My Summer with Gramps

by Art Martin

*Kitty’s mom has sent her to stay with Gramps for the summer. Mom should have known better than to mix her promiscuous teenage daughter with the lecherous old goat without supervision…*

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Gawd... you wouldn't believe what my mama made me do this past summer. There it was, the first week of summer and my mom ships me off to my grandfather's farm out in the sticks! And not for just a week visit or anything, but for the whole freaking summer! I had been soooo looking forward to being home all alone while Mama was working and free to do all those things that I like best, like staying in bed, sleeping in late and messing around with the neighborhood boys. I was also looking forward to spending some quality time with Mama's boyfriend, Ronnie. He has such a nice dick and he really knows how to use it.

I even had a job lined up for the summer as a dancer, but Mama had a fit saying, "You're too young to be a stripper!" What did she think I was? Stupid? I told her that Vitto said he'd get me a birth certificate and besides, I wouldn't be "on stage" in the public, but dancing in the private "Executive Romper Room". Mama rolled her eyes and just started yelling at me. I just don't see what the big deal is all about. After all, when she was younger and I was little, Mama was a stripper.

But nooooo, I have to go off to Bum Fuck Egypt, to watch the trees grow and listen to Gramps endlessly ramble on about the good old days, the price of corn, or how many board‑feet of lumber was in this or that area. Not only that, I'd never stayed there for more than a few days at time and had never stayed there alone before. Now I was going to be there for... forever!

Now don't get me wrong, I loved Gramps, still do. He's the kindest, most generous person in the world... when he wants to be. It's just that... I had other plans for the summer. I figured it couldn't be the stripper thing, after all she did the same thing, so that couldn't be why Mama was sending me off. Well, maybe it was, but I was sure that it was all the fault of that nosy old lady that lives next door. She told Mama that I was a tramp and that boys were in the house with me every day after school. Mama pressed me hard and made me confess. I got punished for a whole week, but she also took me to the doctor for birth control. After that I didn't have to worry about the guys forgetting to bring along enough rubbers or trusting them to pull out in time (yeah right!); now I only had to worry about getting the measles or something, but at least I wouldn't be a mommy!

Naturally Mama said that that's not the reason I was going to Gramps' all summer, but I figured it was. She said that she and Ronnie needed some time alone so that they could decide whether to get married or not. But I already knew that Ronnie wasn't going to marry her. He had told me that. He said to me, "Marry your mom? Why should I? I'm getting it free now with no strings attached. Plus I get you as a bonus." 'Course, Mama didn't know anything about that, or at least so I thought. I figured that if she did, she'd kill me for sure, Ronnie too.

Gramps picked me up at the bus station. He was waiting for me, standing by the drop off point wearing old work boots and grungy overalls without a shirt, just like I remembered him. As far as I could tell, he never wore a shirt, just overalls. He was really happy to see me. I was happy to see him too, but just for a week, not for all freaking summer! I tried to look happy, but I just knew I'd see no one, except perhaps some of Gramps fossil friends, until he put me back on the bus at the end of August.

"My, my, my," Gramps said with a broad grin, "look at ya now. You're all grown up, Kitty!" I guess I had filled out since the last time I saw him. It was kinda hard to remember, but only last summer I was still flat chested. Then suddenly things changed and the boys took notice of me. Soon I was learning and doing things that never imagined doing before. I mean, I never even touched myself down there before, and now it's all I think about. I just love it!

"Well, come along. It'll be dark before long and I don't see worth a damn at night anymore. Here give me your bag... Jesus! What'cha got in here?"

"Just clothes."

"Ya didn't need to bring all your clothes, did ya?"

"I guess Mama got carried away, but I'll be here all summer."

"No harm, I suppose, except to my back." For all his complaining I knew he was strong as an ox and when he put my suitcase in the back of the pickup, he threw it in there like it weighed no more than a bag of potato chips. Potato chips... guess I won't be seeing any of those either for some time.

We rode out of Hicksville (that's really what it is called, though it hardly qualified as a "ville" of any sorts) and towards my grandfather's farm tucked deep into the woods. I always imagined wild Indians lurking in those woods and all sorts of wild and dangerous creatures, but Gramps said the Indians had been gone for over a hundred years and no one had spotted a black bear in these parts for fifty years. But according to Gramps, there were some dangerous thing out there like wild pigs, and he said that some of them got really huge and they could be even meaner and more dangerous than bears ever were. A pig? I don't think so.

We passed several small farmsteads along the way, most with a clear field or two planted in corn, but it was mostly just woods. Gramps said that most folks had given up trying to raise crops for a living and instead had become tree farmers. I thought he was joking, but when he told me how much the timber on a forty‑acre plot would fetch, I realized he wasn't joking at all!

After forty minutes or so kicking up a cloud of dust on the gravel road from Hicksville, things began to look very familiar; I knew we were close. A turn here and turn there, then through a gate marked "Sunnyvale Farm". Then up this winding track that hardly qualified as a road and we were home. Pulling in close to the house in a cloud of dust, the chickens all scattered and his pack of dogs came running up, barking and carrying on, making a tremendous racket, not that there was anyone around to disturb. Gramps abruptly stopped the truck, nearly throwing me through the windshield. I was home for the summer; isolated from everyone and everything. At least I had my fingers to keep me entertained.

Gramps lived so far out in the sticks, that he didn't even have a TV. I asked him why he didn't just get a satellite dish, and he just grumbled something about the cost and Hollywood faggots. As for a cell phone, forget it. Oddly enough, he did have a computer, but he didn't have any games or even let me anywhere near it; said it was for business only. Gramps had a telephone too, but he would never let me call long distance and the only free calls were to Hicksville, and no one lived in Hicksville, except of course the Hicks (that really is the name of the family who runs the only store in "town"). About the best I could expect would be a trip once every two weeks to Hicksville to go to the general store, and maybe one trip during the entire summer to a larger town for things unavailable in Hicksville (that includes just about anything and everything).

Gramps' house sat up on top of a small hill. It was a ramshackle affair that still needed a paint job from before I was born. It looked like it would blow down during the next storm, but I guess it was sturdy enough. It had certainly been there for a long time. As dilapidated as it looked on the outside, it had lots of different rooms and inside it was very homey and comfortable, like a pair of well‑worn jeans. Outside, the best feature of the house was the big wrap around porch and the porch swing. I could spend hours out there swinging. As for a view, despite being on the top of a hill, about the only thing to see from the house were Gramps' barn, the pasture where he kept a few cows and a pet donkey, lots of trees, a field that he had planted in corn and his vegetable garden. The vegetable garden... ugh! I knew I would soon be out there hoeing and pulling weeds in that miserable patch all summer, but then again, that really would be about the only thing I had to do around there.

Gramps effortlessly retrieved my bag from the back of the pickup and carried it inside, grumbling all the time about how heavy it was. He showed me to my room, the little one with the old lavender wallpaper that was peeling off the walls in places. "You can have your mother's old room. From the sounds of it, she's not planning on coming out here anytime soon."

He swung the big suitcase onto the bed with a thud. "There's hardy enough room in here for ya, so we need to get rid of that suitcase as soon as possible. So, why don't ya get busy and get yourself unpacked while I put on some supper for us."

I really didn't feel up to tacking all my clothes, but I knew better than to get on Gramps' bad side right away. He had a way of straightening you out real quick.Electing not to cause a scene I'd regret, I set about my task. Halfway through, something struck me, Mom really did pack everything I owned. I didn't need the wool skirts, sweatshirts, sweaters and ski jacket. Guess she was distracted when she packed me.

I put away everything I needed, but left the winter clothes in the suitcase. Except in the parlor room, Gramps didn't have air conditioning and despite the breeze blowing through the house from the big attic fan, it was way too warm for jeans.I could hear Gramps still puttering about the kitchen, so I knew I had time to change clothes and into something a little more comfortable. Kicking off my sneakers, I shimmied out of the low riders and placed them on the bed. Then I took my top and bra off. I picked out a pair of gym shorts I had been wearing since fifth grade and a cropped top. Mama had been after me all year to get rid of both the shorts and the top, but the boys loved them as they really molded onto me and showed off my butt and tits to good effect. I don't know why I put them on that night, other than they were very cool and comfortable. I guess I didn't think Gramps would take notice.

I had just finished dressing when I turned around. There was Gramps, standing in the doorway and looking at me in funny sort of way. "Lord Almighty!" he said with rush of air from his lungs. Knowing he had been standing there looking at me nearly naked caused me to blush furiously. Then with a big grin on his face (Mom had always said he was a dirty old man) he said, "Uh, supper's ready."

We sat at the kitchen table and he told me to dig in. He had lots of food on the table, field peas, butter beans and okra from his garden, plus a bowl of creamed corn, cornbread and chunks of pork stewed in onion gravy. That plus lots of sweetened ice tea. Gramps was a good cook and super was better than what Mama usually made for us, if and when she cooked. Still, I just as soon had a pizza. The entire time we ate, Gramps kept looking at me. He didn't say too much, just ate and stared at me chewing his food.

