



A Young Girl...  
and a Dirty Old Man enjoy

SUMMERTIME



at

GRANDPA

DICKS

Erotic Story Series  
by **OLE CRANNON**

Erotic Elbow Enterprises Publishing

## Summertime at Grandpa Dicks- Chap 7

by Ole Crannon

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I woke up with this lovely, lithe little beauty sleeping peacefully next to me. I laid there for quite a while, just watching her sleep, looking so pure and innocent- even angelic. I thought back to my first meeting her in the grocery store and how delightfully sexy she looked in her short shorts and tight top, her little cupcake titties pushing at the material. I remembered how graceful she seemed to be, almost gliding along instead of the clumping walk that some young kids did these days.

I thought back on her watching the porn videos, sometimes not taking her eyes from the screen no matter how nasty and extreme the things were that were going on in them. And how she would see something and want me to do it with her. Things that most adult women would have run screaming away in horror from.

I also remembered well the look of steely eyed determination she would get on her face if I, or anyone else, should even intimate that there was something she either shouldn't or couldn't do. I had learned quickly just how iron willed this sweet little girl could be. God help anyone who should get in the way of something she set out to do. I grinned at the vision of taking her into a biker bar and her later walking out leaving a trail of rough, tough bodies on the floor behind her.

I appreciated the slim, petite body that was just starting to blossom into womanhood. Her still bare slit, the little cupcake tits with the pointy nipples, her long, athletically slim legs that merged into such an enjoyable little bubble butt. I loved the way her soft, light brown hair fell across her face as she slept.

I reached over to brush a strand of hair from her face and the touch woke her up. Her eyes fluttered open, unfocused at first, then she looked at me and a wonderful warm smile lit up her face. A feeling of warmth suddenly permeated my whole being, seeing that lovely smile aimed at me. She stretched a bit, her cute little titties poking out and standing up on her chest.

"My very own Humbert," she said, lovingly. "I love you so." She reached a hand out and gently touched my cheek. "Mmmmmmm, last night was so wonderful. Thank you for that," she said to me very softly.

"It was my pleasure, darling," I said. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. Especially after everything that happened yesterday. You've got some exciting times ahead of you."

As she stroked my cheek, she said, "Ummmmm, I don't care. You're my first lover and my first love. I'll be yours forever. I'll never forget what you've done for me. And how you make me feel."

I smiled at her and said kiddingly, "Yeah, you just want me for my body and all the sex you can use me for. I know your type." I grinned at her and kissed her gently.

She propped herself up on an elbow and said, "No, seriously. I really DO love you. Very much. You ARE my first lover and my first love. I'm serious. I've had time to give things a lot of thought over the past week or so when we weren't together, and I'm not just saying the words. Believe me, I'm deadly serious about it. I love you so deep inside me. I think you are what people call my 'soul mate'. I feel happy when I'm with you. So full and so complete. Yeah, I know I'm just a kid and

what does a twelve year old kid know? Right?

"Well, I know we're not gonna go get married and have a bunch of kids. It's not that kind of thing. And I know how much I love my mommy and daddy, and it's not like that either- although now that I've got Daddy f-f-f... uh, screwing me, that's gonna be all the better. But you're different. You're my first love, my first lover, the one who I gave my virginity to, my teacher, my friend. Darn! There aren't enough words to describe how I feel." She got an exasperated look on her face.

I said, "I know, sweetie. The same feelings are there for me." I grinned at her and said, "Well, you're not my first and you didn't get my virginity, but other than some of those things..."

Karen laughed and slapped me lightly on the arm. "Oh, you! I'm trying to be serious!"

"I know, dear," I said. "And I'm not trying to make fun of you or take it lightly, believe me."

She sat up in the bed and propped herself up against the headboard and said, "Good. Because I trust you with my life. I will let you do anything you want with me. Anything. I already have, a lot."

I moved between her legs and started to pull her little cunt lips open. She watched me, and I started gently licking along her hairless slit, tickling her clit. She moaned as I flicked the little nubbin with the tip of my tongue.

"Here, I'm...ahhhhhhhh... trying to have a serious conversation with... uhhhhnnnnnnnnnn... uh, you and you're licking my cunt." She reached down and grabbed me by the hair and pulled me away from her slit. "As wonderfully good as that feels, can we talk? Please?"

I said, "Yes, dear," in my best pussy whipped husband tone and crawled up beside her. "Go ahead," I told her.

"I'm entirely serious about what I said. I mean it. I've thought about this. And about what I want to do. And want you to do to me. I trust you completely and I want you to do the most awful, wickedest, pervertedest... ummm, kinky, twisted, painful things to me so I can experience all of it. I may not like it and I may never do some things again, but I want to do everything once. At least, everything that's possible. And I trust you to do them to me. Or with me."

"I hope you know what you're asking, dear," I said.

"I do," she answered. "Well, as much as I can for a twelve year old and as far as I can think things through. But that's what I need you for. Being able to have my daddy make love to me is wonderful, but he's not gonna be able to do the things I want. He'll be too influenced by being my daddy and to feel like he has to protect me. So that's where you come in. You ARE the love of my life in that respect. Can you do that for me?"

"I dunno, kiddo," I said seriously. "Like I said, I love you too. Very much. But I guess I don't have the same parental instinct that your dad would have. So maybe I can. But I have to tell you, talking like this, you don't sound like any twelve year old girl I've ever known. Or known of. Hell, I know middle aged, experienced women who aren't this serious about things like this."

Karen stroked my arm and said, "I guess I should take that as a compliment. But I have given this some serious thought. This isn't some flighty twelve year old's dream."

"I can see that," I said. "You've picked an old guy like me to compensate for your lack of experience and wisdom."

"Exactly!" she exclaimed. "I hadn't thought of it that way, but that's exactly right. See. You DO get me. We're the same."

I grinned at her and said, "Well, if you mean mentally twisted and perverted, you're right. Although I'm still trying to figure out which of us is the more perverted."

"I AM," she said emphatically. "Or at least I want to be. But you do purrrty good, HUMBERT!"

"And you make a fine, Lolita, sweetie. Although a really twisted one," I said, hugging her to me.

She was quiet for a while, then said softly, "Then we understand each other. Right, Humbert?"

"Right, Lolita." I answered.

Her little body felt so good to just hold tight to me. She apparently felt the same way, as she just laid there in my arms for a while. Then she finally spoke up. "I do love you so much, Gramps. Thank you for everything."

"You're welcome, sweetie," I replied.

We stayed that way a little longer, just enjoying the feel of being close to each other, both mentally and physically. Then she pulled away and sat up, looking me right in the eyes. "Gramps, I want you to hurt me today. Really bad. I mean physically. Torture me. I want you to cane me, stick needles in me, do anything you can go make me feel pain. Would you do that? I think I'm ready to try."

"Damn, sweetie, you don't know what you're asking of this old man who loves you so much," I said. "But I'll try. I don't know why you want that, but I'll try."

"I don't either, Gramps, but it's something I just feel," she said. "And could you record the worst of it, so I can relive it later by watching it, in case I don't ever want to do it again? And maybe we'll show it to Daddy sometime. When he's ready for that."

My mind raced, trying to figure out things that I could do without leaving permanent marks on her, yet fulfilling her wish. I mentally went through my toy boxes and supplies.

"OK, my twisted little Lolita, but first we have to setup some ground rules. You have to have a safeword," I told her.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Well, when you're in terrific pain- as you say you want to be- you'll be crying and screaming and your instinct is to say 'no' or 'stop' when it gets bad. A Master doesn't stop just because his slave pleads for him to. But if it gets so bad that you can't take it any more, we have to have a way to communicate that.

That's where a safeword comes in. Now let me explain about S&M and safewords. You NEVER use the safeword unless it's absolutely necessary. But if you do, everything stops right there. Immediately. And it doesn't start up again. Your safeword isn't the same as 'time out, I need to potty' or that kind of thing. Safewords are for when it absolutely is an emergency and everything has to come to a screeching halt.

"But there are some other things to consider, knowing you. Watching you and Janelle competing with each other, I've learned that you might let your determination override your judgement, or go too far before you'd break down and say the safeword, which is also not good. I can stop any time. That's up to me as the Master. But just like Claire the other day, she communicated to me that she wanted more or not. You apparently picked up on that."

"Yeah, that was neat. At first I didn't know what she was doing, but then I watched you and suddenly realized that she was giving you directions. At first, I thought you guys had done that before, but now I know that you hadn't. So that was really kewl and I just did what she did. But to tell you the truth, I really could have taken a lot more. In fact, I wanted a LOT more, but I didn't want to outdo Claire." She smiled at me.

