

Angela's Diary

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I welcome and strongly encourage any constructive commentary and criticism, be it positive, negative, or a bit of both. I can be contacted at senorsmut@gmail.com.

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Chapter One

May 4

It began on a jog. Just as simple and as commonplace as that. It was a lovely Tuesday afternoon in early spring and I was out running with my dog Charlie, like we do every day. We had gone half a mile to the nearest park and then a mile and a half around the different paths, and then we took the long way home, so we'd covered about four miles in all. Just a normal day's run, with me setting the pace and Charlie keeping up effortlessly at my side. And after those four miles, we were less than 200 feet from home when my life changed forever.

I ought to tell you a little about myself and my family first. My name is Angela Reeves and I'm 35 years old. My husband Tim and I came from the wrong side of the tracks, I guess you'd say. We were both lower-middle class when we met in high school, and we dated a while. It was nothing serious for either of us, but when he got me pregnant at the end of senior year we both decided to see if we could make a go of it and we got married. I had sort of vague plans to go on to college for business, but it didn't break my heart when I had to get a job to support Tim and the baby, our son David, as Tim went to school. Tim was always more driven than I was and more intelligent (I'm not a dummy, and I'm really sharp with people, but Tim's very smart) and he had earned a partial academic scholarship to the University of Minnesota. So while he got his degree in architecture, I worked in a variety of more-or-less menial jobs and had another baby, a lovely girl we named Laurel. It all paid off when Tim got a great job at a prestigious firm right out of college and we moved into a beautiful house in Edina, an upscale suburb of Minneapolis.

Even then, I made a point to keep myself in the best shape I could (it was a lot easier when I was 19 than 35, I'll tell you that). I was a cheerleader in school and had the cheerleader's build: long legs, flat tummy, perky tits that filled out a sweater but weren't

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huge, blonde hair that came down past my shoulders. After David was born I did put on a little weight but I worked hard to take it off and I managed it, except that my boobs got a cup bigger and didn't lose any size when I dropped the baby weight. The weight came off a little faster after Laurel, but my chest gained half a size then too, so by now I have a hell of an impressive pair of tits, if I do say so myself. I'm not exactly one to show off most of the time (at least I wasn't until recently) but I do confess that with my tits has grown an affection for low-cut blouses and shirts that show plenty of cleavage. You know the saying: if ya got 'em, flaunt 'em before they hit your knees.

Tim has always been a fantastic man and a wonderful husband. He's handsome, smart, hard working, clever, and a good companion. He's always been there for me when I needed a shoulder to lean on or an ear to listen. He gives some of the best advice I've ever heard, but he doesn't do so casually like too many people do. He's always been eager to share his part of the burdens of parenthood, from changing diapers to working on school projects to attending soccer games. He's never been close with David (and in the past few years nobody could be) but he and Laurel have been inseparable since she came out of my womb. He's a great father. Tim does his share around the house and does it willingly and well. He's driven professionally, and he's an up and coming architect who's developing both a great reputation and a very profitable business. He's a great provider, good enough that the family can live comfortably without me having to have a job. What he isn't, at least for me, is a great lover. When we got together we were just kids, after all, and neither of us knew any better. Sure it seemed fun, but then everything like that does when you're 17. We kept up a sort of intimacy for a couple of years after we were married, but it sort of sputtered out when I was pregnant with Laurel and it never really re-ignited. Oh, we'd still have sex occasionally, but there was never passion behind it. It was just another form of companionship, that was all. It's not that he's physically unattractive – he's tall and strong, fit as a fiddle (he runs marathons) and he has a face that I've always thought could have been on a Hollywood actor, not leading man good looking but with an incredible amount of strength, character, and kindness. His hair was always dark, dark brown but over the last year or so it's started to get shot with gray in a way that makes him look smarter and more distinguished even than he is. There's something wonderful about his eyes, like he's always laughing inside even when things are bad. And damn, but his ass looks good! It's just that we didn't have a spark between us and I never really felt a lot of desire once I had the kids.

It was sort of a shame, really. When I had my first few boyfriends in high school I was positively voracious, and when I first started going out with Tim I used to fuck his brains out every chance I got. But when the passion between us died, my libido more or less died too. I got lost in raising the kids and keeping the house and being a good wife and mother and pretty much forgot my pussy even existed. Well...all right, not completely. About eight years ago I had a three-week fling with a guy I met in a bookstore. I'm not proud of it, but it was passionate and vibrant and all the things that Tim isn't – with me – and maybe I needed it to remind me I was still alive from the waist down. Or maybe that's just a bullshit excuse. Anyway, I ended it when the guilt got bigger than the lust and I've lived with the secret ever since, until recently – and then I found out that Tim wasn't precisely faithful to me all the time we were married anyway. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

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It was a good time for us, those first few years after Tim got out of school. We were making money and the babies were adorable. David was a terrific kid back then, but even then he had a mischievous streak, and a mean streak that I tried to tame out of him. He was huggy and lovey most of the time, sure, but sometimes he'd hit Laurel or the cat we had then, Snippy. When he wasn't doing that he was stacking up furniture to climb onto the top shelves of closets or hiding Laurel's favorite toy or, once, filling my favorite pair of shoes with shampoo.

I tried to break him of that kind of thing but I never managed it, I only made him get better at covering it up. I guess, honestly, I blinded myself to how bad he was getting (a mother's love and all that). By the time he was eight or nine the other parents in the neighborhood were complaining of how David was acting around their children, either bullying them or serving as a poor role model. When he was 11 I had to talk the school out of expelling him for doing something (I never did figure out quite what) that led to a girl a year younger than him being stripped of her pants in the hallway between classes; he claimed he had tripped and accidentally caught them on the way down – a lie, but I believed it at the time. When he was 13 he was arrested for being in a group of kids that vandalized the car of one of their former teachers, though David was released without charges (after Tim pulled some strings) because he didn't actually do any of the vandalism himself. A year later a 16 year old girl claimed that he had gotten her pregnant, and while he didn't deny sleeping with the little tramp, the test proved that he wasn't the father. By the time he was 15 he was running with a very tough group of kids, most of whom were a couple of years older – but David was both strong and smart and he had made themselves their leader. They weren't a gang, really, but they were bad kids who were up to no good, and it wasn't long before I banned them from the house. Last year came a flurry of allegations, from beating up other kids to selling Ecstasy to joyriding, but none of them stuck...not to David, at least. A couple of times someone else from his group of friends took the fall, but David always had an excuse, an alibi, someone (usually a girl infatuated with his looks and his charm) who would swear he was somewhere else when everything went down.

I guess the point is that David was a bad kid, a terrible kid, a borderline sociopath, and by the time he was 17 I knew it. He had his father's smarts, a mixture of Tim's and my good looks, and the easy way I have of talking to people. At 6'2" he was an inch taller than Tim, with the kind of athletic build that drives girls (and women) absolutely crazy. His face was handsome in a way that was almost pretty, and when he put those big blue eyes on you he could talk you into almost anything. His laugh was easy and infectious, and he knew from an early age how to get what he wanted with words. As he grew up and grew strong he also learned how to take what he wanted when words weren't enough. People always looked to him for leadership almost from instinct, and even after most people had learned what kind of person he was and drifted away, a few would always be there to do his bidding. When everything started with the dog and all I learned he'd lost his virginity at 12 to the pretty female letter carrier we had at that time, and since then he'd slept with just about every female he wanted, including several teachers and half a dozen of the respectable housewives in the neighborhood. David always had an eye for older women, I guess. If he'd have just had a shred of decency or kindness in him, those traits could all have been put to good use, but he didn't and they weren't.

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Laurel, in contrast, has always been the model child. Smart, perceptive, utterly kind and gentle, slow to anger and quick to forgive, caring and extremely girly, she was the daughter that any mother would have wanted. She was cute as a girl, with her father's light brown hair, but she got her height early and her face got the awkwardness that a lot of teen girls have, where she got the bone structure that would make her gorgeous as a woman but still lacked the fullness and texture that would make her anything but a gawky teen. She got her boobs early, though, which helped with her popularity (boys will be boys, after all, and I can hardly blame them because she's 15 and her tits are already nearly as big as mine are after I had two kids!) and her winning personality took care of the rest. She's always been surrounded by friends – real friends, not minions like David has – and she's always gone from one activity to the next, almost effortlessly being a champion at dance, then horseback riding, then piano, then French, then archery...well, you get the picture. Whatever she tried, she was wonderful at. She'd had boyfriends of one sort or another since she was 12, but she was never serious about any of them and kept her virginity until just recently. What I didn't realize before a few months ago was that there are other aspects to her personality, ones I really couldn't have guessed at. But, again, I'm getting ahead of the story.

There's one other member of the family that needs to be mentioned, because he started all this: Charlie, our three year old Weimaraner. We got him as a gift when he was just a puppy, and with me being home all the time I was able to train him well. I'd never had a dog before – never even been around them much – but when I got Charlie I found my first real passion outside of motherhood, maybe ever. Right from the beginning I loved that dog almost as much as either of my children, and he bonded with me in a very special way. That's not to say that he doesn't love the rest of the family, because he does, but I'm his very best friend in the world. He hates to be more than a few feet away from me, so within a couple of weeks of getting him I was used to him following me from room to room, watching whatever I did, constantly wanting petting and play from me, sleeping on the bed curled up at my feet, and generally being the best companion I've ever had. He was easy to train and eager to please, and even though he never learned more than a couple of tricks (he's too stubborn for that) he obeys me instantly...mostly. It got to the point where I couldn't imagine life without my big, playful, loving buddy. And he's an absolutely beautiful dog, big and powerful, and he's a longhair which is kind of rare for the breed. We didn't dock his tail (I think that's cruel) and so it's long and fluffy and, I admit, prone to knocking things off tables.

To get on with it, as I mentioned before I was just coming home from my daily run with Charlie. I love these runs because not only do they keep me in shape, they also give me a chance to let the dog do some running of his own, and like all Weimaraners he loves to run at every chance. It was the first week of May, but warmer than usual (for Minnesota). If I remember right it was in the lower eighties and the sun was shining bright. Both Charlie and I had worked up quite a sweat, in my case despite the fact that I was wearing only Lycra running shorts and a cropped halter that left my tummy exposed (and, of course, a jogging bra to keep my girls from smacking me in the face). We were walking by then, both of us strolling the last block and a half to cool down, when Charlie went absolutely gonzo. He jerked so hard at the leash that he nearly pulled me clean off my feet, and he strained hard to get onto the lawn of my neighbor from two doors down, a woman named Molly Anderson.

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Molly and her husband are young near-newlyweds, both of them around 27 or 28 and married just last year. Her husband Chuck travels a lot on business, leaving Molly at home; in fact, she works from home doing wedding planning. She's a complete doll. She's shorter than I am – I don't think she comes to 5'2" in tennis shoes, whereas I'm closer to 5'8" – and she's got a trim build and hair the color of Godiva dark chocolate. She's got a pretty face – her eyes are big and dark brown and her nose is as perky as could be...in fact, "perky" just about describes her all over, since she's chronically energetic, optimistic and friendly. We get along great.

The thing is, to keep from being lonely, Molly had got herself a puppy – a golden retriever bitch named Nosey. Nosey is a great dog and she and Charlie always got along well, but now something was different. Nosey was in the side yard, stuck inside the fence, and Charlie was fighting to reach her. Now normally Charlie obeys me when I tell him something, but this time I was shouting his name like an idiot and he completely ignored me, just dragging me behind him like I had no choice in the matter. In fact, he nearly dislocated my shoulder, he was dragging me so hard. When he got to the fence he engaged in a mighty round of sniffing, and Nosey seemed to be giving him access to her rear end to get all the smell he wanted to.

OK, call me dense, but I still hadn't figured it out. Charlie had never acted this way before, and like I mentioned, this was the first time I had ever really been around dogs. Their sexuality had never occurred to me before (even though I had always found the feel of Charlie's fur against my hand or my leg to be very sensual) and it wasn't occurring to me now. "Dammit, Charlie, come on," I gasped, pulling fruitlessly at the leash. "Get away from there now before –"

My words were cut off as Charlie crouched and, with one bound, cleared the fence that separated him from Nosey. I let go of the leash just in time to avoid getting slammed into the chain link, but I did let out a loud yelp of surprise and pain. "CHARLIE!"

For all my faithful dog listened to me, I may as well have been miles away. He and Nosey were sniffing each other and that was all they were interested in. Then from a window I heard Molly's cheerful voice say, "Uh oh, looks like somebody caught the scent. Try and keep them apart and I'll be right out."

Keeping them apart was easier tried than accomplished, however, especially from the wrong side of the fence. I still didn't know what Charlie was so worked up about – yes, I was that naïve, but also it had happened so suddenly I didn't have time to think – when Molly came out her door. Just then, however, Nosey struck a pose with her rear legs apart and her tail in the air, and just like that Charlie jumped up on her, locking his forelimbs about her waist and...

And then I figured it out. The revelation hit me like a physical blow. Honestly, it felt like something huge and soft and very warm slamming into me from head to toe, and I actually staggered half a step backward. Charlie was starting to hunch on Nosey, his rear thrusting as he tried to find her pussy. *Find her pussy...* The fact of that made me blush so hard that I got lightheaded.

And then Molly was there, laughing good-naturedly as she yanked on Nosey's collar. "Come on, give me a hand here," she told me happily. "Charlie's a big, horny boy!"

Charlie was a big, horny boy. I felt the world swirling around me, but I stepped forward like I was told and managed to grab my dog's leash. With both feet braced and

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against the fence and leaning with all my weight the other way as Molly dragged Nosey unwillingly away from the mating, I was able to keep Charlie from chasing. Barely. But I was red from the top of my head to my toenails.

"Sorry," Molly chuckled as she dragged and shoved Nosey to the house. "I didn't realize she was in heat. This is her first time."

"Her first time," I nodded, not even really aware I was saying anything.

"Yeah," Molly said. "We want to breed her so we haven't had her fixed yet. We didn't think she'd mature this early, but apparently her smell brings all the boys running."

I managed a laugh, though I was still strangely flustered in spite of the fact that I wasn't quite sure why. I could feel my whole body alive with tension, which I assumed was just from the sudden adrenaline of being dragged across a yard and fighting a dog who was considerably stronger than I was. "I guess it does," I replied. "We were thinking about breeding Charlie too once or twice and then having him neutered. It seems only fair to let him have something before..."

"Oh definitely, imagine a whole life as a virgin!" Molly laughed as she shoved her dog inside and closed the door, remaining outside with me. Her eyes drifted down and her laugh got a little deeper. "Looks like Charlie doesn't want to die without getting some either."

I followed her look, and then I saw it: my dog's cock. It was red and shining and the tip that was protruding from his gray, furry sheath was beveled and strange looking. I stared for a moment, transfixed beyond any reasonable explanation, and then I laughed again. "Well, that's embarrassing," I said, though I wasn't sure even to myself who should be embarrassed or why.

"It's perfectly natural," Molly grinned as she trotted across the yard to me. "Once they get the smell they can't help themselves. Men are the same no matter what species. Here, give me the leash and I'll walk him around to the gate." I did, feeling strangely... abstracted, I suppose, as though I was dreaming. She walked away and I watched her go with Charlie, though all I really had eyes for was his heavy, dangling furry balls between his hind legs and the hard red bit of cock that was still showing. With a weird cross between numbness and utter vibrancy I went slowly around to the other side of the house, where Molly was just opening the gate. "Careful," she told me with a smile. "He tried to hump my leg a second ago."

"How embarrassing," I said again, only this time it was about me – I realized that my nipples were hard, achingly so, and pressing against the inside of my tight jogging bra. I took the leash, muttered a quick goodbye, and hurried home. Charlie gave several looks over his shoulder at where Nosey had been, as well as a tug or two on the leash and a soft whine, but he let himself be led.

My stomach was so full of butterflies as we walked those last 200 feet that I thought I might throw up. I was dizzy from what I'd seen, I was flushed and hot and cold at the same time, I felt like running again and jumping and my nipples were hard as rubies...

My pussy was wet. God, it was dripping! I could feel it, feel it itching, wanting, empty between my legs, and once more the image came to me of Charlie latching on to Nosey's waist as he mounted her. His grip was so strong and his tail was up. His back had bowed into an arch and he had begun to thrust that wet red cock at her willing, warm body,

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trying to get into her, trying to find her tight little dog cunt so he could fill her with his cum and give her puppies –

I gasped, and instantly felt both conscious and a little ashamed for what I realized was happening. I was turned on by watching my dog almost fuck the neighbor dog! And I wasn't just aroused, I was on fire in a way that I hadn't been since my three-week affair eight years before...no, I corrected myself immediately, not even then had I been this hot. The movement of my nipples inside my bra, slight as it was, was driving me insane, and I felt the absolute need to have something, anything, touch me between my thighs, a need that had never been nearly this intense before. I was so fucking horny that if I didn't cum soon, I was going to lose my mind.

Guilt was brushed aside, and so was rational thought. I fumbled with the keys to open the door, and once I got it open and took the leash off Charlie took off like a bolt through the house the way he always does, running to check to make sure the place was still secure. I had to get upstairs to the bedroom – no, fuck that, I had to cum, I had to cum NOW!

Somewhere between the door and the sofa I lost my shirt and my bra. I don't even remember taking them off, I just remember an overpowering need to be naked. I do recall hooking my fingers into the waist of my shorts and pulling them down, mostly because of the way they stuck to my pussy and the way the air felt against it when I bared it. I was so hot that even the warm spring air felt cool against my cunt. I flung myself onto the sofa in just my shoes and socks and my hand went between my legs.

It's all a jumble, but I know I came almost the instant my palm touched my clit. A little part of my mind marveled at how hard that little nub was, like a miniature cock, but that just set off a round of pictures in my head of Charlie's cock sticking out of its sheath and him humping Nosey and the way his hindquarters moved so fast as he tried to get himself buried in her eager body –

I know I screamed when I came. I know because minutes later, when I finally felt enough myself to open my eyes and look around blearily, my throat was sore.

"Jesus," I muttered, feeling the afterglow still mellow and wonderful upon me. "My god. I've never...I never even thought..."

I heard a tail thumping and I looked down. Charlie was lying on the floor at my feet, staring up at me in the same dumb adoration he always has when he looks at me. His tongue was lolling out and his eyes were bright, and he was still breathing heavily from the run.

"You," I whispered, still in awe of what I was feeling, what he had made me feel. "What was that? What did I do?" I was sitting with my legs splayed, naked, one hand still resting limply in my lap and the other moving slowly and gently against my left nipple even though I couldn't remember putting it there in the first place. But my nipples were still hard enough to cut glass and just the feel of my fingertips against one was sending shivers through me, pushing the afterglow aside and slowly, gradually, rebuilding the fires in my stomach and in my pussy. I shifted the hand in my lap and was awed at how wet it was; it felt like I'd peed myself, but I knew from the smell that it was all my sex, the smell of me being a woman, and a horny one (horny like Nosey, my mind whispered, and I couldn't help but wonder how my scent was compared to hers). I didn't want to move much, but I did manage to lift my left foot enough to rub Charlie's neck with the toe of my shoe, and he pressed against the contact happily.

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I had just had the best orgasm of my life, I realized, and I had had it because of Charlie, because of what he did and what I saw. The realization of it hit me at once, of course, because of the sheer abnormality of it, and I knew I should have felt guilty about getting so hot about watching a pair of dogs almost do the nasty. In fact, I did feel a tiny twinge of guilt way down, but I was too horny for it to last or for me to concentrate on it. The guilt came later. Right then I was lost in a fugue of lust and desire and sheer sensation like I had never even suspected existed. And Charlie was the cause of it all.

Charlie. I stared at him through heavy, half-lidded eyes and felt something growing inside me that I'd never felt before and couldn't identify. It was hot and hard and needful, and it was centered in the pit of my stomach and the deepest parts of my sex, but it was in other places too, in my heart and throbbing in my head. It made me horny, yes, but it was much more than that too because it made me feel full and finished in a way that I never had. It was like I was a jigsaw puzzle and I'd been walking around my whole life missing a piece without knowing it, and then suddenly that piece was clicked into place and I felt whole for the first time since the day I was born. And before I even realized it, my eyes had dropped closed again and my hand was moving against my pussy, stroking my wet lips and letting my palm and the heel of my hand gyrate ever so gently against my clit. I was going to cum again, I knew, and this one wouldn't be as immediate or pressing as the last one but it would be harder and more...transformative. I knew that without even having to think about it.

I let my fingers move over my lips, feeling my heat, feeling my juices, feeling how incredibly and insanely wet I was. Had I ever been this wet? I hadn't even thought I could get this wet. My juices were hot and aromatic and they had wetted my pubic hair and further up, nearly to my navel, and further down the insides of my thighs halfway to my knees. The couch was a mess, but the couch was leather with plenty of treatment on it so I knew it wouldn't stain...as if I was even thinking about that then.

With two fingers I pressed my lips open, and I gasped loudly at the way I felt. I've always loved the contrast of the sensation when I touch myself, the way my inner lips feel different from my outer lips and the way my wetness feels on different parts of my body. Part of me wanted to take my time and make this last as long as I could make it last, but I knew that I wasn't capable of holding back that long. I had another orgasm in me and it was going to get out sooner rather than later...

I felt Charlie's tongue on my thigh. It was long and thick, strong but profoundly flexible, and it lapped at my juices about three inches below my pussy. I can't even tell you how it felt. You know that a dog's tongue is rougher than a person's and I'm sure you've have your face or your hand licked, but this wasn't like that. This was a broad, hard, certain swipe at some of the tendered skin I have and it made my whole body convulse with sudden pleasure. My eyes flew open just in time to see him take another lick, this one actually brushing against the pubic hair at my crotch, not even an inch from my cunt. I squealed and I'm sure I said his name, but he ignored me. I was frozen in place except for the quivering that his tongue was making me do so that my hand was stuck right over my twat – and that meant that his next lick, which came a second later, caught mostly the back of my hand. But there was a little of it that struck my lips on either side of my hand, and when it did I felt like I would leap clear out of my skin.

I know a lot of people would have a real problem with a dog licking their privates. It's not like I sat around and plotted for how I could make this happen. It had never even

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occurred to me that it could happen. But once the sudden fact of Charlie's sexuality drove me into a frenzy, and once I felt that tongue on my twat, I could no more have stopped myself than I could have grown wings and flown. In fact, I did the only thing I could: I moved my hand and gave my dog unfettered, spread-legged, and completely eager access to my cunt.

Charlie's next few licks missed it completely – dogs are amazing lovers but they aren't the brightest creatures on God's green Earth – as he concentrated on cleaning up my thighs. But then came a lick that was absolutely, completely, dead-center on. I screamed. It wasn't even a little bit ladylike, I just howled with pleasure beyond anything I'd ever know before. And it wasn't just physical pleasure, because I don't think physical pleasure alone could have given me the reaction I had. It was emotional and spiritual and psychic, and it was completely and utterly fulfilling in a way that no other sexual touch I'd ever had could even begin to match. When I felt that big, strong, flat tongue pushing my lips apart, when I felt that incredible power contained in something so flexible, when I felt the soft roughness and the heat of his breath on my clit, I felt like at long last, somehow, I had come home. Really, truly, it was as simple and as honest as that. I felt the absolute and undeniable sense that this was where I belonged. And when that ragged gasp tore itself from my throat and I jerked my hips up into Charlie's snout so that his tongue slipped inside of me and I felt his teeth press against my lips, I felt sexually alive and completely understood for the first time in my whole life.

Charlie, of course, knew nothing of that. He only knew that he had caught a bitch-scent earlier and he was still horny, and here was his mistress giving off a bitch-scent too, and he was doing what came naturally. He was giving me the licking of a lifetime. Within a few moments I had my legs spread as wide as they would go, my hands clasping my knees to pull myself open even more. Every lash of that sweet, perfect tongue was greeted with a spasm in my sex and a moan from my lips. My pussy was on fire. My blood was boiling. My heart was hammering.

As perfect as it was, and it was perfect, there was something exquisitely maddening about it as well because Charlie was teasing me to the point where he was driving me crazy. He wasn't doing it deliberately, of course – he didn't know enough one way or another to do that – but every time he had me thinking my orgasm was coming, he would switch to doing something else. His tongue was filling my cunt, and few things can fill a woman like a dog's tongue: hot, rough, soft, strong, twisting, moving, hitting every nerve I had including a lot of them I didn't even know I had. In and out, fast, hard, those teeth pressing against my outer lips and raising screams from my throat until I was on the edge of a climax that would be beyond words –

Then his tongue out of me, flashing across my lips and, electrifyingly, my clit. My God! How can I even describe the way that tongue felt on my clit! My clit was as hard as a diamond and I could feel every bump of that tongue on it as it flashed past. The sensation was like absolutely nothing else I'd ever experienced. It sent an explosion of pleasure through my whole body and every single nerve in my body came alive at once, but the pleasure was so sharp and intense and crystalline that it was almost painful. My whole body convulsed in surprise and a mixture of ecstasy and torment; it was almost enough to send me over into orgasm by itself but it was just too much, and without thinking I half folded my body in on itself to keep Charlie from hitting my clit.

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And that gave him perfect access to my ass, and that was an opportunity he didn't waste. His tongue was on the bud of my asshole instantly, and the shudders I had been experiencing were suddenly doubled. That big, warm, wonderful tongue that had felt so amazing inside my pussy a few moments before felt just as amazing now when it swiped across my little asshole, and my hips bucked hard against Charlie's mouth. I know I was babbling something between moans and gasps but I don't think it amounted to words. I was feeling so much pleasure that I needed to vocalize it, and too much pleasure to make sense. That tongue hitting those incredibly sensitive nerve endings in my anus, making my pussy clench and making my stomach feel like it was on fire, it was more than I had ever dreamed of. But his second lick against my ass was harder, and the third harder still – he was pushing his tongue up into my asshole, assfucking me with that incredible piece of meat in his mouth, and I was adoring every second of it!

“Fu-fu-fu-fu-FUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!” I howled as my orgasm took me. I had known it was close but the feel of Charlie licking my ass so fervidly made it explode inside of me like a bomb – literally, because at that moment I felt like my whole body was coming apart. Every nerve ending seemed to be dancing on its own to the incomprehensible tune Charlie was calling with his mouth, and all I could do was let it wash over me. I felt like I was lifting up off the couch and out of my body. My eyes were screwed shut so hard I was seeing fireworks. Every blood vessel from my scalp to my toes was coursing with rapture and release. I have no idea how long it lasted because it didn't really stop when he took his tongue out of my ass and filled my pussy again. It subsided a bit, enough so that I could remember who I was and what I was doing, but for delicious long minutes he dragged my orgasm out, or maybe he strung together a whole bunch of little orgasms into one long blissful release. I don't even have words to describe it except to say that I had never felt anything as powerful, or as perfectly right, in my whole life.

At one point he lifted his head and I could feel him stepping away from between my legs as if he'd had enough. Maybe he had, but I sure hadn't. “No no no God please keep licking me keep licking me fuck me with that tongue fuck me lover please fuck me,” I babbled as, with eyes still closed, I reached down and found his head, pulling him back to my crotch. He didn't seem to need any coaxing because he went back to work instantly. But it was that little break, that tiny interruption in his licking, that gave my body enough time to come down off its continuous orgasmic high. It broke the chain, I guess, and when he started licking again he was licking my thighs and my ass cheeks and the outside of my pussy. But I knew Charlie could make me cum again. I knew it without a single doubt in the world. I knew that my body had a spectacular release in it yet, and as unfathomable as the last however many minutes had been, what Charlie had still to give me would be even better. And so I spread my pussy lips with my fingers and Charlie filled my pussy again with his incredible tongue. It took the breath out of my lungs and it took me someplace I'd always longed to be without ever even knowing it existed. The hand that was holding me open was resting over my clit, and the pressure from the heel of my hand was exactly enough to stimulate that little bud perfectly. Turning, twisting, moving inside of me, that tongue, those teeth on my lips, his hot breath, the fur against my thighs, my hand on my clit, it was all too much.