When we were finished with eating, he sat back and told me, "I cooked, so ya can clean up."

"Okay," I replied knowing that I didn't have any choice nor a chance of getting out of it. Gramps sat back and lit a pipe while I cleared the table, put away all the leftovers (under Gramps directions from his chair) and then washed the dishes by hand as Gramps didn't have a dishwasher or anything like that.

The entire time, he just watched me and made small talk and asked about school and what my mama was up to. After doing the last pot, I thought I was done, but then he told me I had to dry the dishes and put them away. Of course I didn't know where anything went, so he directed me to put this bowl in that cabinet and that thing up on the third shelf of another cabinet... lots of stuff went on that third shelf. While reaching to put up the things on the high shelves, my top would ride up leaving me perilously exposed. Whenever I put my arms down, the top stayed up; every time I had to pull it down to cover my boobs.

Wondering if he saw anything, I glanced his way. Sitting back, Gramps had a big smile on his face; he'd seen plenty! To be ogled like that by my own grandfather was kind of weird to say the least. I figured then that maybe I shouldn't be wearing my cropped shirts any more, especially the ones that were sort of tight and really short like the one I had on.

I tried my best to keep the shirt down, but every time I had to reach up, the shirttail rode up. By the time I was finished, my ears felt like they were burning, as I was really embarrassed. Finally I finished up and stood about unsure as to what to do next. Gramps floored me when he said, "I really like that outfit you're wearing, Kitty. Shows ya off real good. From now on, unless your working in the garden, it would please me if ya wore it or something like it around the house."

I must have seemed stupid because I was speechless. Geez, he wanted me to flash him.

Pointing to the chair next to him he said, "Now come here, Kitty, and have a seat. We've got a few things to discuss."

When I sat, I was keenly aware that all the rubbing by my shirt while reaching to put away the dishes had really stimulated my nipples. They were hard as rocks and really poked through the tight fabric.

Gramps drew on his pipe, openly staring right at my tits. It seemed like he stared at them for an hour, but it was probably only a minute or so before his gaze shifted and he looked me in the eye. "Do ya know why you're here?"

I shrugged noncommittally.

"I had a long talk with your mother before ya arrived here," he continued. "Seems you've been a naughty little girl. Now that I've seen how ya dress with my own eyes and seen how ya flaunt your body, I know that it's all true. You're a first‑class little prick tease, that's for sure. But it's more than just being a tease... your mama told me all about ya and the neighborhood boys." I wanted to crawl under the table. OMG! Just what did Mama tell Gramps about the boys?

"Ya ever read the Bible?" I shrugged again. Where was he going with this? Immediately I guessed I was in for a hellfire and damnation talk. "You've heard the story about Adam and Eve, haven't ya?" I had heard about that. "Well, some folks take that story as a literal truth about the origin of man. Well, I beg to differ. It's not; it's an allegory. Ya know what an allegory is, don't ya?"

"Is it some kind of alligator?" I offered with a shrug.

Gramps rolled his eyes like I was stupid or something. "Don't they teach ya kids anything in school anymore?" Again I just shrugged having no idea what he was talking about.

"An allegory is not an alligator. An allegory is a story in which happenings, things or even people, have a symbolic meaning," he instructed. "They are used to explain ideas and principles. Now in the literal translation, Adam and Eve were the very first two people on earth. They lived in the Garden of Eden where everything was provided for them and where nothing but happiness prevailed. Then Eve was tempted by a serpent to take a bite from the forbidden fruit. She did and discovered that the fruit to be very sweet indeed. Of course God found out, He always finds out. She and Adam were then expelled forevermore from Eden because the fruit was forbidden fruit and they had had sinned and disobeyed God. The story goes on how Adam and Eve then had two children, Cain and Able. Come to think of it, I think there were actually three boys... no matter. Anyway, eventually Cain kills Able. Cain is banished and somehow Cain, the only surviving son, manages to populate the entire world. Now presumably he did that by mating with a woman, or women. The origins of these women and where they came from are never explained.

"Well, you can see the problem with the literal translation, namely where did these women that Cain impregnated come from? Evidently there were other people about, and not just Cain, his mother and his father.

"Now obviously the allegory for Cain killing Able is mankind's propensity for waging war and committing murder.

"But that's not my point tonight. In the story, I believe that the Garden of Eden is an allegory for childhood where innocence prevails and where a child's every need is provided for. The serpent is an allegory for Adam's dick and the forbidden fruit is the sex act. Once Adam and Eve tasted the fruit of sexual union, they were no longer innocents. At that point Eve became a lustful woman and Adam became a lustful man. Innocence was lost. Are ya following me, child?

"Kitty, the fact is, ya've tasted the forbidden fruit and you're now a woman. You're no longer an innocent. In fact ya found the forbidden fruit to be sweet, very sweet, didn't ya?"

"I, I guess."

"Ya guess? Don't trifle with me, girl! Ya had sex and you found that ya liked it; in fact ya like it a lot. Ya like it so much that every afternoon after school ya fucked every boy who wanted ya. Right?... Go on, ya can admit it to me. I can't find fault in ya doing what nature tells ya to do."

I knew the difference between good girls and bad girls and everything he was saying was true. I was bad, so very bad. Every boy? Every boy except that pimple faced geek Cornelius Jadowitz, and that was only because.... Never mind. Gramps had me pegged and I felt ashamed, you know, like one of those politicians or criminals who are always so very sorry, but only because they had been caught. Right then I was so totally embarrassed by what Gramps was saying that I couldn't bear to look him in the eye.

"Look at me, Kitty," he demanded sternly. "Ya have nothing to be ashamed about. Men and women fuck... that's what God intended. This bullshit that sex is a sin is just that, bullshit. Ya can't make babies without doing it; it's the only way to make babies, or at least until recently. Sex is at the center of God's grand design, so how could it be sinful? And if it isn't sinful, it must be good because it sure as dickens feels good! My point is, even though ya may still be very young, you've tasted the fruit of copulating and so you're no longer an innocent child, but woman. A woman who enjoys having a man between her legs doing what men and women were put on this earth to do.

"Now when those boys came to your house after school, they came for sex, sex that ya happily provided them. Right?" There was no use in me lying about it, so I nodded 'yes'.

"How many boys have ya spread your legs for? Three? Four? Ten? More than ten?... I see. And did ya have sex with more than one boy at a time? Two? Three? More? Damn girl! Ya be lots of fun!" he snorted with a nervous chuckle. "Ya let 'em cum in your cunt?" I could have crawled into a hole, but there wasn't one available. "And those weekend nights when ya were supposed to be staying at a friend's house... Don't look so surprised, your mama knows about that too. She read it in your e‑mails.

"Whose house did ya go to?"

"Jake and Jason's."

"And ya would stay all night? And there were other boys there too, weren't they? In fact they had ya naked and spread eagle on a bed, taking dick after dick after dick and then you'd take more dick until none of the boys could get it up again. Tell me, when all this was going on, where were Jake and Jason's parents?"

"Uh, their mom was gone, but their dad was there. He didn't care."

Gramps snorted, "That's because he was getting it from ya too. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's what I thought. Any other grown men there to screw ya?"

"Sometimes," I whispered. Gawd, Gramps knew about everything.

"I hear that ya want to be a dancer, like yer mama was. Doing the hootchie‑cootchie buck naked. Letting strange men put there hands all over ya for a few bucks."

"Mama, said I couldn't do that."

"Hell, why not?" he snorted. "There's good money in it! She knows that."

"She said I was too young and she didn't want me making the same mistakes as she did."

"That brings me to why your mother sent ya here. Now, I know your mother, I know her very well. She wouldn't send ya here just because you're a promiscuous little slut and having a little fun with your friends. It has to be something else. Do ya know what that might be?" With the lump in my throat, I could only shake my head 'no'.

"Bull crap!" he roared making me jump in my seat. "Ya fucked your dear mama's boyfriend! Didn't you, sweetie? Fucked him every chance ya got." How did he know that? Oh gawd, Mama knew too! That's why she sent me away! "Yeah, ya was fucking him," he sneered. "Ya betrayed your own mother for some readily handy dick from a guy who didn't give a shit about who he was doing!"

I was mortified. I thought Gramps would do something to me for being so bad, but instead he just smiled at me with that kindly look of his, his face surrounded by a wispy halo of pipe smoke.

"Now that ya know, that I know what a slut you are, we can dispense with the crap." Slut. He called me a slut again and the word knifed through me. Of course I already knew that I was in fact a slut, but to have Gramps think that of me... Suddenly he totally changed the subject.

Calmly pointing overhead he asked, "See that light bulb up there?" Of the four light bulbs over the kitchen table, one of them was burned out. "I need ya to replace it. Go look in the third cabinet and get a new bulb." How do you go from detailing my life as a wanton promiscuous tramp to changing a stupid light bulb in the next sentence? I didn't ask, I just did what I was told. I found a new bulb and unscrewed the burned out bulb. Of course to do this I had to lean over the table and stretch on my tiptoes to reach it. Had Gramps stayed seated, I would have given him another show. That's when Gramps came up behind me, slid his hands up my sides and under my shirt, cupping my bare breasts with his calloused hands.