"So you think you can take being beaten bloody, huh?" I asked her. I reached out and grabbed a nipple and pinched hard. She didn't even react. I twisted and pinched harder, watching her face. She stoically resisted showing any pain at all or pulling away, which would be a normal reflex to that. So I grabbed the other nipple too and started twisting.

She looked at me and said, "You're gonna have to do a lot better than that, old man," pointedly emphasizing the name that Claire used to taunt and kid me.

I let loose of her nipples and took one of her hands in mine, finding the point I wanted and with not a lot of pressure, I squeezed. Karen jumped and shouted, "Ouuuuuch!!!!!! Damn, that hurt!" I moved my hand up to her neck and pinched in a certain spot. She let out another piercing scream of pain, trying to twist away from my hand, then looked at me with tears in her eyes. "Please. That hurt! How did you do that?" she asked as she brushed away a tear on her cheek.

"There are things that I know that will surprise you. Don't ever try to push me beyond what I think is best. OK, sweetie? I love you, and I don't want to purposely hurt you, but I had to show you. I can touch you in certain places that will slow or stop your heart, maybe kill you. Of course, I'd never do anything like that to you. But I have a really good working knowledge of human anatomy, which lets me do a lot of things without causing major or permanent damage."

"Damn!" Karen exclaimed, then put her hand over her mouth. "Ooops, I'm sorry. Those slipped out. But Geez, Gramps, I won't ever doubt you or push you again. That was amazing. Will you show me what you did?"

"No. Maybe over time, you'll learn anatomy and I'll show you some things then, but not right now." I grinned at her and stroked her head.

"Wow," Karen said. "That really caught me by surprise. And that was about the worst pain I've ever felt. When I said I wanted you to hurt me real bad, I guess that wasn't quite what I had in mind. That wasn't sexy, it just hurt."

I grinned at her. "Yup, be careful what you ask for. But I won't do it again. We can do some of the sexy type stuff and see how you do. But first. Safeword. What's your dad's middle name?" I asked.

"Waldo," she said, giggling at it.

"Ah, Ralph Waldo Emerson. I get it." I laughed.

Karen looked at me funny and said, "No, Ralph Waldo McDonnell. Where'd you come up with Emerson. That's not our last name."

Grinning again at her, I said, "Remember when we talked about the literature and how 'Humbert' and 'Lolita' were character's names in famous stories?"

She nodded and brightly said, "So Waldo Emerson is a literature character, huh? I get it."

"Not quite, honey. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a very well known writer and poet. He WROTE them, he wasn't a character in them. But I guess that's a difference without a distinction in this case, to paraphrase someone." I smiled at her as she frowned at that.

"You can really show me just how much I have to learn, can't you, Gramps? Something as simple as talking about my dad's middle name and you are way over my head. I love you for it. And you're gonna have to teach me some of that literature stuff too, some time," she said.

"Maybe if you're lucky, you'll get a bit of that in school. Then again, maybe not. But it just shows you that I've got over half a century head start on you, dear," I told her.

"Wow, you're really ancient, aren't you, 'old man'?" she laughed, taunting me again by emphasizing those last two words.

"Yeah. And I keep asking myself how I was so lucky to find such a wonderful, sexy young girl who was interested in such an old geezer like me," I said to her.

She threw her arms around my neck and hugged me, then looked at me and said, "Oh, Grampa, it's just like what Claire said last night. And I realized what she meant as soon as she said it. She said, it's 'what's between your ears'. I don't care about your body, although I gotta tell ya that I really like what your... ummm, cock does for me. It's what you do to me, and what you know, that I'm in love with. Like I said earlier. You're my soul mate. I just know it."

"I feel privileged, my dear. Thank you. And I notice that either I'm starting to corrupt you badly or you're starting pick up on certain taboo words to communicate with," I told her. "'Damn'. And now 'cock'. What is happening to my innocent little lover?"

"I'm trying to get a little better. I know it's hard to talk dirty unless I can talk dirty. I just hope I don't slip at home. My mom'll wash my mouth out with soap. Really." She put her hand over her mouth with a gasp, and said, "Oh, wow, I just realized what she'd do if she found out that Daddy and I are doing it together."

"Yeah, you're going to have to be very careful, sweetie," I told her. "But getting back on our original topic, your safeword will be your dad's middle name. If you even get to the point where it's pushing you beyond what you can take, you use that word. OK?"

"OK, Grampa, I understand. But I don't think you're gonna hear that word. At least

I hope not," she said to me seriously.

"But again, I must warn you not to let your competitive determination overwhelm your reason and safety," I told her. "Another thing you should know is that when you can't say anything verbally, like when you're gagged, I'll do something like put an object in your hand to hold. If it gets too much, dropping it will be your safeword. OK?"

A look of apprehension clouded her face and she said timidly, "Will you be using a gag on me that much? I mean, why do you need to do that?"

I grinned as I said, "So your screams of pain don't bother me while I'm torturing you." Karen gasped visibly and her face paled a bit. I hastened to reassure her, "Really, sweetie, I'm only part serious. Sometimes a gag adds to the scene. Depends what we're doing and where we are. But I'll be keeping a close eye on you, believe me."

She said, "But it's the way you said that. 'While I'm torturing you'. That's scary."

"Honey," I said softly to her, "what was it that you asked me a little while ago to do to you today? Do you remember? If I recollect, it was something like 'hurt me, torture me'."

"Yeah. Again you're right," she said. "I guess it was just the way I heard you say it. So what are you going to do to me? Will I need a gag?"

"I don't know, kiddo. I'm still thinking. I don't want to do things that will leave permanent marks for a long time, and I want you to be able to make love to your father. So I've got to give it some thought." I told her.

She reached down and stroked my cock and said, "Well, make sure it's a sexy hurt. OK? But I AM serious about wanting it to be painful. Don't ask me why. Just do it for me."

"OK, sweetie. Tell me, are you more interested in what I do and feeling it or do you want to do the whole Master/slave routine and play the role of the submissive? We can do it either way," I told her.

"Which way do you like to do it best?" she asked.

"Unless we're doing a scene for others to watch, I'm usually pretty clinical about it. That means we just do the things, without all the role playing and "yes Master" stuff," I said.

She thought for a second then said, "OK, I like that. We can talk about it 'n stuff that way while we do it."

I figured we had a few hours to play and get something to eat before I should probably send her home so she could spend some time with her father. Since it was early, I thought we'd eat later and play first, so I had Karen help me gather up some of the things that I'd be using on her. Her eyes widened a bit when I started laying out the latex gloves and antiseptic, followed by various sizes of med needles. Then I grabbed some nice lead weights with light chain attached to them and had her take all of it out to the living room.

I loaded up an arm load of more stuff and went to join her in the living room. I set up the video camera in the corner and started it recording. I put some pads

down on the floor and had her kneel down on them. Then I took the silver antiseptic and swabbed her titties for her. I filled a bowl with it and set it aside. I picked up some med needles and opened a couple up. I unsheathed a three inch long one and held it up in front of her. I said, "Are you ready for this, dear?"

Looking at it, she swallowed hard but nodded, saying "Yes". Taking a gauze pad soaked with antiseptic, I swabbed her left nipple, then held on to it with the pad, pulling it out a ways. I placed the point of the needle at her areaola and pressed a little bit, denting the flesh a tiny bit. Watching me do it, Karen gasped a little as she felt the sharp point against her skin. I told her to take a deep breath and when she did, I pushed the needle all the way through her little tit until it came out the other side of her areaola. Karen squealed with pain as it went through her flesh.

I kissed her and asked, "How does that feel?"

She said, "Uh, it hurts. But it feels sorta neat. Can I touch it?"

"Just the hub end. Don't touch the needle itself. We don't want to get a bunch of germs on it," I told her. I flicked the hub end with my finger.

"Owww!" she said. Then she reached up and touched the hub and wiggled it just a little bit. "Oooooo, it hurts but it sorta feels good too. Do another one."

I unsheathed another needle, then swabbed her other nipple with the gauze and held it. I pushed the needle through her breast at the areaola just like the other one. Again she gasped and squealed, but not as loud this time. She reached up to finger the hub of the second needle.

"Feels neat, Gramps. I mean, they hurt, especially going into me, but I think I'm getting wet. Feel me," she said.

I reached down between her legs and ran my finger along her slit. She was right, she was getting very moist. I lingered on her little clit and stroked it, then pressed hard and tweaked it from side to side. Karen let out a squeal of pleasure and threw her head back, eyes closed. While I continued to work on her clit, I reached up and flicked the hub of one of the needles. Her eyes flew open with the stab of pain. She looked at me then closed her eyes as I continued to work on her sensitive little clit.

"You like that, huh, little girl?" I teased.