I've had a lot of amazing orgasms since then, with dogs and people, but I honestly do not think I have ever felt as good as that since. It wasn't pleasure, it wasn't even ecstasy. It took me beyond words and beyond thought so some kind of ideal orgasm that I

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thought only existed in tawdry romance novels. I've tried to describe that climax since and I haven't been able to come close, but I'll try again. It felt like lightning was striking me, but from the inside, from the deepest part of my pussy, and flowing outward, exploding, detonating, taking me apart. I could feel everything, every single bit of my body, every single piece distinctly reaching its own summit, all of them combining together to make one enormous whole that was just too much to contemplate.

There was more than that, though. Like I said above, there was something spiritual about it. I know that it sounds idiotic to say that coming from getting licked by a dog was spiritual, but I don't know any other word for it because I felt so whole and entire and complete, the way some people do when they have religious experiences. In those moments what stuck with me even more than the pleasure was the knowledge that I had needed this all along, since I was a little girl. I needed to be one, sexually, with a dog, or with many dogs, and it was the fact that I had never had a dog when I was growing up, or even been around any, that had kept me from discovering it so much earlier. I could have spent my whole life feeling this way, I knew, but I hadn't; instead I was feeling it now and that was enough and more than enough. It was that joy that I felt as I passed out.

I was only out for a few seconds, I found out later. When I came back to consciousness I was only aware of my own limpness on the sofa and my own breasts heaving from panting so hard. My eyes were closed and I was lost in the exquisite darkness of my own afterglow, soft and lethargic and wonderful. I didn't think I could have moved so I didn't try. Charlie wasn't licking me anymore but I could hear him panting somewhere in the room, and a devilish grin slowly curled my lips. "Charlie," I whispered. "Lover, you are so amazing..."

"Yeah," came a familiar male voice with a sarcastic drawl, "it looked like he was hitting your spot."

My whole body jerked at once, arms flying across my breasts and my legs snapping shut. My afterglow vanished in an instant and my eyes flew open to look at David, my son, who was looking back at me. He was leaning against the wall, a superior grin on his handsome face. One hand was petting Charlie, who was sitting at his feet and pressing his head against David's leg.

In the other hand was his cell phone, the camera pointed directly at me.

"D-DAVID!" I gasped, writhing and twisting to try to cover myself. It didn't occur to me how silly that was given what he'd just watched, but then I wasn't exactly thinking. "Wh...hu...what are you doing home?"

"I cut fifth period," he told me, still keeping me in the camera of his phone. "I never expected to get a show like this though. If I'd have known you and Charlie were getting it on I'd cut more often."

I was speechless from mortification, so I looked around for my clothes. For some reason it seemed more horribly embarrassing at that moment to be naked in front of my son than to think what he'd seen me doing and I wanted desperately to get something on. Unfortunately, David had gathered all my clothes into a neat pile...and he was standing in front of it. With a hard swallow I asked, very quietly, "Can I please have my clothes?"

"No," David replied, clicking his cell phone off. I like you like that. Let's keep you that way for a while."

I gritted my teeth. David, the little demon seed, was humiliating me, and he was going to enjoy it. That meant he was going to drag it out for as long as he could. So I

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pulled myself into a sitting position, thighs together, hunched forward, arms in front of my chest. I was showing less skin than I do in my swim suit, so that would do for a bit.

"Look, this is the only time this ever happened and I –"

"Riiiiight," David sneered. "Anyway, I got some great film of it. Wanna see?" He turned his phone toward me and pressed a button, and the living room was filled with the sounds of my lustful moaning. The screen of the phone was too small for me to see detail from several feet away but I could tell that he had some excellent and undeniable pictures of me and Charlie. "Or maybe I ought to email it to dad?"

"NO!" I shouted, feeling myself blushing crimson. "Don't send that to anyone!"

"Or maybe grandma and grandpa," he mused, loving my panic. "Or all the aunts and uncles. I have their emails on this phone you know. Or maybe Reverend Hutchison?"

"God damn it!" I cried, my shame making me angry. "Stop it! Don't send that to anyone, please!"

David looked at me for a moment, his grin predatory and his thumb poised over the buttons on his phone...and then he slowly lowered his arm and tucked his phone back into his pocket. I breathed a sigh of relief, but my relief was very short lived. "Looks like I have something you want, and I'd imagine you want it pretty badly. Right?" I glared at him without answering and after a moment he repeated, "Right?"

"Right," I muttered between clenched teeth.

"Stand up," he told me, and I stood, slowly and keeping my left arm in front of my breasts and my right hand over my pussy. He looked me up and down in a way that I didn't at all like and said, "Show me."

"Show you what?" I asked. The mixture of anger and embarrassment I felt made me want to sink through the floor.

"Your body," David replied. He was obviously enjoying every second of this. "Put your arms at your sides and show me what you've got."

I stared at him incredulously. "What? Why do you want to see that?"

Something flared up in my son's eyes, something that I couldn't accept for what it was: it was lust, pure and simple. His smile was cruel as he told me, "Because you're a hot little piece, mom. I've wanted to see you buckass naked since I knew what it meant."

My jaw dropped. That made no sense to me. Why would a boy want to see his own mother naked? "I don't understand –"

"DO IT!" David roared suddenly, and both Charlie and I flinched at the sudden rage. "Don't you fucking mess with me! When I tell you to do something you do it or everybody you know will see you with a goddamned dog licking that little cunt of yours and you begging for more, got it? Now put down your goddamned arms and let me see what you have!"

I staggered back half a step as though he had struck me, but after a moment I did what he told me: I dropped my arms to my side. My eyes were on the floor and I was blushing from my belly-button up. I was suddenly acutely aware that the smell of my orgasms was still thick in the warm spring air, and that made me even more embarrassed. After several long moments in which I could feel David's eyes heavy on my bare skin, he said, softly and reasonably, "Look up at me."

I did, but I couldn't meet his eyes. I stared at a point on the ceiling above his head and tried to pretend none of this was happening. It didn't work.

"Turn around. I want to see your ass."

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I shivered at the tone of my son's voice, but his explosive reaction had taught me not to argue, at least not right now. I simply did as he was told, turning around and staring hard away from him as he checked out my pert little bottom. I wanted to die.

"Turn around," he told me again, and when I did he tossed me my tee shirt and my shorts, much to my surprise. "Get dressed."

I did, gratefully and as quickly as I could. I pulled my shirt on first, and a second later my Lycra shorts followed. "Thank you," I muttered, unsure why I was thanking him after what he'd just done.

"You're welcome," he told me amiably, sitting down in one of the recliners. "Come on, have a seat, we need to talk."

I did, sitting on the sofa again (though not on the same spot that was still glistening and wet with my juices). After a moment I said, "I'm sorry you had to see that, David. I don't...I mean, this really was the first time I've ever done anything like that. I don't even know...I mean, it just sort of happened..."

"OK," David replied, as though that explanation meant nothing. "The point is you did it and I...well, I preserved it for posterity. I want you to understand something, mom. I will send this to your parents, dad's parents, all the aunts and uncles, and to everyone else I can think of, unless you make it worth my while. I don't give a fuck what it would mean to you. I don't give a fuck what it would mean to dad or that it would break grandma's heart. When I turn 18 I'm done with all you fucking people anyway, so what happens to you is not my fucking problem. It's your problem. And it's gonna be a big problem unless you give me what I want."

I let those words sink in. They were terrible, awful words for a mother to hear from her son, but I never doubted them for an instant. David wasn't one to make idle threats, and he had never had this kind of power over an authority figure before. He'd destroy me. That meant I'd have to play for time until I could figure a way out of this, and so I did the only thing I could do: I nodded and asked, quietly, "What do you want?"

"How much cash do you have in the house?"

"I have about a hundred in my purse. You're welcome to it."

"I'll take it," he nodded. "But I know that ain't all you have. I've heard you and dad talking about the 'lights out money' and I want it."

I sighed. The lights out money was a wad of cash that Tim and I kept in case there was a tornado or some other natural disaster that would keep us from accessing our bank accounts or using plastic for a while. It was the ultimate fall back, and if it disappeared I'd have some explaining to do. But what choice did I have? "All right," I told David, standing up. "I'll get it for you."

Three minutes later I was back, handing him a thick wad of 50 \$20 bills. It was only half of the \$2,000 Tim and I had set aside, but I figured David wouldn't know that. He took the money, counted it quickly, and shoved it into his pocket without comment. He stood in front of me and paused a moment, and I was struck for maybe the first time at how tall and strong my little boy had become. If he chose to overpower me, I wouldn't have had a chance. But he didn't, not then at least. Instead he smiled at me sweetly and said, "I'm going to go do some shopping."

I felt myself relax as he turned and headed for the door. I had expected worse, but if all he wanted was money then this wouldn't be that bad. Money could be replaced. But

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he paused as he got to the door. Looking over his shoulder at me, he said, "This has just begun, mom. I'm gonna have a lot of fun with this."

Even after he was gone, I stood in the middle of the living room with shivers running down my spine, wondering what he might have meant.

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Chapter Two

I spent the rest of the afternoon in a sort of suspended misery. I put Charlie outside and took a long, hot shower. I still felt dirty when it was over. I cleaned the couch and aired out the living room to get rid of the last hint of my scent out. I was half frantic. Had Laurel or even Tim caught me, it would have been mortifying but nothing more, because either one of them would have talked to me about it or maybe just pretended it never happened at all. But in the hands of David, with the proof he had, I was over a barrel. I knew that the little sociopath wouldn't hesitate to ruin me and the entire family, and laugh while he did it unless I gave him precisely what he wanted, whatever that was.

And now was when the guilt really hit me. I felt sick with it. What I had done was wicked and wrong, an unnatural perversion. How in the world could I have gotten so excited by looking at my dog trying to mate? And even if I had, for whatever sick reason, how could I have done what I did? To let my dog lick me! To get so completely aroused and to be so moved by it! As excited and thrilled as I had been while it was happening, I now felt as disgusted and as miserable. I was almost nauseous with the memory of Charlie's tongue on me – and my reaction! I was worse than a bitch in heat myself – a bitch in heat can't help her reaction, but I could certainly help mine. Well...I couldn't have, but I should have been able to, and the fact that I hadn't been able to just made me feel all the sicker and more disgusted with myself.

Around five Laurel came home. She was running track that season and her practices kept her late. She came in with her gym bag over her shoulder and a smile on her face, chipper and cheerful and bouncy as though she didn't have a care in the whole world. She kissed me on the cheek and asked me how my day was. I stammered something – I don't remember what, but it made her look at me funny – and she went upstairs to put her things away and to get changed.

For dinner I was making a simple dish of flounder with sautéed almonds, steamed broccoli, rice and a green salad – not exactly rocket science, but I completely botched it. The almonds were burned, the fish was overdone and the broccoli was half raw. I just couldn't concentrate at all, not with David out of my sight plotting who knew what. I was chewing my nails (a nervous habit) and I had forgotten all about the almonds until Laurel came downstairs to see what the burning smell was.

"Mom?" she asked as she turned off the burner and took the pan off the stove. "Are you all right?"

I nodded with a jerky motion of my head and gave her a smile that must have looked like a corpse. "I'm fine, honey. I just had a tough day. Charlie got out and caused some trouble." Half a lie was better than a whole one, I reasoned.

"Uh oh, that explains why he's still outside," she nodded. "Bad trouble?"

"Nnnnoooo, not bad, just..." Just what? "Well, we may have to have him neutered a little earlier than we were expecting to, that's all."

Laurel grinned at me with sudden understanding and made a snip-snip motion with her fingers. "Whose dog did he get at?"

"The Andersons."

"Didja have to throw hot water on them to get them apart?"

I stopped in my tracks and looked at her, completely baffled. "Why would we have to do that?"

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Laurel's grin turned mischievous and she laughed. "You know how dogs get stuck together when they do it."

"They do?" I asked, more baffled than ever. Like I said, I hadn't spent time around dogs. "Why?"

She looked at me like I was the child, and not a very bright one at that. "Because the male...well the way they're made, they stick together. You know?"

I didn't but I nodded anyway. Deep inside of me there was a flicker of something, be it interest or excitement at the idea of learning something that seemed so alien and forbidden, but yet so wonderful. How did they stick together? Why? As soon as I thought it I knew the questions would be with me until I answered them – and just as quickly I felt ashamed for the unnatural interest and the wicked excitement I felt. "They didn't even get together, we kept them apart. But he nearly ripped my arms out of the sockets dragging me to the fence, and then he jumped over it and just about threw me off my feet. Anyway, they're going to be breeding Nosey and if she's going to be in heat all the time we can't have him running over there."

"Oh. Well it could have been a lot worse."

"It could have." It was.

She leaned up against the stove and crossed her arms in front of her in the way she did when she was about to give sage advice. "I know you're super close with Charlie and you don't want to get him clipped before he's had a chance to...you know. But it's not the end of the world. Plenty of dogs get neutered and as far as I know they're pretty happy and healthy afterward."

"I know," I said, feeling distinctly agitated talking to my 15 year old daughter about canine sex, given what had happened earlier in the day. "Anyway, let's change the subject. How was school?"

"Oh, well remember I told you Rachel Czapiewski was wearing all these goofy things to school all of a sudden? Well listen to this..." For the next 15 minutes Laurel regaled me with stories from her day and I tried to be interested, but my mind wouldn't stay put on the topic. I kept thinking about Charlie and everything that had happened, how excited he had made me and how hard and completely he had made me come, but mostly I was thinking about David and dreading what he was cooking up for me. Still, I paid enough attention to make the right noises and ask the right questions until I heard Tim's car pulling into the garage. A couple of minutes later the back door opened and he came in with Charlie leading the way. To my very great relief he didn't sprint across the kitchen and shove his nose into my crotch, instead preferring to sniff the floor for food that may have been dropped and then force his head into my hand for a good petting.

Tim paused and scented the air. "Something smells...good..."

"You're a liar," I chuckled. "Something smells burnt. The almonds, in fact. So we'll just have to have the flounder and sautéed almonds without the sautéed almonds."

Tim leaned in and put an affectionate kiss on my cheek. "Somehow I think we'll live. So, how are my two favorite ladies in the whole world?"

"Daddy, listen to this," Laurel said, and instantly launched into a story about school. That, at least, made me smile, and we sat down to a pleasant dinner where I was able to forget most of my problems. At least for a while.

After dinner Laurel and Tim went upstairs to work on her homework. The fact was that she seldom needed assistance with her homework, but she's the very definition of a

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daddy's girl and she and Tim love to spend time together. Every night after school Tim would go up to Laurel's room and, yes, they would work on her homework, but most of the time if you walked by her room you'd see her telling him a story about her day or showing him something on the computer or him imparting some very good advice on some topic or another. I've always had a great relationship with her, but she's a daddy's girl beyond a doubt.

At any rate, I was alone in the kitchen, cleaning up, when David came home. He was carrying a couple of shopping bags. The big one was from Best Buy, and I have to admit that I heaved a sigh of relief to see that the money he'd extorted from me had at least been spent on something other than drugs or booze, which was what I'd expected when I'd given it to him. He set that bag and another, smaller one on the table and sniffed the air.

"Christ, who got burned at the stake in here?"

I rolled my eyes and turned my back to him, going back to washing the skillet. I didn't say anything.

He came up behind me and held out the smaller bag. "I got you something."

I looked down at the bag and then up at him. Whatever was in that bag, I strongly doubted it was anything good. "What is it?" I asked, certain I didn't want to know.

"Open it and find out."

With considerable trepidation I took the bag and opened it, but what I saw wasn't what I expected: female shave gel, a lady's razor, and a tube of aloe vera cream. I looked up at him and saw the shit eating grin on his face, but I didn't understand why. "OK," I asked, "what's the idea?"

His smile got wicked as he told me, "Shave your pussy."

I was dumbstruck. "What?"

"Shave. Your. Pussy. It's not complicated."

Disgust with him surged through me and I thrust the bag back into his chest. "Go to hell you little shit!" I snapped. "Who do you think you are, talking to me that way?"

"I like shaved pussies and I want yours shaved."

"Tough."

His eyes narrowed to angry slits. "You know what I can do. You know what I will do if you make me. Now ask yourself, is this really where you want to draw a line? At something millions of women do voluntarily?"

I was steaming. "I'm not one of those women and I don't intend to be and it's none of your business whether I shave or not. You have no right to treat me this way!"

"But I am treating you this way," he replied simply, and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Here's the deal: shave or don't. It's your choice. But I'm going to check tomorrow morning and –"

"Oh the hell you are!"

"But I'm going to check tomorrow morning," he repeated patiently, "and if you aren't shaved, you know what will happen. That's all I have to say to you about it." Without another word he turned, leaving the small bag on the counter, and retrieved the stuff he bought from Best Buy. He left me alone in the kitchen feeling angry and hurt and very, very upset.

Tim came back down after spending an hour with Laurel and settled down in front of the TV to watch "CSI" reruns and do some paperwork from the office. I spent 45

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minutes with him, doing some talking but mostly mulling miserably over my options...and then I excused myself and went into the bathroom to do what my son had told me to do.

I realized, basically, that I didn't have any choice. He wanted me to get rid of my pubic hair so I would get rid of my pubic hair whether I felt like it or not. And I didn't want to. I always thought that a woman ought to look like a woman, not like a little girl. Oh, don't mistake me, I wasn't like some 1970s porn star with a bush long enough to braid. I kept the kitty trimmed and neat. But there was definitely pubic hair, even when many of my friends were telling me how awesome it was to be shaved. I had never bought into it. Now I had no choice.

I took a long bath, keeping the water just as hot as I could tolerate it. I washed myself thoroughly with a cloth. I ran my fingers through my hair to bid it goodbye, at least for a little while. And then I shaved, once going with the grain and once against. I took off every hair I could find. Afterward I put on the aloe David had bought me, and the first sensations of fingers and lotion against my newly bare lips were almost shocking in their intensity.

I stood naked in front of the full length mirror, looking at myself and thinking how I suddenly looked ten years old again. It was ridiculous. Why would a man want to see me like this? And more than that, why would my SON want to see me like this? Obviously David had some sort of sick thing going on about me, I understood that, and if he wanted to check to see if I'd shaved, well, he'd already seen me naked today (and getting my pussy licked by a dog, my mind helpfully reminded me) and so I didn't suppose another look, no matter how unnatural, would really matter much one way or another. I tried not to think of him touching himself to the film he'd taken of me earlier, because that made me more than a little sick to my stomach.

Tim was still watching TV when I got out of the bathroom so I put on a cotton nightgown (it had been a hot day but it was going to be a cool night), took a Lunesta, and went to bed. Charlie slept curled up at my feet, like always.

May 5

The next day began normally enough. I got out of bed a few minutes after Tim did, and when he was in the shower I let Charlie out to do his business while I made breakfast – pancakes that day, as it happened. Everybody came to eat, even David – that was unusual because he rarely ate meals with the family anymore, but I guessed that pancakes could soften the hardest heart. Tim bustled out the door a few minutes later and then Laurel ran off to catch her bus (she goes to the same school David does but she'd rather have walked three miles there and back than ride in his car with him) leaving me and my son alone, except for Charlie, who was on the floor watching David eat with the intensity that only a dog or a starving person can bring to that act. I didn't say anything to him, I just cleared the table and went about cleaning up.

When he was done eating he brought his dishes to the dishwasher (I'd managed to instill that much good manners into him anyway, a small triumph) and he stood watching me smugly as I washed the pan. I knew exactly what he wanted but I was damned if I'd take the first step.

So finally he did. "So?" he asked.

"So?"

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“Did you?”

I didn't look up and I tried to keep my voice as absolutely neutral and matter of fact as I could. “Yes I did,” I told him simply, and kept on washing.

“I told you I'd check, not that I'd ask you,” he said. “And I'm gonna check.”

My disgust won out and showed all over my face, but he didn't seem to notice when I turned and looked at him, or if he noticed he didn't seem to give a damn. “Fine,” I said bitterly, reaching down to pull up my nightgown. If the little pervert wanted to look at his mother's shaved snatch and was desperate enough to blackmail her to do it, well, what could I do?

He stopped me by grabbing both my wrists and holding them. His grip was firm enough that I couldn't pull my hands out, and firm enough that I couldn't do much to resist when he pulled me up against his body. “I said I'd check,” he said softly, almost in a throaty whisper, “not that you'd show me.”

“What are you talking about?” I hissed, but then I knew exactly what he was talking about: he was pulling up my nightgown. I stiffened, but the way he had me pressed up against the counter, there wasn't much I could do to stop him. Besides, I reasoned, what difference did it really make if I was the one to pull up my gown or he was? I just closed my eyes and prayed it would soon be over.

But David had different plans, and I realized it when he put his hand directly over my shaved mound and gave a soft squeeze. The feeling of a hand on those freshly denuded lips was shocking and amazing, but it was the fact that it was my own son doing it that made my eyes fly open. He was looking down at me, his big, dark eyes both taunting and lustful as he stroked the outside of my pussy. “Well I'll be,” he whispered, the hint of a cruel smile curling his lips as he locked eyes with me. “You did shave. And here I was wondering if you'd go through with it.”

I was too stunned to offer much resistance, but I did manage to stammer, “You... you can't touch me like that!”

“I can't?” he mused, stroking me and sending some terribly thrilling sensations coursing through me. Having the hair gone really did make a huge difference. His fingers were strong and thick and he made my eyes go huge as he ran one straight down the middle of my slit and slipped it inside of me up to the first knuckle! “Seems like I am.”

“But I'm your mother!” I protested, trying fruitlessly to wiggle away from him. Unfortunately, the hand that wasn't busy feeling me up was around my waist and I wasn't going anywhere.

“Mmm-hmmm,” he said, his soft exhalation ruffling my hair. He kept the fingertip that was inside me still and began to move his palm and the heel of his hand against the skin that was freshly shaved. I gasped, partly in shock...and partly because it felt good. Even though it was my son doing it and even though I most definitely didn't want it, that stimulation of the newly bared skin felt very, very nice. It might have been different if he'd have been clumsy or careless, but he wasn't. It was obvious from how he was touching me that he knew what to do with a woman's pussy, and it was equally obvious that he was doing this with the definite aim of getting me aroused.

“David, please stop this right now,” I said firmly. “It's wrong for you to touch me this way. Do you understand that?”

“I understand it,” he replied with a nod as his finger slipped into me to the second knuckle and began to pump gently in and out. Damn him, but he knew what he was about,

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and like it or not, I knew it wasn't going to be all that long before my body started to respond to that kind of expert treatment. He was moving just so, exactly right to hit every nerve I had down there, and the heel of his hand was pressing on my clit. I knew I wasn't hiding my rising excitement because of my growing wetness, but also because my clit was just loving the way he was treating it; it was growing hard, peeking out from under its hood, and when he moved his hand against it shivers ran through my whole body.

I tried to wriggle away, and I had both my hands pressing against his chest in a futile effort to get some space between me and him. I may as well have been pressing a mountain for all the good it did. I think the worst moment, even worse than what came a few minutes later, was when I realized I could feel his erection through his pants. My son's cock was hard, and it was hard because of me, and he was pressing it against my belly so that I would have to realize and confront that fact. I guess it wasn't until then that I truly realized that David might have something more in mind for me than some brief humiliation and monetary extortion. I didn't yet have any idea how far he would take me and the entire family, but I was starting to get a clue that his intentions weren't as simple as I'd believed.

It was when he shifted his hand just so and the meaty part just below the thumb began to press the hood of my clit against the little nub beneath that I gasped. I didn't want to, but I didn't really have any choice because the sensation made my pussy spasm around his finger and made my knees quiver. He was good enough that even if I hadn't shaved the night before it would have felt wonderful, but with the nerves awakened by the razor I had no chance whatsoever of resisting it. I closed my eyes again – I couldn't keep them open to watch his face as he did this to me – but that was a token protest. I was wet and hot, and if I knew it then my son definitely knew it.

"There you go," he whispered into my ear as he stroked me a little deeper and just a shade harder. "I can smell you now. God that pussy smells delicious!"

"You're...disgusting," I muttered through clenched teeth. "How can you be doing this to your own mother? What's wrong with you?"

His response to that was to push his middle finger into me as far as it would go and wiggle it as he brought his lips down to my neck and began to kiss the tender skin right where it meets the shoulder. "Part of you likes it..."

"Fuck you," I snapped, humiliated at my body's reaction but unable to resist the skilled touch.

"Oh, is that what you want?" he chuckled, nipping my neck softly and rubbing my clit with the heel of his hand.

"NO!" I gasped, trying to pull away again. My heart was hammering in my chest and I felt like I was losing control, but the idea of my own son fucking me was still more than I could deal with no matter how horny he was making me. "Let me go, please, for the love of God David!"

But he didn't let me go and he didn't answer. He just kept stroking me, in and out, in and out, deeper, harder, getting me wetter and hotter. I tried to be good and ignore the sensations but he was just too skilled and the feelings were just too powerful, and by the time he pushed a second finger up into me I couldn't even pretend to hide my gasp. It didn't just feel good, it felt fantastic – and I couldn't attribute all of it to the shave. My son was very, very skilful when it came to getting a woman wet and eager. I didn't thrust back against his hand – I managed to keep that much dignity – and I was pretty sure I was too

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distressed for him to make me come, but that was all I could do. I was breathing heavily, my nipples were hard against his chest, and I was wet enough that his fingers were making loud squishing noises as he fucked me with them. I could feel my juices wetting the insides of my thighs. I hated it, but my son was getting me hot! I'd stopped protesting because he wasn't listening and I felt like my pleading was getting him off, but I knew the protesting would start again if he tried to make me touch him or do anything to that hard young cock I felt pressing against me so firmly –

And then he stopped, so suddenly and without warning as to leave me gasping, and took his fingers out of me. I was ashamed of the way my pussy seemed to suck his fingers and try to pull them back in as he did so, but he really did know what he was doing and it had felt better than I was willing to admit to him. I opened my eyes and looked up at his smiling face as he said, "But this isn't what you want."

"No, David," I breathed softly, feeling incredible relief that he had stopped before my body betrayed me any more. "I don't want this. Please, please, please stop."

"I know what you want," he whispered, and then, before I could answer, he turned and held out his fingers, sticky and wet with my juices, to Charlie. The dog had been sitting a few feet away watching me get molested and he didn't miss a chance to get in on the flavor he had first tasted yesterday. His tongue, big and sloppy and eager, cleaned my son's fingers. "It's gonna feel soooo good, mom. Now that you've shaved, you won't even believe what that tongue feels like."

"Oh God no," I whimpered. "Don't make me do that again, David, please!" But my pussy, that feckless and independent creature that it is, betrayed me by spasming at the thought of the sensations Charlie would give me if I let him lick me again.

"Don't bother to deny it," David chuckled. "I know what you want, and it's all right. When you're with me, it's all right." He pulled back his hand and Charlie immediately came in for more, nosing my crotch through my thin cotton gown. Just the sensation of his nose made me moan uncontrollably. My son lifted my gown up before I could protest again and I felt Charlie's tongue swipe across my mound above my clit; all it did was get skin, but it was skin that was freshly shaved and it was enough that a ragged and undeniably lustful cry left my throat before I could stop it.

I was lost and I knew it. At the first touch of Charlie's perfect tongue I knew I had no chance whatever to resist. Charlie wanted to do it, David wanted him to do it, and I wanted it too. All three of us knew it and there was no way I could pretend otherwise.

David kept tugging my gown up and I lifted my arms and let him pull it away. He'd already seen me naked, just like he'd already seen me get licked, so nothing here was new for him. If he had done this before feeling me up I'd have fought him, but I was way too hot now to do more than mutter some token and meaningless protests that all three of us ignored. Charlie put his snout against my sex and began to lick those juices that he loved so much, and it was everything I could do to keep my knees from giving way. I stood, my legs inching apart of their own volition, and when Charlie finally got the angle to press his teeth against me and fill my shaved twat with his tongue I screamed like a wanton slut and braced myself against the sink so the dog could get a better position.