"Gramps!" I protested.

"Ya like that don't ya?" he asked, but it was more a statement of fact than a question. "I like it too. Young tits on a young slut."

I should have pulled away from him, but I didn't. He was rolling my nipples between his fingers and it felt so good I didn't want him to stop. Still he was my grandfather! How weird is that?

"Yeah, ya like it, ya little whore" he whispered into my ear. "That's why you're here. Your mama owes me and you're a fine young whore, Kitty. Ya get my drift darling? Ya got a hot body that's far from being virginal. I figure that while you're here, it'd be a damned waste to let it go unused, especially when I got a hard cock to keep it happy."

OMG! Gramps wanted to do me! Holy shit! I managed to twist away from him. I was flushed with excitement, but I knew that we shouldn't go any farther. "

"Now, there's nobody around here for miles, except for maybe Charlie Cribs, and he's brain damaged. There's just you and me, darling. An old goat with a stiff pecker and a hot, young cock‑loving slut. A randy man and a hot young woman. Ya know what randy men and hot women do, don't ya? Yeah, ya know... they fuck."

"Gramps, no. I, I, we can't," I gasped.

"Why the hell not? I've got a hard dick and ya love hard dicks. Kitty, I may be old, but I'm far from being dead. So here's how it's going to be; while you're staying here with me, we, that's you and me, we're going to do it every day. In fact, I'm gonna give you just what ya need, a hard stiff prick. I'm gonna fuck your brains out until I'm tired of ya, then I'm going to put your ass back on the bus and send ya home to your mama."

"We can't!"

"Yes, we can and we will. You're no innocent virgin, honey. In fact you're a promiscuous whore! One thing I know, and that's what to do with whores. And don't think for a moment that your mother doesn't know that."

"We can't!" I repeated. "You're my grandfather!"

"Actually I'm not," he stated bluntly.

"What do you mean? Of course you're my grandfather!"

"Not really. Your mother, I love her dearly, just as if she were my daughter, but she's not."

"I, I don't understand."

"I took up with your grandmother when your mother was about your age. Found them hitchhiking down the highway with just the clothes on their backs. Your mother, she was pregnant. Your mom was too young to be raising a baby so she did the right thing and gave it up for adoption."

"You mean I got a sis,,,"

"It was a boy. I saw him and handed him to his new mom and dad the very day he was born. Can't tell you anymore than that, 'cause their identities were kept secret from us. A little while after that, your grandmother walked out... just up and disappeared one day. We never heard from her again. So I took care of your mother until she came up pregnant again. She insisted on keeping you and that's that."

I was reeling from what Gramps was telling me. I had a brother? I had always wanted a brother. I guess I was somewhat in a daze as I found myself standing at the kitchen sink with my shorts pulled down below my knees and with Gramps tenderly rubbing my bare butt. How I got there, I don't remember.

"Now, I want ya to go to your room, Kitty. I want your young, sweet ass completely naked and ready for me." His voice was soft and soothing. I heard what he said but it didn't register. Suddenly a stinging slap set my ass on fire. "Ya hear me, Kitty?" he gruffly growled. The first blow had taken my breath a way so I didn't have a chance to answer before the next blow landed a little lower than the first.

"Owwww!" I cried as my butt burned like never before. "Owwww!" I cried again as the third open‑handed slap made contact with my stinging flesh. "Pleeeeease st... Owwww!" After that, there was no way I could answer as the punishment rained down on my poor rump, all I could do was dance about while he pinned me to the sink with one hand while he spanked my bare ass with the other.

Then, just as suddenly as it began, it was over, except that my butt was on fire. Gramps pulled me away from the sink and spun me around, running his hands under my cropped shirt again. "Did ya hear what I said?" he asked while he gently pinched and twisted my sensitive nipples. The tears were streaming down my face and neck and I was a sobbing mess. "I told ya to go to your room. What else did I tell ya?"

"T... t... to get ready... for you," I sobbed.

"Ready for what?"

"Ready for you to... to fuck me," I replied in a whisper.

"I really didn't say that, but that sounds like a splendid idea. Do ya want me to fuck ya, Kitty?"

"Yes," I whispered. And it was true! I don't why, maybe it was just because I am such a slut or maybe I just wanted to submit and be used, or maybe it was because it meant that it really wasn't going to be such a boring summer after all. Whatever the reason, I wanted it. I wanted my Gramps to do me.

"Then go on, girl," he said gently. "Go to your room. I'll be there shortly."

"Yes, sir."

Gramps released my now throbbing tits and stood back. I tried to walk, but my shorts and panties had moved down around my ankles restricting me to tiny little shuffling steps. Before I made it out of the kitchen, my feet got clear of the shorts. I stopped to pick them up, but Gramps ordered, "Leave them!" I didn't want another of Gramps' spankings, so from there I almost ran to my room sans bottoms.

Standing safely in my room, I had mixed feelings about what was going on. Any minute Gramps would come through the door to screw me. That was really kinky, but exciting. But then I thought about what he had said about Mama. Did she really send me here so he could screw me? I couldn't believe that. Maybe Gramps was just pulling my leg, but who knows? Mama always said he was a dirty old man, but she also said it with a laugh. I didn't believe her about that, but I do now! So... should I believe Gramps? He certainly knew about everything I had been up to. Gawd, poor Mama! I really didn't want to do Ronnie... well, not the first time, that is. What must she think of me?

I heard a noise from somewhere in house. Gramps! He was coming! Butterflies filled my tummy; I didn't want another spanking! Quick as possible I stripped off my top, threw it on the old bureau and hopped into my bed. I waited and waited, but Gramps didn't show.

As the minutes wore on and Gramps still didn't show, I started to think about things again and how weird all this was. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized the truth that Gramps was the only man around and that he'd be a better lay than no lay at all. I then tried to imagine what he'd look like completely naked. I'd only seen him in his overalls with work boots. He hardly ever wore a shirt, so I knew he had thick arms covered with grey white hair. I'd caught a glance or two at his hairy chest hidden under the bib. He wasn't skinny that's for sure, nor was he blubbery and grotesque like Sam's (Jake and Jason's dad) friend... the thought of that formless mass of flab with its beady eyes and sagging jowls sent shivers down my spine.

No, Gramps may be old, but he didn't have a big potbelly and was in fairly good shape. Gramps wasn't handsome in the face, but he wasn't ugly either. Besides, a girl doesn't look for a pretty face in a guy she's about to do, she's looking for a nice dick. So what did Gramps' dick look like? I imagined it was all wrinkly and not too big, certainly not as big as Ronnie's or Sam's, or Sam's other friend. Now that man had a big cock! I only got to suck him, then he got nervous and left when the other men at the poker game started to do me. I wasn't disappointed, though, as I couldn't imagine fitting that huge thing in my little pussy. Still, I thought about that huge cock for weeks and weeks afterward. Lying in bed, imagining what that big cock would actually feel like inside me, only then was I disappointed that he'd chickened out.

Then another thought occurred to me. What if Gramps couldn't get it up? What if he could only get it up once a week, or worse still, just one a month! Gawd, it could be a long summer after all.

Suddenly, there was Gramps! He was shoeless and had silently walked in before I knew he was coming. He stopped and stood near the bed staring down at my total nudity. He looked happy, very happy with what he saw. I was tempted to cover up and at least pretend to be modest, but I thought better of it. I figured Gramps wanted a whore, and a whore is what he got. I spread my legs apart to give him a better view of my cunt.

"Good girl," he mused. "Ya don't need to be told what a man wants to see."

I smiled at the compliment, pleased that I had pleased him. His hands went to the snap buckles of his bib and undid them one at a time. With the first strap released, his bib folded over in half exposing half of his hairy chest. When the second strap released, the whole thing fell to his thighs. He kicked his legs and soon was standing in only his boxers. He yanked the snaps open and the boxer shorts fell all the way to the floor where he casually kicked them off into a corner.

My eyes bulged out at what I saw. His dick wasn't small at all, not huge, but not small either, in fact, he put Ronnie to shame. It wasn't so much that it was long, it was thick, very thick and very, very hard, jutting out boldly from a mass of grey pubic hair. The foreskin was partially peeled back, revealing a business end that was dark and purplish in color. Crisscrossed with blue veins, the stalk looked sort of wrinkly, but it really wasn't wrinkly in the least; it was hard, hard, hard. It was plainly evident that in the cock department, I'd hit a bonanza with Gramps.

"I want ya to play with yourself," he said as if he were asking me to pass the butter. I played with myself a lot, that's for sure, but I'd never diddled myself while anyone was watching me. "I like to watch a girl play with herself. I want your cunt wet, very wet. Now hike your knees up some and show Gramps your young pussy."