"Oh, Gramps! Wow!" she gasped.

I grabbed a small dildo vibrator and turned it on. She watched me as I applied it to one nipple. As it started vibrating the nipple and the needle in it, she moaned again.

"God, Gramps, you're getting me off!" she squealed. With a gasping breath she asked, "How many of these things can I take at one time? I want some more. Ooooooooh."

"I don't know if we want to overdo it at first, but you should be able to take a few more. You like the feeling?" I asked.

"Geez, Gramps, yeah. At least it's turning me on. A LOT. It hurts when you put them in, but then it's just the kinkiness of having them in me. Oh, do some more!"



Please?" she pleaded.

I sat the vibrator down and picked up another couple of needles. The first one I put through her areola horizontally, making a cross with the other one already in her. Then I did the same on the other breast. She only gasped a little this time when they went through her flesh.

Once they were in, she said, "It feels sorta neat, Gramps. I mean, it does hurt when they're going in, but then they're OK unless I wiggle them or jiggle. But it doesn't really hurt that much. But, geez, it makes me so excited!" She got up and walked over in front of the camera and started flicking the hubs and playing with them, saying, "Hi, I'm Karen and I'm a twelve year old pain slut. I love to feel pain like with these needles in my little titties. How do they look? Do you like them?" She pranced around a little bit, showing off and fingering the needles in her. Then she turned around and bent over and spread her labia apart with her hands and looking through her legs at the camera, said, "Do you like my little pussy? I like playing with it and I like men to put their big dicks inside it and cum in me. Pretty soon, I'm gonna have needles put in me there too. It feels so good. I hope you like me doing it for you."

Then she stood up and walked back over to me, bent down and gave me a big hug and kiss. Then keeping her arms around my neck she pulled back as far as she could and shook her shoulders to make her little titties jiggle. She laughed and said, "I really like this. Do more, Gramps. And maybe next time we can put some of them down here." She stood up and pulled her little cunt lips apart to show me her moist pink little membranes.

"C'mere little one. Let's do something for the camera," I told her which got her more excited, if that was possible. She stood up and played with the needles as I got a couple of pieces of string and two small lead weights. She stood still while I wrapped the string around her little titty right behind the needles. Once I had both nipples with string attached, I tied a lead weight on the end of each string. They were only small half pound weights, but they did put enough pull on Karen's little titties to cause an increase in the pain, or at least the stimulation. She gasped as I started them both swinging a bit, then smiled and pranced back over in front of the camera.

"How do you like my new jewelry? I think it's pretty rad!" she said and then started moving her shoulders to get the weights swinging wildly back and forth. She fingered her nipples and the needle hubs with a big grin on her face and spent several minutes playing with them like that. Finally she found that she could lift the weights up and let them drop, causing her some shooting pain, but greatly stimulating her.

She turned and came back to me and threw her arms around my neck, pressing her tormented little titties against my chest. She kissed me and said, "Gramps, I love this! I wish I could wear them all the time. Wouldn't that be kewl, knowing they were under my clothes and nobody knew they were there? Geez, they're making me so wet!" She pushed me down into the chair and jumped on my lap, putting my hard cock up into her moist little cunt. "Do it to me, Gramps. I want to feel good."

She started to grind her hips on me with my cock inside her. I grabbed the two weights and started pulling on them, increasing her pain/stimulation. It didn't take long before she started gasping and shaking, then squealed out as her orgasm hit. She was truly enjoying being a pain slut. At least one in training.

Once she had quieted down and her breathing was back to normal, she fingered the needle hubs with a little smile. She liked flicking them with her fingers. I

thought I'd give her a little thrill and reached up to grasp a hub in each nipple and roughly raised up on them, pulling hard on her little titty. She gasped and gave a little shriek.

"Damn Gramps, give me a little warning! That hurts!" she said.

I grinned at her and said, "Just thought I'd wake you up a little bit. So you like those in you, huh?"

"Yeah! Except when you pull on them like that, then it just hurts. But I can see why some ladies have their nipples pierced. Can I get mine pierced? I think that'd be so rad."

"Yours are pierced. Twice." I grinned at her and jiggled the needle hubs a little. "Oh, you mean permanently with nipple rings or bar bells, huh?"

"Yeah! Maybe rings. So you can hang things from them." she said enthusiastically.

"You like this, doncha little one?" I asked, chuckling. She nodded with a big smile. "Well, you're gonna have to use your feminine wiles on your dad. He's the one whose permission you're gonna need. Not mine. But I don't think you'll have much trouble getting him to agree."

Karen squealed with joy. "Can you do it? Or do we have to go to one of those piercing places?"

I said, "All we need is the right jewelry and we could do it now. But first, talk to your dad. Maybe he'd like to help do it."

She squealed in delight again. "Oh, Gramps, that would be so great. My own daddy sticking needles in my tits! I love it!"

She started to hug me again, but I held her back. I grabbed some small corks that I keep with the needles just for this purpose and put one on each point of the four needles.

Karen said, "I wondered what those were for. Now I know." Then she threw her arms around me and held me tight. "I love you so much, you perverted old man. I love everything you do to me and I love that you've gotten my daddy to do sex things with me. This is SO awesome!" She leaned back and fiddled with the needles again, flicking first the hubs, then the corks, and giggling. "How much weight can you put on the strings?" she asked.

"As much as you can take dearie," I told her. "Although I don't think you want to find out right now. After all, you're going to have to heal those punctures and if we pull on them and tear them, you're gonna regret it later. Let's just try a little bit at a time, shall we?"

"OK, Gramps," she said still playing with them, "but these feel neat." She seemed fascinated by making the weights swing back and forth.

"And you're gonna be on an adrenaline high for a while. I know what needles can do," I told her. "And what about you wanting me to hurt you and torture you today? Still want that?"

"Uh, I thought that's what you were doing but then it made me feel so... well, weird... and hot. So I guess it's not really torture, huh? So, can I put some into me?" she asked.

"If you think you can. Or want to," I told her, picking up another needle and removing the sheath, then handed it to her.

"OK, how do I do this?" she asked me.

"Well, first you decide where you're going to put it. For right now, I think through the areola or nipple would be best. Going into the deeper flesh of your breast can complicate things because they're deep puncture wounds." I grasped one of her hands and guided her fingers to the hub of one of the needles already in her tit. "Use this as sort of a handle to control the nipple, then just put the point of the needle where you want it to go and push it through," I told her.

She looked a little apprehensive for a few seconds then held one of the needle hubs, pulling her little titty out. She gasped with the pain it caused but didn't stop. Then she put the point of the new needle at the edge of her areola and pushed it a little, denting the skin. Again, she took in a deep breath in a gasp, but held it and started to push the needle into her flesh. Once it broke the skin, she concentrated on what she was doing and slowly pushed the needle through her tit. Before it came out the other side of her areola, she stopped and looked at me.

"Uh, it feels good Gramps," she said. "I mean, it hurts like... well, a alot, but it still makes me feel really hot knowing what I'm doing. It's so kinky."

"And you're such a kinky little pain slut. And I love you. So what are you going to do with that?" I asked her.

She was looking me in the eye and without looking away from me, she flicked the needle hub to make it vibrate back and forth. Her little forehead furrowed with the pain, but she started to smile at me.

"Gramps! This is giving me such a rush! Oh, God, I love you!" she exclaimed and leaned forward to kiss me. She obviously was getting very turned on by all this. She pulled back away and put her finger on the end of the hub and said, "Watch!" Then she slowly pushed against the needle until it started to move and then popped through her skin, coming out the other side of her areola. "Oooooo, that feels so sexy. I don't know which is stronger- the hurt or the sexy."

I picked up another needle and handed it to her. "Want to even them up? Put this one in the other one?" I asked.

She smiled and took the needle from me. She held her other little tit out using one of the needles and placed the point where she wanted it. Then she looked at me and slowly pushed the needle into and through her little titty. She had a big grin on her face. She shimmied her shoulders to make the weights swing, enjoying the little pain sensation they caused.

"Gramps, put the corks on the ends of those two. I want to show the camera," she said.

I put two small corks on the exposed ends and she got up and pranced over in front of the camera. She played with both the needles and the weights, flicking the hubs and making the weights swing wildly. Then she cupped both little titties in her hands and looked directly into the camera.

"Daddy, if you're watching this, I want you to put a bunch of needles into my little titties and torture me. I want you to make them hurt bad. Will you do that

for me, Daddy? Can't you imagine what a hundred needles sticking in my little titties would be like. Can you imagine how much pain and pleasure that will give me. Especially because it's my own daddy that is torturing me and making it hurt." She grabbed the weights and started pulling on them, hard. "See, Daddy. I want you to hurt them like I'm doing now. It'll make me feel so good knowing it's you that's hurting my little titties. Then after you do that, I want you to make love to me again. I love you so much and I love feeling you inside me. I hope you'll do this for me, Daddy." Then she jiggled a little, blew a kiss to the camera and turned around to come and straddle me to sit on my lap.