David just stood back and watched, and I did my best to forget he was there. It was humiliating having my son do the things he had done to me and maneuver me into this position, but now that I was here I couldn't help myself or stop myself. Simply put, I was Charlie's, and if I wasn't yet his bitch I was at least his to command when his tongue was

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between my legs. I looked down at him, my wonderful friend and perfect companion, and now my lover, and soon I was gasping and moaning unashamedly and grinding my hips against his mouth. I just couldn't help myself, and soon I felt my orgasm – my first, though not my last, of the day – beginning to grow inside me.

After a few minutes, David did something I didn't at all expect: he leaned in and covered my moaning, gasping mouth with his. At that point I couldn't do anything but take it as he slipped his tongue past my lips and gave me a long, gentle, and sensuous kiss. It was shocking, to be kissed that way by my son, but I was in such a state that it felt utterly amazing. The surprise of it was too much to let me kiss back during the twenty or so seconds that he held the kiss, but I have to admit, to my shame, that if he'd have kept it up for five more seconds I'd have been sucking his tongue like it was a cock. Instead, though, he broke away and gave me a smile that was loving, lustful, domineering and wicked. "I have to go to school," he told me, stroking my face with his fingertips, "but you stay here and enjoy yourself."

As he turned and walked away, I said the most perfectly stupid thing I could have. Through my gasps and moans and the onrushing climax that was exploding through me, I said, "Have...aaaaaahhhh...have a...nice day...oh GOOODDDDDDDDD..."

After that there was nothing in my mind but getting off. Charlie and his tongue wouldn't let anything else enter my mind. My first orgasm took the feet out from under me and I dropped to the floor in a heap, eyes closed, panting. Charlie licked my face and I could smell my cunt on his breath; for some reason that seemed the most perfectly arousing thing ever, and I moaned loudly. The next second my mouth was filled – and I do mean filled – with his tongue, and this time I didn't blow the chance to return the kiss the way I had with David: I sucked that tongue like a whore.

How to describe a dog's kiss? It's definitely not a human kiss, that's for sure. The tongue completely fills the mouth, or at least it feels that way, and Charlie was licking the inside of my mouth even as I was sucking and kissing his tongue. It felt like he was kissing my tonsils, for heaven sake. I put my weak, shaky hands up to either side of his head and held him there for a long moment, savoring the way it felt and the way it tasted, a combination of dog and me that drove me nuts. My eyes were closed and I wasn't thinking about David or the trouble I was in or anything else except Charlie, and me with him and him with me. I love that dog so very much; I was only now figuring out how much.

Neither of us were satisfied to stay there for long, though, and when I uncurled myself and gave Charlie access to my naked, hairless twat, he dived in after it. I don't know how many orgasms I had because after a while it seemed like one big ongoing orgasm that had peaks and valleys, lulls and punctuations of frenetic action. I laid on my back with my knees pulled up to my chest. I got on my knees with my ass in the air so he could treat my asshole the same way. I balanced on my shoulders and the balls of my feet so I could serve my cunt to him on a platter. And Charlie licked and licked and licked. I felt no shame, no self-consciousness, not even any awareness that there was anything other than this moment and the two of us in it. It was bliss beyond bliss.

Eventually, though, anything gets to be too much, and the pleasure he was giving me pushed past pleasure and into discomfort, and then pain. I was reluctant to end it even so, but finally I did, curling up and pulling Charlie up beside me. We lay together on the kitchen floor, me holding him close so I could feel his warm fur against my naked body. I petted him and told him he was the best dog ever and he seemed to agree. The afterglow

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was intense and deep, and unlike the day before, this time I was able to experience it. It was a wonderful, relaxed, mindless place, a delicious, soft, warm, content feeling that suffused my whole body and made me unwilling to move or think or do anything except lie there and feel and run my hand along Charlie's flank. In its own way the afterglow was as good as the orgasms; it was quiet and reflective, but that made it all the more profound. I'd never had an afterglow like it.

I may have napped, I'm not sure. I know I drifted into a sleepy space for a while, and Charlie definitely zonked out with his head on my big pillowy boobs. Even after the warm fuzzies faded I laid there, just appreciating the way Charlie felt against me. It occurred to me that I was thinking of him more as a lover than as a pet, but given the emotional need he filled in me (and the mindblowing orgasms) that was hardly surprising. It was wonderful just to lie there with him and not to worry about what would happen.

Of course, eventually I had to get going. I finished washing the dishes without putting my gown back on, then let Charlie outside to romp in the back yard while I took a shower. It was a long, luxurious shower and I reveled in the way the water felt as it prickled into my skin. When I washed my pussy I was struck again at how amazing it felt to be shaved there. I had only done it under blackmail, yes, but now that I experienced life without pubic hair I realized that I wanted to keep it this way. It was simply too wonderful to do anything else. And so I shaved again, and did my legs while I was at it, and by the time I was done I felt clean and free and better than I had in a long time.

That feeling didn't last long. I dried myself and walked to my bedroom to dress. When I opened my underwear drawer all the good feelings of the morning vanished. My underwear drawer was empty, completely empty, except for a photo that had been printed off a computer. It was a picture of me on the sofa, holding my legs apart with my hands and my face screwed up in ecstasy as Charlie licked me. Scrawled on it in magic marker was the following: "You need some slutty underwear. Go to XXXFantasy Gifts & Lingerie at Franklin and 22nd. Ask for Brandy, I told her to expect you. Get there by one or I'll show this picture and lots more like it to everybody you know."

I swore a string of profanity that would have made the hardest sailor blush, and then I ripped the photo to shreds and burned them to ashes.

And then I went to XXXFantasy Gifts & Lingerie at the corner of Franklin and 22nd. I was absolutely miserable about it because I did NOT want to do it. For one thing, Tim was bound to notice this and ask questions. Shaving my kitty was one thing because he barely ever looked at me naked anymore, and even if he noticed I could just say I'd tried it and decided I'd liked it. But to get rid of all my old, sensible undies and replace them with God knew what "slutty" things...well, Tim was going to notice that. And what could I tell him? "Good Lord, he's going to think I'm having an affair!" I muttered as I dressed in the least sexy clothes I could think of: a baggy, shapeless sweatshirt, loose nylon sweatpants that didn't even hint at a female figure beneath, and an old pair of tennis shoes. I felt freakish as I drove to the store, because it had been a long time since I'd gone commando and the feeling of cool nylon on my fresh-shaved pussy was distracting at best.

For those of you who don't live in the Twin Cities, which I suppose is most of you, Franklin and 22nd isn't the greatest neighborhood. It's not precisely dangerous, but it's surrounded by dangerous areas and I felt like a duck in a shooting gallery as I parked my BMW in the parking lot behind the dingy but garishly decorated store and hurried around to the front entrance.

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XXXFantasy wasn't exactly a porn palace, but it was definitely a step or five below Victoria's Secret in terms of class. The clothes on display were trumpy, to be kind, and they had a whole section of sex toys that made me blush just to look at them.

I stood near the door, looking around in bemusement at the array of push up bras, sheer body stockings, corsets, crotchless panties, and things I couldn't even identify. This was where I was supposed to get my underwear?

A few seconds after I walked in I was approached by a pretty black woman who looked to be about 25. Her skin was very dark and her hair was styled in dozens of medium length bouncy curls. She was short but very curvy, with big boobs and wide, sexy hips, and she was dressed to show off her figure: a lavender minidress that came off both shoulders and clung to both chest and hip like a lover and a pair of very cute black pumps with a 3" heel. "Hi honey, I'm Petra," she said cheerfully. "Can I help you?"

"Hi," I said, feeling incredibly awkward. "I...um, I'm supposed to ask for Brandy?"

It may have been a knowing look that passed over her face then, but the smile didn't waver. She told me to have a look around while she went into the back, and a few moments later the door to the storeroom opened up and a stunning young woman came through. She was a redhead – natural, I knew at once – with the sort of features that ought to have been on a Grecian statue. She was tall and graceful, with long legs and delicate, long fingers, and something in the way she moved made me think of a panther. She was wearing a red and navy blue plaid schoolgirl skirt that barely covered her goodies, a little white tie-front top that drew the eye to her perky boobs and her bare, flat tummy, and a pair of sexy white maryjanes that put a wiggle in her walk. She might have been all of 19, but she knew how to use what she had. In fact she looked like a teenage boy's wet dream, and I couldn't help but wonder exactly what my son had done with her. "Hi, you're Angela?" she asked. Even her voice was sexy. "David told me to expect you. I'm Brandy."

"Hello," I replied. I wasn't exactly sure how much, or what, he had told this girl, so I was going to have to stay calm and hope she wasn't the judgmental sort.

"Pet, we're going to be in Dressing Room #1 for a while, OK?" Brandy said, turning and leading me toward the back of the store, and this time I know I saw Petra smirk. Brandy opened up the dressing room and told me to, "Go ahead and get undressed. David was pretty specific about what he wanted you to get and I went ahead and laid most of it out already. I'll be right back."

Left alone in the dressing room, I could only feel a sense of impending doom as I slowly and unwillingly removed the clothes I was wearing. I felt even more vulnerable than before now that I was naked. Somehow my new lack of pubic hair played into that, like I'd lost a layer of protection or something, and I tried to keep from looking in the mirror on the back of the door as I waited for Brandy to return. In those moments I had to wonder again why David even cared what kind of underwear I was wearing...unless, that is, he intended to see me in it. And if he intended to see me in it, the odds were he intended to see me out of it too. Well he'd already done that so there was no harm, even if it was weird; but what if he wanted to go further? This morning he'd treated me very indecently and he practically had me begging for more by the time he was done. Was my own son planning to make a habit of that? Did he want to...do more things to me? Even then I couldn't quite bring myself to conceptualize that he might want to have sex with me – it

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was just so wicked and unnatural. Surely, I reasoned, it couldn't be that? He was just tormenting me a little with his newfound power, that was all.

Minutes later Brandy came in with a veritable armload of underwear and set it on the bench. She gave my nude body an appreciative once-over and said, "We'll have you try some things on. David wasn't sure about your sizes...but he was sure you were a knockout, and he was right about that!"

"Um...thanks," I mumbled, trying to keep my hands covering my breasts and vagina. David had called me a knockout?

"Come on, don't be shy," Brandy laughed, pulling my hands down to my sides. "We both know he doesn't like shy women. How long have you known him?"

"Uhhhhmmm...quite a while," I said, feeling a flood of relief that he hadn't told her that I was his mother.

"And he's just now getting around to you? Lazy boy!" Brandy grinned. "If I were him I'd have gotten into your panties a long time ago. And speaking of panties, what do you think of these?"

I tried to ignore her insinuation as I looked at the underwear she held up. It was a sheer black G-string with a lacy heart at the back. "It's...pretty. Should I try it on?"

"I know it will fit you," Beck said, handing them to me. "I'm good with guessing sizes. But I want to see them on you. He said you were supposed to walk out of here looking ready to fuck and I'm sure neither of us want to disappoint him!"

"He said that?" I asked hollowly as I took the panties and stepped into them. I had to admit that they looked very, very sexy, and they felt terrific. They were so very much not what I was used to, because I've always been the sensible underwear sort and these were anything but sensible.

"Mmmmm," Brandy purred, looking at me front and back, "Me likey. Come on, let's try more things."

And there were more things, a bewildering variety of them. Sheer bras and panties were the most normal of it. She had me try on a red fishnet open-crotch bodystocking, shelf bras that left the breasts bare, and a black lace "teddy" that was nothing more than a sheer bra attached to some straps that held up a garter belt.

"So," Brandy mused as I climbed out of that last getup, "I see by the rock that you're married. What's your husband going to say when he sees all these naughty new undies?"

"I don't even want to guess," I said earnestly.

"Mmmm-hmmm, David has a way of making you not care about that kind of thing, doesn't he?" she chuckled. "He can really make you lose control."

Given everything that had happened in the last 24 hours, I had to admit that David certainly had taken control away from me. I also had to admit that Brandy seemed to be showing more than a professional interest in my body, a fact that was making me a little bit nervous. Not that I had anything against lesbians, but...well, you know how that sentence always gets finished.

After that came a blizzard of panties, all of them scandalously tiny, most of them see through, and more than a few with crotches that either opened at the tug of a string or were simply absent altogether. I blushed fiercely at that, wondering what my son's skilled fingers would do when they encountered such feeble barriers.

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Brandy was thoroughly enjoying the whole thing. She was watching my body like a particularly hungry hawk and it was difficult not to notice that her nipples were hard and that she kept licking her lips. More than once she took the opportunity to...um...help me adjust my clothing, and her fingers were getting friendlier and friendlier as we went. I was too intimidated to stop her, even when she squeezed my breasts as she took a bra off of me, even when she pressed against me from behind and squeezed both bare ass cheeks as I tried on a thong. I tried to ignore it the best I could, but I could tell that she was getting off on me pretending it wasn't happening, and she was going to get bolder and bolder until I drew the line...or I didn't.

I was trying on a very sexy little pushup bra when Brandy frowned. "You know, I don't like that," she said. "Take it off and let me try something." I did as I was told, but what she did was a little surprising: she took my breasts, one in each hand, and leaned forward. Her lips encircled my right nipple and she suckled it gently, drawing it into her mouth with easy pressure and making the nipple hard just about instantly – couldn't help it, it felt good. She flicked at the end of my nipple, teasing it with her tongue until it was as hard as it was going to get, and then she moved to the other breast and repeated the procedure. I stared down at her, her thick, gorgeous red lips sucking my breasts, and I was too stunned to do anything to stop her. This was the first time I had ever in my whole life been touched sexually by another woman, and it felt good in spite of how awkward and uncomfortable I felt. When both nipples were achingly hard and teased into life, she straightened up and locked eyes with me. "See how the bra looks now."

I pulled the bra on as Brandy moved behind me, encircling my waist with her arms and resting her head on my shoulder so we could look in the mirror at the same time. "There, doesn't that look better?" she whispered, her tongue flicking at my ear. "With your nipples hard and poking out like that, and your gorgeous titties just spilling out...mmmm, makes me want to get really naughty with you."

I admit my breath was coming a little harder than usual when I looked at her eyes in the mirror and stammered, "I don't...I mean...I never did anything..."

"With a girl?" Brandy chuckled, dipping her fingers into the bra and pinching the nipples she'd just suckled. Shivers of pleasure went through my body. "Oh, you will. David will insist on it."

"He will?" I asked as I unconsciously arched my back and pushed my breasts into her hands.

"Oh yeah, he wants all his girls to like girls," she whispered, undoing my bra and leaving me naked. "Believe me, you haven't lived until you've been on your elbows and knees with your tongue in some dime piece's pussy as David takes you from behind..."

The last image made me squirm out of her grasp and blush crimson. I took her hands reflexively to keep them from getting me any more worked up and said, "Um... maybe we ought to...keep...trying things on?"

Brandy's grin was wolfish as she moved her hands to my bare hips and held me there. "Before you leave this room, you're going to kiss me," she said, her voice low and seductive and wonderful. "You're going to kiss me and you're going to put your hands all over me, and maybe your mouth too, and you're going to do it because I'm going to make you want it, not because it's what David wants. You're going to do it because you're curious and horny and because there are walls inside you that are coming down and you just have to explore."

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I didn't know what to say to that, so I just nodded silently, though whether because I agreed or because I just acknowledged what she said, I had no idea. Brandy's reply was equally simple: she put her lips on my neck and began to nibble the skin of my throat in a way that made my knees wobble. My own hands found her shoulders and clutched. All I could do was close my eyes and loll her head back so she could keep kissing me like that.

Her hands were around me again, squeezing my ass and pulling me close to her. I could feel her nipples through her thin shirt and they were just as hard as mine. Part of me wondered how I could let this go on, yes, but that part was losing out to the part that found this all strangely thrilling. Here I was, naked as the day I was born in the changing room of a disreputable lingerie shop, getting kissed and groped by a gorgeous girl nearly young enough to be my own daughter, a girl who wanted me and who wanted me to want her in return. A girl who thought I was David's lover, not his mother. It was no wonder it all went to my head.

"Do you like the way it feels?" she whispered as she nibbled my throat.

"Yes." I couldn't deny it, my body wouldn't let me.

"You like being kissed by a girl?"

"Yes."

Apparently that admission was enough for her because she pulled back and gave me a brilliant, lustful smile, then reached down and picked up another item. It was a halter top of a sort, but the trim was made of black leather and the bra portion was an extremely sheer mesh. It closed down the middle, between the breasts, with silver snaps, and when it buttoned up it made a leather choker around the neck. "Here, let's put this one on."

"What kind of bra should I wear underneath this?" I asked as Brandy helped me into it: I say helped me even though she spent as much time playing with my breasts as hooking the thing up. I didn't even think of stopping her.

"Well that depends on where you're going," she grinned as she pinched my nipples. "To the grocery store, something black, either leather or lace. Out with David...nothing."

I moaned softly at what she was doing to me and asked, "Nothing? But it's completely see through!"

"Mmmm-hmmm," she purred, nipping my neck again. "David loves to show off his women, especially when they're like you."

"Like...like me?"

"You know, a little older than he is," she explained, and then chuckled. "I think he has a thing for his mom."

I blinked in surprise, though honestly I'm not sure why. At this point, that should have been pretty obvious. "He does?" I asked in a small voice.

"Yeah, isn't it hot?" she giggled. "A guy like David wanting to fuck his own mom! The way he describes her she's super hot, and he thinks she'd be an amazing lay."

"He does?" I was starting to sound like a simple parrot but the whole thing was too much to absorb all at once.

"Yeah, but he'll never get her." She nibbled my ear and whispered, "But he'll be thinking of her when he's fucking you nice and hard. I'll bet he'll be eating out of your hand if you pretend to be his mommy."

I moaned as she pinched my nipples again, but the images she was giving me were too powerfully perverse to fully accept. "Well...maybe," I whispered, unsnapping the halter and slipping it off. "What's next to try on?"

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Brandy smiled again and picked up an object. "How about these?"

I looked at them and arched an eyebrow. "Leather...panties?"

She giggled. "Yep, a G string." She sank into a crouch in front of me and for a dizzy instant I thought she would use her mouth on me...and I thought I might let her. Instead, though, she said, "Let me put them on you."

"Oh..." I whispered, half relieved and half disappointed. I lifted my feet one at a time and she slipped them on, then pulled them up my legs and snugged them against my pussy. I turned and looked at them in the mirror, and I had to admit that they were sexy as hell, but... "They aren't that comfortable."

"Oh, don't worry about that," Brandy said, reaching around and massaging my breasts again. "Once David sees you in it, you won't be wearing it long."

"Oh...super," I said, feeling dizzy. I kept getting these reminders that I wasn't doing this for me, I was doing it for my son who was blackmailing me. And here I was, getting achingly turned on by a young girl!

"There's a match," she went on, and soon had me strapped into a leather underwire bra that gave me good support even though it left the upper half of my nipples bare. "What do you think?"

"I think I look...slutty."

"Damn straight," Brandy chuckled, reaching down and squeezing my mound through my panties. "You look fantastic."

I looked at my reflection in the mirror, and after a moment I nodded. I did look fantastic. I looked sexy and smart and dirty, slutty from the neck down and refined from the neck up. I was a stunner.

And then my eyes drifted to Brandy's reflection, and they lingered on her stomach, on her long legs beneath her skirt, and then up to her face. She was an astonishing creature. Her eyes were huge and green, her hair perfectly red in the way that makes it glow in the light, her cheeks high and saucy, and her lips...her lips. They were full and round and pert, painted bright red. They were moist and soft and utterly, completely kissable.

I felt my sex clench.

It wasn't even a conscious act, what I did next. If I'd have thought about it, I'm pretty sure I'd never have done it. What happened was I turned in her arms, put my hands to her cheeks, and put my lips on hers.

My first kiss with a woman was a pretty damned good one. Brandy sighed and melted into me and I sighed and melted into her. Our lips parted and our tongues met in the middle, just the tips, moving against each other in a slow, gentle, soft dance that was so thoroughly erotic that I knew I needed more of it from the instant I felt it. Her hands moved down and took my ass again, squeezing the cheeks and pulling them apart, kneading them and then, wonderfully, slipping a long, clever finger underneath the strap of the leather G-string and caressing the delicate, ever so sensitive skin of my asshole. I moaned into her mouth and dropped my hands from her face to her shoulders. I knew, though, that the feel of cloth under my fingers wasn't enough – I wanted skin, I needed skin, I had to feel her without the skimpy little shirt in the way. I let my hands move down to the front of her top, to the place between her breasts where it was tied closed. A single, simple tug was all it took and her breasts were in my hands, soft, warm, nipples pert and digging into my palms. I loved it.

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Brandy seemed to like it too, because now it was her turn to moan, and she stabbed her tongue into my mouth like a cock fucking a pussy. Her grip tightened on my ass and she pulled me closer, grinding her pelvis against mine. Our lips were mashed together, our eyes were closed, our breath hot on each other's cheeks. I squeezed her nipples, both at the same time, and I marveled at the shudder that went through her in response. It was a strange but incredible feeling of power, to be able to make another woman react that way. I won't lie to you and say that I'd never even considered what it would be like to kiss and touch another woman – I think everyone, male and female, has fantasies about their own sex – but I'd never really been tempted to act on them. Now, though, I didn't think I could have stopped if Tim himself had come through the door and caught me red-handed, sucking Brandy's tongue and playing with her tits as she teased my ass.

Brandy's shirt hit the floor right about the same time my bra did, and our bare breasts pressed together. We were pretty much the same height, though she was a little taller with her heels on; still, she managed to make our nipples meet and tease each other, something that thrilled me to no end. It was amazing that I was doing this, and even more amazing that I didn't want it to stop. It wasn't precisely that it was a natural thing for me to be doing, not like it had been with Charlie when it had felt like something I'd always needed and never had. No, this was distinctly something I wouldn't normally do, but somehow that made it hotter. This was me crossing a boundary inside me, partially being dragged across it and partially of my own volition, and I was doing it because I was horny and because, right here and right now, I wanted Brandy. The odds were that an hour from now I'd be baffled at the erotic fugue that had driven me to this, but I didn't care. Brandy had made me want her and now I was going to have her.

I sucked on her tongue like my life depended on it, and then I sucked on her lips. I breathed deeply and took in the scent of the air she breathed onto my cheek and the smell of her arousal and mine. I took her hard, tight nipples between my fingers and squeezed, tugged, rolled. I moaned like a whore as she moved one hand around to my front and slipped it up inside the leather panties I was wearing, and I pushed against her fingers as she began to stroke my slit. My own hands were moving down, over the microskirt she was wearing and then up underneath; I squeezed her cheeks, firm and lovely, and then I hooked my fingers into the waistband of her thong and began to work it down over her perfect, generous hips – she had my pussy in her hand and I was going to return the favor.

Brandy slipped three fingers up inside me. I almost screamed into her mouth. It stretched me, yes, but it felt amazing too, and I was so wet they went in without resistance. At the same instant the other hand was teasing my asshole, then dipping down to my perineum to gather a bit of my moisture. Then, as she began to fuck me good and hard with her hand, a finger slipped into my ass and began to fuck me there too. I'd never, ever done anything with the ass (except had Charlie's wonderful, thrilling, perfect, amazing tongue) and feeling Brandy push a fingertip into me there was incredible. I began to fuck back, rocking my hips, pushing first onto the fingers slamming my cunt and then pulling back off of those and pushing back into the one in my ass; Brandy caught my rhythm almost instantly and started working her hands in time.

I'm afraid my own actions weren't as deft or as skillful as hers, but it was my first time touching any pussy but mine. I was definitely eager enough – her bare pussy felt incredible against my hand and it turned me on even more to think that I was doing something that had been unimaginable to me just an hour before. I let my fingers just

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explore at first, and I marveled at how different it was from touching a cock. Where a man was hard and demanding, a woman was soft and yielding. I let my mind drift to what Brandy had said before, how David liked to take a woman from behind while she was eating a pussy, and I allowed myself to entertain the notion – not with David, of course, but not with Tim either. I imagined being between Brandy and some faceless, brilliant man who was slamming my face hard into her crotch, and I imagined how much I'd enjoy it...

The pussy in front of me was enough for the moment, however. I explored her lips, so much like a flower's petals, so soft and so fragrant. I felt how her wetness coated my hand almost instantly, and I wondered how she would taste. I felt her heat as her sex swallowed two of my fingers, sucking them in and squeezing them. Her clit was hard against the heel of my hand and I moved against it like I liked to have a hand move against mine; her body told me to give it more pressure by the way she ground her hips into me, and so I put my other hand there as well, leaning into her to support myself as I fucked her with two, then three fingers of my left hand and rubbed her clit with the middle two fingers of my right.

My orgasm hit me hard, and if it wasn't as good as the ones Charlie had given me earlier, it was plenty good enough. I felt like it lifted me right up off my feet and slammed me down onto her hand, and I know I was saying something like, "Fuck me Brandy fuck my pussy fuck me fuck me fuck me!" and I was being way too loud about it – if any other customers were in the store there would be no doubt about what was going on in Dressing Room #1.

It took me longer to make Brandy cum, but I managed it. Brandy kept up her own fingering, front and back, while I fucked her pussy and rubbed her clit, and my orgasm died out and spun up into another, lesser but still intense. She was moaning just as loud as I was, and when she screeched, "Oh you dirty fucking cunt finger me FINGER ME!" and her pussy clamped down hard on my fingers, I knew I had her. I felt a surge of triumph – I had made a girl cum! – that made my own orgasm last a little bit longer...

And then we were together, naked from the waist up, me in wet leather panties and her in a skirt that was pushed up above her waist and her panties to her knees, leaning against each other because if either of us let go we'd both fall. The room smelled like pussy, like sweet, wonderful pussy. We both panted for several moments, and then we looked into each other's eyes and kissed again, a long, sweet, affectionate kiss, tongue on tongue, lip on lip, our hands moving idly over bare and sweating skin.

There was a knock on the door and Petra said, in an amused tone, "Hey Brandy, if you're done in there, the boss is on the phone and wants to talk to you. Want me to tell her you're too busy fucking a customer to get to the phone?"

Brandy and I both giggled, and pretty soon the giggles were uncontrollable. "I'd better take that," she managed.

"You'd better," I agreed, bending over and picking up her fallen top; when I was down there I put a kiss on her perfectly rounded and firm left ass cheek. I helped her tie her top and kissed her again, just a quick peck, as she opened the door. "Go ahead and try the rest of the stuff on if you want. It should all fit anyway. When I get done Pet and I will finish getting you dressed up the way David wants."

I was in a dreamy little space such that I actually smiled at that. "And what does David want?"

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“He wants you walking out of here looking good,” Brandy said simply, and then she was gone. I spent the next few minutes checking out the other things David had selected, and I had to admit that he had good taste. There were a couple of garter belts, eight or nine different sets of very sexy hosiery like Cuban heel thigh-highs and fishnets, a really lovely black and pink boned bustier with garters, a couple of lacy camisoles, a perfectly sheer red babydoll, and three pairs of gloves: black fishnet arm warmers that came almost to the shoulder, an elbow-length red lace set, and a cute pair of white wrist-length things. “Jesus,” I said to myself, looking over the assembled lingerie, “This is gonna cost a bundle. How am I going to keep Tim from asking about it?”

I didn't get a chance to answer the question, however, because Brandy came back, and brought Petra with her. At this point it didn't even occur to me to be shy about my nudity in front of Petra, or to resent the hungry look she gave me as her big dark eyes roved over me. “So, how are we going to send her back out on the street?” Brandy asked Petra. “Got any ideas?”

Petra looked me up and down and smiled. “Oh yeah, I have a few. She's getting a day outfit and a night one, right?”

“Yep, David wants her fit to take out and show off,” Brandy nodded.

“He does?” I asked, surprised.

“I told you he likes to show off his women,” Brandy smiled.

Petra went and got a top for me to wear. It was a really cute little thing, a black crop-top with a cinched waist and a truly daring cutout that showed a lot of tit. I thought it looked great, but I didn't think I could wear such a thing. The girls thought differently though, and they matched it up with a very tight red miniskirt that stretched across my hips and hugged my buns. “This is pretty unforgiving,” I said with something of a smile as I looked at it in the mirror. “I guess I'll have to wear a G-string under it.”

“Oh no,” Petra smiled, reaching down and giving my ass a squeeze. “You're not going to wear a thing underneath it.”