What he told me to do sounded so dirty and perverted, but I did it any way. While I frigged myself, he told me to look him in the eye and imagine what his cock would feel like once he put it inside me. He then crawled up on the bed and began playing with my tits while I furiously rubbed my stiff nubbin. He was now too close for me to look him in the eyes so my attention went to his cock, the ancient, but fit cock that would soon be mated to my young vagina. I reached forward and touched it. Gramps was certainly a virile man, his incredibly hard cock was hot and already drooling his excitement.

The heat was building in my groin and I knew I getting close. Gramps let go of my tit and moved between my legs while still kneeling. Grasping my legs under my knees he spread me open even wider while my fingers noisily plunged in and out of my pulsating hole. It was really obscene what I was doing, but that just made it all the more exciting.

Uncontrollably my hips began punching forward as I approached the edge. My back arched as I felt the wonderful and familiar sensations suddenly radiate from my pussy, expanding rapidly thru my body while at the same time shrinking my world to a point focused on my cunt. Gramps, his blue eyes blazing with lust, continued to hold my legs apart, watching me and my cunt uncontrollably spasm as I trashed about in the throes of a great cum. I know he said some really terrible and obscene things while I came, but I can't for the life of me remember exactly what he said.

Sweaty and spent, I collapsed into a limp heap on my bed. I needed a little break, but Gramps didn't give me a moment's respite. I remember him pushing my legs even further apart and forward until I could felt a cool breeze as my pussy obscenely splayed opened. Through the thin slits of my eyes everything seemed in slow motion as I saw Gramps' baldhead slowly descend between my legs. The cool breeze on my hot cunt intensified as Gramps blew a steady stream of cool air on my poor little clit. Then suddenly, it was enveloped in the warm embrace of his mouth. I know I screamed, I couldn't help it, it just felt so good! The initial shock passed and I felt his big old tongue press into my tender flesh, sliding around inside my folds. It felt heavenly.

Gawd, I love being eaten out. I think Jake's and Jason's daddy, Sam, ate me out more than he fucked me. Ronnie was good with his tongue too. The boys, they weren't into that very much, as they seemed only interested in busting a nut and not much more than that. But Gramps! Oh, the way he was doing it, it felt great! Rubbing my clit with the flat of his tongue and then swirling around it with just the tip, licking up and down my slit, pushing his nose into me and then slithering that thing way up my cunt hole. Wow! I felt my stomach rippling again as shivers of excitement ran up my body. In no time at all, I was seeing stars again as Gramps' talented tongue launched me off into blissful orbit.

By the time I had regained a portion of my senses, Gramps was ready for the main event. He was still between my legs, holding me open, but he had moved his knees under my thighs and had snuggled his thick cock up into my slot. I was ready for him to screw me, but he wouldn't just stick it in where it belonged; he waited and waited. He waited until I could look up into his weathered grinning face.

"Put it in, slut," he growled. "Show me that ya want this as bad as I do. C'mon Kitty, show your Gramps that you're indeed a wanton little whore." My hand once again went to his substantial organ, but this time not to merely judge its qualities. I nestled it in the maw of my waiting vagina. His broad tip began to spread open my pussy lips giving me the first real inkling of Gramps' true substance.

A moment later, I had more than just an inkling, as the first inch or so had begun to stretch me out. I had expected him to just ram it in, but he was more considerate than that, in fact he was very considerate. Slowly, a little at a time, he pushed his thick veiny cock into me deeper and deeper, never rushing it, but never relenting either. Gawd, I never felt so full in my life and then he pushed even more of his big dick into me!

Once he was all the way in me, and I mean all the way in me really, really deep, the real fucking began. Gramps took long slow strokes in and out of my cunt. I could feel how my labia stretched tightly around his girth, and with the tight fit, how with each stroke his cock was rubbed against my clit. With each stroke he glided in easier and easier as my love tunnel flooded with the sap of my arousal.

Gramps was certainly in no hurry and that was fine with me. He'd rotate his hips and made sure his wonderful dick stimulated every spot in my vagina. Occasionally he'd drive in deep and grind into me, all the while saying, "Cum on my dick, ya whore," and other tender sayings. I was already boiling over with lust before he started, and now his cock was really setting me on fire. Flopping uncontrollably on the bedspread, the delicious climax overtook all my senses. Coming from deep within my belly, the orgasm, spreading through my body and down my legs to my curled up toes, totally overwhelmed me. This time, once it crested and waned, it crested again and again as Gramps continued fucking me. Gawd, how he fucked me!

I know I was yelling out things that can't be repeated, but I was totally out of control cumming non‑stop on his big fuck stick. He'd fuck me slow, he'd fuck me fast and hard. Every so often he'd change my position, sometimes he had my knees pressed to my chest while he deep fucked me, then he had both my ankles resting on his shoulders for a shallower fuck, then he split me like a pair of scissors with one leg down and the other held high in the air. Then he'd pull out, roll me on my stomach and take me from behind with my hips high in the air, followed by my hips pressed into the mattress. At one time he was sideways as he fucked me! Then back on my back for a traditional screw before rolling us both over with me now on the top. As quick as the boys were, he was just the opposite. He screwed me and screwed me. The entire time he was fucking me, I was being continuously wracked with back‑to‑back orgasms. His stamina and control was incredible. It was a fucking to remember!

After what seemed to be hours of copulating, he started to grunt. I felt his thick cock swell even larger and then it began to pulse as he unloaded his semen deep into my young cunt.

When he'd finally finished, he just sort of collapsed beside me. Moments later the rasping sound of his snoring filled the room. I too was exhausted. I managed a glance at the alarm clock that was beside the bed. It had been hours since he approached me at the supper table. I tried to calculate how long we had actually fornicated. I am certain he did me for well over an hour non‑stop. No wonder I could hardly move! Soon, I too was sleeping the sound sleep that follows a wonderfully satisfying screw.

Sometime during the middle of the night, I felt him mounting me. There was no slow screwing this time. He fucked me hard from the start with the sole goal of getting his rocks off as quickly as possible. I remember the sounds of it vividly; the grunts and the groans, the squeaking of the bed and the wet squishy noises as we fucked. Ten minutes later, he had flooded me with his cream again, rolled off and was snoring away again.

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When the sun rose, I was once again awakened by Gramps taking me. This time Gramps wasn't in such a hurry as he was in the dead of the night; it was a more loving screw, or at least he made sure I had an orgasm or three before he shot his sex pistol. I thought that he'd be done, but that wasn't the case, as he presented his soft dick for me to suck. It was very wet, being fresh from my drenched cunt. Cum was still dribbling out of his foreskin and his dick had flecks of a white froth streaked down the shaft.

"Suck it clean," he ordered. I really didn't want to, but he growled, "Do it, god damn it!" Remembering the spanking I'd gotten last night for not doing his bidding quick enough, I got to it. At first I felt a little queasy doing this, but it really wasn't so bad after all.

"Good girl," he praised as I cleaned his limp prong. "Be sure and get under the foreskin," he added, "otherwise it'll get a little gamey." Peeling the foreskin back, I discovered a glob of goo waiting for me. "Damn, I feel like a million dollars this morning," he declared as I went about my task. "There's nothing like a young girl's cunt to put the spring back in my step."

Once he felt that I had cleaned him properly, Gramps rose from bed. Turning to me he said, "That was real nice last night, real nice. You're going do just fine as my whore, Kitty. Now, get your ass out bed and fix me some breakfast."

I rolled off the bed and asked, "What should I wear?"

"Don't wear a damned thing. We'll be screwing some more this morning, so don't even bother to get dressed." Gawd, the old pervert was already thinking of doing me again! Despite keeping me naked, Gramps put on his signature overalls.

"Well, I need to get a shower," I said.

"Damn it, I want my coffee and some breakfast first," he gruffly replied. "We'll shower and mess around after that." Then he trudged off to fix some coffee.

Like a puppy dog, I followed after Gramps to the kitchen in my birthday suit. While he messed around with the coffee pot, I stood around not knowing what to do.Gramps looked at me and growled, "Well, what the hell are ya waiting for?"

"What do you want for breakfast?" I ventured.

"What can ya fix?"

"I dunno," I replied honestly.

"Biscuits? Can ya make biscuits?"

"Uh, no."

"Then how about some sausage gravy?"

"Uh, no."

"Then what the hell can ya fix?"

"Cereal? Pop Tarts?"

"Ya can't be serious? Well, your mana couldn't cook either until I taught her, so I guess I'll have to teach ya how to cook too. Now reach up in that cabinet and fetch me that green bowl." As grouchy as he can be sometimes, there are other times he can be as patient as a saint. Without being mean or anything, he showed me how to mix the flour and stuff to make biscuits and how to fry up some bulk sausage and then make sausage gravy. He also threw in a lesson on how to make scrambled eggs. In twenty minutes flat he had a full breakfast ready with time to spare, having also time to playfully dust my tits with flour and put his handprints on my ass.