"My two favorite people to torture me and hurt me. Daddy and Gramps." She planted a lusciously hot kiss on my lips and pressed her needled little titties against my chest, causing her to gasp into my mouth, but she continued to kiss me. She was really turned on by this.

When she finally pulled away with a big smile on her face, I said, "Wow! So you like this kind of torture, do you?"

"Oh, God, Gramps, I'm so turned on I can't see straight. I LOVE this!" She grabbed the ever present tube of lube and handed it to me, saying, "Now, I want you to... uh...fuck me in my rear end... uh, my ass. Please Grampa?"

How could I resist such a wonderful request? I had her stand up and I got my cock lubed good, then turned her around and guided her back down. As her little asshole touched my cock, I rubbed it around to spread the lube on her, then held tight as she pushed back and my cock finally slipped into her little asshole. She gasped at the intrusion, but it turned into a moan of pleasure as she slowly sank down on my shaft. I reached around and grabbed the two strings with the weights and started to gently tug on them as she started working up and down on me.

I could hold onto the strings and when she rose up, they would pull on her titties, then loosen as she dropped down. This way she was somewhat controlling how much pain she inflicted on herself as she rode me. After a while she grabbed my hands and made me pull harder as she moaned loudly and bounced up and down. I just about couldn't hold it any more and was about to cum when she stiffened, pulling hard on the strings and screaming loudly. My cock was all the way up into her rectum and I spurted my cum into her as she screamed with the pleasure her orgasm was giving her. Then she started to grind her hips and pull harder on the strings and soon she was again screaming with pleasure as her body stiffened and shook.

I held her to me as she collapsed back onto my chest. She was panting hard. I put my hands under the weights and lifted to take the pressure off a bit. It took several minutes for her to calm down to the point where she tried to sit back up, my semi-hard cock still inside her. She looked over her shoulder at me with a very satisfied smile on her face. Then she lifted one leg and swung it over me to spin around to straddle and face me.

"Gramps, that was soooo mindblowing. The pain hurt so bad but at the same time felt so good!" She kissed me, sexily.

"I'm glad sweetie. You're one sexy girl, believe me. And a pain slut too." She grinned and fondled her little pierced nipples.

"These feel so neat. I want to do this all the time. I wish I could leave them in. Wow, I'd love to show these to Janelle. And Claire! Wouldn't that be just rad?" She was really worked up.

"Shall we take them out now? I can just imagine how much damage we've done already by your pulling hard on them." I looked down and could see blood oozing out of some of the punctures that she'd pulled hard on and torn slightly. I lifted a finger and caught a drop of blood on the tip and held it up in front of her. "Look, slut. Your blood."

She grabbed my finger and put it in her mouth, sucking it clean. Then she pulled it out and said, "Good thing I don't faint at the sight of blood, huh? And I guess I'll be seeing a lot more of my own blood when we do this again. Right?" She looked into my eyes.

"I guess so, darlin'," I said. "So are you up for more torture or will this hold you for a day or so until we can do some more?"

"Oh, Gramps, those two orgasms were wonderful. I'm ready for another one!" she exclaimed.

I said, "Dear, unfortunately, I'm not. But let's see if I can help you out a little." With that I put my hand down and started to thumb her little clit which was exposed to me. Karen squeaked and her eyes widened. With the other hand, I reached out and grabbed both of the weights and started tugging gently on them. Karen moaned and threw her head back while I strummed her little clit rapidly with my thumb and tugged on the strings at the same time. After another minute or two, she was squealing with another orgasm. I let up a little bit to let her catch her breath, then started in again. It didn't take long to bring her off with another orgasm. This child was so easy to get off. A little bit of pain and some clit strumming and she's off to the races!

I grinned as she moaned and told me she couldn't take any more. Of course, I took that as permission to go ahead and bring her off again, which I did. This time she slumped against me after she climaxed.

"Please, Gramps," she whispered. "No more. I can't take any more."

I pulled my hand away from her crotch and started to unwind the string holding the weights. She sat up shakily to let me do it. I got both of them unwound and dropped them to the floor. Now for the needles. My cock wasn't hard but it wasn't completely limp either, as her tight little hole and her orgasms had kept it somewhat stimulated. So I held her to me and stood up. Then I knelt down and laid her down on the floor on her back. Putting my arms under her legs I lifted them up and bent her double, with her ankles beside her head. In this position, I didn't need to stay hard to stay in her.

With a grin, I took both her arms and pulled them around and in front of her legs. She looked at me with a question on her face and I just smiled, pushing her legs down under her shoulders. She was such a gymnast and very flexible, so it wasn't uncomfortable for her. When she got the idea of what I was doing, she helped me with a grin on her face. Soon she was doubled over, with her own crotch right in front of her face.

I said, "OK, now pull those needles out, one at a time."

She reached for one nipple and holding the hub of one needle, she pulled the little cork off of it. Then with a grimace, she started to pull the needle out of her little tit. At that point I started to grind my hips to work my semi-stiff cock inside her. She gasped with the sensations, the pain of the needle being pulled out coupled with the pleasant feeling my my cock working in her ass. She grinned as she got the first needle out and handed it to me. I took it and dropped

it in the container next to us.

When she got a grip on the next needle, I started grinding into her again. She grinned and shook the needle, causing her to gasp. Then she pushed it in further, then slowly pulled it out until the point was almost under her skin, then pushed it back 'til the hub was against her again. She grinned at me as she did it.

"I'm gonna like doing this stuff, Gramps. Especially if you and Dad are... uh, fucking me at the same time," she said.

We took our time and she played with the needles like that while she removed them. When the last one was out, I thumbed her little clit again and brought her to another orgasm. I wanted her thoroughly worn out today.

She lay there, red faced and panting. Then she looked up at me and said, "I hope you know exactly where I want that dirty cock of yours next." She pointed to her mouth. I grinned and asked if she was ready. She nodded and I pulled out of her ass slowly until I was all the way out of her. She had her head up, watching me. Once I had my cock out, I held it over her gaping hole, letting a little of our combined juices drip off into her.

"Damn, Gramps... ooops. Darnit, get that thing here so I can taste it. I don't suppose you can shoot again, can you?" she asked.

Still holding her legs back under her shoulders, I moved forward to dangle my cock over her mouth, just out of reach of her tongue. She was about to complain and I dropped down, stuffing the whole thing into her mouth. Good thing I wasn't very hard, as she took the whole thing and started sucking on it. She bobbed her head up and down, cleaning everything she could off of it. Then I moved back and dropped it into her still gaping hole to get it juiced up again before moving back to her mouth. Karen grinned like a Cheshire cat when she realized what I was doing. Every time I'd pull out of her mouth, she'd tell me how to move it and get it all covered with her ass juices again for her. She was getting off on this too, especially giving me the dirty directions.

By the time she had licked my cock clean several times, her little asshole had closed up enough that my limp cock wouldn't push into her again. So I pulled back and told her to stay in that position, then got up to get a warm washcloth to clean her up. When I came back, she still had her legs under her shoulders, a big grin on her face, fingering her clit. She used both hands to spread her little cunt lips apart so I could clean her juices up while she raised her head up so she could watch close up.

"This is so kewl! It's right there in front of me. I wish I was limber enough to be able to lick my own little clit. Wouldn't that be a kick, Gramps? Watching me get off by licking my own self? I'm gonna start working on that."

I grinned at her and finally had her disentangle herself. She had a few little beads of blood on her tits where the needles had been, and one little trickle of blood down from her nipple to her stomach. I had her stand still while I swabbed the punctures good with silver antiseptic, and when I was finished I pinched both her little nipples. She jumped and then threw her arms around me and kissed me deeply.

Pulling back, she told me, "Thanks, Gramps. That was the most amazing thing. I'm so turned on!"

I smiled at her and led her to the shower, where we both enjoyed a nice warm soak,

soaping each other under the hot water. When we finally started to run out of hot water, we got out and dried off. Karen inspected her little nipples closely and marveled that she could hardly tell where the needles had been in them. Only by knowing where they had been and looking very closely could she make out the little marks. She grinned at me and rubbed her nipples with some vitamin E oil that I gave her.

"We want to make sure that we take care of those delightful little mounds so we can torture them more again," I told her.

"Geez, Gramps, I'm still just... I dunno... it feels like I'm almost vibrating," she told me.

