to have sex with him. He got really flustered. I told him that he was my daddy and I loved him so much and that I just wanted to share that love and make him feel good. He was rubbing my titties the whole time. Then I took one of his hands and put it down on my... ummm, slit and told him to feel how wet I was. Grampa, he stuck his finger up inside me and it made me feel really, really good. It was all I could do to just hang on to him while he did that. Then Mom called us and we had to stop. But I told him that I wanted his thing inside me and I wasn't going to take no for an answer. Then I kissed him really good. Oh Gramps, it was so yummy! I mean, I like doing all sex things with you, but it was so much more with daddy. I

can't wait to have him inside me and make love to me!"

"Sounds like he's interested, then." I told her. "What else did you do?"

"Well, we had to go downstairs, but whispered in his ear that if he wanted, he could watch Jans and I do girl things together. And he could join us if he wanted. I think that really turned him on. At least, he and Mom really went at it later that night. It was good listening to them do it."

"Yeah, I'll bet your mom is enjoying it." I said.

"Oh, she's almost stopped telling me to put some clothes on, now. She just shakes her head and goes on with what she's doing when she sees me naked." she said. "I really want to sit down to dinner with them, naked. I think Mom'd freak out about that so I haven't done it. Maybe I can get up the nerve to do it pretty soon."

"Don't go pushing it, sweetie, or you may go too far. I'm surprised that your dad did as much as he did. But that's good as far as what you want to accomplish. Now you've just got to work on your mom." I told her.

"Yeah. How can I do that Gramps? What should I do?" she asked.

"I don't know. Maybe you should talk to Claire about that. She could probably help you better than I can. So your dad was interested in Janelle too, huh?"

She grinned. "Yep! And Jans wants to screw him really badly, too. So it won't take much. But I want him before he does her. It felt so good with him feeling me all over. And I know he liked it too."

"He'd have to be dead or a eunuch not to want your sexy body. So I can't blame him at all." I told her. She beamed at this.

"You really think I'm sexy, don't you?" she asked. I nodded. She said, "I love you screwing me, too. I'll love it even more if my daddy does it with me. Hey! Maybe you could both do me at the same time. I think I'd really like that!"

"Uh, that sounds, um, interesting. But you may have to take it easy on your poor dad. He may not be able to handle all that you want to do. After all, you're his one and only darling daughter and he only wants the very best for you." I told her.

"And I want the very best from him, too." she said with a grin. "When Mom called us, I told him that I wanted him to cum in my mouth as soon as we could. And then I wanted his cum in me in my other places too. That seemed to get him really turned on. I want him to do the nastiest, most perverted things with me. Just like you do. I want him to know I'm a sex slut and be proud of it."

"I don't know, dear. That might be asking too much. You really don't know what you're asking of him. Just touching you, let alone fucking you, is so taboo, he may not want to do it." I told her.

"Oh, he wants to do it. He LIKED feeling me all over. And putting his finger in me. And I liked it, too. And when I mentioned wanting his cum in my mouth and other places, he didn't object at all. Then when I mentioned that Jans wanted him, he really perked up, Gramps. You don't think he likes her more than me, do you?" she asked.

"No sweetie, that's not possible. I don't doubt he loves you more than anything. But remember what I said. There's a strong taboo and a lot of societal influence against him doing anything with his own daughter. There's still a strong taboo about doing it with another underage girl, but less than the incest taboo. So he probably wants both of you sexy creatures, but he's got a lot of conflict to overcome. Plus keeping your mother from finding out and divorcing him."

"Gee Gramps, I never thought of it that way. You're right, I guess. Why can't they be open and free like Janelle's mom and dad? They're so great about it. Her dad is going to do me pretty soon. I can't wait. He's so yummy!" she said. "But I love you doing me too! Nobody makes me do such nasty perverted things like you do."

"Well, I hope not! But just don't expect your dad to like all the things you want to do. He's your dad. Unless he's

got a twisted, kinky mind like I do, and wants to watch you being fucked by other men. And women." I told her, grinning.

"Ooooooo, wouldn't that be neat if he did! He could pimp me out and watch all the men and animals do it to me. Oh God, Gramps, I hope he does. That would be so neat!"

"Animals?! My goodness, girl, just what is it that you think you're going to be doing?" I asked her.

"Well, watching the videos of dogs and horses got me wondering. And turned on. I think I'd really like to try it. If you'll help me do it, that is. I keep wondering what taking a dog's or horse's thing in me would be like. And I want to find out. And while you were on the phone, I looked at the snake and mice ones. I don't know if I'm up to any of that, but it is interesting. And wouldn't it be wonderful if Dad was into all that stuff and liked me to do it. Oh Gramps, I can't wait!"

"You know dear, that reality might not be quite the same as your fantasy. Your dad could be disgusted and fly off the handle about any of that stuff. You're his lovely daughter, remember." I told her.

"Well, yeah, but I'll work on him and see if I can't get him into this stuff a little bit at a time. You'll help me, won't you?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, if that's what you really want, I'll help you. But I really have to pity your poor dad. It's hard enough for me to think about doing some things to you. I don't know how your actual father would handle it. Or if he could." I told her.

"Oh, but Gramps, I want him to! I want him to love me being a nasty sex slut and doing all kinds of perverted things." she said.

We sat and talked for about an hour, discussing some of the things she wanted to do. She amazed me on how much thought she had given all of this and what she actually wanted to do. Or have done to her. And more and more, I felt sorry for her father, who would be pulled into all this whether he liked it or not. I just hoped he was a real, dirty old man inside.

With my cock getting harder from the frank sexual discussion of things she wanted to do, I finally asked her, "Hon, I'm getting really turned on by all this talk. What do you want to do or how do you want me to do you?"

Karen put her arms around my neck and rubbed her little titties against my chest. She said, "Gramps, would you just take me to your bed and make gentle, passionate love to me tonight? I love doing all the nasty things, but sometimes I just want to love you as much as I can. Would that be OK?"

"My God, sweetie! That will never NOT be OK!" I said. I hugged her to me and then, holding her tight, I stood up and carried her to my bed, where we made gentle love for several hours. It was so stimulating to me and so much fun to just try to tantalize her erogenous zones and make her cum as much as I could. I lost count of the number of times she orgasmed, but I did fill her lovely, tight little cunt with my cum twice before the night was over and we both slipped into a deep, exhausted sleep.

===== cont'd in ch 6 =====