After breakfast, I washed and put away all the dishes, pots and pans. Gramps stood behind me the whole time molesting me, playing with me between my legs. Gawd, let me tell you, it's hard to do a good job of anything when someone is trying to stick a greased finger up your butt! Before I was even finished, he had me pinned up against the sink and was really finger fucking my butthole! No one had ever played with me back there, and as dirty as it was, I kind of liked it.

Gramps pulled his finger from my butt and told me, "Hurry up and finish. I got an urge that needs to satisfied." He couldn't be serious, but he was!

By the time I put away the last of the breakfast dishes, Gramps was sitting in a straight chair by the table, his overalls in a careless heap on the floor and his big pecker at full attention. He motioned for me to come to him and then he had me straddle him in the chair. Once again he ordered me to, "Put it in, slut."

I aimed his cock and then sat in his lap, driving his thick cock all the way up my cunt. I must admit, it felt great to have his dick inside me again. I started to fuck myself on his cock, but he told me to be still. I sat with him planted deep.

"You're a real nice fuck, Kitty," he began, "real nice and tight, but ya have a few things to learn about really pleasing a man. Last night, ya made me do all the work, not that I minded. Now most men will settle for a nice fuck, but I don't want just a nice fuck, I want a terrific fuck. And to give me a terrific fuck, ya have to be fully engaged in whatever sex act we may be doing. Take now for instance. It feels really nice to have my dick buried in your tight snatch, but you're not participating." I started to move but he held me in place.

"Be still, girl," he scolded. "I want ya to fuck me just using your cunt muscles. Now, I want ya to squeeze my dick. That's it. Now release. Squeeze and release. Now, concentrate real hard and squeeze me using just your deep muscles. No, no, no, you're squeezing my entire dick. Try it again and just squeeze it deep. I know it's hard to do, but with lots of practice you'll learn. Mmmmm, yeah, that's better. Now again. Damn it girl, you're using your whole cunt... just use your deep muscles."

We were there for a long time with me squeezing his dick and the whole time he was fussing about me just using my deep muscles. By the time he shot off in my cunt once again, I was exhausted. We did that twice more that day, and that night I was so sore I could only lay there while he pounded away at me.

I quickly discovered that he was inventive too. One of his favorite positions was have me on top riding his dick, then he sort of pushed me over on my back until I was sort of upside down while his cock was still inside me. Then he'd fuck me that way from the back with my legs around his head! While we fucked, his dick did a number on my sweet spot; not only that, my cunt was wide open and he'd play with my clit. Gawd... I'd cum and I'd cum and I'd cum again until I was totally wasted!

Like I said, Gramps had great stamina. Not only could he hold off cumming until he damned well pleased, but he only needed an hour or two to rest up and he was ready to go again. He just went on and on all day if he wanted, and that's exactly what he wanted. He said, "We've got nothing better to do, Kitty, and I ain't getting any younger, so spread 'em, ya little whore." I lost track of just how many times we screwed that day, but it was a lot.

He had me dance for him too, up on the kitchen table. Gramps didn't like any of the good music I had with me, so he put on a CD of his. Let me tell you, it tough to do a proper bump‑and‑grind to Willy Nelson tunes! He wasn't interested in seeing me strip, he just wanted me to dance naked and really be obscene about it.

I was up on the table. Gramps sat in a chair drinking a beer and looking up between my legs. I'd jiggle and shake my tits at him and then hump and rotate my hips. He told me to dance right at the edge of the table and to shimmy down. I did, and suddenly he lurched up from his chair and latched his mouth to my pussy! It startled me and I tried to pull away, but by that time he had his hands on my hips and I couldn't get away, not that I really minded being eaten out.

Then he plopped back down in his chair and took a swig of beer. Leering up at me, he placed the half‑full beer bottle on the table. "Pick it up," he told me. I bent over to do as he asked and he said, "Not like that, Kitty! Pick it up with your cunt!" OMG! I knew better than to say 'no' to him, so I tried my best. First few times I missed, knocking the bottle over. Gramps was quick with his hands and hardly any beer spilled. Finally after I don't know how many unsuccessful attempts, Gramps held the bottle in place for me. I shimmied down and managed to get my cunt lips over the top of the bottle. After that it was fairly easy squatting until it went up my cunt hole.

Feeling the bottle firmly in place, I stood, proud that I had taken the bottle with me. Gramps first worked it around and then he pulled it out of my cunt, took a swig and placed back on the table for me to pick up again. It took me a week or two before I got good enough to pick the bottle up without having him holding it steady.

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The following day after I first danced for him, it was late in the afternoon. Since the sunrise, I'd been fucked by the old goat at least... heck, I don't know how many times. So far the summer was a lot more fun than I ever imagined it could be.

I heard a car coming up the gravel driveway. Gramps told me to go get something on as we had company. I did what I was told and slipped on a t‑shirt and some shorts then went outside onto the porch to see who was there.

Gramps was talking to a black haired woman about Mama's age. I couldn't hear everything what they were saying, but the woman seemed to be unhappy. Gramps waved his arms around and shouted, "I told ya, Mabel, I'll call ya when I want ya and not until then! Now get, woman!"

I found out later that Mabel was just one of the local ladies that Gramps entertained when their husbands were away. She wasn't gone but ten minutes or so before Gramps had me naked again, straddling him on a kitchen chair and squeezing his cock with my poor pussy.

Later that night, lying in bed, face down in the dead of night with him rutting away, I remembered what he said about screwing my brains out until I went home. I'd only been there a little over a day and at this rate I knew I'd be dead before school started again.

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Next morning he was at me again. Mostly with the squeezing lessons. Try as I might, I just couldn't squeeze his dick the way he wanted me too. He'd fuss and maybe spank me, but I really don't think he minded all at much.

When we weren't screwing, he had me sucking his dick. I found that to be quite enjoyable as I truly love sucking a guy's dick. Naturally he wasn't satisfied with me just sucking him, he wanted me to slobber all over his cock and balls while looking him in the eye with a lustful expression. He taught me how to run my tongue up and down his bulging cock tube and nibble around his cock crown for his maximum pleasure.

He had me lie on the kitchen table with my head hanging over the end. Just as his dick hit the back of my throat and made me gag, he told me to swallow. It took a few times, but suddenly his dick was all the way down my throat! After learning how to do that without gagging, he taught me how to massage his cock with my throat muscles. By the fourth day I could orally take his dick deep while kneeling.

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Sometime during the fifth or sixth day at Gramps, I started my period. Normally, during my time, I bleed fairly heavily. It was obvious that unless Gramps liked a big mess, he'd have to restrain himself from taking his pleasure with me. That put a damper on everything other than my cock sucking lessons. Gramps took it all in stride. Lucky for me that Mama had stuffed a new box of tampons in my suitcase, otherwise... I'd hate to think of it.

That was when he saw me with my pack of birth control pills. "Kitty," he said, "I know your mama means well and all that, but ya don't need those pills."

"I'll get pregnant."

"If ya was at home, fucking a dozen boys every day, yeah, sooner or later, you'd get knocked up. But that's not the case here."

"Why not?"

"Well, a few years back, after being falsely accused of fathering some whore's bastard, I had a vasectomy," he declared.

"A what?"

"A vasectomy. You know, I had my balls clipped. Now I shoot nothing but blanks! So I can't get ya pregnant, no matter how many times or when I fuck you."

"Really?"

"Really. Now, those pills mess with your natural hormones and natural cycle. So while you're here, don't take them. Put them in your suitcase and forget them. You can start up again when it's time for ya to go home." I had no reason not to trust Gramps, so I stashed the pills in my suitcase.

Having nothing better to do I suppose, he decided that we needed to tend to the garden. He told me to get dressed and to follow him. Other than the few minutes when Mabel had showed up unexpectedly, it was the first time I was allowed to be dressed since I'd gotten there... well, not exactly, sometimes he liked to see me in my thong panties, but they were never on for very long.

Let me tell you, fucking is a lot more fun than weeding the freaking garden! It was really hot out in the sun! Not only that, but there were icky bugs and things everywhere! I nearly croaked from the heat, but it didn't seem to bother Gramps in the least. He was sweating, that's for sure, but I was drenched with sweat and totally miserable.

At last it was getting too hot for even Gramps and he suggested that we knock off for the day and do something that was more fun. I had already given him one blowjob, kneeling in the dirt out in the blazing sun, so I figured he wanted me blowing him in the house where it was cooler.

Returning to the house, I really needed a bath or shower in the worse way, but Gramps said not to bother, that he something else in mind. He threw together some items in a picnic basket and thrust it into my hands. He then dragged me out to the barn, where he pulled out his Mule, a four‑wheeled vehicle about the size of a golf cart that had a small pickup bed in the back. I got in and we were off into the woods. Bouncing about, racing through the woods was a lot fun! Except for being screwed, it was the most fun I'd had since I had gotten there a few days before.