“You've got to be kidding me!” I said. “It barely covers my butt!”

“Think how naughty you'll feel then, walking around with your hot little pussy just barely covered,” Brandy pointed out, and I was sold. They matched it up with a pair of red patent leather pointed-toe pumps with 4-1/2” heels. Looking at myself in the mirror, I searched for a good word to describe what I saw, and finally I found one, one that my mother would use. “I look,” I said, “like a tart.”

Both girls had a laugh about that, and both girls seemed to enjoy stripping me out of the clothes. Petra took the opportunity to cop a feel of my breasts and I just smiled and gave her very impressive boobs a squeeze back. She grinned just as predatorily as Brandy had and said, “Next time you come back, I get to help you try things on.”

My eyes flared. I had never been with a black man, much less a black woman, and I found the idea of getting Petra out of her clothes to be a very interesting one indeed. Still, the fugue Brandy had put me in was starting to fade and the idea seemed more interesting in the abstract than in the actual. “It's a deal,” I told her, even though I honestly wasn't sure it was. “How about next week Tuesday, a week from today?”

She licked her full lips and nodded. “Come in early. We open at 10 and Brandy can cover the store for a hour or so.”

Trying to figure out whether to spend an hour alone with Petra kept me busy while she and Brandy picked out my evening wear. The other outfit was a simple red dress with

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long ruffled sleeves. It came down a couple of inches past my butt, which was good – I wouldn't be able to wear panties with this either, and it wasn't so liable to show off my kitty as the other skirt was. However, the neckline took a dive to an inch above my belly button, and the only thing keeping my tits from spilling out was a rhinestone clasp in front. It felt scandalous enough before they matched it up with shoes: black leather five inch pumps with locking ankle cuffs. I honestly doubted I'd be able to wear this out on the town without my son, but then I also didn't think I'd be able to wear the day outfit either. Petra and Brandy were most insistent, however (they even confiscated the sweats I'd worn in so I had no choice in the matter) and so they sent me out into the world in hooker shoes, a top that showed more than it concealed, and a skirt that pretty much showed my pussy with every step I took. Honestly, the way it rode up when I walked made modestly basically impossible, and with both hands full of lingerie I couldn't keep pulling the damned thing down so after a few steps I just set my shoulders and pretended I didn't notice the head-jerking looks of passersby as I walked around the block to my car.

On the drive home, the whole scene in the lingerie shop began to seem strange and unreal. My lust had faded to the point where I couldn't quite figure out why or how Brandy had turned me on so much. She was...well, she was a girl, and I didn't go for girls at all. All I could think was that the events of yesterday and this morning had left me a little out of my mind and I had simply lost myself for a bit. It just so happened that I lost myself when I was in the dressing room with Brandy. Regardless, I was myself again, feeling ridiculous in a new outfit that made me look like a prostitute, ashamed for having done what I did with Brandy, and aghast that I had made a date with Petra (which of course I now had no intention of keeping).

And one thing was for sure: I needed some sensible underthings. After all, even though David had taken all my underwear, he only said that I needed SOME slutty things, not ALL slutty things. And so on the way home I stopped off at my usual store, wriggled into a thong before I got out of the car, and bought half a dozen reasonable bras and a dozen new pairs of regular bikini panties. The salesgirl recognized me and commented on my wild outfit, but I just passed it off by saying I had been the victim of a practical joke at a baby shower for a close friend.

When I got home, Charlie greeted me at the door by stuffing his nose under my skirt and sniffing my pussy. I admit that I shivered more than a little at the recollection of what we had done together, but frankly I was in no mood. Besides, after long lickings yesterday and today and being frigged extensively by both my own son and a strange girl, my poor coochie needed a rest. I pushed him away, threw the first load of my new underwear in the washer, and got dressed for my afternoon run with the dog.

On the way home, I made sure to avoid the Anderson house!

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Chapter Three

May 9

The next few days were surprisingly quiet. The expected scene with David in the afternoon didn't materialize. Oh sure he looked through my new underwear but he didn't make me give him the fashion show I was dreading. He did have me model the two new outfits for him, but he let me change alone in my bedroom and didn't object that I wore panties underneath. His comments, while appreciative and complimentary, weren't rude or crude or even inappropriate – he just told me I looked good and the clothes were very flattering. My greatest relief was that he made no reference to my activities with Charlie or Brandy, and made no further mention of what he held over my head. I wasn't sure what to make of that, but I was grateful.

The first couple of days I didn't wear any of the new underwear, I didn't let Charlie so much as sniff my butt, and I didn't even look at David when I didn't need to. I guess I thought I could bring things back to normal, with normal being the way things were before I let Charlie lick me. All of the things that Brandy had told me about David wanting me seemed strange and unreal, and by Thursday my scene with Brandy seemed equally unreal. I remembered it, of course, in exquisite detail and I even found the recollection erotic, but it seemed as though it was the memory of a movie rather than something that had happened to me. I guess I was divorcing myself from those events, or at least trying to get back into the comfortable little shell where I'd spent my adult life.

One thing that didn't seem remote or unreal was Charlie. I tried not to think about his tongue and the orgasms he'd given me, but I found that recollections sneaked in at odd times and made me painfully, achingly horny in an instant. It happened several times a day, sometimes when I was alone in the house, sometimes when I was out running or doing errands, once during the family dinner, once when I was in bed chatting with Tim before we went to sleep. Each of those times it was such a vivid recollection that it felt like I was there, like I could close my eyes and feel Charlie's tongue filling my sex or lapping my ass; I could feel his heat and his fur, smell his breath and my own arousal, and I knew that if I touched myself just a little I would cum wildly. I managed to control myself each time, except for when I was in the shower on Thursday after my run. I was shaving my pussy and the memory hit me, and before I even knew it I was stroking myself; I came screaming in a few seconds, then came again a few minutes later.

Yes, I kept shaving my pussy. The fact is, after so much resistance to it for so long, I legitimately loved it. I loved the feel of being clean down there, I loved the way I felt in my underwear, and I even started to like the way I looked, with my little slit naked and obvious between my legs. The fact was that by Thursday night I had started to think of shaving as my own idea.

And as for being lewdly fondled and fingered by my own son, well, I simply pretended that didn't happen.

Wednesday and Thursday I didn't wear any of the scandalous underwear David had forced me to buy. It sat, folded and neat, in my drawer next to the new, sensible things I had always preferred. Every time I opened that drawer I glanced at it, took some of my preferred underwear, and then closed the drawer again and didn't give it another thought. I

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guess I just wanted to act like it wasn't there, like I hadn't gotten myself into the fix I was in, and for a couple of days anyway I managed it.

Tim found out I was shaving on Thursday night. Frankly, I'm surprised he noticed for all the attention he'd paid my body over the past few years. He had gone up to bed early and was reading a novel when I came up and undressed for bed. I didn't even think of it, that's how much I had absorbed shaving, but as I was putting my nightgown on (the same one I'd been wearing when David had fingered me on Tuesday, though I'd washed it since) he glanced at me and said, "Hey, that's a new look."

For a moment I was honestly puzzled. "What is?"

He bobbed his head at my crotch and grinned. "Baldy."

"Oh!" I said with a laugh...and then it occurred to me that maybe, just maybe, this was something he might like. It wasn't as though Tim even turned me on any more and I'm honestly not sure I even wanted to have sex with him, but...well, it's good for a woman's ego to have her husband want to fuck her, and it's pretty hard on it when he doesn't. So, holding my robe up above my waist, I sashayed my way over to the bedside and asked, "What do you think?"

Tim looked at it, then looked up at me. "I like it," he said with a smile. "It suits you. But I thought you were against shaving down there."

"Well, I was," I nodded, reaching down and running my fingers over my bare mound. "But I got a wild hair, so to speak, and I decided to give it a try. Once I tried it, I decided I liked it."

"I like it too," Tim said with a smile...and then he went back to his novel, and that was that. I went to sleep and had a dream about Brandy.

The next day I ran errands in the morning and then did my run with Charlie early because I was going over to my mom's for lunch. On the way back on the run I decided to take the route past the Andersons' place, where all this began. I'd avoided it for the past few days but part thought that avoidance was just silly...and part of me wanted to see if it would happen again. Unfortunately Nosey wasn't out and Charlie passed the yard by without a second look. I felt vaguely disappointed.

After my shower I went into my bedroom and pulled out the outfit I was going to wear to see my mom: a modest spring blouse and a pair of jeans (it was just cool enough that I didn't want to wear shorts that day). I opened my underwear drawer and took a sensible bra and pair of panties...and then stopped. Slowly, cautiously, I took another look at the sexy things my son had made me purchase. I hadn't worn any of them, except when I modeled the outfits for him, and it suddenly struck me as a little absurd that all these perfectly good clothes were just sitting there going to waste. After all there was nothing wrong with a grown woman wearing them...and besides, who would know? And so I picked up a sheer, lacy black bra that felt wonderful against the skin, and a pair of black satin panties that had a crotch that tied closed. Deliberately I slipped them on and looked at myself in the mirror. Honestly, I can't tell you I disliked what I saw. It looked so much sexier than what I normally wore, and that made me feel sexier too. I thought once more of Brandy and what we'd done in the changing room the first time I saw these articles, and I felt my pussy give a little twinge. I thought of Petra expecting me on the coming Tuesday and my nipples hardened inside my bra. Sure, I still had no intention of going through with our "date," but I had a few not unpleasant moments wondering what she would look like if I peeled her out of her clothes and contemplating whether she might use her mouth on

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me...or whether I'd use mine on her. It was all a harmless fantasy, of course; I wouldn't actually go back there and meet her.

I have to say, it was oddly thrilling to have lunch with my mom while wearing those scanty underclothes. My mom has always been a modest woman and she raised me to dress modestly too, and it didn't matter if the clothes were the ones people saw or the ones next to your skin. If she'd have known that I was wearing a see-through bra over hard nipples and crotchless panties over a freshly shaven twat she'd have turned purple; if she'd have even suspected what I did with Brandy, or Charlie, or God forbid David, she'd have exploded. But she didn't know, and somehow having those scandalous secrets suddenly felt very good. I didn't even realize I was smirking until she asked me why I was smiling like the cat that ate the canary; for a moment I had the terrible, wonderful thought of what her face would look like if I asked her if she'd ever let her pussy get licked by a dog, and that made my smile all the bigger. Instead, of course, I just told her how proud I was of Laurel and everything she was doing in school. I don't know that she believed it, but she accepted it.

I have to say at this point that both my parents are truly wonderful people. They're very salt of the earth types, very blue collar, just like the neighborhood I grew up in and they still lived in. My mom is a sweetie who was raised by a conservative Christian family, and even though she dropped the religious beliefs as soon as she was old enough to make her own decisions, she still believes in a certain sense of decorum and proper behavior. She was always a pretty, petite little thing, just an inch over five feet, and I think she can still fit into the same Size 0 dress she wore to her senior prom. I got my blonde hair from her. She never once discussed sex with me or my brothers and sister when we were growing up; in fact, we were the only evidence that she ever thought about the subject at all. Well...that's not quite true: when we were kids, my sister Sue and I snooped in her closet and found a vibrator that looked as though it had been used a fair bit; still, in spite of the evidence in front of us, Sue and I couldn't quite imagine our mom writhing in sexual ecstasy, and I think we both silently resolved never to think of the topic again.

My dad has spent his life working in the rail yards in St. Paul and he has the scars and hard, muscular body to prove it. He's a simple enough guy who likes a beer after work and a football game on the weekend. He was never demonstrative when I was growing up but he always worked very hard to support me and my brothers and my sister and I always knew that he would be there for me; he didn't even yell at me when I got knocked up in my senior year of high school. He's in his 50s, yes, but he still has the rugged good looks that made him the masturbatory fantasy of more than one of my girlfriends when I was growing up, and it's only been accentuated by his silvering hair. He's the one I got my body from, I think, with my solid build and my height. Where my mom was prim and proper, dad was profane and even jovial when he'd had a few.

Anyway I had a very nice lunch with my mom and as we ate that naughty part of my mind kept telling me about what I'd done in the last few days, just a little whisper in the back of my head that kept me a tiny bit aroused. On the way home I was squirming in my seat just a little bit when a big semi pulled up alongside and held its position. After a few moments I looked up and saw a kid in the passenger seat – I'd guess he was maybe 21 or so, and he was nothing special to look at. All I really remember about him is that he had kind of an embarrassing straggly teenage beard and a big smile as he leaned out the

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window. I couldn't hear a word he said, of course, because my window was rolled up; still, I didn't need to hear to read his lips: SHOW ME YOUR TITS!

I just laughed and waved. I mean, it's hardly a unique compliment because he probably does that to ever woman he passes, and pretty much every woman between the ages of 14 and 60 gets that all the time. As they say, it's a man's world. Anyway, I assumed he would just drive on and that would be that...except it wasn't. The truck stayed right alongside and the kid kept laughing and shouting for me to show him what I had.

So I did.

That makes it sound a lot simpler and less amazing, for me, than it was. Like I say, I've been subject to that kind of thing plenty of times, just like any other woman, and I've never, ever in my whole life done anything about it except either smile or scowl (as the mood hit) and drive on. I was about to do the same here when something stopped me. I wasn't sure what it was except that I was feeling frisky and more attractive than I had, well, maybe ever before this week. And the fact is that I didn't really think about it because I was unbuttoning my blouse before I even knew my hand was moving. When I did realize it I could have stopped, but I realized that I just didn't want to. It was like it had been with Brandy. Suddenly I just wanted to do something that was completely unlike me, and so I did it. I opened my blouse, and, as the kid watched and hooted gleefully, pulled it aside to show the left cup of my sheer black bra. Then, feeling quite giddy with sudden excitement and horniness, I pulled down the cup and popped my boob out. I looked up at the kid and he was leaning out the window, smiling like an ape and pounding the side of the truck with both hands. I grinned back at him, gave my hard nipple a long, luxurious, thrilling tug, and then hit the accelerator. The BMW left the truck far behind, and I was laughing with wonder and disbelief as I tucked myself back in. I felt like I was 18 again.

I got home just less than an hour before the kids did. Laurel and David both got back at around the same time because Laurel didn't have practice. I was happy that I wasn't home alone with my son; I was sure that with Laurel in the house he'd never try anything. It was a huge relief that I could take some time and draw a breath and actually try to figure out all the madness that I had been through that week. It was enough to make my head swirl and I was glad to have the weekend, when Laurel and Tim would be around and David wouldn't dare try anything funny, to let my mind catch up.

Or at least, I told myself that I was glad. But the thing was, even then, I was still wearing the underwear David had made me buy, and I was loving it as much as I loved my shaved pussy. David hadn't forced me to make out with Brandy, he wasn't even there. And certainly nobody but me had anything to do with the flashing incident on the highway. And as for Charlie, well, not even in my hopes could I so much as pretend that being sexual with him didn't answer some deep and soul-seated need inside of me, or that I would be able to stop doing it even if David never brought it up again. It wasn't as though I laid all that out for myself as Laurel and David walked through the door, but I was aware, on some level, that my wishes for a return to the way things were was a lie.

Of course, I strongly doubted that David would let things return to the way they had been anyway, not when he had as much dirt on me as he had. I didn't believe Brandy's line about him wanting to fuck me – at least I told myself I didn't – but I knew he was enjoying putting me through my paces and humiliating me, and I was pretty certain he'd want more money to keep his yap shut. I wouldn't have been surprised at further lewd advances and I was honestly expecting him to grope me again, but I didn't believe it was

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out of lust for me. I figured it was just his way of being a shithead. But after all, I'd gotten used to him being a shithead, and I could survive a groping even if it was from my own son. Besides, I'd gotten a shaved pussy and some new underwear out of the deal.

Anyway, David barely said a word to me when he and Laurel came in, he just grunted his usual non-greeting, grabbed the leash, and took Charlie for a walk. That wasn't all that unusual, and Charlie always enjoyed going out as often as anyone is willing to take him. Laurel watched him go as she shucked her backpack and, when the door was closed, gave an exasperated sigh. "I know you keep telling me I'm supposed to love him because he's my brother," she said, "but he's, like, a complete butthead."

I could only smirk. "Yeah, he is. Just another year and he's out of here though. We can all last another year."

"If he doesn't get arrested first," she grunted, sitting down on the sofa next to me. "What's his problem anyway? I mean, why doesn't he like anyone?"

I paused and chose my words carefully. "I think...I think that your brother is a dangerous person, Laurel. Maybe not to us, but then...well, maybe to us too. I think it's best if you kept as much distance from him as you can."

Her eyebrow arched. "OK, that's ominous. Something you want to share?"

"Nnnnnoooooo," I said, trying to sound casual and almost, kinda, sorta succeeding. "But you know how he is. Dad and I have tried everything to shape him up and nothing's worked. You know the police have sniffed around him sometimes—"

"You know I've seen him selling stuff at school," Laurel interrupted with a deeply disapproving frown. "Crack, X, meth. I mean, not even just weed."

"There's nothing 'just' about marijuana," I put in.

"No I know, but he's selling hard stuff. Right in school, I've seen him with my own eyes. He's gonna get caught one of these days."

"Maybe. Probably." I hoped, and soon. That was a terrible thing for a mother to think about her own son, but I had long since stopped believing that I could break him of his ways. Only the hard world could do that, and the sooner it happened the better for everyone. Including me, of course, but especially David. He had all the tools he needed to be a success in almost anything he tried, but he wasn't trying anything good. Maybe some time in jail would cure him of that. Almost certainly not, but maybe.

"And there was a rumor going around that someone saw him making out with Mrs. Tate."

"Mrs. Tate?" I asked, feeling surprise and unease mingling in my stomach. "She's the physics teacher, right?"

"Well it sounds like she was teaching him biology," Laurel quipped modestly, "but yes, she's the science teacher. The blonde one who kind of looks like you if you were like four inches shorter and a few pounds heavier? Not like she's fat or anything, I don't mean that."

"No, of course not," I mumbled, trying not to think of what that implied about David's desires.

"And it's not only that she's his teacher, but she's married! And she's OLD!" Laurel said disgustedly.

I couldn't help but bristle a bit, even though I did it with a smile. "She's not as old as me."

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"Yeah but you knew George Washington when he had dark hair," my daughter deadpanned, and I punched her in the shoulder. We both laughed. "But you know what I mean. I mean, if she was like just out of college it would be one thing but she's got like three kids and a husband and she's old enough to be his mother."

I ignored that last part despite the images it put into my mind. "Do you know he was fooling around with her?" I asked carefully. "Because if you do..."

"No, it's one of those, 'I heard somebody saw' kinda things. You know David doesn't get caught doing things he shouldn't be doing. He just does them and other people get caught."

"Well, enough about him," I said with a slightly forced laugh, hoping I wasn't sounding like I was avoiding the topic. "What about you? What's new? What teacher are you making out with?"

She stuck her tongue out at me. "Gross, my teachers are all old women or lumpy middle aged guys with, like, doughy skin. I don't even want to think about it. Anyway, I'm looking forward to the party at the Kushner's tomorrow. I can't wait to see Tony Sullivan."

I couldn't help but grin. Matt Kushner, whom Tim and I known since high school, and his wife Sharon always throw a big party the second Saturday in May and invite all the old high school buddies and their families. Tim and I love it because it gives us a chance to reconnect with old friends, and Laurel loves it because there are several cute boys there around her age and she's always had a crush on them. The biggest crush was on Tony Sullivan, who is the son of Pete Sullivan and his wife Marites, whom he met in the Philippines when he was in the Navy. Tony is a gorgeous kid with the build of a dancer (which he is), big eyes, and skin warm and brown and lovely. He's as sweet as the day is long, but, well, he bats from the other side of the plate, if you follow me. "I'm sure he can't wait to see you too."

She brightened. "You really think so?"

"Sure," I nodded, completely deadpan. "You can compare notes on boyfriends."

"MOOO-O-O-OM!"

"What?" I asked innocently.

"Tony is not gay!"

I gave her my best incredulous stare. "Honey."

"Gah!" she uttered, plugging her ears and la-la-laing for several seconds while I laughed at her. When she stopped she asked, "Can I borrow some of your clothes for tomorrow? I want to look cute no matter what you say."

"You always look cute, but it will be lost on Tony."

"Maybe so, but I'd still like to borrow an outfit."

I gave her a knowing look. "Like a certain blue blouse that shows a little too much cleavage for a 15 year old?"

She grinned a little sheepishly, but I couldn't blame her. If I'd have had tits like that at 15, I'd have shown them off too. "Mmmmaybe," she replied. "I have a pair of shorts that would look really cute with it."

"We'll see," I replied. "Either way, we'll have you looking nice for Tony."

"Thanks mom."

"Who will ask to borrow your blouse?"

"Now you're just being mean."

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I couldn't help but grin. "Yes I am. So...what else have you heard about what your brother is doing?" I asked, somehow unable to stay away from the topic. "Anything else I ought to know about?"

She shrugged and grunted, "Ugh, the jerk. He's always going out with like six different women and they're always at least a few years older. One of the basketball cheerleaders, this girl named Nancy Opsahl, word is that he got her pregnant this year and her parents made her quit school so they could home-school her."

"Word is?"

"Word is," Laurel said with a shrug. "I guess her parents have been really hard on her trying to get her to say who the father is. She won't say but she swears up one side and down the other that it wasn't David, even when she's not asked if it was him."

"Which means it was him."

"Probably," Laurel agreed. She frowned and asked, "Mom, what is it about him that makes people want to lie and cheat for him even after he's fu...um, screwed them over?"

I ignored her near-slip up and replied, slowly, "Well honey, some people find your brother very charming. You know how he can be when he wants something."

"Yeah, he's like really persuasive and stuff," Laurel nodded. "But, I learned when I was like seven not to trust him. I mean, how many times does the guy have to lie to you before you cut him loose?"

"I don't know."

"And now he's like totally messed Nancy Opsahl's life up, and she's still lying for him," she went on. "And she's not the only one. There are guys in jail for stuff David put them up to, or who knows, stuff David actually did. How can someone so bad make people be so loyal to him?"

I shook my head slowly. "I guess...well, some people just have the Devil's tongue. No matter how bad they are they can get people to follow them. No matter what they do to those people, those people stay loyal. I don't know, I can't explain it either."

There was a pause with both of us lost in thought, and then Laurel added, "He must be really good if he can get all those older women and twist them around like he does."

I blushed bright red as I thought of how my son's fingers felt in my sex. Yes, yes, he was VERY good. Thankfully Laurel was looking down at the floor and didn't see my flush or the way I wiggled on a pussy that was suddenly and shamefully wet with remembrance. "I guess he must. But we probably shouldn't..." I let my sentence trail off.

"I know!" Laurel said. "God, gross. I don't even want to think about him doing anything with, like, anybody."

I could almost feel his fingers inside me again, the way they had moved so skillfully, so perfectly, how he had awakened every nerve in my pussy and made me gasp and moan and open myself to him. His touch had been incredible. I had been so opposed to him touching me that way, and he had simply overwhelmed all my objections with those clever, strong fingers and brought me to the edge of an orgasm I desperately had not wanted to have. I remembered the way my body had felt when he stroked me there, how my cunt had sucked at his fingers when he took them out of me –

I was so aroused my panties were wet and my nipples were making points in my blouse when Laurel, after a few moments of hesitation, said, "Mom, can I ask you something?"

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That didn't sound good, but it at least snapped me out of my reverie. "Of course honey, you can ask me anything."

She looked at me, then looked down again and asked, very quietly, "How are you and dad doing?"

Oh dear. "We're...fine," I said. "Why?"

"Oh, just...wondering."

"No, that wasn't a just wondering question," I replied, reaching over and taking her hand. "What's on your mind, honey?"

"I just...well, you know, I...I've heard you talking to Aunt Sue and it kind of sounds like things aren't so great."

Fuck. Fuckity fuck fuck. It's not that I don't complain about Tom to people I confide in, but I always try to do it when I'm alone with them out of the house to keep prying ears from overhearing. The only exception, ever, was sometimes with my sister Sue. Sue and I have always been best friends and sometimes where we get going on the phone I suddenly find that I've been complaining about my husband (or other things) for half an hour without knowing who in the house might have heard what. It was mostly just stuff that any married mother would complain about, no more and no less, but I could understand how that might sound worse than it was to a teenage girl. "No honey, there's nothing wrong," I assured her, giving her hand a squeeze. "It's just there will always be problems when two people are married. A good marriage is about working through the problems when they come up."

Her worried eyes met mine. "And you and dad have a good marriage?"

"I think we do, sure."

"I was just wondering...you know...if there were any problems."

"Well of course there are, but like I say, any two people will have problems."

"No, I mean like...problem problems." Her voice was quavering a bit and her eyes were shining. This was obviously terribly hard for her to talk about. "Like, problems you aren't solving."

"Well...what do you mean? Obviously something's on your mind."

"Yeah," she said reluctantly, "I mean I overheard you and Aunt Sue talking about some stuff. Like...sex stuff. With you and dad."

My stomach dropped but I tried to keep it from showing on my face. Laurel was scared and I had to seem confident for her even if I was petrified by this conversation.

"Yes?"

She nodded. "And how, like, he doesn't. Like, at all."

And now we had come to it. I could only admit it and try to reassure her. "No, he doesn't much. He hasn't for a long time. But it's not the end of the world. There are a lot more parts to a marriage than that."

She nodded and did not look reassured. "You were telling Aunt Sue how it was driving you crazy, how you wanted it and he never did."

"It's...frustrating, yes, but it's nothing for you to worry about," I told her calmly and gently. "I've dealt with it for a long time and I can keep dealing with it. It's not anything I can't handle."

"It was just...you said to Aunt Sue...that you sometimes looked at other guys," she whispered, eyes downcast, and suddenly I remembered the conversation she had overheard. I had knocked back half a bottle of wine after dinner about four months ago, something I

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almost never do, and I had watched “An Officer and a Gentleman” and I was so horny that I could feel my fingernails wanting to cum. Most other women could just have gone to their husbands and demanded a good, hard fuck followed by a lengthy wordless cuddle and sleep, but not me. Oh, I could have gotten the cuddle from Tim but without the fuck there wasn't going to be sleep. And so I called Sue and vented. I thought I was alone downstairs, but I guess I was wrong.

“Well...sure, I look sometimes,” I admitted, and then I lied: “But that's all I do is look, honey. Sometimes you can't help that when...when you're frustrated.” I wasn't going to tell her about my brief affair, and I certainly wasn't going to tell her about this week! “You look and then you think and then you don't act on it.”

For some reason, though, my words weren't exactly reassuring her, and she was openly fighting back the tears now. “I just...I don't want you and dad to split up. Most of my friends' parents are split up and I just...I want you and dad to stay together.”

“We will,” I told her, and once more squeezed her hand. “We're not going anywhere, either one of us.”

She wiped away a tear with her free hand and looked at a spot on the ceiling somewhere behind me. “I was just wondering...you know...mom, are you...are you having an affair?”

I felt an icy shiver flow through me and I tried to tamp it down and not think of David's fingers, or Brandy's kiss, or Charlie's tongue. “No honey, I'm not,” I told her, my voice curiously calm. “Why do you ask that?”

“I was...last night...I was wondering...you know, about that blouse,” she told me hesitantly, “and about a bra that would, like...look good with it.”

Oh no. “You were?”

She nodded. “And so I went into your drawer, to look for the bra...”

“And you found my new underwear,” I finished for her, and she nodded miserably. “Well, I wish you'd have asked before you went into my dresser, but I can understand why that would rattle you.”

She raised her eyes to meet mine. “If you aren't having an affair and you and dad don't...do anything, why do you have that stuff?”

It was an excellent question for which I had no answer – at least no answer I could even think about giving my daughter. So I did the only thing I could do: I lied. “When you get to my age,” I told her, going slowly so I could keep my mind ahead of my own falsehood, “you want to feel sexy. It's a lot easier when you're 20 or 25 than when you're 35. And it's a lot easier when there's someone telling you that you're desirable and acting like you're desirable, but I don't have that. I wish I did, but I don't. And so I bought some things that make me feel sexy when I wear them.”