"That's the adrenaline rush, dear," I told her. "You'll feel that for a while. C'mon, let's fix something to eat and then you probably should head out to Janelle's. I'm sure your dad would like to see you today, too."

"Oh, God, Gramps, I want him to make love to me so much. You don't know how I've dreamed of being able to have him do that with me," she said.

"I know, dear, but you're going to have to be very careful now. You can get him into lots of trouble. And especially where your mother is concerned. So don't go trying to jump his bones or do anything overt that can cause you two problems," I warned her. Then I smiled and hugged her and said, "But, believe me, I think he shares your feelings and excitement too."

She laid her head on my chest and said, "Oh, Gramps, this is so wonderful. I can't tell you how happy I am."

We hugged and kissed a bit, then got some brunch made. We chatted while we ate, with Karen fairly vibrating the whole time, although by the time that she left, she was starting to get back to normal. As she put her tight, sheer light blouse on, she exclaimed, "Oooooooo, Gramps! That feels so neat on my little titties!" She rubbed them with the palm of her hand over the thin material, grinning. The little nubs were little points in the top.

As she pulled her skirt on, I said, "I thought you'd probably want to walk nude all the way to Janelle's."

She gave me a lewd grin and said, "I do, but I always remember yours and Claire's warnings about not getting caught by others doing stuff. Besides," she said rubbing her little titties, "don't these look sexy, even covered up?"

I grinned and nodded, having to admit that her sheer blouse and short little skirt didn't leave much to the imagination. They only made her barely legally covered. I rubbed a finger along her little bare slit under her skirt as I hugged her to me and she danced a little, saying, "Awww, Gramps, you'll get me going and you'll just have to take care of me again if you keep that up."

I let go of her and she stepped back, lifted the front of the short skirt and looked down at her crotch. "See," she said, "if I had panties on, they'd already be starting to get wet." She grinned and dropped the skirt back in place, barely covering her little mound. She stepped into her sandals and then hugged me again.

"Thank you so much for all you're doing for me. I really do love you, you know?" she said.

"And I love you too, sweetie. Now you better get going before I get so hard I've

got to fuck you again," I told her, grinning.

Karen turned and lifted the back of the little skirt up, exposing her two delightful holes and said, "I'm ready, old man. Just put it in me." She looked back over her shoulder at me. God, how could I resist?

I couldn't! So I rubbed my cock along her moist slit and then plunged it into her. She moaned with pleasure as it sank all the way into her. Holding her hips, I hammered in and out of her, not trying to make love to her, but just fuck the hell out of her. It took me a while but I finally felt that stirring in my balls and started to spew into her tight little cunt. Karen was breathing fast and she groaned as she reached orgasm too. I held my cock in her as deep as I could, until I had filled her with every bit of cum I had. Then I just held her hips and pulled her against me until we both caught our breaths.

"Oh, Gramps, that was so nice," she said, as I slowly pulled my softening cock out of her. She stood up and turned around to give me a big kiss again. She was becoming a very delightful kisser.

"Now we've got to clean you up again. See what you made me do?" I grinned at her.

"Nope. I want to keep it in me and feel it slowly draining out as I walk to Janelle's. And I want to taste it as I go. Then I'll let Janelle lick it out of me when I get there. If there's any left," she said, grinning back at me.

"You're getting to be such a slut!" I told her.

"Exactly, Gramps. And I owe it all to you," she said as she turned and wiggled her little butt at me in the doorway. Then she spread her legs, put her finger down to get some of the cum that was starting to drain out. With a wicked smile, she put the finger in her mouth and said, "Yummm!", then turned to walk around the corner with an exaggerated wiggle of her hips.

I ran to the kitchen window to watch her walk down the driveway and she waved her hand over her head to me without turning around as she had before, just before she disappeared from my view. What a little minx. Damn!

An hour or so later, the phone rang and I saw it was from Janelle's number. Thinking it was Karen calling from their place, I happily answered, to find that it was Claire instead.

"Hey, Humbert, it's Claire."

"Ah, my favorite desperate housewife. You were amazing last night," I told her.

"Yeah, about that. You know we talked a little in passing about you doing some S&M sessions with me? Well, I want to do it, only I want it to be pretty severe. Can we get together and discuss it? To make some plans?" she asked.

"Ummm, I guess. What are you thinking?" I asked her.

"Do you have any videos of really heavy, brutal beatings? I mean, the cane last night was nice, but it just sorta whetted my appetite. Some of the welts are still visible. You know, we've watched some BDSM sessions in our swingers group, but it was pretty vanilla submission stuff. You know, dog collar and leash, crawling around on the floor, licking shoes, then sucking the Master off. Nothing really hard."



I said, "I've got a few whipping videos, and I think I can find whatever you want online if you need more than that. When do you want to do this?"

"Karen just left here and I was thinking I've got a little time free now. How 'bout if I run over and we can look at some of the videos and discuss what I want to do. Do you have time?" Claire asked.

"Dear, I'll always have time for you and your lovely body. Especially if you want me to abuse it. So sure, c'mon over," I told her.

Claire chuckled and said, "Always the silver tongued, dirty old man, huh Humbert? OK, I'll be over in a jiff." She hung up and I wondered just what she was thinking. 'Heavy'? 'Brutal'? She apparently was interested in a lot more than just the light caning that we'd done and talked about so far.

"Oh, well," I thought, "I'll soon find out."

It wasn't long before I heard a roar of an engine coming up the driveway. I looked out to see Claire riding on a four wheel ATV. She seemed to handle it well, considering that she appeared to have nothing protecting her but the remnants of a cut off T-shirt that barely covered her breasts and tight shorts that looked like they were sprayed on her. I almost started getting hard watching her hard body bumping up the driveway. Hell, I DID start getting hard! I'd assumed that this would be a talking or planning session, so I'd put on a pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt. I'd also put a new DVD in the video camera and put the remote on my desk.

I heard her walk onto the porch and when I opened the door, she had removed the ragged piece of cloth that had once been a T-shirt and was peeling off the shorts. She literally had to peel them down off her they were so tight. Yummm.

She stood up, naked in front of me with a grin on her face and said, "That's better. Now let's take care of you." With that she knelt down in front of me and pulled the sweat pants down, revealing my almost hard cock.

"Mmmmm," she said, taking it in her mouth and starting to lick it and bob her head up and down. I was getting to like how this woman said 'hello'. I pulled off my T-shirt and watched her suck me with her eyes looking up into mine. Talk about an erotic, sexy fucking woman!

Finally I said, "If we're going to be talking about flaying the skin from your lovely body, you'd better leave something for when that gets me really going." I was only partly being facetious.

She pulled her head away from my cock and said with a big smile, "Just wanted to get you in the mood, old man. OK, let's get down to business." She stood up and grasped my cock in her hand and led me inside to my computer desk. We sat down and she said, "I don't know if you're up to this, old man, but Ron and I talked a lot about my needing- and liking- some pain and submission once in a while. Like I said before, he's not really the kind of personality who can be dominant enough for me, and he's definitely not able to inflict any pain. So I guess that leaves you. And before you ask, yes, there's some BDSM enthusiasts in our group, but to tell you the truth, I'm not sure I trust any of them as much as I do you." She laughed. "Funny that, huh? Considering I've only just met you a few days ago after finding out that you're fucking my pre-teen daughter." We both laughed at that, although mine was a bit of a guilty laugh. Hope she didn't notice.

I said, "So you've discussed this with Ron and he's OK with it? I mean, you being beat into a bloody pulp until you scream for mercy?" I gave her a lewd grin.

"Oh, he's more than alright with it," she said with a smile. "He got so hard and turned on when we discussed it, he actually fucked me right in front of Janelle. Not that we've ever hidden anything from her, but this time she was sitting right there next to us having the conversation."

"How'd she take it?" I asked her.

"Oh, she can't stand it. She's not at all interested in seeing me having it done to me like Ron is. Oh, you mean, how'd she take us fucking in front of her. She loved it. Joined in and we all had a good time. And we will again. But to get back to our business, even though Ron hasn't met you yet, he says that from what Janelle and I've told him, he's fine with you doing anything with us," Claire said.

"Is he interested in watching or participating?" I asked her.

"Oh, definitely watching!" she said. "As for participating in the torture, like I said, he just doesn't have that kind of personality and he admits it. But he did tell me that watching a woman getting whipped or tortured is really arousing for him. A turn on. After all these years, I didn't even know that. I mean, he likes watching the BDSM stuff, like I do, but I didn't realize just how much the stronger stuff turns him on. So he'll be happy to watch you do anything you want with me."

"And he won't have a problem that it's you and not some other woman that he doesn't care about being hurt?" I asked.