After riding for a while, we came to small clearing that was shaded by a ring of big trees. There was a flowing creek nearby that cascaded over several small waterfalls as the creek made its way downhill. I was thrilled to see the waterfalls, but Gramps dismissed them as too small for any note. Still the area was very pretty, lushly vegetated and felt at least twenty degrees cooler than anywhere else on his farm.

Gramps then stripped down and waded out into the clear water. I pulled off my reeking, sweat-soaked housedress and followed him. The creek was no more than knee deep at the most, but the cold water felt great! Gramps was like a little kid playing in the water, splashing around and lying in the water. It was way too shallow to actually swim, but it was deep enough to get wet and rinse away the sweat. Best of all, the coolness was perfect to cope with the afternoon heat.

We'd cooled off and Gramps said he was getting hungry. Jokingly I told him that he should eat me. I was on the rag and didn't expect him to take me up on it, but suddenly he had me upside down in his bear‑like grip. I squealed and struggled, but it did no good. I really started to holler when I felt him burying his face in my butt. I thought he was going to lick my pussy like he liked to do, but he didn't. Instead he started licking me down my ass crack. He wasn't shy about it either. I gasped in shock as he licked all over my asshole and stuck his tongue inside me back there! Let me tell you, my Gramps is a nasty old fuck, that's for sure! After a while, I stopped squirming so much, relaxed and just enjoyed it.

Gramps got tired of holding me upside down, so he put me down and told me to go lay out the blanket. I thought he was ready to eat, but he had forgotten all about eating... at least eating lunch. He had me get on all fours with my butt raised high in the air. Then he had at my butthole again with his tongue!

Guess his tongue got tired, but it sure took a while! I thought, maybe we'd eat, but Gramps still wasn't interested. He pushed me down and got on top and started pushing his cock against my butt. Suddenly my asshole was forced open and felt his big old cock pushing into me. It hurt and I hollered! Gramps was still for a moment and then forced his way up my butt some more.

"Oh gawd, Gramps! It hurts! It hurts!"

"Go ahead and yell, Kitty, ya little whore. Ain't nobody gonna hear ya! Hell, haven'yt ya ever been ass fucked before?"

"No..."

"Well, Lordy be! Imagine a slut like you being a butt virgin! Well, ya won't be a butt virgin much longer, so hush up, girl! You'll get over it. Tell me when it don't hurt so much."

No sooner had he said that when I noticed it really didn't hurt all that much. A few moments later, it hardly hurt at all. "It stopped hurting, Gramps," I whispered. Next moment, he knocked the wind out of me when he thrust his big old dick all the way up my butt, leaving me gasping for breath. While he had me impaled, he repositioned himself, then he asked if I was alright. I was stuffed, that's for sure, but the burning had stopped. "Yeah," I said softly, "I guess."

"I told ya you'd be okay. Now, just relax, little one, your Gramps is gonna teach ya what a girl's ass is good for besides shitting."

I felt him sliding out and then pushing back in, sliding out, pushing in, out, in, out, in, he took long slow strokes. Gawd, let me tell, did it feel good! Once I was used to it, I loved it! It was so nasty! The more he did it, the easier he slid in and out. Gramps ass fucked me for a good ten, maybe fifteen minutes before I felt his cock throb and heard him groan in pleasure as he came in my butt for the first time.

I felt his dick softening and soon it slithered out of my ass, and with it came a flood of his spunk. He slapped my ass and told me to serve him his lunch. After lunch, he was balls deep up my ass again. By the time I was over my period, I was hooked on sodomy.

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A day or two after I finished my period I heard the crunching of tires coming up the gravel driveway to the house. Gramps looked out the window and then told me, "Kitty, get your ass dressed, girl. We've got company. Be sure and put on something decent to cover up, like blue jeans. I don't want ya looking like a whore."

I put on a pair of jeans and dark t‑shirt. I even found a pair of sneakers. I ran into the bathroom to straighten my hair and remove some of the red lipstick that Gramps liked me to wear. In a few moments I looked like any other country girl.

As I came out, I heard voices in the kitchen. There was the black haired lady that had showed up the third day I was at Gramps. She was nice looking lady, maybe in her early thirties with a good wholesome country‑look about her.

"Mabel, this is my granddaughter, Kitty. Kitty, this is a friend of mine, Mabel."

"Pleased to meet you Miss Mabel," I said.

"Why she's lovely, Jerry," gushed Mabel as she took my hand. Then she started rambling on, asking me about this and that and how I was enjoying my stay with Gramps.

While Mabel flapped her jaws non‑stop, Gramps went to the cupboard and pulled down an empty molasses can. I thought he was getting down a gallon of paint without a label, but Gramps set me straight about that. "Kitty, I want ya to go into the woods behind the garden and pick us a mess of blackberries. Pick 'em until you've filled the can. Now, go on girl. Be careful and watch out for snakes."

I wasn't especially thrilled about being sent out into the woods to a briar patch to begin with, but snakes! Oooooooooo! Why did he have to say that? But I knew better than to complain, so I trudged off with my gallon can to go berry picking.

Let me tell you, do you have any idea how many blackberries it takes to fill a gallon can? Do you have any idea how long it takes to fill a gallon can? Well, it takes even longer when you have to check for snakes or whatever every time you make a move. Then when you do move, you get all scratched and tangled up with the thorns! By the time I was finished my arms looked like they'd been in a catfight!

I didn't quite have a gallon of berries when I heard a car start up and then the horn honk. I guessed that Mabel was leaving, so I headed back to the house. Clearing the garden, I could see that her car was indeed gone.

Gramps was sitting on a bench at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee. It was scene right out of "Country Living" except he was naked. After I put my berries down on the counter, Gramps motioned to me, pointing at his dick. I knew what that meant. I didn't have to be told that he wanted me naked when I blew him, so I disrobed right there in the kitchen.

Kneeling between his knees I ran my hands up his hairy thighs and began playing with his soft cock. Gramps took my hands and lifted my arms to inspect my wounds. "Next time, wear a long sleeve shirt," he stated unsympathetically. About that time, I caught a whiff of the strong female odor rising from his crotch.

"Now get busy sucking me," he ordered. "Suck me until I tell ya to stop." I hesitated and he grabbed me behind my head and pulled me into his reeking dick. I really had no choice and knew that if I didn't suck his dick that he'd spank me until I couldn't stand it, and I would still have to suck his dick.

I closed my eyes and licked at his flaccid organ, tasting another woman for the first time. Despite the heady aroma, it really didn't taste too bad. I'd tasted myself on his dick many times already and it was pretty much the same, maybe a little stronger, but not gross as I'd expected. "Ya like the taste of pussy?" he asked while I laved away. "If not, Kitty, you'd better just get use to it." Gramps made me lick all over his groin area, dick, balls, and even deep behind his ball sack until I had cleaned him up good. It wasn't until after I had finished that he put some ointment on my scratches.

I thought everything was okay, but when he saw that the can wasn't quite full of berries, Gramps exploded. "Didn't I tell ya to fill the can? Does this look like a full can?"

"Uh, yeah. Well... it's almost full."

Gramps was red in the face with his neck veins popping. A knot formed in the pit of my stomach. I was in for it.

"If I wanted it almost full, I'd said almost full! But I didn't! I said fill the can!" he roared.

"I'm sorry, Gramps... I thought..."

"Girl, ya don't think unless I tell ya to think! Guess I'm gonna have to teach ya lesson so that next time you'll follow my simple instructions!"

"I'm, sorry..."

"Hush up!"

"Gramps, please..." Knowing I was about to receive an ass blistering of epic proportions, I started sobbing.

"I'll give ya something to cry about!" he roared as he yanked me by the arm and bodily dragged me into his parlor. Gramps plopped himself down in the center of the sofa and pulled me to him. Trembling and sniffling, I positioned myself over his lap face down. Any moment I expected the first of an endless series of harsh blows to my bare rump. Instead, he just gently rubbed the globes of my ass with his big hand. I waited and waited for the punishment to begin.

"Turn over," he said softly. It didn't make sense to me, so I wasn't sure what he wanted. Then he forcefully repeated, "Turn over!" accompanied by a sharp stinging slap to my butt. I flipped over real quick! Gramps smiled down at me while he stroked my tits. Then gently, he lifted one leg and placed it over the back of the sofa, the other he maneuvered until my foot was on the floor. Then he told me, "Keep your legs apart until I'm finished. Don't ya dare close them." I wasn't sure what he was going to do, finger fuck me? Maybe he would reach under the cushion and pull out a zucchini or cucumber he had stashed away! Ooooooo, that'd be fun! Then as he raised his hand, I had a bad feeling about all this. It seemed like slow motion as his open hand descended between my legs.

That first blow to my defenseless pussy stung like hell!

"Owwww!" I screamed, not that it did any good. I wanted to close my legs in self‑defense, but knew I'd really be sorry if I did. His hand rose again and delivered a second blow. "Owwwww! Oh gawd, Gramps! Don't... Owwwww! Owwwww! Please Gramps... Owwww! Owwwww! Oh, gawd , noooooo owwwwwww! Pleeeeeaaaaaasssse! Oh gawd noooooo!" On and on he went, slapping my poor pussy with one hand while twisting and pulling on my nipples with the other.