Laurel nodded, but still looked perplexed. “But...like...why?” she asked. “If you feel sexy and don't have...”

“An outlet?”

“Yeah.”

“Well...I have an outlet,” I said. “Remember when we had the talk about masturbation and how it was OK?”

“Oh oh oh, oh wow, that's enough,” Laurel said hastily, holding up both hands in surrender. “I guess I don't need to know specifics. It's just you...you wear that stuff and

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it...gets you...and then you..." I nodded and she looked baffled. "So...wait, that's all it takes? You just wear a sheer bra and you...you know...have to...you know..."

On second thought, that didn't seem so probable. In fact, it sounded downright stupid now that I considered it. I have never been a very good liar, and it tripped me up again. "Well," I said, trying to stay calm as I scrambled for another excuse that wouldn't make the first one seem like a lie, "that's not all I do, I guess. I mean..."

She waited and then finally asked, "What?"

I didn't have a good answer so I said the first thing that came into my mind: "Sometimes I show them." As soon as I said it, I cringed inside. What the hell? I told my daughter I was a flasher? What was I THINKING? She was going to think I was a pervert and –

"Wow," she said, a slow and mischievous smile crossing her face. "Really? What do you do?"

"Well I don't think I ought to –"

"Oh no, you're not backing out now!" she cut me off with an eager laugh. "Come on, this is too cool. You have to tell me what you do!"

I was a bit taken aback by that reaction and it showed. I stammered for a bit and then said, "Well sometimes I just show it, that's all. Sometimes I...show it..."

Now it was Laurel's turn to squeeze my hand. "Come on, tell me one thing you did!"

I shifted and wondered how the hell I had gotten into this situation, and how the topic could be changed. Unfortunately I couldn't see any way to redirect the conversation because Laurel was nothing if not stubborn and she'd keep pestering me even if I told her to stop. So...the truth this time. Even though we were home alone I found myself whispering as I said, "Today on the highway I flashed a trucker."

"You didn't!" Laurel laughed, obviously delighted.

"I did," I nodded, trying to smile even though the conversation had suddenly taken a weird and uncomfortable turn. "But you don't want to hear about that."

"Oh my God, yes I do!" Laurel countered, tugging my hand. "Tell me! Geez!"

"There was a trucker who wanted me to, well you know..."

"Yeah, I get that all the time," Laurel chuckled, and I could see why, with her figure. "But I just ignore them."

"Well I do too, usually!" I replied, a bit defensively. It was weird, being interrogated by my own daughter about showing my boob in public! "This time, though, I don't know why, I just...did it."

"What did you do exactly?" she demanded, and I even though she was smiling I noticed an intensity in her eyes that I found a little puzzling, mostly because it was so out of place. Had I seen it in David's eyes I wouldn't have been surprised, but I had never seen that sort of...well, excitement I guess, from my daughter. "You have to tell me. You can't tell me part of this and not tell me the rest!"

I sighed and shrugged. "I just unbuttoned my blouse and showed them my bra."

"And?"

God she was a perceptive little shit sometimes. "And my breast. I pulled the bra cup down."

I was NOT going to tell her I had played with my nipple.

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Laurel seemed thrilled with what I had told her. She asked me again what I had done and I told her again, this time finishing with a stern, "But just because I did it doesn't make it right. It's dangerous and stupid, and if I hear about you doing anything like that I'll dress you in a burlap sack until you're 18, do you hear me?"

"Oh, I won't do that, that's not my style," Laurel laughed easily, then added with a hint of naughtiness, "but I love it that you do."

I blushed this time, a real and genuine blush that pinkened my face. "Why?" I asked. "You don't think I'm disgusting?"

"God no, I think it's so hot!" Laurel laughed, taking me by the shoulders and shaking me a bit for emphasis. "I'd love to see you do it sometime, to see people's reactions!"

"Oh no, that's going a little too far!" I told her. "I can't even believe I told you, and there's no way I'm giving a demonstration!"

She nodded, but the mischievous look remained. That should have been a tip-off for what happened later, but I was so relieved when she changed the subject a second later that I willed myself not to think about it anymore. We started talking about her school clothes and her perennial campaign for nicer shoes, and then we were off on a very pleasant conversation that moved, as conversations do, from friends to distant relations to food to where we were going for this summer's vacation to a dozen more topics. We were still talking an hour later when Tim walked through the door and I realized I'd completely forgotten to start dinner. Laurel was off the couch in a flash giving her usual affectionate hug, and he still had his arm around her waist when he came over and gave me my usual kiss on the cheek. Heaven forbid I got some tongue from him occasionally. "How was your day?" he asked, and Laurel shot me a knowing look as I said, "Oh fine, but I got so carried away talking with our little chatterbox here that I spaced making anything to eat."

"Noooooo!" Tim wailed in mock distress, then laughed. "Well, I guess we'll have to get Chinese then. I'd kill for some shrimp lo mein."

"Who would you kill, daddy?" Laurel asked.

"My boss, to start with," was his cheerful reply. "We'll see who I can get to after that."

"Tough day?" I asked him, taking him by his hand and pulling him onto the sofa next to me as Laurel sat on his other side and crossed her legs under her.

"I guess so," he replied, taking my hand with his left hand and Laurel's with his right. He's always been a touchy, huggy sort. I just wished he was the fucking me senseless sort too. "We got into it today about Clarksfield."

I nodded. Clarksfield was a major new office and retail space slated to be going up in Bloomington, not all that far from the Mall of America. It was Tim's pitch that had convinced Clarksfield and Co., the consortium who were building the development, of the firm's ability to design and build the thing. But ever since then, Tim's boss Frank Grabowski had been interfering with Tim's work on it. Tim's an easygoing guy as a rule, but if you mess with him the way Frank was messing with him, well, you got his blood up. Once his blood was up, he didn't back down. "Is he still threatening to take you off the project?"

"Oh, he hauls out that clown hammer whenever I draw the line on one of his stupid ideas," Tim replied dismissively. "But we both know that Clarksfield only trusts me to run the thing. He's full of hot air and on this one and I don't let him blow it on me."

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"Just you be careful," I warned him solemnly. "In times like these you don't want to be looking for a job, not when we have two kids and a mortgage."

"If things get tight we can always tap into David's college fund," Laurel piped in brightly. "I doubt he'll be using it."

Tim frowned – David was a terrible disappointment to him, even if he'd stopped complaining about it years ago – but he also nodded. "True enough, that. There's, what, a hundred fifty thousand in there. That could keep us going for a while."

"Just Don't Get Fired!" I told him, capitalizing each word with my tone and punctuating it with squeezes of his hand. "We can't afford it, now or ever."

That earned me another kiss on the cheek. "Don't worry, sugar. Frank won't do anything. We've been sparring like this since I got into the company and if he was going to drop the axe on me he'd have done it a long time ago, not when 750 million bucks is on the line. It'll be fine."

"It had better be, or I'll have to sell plasma," I quipped. Behind Tim, Laurel grinned and mouthed "BECOME A STRIPPER," and I blushed like a schoolgirl.

David brought Charlie back a few minutes before Tim got back from the Chinese place. My son was grinning wickedly and I feared the worst, but I didn't know what he could have gotten up to with the dog keeping him company. Charlie seemed pooped and went and laid down on his bed as David tossed a much-chewed Frisbee into the closet. "What's for dinner?"

"Dad's bringing back some Celestial Garden," I replied as I laid out the plates. "Did you and Charlie have a good time in the park?"

"A great time," he answered, pulling a Diet Coke out of the fridge. "Where's the brat?"

"Your sister is upstairs," I answered. "She's doing a little homework before dinner."

He leaned up against the kitchen counter and leered at me. "So whatcha got on underneath there?" he asked.

"None of your damned business," I snapped, turning away and making to leave the room. He caught me by the arm, though, and gave me a squeeze that was just this side of painful. "Don't put up a fight on this," he told me, his smile still on his face and his eyes shining with joy but his voice threatening and low. "I've already had my fingers up inside that sweet, tight, juicy little pussy of yours. Is this really where you want to try to draw a line?"

"You're a shit," I told him venomously.

His smile didn't waver. "Show me what you have on."

My scowl was brutal but he was right and I knew it. I listened a bit and heard Laurel's studying music faint through the floor, and I didn't hear Tim coming home. Fine, he could have what he wanted. I unbuttoned my blouse, quickly and as unsexily as I could, and held it open so he could see my nipples through my sheer black bra. A second later I had my jeans unbuttoned and pulled down over my hips.

"Oh, crotchless, I like that," my son nodded approvingly. "Turn around and show me your ass." All I wanted to do was get this over with so I didn't put up any more fuss, I just turned and stood with my back to him. All that was on the back of these panties was a little triangle of cloth above my ass and one silky strap over each cheek so it showed my butt pretty well, but at this point that was the least of my concerns. I wanted to get his sick

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little voyeur show over and done with before either Tim or Laurel saw it. I didn't even flinch when he put his hand on my ass and squeezed my cheek. I did flinch, though, a second later when that hand moved down between my legs and fingers began to trace my slit. "You fucking pig!" I snapped, and tried to storm away as best I could with my jeans around my thighs –

And then my son grabbed me by the upper arm and slammed me against the fridge. It wasn't hard enough to knock the breath out of my body but I was so shocked that I was immobilized as he pressed his hard young body to mine and slipped his other hand down my front and started to open the crotch of my panties. "I say when we're done, mom," he told me, his voice a whispered threat. "Not you, not anybody else but me. If I want to see your underwear or your body, you show it to me." His deft fingers slipped inside my panties and touched my cleft, lightly and teasingly stroking up and down. "And when I want to touch you...I touch you."

I hated him for it, and for many other things, but he knew how to touch me. Good Lord, he knew how to touch me. I closed my eyes as the first ripples of pleasure started coursing through my body. I didn't want him to see what he was doing to me echoed back in my reactions. "You'd better stop," I whispered. "Your sister is just upstairs and your father will be back any minute."

Two fingertips, one either side of my clit hood, began to rock and put pressure on the little bud inside, and my clit began to react, to grow and throb and pulse and send out the most sinful and delicious sensations all through me...but most especially into my pussy. I didn't want to get wet, to have my body betray me in that way, but I knew from the first I was going to lose that fight. He was too much for me.

"That would be tragic," David told me, whispering into my ear as he nibbled the lobe. "To have dad or Laurel see me fingering your sweet little cunt...and to see you loving it."

I moaned as he rocked my clit between his fingers. I didn't want to, but I couldn't help it. "I don't love it," I lied. "I hate it and I hate you!"

"Of course you do," he chuckled, nipping his way down along my jaw toward my lips. "You hated it with Brandy too, didn't you?"

"You're such a little shit," I told him venomously as his mouth covered mine, but after that I couldn't talk with a mouth full of his tongue. I didn't kiss him back, not yet, because I had that much self-respect and control at the moment, but I could feel my restraint slipping with every motion of his hand on my sex or his tongue in my mouth. I was praying silently that Tim would get back soon and scare my son off...but even as I was praying my legs were shifting a bit further apart to give him easier access. I'm not proud of myself, but I couldn't stop them...and with the way he was making me feel, I can't say for sure that I would have stopped them if I could. All I know is that my son took my movement as the invitation it was and adjusted his hand so his thumb was on my cunt and two wonderful, amazing, skilled fingers were pumping my cunt. I'm not sure who I hated more at that moment, him for making me feel this way or me for loving it so much. My gasps weren't fully muffled by his mouth and they were obvious enough, and so was the fact that I was now leaning with most of my weight against the fridge so I wouldn't lose the strength of my knees and drop to the floor. David must have realized that I wasn't going anywhere because after a moment he took his hand off my arm and moved it to my tits, pulling down the cups of my bra to bare my nipples to his touch. I could have run then –

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there was nothing physically preventing it – but honestly, I never even considered it. I was caught and we both knew it.

The sensations were wonderful. In fact, they were breathtaking. I had always loved to be touched by my boyfriends before I married Tim, but when Tim's interest in me died I sort of had to let that part of me die too, or rather atrophy. Needing to be touched and having no one to do it would drive anyone insane; or, I guess, having a husband who wasn't willing to do it would, at the very least, shatter your self-esteem. But the part of me that craved contact and sex and intimacy never really died. It was always there, under the surface – and not too far under the surface. Charlie had woken that part of me up again with his tongue, and now that it was awake I was finding it hard to control it. So when my son, my own son, put his fingers inside me and ground the heel of his hand into my clit, my body caught fire and I had no means to put it out. His fingers in my sex and on my nipples, his tongue in my mouth kissing me so masterfully and possessively, the way I'd always longed to be kissed, his hard young body against me and his hard young cock stretching his pants...I didn't have a defense that could stand up to that. He was giving me what I'd needed for so long that I was like a desert coming to bloom with the spring rains. How could I hold myself back?

And so, after several long, horrible, delicious minutes of being kissed and touched, I felt my tongue moving against David's. When I realized that I was kissing him back I felt a jolt in my stomach, a surge of something that might have been sickness, and I knew I ought to stop because it was a sign that I was giving in to him and I really, really needed not to give in to him then...but I did give in to him, and I didn't stop kissing him. In fact, I kissed him harder, sucked his tongue, pressed my lips into his so hard they hurt, so hard that our breath was one breath and our heat was one heat. Before I knew it my tongue was in his mouth and he was sucking it as I had done his, and there was no way I could deny my reaction now, no way to disown my body's own urges. He wasn't kissing me any longer – I was kissing him, with my daughter and his sister right upstairs and my husband and his father due to come back at any moment. I was kissing him and I was loving it the same as I'd loved it with Brandy, or even more because of how filthy it made me feel inside. The kiss wasn't as good as Charlie's – nothing is as good as Charlie – but at that moment I wanted it not to end, ever.

It was then that I realized my hips were moving and I was grinding my pussy on my son's hand. I have no idea when I'd started it, but once I realized it I knew it felt too good to stop. I was going to cum, and David was going to make me cum, and that was all there was to it, and so I pushed myself onto his fingers, fucking back against him, making my body shake and my pussy quiver with every thrust of those perfect digits. I arched my back into his other hand, pushing my tits into his touch, and my moans were so frequent and so passionate into his mouth that it sounded like one continuous roar of impending release.

When I look back on it, I think this is the moment where I really, truly fell. Up until now I hadn't actually sought anything out, not even the amazing lickings from Charlie. I won't claim that I had struggled very hard against Brandy, I admit, but I'd definitely let her take the lead and when I followed it was only when I was so overwhelmed that I wasn't thinking straight. But I had done my best not to give in when my son touched me the first time, and I certainly hadn't even so much as wiggled my hips or flicked his tongue with mine when it was in my mouth that first time. Up until now, I could claim the role of the helpless victim. But as my son kissed and fingered me, I damned myself.

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I touched him back.

I felt his cock pressing against my stomach. He wanted me to feel it, of course. He pushed it against me, a rock-hard thing in his pants, unavoidable and inescapable. At that point a memory flashed across my mind like a shooting star, of when he was born and I saw him for the first time, naked and mine. He was so tiny then...tiny everywhere. He wasn't tiny now and he wanted me to know it. He wanted me to feel his erection and know that he had gotten that way from me, from touching me, from taking me against my will with my back to the refrigerator in my own damned kitchen, where we might be caught at any moment. He wanted me to know that he was thinking of putting that hard cock into me, and at that moment I did know it, beyond a shadow of a doubt. I knew he would certainly fuck me if I let him, and he would almost certainly fuck me anyway if I didn't let him. It was a measure of how far gone I was, of how excited and throbbing my whole body had become at his touch, that I didn't find the prospect repulsive, and my pussy even spasmed a bit around his fingers as I thought of that hot, hard young cock battering me.

I've always loved cock. I love the way they look, that arm of flesh that goes from limp to erect, from futile and slightly silly-looking to potent and powerful and just a little threatening. I've always loved the way they felt in the hand, hard but soft, like an iron rod sheathed in velvet, pulsing and alive and hot, with a lover's heartbeat in my palm. I've always loved the way they tasted...well, not so much the cock itself, because with a circumcised cock you might as well be licking his wrist (uncut cocks are different, of course, something I know well now but didn't have any idea of them) but the way the salty, tangy drop of precum sends flavor across the tongue and the way that sperm feels and tastes in my mouth when I do a wonderful job of sucking it out of heavy, dangling, cum-filled balls. I've loved every cock I've ever seen hard, whether I touched it or not. I've loved the small ones and the big ones, the curved and the straight, the pale and the dark. I love the thick – I'm not a size queen when it comes to length but I am when it comes to thickness; thick is definitely better than thin; there's nothing in the world like being stretched around a fat cock, like having your nerves suddenly awakened and made to dance by the presence of a hard, thrusting penis. I always loved Tim's cock (when he would actually get it hard for me) but if I had a complaint about it, it was just a bit too thin for my liking. And so when I felt my son's hardness against me and felt it twitch in his jeans, I wondered if it was like his father's, if it was straight and long with a thick helmet that would turn purple right before he came. I wondered if my son's balls were heavy with seed or whether he had spent it in some slut earlier that day. I wondered, God help me, if my son was as good with that cock as he was with his fingers, and with his kisses. I wondered...and I touched.

I sometimes tell myself that I didn't mean to touch him but I know that isn't true. In that moment, as hot as I was and with all those thoughts racing through my head, I meant to touch him. I wanted to touch him so badly I could feel my fingertips itching with the prospect. And when my mind told my hand to move, I felt no hesitation whatsoever: up it went, between our bodies, between his legs, against warm denim. I touched his balls first and felt them against my hand, full and heavy and big, and I groaned into his mouth again; I've always loved big balls. I squeezed them gently and got a moan in return, and I loved the way it sounded, so deep and masculine, so pure. And then I moved up and took the tab of his fly between my fingers and, with a single motion, had it down. He shifted just a bit to give me easier access and he sucked my tongue frantically, like he had sucked my nipples when I nursed him as a baby. As sick as it is, at that moment that comparison

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thrilled me beyond words. I put my hand inside and found that my son wore no underwear. Flesh of me on flesh of my flesh, hard, pulsing, my heat joining with his.

I knew it was forbidden. I knew it was wicked and wrong. I was lost in an erotic fugue, yes, but I wasn't so far gone that I didn't know that I had just crossed the line from being a victim of incestuous attentions to a perpetrator of them. Furthermore, I wasn't so far gone that I didn't know how stupid it was to be doing this with my blackmailing sociopath of a son, because he would use this against me as certainly as the sun would rise tomorrow. I knew all of that. At that moment, though, I didn't care.

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and felt the veins, thick and throbbing. Thick...thick. My god, thick! In length he seemed about like his father, perhaps seven inches or a touch more, but his was so different from Tim's cock! It felt hard as iron in my hand but the skin was as soft as a baby's, and as my fingers curled around it I gave a startled and, yes, delighted gasp at the sheer girth of it. My fingers barely met on the other side of it! It felt as thick as my wrist, and I shuddered at the thought of what a cock like this could do to me if it were between the legs of a man who knew how to use it. I didn't yet know if my son was that man, but I knew that my baby boy had the cock of my dreams. Slowly, luxuriously, I began to stroke it.

He pulled his lips from mine long enough to whisper, "That's it bitch, stroke my cock. You love it do—" but that was as far as he got because my hungry mouth chased his and put him right back into that deep and lustful kiss, lip on lip and tongue on tongue. I did what I was told and stroked it, up and down its length, up and down, again and again, pulling the skin up over the crest and letting it come back again, pumping him in my hand. He responded exactly the way I wanted him to, by redoubling his fierce frigging and setting my cunt on fire. I was going to cum!

I heard the familiar sound of Tim's car pulling up outside and the garage door opening. My heart very nearly stopped. I lurched back, or I tried to, jerking my hand from his pants and ending the kiss with a wide-eyed look of shock. Suddenly the erotic, thoughtless place of pure sensation and lust where David had taken me was simply gone and I was me again, the conservative little Angela who was once more instantly horrified at what he was doing to me, and what I had done to him. I put both hands on his chest and tried to push him back, at least enough so that I could flee, as I gasped, "Shit! Your father's here! Let me go!"

His grin was pure evil as he sank two fingers in my sex all the way to the last knuckle and wiggled them. "No," was all he said.

"Fuck, you little shit!" I swore, trying to push and squirm past him. He was pushing my body with his again and once more had me by the arm to deny my movements. "Let me go! Your father is home!"

"So?" he chuckled darkly, pumping my wet, squishy, and now spasming-with-terror pussy with his hand.

"SO?" I gasped. "He'll catch us!"

"Let him." He sounded completely unconcerned, a fact which sent shivers down my spine. I knew at that moment that he would be perfectly content to let us be caught in flagrante delicto by Tim and that if I was going to get out of this I had to do it myself. And so I did. I'm not sure how, but I suppose stark fear gave me the strength to shove him a step back. Or maybe he had been cruelly teasing me about not minding being caught and let himself be pushed, I don't know. When he went his fingers went with him and I bolted

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like a fawn, pulling up my jeans as I raced to the bathroom. I had another scare on the way as I heard Laurel's feet thundering down the stairs, but I made it just in time, slamming the door behind me, locking it, and putting my back to it firmly.

I cried a bit. Mostly it was sheer dismay at how I had allowed my son to carry me away. Like it had been before, once the erotic stimulus was gone I was suddenly rational again, and I immediately appreciated the fix I had gotten myself into. I didn't want to leave the bathroom. I thought I would die of shame if I did, if I had to look into the grinning, wicked mask of my firstborn and have both of us remember what had just transpired between us.

I looked at my hand, the one that had been wrapped around his cock, with dismay – as though my hand was the culprit – and wondered how the living hell I could have been so weak and so stupid to put it into his jeans. I had stroked my son's cock! And furthermore, I had done it because I wanted to do it, and I had loved doing it as I did it! I was out of my mind! My hand felt filthy, and suddenly I was washing it in hot water, as hot as I could tolerate. A moment later I ripped off my jeans and the offending, still untied crotchless panties and was washing my pussy – cold water this time, thank you very much – as I tried to rinse away the remembrance of what had just happened. I washed and I washed –

And I froze when there was a knock on the door. "Mom?" came Laurel's voice. "You OK?"

"Ummm...yes," I replied, clutching at the sink with both hands. "Just feeling a little woozy all of a sudden."

"Uh oh," she replied, sounding concerned. "You getting sick?"

"No no, I'm fine, just a bit lightheaded."

"OK. Well come on out. Between dad and jerkface I can't guarantee you're going to get an egg roll unless you hurry."

"Be there in a bit." And I was, though I made a stop in my bedroom and quickly put on the most sensible pair of bikini panties I owned. I had to do that much just to restore some sense of self control. As I came to the table my husband and children were gathered around it and the white food containers were in the middle. Charlie was on the floor at Laurel's feet, watching avidly as she ate (the dog definitely knows where his interests lie, since Laurel has always been the most likely to sneak him people food). I honestly expected some sort of taunt from David, even if it was just a leer or a wink or some other nonverbal cue, but all he did was glance up at me when I walked in and then returned his attention to his plate again like I wasn't even worth his notice. I felt relieved, yes, but I also couldn't help but feel a bit irrationally insulted. Was I that unimportant to him? Was what we had just done so trivial? I took my chair.

"Saved you an egg roll, mom," Laurel said as she passed me the bag. I thanked her and took the bag, then began loading my plate with bits of this and that. There was the shrimp lo mein Tim loved so much, plus white and veggie fried rice, tofu with vegetables, Mongolian beef, cream cheese wontons and sweet and sour pork. A little bit of each thing made a meal.

"I'm looking forward to the party tomorrow," Tim said as we ate. "I always love getting together with the old crew. I just wish we did it more often."

"Me too," Laurel put in as she shot me a significant look, and we both grinned. "I love seeing those people."

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“Especially the little faggot?” David asked cheerfully, and Laurel rounded on him with a sneer, shouting, “Tony is not gay!”

“We do not use derogatory language in this house, and that means you,” Tim said, looking stonily at David.

“My bad,” David replied cheerfully, reaching for some more sweet and sour. “That was a dick thing to say. I don’t even care which way somebody goes, I was just saying it to get a rise out of the midget.”

Laurel rolled her eyes and returned to her food.

Tim nodded, the moment hanging uncomfortably, and then added, “But Tony is gay. Not that there’s anything wrong with that.”

“DA-A-A-ADDY!” Laurel wailed, and the rest of us couldn’t help but laugh. Laurel picked up a piece of rice off her plate and threw it playfully at Tim, and when it hit the floor Charlie was on it in a flash. Everyone knew better than to get between him and food that was on the ground.

Still chuckling, Tim looked down the table at David and asked, “Are you going to the party?”

“Nah,” he replied with a shake of his head. Of course he wasn’t. As much as Laurel loved the annual get together, David disliked it. Even when he was little it had been a challenge to get him to go, and as soon as he was old enough to be a big pain in the neck about it, we stopped making him attend. It had been three or four years since he had been there and I didn’t expect he would ever go again. In a way, I reflected, that was a good thing – doing something with my husband and daughter, when David wasn’t around, was just the thing to make me feel like I was in control a little more. I glanced over at him just as he looked up at me and asked me, “How are you feeling, mom?”

I froze a second, then continued eating as casually as I could. “I’m fine. Why?”

“Well, you ran out of here to splash some water on your face,” he replied smoothly. “You said you were feeling a little flushed.”

“Oh, I’m fine,” I told him, still staring at my plate. “I think I just needed to get some food.”

“This is good food, too,” Tim said. “We haven’t eaten from Celestial Garden in a long time. That funny old lady is still there.” In an instant, all four of us said, in a thick and atrocious Chinese accent, “How you rike da spicy?” and laughed heartily. A few years back we used to go to that restaurant pretty often, and there was an old woman – the owner’s grandmother, we figured, because she was so wrinkly that Tim always said she looked like a shrunken apple head, a reference that missed the kids completely. – who used to come around to every table, smile hugely, and ask, “How you like the spices?” It became a family inside joke, one certain to get a laugh no matter when or in what circumstances it was used. It felt good to laugh together as a group again, something we hadn’t done much of recently.

After a moment, Tim asked, “So, David, how’s school going?”

“School’s school,” he replied with a shrug. “Same BS, different day.”

Tim frowned and shot me a look; I just raised an eyebrow and kept eating. This fight wasn’t one I wanted to have, particularly not now. Tim, though, was not to be dissuaded. “Well, how are your grades?”

“Eh, probably Bs and Cs.”

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"You could get As easily enough if you applied yourself," Tim pressed, though gently. "You've got the brains for it."

"Yeah I know," David said, shrugging again. "I just don't think school's for me. You know?"

"No I don't know," Tim answered just a little sharply. "The world doesn't owe you a living and it won't give you one unless you earn it. You're old enough to know that by now. How are you going to earn a living without a college degree?"

David's grin was both knowing and dismissive. "There are always ways to make money, you know. You just need to have the energy."

"What ways are we talking about here?" Tim asked, his voice rising a bit. "Because the ways you're showing so far aren't going to get you anywhere but –"

"Tim," I cut him off with a soft word and a pleading look. "Please, not now. OK?"

Tim bit back his words and nodded, lapsing into a disgruntled silence. I glanced at Laurel and she was looking positively smug about seeing her brother getting smacked down, however incompletely. With a cheerful voice she said, "I'm getting straight As. Again."

"Oh boy, straight As," David echoed mockingly, his voice sing-songy. "The Magical Princess is getting straight As again this semester. Let's build her a shrine!"

Laurel snorted. "And where's your shrine, drug boy?"

"Don't you dare make fun of your sister for being a good student!" Tim nearly yelled. "She's going to make something of herself! And what are you going to do?"

David opened his mouth to reply but I cut him off with a loud, "Can we PLEASE just eat a meal in peace?" The other three bit their tongues and fell quiet, though I heard Laurel mutter, "It's always peaceful when he's not around." It was quiet enough – just barely – that I could ignore it, and so I did.

After a couple of minutes, Laurel ventured, "I think the weather's going to be nice tomorrow for the party."

"I hope so," I said quickly, glad for the pleasant conversation. "It's always so much more fun when we can go outside."