"Nope. At least, not that he thinks," she said. "We talked about that quite a bit. In fact, it will probably be more of a turn on for him that it IS me. Now, Janelle. She's just the opposite. She doesn't want to see me hurt in any way and doesn't want to watch it. She'll watch Karen being hurt and even help, but she doesn't want to watch it being done to me."

I said, "So, what is it exactly that you want done to you? A taste of the cane got you going, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess," she said with a grin. "You know, we've done some of the submissive stuff with our swing groups but like I said, it's always been the pretty plain stuff. No major torture or whipping. Well, once there was a group who put on an exhibition that had a couple of the slaves flogged a bit, but nothing extreme. When you took that cane to me, I got so hot! And when I told Ron about it, he did too. All this time and I didn't know."

"Yeah, it can sneak up on you," I told her. "Here, let me show you one of the videos that I have and you tell me if it's anything like what you're looking for." I clicked on an extreme pain video that showed a number of women getting caned and whipped until their backs and asses were nothing but red welts and raw, bloody skin. Their screams of agony were anything but put-on. Claire watched it eagerly and I could see her licking her lips and fingering herself as it started getting heavy. She glanced at me a couple of times with a guilty smile and then turned her attention back to the video.

About halfway through, she started shaking and moaning, bringing herself off. Then she continued to do that through the rest of the video. By the time it ended, she was slumped back in the chair, body shaking and gasping for air.

"Apparently, you rather like that. At least, watching," I said with a grin.

Claire took a deep breath and said, "Oh, God, that was hot! I've seen a few like it but never that extreme. The one who took over fifty strokes of the cane was amazing. Her backside was turned to raw meat. Shit, I was imagining me in her place."

I looked at her. "Oh?" I said. "Think you can take that much?"

"I don't know," Claire said seriously. "But I think I'd be willing to try. When you used the cane on my breasts, I nearly had an orgasm with each stroke. Ummm, got any others?"

"Oh, sure. There's all kinds of whipping and caning vids on the net. It's quite popular. I have a few, but I'm just not that into it," I told her, starting another one that I'd picked out.

"Have you done that to anyone before?" she asked.

I looked at her with my best leering, dirty old man look and said, "Certainly, my dear. Just because I'm not that into watching videos of it doesn't mean that I haven't done it or don't do it." The video had started and caught her attention. It was one where a young girl with large breasts like Claire's had a rope wrapped around them and then was suspended off the floor while she was flogged on all sides while she swung there. Again, Claire watched this short one with her full attention, bringing herself off several times. Then I started one where a large breasted woman was seated and her breasts were supported on a table, then caned severely until they were nothing but a mass of purple bruises and bloody, oozing welts. I noticed Claire continuing to rub her clit but she hugged her breasts with one arm. She apparently could empathize with the subject in the video.

"See anything you like," I asked when that video ended.

"Yes. All of it," Claire said breathlessly. "Am I too weird to want all of that done to me? I mean, that's a LOT of damage."

"Yes it is. And no, I don't think you're weird. A little warped perhaps, but there are a lot of women who actually get off on pain like that. Don't ask me why. You can try to explain it to me after you experience it, possibly. That is, if you want to go that far. These are pretty extreme."

"Oh, God! Tell me about it! I need Ron to watch these. I want to know if he would get off on having something done to me as extreme as that," she exclaimed.

I said, "I'll stick them up on a server and email you the links to them. Then you and Ron can watch them all you want. Probably best not to let Janelle see them, though. Karen wants to do stuff like that while Janelle doesn't seem to care about that type of thing. She has a little bit of a dominant streak, and she'll inflict pain on Karen, but only because of their competitiveness, I think. That and that she now knows that Karen likes it. A little anyway. Karen gets off on needle torture more than caning or whipping."

"You - and the girls - have mentioned needles and stuff. I've never seen any of that before. Can you show me some of that?" Claire asked. "I mean, the really extreme stuff?"

Nodding and clicking on a favorite video, I said, "Sure. Here's one you might like." The vid started with a lovely young woman with very nice breasts, smaller than Claire's but still very shapely, sitting in front of the camera nude. The

master proceeded to put two large metal compression type clamps on her, one on each of her breasts and at the very base. When both were tightened, they compressed the base of the breasts vertically, making them balloon out. Then he used a hammer to drive six very long spinal needles sideways through each of her breasts. When he was finished, she had both breasts transfixed with eight inch long metal needles all the way through the meat of her breasts. Then he started piercing her nipples with shorter med needles until he had each of her areolas pierced in a starburst pattern with over a dozen in each areaola.

The girl had whimpered and moaned loudly as each of the long needles penetrated through her breasts and then moaned in pain as the smaller needles were inserted. It was a very visually stunning video and Claire was again almost beside herself in arousal.

"That's a good demonstration of needle torture, my dear. A bit extreme. Interested? Or should we go to the one where this same lovely young thing has six and eight penny nails hammered into those wonderful globes?" I asked Claire.

She gasped when I mentioned the nails and said, "You've got to be kidding me, right? I mean, that's the strongest tit torture that I've ever seen or even heard of. And you seem to be quite the connoisseur of it. I'm beginning to wonder about you."

"Well, Karen has already taken several needles through her nipples. Earlier today as a matter of fact," I said. "So are you telling me that you aren't even up to what Karen can do?" I gave her a lewd grin.

"Hey, old man, I know what you're trying to do. Play me off of Karen. I won't fall for that. But if you're up to assisting me with it, I'd be interested in seeing just how far I could go with the needles. And whipping and caning too. I don't know if I can take nails driven into my tits, but watching that video of those long needles going through her got me hot. Who are these sluts and how do they do it?" she asked.

"I don't know who they are, but they make videos like this quite often. Some of them have been featured performers for a number of years, so this isn't just a one time thing for them. And they don't do just tit torture either. They get it all over." I clicked on another one and then fast forwarded through it to the part I wanted Claire to see.

"My God! Are all those needles going through her clit? How can she fucking stand that kind of pain? Is that actually real?" she asked.

"You're seeing it yourself and I can assure you that it isn't trick photography. Yes, all of those needles are penetrating her clit. All of them. Care to try that?" I asked her, grinning.

Claire had lost a little bit of her normal bravado and said, "Ummmm, how 'bout a rain check on that one? I'm gonna have to decide whether I can take some of this stuff you've showed me, or if it just turns me on to watch it and fantasize about it. But are you serious about Karen taking them in her tits already?"

"Yep, several through each nipple. She's getting to like it. Well, the idea anyway. And the pain doesn't seem to faze her much when she's turned on. She's becoming a pretty good pain slut."

"Is that what you're gonna turn me into, a pain slut?" she asked, grinning.

I said, "You've already gotten the slut part down. And it seems that you're getting into the pain part. And, after all, who is it that asked for this little tete-a-tete anyway?"

She looked a little sheepish and said, "Yeah, I guess you're right. So what does it take to do what you did to Karen? What size needles did you use? Not those monsters in the video, I hope?"

"Doesn't take much of anything," I said. "I can have them in you in five minutes. I just used some standard med needles with her. Wanna try 'em out?" I wasn't sure she'd want to or not.

"Ummm, sure. Why not? Can't be any more painful than getting a caning on these precious things," she said, putting her hands under her scrumptious globes and jiggling them for me. "You're quite the sadist, aren't you?"

"No, my dear, I'm not. I'm a dominant, but I'm not a sadist. I really don't get off on causing pain. I can do it when I know that for someone like you, or Karen, the pain really enhances your pleasure. I enjoy dominating and I enjoy seeing the pleasure that the pain causes, but I don't get off on sheer causing pain like a sadist does," I told her.

"And that's why I can trust you," she grinned. "I've done a little reading lately on the D/s relationship and I realize that it's based on trust. Now that I've gotten to know you, and watch you with Karen, I've learned that I can trust you. Believe me, I wouldn't let just about anyone else do what I'm going to let you do to this precious body. Or my daughter's."

I smiled and said, "I have to take that as the highest of compliments. Thank you. And I can assure you that you're going to have the greatest adrenaline rush you've ever had and Ron's gonna get some of the hottest fucking he's had in a long time." I grinned at her. "Trust me, I know. Wait here a sec and I'll get some things."

I got up and went to get the stuff that Karen and I'd used earlier. Fortunately I hadn't put it all away, so I gathered it up with a package of new needles and took it into the living room. Spreading it out on the floor on a couple of clean pads, I handed her a sheathed needle. She took it and pulled the sheath off of it, looked at it and then down at her nipples, apprehensively. I moistened a gauze pad with the antiseptic and started to clean Claire's breasts with it. As I rubbed it over her nipples, she moaned lightly.

"A bit turned on, are we?" I grinned.