Soon the stinging gave way to a searing heat. I could feel the heat building in my vulva as he slapped it over and over. I felt my labia swell to enormous proportions until it felt like he was hitting spongy rubber. Then I noticed something else, I was wet, very wet and the sounds coming from my groin had changed pitch to a wet slapping sound. Gramps continued to spank my drooling pussy, but he really wasn't hurting me now. My clit began to protrude between my engorged nether lips and I was getting turned on something awful as blow after blow fell on my stiff bundle of nerves. Suddenly, he changed tactics and began finger fucking the hell out my poor cunt. Moments later the entire world collapsed upon me as a blistering orgasm from either heaven or hell exploded from my burning cunt. The catastrophic volcanic blast from my molten pussy totally consumed me.

I have no idea how long it lasted, but I remember squirming and flailing around, yelling and screaming as he frigged me and frigged me. It was the most intense orgasm I'd ever had. When the fog cleared, I was no longer draped over Gramps lap. Instead, he was between my still splayed legs, running the head of his fat cock up and down the deep trench between my sweltering swollen labia. "God damn, whore girl," he whispered, "your cunt is so fucking hot it's scorching my dick." Over and over, he slid his cock along the full length of my slippery canyon, the hot swollen lips making for a deeper than normal trench. Each time the head pushed across my incredibly sensitive clit, I'd jerk. He kept that up until another orgasm began to surge through me. Only then did he fuck me.

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Over the next few weeks, I picked a mess or two of blackberries and got an indirect taste of the cunts of several of Gramps' lady friends. One morning, well before noon, I was doing some chores in the kitchen when I saw a pickup truck coming up the drive.

"Gramps!" I hollered. "We've got company!"

Moments later, Gramps was at the window seeing who was coming. "You want me to get dressed and go pick blackberries?" I asked with a modicum of dread.

"Naw. No blackberries today. But go put something on."

"Jeans?"

"No, put on those hot short shorts and one of those tops that shows off your belly. Not the real short ones that show your tits, just your belly."

Gramps was already in his overalls and was pulling on a pair of boots, while I went to the lavender room where I kept my clothes (I sure didn't sleep in there). I found what Gramps wanted me to wear. I shimmed into the too tight cut off jeans and slipped on a cutoff t‑shirt. I considered a bra, but then Gramps didn't say anything about a bra, so I left that off. When I came out, I saw Gramps was outside talking to a man. Soon, they headed inside.

Unlike with his lady friends, Gramps didn't bother to introduce me to the man. He was about half Gramps' age and ruggedly handsome. From what I could tell he looked fit, a real outdoors type. They sat at the table and talked. Talked about timber and the price of a hundred board‑feet.

The man seemed distracted as he kept looking at me rather than looking at Gramps while they talked. Gramps told me to fix them a pot of coffee and then went into his "office" to retrieve a map. I could feel the man's eyes boring into me as I went about the task of making coffee. I pretended not to notice his ogling of me as I pranced about the kitchen. Soon Gramps returned with his map and they fell into a discussion again. I served coffee and pretended to take an interest in the map they were looking at. While I stood there, Gramps casually ran his hand over my ass, not once, but several times. The poor man seemed dumb struck as he watched Gramps absentmindedly groping and caressing my ass.

I wasn't at all sure where this was going, but suddenly Gramps told me to go put on some shoes, as we were all going out into the woods. We piled into Gramps' pickup, with me in middle. This was only the second time I'd been in Gramps' truck since I'd gotten there. The only other time was for a run into Hicksville for some staples. Once we were on the main road, Gramps had his right hand rubbing up and down my thigh. The man next to me squirmed around in some discomfort. I had to stifle a giggle when he finally had to grab his crotch and straighten out his crooked hard‑on.

Gramps turned down one dirt road and then another. By and by we stopped. "This is the lot," announced Gramps. "Kitty, ya can stay here or ya come with us."

I looked over at the woods with the thick underbrush and made a quick decision. "I'll stay here," I announced.

With no further acknowledgement, Gramps opened his door and got out. The man hesitated a moment, his eyes scanning one more time up and down my body. Unconsciously, he licked his lips and exited the cab.

They were gone for a long time. Having already gotten worked up and with nothing better to do, I unfastened my shorts so that I could play with myself. Suddenly, without warning, they reemerged from the woods. I got my pants up, but didn't have time to button up as they were too tight. Gramps didn't say a thing and pretended he didn't notice, but the man sure did notice. I mean, my shorts were unbuttoned and unzipped. He could have easily seen my bush, if Gramps hadn't made me shave it all off.

On the return trip to the house, Gramps' hand wandered even higher up my thigh until he was squeezing and overtly playing with my pussy. I looked down and saw that a wet spot had formed at my crotch. I looked over at the man. He didn't look up, he just stared at my crotch and what Gramps was doing to me while he absentmindedly stroked his clothed man‑meat. I responded by opening my legs more and slouching down a little, enough so that Gramps could stick his hand down the front of my shorts while he drove. The stranger beside me groaned and he was breathing heavily as our eyes met. He had a wild, animalistic look in his eye. Then his eyelids closed and he jerked a little as he moaned. Wow! Immediately I knew that he had ejaculated in his pants, just from watching Gramps being a dirty old man!

Outside at the house, the stranger tried his best to cover the large wet spot in the front of his pants while Gramps continued to talk timber. Then he and Gramps shook hands and he left. I was so hot from the episode that when Gramps came inside, I attacked him. I needed his dick inside me and I needed it bad.

Late next morning the man was back. Seeing him coming up the drive, Gramps told me to get my ass dressed, but this time to I was to wear a really short‑cropped top, something that "shows a little tit." I was still getting dressed when Gramps called for me to come make them some coffee. I still hadn't picked out which cropped‑top to wear so I just picked one and threw it on. It was the shortest one of all. Even standing still, the lower half of my tits were exposed. Let me tell you, that man's eyes bugged out when I came into the kitchen. While they discussed business I set about making the coffee. When I had to reach up for the coffee canister in a cabinet, I heard a low, "Jesus, Christ!" uttered. I pretended not to notice and went about my job.

When the man was paying attention to his business at hand and not distracted by me, there was quite a bit of dickering going on. I heard him telling Gramps that he had figured the lot had such‑and‑such board‑feet of timber. Gramps contended that his figure was too low, and that he had figured that there was so‑and‑so board‑feet of timber. While this was going on, I was putting away the breakfast dishes and giving quite a show.

There seemed to be an impasse developing as they dickered over how many board‑feet of timber was on that lot. Just as I thought that the whole negotiation was about to break down, Gramps called me over.

"Sit in my lap, darling," he said. I sat in Gramps lap facing the man from the lumber company. Gramps looked at the man and said, "Now, how many board‑feet?"

"I can't go any higher," the man replied with finality and conviction.

Gramps hand rose up my side and under my shirt. Feeling me up while the man watched, Gramps asked again, "How many board‑feet?"

"I can't. I can't..."

Gramps pushed my shirt up so the man had a clear view of the tit he was molesting. "How many board‑feet?"

"Jerry... shit! I just can't." A bead of persperation had formed on his head, and the poor guy looked to be in pain

Gramps lifted my shirt so that both tits were now out. Then his hand left my breast and I could feel that he was digging around for something in his pocket. He found what he was looking for and extended his closed hand across the table. Opening his hand, he deposited two condoms on some papers lying on the table."How many board‑feet?"

The man looked at the two foil packets and then looked up at me while Gramps resumed playing with my tits. He swallowed hard and squirmed around for a moment. It wasn't until that moment that I realized that Gramps was going to use me like this. You know, let the guy fuck me. Ever since I gotten here, I had been on a steady diet of Gramps' cock, and Gramps' cock only. My pussy began tingling in anticipation of some strange dick.

"Uh, uh, you know... uh, maybe you're right, Jerry. How about if I... I mean we... we meet half way?"

"Deal!" declared Gramps in triumph.

Gramps spoke into my ear, "Kitty, ya take good care of this gentleman today. Do whatever he wants ya to do."

"If that's what you want," I replied.

"That's exactly what I want," Gramps stated.

Gramps then turned his attention back to business. "Let's get this deal papered up and ya can, uh, get about your business." The man, grabbed the sheath of papers and hurriedly began entering numbers in the remaining blank spaces. A minute later he was done and had signed off on the deal. He hurriedly pushed the papers to Gramps who took his sweet time going over every line and every word. Poor man, I could see the anguish in his eyes as the minutes dragged on and on. I too was getting a little antsy while Gramps fiddle‑farted around. Finally he signed both copies and pushed one copy back to the man.