"I think I'm getting too old for the pickup basketball game, though," Tim frowned. "When it was all us old farts at least we were all on the same level, but now that the kids are getting old enough to join in, it's like I'm playing with my feet in cement."

Laurel laughed. "Oh God, remember last year? Judy Rourke just schooled you!"

"Don't remind me!" Tim said, making a sour face and laughing with her. "It was bad enough getting scored on at will by a 16 year old, but to have it be a girl? I'm not sure I could take the humiliation again!"

"Well don't feel too bad, she already has a few colleges sniffing around her," I chuckled. "I was talking to Tiffany" (Tiffany Rourke was Judy's mom) "and she was saying that they've already been visited by recruiters for the U of M, Wisconsin, Michigan... a couple of others. Tennessee, maybe?"

"Wow, Tennessee?" Tim asked, truly impressed. "OK, now I don't feel so bad. If the Lady Vols want her then she's legitimately out of my league."

There was a couple more minutes of amiable talk before I spotted Laurel accidentally on purpose dropping a big chunk of sweet and sour on the floor, and I heard Charlie scrambling for it. "Honey, don't give the dog people food, you'll spoil him!" I told her.

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"I just dropped it accidentally," she replied, eyes wide like a fawn's and just as innocent.

"Lies make baby Jesus cry," David said with a smile, and Laurel didn't miss a beat: "In that case the Virgin Mary must hate you. You keep Jesus up screaming his head off all night."

I glanced at David to warn him off of a fighting answer, but my words froze in my mouth. As soon as he saw me looking at him, he popped the middle finger of his right hand into his mouth and began to suck it, looking me squarely in the eye. I instantly realized that it was one of the fingers he had just had inside of me, and my throat clenched tight. "Mmmm, this sweet and sour is really good," he said, savoring my flavor.

"Gah, gross, use a napkin!" Laurel said, dismayed.

"I don't want to miss a drop," was David's playful reply, taking that finger from his mouth and licking the other that he had used in me. "This is delicious. I'm going to be getting this a lot from now on!"

"Well just...use a napkin," Laurel frowned. "Nobody wants to see that."

I held my eyes to my plate for the rest of the meal and didn't say a word. I hoped that would be the end of the taunting from my son for the night, but I was wrong. As the dinner wound down the other three conversed more or less nicely, to the point that even Laurel and David got along. It wasn't as though they always fought, after all, but they didn't care much for each other and David liked to push Laurel's buttons; Laurel, on the other hand, has never been one to stand idly by while her buttons got pushed, and she would strike back when he did it. But if David could keep his sociopathy in check, then they got along well enough, and he did for the rest of the meal. They talked about neighbors, sports, and the weather. David told an amusing story about how, when he had been playing Frisbee with Charlie in the park that afternoon, he had throw the disc and Charlie has, uncharacteristically, missed it; the Frisbee had sailed on and hit a jogger in the side of the head; the jogger had turned out to be an off-duty cop who didn't enjoy getting a dog-slobber-covered Frisbee upside the noggin, and David had had a few tense moments explaining that it had been an accident. I was too rattled by David's promise to be getting a lot more of me from now on to do anything more than nod.

As we were cleaning up, David suddenly turned to Tim and asked, "Dad, have you ever had brandy?"

"Yes I have and you're too young to be drinking it," was Tim's prompt reply, even though everyone knew that such admonitions would have no effect on our son. "Why?"

"Just wondering," he said, and then he turned to me with a large, innocent smile. "What about you, mom? Have you ever had Brandy?" I could hear the capitalization in his tone, even if nobody else could, and I blushed.

"Yes, I have," I said, turning my back to him and tossing the paper containers into the trash.

"Did you like it?"

"Not really," I replied, suddenly shaking a bit.

"Not even a little?" David asked.

"No, not even a little," I said.

"What do you care if she liked brandy or not?" Laurel asked, coming to my defense as she often did.

"Just curious," he replied with a chuckle. "Brandy speaks highly of her."

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"Pfft, idiot," Laurel muttered, then turned to go outside and play catch with her father. As soon as the door closed behind her and I was alone with my son, I whirled to face him. "All right," I demanded sharply, "what did she say about me?"

He grinned and moved close to me. I didn't bother to try to back away; if he wanted to be close to me, he would just follow anyway. He put one hand around my waist and pulled me to him. "She said you were pretty into it," he whispered, looking into my eyes. "She said you got pretty hot and heavy with her."

I glared back angrily, but most of the anger came from embarrassment. "I don't like girls, David."

"But you like Brandy. Or at least you did. She said your fingers got pretty busy." To emphasize, he put his hand on my crotch and gave my mound a gentle squeeze through my jeans.

"I got carried away," I muttered, trying not to remember how good my son was with his hands. "That doesn't mean I want to repeat it."

Outside I could hear the thwap of a baseball hitting a glove, and Tim and Laurel's laughter. His eyebrow arched as he undid my jeans and pushed them down over my hips, taking my modest panties with them. "Really?"

"Really," I said firmly, keeping my legs tightly shut.

"She said you made a date with her friend for Tuesday." His fingers were stroking as much of me as I'd let him get at, which wasn't much. I wasn't going to let him get me worked up again.

"Well it's not a date I intend to keep."

"Did you like kissing her?" he asked, leaning in and nuzzling my neck in a way that felt better than I was willing to admit. "She said you kissed first."

"I got carried away," I repeated, trying to squirm away.

"Carried away enough that you came a few times?" he chuckled, his hand taking the opportunity presented by my fidgeting to slip between my legs and find my slit. My thighs clamped tightly shut around it, but he was already stroking me in his damnably skilled way.

"Yes, that carried away," I told him. "But it was a lapse in judgment. It won't happen again."

"Not even with her hot little black lezzie friend?" he asked, kissing the side of my mouth.

I turned my head. "No, not even with her. I'm not going to see her again." His thumb was on my clit and rubbing, and I could feel myself getting wet. "Now knock this shit off and leave me alone."

"Brandy said you were a fantastic kisser," he said, bringing his lips to mine and brushing them together. "I have to agree. I love kissing you, mom." And then he proved it by putting his lips on mine and pushing his tongue into my mouth. I couldn't stop him but I didn't kiss back; I just listed to the sounds of my husband and daughter engaged in wholesome play outside and let him do what he was going to do anyway. My lack of response didn't seem to faze him, because he was smiling as he pulled his mouth away a few seconds later and mock-scolded me, "Now I know you didn't kiss Brandy like that. She said you had your tongue down her throat and you were grinding on her..."

"Stop it!" I said, pushing him away from me as hard as I could. He let himself be pushed, and I yanked up my panties and jeans. "Yes, fine, I liked it with Brandy. I kissed

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her, I fingered her, I made her cum and I came when she did me. Is that what you wanted to hear? Will you leave me alone now?"

He smiled at me, his handsome face genuinely joyful, and he said the last thing I expected to hear: "Yes." I know my surprise showed on my face because he laughed at me and then said, "I'm going out. I'll be back late. Don't wait up."

He turned then and walked out, jingling his car keys in his hand. I watched him go and then stood for almost five minutes, shaking and shivering. When I had calmed myself down, I took Charlie and went outside to be with Laurel and Tim.

Chapter Four

May 10

I woke up early on Saturday. I'd spent the night having dreams that I couldn't really remember when I woke up except I knew that they involved Charlie and David and Brandy and Petra, my sister Sue, a couple of neighbors and a few friends I expected to see tonight, and they were erotic. I woke up needing to cum. I lay in my bed listening to Tim and Charlie breathing and feeling my pussy wet, my nipples hard, and my whole body tense. And I woke up knowing that I'd dreamed about sex with my son.

It was that last one that was the real problem. Erotic dreams are great in my book, but when I dreamed about fucking David – and woke up horny – I knew I had a real crisis. What had been happening in my life, and what he was doing to me, was absolutely horrible. I needed to find a way to make it stop, not dream about more of it. I woke up feeling guilty, dirty, and nasty – and somehow, those feelings only made me hornier, at least on some level. That, of course, just made me more disgusted with myself so that a few minutes after I woke up I felt like I wanted to puke. I threw the covers back and Charlie raised his head, looking at me expectantly. "Yep, let's go outside," I whispered, and he was off the bed in a flash and at the bedroom door, and a few seconds later racing down the stairs ahead of me. He was prancing around by the time I got to the back door, and when I opened it he took off like a flash to explore the yard. It's not like we've got a big yard or anything, but Charlie definitely sees it as his domain and he likes to keep tabs on it. And God help the squirrel he catches.

I followed him outside just in my long nightgown and the (sensible) panties I had on underneath it. The dew on the patio felt chilly beneath my bare feet, but I barely noticed. I was lost in thought, so lost that I hardly even remarked on the lovely sunrise or the growing warmth that promised a beautiful day. I was much too troubled to take much note of that kind of thing. I used the hem of my gown to wipe the dew off one of our patio chairs and sat down to watch Charlie sniff everything in sight. He was so simple, so happy...and I was so fucked up.

I sighed heavily and looked up into the sky that was quickly growing lighter. There was typical morning haze but other than that it was clear and I could see up into the fading blue where the last few stars were lingering. The moon had already set and it was peaceful, tranquil. The neighborhood was quiet. The neighbors were still asleep. For a moment I could pretend that I was alone and that I didn't have any problems, that my son wasn't a black cloud over my head and that my life wasn't spinning out of control –

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I felt a heavy canine head land on my lap, and I looked down to see Charlie with his jaw resting on my thigh, looking up at me with his huge, irresistible brown eyes and silently pleading to be petted. Who was I to say no?

His fur felt wonderful under my hand. He was warm and soft, and as I stroked my hand back along his neck I could feel his warmth, his strength, his solidity. "My friend," I whispered with a smile, and his silky tail thumped. "You'd never hurt me, would you? You'd never abandon me, or make me do anything I didn't want to do. You'd never be cruel to me. You're my perfect friend."

He was my lover.

The thought brought me up short, but only a little. Maybe I was getting used to it by now, I don't know. Yes it was still a little shocking, but it was also so damned right, like nothing I'd ever felt before, and it was so obviously something that I needed, and had always needed, that I knew I wouldn't be able to stop him from touching me again...and when I closed my eyes and thought about that red, slick-looking cock he had, I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself from touching him, either. I let my mind drift back to that image, the way his heavy balls swung and the way his cock was pointed and hard and glistening, and I wondered what it would feel like in my hand. Would it be hot? Would it be slippery? Could I feel his heartbeat through it the way I could through a man's cock (like David's, my mind reminded me)? Could I put my lips around it, take it into my mouth and give him the same pleasure he gave me? What would his cum taste like?

Would he fuck me?

I shivered at the thought and felt my pussy spasm as I pulled his head close. It was the first time I had ever let myself imagine that, and it instantly made me terrifically aroused. I could feel my nipples poking against the thin cotton of my gown and I could feel my panties getting wet almost with the thought. I gasped aloud at the way it made me feel, at the sheer erotic power the concept held for me. Would he? If I...if I offered myself to him, would he take me? Would he make me his? Would he put that beautiful red cock inside me? Would he fight to get to me the same way he had fought to get to Nosey?

Charlie must have smelled me then with that incredibly nose of his, because his head moved and, as I opened my eyes he pushed his snout up under my gown, his furry shoulders trying to spread my legs...

I looked about and saw nothing but closed drapes and sleeping houses. It wasn't even 5:00 AM on a Saturday, the whole neighborhood was asleep. The whole STATE was asleep. I knew that I shouldn't be doing this in public, where anyone could see, but we had a high privacy fence and there was no sign of life in any of the second-story windows...

I opened my legs and hiked up my robe. As I slouched in the seat to present my pussy to Charlie, I pulled the crotch of my panties aside to bare myself to him. And I let him lick me.

Charlie had no hesitation. He knew what to do now and he did it, his nose pressing hard into my clit and his huge, flat tongue pushing up inside of me. I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out. It was simply perfect. It was what I needed and who I needed it from, and I let him take me to the place he wanted to take me. I came in just a few minutes, a small but wonderful release that made me feel calm and relaxed and purposeful, and I did it quietly enough that I didn't wake a soul. A couple of minutes later I was back inside, Charlie at my feet as I brewed the morning coffee.

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Tim was the first one up, of course. He's always been the early bird, unlike me, and he was surprised to find me up and moving around before him. "Good morning," he said brightly as he crossed the kitchen to put a kiss on my cheek. "What gets you out of bed at this hour?"

"Bad dreams," I lied. It was getting easier to lie the more I did it, something I didn't like.

"They don't seem to have lingered," he told me as he leaned against the counter. "You're positively glowing now."

I blushed a bit at the remembrance of Charlie putting that glow on my cheeks, but I covered it with a laugh. "And I get more beautiful every day, right?"

"It's not a cliché if it's true!" he protested, laughing with me.

"Yes it is," I replied, sticking my tongue out at him playfully. The thing was, I did feel beautiful. The lover I had always needed had just made me cum and I felt fantastic. I was still buzzing from the orgasm and the gloom from my dreams and what was hanging over me was dispelled, at least for the moment. I took a sip of coffee and asked, "Are you going to the gym right away?"

"Same old Saturday routine," Tim nodded. "Except I'm meeting Jorge for a working lunch afterward."

I nodded – Tim usually worked a part day on Saturday (or so I thought at the time). "So you won't be around to help me cook for the party, you slacker."

"Riiiiiiiiight," he laughed, cupping my ass affectionately and giving a squeeze. "Like you'd let me anywhere near the kitchen if I was around here anyway. I learned better years ago."

I slapped his hard belly a light slap and he oofed playfully. "When are you going to be back?"

"Around one," he replied. "Maybe a little earlier, maybe a little later."

"Hence the use of the word 'around,'" I pointed out with in deadpan.

"Hence indeed," he agreed, and we both smiled. We spent the next 20 minutes or so chatting, just about stuff, and then he went off to work out. I watched some morning news, sitting on the sofa drinking my coffee as I petted Charlie's head, and then went into the kitchen in time to make breakfast for Laurel – she gets up the same time every day, school days, weekends, holidays, summer, it doesn't matter. You can set your clock by her.

"Mom!" she said as she came into the kitchen. "What are you doing up?"

"Making your breakfast," I replied, carrying a plate of cut fruit for us to put on our cereal. "The toast will be ready in a second."

She eyed me suspiciously. "OK, you're never up before eight on Saturdays. What gives?"

I put my hands on my hips. "It's not that I'm NEVER up before eight on Saturdays –"

Laurel gave me a get-real stare and said, "Mom. You are NEVER up before eight on Saturdays."

"Well I'm up before eight today, and this is a Saturday," I pointed out with a smile. "So I'm right, you're wrong, and I win."

She smiled as she took her seat, and in a moment we were dining magnificently on Whole Grain Cheerios with strawberries and toast. She was excited about the party this

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afternoon and it showed, because it was just about her first topic of conversation. "So what are we going to make for tonight?"

"I'm making my three bean salad," I said, and she interjected a "Yummy" as I went on. "And I'm going to make potato salad."

"The white one or the yellow one?"

"The white one."

"Good," she nodded. "The yellow one has too much mustard. Can I help?"

"If you want," I said, smiling hugely. She liked to do things more with Tim than with me, but cooking was one area where her heart was still mine.

"Cool," she said cheerfully. "Let's start right away!"

And so we did, setting to peeling and boiling potatoes and chopping onions with gusto. We laughed a lot, cried because of the onions, and generally had a fantastic Saturday morning. We were mostly done by 11:50 when David finally came downstairs, dressed in baggy shorts and an oversized tee shirt. He'd already showered and looked ready to go out. He found me alone in the kitchen – Laurel had just gone off to the bathroom – and he came up behind me and squeezed my ass in much the same way his father had hours before. "Hey sweets," he said cheerfully, ignoring the way I stiffened at his touch. "Smells good. You cooking your bean salad? Gonna leave some for me?"

"Sure, I can leave some home," I replied, stepping away from his touch. He always liked my bean salad, so this wasn't a surprise. He liked my potato salad too (though he preferred the mustardy one his sister didn't like) and I'd put some in the fridge for him.

"Good," he nodded, leaning up against the stove and crossing his arms in front of him with fake casualness. "Oh, I emailed you something, I want you to take a look at it. And don't worry, it's not a movie starring you or anything."

"OK, I'll take a look as soon as I get a chance, but I'll be busy today getting ready for the party –"

"I want you to take a look at it now." His posture was still casual, but that was a command if I ever heard one. I looked into his eyes and saw he was dead serious, and after a moment I nodded. "Fine, I'll do it as soon as Laurel gets back to watch the beans."

And that was how, a few minutes later, I wound up in front of our laptop in the upstairs office, opening my email. His message was on top and I opened it, only to find something I didn't quite expect: a link that said **CLICK HERE**, and a login ID and password. So I clicked...

Oh Lord, what I found.

The first thing that came up was a picture of a woman on all fours, naked, a look of absolute passion on her face. Atop her was a beautiful brown German shepherd, and even though the picture was taken from the front, there was no doubt that the dog was fucking her. I stared at it, eyes wide, mouth open, frozen in place. The dog's fur was an incredible contrast to the woman's skin – dark where she was pale, hairy where she was smooth – and the way his forelegs were wrapped around her waist and his tongue was hanging from his mouth was erotic enough to make me as wet as the Mississippi between my legs. But it was the expression on the pretty woman's face that transfixed me. I stared at it for an endless moment, seeing her eyes tightly scrunched, her mouth open wide in a silent cry of ecstasy, her whole expression one of lust and abandon. *She knows,* my mind told me. *She knows what it feels like to have a dog inside her. She knows what I want to know, and what I need to find out.*

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There was a member area login, and my fingers shook like mad as I typed in the information. My heart was going so fast that I was breathless and dizzy, my vision was blurred, and I felt like my chest would explode. I was so completely and utterly aroused that I was almost orgasming without touching myself or seeing any more but that single picture, and I held my breath as the page loaded...

It was a wonderland. There were photos, stories, movies – MOVIES! – all dedicated to women and dogs. All dedicated to what I wanted and needed. I clicked on the photos page and was treated to a series of pictures of a cute, chubby blonde being mounted and rutted by a golden retriever. As I opened the first one my hand was between my legs and inside my shorts, and I was coming by the time I got to the third picture. My orgasm continued in waves as I saw more pictures, as I downloaded and scanned a couple of stories, as I watched a movie of a woman sucking a magnificent, hugely thick, scarlet cock of a big black dog. I remember distinctly my first clear sight of an erect, unsheathed dog cock: it looked enormous, powerful, and so utterly masculine that I almost swooned from looking at it. But it was the knot that held me transfixed; I had never suspected the existence of such a thing, and for a long moment I could look at nothing else but that mammoth bulge. At first I wondered what it was for, but then I remembered Laurel's casual mention of dogs getting stuck together, and then, all at once, I knew. My heart slammed into my breastbone so hard that I almost passed out at the implication: dogs would mate with human women, and if that knot would get stuck in another dog, then it might get stuck in a woman too.

Charlie's knot might get stuck in me.

I don't even know how I kept from screaming out my orgasm. It was so intense I thought my eyes were going to fly out of my head. I held my breath, bit my lip so hard that it bled a little, and howled my climax into my mouth. My whole body shook and trembled like I was having a seizure, and when it was done I could barely do so much as move my finger to click on to the next thing.

But I did click, and I kept looking at more and more, clicking compulsively. I'm honestly not even sure what I saw, because it's all a bit of a blur now; I think I had cartoon bubbles coming out of the top of my head. All I knew was that I was looking at something that felt so phenomenally right that I couldn't even think of turning away. I stared, rapt, touching myself, my juices soaking through my shorts and onto the leather desk chair, coming in a series of orgasms that were small but thrilling and amazing and almost one right after the last. I wanted so desperately to be IN those pictures, those movies, and as I watched them it was no struggle at all to imagine just that...

"Mom?" came Laurel's voice from downstairs. "Can you come and mix up the salad?"

Shit! How long had I been there? I glanced down at the clock on the computer and saw it was five minutes past one! "I...yes, I'll be down in a second!" I called out, my voice shaky and passion fogged. "Give me a minute!"

"You OK?" she called up.

"Just a bit woozy," I replied as I deleted the browser history and closed the computer down. "I was just lying down."

"See? This is why you don't get up early on Saturdays!" Laurel called up teasingly.

"Quiet, you!" I said, forcing a laugh as I stood up. My shorts had soaked through from the crotch down onto my ass! I was unsteady on my feet and felt dizzy, but I forced

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myself into my bathroom, washed up, put on some perfume to cover the lingering smell of my sex, and changed clothes. I don't think I completely pulled myself together because Laurel kept asking if I was OK, and I know I was a little...out of it as we mixed up the potato salad and the bean salad. Several times she had to say something more than once because I didn't hear it the first time, and I know some of my answers didn't make much sense. I kept seeing the images from the website flashing in front of my eyes and I was incredibly horny in spite of an hour and a quarter spent in continuous orgasm. My daughter thought I was sick, and when Tim got home at quarter to two, he thought the same thing. Both of them made me go upstairs to lie down, which I did on unsteady legs and with the most amazing thoughts of Charlie running through my brain. The fact that he followed with me and curled up on the bed at my feet didn't make it any easier to control myself!

A few minutes later, as I was petting Charlie with my foot and trying desperately to think of anything but getting on all fours and letting him breed me, the door to my bedroom swung open (without a preceding knock, I'll add) to reveal David, who leaned against the jamb with a smirk and once more crossed his arms in front of him. He looked at me with that terribly superior smile of his and said, happily, "You're sick."

That sent a flash of anger through me. "You're a fine one to talk! The way you touch me and –"

"No," he interrupted me, his tone patient and patronizing. "You're physically sick, as in you're too sick to go to the party tonight."

I stiffened. I knew that if I stayed home with him alone, things would happen. He knew how to touch me, and he knew my weaknesses, and if I gave him the chance then he would do things to me that I wouldn't be able to resist and I would do things to him too, and then there would be no turning back, no way to undo them. "No way," I said firmly, covering my eyes with my arm. "I've been looking forward to it all year and I'm not going to miss it."

"Sure you are," he replied, stepping into the bedroom and shutting the door behind him. At first I was afraid that he would cross the room and join me on the bed, but instead he just leaned against the door with one shoulder and looked at me. After a moment, he asked, "How did you like the website I signed you up for?" I didn't answer, so he asked it again, and this time I spat, "You know I liked it, damn you. Why don't you just leave me alone?"

"Are you sure that's what you want?"

"Yes, I want you to leave me alone and stop this..this obscenity. It's not right!" I protested. "It's not right for you to do these kinds of things to me, don't you realize I'm your mother, for God sake?"

"I seem to remember something about that, yes," he said with a chipper and thoroughly insulting tone in his voice.

I pushed myself up to a sitting position and glared at him. "Then why, David? Why are you treating me this way?"

"Because I want to." It was a simple, chilling answer.

I felt tears start, and I hated myself for it. This was a confrontation that I needed to have in order to stop the madness I was sliding into, and to cry my way through it would do nothing but cut the ground out from under myself. It was just that, terrible as he was, David was still my son and I still loved him. I had absolutely no illusions about him

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(especially not after the last few days) but he was the flesh of my flesh. I had felt him growing inside my womb. I had given birth to him. I had nursed him. I had tended his scrapes and held him when he was scared. I had sent him off to his first day of school and felt that mixture of pride and heartbreak that every parent knows on that day. I had answered questions about dinosaurs and spaceships and other kids. He was my boy, my baby boy, and even though I knew precisely what kind of person he was, it was still a knife in the heart to have him treat me like one of his whores. "Why?" I managed to ask without blubbering. "What did I ever do to make you do this to me? What?"

He cocked his head, as though the question was either completely novel or completely foolish, and he gave a surprisingly tender smile. "You've been the woman I've wanted since I was...what, six years old?"

I goggled. "How could a six year old think anything like that?"

He crossed the room then and sat on the bed next to me, but he did nothing lewd. He simply took my hand and looked me in the eye. "It wasn't that I thought it then. Well, I mean I think I did think it then, but I didn't know what I was thinking. But as soon as I learned the difference between boys and girls, I knew you were the girl I wanted more than any other. Nothing's changed, except now I know what I want." He paused, his smile turning a bit menacing, and added, "Now I know how to get it."

"That's crazy, David," I said seriously, looking him in the eyes. "You can't have me in that way. Do you know that?"

"No, I don't know that at all," he answered, shaking his head. "I know how I make you feel when I touch you."

"That doesn't matter!" I replied emphatically. "I. Am. Your. Mother. Don't you understand that? Mothers and sons can't do what you want to do with me. They just can't!"

"Why not?"

"What do you MEAN 'why not?' Because they CAN'T!"

His smile was back, the dangerous one I didn't like. "You have a cunt," he told me, and I flinched a bit at the use of the vulgarity. "I have a cock. Cocks can go into cunts, and my cock wants to go into yours."

I knew he was trying to shock me with coarse language and I tried not to be shocked, but it didn't completely work – and even if I could ignore the language, the images it invoked were ones that were bound to be shocking, even to someone who'd been felt up by her son and felt him up in return. I was feeling helpless again, like a leaf before the storm that was my son, but I couldn't just give up and let him pull me along. I had to fight him, and I would fight him. I pulled my hand away from his and drew my knees up to my chest, wrapping my arms around them. "I need you to listen to me, David," I said as calmly as I could. "What you want is wrong. It will destroy me and it will destroy our family. If you really feel about me the way you say you do, then you can't want that. You just can't."

"I want to fuck you," he told me, leaning in so his face was just a few inches from mine. "I want to fuck you in every way I can think of and make you beg for more. I want you to think about me when I'm not around and be impatient for me to get back so I can fuck you again. I want that sweet little pussy I came out of to want me back in it, morning, noon and night. That's what I want."

"David, that's...that's crazy, David! Don't you understand how wrong it is?"

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"I understand," he replied with a half a chuckle. "It makes it hotter, don't you think?"

I was fighting back the tears and I could feel myself losing. "But don't you even care what that would do to me? To your father and your sister? Don't you have any feelings for us at all?"

His wolfish smile said it all. "If this family burns to the ground, I'll stand back and laugh. But don't you believe for a second that you and Charlie are the only fuel I'll have to throw on that fire."

Tears were coming now, hot and shameful, squeezing from the corners of my eyes to roll unbidden down my cheeks as I demanded, "What do you mean?"

He just laughed. "You'll find out when I decide to tell you. But that ought to be the least of your concerns right now, don't you think? I mean, tonight's going to be a big night!"

I was truly crying now. I was just astonished and appalled that the child I'd birthed and raised could be so horrifying. "I don't WANT that! Dammit David, can't you see how much I don't want you that way? Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

He laughed then, a mixture of scorn and merriment that was deeply unsettling. "I didn't mean a big night for you and me," he said. "Oh, we'll do some stuff, but we won't do anything that we haven't done before...unless you want to."

I felt my insides flipflop. I knew that David was capable of making me want things that I shouldn't want, that I ought to hate – but it was obvious he wasn't referring to that. He had something else in that sick, wormy mind of his. "What are you talking about?"

"You," he said, still smiling, "and Charlie."

I felt my mind slip a little, the way your feet do sometimes when you step on a hidden icy patch and you almost fall but catch yourself at the last second. "Wh...what?" I stammered. "What do you mean?"

"Don't pretend I don't know what you want, mom," he whispered, his lips so close to mine that I could feel his breath against them. His eyes were huge and dark and lovely, even if they were also hateful and wicked. "I know how you want Charlie, and tonight you'll have him that way. He'll be inside you and you'll love it. You'll wonder how you ever lived without it."

I was stunned. "David...that's...that's sick..." My words sounded tinny and fake even as I spoke them.

He laughed, this time with no hint of malice in it. "I don't believe that, not for a second, and I know you don't believe it either. It's something you want but you feel like you have to fight against it. When you're with me, you don't have to fight."

"I...I..." I didn't know what to say to that.

"Now, you'll need help, especially the first couple of times," he counseled me sagely. "I'm sure he'll be willing, but until he gets the hang of it, you'll want someone there to aim him and make sure he stays where he's supposed to be."

"Where he's supposed to be?" I asked, my voice faint and sounding like a little girl's.