"Oh, God, yes! I've been fantasizing about being tortured. You know, caning, flogging. But I haven't thought about the needles. But those videos are so hot!" she said.

"Yes, dear, I rather enjoy them," I leered at her.

"Shit, Humbert! Just when I've gotten to trust you..." she grinned at me. I clicked on a video that showed a woman getting multiple needles through her nipples and let it play so Claire could watch it while we worked. I also hit the record button on the remote to start the video camera.

"Ready to get started with your punishment, slut?" I asked. To get her into the mood I said, "On your knees, slut! Hold those tits out so I can use them. Now!"

Claire immediately went into her slave slut mode and knelt before me, cupping her

spectacular breasts for me. "Yes, Master. These are yours to punish," she said.

I took the three inch med needle from her and holding it up in front of her face, I said, "Ready to feel this slide into your tit flesh, slut?" Claire nodded. I used the gauze pad to grasp one of her nipples and pulled it out. I placed the point of the needle at the top edge of her large areaola and pushed slightly. Claire gasped as the sharp pain hit, then moaned as I pushed harder and the point pierced her skin and slid through her flesh to come out the other side. She looked down and gasped.

"What do you think, slut? You like having your tits pierced and tortured?" I asked her.

"Yes, Master. Please, another one," she said in her best submissive tone. Claire was a switch hitter. She could be very assertive, even domineering normally, but could immediately become a submissive when she wanted to. An interesting combination. She was certainly going to be fun to play with.

I picked up another med needle and removed the sheath. This one I ran the same way but through her other breast. Again, Claire gasped with the pain as the needle penetrated her flesh, then sucked in her breath as it slid through and out the other side. She looked down at her two impaled tits and when she looked up at me, I could see that both eyes were watery.

"Thank you, Master. Please do more," she said to me with a little bit of a hidden smile.

Another needle this time, only I put it through her areaola horizontally from the side. Then a fourth, sideways through the other breast. By the time I got done with both of them, Claire's breathing was shallow and fast. She was getting turned on by this treatment. So I did four more, putting them through at diagonals to the ones there. When I got done, she had four needles through each tit, just at the edges of her areaolas. And she was panting. Quite a bit.

"I see you like this, don't you, slut?" I said to her. She almost blushed and nodded.

"Yes, Master. It does get me excited. Will you do more?" she asked.

"Certainly, slut. It pleases me to see your lovely tits in pain. Watch this," I said, picking up a length of elastic cord sort of like bungee cord. Claire's breasts were really stupendous and stood out nicely without needing any support. I started to wind the cord around the base of one breast, then around the other. When I was done, her fabulous tits were like balloons, inflated and standing out so nicely. The I picked up two more needles and unsheathed them.

With her breasts bound like they were, there was at least five or six inches from the nipple to her chest wall. Since the needles were only three inches long, I didn't have to worry about them going in too far to puncture her chest wall. But the sight of what I was going to do would be quite... ummmm, well, stimulating to Claire.

Placing the point of one needle at the tip of her nipple, I started to put pressure against it. Claire took a sharp intake of breath when she realized what I was going to do and moaned quietly, "Noooooo..."

Ignoring her pleading, I pressed the needle until it popped through the skin of her nipple and slid part way through her breast. Claire moaned at both the pain

and yet pleasure she was feeling. I pushed the needle to about half of its length into her breast and then placed the point of the other needle at the tip of her other nipple. Claire moaned a little louder this time but didn't say 'no'. I pressed the needle into her about the same length as the first was in her.

Claire now had a star of needles through each areaola and two needles an inch or so straight into her breasts through the nipples. I put my hand under her chin and lifted to have her look me in the eyes.

"You enjoy this, don't you, slut? You're getting off on having your tits tortured and pierced by the needles aren't you?" I asked her.

Claire flushed a little and nodded, casting her eyes down. I told her, "OK, slut. Now you're going to finish those two. I want you to push them into you all the way. You're going to inflict the pain on yourself. I want to watch a slut like you torture herself. Go ahead, push them both in all the way. Now, slut!"

Claire looked a little scared, but lifted her hands up to touch both hubs that were sticking out of her. Then she tentatively put the tip of a finger on each one and, taking a deep breath, started to push them into her tits. As they started to slide further into her breasts, she let out a loud groan and her hands shook with the effort and the pain she was inflicting on herself.

By the time she got both needles buried all the way to their hubs in her breasts, she was panting rapidly and her hands were shaking, not quite uncontrollably. Her forehead was furrowed with the pain and the watery eyes had turned to tear filled and the tears flowed down her cheeks. She looked up at me and smiled a little, almost as if she was asking me if her effort was satisfactory to me.

"Good, slut. Now stand up!" I told her. She did and I pulled her to me to give her a kiss, and her lovely ballooned out breasts could only press against my chest. I carefully pressed against her to push the needles a little more into her and she gasped at the pain as she kissed me back, passionately. Then she put her arms around my neck and started to lightly rub her needled tits against me, moaning into my mouth as she did so.

I wanted to be a little careful of the exposed points of the needles. After all, why should I get stuck by them? But Claire was obviously very aroused by the pain and the realization of what had been done to her precious tit meat. Finally, I pulled her hands down and put them around her back and told her to stand there. Then I got some string and a couple of half pound weights. She watched me closely as I wound the string around her tits behind the star of needles that penetrated her them. Once the strings were wound around, I attached the weights to each of them. Claire groaned loudly when I let the two weights drop slightly and hang from her tits.

With a nice, lewd smile on my face, I started the weights swinging. Claire groaned as they did, experiencing both the pain they caused and the pleasure that the pain gave her. Then I turned her around and had her kneel on the couch so her tits and the swinging weights hung down. Rubbing my cock through her very moist slit, I then buried it into her in one stroke.

Claire seemed to like the combination of the pain in her breasts and the sudden penetration of her cunt as she let out a loud shriek of pleasure/pain. I started plunging in and out of her sweet cunt while reaching around to diddle her clit for her. Long before I was ready to shoot, she was shaking and screaming in orgasm. I just continued to work on her and by the time I started to spurt my cum into her hot cunt, she'd had several very loud and screaming orgasms.

Once I'd filled her cunt with my cum, I pulled her hips to me to get as far in as I could be, then reached around her to grab the strings and started pulling on them. Claire again started shrieking and the more I pulled the louder she got and the more her body shook. It was all I could do to keep my softening cock inside her while she gyrated around, stimulated by the pain of my pulling on the strings, causing her pain and by being inside her.

Finally I couldn't take it any more and I let go of the strings and slowly my cock slipped out of her. Claire slumped forward to rest against the back of the couch, careful to not press against the needles in her. I backed away, then handed her some tissues. She stood up and put them at the opening of her drooling cunt and knelt down in front of me in the supplicant slave position, hands clasped behind her, head bowed.

"Thank you, Master!" she said quietly but enthusiastically. I suddenly had an idea. I grasped both of the strings and tugged on them, the pain making her let out a little shriek. I kept pulling until she had to follow the strings and stand up in front of me.

Still holding the strings, I said, "Now, slut. I want you to pull each of those needles out of you, one at a time and very slowly, so you can enjoy their pain. Except for these two." I touched the hubs of the ones that were stuck straight into her breasts and pushed them in a little for emphasis. Claire gasped at that and then at the pain when I pulled the strings tight.

Claire tentatively reached up and grasped the hubs of two of the needles, one in each breast. She gave a little test pull and gasped at the feeling. Then she took a deep breath and started to pull them both out of her flesh. As she pulled, I pulled on the strings to add a bit of tension and pain. Claire whimpered at that.

Slowly she got the two needles all the way out of her breasts and held them, not knowing what to do with them. I told her to drop them down in the bowl on the floor next to her. She looked down to see where it was and in doing so, pulled against the strings I was holding. She took a shaky breath and dropped the needles, then reached up to grasp two more. Again, I added some tension to the strings and she moaned with the pain her effort was causing to pull the needles through her flesh.

I had her continue this until all that were pierced through her areaolas were out and the strings dropped free. I put the weights down and reached up to grasp the hubs of both of the remaining needles. "Look at me, slut!" I told her. Claire raised her tear filled eyes to look at me and I jiggled the two needles back and forth, up and down, causing her some nice pain and her breasts to shake. I could see that she wanted to cry out but didn't want to give me the advantage of her doing that.

I let go of the needle hubs and held her left breast in my left hand. Then I took hold of the needle hub and started to pull it out of her. After getting an inch or so out of her, I suddenly pressed it back all the way into her tit. This time, the surprise coupled with the pain did get a shriek out of her. Then she bit lightly on her lower lip. I quickly whipped the needle all the way out of her and dropped it in the bowl, to the accompaniment of a pleasant shriek of surprise from her.