"One other thing," Gramps added, "do whatever ya want with her... oral, anal, whatever... hell, fuck her in the ear if ya want, but ya don't hurt her in anyway. This girl absolutely loves to fuck and I don't want her damaged. Another thing, no bareback fucking, ya use a rubber." With a snicker Gramps added, "I've got her off the pill and I don't want ya knocking her up. Her mama might get upset. So, if ya need more than two rubbers this afternoon, just ask me, I have more, lots more. Oh and one more thing, I'm gonna watch ya fuck her."

Of course Gramps did more than just watch the man fuck me that afternoon. And of course, Gramps did me bareback as always. After Gramps pumped his first load into me and I was leaking cum all over the place, the man seemed to be a little squeamish about doing me again, but he got over it real quick. I only found out the lumberman's name after he had fucked me twice. With the two of them doing me nearly all day, it sort of reminded me of Sam's poker parties where all the men did me several times, only this time it was just two men fucking me and not four or five.

Over the next month or so, Gramps sold two more wood lots to that same man. Each time "Ed" fucked me, it seems his name changed. First it changed to "Pete" and then later it was "Charlie". No matter, he was a lot of fun and screwed me real good. As for Gramps, he was real happy with the arrangement, as he got top dollar each time and like he said, that was the most important thing.

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The rest of the summer just flew by. I really can't account for the time, except I really enjoyed spending time Gramps. The exception being all the hours and hours of shelling field peas and butterbeans to put in his deep freeze, but even then the old pervert found ways of keeping himself and me entertained… gawd, I’m really gonna miss fresh vegetables.

At the bus stop in Hicksville, waiting for the bus to take me home to Mama, I thought back to something he said to me when I first arrived, so I asked him if he was sending me home because he was tired of me. "No, Kitty, I'm not tired of ya. Fact is, I'd just about do anything to keep ya here. You're a hot fuck, ya know. But ya gotta go home and go to school."

"Why?"

"'Cause that's what your Mama wants. Now, don't ya make this any harder on me."

"You're hard?" I teased.

"Ya little tramp!" he laughed. "Of course I'm hard. I get hard every time I think about ya and what's between those long legs of yours."

He got that gleam in his eyes and looked around as if to check out his surroundings. Grabbing me by the arm, he said "C'mere, sweetheart," and led me around back of the general store where there were some steel barrels. "Pull your pants down!" he ordered.

"Gramps! Somebody will see us."

"Not if ya hurry up! Now pull 'em down, girl!"

With my shorts down around my ankles, Gramps bent me over one of the barrels. A moment later he was pumping into me, urgently, hard and fast. It felt so wonderful being taken like that, out in open where anybody who walked out to the back could see us, but there was nobody in Hicksville to see us, except maybe Mr. Hicks, and he was inside tending his store. Gramps worked hard and fast until he shot a final load up my cunt.

He was licking me back there when the bus showed up. "Hurry up and get your pants on, girl! Damn it! You're gonna miss the god damned bus!" A minute later, Gramps kissed me like a Gramps should, on the cheek and loaded me on the bus. I didn't even have a chance to find a seat and wave before the bus pulled away, leaving Hicksville and my dear Gramps behind in a cloud of dust.

What with Mama knowing all about Ronnie and me, I wasn't too sure just what kind of reception I would get when I got home. I shouldn't have worried. Mama gave me big hug and told me how much she loved me and how much she missed me.

She didn't ask me much about my summer with Gramps, but what was there to tell? That Gramps was insatiable? From what little Gramps had said, I suppose Mama already knew that. I remember asking him about it and him telling me that it was none of my "GD" business what my mama and he might have done. Then in the next breath, he went on to tell me how he sucked her tits twice a day and kept her making milk for nearly a year after my brother was born, and how he used her milk in his coffee. He had sparkle in eyes as he recalled squeezing Mama's tit just so and making it squirt halfway across the room, and how he could squirt her milk into a glass four feet away. He laughed when recalled using that trick in a bar, first showing how easy it was and then betting that no one else could do it at twenty bucks a pop. He had no shortage of takers and claimed he raked in a small fortune that night. Then he seemed to remember who he was talking to and who he was talking about, so he clammed up. I tried to get him to tell me more, but he refused, saying he had already said too much. Yeah, he messed around with Mama, that's for sure, and knowing Gramps like I did, he messed with her a lot.

Instead of grilling me about what I did with Gramps, Mama told me all about the trip she and Ronnie took for their honeymoon. Gawd, I couldn't believe they actually got married, but they did.

Next morning, no later than five minutes after Mama left for work, Ronnie strolled naked into my bedroom with his long dong swinging between his legs. What an arrogant bastard! My new step‑father actually thought he could just stroll in and... oooooo, I could hardly wait!

I scooted around on my bed so that my head was hanging off the side. Ronnie got the idea and rubbed his prick all over my face while I licked at it. I could smell Mama on him too. Gawd, it was so nasty and I loved it! Once he was reasonably hard, he started feeding me his stinky prick. In no time, he stiffened up real good and began pushing it in and out of my throat. The entire time he fucked my mouth, I could smell Mama's cunt as his balls slapped my face.

"Damn, Kitty. Where'd you learn that? From some farm boys or did your Gramps have some darkies working for him?" I had no way of answering him, and besides, it was none of his "GD" business as Gramps would say.

He pulled out before ejaculating saying, "I want to fuck your pussy." Sounded fine to me. He started to mount me, but I got him on his back and mounted him instead with my back to him. As I bounced up and down his rigid fuck stick, I reached back to spread my ass cheeks so he'd had a good view of what else I now offered. I was rewarded when he stuck a finger up my butt while I fucked him.

I'd stop bouncing to give him the squeeze treatment like Gramps had taught me. Ronnie sure seemed to like that as he was cursing something awful, saying things no stepfather should say to his stepdaughter. I can't repeat what he said, but it was all true, especially the slut parts.

Ronnie started babbling about his nuts churning and I knew he was close. I pulled off and Ronnie nearly had a fit. Quick as a wink, I aimed his wet prick and drove him all the way up my ass. That did it! Immediately I felt his cock throbbing and pulsing as he squirted his load up my ass. You should have heard him curse!

I wanted to play some more, but he had to go to work. But before he left, I told him that I thought that Mama knew about him and me. He got real mad, grabbed me by the hair and said, "No way! And she damned well better never know either, so you best kept your mouth shut!" I thought he was going to hit me, but he let go and added, "Girl, I'll see you and that slut's cunt of yours tomorrow morning. Be ready for me." Then he left.

The rest of the day I thought about getting some the guys over for a little fun, but I never managed to get hold of anybody until it was too late to do anything but sit around and talk while Mama fixed supper. Jake finally called later that night and said Sam, his dad, was looking forward to seeing me again real soon and told me to arrange a "sleep‑over‑at‑a‑friend's" as Sam was having a card game Friday night and Sam wanted me to be his hostess. I knew what that meant and it sure sounded like fun to me.

The next morning though, I got sick. I blew my guts in the toilet all morning. Ronnie was all pissed off that I wouldn't fuck him, but for once I really wasn't up to it. I felt queasy all day and never left the house. Next morning, I was sick again. It was Mama's day off and seeing that school started in two more days, she took me to see a doctor who promptly pronounced me with child.

"I had you on the pill!" my mama yelled when we were in the car.

"Gramps told me I didn't need them," I answered meekly.

"He what?"

"He said I didn't need them. He said that the hormones could mess me up and that he had a vasa... vasco..."

"A vasectomy?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess. He said you knew that."

"Oh, that son of a bitch! That lying bastard!... A vasectomy, huh? Jesus! Let me tell you, Kitty, that old bastard's real proud of those bull balls of his. He would never, ever, let anyone, for any reason, clip his nuts... God, I can't believe him! Fucking you is bad enough, but deliberately impregnating you, that's really going too far... Well, he's not going to get away with it this. Not this time!"

Mama was some furious! She drove home like a woman possessed. Twice she nearly caused an accident. It was a relief just to get home in one piece, even though I expected a whipping when we got there. Instead, she went straight to the phone.

"Jerry! You son of a bitch! You knocked up Kitty!... Yes, you did, you bastard! She's pregnant! For god's sake, she's your... Yes, yes I'm sure! Remember? She has your DNA! And yes, she's preganant!... She did, did she? Well, that's no excuse, damn you!... Well, this time it's going to be all your problem, and not mine... I had her protected! Damn it, you lied to me! You lied to her!... Well, I'm not raising it!... Oh, so you just wanted to sow your seed? Well, isn't that just fine and dandy!... You're smiling, aren't you?... Don't give me that, I know you're grinning from ear to ear, you old bastard! Well, from now on you can take care of her and your new baby!... Oh, I know you can't wait, you old pervert... Fine by me, she yours... Okay, right a way; the sooner the better... Yeah... yeah.... yeah... Okay, Pops, I'll call you and tell you when to pick her ass up."

Mama slammed the phone down. "Go pack your things, you little whore. You're going to go live with your father! From now on, he can take care of you!"

That puzzled me as I always thought my father was unknown, or at least that's what it said on my birth certificate. "My father? Don't you mean, Gramps?"

"Kitty, Gramps is your father."

THE END