"Draped over your back," David explained, "filling you with his cum."

"Oh..." I whispered, my eyes huge and my mind a whirl of images. I was so stunned, and so aroused, that I didn't even think of pulling away when David put his lips on mine and slipped his tongue into my mouth. I kissed him back almost automatically as

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his fingers toyed idly with the blonde curls on the back of my head. I kissed him, yes, and I even unconsciously arched my back into his hand when he began playing with my breasts, but my mind wasn't on him at all. My mind was on Charlie, and on the needful thing that was suddenly, amazingly within my grasp. And so I let him kiss me and fondle me, which was nothing that he hadn't done before anyway, and when he pulled his mouth from mine I had a single question for him: "Do you mean it? You'll help me...and Charlie?"

He nodded. "I will."

"And I don't need to do anything with you that we haven't already done?"

"Not unless you want to."

I bit my lip, then after a moment said, "I...I need to think about this, David."

He smiled and kissed me again, this time on the forehead, and then left me alone with my thoughts. And what a miserable collection of thoughts they were! If I stayed home tonight then Charlie and I could – would – have sex. But I wasn't thinking of it as just sex, and not even just sex with a dog, which would be a huge and probably distasteful thing to most people; I was thinking of it as a summation, as a step I needed to take, as the fulfillment of a need that was so overwhelming and all-encompassing that I could feel it in my bones. I knew that I had always had the need, but that I hadn't known I'd had it made it all the more pressing now that I did know it – I don't even know if that makes sense, but it's the way I felt. I wanted Charlie inside me, wanted it as much or more than I'd ever wanted anything, and all I had to do was stay home from the party and it would happen...

But what else would happen? David was expecting something or planning something, that much was obvious – he didn't have a generous bone in his body and he wouldn't go an inch out of his way to help me fill this aberrant need unless he stood to gain by it somehow. And it was pretty clear to me how he thought he'd gain. He had the ability to make me lose control, and we both knew it. When he touched me like nobody else ever had, my self control disappeared and all thoughts of propriety went right out of my head. We'd do nothing we hadn't done before, he'd said, unless I wanted it – and that was the problem: he'd make me want it, and then when we did whatever we did, it would be on me and I wouldn't even be able to blame him for it or dodge responsibility. If I stayed home tonight, I would be taking a terrible chance that I would take us both over a line that needed not to be crossed, tonight or ever, and that I would regret it deeply and forever...

But the payoff...

I whimpered with the impossibility of the decision, and Charlie got up from his place at my feet and came and laid down next to me, his broad back against my chest, giving me the perfect support and love he always gave me. I put my arm around him and snuggled close, the way I always had with him, and felt his soft fur, his strong muscles, his heat, and his wonderful heart thumping in his chest. If I moved my hand just a little further down his belly, I could wrap my fingers around his sheath and feel his red cock inside of it...

I didn't move my hand there, but thoughts of it and everything else kept my mind turbulent and unsettled for the next hour. Should I go? Should I stay? Could I ever forgive myself for whichever choice I made? I didn't know, and I hated being in the position I was in and having the needs I had, but I was and I did and I suffered.

An hour later I heard the door open softly and Tim's voice whispered, "Honey? Are you awake?"

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"I'm awake," I answered, rolling over and giving him a wan smile.

He came and sat next to me, taking my hand. His face showed his concern – I wasn't sick more than once or twice a year – as he asked, "How are you, sweetie?"

"I'll live, I guess."

He squeezed my hand gently. "Do you want to go tonight?"

Oh God. What could I say? What would I say? I didn't know even as I opened my mouth and heard myself say, "I don't think so, honey. I think I'll just stay home and rest. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," he assured me, brushing the hair back from my eyes. "I'll tell Laurel that we're not going and we can just stay home tonight."

"No, I won't let you stay home," I said firmly and with more strength than I should have had if I was really sick. "Both you and Laurel have been looking forward to this all year and I won't have you miss it just because I've got a little bug."

"But Angela –"

"No buts," I insisted, squeezing his hand. "You'll both go and you'll stay until they throw you out. I mean it, don't you dare come home early just because I feel punk. I'm not dying. I'll be fine, but I don't want the guilt of ruining your night and Laurel's night. Go and have fun."

He smiled and kissed my hand. "You're sure?"

"I'm sure I'm sure. And besides, with me not there you can flirt with Steph Hentzel to your heart's content."

"Oh good Lord, without you there she'll be like a tick!" Steph was the girl Tim had broken up with right before he started going out with me, and although the flame had died on his end, she was still carrying the torch in a mighty way, or at least she acted like she was. She was also twice divorced with three problematic children, was an alcoholic, and not to be bitchy, but she had some real hygiene issues – like feminine hygiene, by which I mean smell, which is just gross. She was at the party every year and every year she threw herself at Tim like a hyena throws itself at a zebra. I couldn't help but smile at the thought of the contortions he'd need to do to stay clear of her. "I think you're staying home just to punish me with her."

I giggled softly. "You'll handle it like the big brave man you are."

"You're mean."

"I have a mean side, yes."

We both smiled at each other, and then he leaned in and kissed me – to my surprise, he kissed me on the lips instead of the cheek or forehead, something he rarely did anymore. There was no tongue and no passion, but there was love, and I loved him back. I still do, as much as I ever did. "OK," he told me in a whisper. "You stay in bed and rest. I love you."

"I love you," I told him as he left the room and left me in silence to contemplate how thoroughly I had just damned myself. I felt like crying, but I didn't. I did sleep, however, and Laurel woke me up when she came to get the blouse I had promised she could wear. She tried to take one of the scandalous new bras, but I warned her off, as much for poor gay Tony's sake as for her modesty – I was sure he wouldn't like having a pair of tits flaunted in his face all night, even if they were big, firm, young tits like Laurel's. She spent a few minutes giving her condolences, and then was gone.

A few minutes later Tim came and showered. He stood unselfconsciously naked in front of me, the way a husband does in front of his longtime wife, and I watched him as he

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dressed. He has an amazing body, even now; it's firm and taut and muscular in an athletic way, not with big gym rat bulges but with the lean, long lines of a runner. He's beautiful, and I wanted to be sick at the thought of what I would be doing with the son he and I had created together as soon as he left. I felt sick, yes, but I could also feel a twitter of excitement in the pit of my belly and in the innermost part of my sex – the part where Charlie would be putting his cum, with David's help, very soon. I wanted Tim to stay and save me from the consequences of my own choices, and I wanted him to hurry up and leave so I could get on with what the evening held in store. It's amazing, really, that the human mind can hold such contradictory thoughts with such force and not snap.

Laurel came up and kissed me goodbye, and I told her and Tim to have fun. I listened as the sounds came of them going down the stairs and out the door to the garage. The garage door opened, the car pulled out and drove away. I was alone with my son, exactly where I had put myself. I laid on the bed and cuddled Charlie, wanting what was to come to start this instant and never to start at all.

It was only a few minutes later when David came into the room – he didn't knock – and said, "So you stayed."

I rolled over and looked at him. My voice was trembling as I said, "I stayed."

He smiled at me, and this time he used the warm, gentle smile that could make a nun's panties wet. "How about you take a shower and do yourself up real pretty," he said. "I'm having some dinner brought in."

I propped myself up on my elbows. "Dinner?"

"Yeah, picked some stuff up from Ristorante Luce," he said.

"Luce? That's my favorite restaurant."

"I know," he replied. "Gourmet everything, a nice wine. You'll love it."

"You're not old enough to drink wine," I told him, feeling stupid even as I said it.

"I'm not old enough for a lot of things," he replied with a laugh. "I have a present for you. You'll like it. I'll have it laid out for you when you get out of the shower."

"A present?" I asked warily.

"Don't worry, it's a good thing."

"I'm not sure I believe you, David."

He laughed again, and said without a trace of resentment, "I'm not sure I blame you, mom. But it is a good thing, and you will like it. Go on and take a shower now, and do your hair nice." He took Charlie and left the room.

I had put myself on this path and now I had no choice but to obey. So I did, climbing into the shower and cleaning myself. I felt detached, sort of surreal, as though this whole thing were happening to some else and I was just along for the ride with no sense of responsibility or personal attachment. I shaved my pits and my legs and my pussy. I washed my hair and dried it – my hair has a little curl in it so I don't usually need to do much with the iron but I added a few extra curls just because. I wrapped a towel around myself and looked at myself in the mirror, knowing that tonight would see changes for me, and in me, that would be profound and last for the rest of my life. If I didn't need some of those changes so much I wouldn't put up with the others, but in for a penny...

I stepped out of the bathroom and saw, laid out on the bed, a slinky little white cocktail dress, and I mean slinky and little. It was semi-sheer and it would cling to every curve. It had a cowl neckline that tied behind the neck, a back that dropped to below the shoulder blades and had, down the middle, a series of rings that came down to the top of

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the butt, and a hemline that would cover my goodies and nothing else whatsoever. Next to it was a pair of silver sandals with rhinestone straps and four inch heels. I picked up the dress and looked at it – it was absolutely lovely, sexy as hell, and impossible for me to wear. Most men don't know this, and I'm sure my son didn't, but women who are over about 20 really can't wear tight white things. Tight black things, sure, and red looks fantastic on a lot of people, but white is brutally unforgiving. It shows every bump and bulge and ripple, every bit of cellulite and every ounce of fat. In this dress, I would look like a bag of dumplings. I appreciated the thought on David's part, but putting this thing on would be suicidal.

And then, suddenly, it struck me that looking like a bag of dumplings might not be such a bad thing. Yes, it would be crushing to my vanity and damaging to my ego, and no woman likes to look BAD, but in this case...well, it could be worse. Seeing me like this, in all my 35-year-old glory, David might just realize what he was putting himself in for. He might just decided he didn't want me after all. He might just back off and leave me alone, and the doom I had hanging over my head would go away just that fast! I can't say I was smiling when I put on the dress, but I was at least relaxed in a way that I hadn't been since this whole insane ride started. I didn't put on panties – they'd show through the dress, and by now David had seen and touched everything I had so there was no point in modesty. I had to admit the shoes looked very cute on me, though. I put on a little makeup, not much, and then went out to let my son be disappointed in me.

As I went downstairs, I heard soft jazz playing on the stereo and saw that the ground floor was only faintly lit by what looked to be candlelight from the dining room. Something smelled rich and savory and wonderful. Charlie was waiting at the foot of the stairs, tail thumping, and he eagerly stuck his nose under the dress and pressed it against my pussy. "Hey, you," I chuckled, pushing him away. "Don't get dark hair all over the dress, you silly guy. And be patient, you're going to have me tonight." He didn't understand a word, of course, but he was as happy as he always was when I spoke to him.

I followed my nose into the kitchen and found the table set with our best white tablecloth and our finest china and crystal. A bottle of wine was open on the table, and there was food that I loved: inslata mista, ravioli con zucca, nodino di maiale. The smell alone was enough to make my knees wobble and my stomach demand to be fed. David was there too, dressed in a suit that made him look five years older, setting a single red rose in a crystal vase in the middle of the table. He looked up at me and smiled automatically, but his smile froze and his eyes grew wide. He uttered a single, soft word: "Wow."

I stood in the doorway and shifted uncomfortably, knowing I looked awful in white and knowing my son was judging me harshly. It was going to be a kick to the ego, yes, but it needed to happen. I knew as much. Still, now that I knew he was staring at me and thinking how awful I looked, I felt myself shifting uncomfortably in my pumps. Nobody ever likes to look bad, and a woman tottering on the cusp of middle age is especially vulnerable to knowledge of her decline. Added to that was the simple but terribly powerful fact that I had spent my adult life feeling unattractive and unwanted; it was only in the last week that I had felt pretty and desirable, and that feeling was a small and fragile thing yet. Knowing how my son was regarding me was crushing that feeling, but it was a price I needed to pay. After a while – not nearly as long as it seemed to me, I'm sure – the silence got uncomfortable, so I lifted out my arms in something of a helpless gesture and said, "So?"

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“So?” he asked. “Mom, you’re...you’re gorgeous, mom. I’ve never seen you look this beautiful, and you’re always beautiful.”

I blushed hotly and looked down at the floor. “You’re making fun of me,” I whispered.

“What?” He sounded baffled. “Why would I do that?”

“I look terrible,” I replied.

He paused, then asked, “Why the hell do you think that?”

“I look like a bag of flour in this dress...don’t I?”

He shook his head slowly as he walked up to me. “Nnnnnooooo, you don’t. What’s the matter, mom?”

I tried to speak, but suddenly I was crying. I didn’t even know why except that I was feeling old and ugly and very uncomfortable at being so horny for something that was so wrong, and for being here with my son where that wrong thing and other wrong things were bound to happen. Tears rolled down my cheeks and all I could say was, “I can’t wear white! I’m too old and it makes me look fat...”

And then my son’s strong arms were around me, pulling me close against his tall, powerful body. I couldn’t resist – I needed the hug too badly. I put my arms around his broad back and buried my face in his chest and felt like an idiot for crying, but I couldn’t stop. “Mom,” he said softly, “I’ve never seen anyone more beautiful than you are right now.”

“Y-you’re just saying that...”

“I’m not, mom. You’re not just beautiful, you’re perfect. You are perfect.”

“I look lumpy...”

“Your lumps are in all the right places, mom.”

“They’re not! I’m too old for this dress!”

He stepped away, just enough that he could tilt my face up to him and make me look him in the eyes. They were, for a change, kindly, and so was his smile as he asked, wonderingly, “Do you really not know how you look?”

“I know I look like a sack full of dumplings....”

“Mom,” he whispered in the precise tone I used to use for him when he was being silly as a young boy. “You’re amazing. You really are, and if you don’t know it then it’s time you learned. Come with me.” He took my hand and I followed him where he led me, into the foyer where there was a closet with a full-length mirror on the inside of the door. He flipped on the light and opened the door so my dumpy reflection was shining back at me, and I winced and looked down. “Oh no, don’t you look at the floor,” he scolded me softly. “Look at yourself and tell me what you see.”

Much against my will, I did as he ordered me to do. I saw my reflection, and it was terrible. I looked foolish and ridiculous, like an old woman dressing like a young girl to try to recapture something that was forever gone. Tears started in my eyes again and I didn’t answer him because I couldn’t trust myself to speak.

“Mom,” he whispered again, “tell me what you see.”

Reluctantly, I said, “I’m old, David. I look old. There are...there are lines around my eyes. My boobs aren’t as firm as they used to be and it’s...pretty obvious. I need to lose five pounds, at least, and you can’t hide that in this dress. I look bulgy and dumpy and...ugly. I look ugly, David!”

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He stepped behind me then, pressing his body against mine, and I saw the reflection of his dark suit and his handsome face behind me. He encircled my body with his arms and put his hands on my tummy, one just below my breasts and the other lower, on the swell just above my sex. "Now," he whispered into my ear, making a lock of my hair rustle with his breath, "let me tell you what I see. I see a woman."

"An old woman."

"No, not an old woman, mom," he told me, his eyes locking onto the reflection of mine and keeping them locked. He had huge, beautiful eyes, and I couldn't look away. "You're perfect. And no, don't say a word. Just listen to me. Don't say anything until I tell you to, all right?" I nodded, and he went on. "You think you're old because you're not 17 anymore, but you need to listen to me and you need to hear me: I would take you over any 17 year old, 18 year old, 20 year old, any time, any day. You're a woman, mom. A WOMAN. You're some silly, stupid little girl with a head full of foolish ideas and a bony body. You're a mother – MY mother. You've lived, you had life inside you, you know what it's like to win and to lose, to have disappointments and victories. You can talk about something other than makeup and dancing. You say there are lines around your eyes? I remember what put those lines there. I remember you laughing, I remember you smiling, and I remember you crying too. Do you think those lines are there because of your age? They're not. They're there because you've lived. You've lived more than any idiot girl ever could have. They're there because you're wise and you're strong, wiser and stronger than any 18 year old I've ever known."

I was watching his face as he spoke, and I knew he was telling the truth. It was so obvious that it was unmistakable, undeniable. I didn't say anything – he'd commanded me not to – but I felt myself settling back against him, feeling his strong young body against mine. It felt very, very nice.

His big, clever hands moved against my belly, stroking me through the dress from the bottoms of my breasts to the top of my pubic mound, slowly and sensuously. I loved the sensation. "You know, I came out of here," he whispered to me, a pleasant smile curling his lips. "I was made here and I grew here. When you look at your stomach you can only see an invisible five pounds that nobody else can see, but do you know what I see? I see life, mom. Life itself. For me, for Laurel, for another baby, maybe. I see a woman who made her children through love and who loved them through everything, good and bad. After everything, you still love me."

It was a statement of fact, not a question, but I nodded anyway. I was getting weak and wobbly on my legs and leaning back against him more, but he didn't seem to mind – I could feel his cock begin to stir against my back, and kept my body against it and let it grow.

His hands moved now, up to my breasts. He cupped them through my dress and I felt my nipples hard and tight against his palms. He squeezed them gently and then took the hem between his fingers and pulled it down, freeing my tits. I didn't flinch. I looked at them in the mirror, pale and full, nipples darkening with desire, and I watched and felt as he took each nipple between forefinger and thumb and gave a firm tug. Pleasure rippled through me and I moaned softly between wet lips. "I suckled here. My lips went here..." he said, squeezing first my left nipple and then my right, "and here. I drew my life from you, the life you made and gave to me. You sustained me and I've loved you for it, for everything, for all."

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I remembered him suckling my breasts as an infant – even now I remembered it as clearly as though it had just happened – but this was different now. Now his hands were large and confident and making me aroused. He knew how to make me aroused, more than anyone ever had, with a touch or a word. I knew I should fight it – I knew I had to fight it – but right now I couldn't. I didn't have the strength...and I found, to a mixture of dismay and satisfaction, that I didn't have the desire. He had taken that desire away from me and was beginning to replace it with desire of another sort. His hands drifted down and began to move up under my dress, between my legs, and I wanted him to continue and touch me in the way he knew how to touch me...but I stopped him. I placed my hands on his wrists and stilled them, then slowly let them go and turned in his arms so I was facing him, by breasts bare against his chest, his cock hard against my belly. I looked up into his eyes, because the question I needed answered had to be answered honestly and he was such a smooth liar that the only way I could be reasonably sure I was getting the truth was by reading his face. "David," I said softly and hesitantly, "Do you think I'm disgusting? Because of what I want to do with Charlie?"

His smile was soft and his eyes were truthful as he shook his head. "No, mom, I don't."

"Really?"

"Really," he replied, kissing my forehead and pulling me closer. "Tell me what you feel about him, about how he makes you feel."

His tone wasn't condemnatory, and it wasn't even curious. It sounded like he was asking me to prove a point, so I told him. "It's like...it's like I've always wanted him that way, or wanted a dog that way. Always, since I was old enough to want anything at all. I just never knew it. I never...I never had an experience, or came close to an experience, that would let me know what it was I wasn't getting. So I've spent my life with this... piece of me just missing. And I didn't even know it was missing." I paused and swallowed hard. "And then Monday when he...when he licked me, I suddenly knew what it was I'd needed. I knew what I was missing then and now that I know I don't think I can live without it. I really don't."

He shifted, his erection pressing more firmly against me, and I didn't pull away. "Is this what you wanted for yourself?" he asked. "I mean...if you could have picked what turned you on the most, what really completed you, would you have picked dogs?"

"No!" I said, surprisingly emphatically. "I can't tell anyone about this! Who would understand?"

"Besides me?"

"Yes, besides you," I nodded. "And look where it's gotten me now that you know. Even if I was a closet lesbian or...or someone who liked to be whipped, that would be more acceptable than this. Now I'm just a freak."

"I don't think you're a freak, mom."

"Well that makes two of us," I replied. "And that's probably just about it."

He smiled then. "You haven't really thought about how we're the same, have you mom?"

I paused. "What do you mean?"

"All my life I've had a hole that I couldn't fill," he told me. "A piece of me that was missing. You. But the difference is I knew what I wanted, I just couldn't get it, ever. I saw you every single day and I wanted you, I hurt for you. At night I'd lie in bed wide

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awake and think about what it would be like with you and knowing I'd never be happy unless I had you...and I'd never have you. Think about it, mom. Think about if you had discovered how you felt about Charlie but you couldn't do anything about it, not last Monday, not today, not ever. Think about if you saw him every day and spent time with him and wanted him so bad that most times you couldn't think of anything else at all...but you could never, ever have him. How would that make you feel?"

This was a view of the situation that I hadn't ever taken before, and for the first time since my son discovered my desires and I discovered his, I felt sorry for him. Genuinely, truly sorry. "It would drive me crazy," I whispered, my eyes locked on his. "Just thinking about it, I...I can't even imagine."

He was quiet for a bit, and then he whispered, "I'm going to kiss you, mom. I hope you don't pull away."

I shook my head. "I won't, baby. Kiss me."

He did, his lips settling on mine, his exhalation on my cheek. I kissed him back immediately, unhesitatingly, our tongues moving together. It wasn't a passionate kiss, though there was passion there – on both sides. Instead it was a kiss of recognition, of two people who knew each other so well but who at last saw each other for what they were and what they needed, and who each knew that they alone held the key to the other's satisfaction. A thought of David taking me in his arms and carrying me upstairs to his bed flitted through my mind, and for the first time I didn't recoil from it. It occurred to me, at last, that it might not be a terrible thing, or an utter perversity – or at least that his perversion was no greater than my own. The thought tumbled through my mind for a few moments as the kiss drew on, and then I pushed it away. It didn't revolt me as it had before, but I wasn't ready for that yet. I wasn't nearly ready, in fact, and I couldn't say for sure that I ever would be. I was still his mother, and I always would be, no matter that he wanted me to be his lover too. Some bonds can't be broken.

The kiss ended and he smiled at me, then he took my hand and led me to the dining room where the food I loved awaited. As I sat down I tucked my breasts back into my dress – despite a disappointed sound from my son – and we ate together. It was a wonderful, charming, and, yes, very romantic meal. David was blessed with immense charm that he could turn on whenever he wanted it, and he wanted it that evening. He had me laughing, he had me leaning into him to hear his words, he had me playing footsie with him under the table. I felt comfortable with him, really and truly, more comfortable than I had felt around him for many years, and it was a very good feeling. I felt I understood him more than I ever had, perhaps more than I had ever understood any man; the fact that we each had a taboo desire known to the other seemed to bring down the barriers that experience had placed between us.

He was flirtatious, and I was flirtatious back – and more than flirtatious, like when, in response to a teasing dare, I pulled down the top of my dress, drizzled warm pasta sauce on my hard nipples, and let him lick them off. Not that he stopped at licking, of course; he sucked them, nibbled them, and pinched them as I moaned and lifted my chest into his mouth. At the same time I even put my hand between his legs and rubbed his thick and very hard cock through his pants...it was nothing that we hadn't done before, so I somehow felt it was all right to do it again.

Charlie was there for the whole meal, of course. When food is eaten, Charlie is there, my own furry Hoover. We each gave him a little food from our plates, and he licked

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our hands when we did; it was impossible for me, as that astonishing tongue curled around my fingers, to think of anything but what the two of us had done together, and what we would do tonight, with David's assistance. It was very...odd, when I thought of it – my son and I were having a romantic and occasionally sexual dinner preparatory to him helping me fuck our dog. A week ago I would have been astonished at the thought, but now that I was in it, it was as though we were building our own little world together, just the three of us, a world where we each might get what we needed, or enough of what we needed to make us happy. David watched as I leaned in and let Charlie kiss me again, his tongue filling my mouth the way it does, and when I was done he told me that it was the most erotic thing he had ever seen. I blushed and looked down at my plate with a shy smile, but I was delighted that my son thought that seeing it was good. Not only had I found my passion, I had found someone I could share it with.

When dinner was done we made quick work of the cleanup. I washed the dishes and put them away, and David put the good tablecloth downstairs in the wash so I could attend to it when we were done, then he took the food boxes and the empty wine bottle out to the trunk of his car. In a very few minutes there was no evidence of our rendezvous... and we were ready for what would come next.

I confess I had no idea what to expect. Yes I had seen the videos on the site that David had signed me up for, but those were edited, their dogs were trained to mate with humans, and they had a whole experienced crew there ready to assist. This was just the three of us, and none of us had ever done anything like this before. I was nervous, wondering if it would work, if Charlie could be coaxed to climb atop me and put his cock inside me and take me like he'd take a bitch dog or if it wouldn't work at all and I would finish the night more frustrated than I was at the beginning. The thought of the first possibility was intoxicating, but the chance of the second kept me from getting too excited as I finished tidying up the kitchen and dining room.

David came back into the house, a smile on his face and his cock tenting his pants. He took me in his arms and I pressed into him unashamedly, gratefully even, and looked up into his face. "Thank you for tonight, baby," I told him. "Whatever happens...thank you."

"You're very welcome, mom," he replied, hands massaging my ass through my dress. "Are you ready?"

"God yes," I whispered fervently. "I can't believe how much I need this. I've never needed anything this much."

"Then go into the living room and take off your clothes," he told me. "I have another present for you."

"Another one?" I grinned. "You're spoiling me."

"You deserve to be spoiled," he told me, then swatted my ass to get me moving. "Go on now, get undressed and wait for me in the living room, you and Charlie."

I squeezed his hands and then did as I was told, heading to the living room and untying the trap behind my neck. The dress dropped to the floor and I bent to pick it up –

Charlie didn't waste the opportunity of having my pussy bare and stuck in the air that way. The instant I bent, he was there, nose against my sex and tongue pushing inside for the wetness that was there. "Oooohhhh good boy," I cooed, spreading my legs and bracing myself with my hands on my knees. It felt amazing, and not just because he's so skilled with his tongue; it felt amazing because for the first time in my life I knew what I needed and wanted and felt liberated to get it. If I wanted to have Charlie lick me, then I

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could. If I wanted to have Charlie fuck me, David was there to help. My son would be coming down from his bedroom very shortly with a gift for me, and not only did I not mind if he caught me this way, I wanted him to. I wanted him to see me taking what I needed because only he in all the world knew, only he understood. I felt safe with him at that moment, safe knowing that I would not be condemned for taking this pleasure and filling this need, and I felt safe knowing that he would find it arousing to see me this way. I began to think that even if we wouldn't wind up in bed together (certainly we wouldn't tonight and maybe we wouldn't ever), then at least my son deserved something special for accepting me, loving me and helping me through this. Something that he'd been wanting for a long, long time...

I was still moaning on Charlie's tongue and grinding my ass back against it when David reappeared with an old bedsheet draped over one arm and a shopping bag in the other. He stopped when he saw me and we exchanged knowing, lustful smiles. "Well that's a sexy fucking sight," he told me. "Do you like how he licks you?"

"I love how he licks me, baby," I told him, wiggling my ass and panting with desire. "His tongue is so amazing. I can't even describe it...but it..aaaaaaahhhhhh yes... it moves inside me. It twists...it fills me...it's soft...and strong...and rough...he presses his teeth against my lips...oh god baby it feels so fucking good when he does me this way!"

He moved in front of me and bent to kiss me; I opened my mouth eagerly for his tongue and just as eagerly reached between his legs and put my hand on the bulge in his pants. I unzipped him and had my hand inside his pants in seconds, wrapped around that magnificent piece of meat he kept there, stroking it adoringly. I was going to come tonight, and so was my son. We both deserved it. He kissed me and I stroked him, my hand moving up and down his hard cock as Charlie licked my pussy and my ass, and at that moment it seemed to me so perfect that I never wanted any of it to end.

But end it did when David pulled away. Reluctantly I took my hand out of his pants. "Do you like my cock, mom?" he asked playfully.

"How should I know?" I teased back. "I haven't seen it in years."

He was watching my face when he asked, "Do you want to see it?"

I looked right back into his eyes and answered, without hesitation, "Yes, baby, I want to see it. I want to see all of you. Take off your clothes for me, baby."