I let go of her breast and grabbed the other one. Again, holding the needle hub in my fingers, I leaned forward to give her a kiss and started pulling the needle out and shoving it all the way back in quickly several times. Claire screamed into but my mouth, but then continued to passionately kiss me back. I grinned inwardly, and



worked the needle in and out a few more times before pulling it all the way out. Tears were flowing pretty good down her cheeks as I pulled back away from her and looked her in the eyes.

"You really like that, don't you, slut?" I said to her. It wasn't really a question. Claire reflexively cast her eyes down and nodded slowly. I dropped the needle in the bowl and then put my fingers under her chin and lifted her face up to look at me.

I looked in her eyes and said, "You're a real pain slut, aren't you, cunt?" She nodded, embarrassed. "You like having your tits tortured and mutilated, don't you slut?" Again, the embarrassed nod, but she continued to look at me. I let go of her and stepped back, then bent down and picked up the bottle of rubbing alcohol and handed it to her. She looked at it and I said, "Apply that to your tits, slut!" Her eyes widened and she looked at me. "NOW!" I commanded.

Claire took the top off the bottle and splashed some of the liquid in her hand. Then she took a deep breath and rubbed it all over one breast, letting out a guttural moan of pain as the alcohol bit into each of the points of broken skin. Then she splashed another little bit into her hand and did the same thing to the other breast.

I stood up and took the bottle from her. "Good slut!" I told her. I splashed a little bit of the liquid on my hand and said, "Spread your legs, slut!" Again, her eyes widened in surprise, but she widened her stance, giving me access to her cunt. I swiped my hand along her cunt to apply the alcohol to it. As soon as it hit her tender membranes, Claire let out a wild shriek and started dancing on her tip toes from the burning pain. I put my finger in the bottle and got it well moistened, then reached down and inserted the finger up into her hole. Again she screamed with the agony of her burning tissues. I wiggled my finger around a bit to spread the liquid around, then pulled it out of her. Claire was gasping and moaning, panting and bouncing up and down, all at the same time.

I figured that she needed to get off right about now, so I put my leg between hers and pressed my thigh up against her cunt and clit. Feeling that, Claire started to grind her hips to rub her clit against my leg and it didn't take much before she started screaming again, her body shaking and her legs clamped around my leg. I put my arms around her to steady her and she started to relax a little. Since we weren't very far from the couch, I pushed her back little and we both ended up on the couch, me on top of her.

Claire laid back and looked at me, then closed her eyes and her whole body shuddered a little. I leaned down and gave her a kiss and said, "So I take it you liked that a little bit, did you?"

She looked at me for a minute, then took a deep breath. She said, "Damn, old man. I don't remember cumming that hard since... well, I don't know when. That was amazing."

I pulled back a little bit and massaged her tortured globes. "So how does it feel to have these wonderful things used as pincushions?" I asked her.

"I didn't know I could orgasm from having my breasts tortured. I guess I can. It was indescribable," she admitted.

"Was it all you had imagined it would be?" I asked her.

She reached her hands up and massaged her breasts, then grasped each nipple and

pinched them a little. There were a few punctures that had a little drop of blood oozing out, but not much. She said, "I'm not big on blood and I thought there'd be a whole lot more than there is. These things are tender but I'm still so excited. Not that your fuck wasn't good, it's just that I was so totally turned on that I wonder just how long it will take me to come down."

"Like I said, Ron's gonna have some hot sex tonight. The adrenaline rush hangs on for quite a while," I told her. "That's one of the effects of being punctured by needles. It's really a whole different thing than whipping torture or other pain. Isn't it?"

Claire just nodded, flicking the tips of her fingers over her sensitive nipples and moaning with pleasure. I got up and moistened another gauze pad with a good amount of silver antiseptic, then had her use it to swab every break in the skin of her nipples. Then I tore off some strips of paper tape to cover them, to keep them clean. I didn't want those gorgeous pleasure mounds to get infected.

Claire sat on the couch while I gathered everything that we'd used together and we talked about how she felt, about the pain, about doing more. We also talked about getting Ron and Janelle involved in it too. I told her I'd work on Janelle and try to get her to understand how Claire and Karen responded to the pain. Claire made it clear that I could do about anything I wanted with Janelle, as long as the girl wanted it done.

"Has Ron actually fucked her yet?" I asked Claire.

"Not full penetration, yet. Although they've done everything else. Why?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I was just thinking that if Ron didn't mind, it would be quite a show to have them have their first full fuck in front of an enthusiastic audience. Like you, me, Karen and Ralph. I'm sure Karen would put on a good show to get things warmed up," I told her.

I could see her mind working on the idea. She thought for a bit and then said, "I don't know if Jan can hold off much longer. She's really hot to get her daddy's cock into her tight little box. It's been a long time, you know. I haven't discussed with her if she wants it to be intimate and romantic or what. I know I'm hot to watch it." She leaned over and pulled me to her to give me a nice kiss. "Especially right now, as hot as you've gotten me!"

I grinned at her and said, "Ya know, they say alcohol will do that for you."

"You shit!" she said, fingering her slit. "It still burns a bit. Where did you come up with that idea?"

"Oh, you haven't felt anything until you get a little rubbing alchy squirted into your urethra. Wait until you try that," I told her. She gasped as I said that and her hand reflexively flew to cover her crotch.

"You've done that?" she asked. I nodded. "I mean, to YOU? Have you had it done to YOU?"

"Of course, my dear. Maybe next time, when you're really hot and turned on, I can fill my urethra with alcohol and then fuck you. You'll find it really interesting when I cum into you," I told her.

Claire shivered and looked at me in disbelief. "I'll hold you to that, fucker!"

she said, grinning. Then she said quietly, "Although I'm not sure how well I can take that."

I smiled a wicked smile at her and said, "Oh, my dear, you will after I get through with you."

Caressing her tender nipples, she said, "Hmmm. We'll have to see, won't we?" She paused a bit then said, "Regarding Karen and her twisted desires. A swinger girl friend of mine who turns tricks occasionally said that she might know someone who could help us with pimping Karen out for a night. She said her friend had done a few things along those lines with some other underage girls, though not as young as Karen. As you might surmise, a real young one can bring quite a hefty amount for a night, especially if it's rough sex. She said the friend specializes in the heavy sex scenes and is very discreet. I'm going to arrange a meeting with her to find out a bit more. Can you find out just how extreme Karen wants to go?"

"From what we've discussed, she wants it as extreme as possible without actual lasting physical damage. Or marking that would be visible with normal clothes on. She's rather serious about all this," I explained to her.

Claire looked at me somewhat incredulously, then said, "After what you just did to me, I guess I can partly understand. It's just that she's so young. My God, I couldn't see me wanting to or letting my daughter do something like that. Hell, most grown women wouldn't want to do it."

"And most grown women wouldn't want to be caned until they bleed or have needles shoved in their tits, either," I said to her quietly.

"Point taken." She thought for a bit, then said, "You know, we could just stage a scene for her. She wouldn't have to know."

I said, "Yes, but that's not what she wants. And if she found out, I'm afraid she'd be both a bit upset and disappointed with us. Wouldn't you?"

"I guess you're right," Claire agreed. We talked about it a bit more as she caressed and massaged her tender nipples. She was really aroused and probably would take on a couple of football teams if they were available. As I'd pretty much shot my wad in her earlier, there wasn't much I could do for her that would really scratch that itch, so she decided to head back home and see if she could rape her husband a few times. That is, if she could get him before her daughter got to him.

She promised to see what Janelle wanted to do for her first daddy fuck and agreed that she wanted to see her daughter do it for an audience. And she said she'd let me know right away what she found out about pimping Karen out for a night. Then, as she was as hot as a firecracker still, she just tucked her ragged t-shirt and shorts under a strap that was on the seat of the ATV, then climbed on it, completely nude. I gave her a questioning look up and down as she started the engine.

"What? Hell, if Chuck sees me, he'll just get a hard on is all. Any of the other neighbors... well, screw 'em. I'll be home before they can say anything and you know that nobody around here's going to call the sheriff for a nude woman riding by. Besides, as hot as I am right now, I'd let them fuck me if they wanted to. Out in the middle of the road! I don't care." She grinned at me as she gunned the engine, almost doing a wheelie, then did a little donut in the driveway to finally speed off around the corner and down the long drive through the trees. I listened for a bit and could hear the neighbor's dogs barking at noise of the ATV.

This was turning into a very delicious summer. Two lovely female pain slut slaves, one twelve years old and the other literally centerfold material! Plus all the assorted family and friends. This was going to be a really great time.

[Continued in chapter 8]