The smile on his face was so very much like it had been when he was little and he saw the presents spread under the tree on Christmas morning. It just melted my heart. At that moment I loved my son as much as I ever had. He shed his suit coat, draping it over the back of an easy chair, and loosened and removed his tie with an elegant gesture that made me giggle even as I was gasping on Charlie's tongue. He unbuttoned his shirt, cuffs first and then his body, and I watched avidly as his powerful young chest and flat tummy came into view. He was gorgeous, and as he removed his shirt and tossed it to the side I watched the strong muscles ripple beneath his skin and I understood how he was able to make the local housewives crumble; for a neglected woman on the wrong side of 30 to have a young Adonis like that hot for her? Yes, he could get into almost any housewife's panties that he wanted.

As David bent over to untie his shoes, Charlie stopped licking me and went over to see what was going on – as I've said, dogs are great lovers but stupid – and my efforts to call him back by patting my ass and pussy were fruitless. So I simply stood up, hands on

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insolently tilted hips, feet apart, giving my son something to look at as he undressed. And look he did as he took off one shoe and then the other, his eyes paying special attention to the bare little cleft between my legs. I didn't hide it – far from it, in fact, because at this moment, feeling what I felt, I loved that he was looking and I loved that I was making him hard. It seemed, I thought, the least I could do for what he was about to do for me. And I had no intention of just settling for doing the least, not anymore.

When he straightened up and began to undo his belt, David had to have seen the avidity in my eyes, and there was no way he missed me licking my lips. I told you before that I love to look at cocks, and that the cock of my dreams was inside those pants. I had felt it, hot and throbbing and gloriously thick, and now I wanted to see it. He teased me, the little bastard, but I didn't mind. I loved how he was tenting his pants and for once I loved that I was the one putting that tent there. He wiggled a bit and I giggled; Charlie figured this was all a new game and pranced, causing David to ruff his ears and me to pet his back. The three of us were sharing something special tonight.

When David unzipped his pants and let them fall, my breath caught in my throat. He was standing before me in just his underwear, navy blue boxer briefs that hugged his ass and his groin. He turned, showing me that hard, beautiful backside as he tossed his pants across the chair back, and I almost felt dizzy that such perfection had come out of my body. At that moment it didn't even occur to me that Tim had the same perfect body, that in fact from the neck down, cock excepted, David was almost a carbon copy of what his father had been at that age. In fact, from this point on I don't think Tim entered my mind once until we had finished. I know that sounds monstrous, that I could do what we did without ever once thinking of my husband, but it was easier that way – much easier. Tim had been dead to me sexually for so long that it was almost impossible for me to think of him that way then, and David and Charlie had grounded me so much in the moment that I don't think I could have thought of anything but the three of us if I had tried. And honestly, I didn't try.

I held my breath as my son turned back to face me, thumbs hooked in the waistband of his underwear. I know he was watching my face, but I didn't take my eyes off his crotch as he slowly, slowly pulled down his briefs. I saw his pubic hair, dark and full, come into view, and I watched as his underwear got hung up on his erection...

And then it came into view...no, it exploded into view. The instant the underwear went down past it, it bobbed free and I gasped. I had been right: it was the cock of my dreams. It was maybe halfway past seven inches, standing proud and straight and wrist-thick from his body. There was no curve to it. The veins, pulsing and throbbing, stood in hard relief against the velvety skin. The head was pronounced but not flaring...just enough to get the tip of the tongue under and make him tremble. It looked proud, powerful, and so masculine that if I hadn't already been dripping, I'd have gotten wet just from looking at it. Underneath it hung a pair of balls that I instantly adored: heavy, full, round, dangling, full of his seed. I knew instantly how those balls would feel in my hand if I were to hold them, and I knew instantly that I could bring my son to his knees by lifting those balls up and running my tongue along that ultra-sensitive spot where they met his perineum.

His shorts hit the floor and he stood for a moment, him watching me stare at his perfect nakedness. I couldn't take my eyes off of him and I didn't want to. I wanted to drink him in and keep the image of him just this way, naked, aroused, seen for the first

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time. After a long moment of me devouring him with my eyes, though, he shifted a bit uncomfortably and asked, in an adorably uncertain voice, "Well? Am I OK?"

I looked up into his eyes and gave him a smile that was strange for how it mixed maternal pride and utter lust. "Yes, baby, you're more than all right," I told him, watching the relief and joy spread onto his face. "You're gorgeous. I've never seen a more gorgeous man naked."

"I've never seen a more gorgeous woman naked."

My grin got mischievous. "You know, after this I'm going to have a hard time seeing you with clothes on. I'll always be sneaking peeks at you!"

"Whenever you want to see me this way, all you have to do is ask," he told me. "Do I get the same privilege?"

I nodded. "Yes, baby, whenever you want and it's safe to do it. If you like looking at me this way, you can. I promise."

He stepped up to me and put his arms around me, and for the very first time the head of his hard cock nuzzled at my belly. I loved the way it felt, just like I loved the way he took me to him so commandingly and so certainly. This was the first time we kissed when both of us were naked, and it was a memorable kiss. By breasts against his chest, his hands moving on me, my fingers around his cock lazily stroking while my other hand cupped his balls, our tongues wrapping around each other slowly at first but then faster and more urgently, his hand slipping between my legs and sliding a finger against my clit... almost immediately I was ready to cum and I was more than willing to have him bring me there...but he stepped back and smiled. "I told you I have a present for you," he said, picking up the shopping bag and holding it out.

I opened the bag and...well, I'm not quite sure what I was expecting but I wasn't expecting what I got. The first thing I found was an oversized tee shirt dyed in a garish dark blue and pale yellow pattern, like a tie die if the dyer that made it was both lazy and stoned. I looked at it quizzically and glanced at David, who was grinning like the Cheshire cat. I held it up and looked at it...and it was truly hideous. "Ummm...OK," I said slowly. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but..."

"But?"

"But...um...well I really like the white dress you got me..."

He laughed heartily and took the shirt out of my hands. "Take a look at what else I got you."

I did – it was a pair of jeans, an old and faded one that looked like it had been purchased at a second-hand store. I lifted them from the bag and held them up...and immediately saw that the crotch had been crudely cut away; if I put them on, they would have left my pussy bare but covered pretty much everything else. "Well," I said, "I can see I won't be wearing this to the store."

"No, that's not what they're for," David chuckled.

"All right, I give up," I told him. "What are they for?"

"These," my son told me, "are your dog fucking clothes."

"My...dog fucking clothes?" I asked. "Why do I need clothes to do that?"

"Haven't you ever noticed Charlie's claws?" he asked, grinning. "Do you really want to try to explain to dad why your back and thighs and ass are all covered with big red scratches?"

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“Ooohhhh, no,” I said slowly, the utility of the clothes dawning on me. “I definitely don't want to do that...”

“And not only that, but the only time you're going to wear these clothes is when you want to get busy with Charlie.”

“Damn, and here I was thinking I'd wear them to church tomorrow.”

His grin was salacious. “Now that's an image worth thinking about: you with your pussy hanging out in church. But the point is that he'll associate these clothes with sex, and so once we get him trained he'll know that when you're wearing them, you want him to mount you and fuck you like the dirty little bitch you are.” I gasped at his crude language, but it wasn't a gasp of shock; in fact, a ripple of illicit pleasure shot through me at my son speaking to me that way. “And even more important,” he went on, “he'll learn that when you're not wearing these clothes, you don't want to. That way you won't have to worry about him knocking you down and tying with you when you have grandma over. That's why I picked a shirt with a big, bold pattern on it – he's colorblind, but that's such a recognizable pattern than he'll learn pretty quickly.”

I gazed at my boy with frank admiration. “You think of everything, don't you?”

“I like to be prepared,” he chuckled. “Ever since I found out about what you like I've been doing some reading on the internet about how women can have sex with dogs. I think I understand enough to make sure you have a good time tonight.”

“Well, you have earned a special treat,” I told him, stepping close to him again and putting my hand on his cock. “One I think you'll really like, in fact.”

“Oh, do tell...”

I laughed. “Nope, that's my surprise. So I'll put on these clothes...” And I did, dressing in the ridiculous outfit as David spread out the old sheet. He explained that dogs cum so much that they make a huge mess, so having a floor covering would make cleanup easier. It all seemed more than a bit surreal, being here with my naked son, dressed in “dog fucking clothes” and getting ready to mate with my beautiful family pet – in fact, now that we were on the edge of it, events seemed to be moving both too fast to understand and too slow to tolerate. I wanted to be on all fours immediately with Charlie's cock lodged in my body and experiencing the blissful orgasms I knew I would have, but part of me also screamed out to stop, to take a breath, to put a halt to this whole crazy parade until I could get hold of it and make sense of everything that had happened. But I couldn't stop now, not when I was so close to something that promised such fulfillment – and beside that, a small voice inside me told me that it was impossible to stop anymore; I had placed myself in a stream that was moving faster and faster and all I could do as hope to hold on and keep my head above water while that stream took me to wherever it would go. I was no longer my own master and I knew it.

And so I put on the absurd tee shirt and the crotchless jeans. As soon as David had spread the sheet on the floor Charlie sat down proudly in the middle of it, claiming it as his own, and I sank to my knees next to him. He immediately began thumping his tail and threw a brawny shoulder into me that almost knocked me on my ass. After all, the main time anyone got on the floor with him was to play, and he was already pretty sure we were playing some new game...and we were, just not the sort he expected. I laughed and put my arms around his neck, hugging him and feeling the softness of his fur and the heat of his body.

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It struck me then, and not for the first time, what marvelous creatures dogs really are. Charlie had no concept of future or past, no idea of the passage of time, no worries for tomorrow or regrets for yesterday. He was of the moment, purely and simply, and physically THERE in a way that few men could ever be. And truly, I reflected, one wouldn't want a man (or a woman, for that matter) to be so grounded in the present instant and in his own body. To be human was to have knowledge, to realize that there's something beyond the now. In giving myself to Charlie this way I was surrendering that part of myself, at least temporarily. I was giving up on consequences and the future, sacrificing all of it for a moment of communion with a fellow creature that was so different from me. Different, yes, but no less. As I looked into Charlie's loving eyes I knew that I was finding a soul mate just as surely as anyone ever had. I was going where I needed to go, where my body and my mind and my soul all commanded me. There was a part of me that only Charlie, or maybe only any beautiful and perfect dog, could truly reach, a need in me that only he could fill. With him, I was going home.

I looked down along his belly and saw his sheath. Just the very tip of his red cock was poking out, much less than an inch, and I felt the same giddy thrill that I had before when he had gone after Nosey, the same giddy thrill that had started all this. But this was different. Now I was going to have that red cock inside me. Now I was going to take that giddy thrill to a whole new place. I watched his face as I reached between his forelegs and took his sheath in my hand. It felt so warm, so perfectly soft, and underneath it I could feel hardness. David was watching me with a smile on his face, but I didn't mind. In fact, I loved that there was someone to share this moment with – someone, that is, besides Charlie. After all, I couldn't very well talk this over with Charlie when I was done; and he would keep my secret, true, but because he had no choice. There would be something wonderful about sharing this secret with my son, just as we shared the secret of his desire for me – or so I thought at the time. That I turned out to be wrong doesn't make the feeling I had then any less profound.

And so I began to stroke Charlie's sheath and I watched his eyes get big with surprise and pleasure. I could feel the skin sliding over the hardness underneath, and I was amazed and thrilled at how different it all felt from a human cock. When a man is soft, he's soft all the way through, not just on the outside. His junk flops, it bends, and generally it's inoffensive when it isn't erect. With Charlie, though – and, I've since learned, with all dogs – there was hardness beneath the softness, and even though it felt pencil-thin inside his sheath I knew from the pictures and the movies I saw that it would get bigger, thicker, longer...and I knew that there was a thick bulge part way down, a magnificent knot that would get him stuck inside of me, gloriously stuck inside of my body while he loaded me endlessly with his cum. I almost swooned. And it didn't take long for Charlie to begin to respond; as I watched more and more of his cock appeared, bit by bit, until nearly two inches of red, slick, amazing dog cock was showing.

"You like that, don't you?" David whispered in my ear as he crouched beside me to watch what I was doing. "You like the feel of a dog's cock in your hand."

"Yes," I breathed, a little dizzy with the sensation. "I do like it. It feels...it feels very naughty..."

"Very naughty and?"

"...and very right," I finished for him. "Completely right. The rightest thing I've ever felt. David, I want him hard. I want him inside me now. Can you help me?"

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He kissed me on the neck and I tilted my head to let him tease the tender flesh. "You want me to help you fuck him?"

"Yes baby, I want that," I whispered, my voice getting quieter as the intensity of what I was feeling increased. "Please..."

"Then tell me," he whispered back. "Nice and loud, so I can hear it. I don't want you to be ashamed of this. I want you to own it, to be proud of it. I want you to tell me exactly what you want me to do."

I didn't hesitate, just like I didn't take my eyes off of Charlie's sheath and the bit of redness protruding from it. I spoke not quite in a shout, but definitely in a loud and certain voice: "I want you to help me fuck Charlie, David. I want you to help him get inside me and stay inside me. I want to feel it. I want to have him draped over my back all hot and panting. I want to feel his cum inside me. I want you to help me, baby. I need you to you help your mother now."

He reached around and squeezed my breasts through the ridiculous shirt and whispered, "On your hands and knees, mom. Now."

I hurried to obey, and Charlie stood up and regarded me curiously as I assumed the position. David was there to guide me. "Spread your legs a little, you want to be at the right height for him to get into you easily and you want to have a steady base when he gets on top of you. Put your chest down, almost on the floor, so your ass sticks up and your pussy is at the right angle. That's it. Christ, you look so hot like that I'm tempted to fuck you myself!"

"You're always tempted to fuck me," I chuckled. "Now be a good boy."

He made some adjustments to my stance and I took careful mental note of everything he did. I wanted to be able to repeat this easily when my son wasn't around, after all. By the end I was positioned like a whore, legs splayed wide, ass and cunt tilted up saucily, tits resting on the floor to give my back a seductive curve; my last act was to look over my shoulder at Charlie in a wordless invitation to mount me. It was, I thought, a look a male of any species ought to understand!

I think Charlie understood well enough – he was breathing heavily, almost panting, and he was pacing around my back end. But he was uncertain too. This was the first time I had ever offered myself to him, after all, and indeed it was the first time he would ever mate. He had the instinct and the desire, I knew, because his cock was still poking two inches of red out of his gray sheath. But he was also intimidated – after all, I was the leader of his pack, so to speak, and being invited to mate with the alpha female was probably a little confusing for him, the poor dear.

David tried patting my ass and my lower back but all Charlie did was look worried. After a bit, he took a step toward me and sniffed my sex; I waggled my butt in what I hoped was an enticing way, but he just gave me a tentative lick and stepped away again.

The initial buzz of excitement and expectation was starting to fade, and an unsettling voice of doubt was growing inside me. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Doesn't he want to?"

"I think he does," David said soothingly. "It's just this is new for him and he doesn't know how to go about it."

"But...what if he won't?" The idea was positive crushing, after all the buildup and expectation and need I felt. To be here, in this position with my lovely dog and my willing helper of a son, only to have Charlie turn up his nose? The very idea was awful!

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“Shhhh,” my son whispered, running his hand along my ass and then down between my legs to stroke my pussy and get some of my juices on his fingers. He held his hand out to Charlie, saying, “We just need to give him the right idea, that’s all. You’ll be Charlie’s bitch in no time.”

The vulgarity, the image, and the sheer casualness and acceptance with which my son said those words sent a shiver of illicit delight down my spine and made my pussy spasm. “Say...say that again,” I whispered, closing my eyes.

I felt David’s hand on my sex, teasing me open and slipping a pair of fingers inside; I squeezed down on them and pushed into him, fucking him back as he began to pump me. He leaned in, pressing his body against mine and rubbing his erection against me. “You’ll be Charlie’s bitch,” he whispered again, his voice thick with lust. “He’s going to take you just like a bitch dog in heat, just exactly like you are – a horny bitch dog who wants to get fucked by his big, hard red cock. Aren’t you?”

“Ohhh yes,” I moaned, listening avidly to his words and the sloppy suction sound his fingers made as they pumped me. “I’m a bitch dog in heat...”

“He’s going to put that cock into you and load you up with his cum,” he continued, placing his lips on the back of my neck and kissing me there. “He’s going to tie with you and you’ll be stuck to him, his prisoner, his slave...”

“Ohhh fuck baby yes...yes that’s what I want...I want it so bad...”

“Your cunt will be a dog’s cunt, your body a fucktoy for a big horny dog...”

“Yes, yes, keep fingering me, keep telling me...” I was on the edge of a massive orgasm and I needed it not to get away. I need to cum, and I needed it from my son. Not from Charlie, not at that moment, but from David. I needed to give him the gift of my orgasm to thank him for what he’d done for me, just like I’d thank him with his orgasm later. I wanted him to know he’d made me cum.

His fingers moved harder, faster, deeper, slamming into me as I slammed back. “And he’s going to take you again and again,” he told me fervently. “From now on you’re nothing but a bitch, nothing but his hole to fuck, nothing but a dog to serve his needs. That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes!” I cried, biting my lip.

“And from now on you’re gonna give him this hot little bitch cunt whenever he wants it, however he wants it, all the time...”

“YES!”

“He’s gonna pump you full of cum and keep you full of cum with that big fucking knot and his big fucking cock and you’re going to have a belly full of dog sperm...”

“YES! YES!” And I came, hard, shivering, pushing back into my son’s hand and picturing his words, picturing Charlie’s semen spraying into me, filling me, trying to find my eggs. I screamed in sheer rapture, and I’m glad I was already on my hands and knees with my tits on the floor because if I’d have been standing when that orgasm took me I’d have pitched over onto my face.

And that was when Charlie mounted me.

Now, as I’ve mentioned before, dogs fuck like nothing else on earth but they are, frankly, dumb as bag of hammers. Charlie had been taken by my scent, by the passion he smelled and saw and heard, by my touch of him and by the cries I gave, and so he finally climbed atop me and started to hump. Unfortunately, he mounted from the front, putting his forelegs around my shoulder and pumping his sheathed cock into my hair. I looked up,

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surprised, and all I could see was heavy doggy balls waving back and forth a few inches from my face.

“Ok, well at least he has the idea,” David chuckled as he disentangled Charlie from around my body and put all four feet back on the floor. Charlie immediately tried to hop up again but David was ready; he caught him and steered him to my backside. I made sure I was in the right position, legs splayed, pussy canted and dripping and ready, chest low and breath held. I was still buzzing from the orgasm David had given me and I knew that it would swell and explode again once I felt Charlie inside me. I knew that I was about to have an amazing experience. David patiently guided Charlie so he was behind me and for the first time I felt his weight settle on my hips and back, felt his fur brush against my waiting ass, and felt the thrill beyond words of that hot, hard red cock brush across the lips of my eager, needy pussy. I drew air into my mouth in a hot gasp and waited –

And Charlie hopped off and wagged his tail.

I moaned again, this time in pure frustration. Even David seemed a little surprised, but he tried to coax Charlie back by patting my ass. Charlie mounted me again, this time from the side; I'd have needed a colostomy to have a hole where he tried to get inside me.

“This should be natural!” I wailed. “How do dogs ever manage to make puppies, anyway?”

David was laughing now, which only pissed me off. There's nothing so irritating as someone laughing at your intense frustration, and when you're frustrated at the edge of getting something that you need as bad as I needed Charlie at that moment, it's even worse. Still, he guided Charlie back to my ass, lifted him up and wrapped his legs around my waist again. Charlie looked at him amiably, wagged his tail and tried to dismount; but David held him on. I heard my son mumble, “Trying to figure this out here...”

“It's not going to work, is it?” I asked despairingly.

“Sure it is,” David replied confidently. “We just need to teach him what's what, that's all. Let's see...” I felt his hand go under, between me and Charlie, and from the motion I thought he was jacking Charlie to get him excited. Before I could ask what was going on, though, I felt Charlie start to hump. And oh my Lord, did he hump, fast and hard, slamming his furry legs into the backs of my hips. David pulled his hand away and I felt the hard, pointed tip of Charlie's cock poking at my thighs. I gasped hard and braced myself for the penetration I was certain was coming –

He climbed off of me again.

“Oh for the love of...dammit!” I snapped, looking over my shoulder to see my dog, my lovely, desired lover, wagging his tail and grinning as though he was inordinately pleased at himself for what he'd accomplished. “This is the most...frustrating thing!”

David didn't laugh this time, which kept me from killing him, but he was smiling when he took Charlie by the collar and guided him back. This time, though, David positioned himself behind Charlie so he could keep him from dismounting. Once more my dog settled onto my back and clutched at my waist with a hard grip; it's amazing how strong his skinny little forelegs are! Immediately he tried to hop off but David was there and stopped it, and this time I reached one hand back and grabbed his leg too – he wasn't getting off until we both did, so to speak.

“This time definitely, mom,” David whispered as he reached underneath and started to jack Charlie again; Charlie immediately started to hump.

“I want him so bad, baby,” I whispered.

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"I know, mom," my son assured me gently. He guided Charlie forward a couple of inches –

I felt his cock hit my labia. Not much, just the tip and only for a second, but it sent a jolt through me like I'd stuck my tongue in an electrical socket. It was one of the most thrilling things I had ever felt, and it was repeated an instant later, and again and again. He was so close! "Just...just a little to the –"

And then it went in.

How can I explain that moment? It wasn't as though I had been thinking about it my whole life, because the first I had ever seen Charlie as a sexual creature was less than a week ago and I hadn't really started to wonder whether I could make this happen until just this morning. It wasn't as though a childhood dream had been realized. And yet...and yet. Like I've explained, there was an aching, painful gap inside of me and had been since I was young. It was a void that I hadn't even known about, but it was so profound that it had made me unhappy without my even knowing it all my days. The first instant when I felt Charlie penetrate me and I knew that there was a canine penis inside my vagina was the most transcendent moment I have ever experienced. That void I had borne all these years was suddenly not a void any more. The empty spot in my soul had been filled. I've heard people talk about religious experiences; I've never had one myself and I never understood what they meant by being completed by a force outside of yourself, being swept up and carried to a new place you never could have gotten to on your own. But now, in this instant, I understood. It was more than physical, it was more than emotional. It was spiritual. I really, truly, honestly believe that and I always will.

The moment seemed endless but really it was only an instant that hung in my mind because of the way it made me feel. Charlie certainly didn't pause to give me time to contemplate, though. He pushed into me, and what I felt, the actual physical sensation I mean, wasn't thrilling. It felt like a pencil being pushed into me, honestly – it was thin and short, and if I'd had the time to mentally compare it with the pictures and movies I'd seen of those meaty dog cocks I'm sure I'd have been disappointed. But he didn't give me time. He hammered me hard and fast, harder than any man ever had and faster than any man ever could. I think the physical feeling that struck me the most was the way his sheath felt as it pushed against my sex; it was warm and furry, such a strange feeling like I'd never had before there, and I remember distinctly to this day (in spite of all the many, many times and many dogs I've had since) how it felt that first time.

Now that he was inside me, though, things started to happen fast. Charlie pumped me swiftly and with each thrust he seemed to grow inside me. Every time he humped me he pushed in deeper, and on every backstroke it seemed as though the cock he was pulling back was thicker than the one that had gone in. I heard him panting, a strange sound that I've since come to adore; it's a mixture of heavy breathing and whining, and now that I know it's the sound of canine pleasure it's music to me, but then I do recall a passing thought flicking across my brain that wondered if he was all right. All right or not, though, he wasn't stopping.

I had spent the afternoon wondering what this moment would be like for me and I had imagined myself participating more, pushing back onto him as he fucked me or wiggling my hips or something, but he really didn't give me the chance. The fact is that dogs fuck so beautifully hard and fast that once one is inside you, all you can do is brace yourself and hold on. And having no other option, that was exactly what I did: I pushed

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my arms into a position that would stop him pressing me forward with every thrust and I just took what he gave me.

Now, that's not to say that I was a silent partner in all this – far from it. The instant I first felt him inside me I gave a sound that was something like a cross between a squeal and a wail. It wasn't something I'd planned and in fact it was sort of an embarrassing noise but...well, I was being screwed by a dog, for God sake. You can't really be responsible for the sounds you make when that happens. I fell into his rhythm, or rather he forced me into his rhythm by battering my little cunt with everything he had, and with every thrust he wrenched a squeaky little gasp from me. They came so fast, one after another, that I was almost hyperventilating. I just couldn't catch a breath between them! And then suddenly I was coming, not so much from the physical sensations (Charlie's cock was still a bit on the tiny side when my orgasm hit me) but because of what I was doing. Charlie, my dog, my love, was inside me. I had what I needed and my body simply responded the only way that made sense to it – it threw itself over the edge into pure, rapturous bliss. My staccato gasps turned into a long, guttural throbbing moan.

Usually when I orgasm, especially when the orgasm is as profound as that one, I sort of lose track of time; hell, I've been known to lose consciousness. But I remember every bit of this one, every single second, every movement, every breath, every smell and every sound. I remember how Charlie kept pounding me at that incredible, impossible rate. I remember the first moment I knew his knot was in me, swelling and growing, and I remember the first instant it got big enough that it began to stretch me from the inside. Lord, that sensation! It was unlike anything I'd ever felt, inflating, expanding, but still moving, still hammering deeper, harder, faster; at each instant the knot felt so big that I couldn't believe it could get bigger, but the next instant it was bigger still. Nerves I had no idea I possessed flared into life and I knew that I wouldn't be satisfied with them going back to sleep again; I had tasted this ambrosia and I would have to keep tasting it, now and forever – simply, I was addicted to a dog's cock. I remember the first touch of the end of his cock against my cervix, pushing it open; it wasn't pleasurable or even comfortable, but knowing that Charlie was deeper in me than any cock had ever been was an unspeakable thrill.

But most of all I remember the feeling of his cum – or at least I thought it was his cum, though now I've learned the difference between a dog's cum and the lube he squirts before he comes. The body of a dog is a few degrees warmer than a human's; you can feel it when you run your hand along his skin. Normally it's just a pleasant but unremarkable fact – but when a dog's cock is inside of you it feels like fire, like the sweetest fire imaginable. And once he gets hard, a dog will squirt his pre-cum, more than one squirt a second in what seems like an impossible and endless amount. I have no idea how a dog can produce that much stuff, but he does, and when his cock is buried in the deepest part of your cunt you can feel each and every squirt. Each and every squirt. I wish I had the words in my vocabulary to tell you how that feels, but I don't. I've tried many times and I've never come close, but I'll try again. It feels like lava, like molten steel, but it's the best sensation in the world. It keeps flowing and flowing and flowing and you can feel yourself filling up with it. There comes a point where you feel full, where you think that your pussy simply can't hold another drop and it must explode out of you – but his knot keeps you bottled up tight. Certainly, a few drops escape to flow down the insides of your thighs or drip to the floor, but that's nothing compared to the amount his balls pour into

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you. You're already stretched out around a cock that fills you like no human cock ever could and then you stretch some more, and more, and more, and you keep stretching. And if that sounds painful then you're wrong – it's exquisite. It's divine. It's like reaching out your hand and touching the face of God. It's like coming home. And that doesn't even begin to describe it.

So there I was on my hands and knees, impaled on Charlie's cock and coming like a banshee. I came so hard I felt like my skin was moving on my body, like my heart was going to explode, like my lungs were filled with fire. I wanted nothing more than for my sweet dog to keep pounding me like that forever...but he didn't. In fact, he only humped me that way for a couple of minutes or maybe even less; at any rate it wasn't long at all, even though it felt much longer as I came around him. My orgasm could have continued but when he stopped fucking and fell motionless my orgasm slowed and stopped too; it didn't completely subside, but it dropped into sort of a pre-orgasmic sweet, sticky flow, like my insides were filled with warm milk, and I knew I could – and would – come again, and soon. Charlie was straddling me, motionless and panting, his sides heaving, his breath loud. I knew from the labored sound of his breathing that his tongue was out, and after a few moments I felt a wet spot growing between my shoulders: he was drooling on me, and for an instant I wished fervidly that wasn't wearing this ridiculous tee shirt so that I could feel his spit on my skin. I wanted all of him, from his cum in my cunt to his fur on my ass to his drool on my back and in my hair. I loved him, pure and simple.

David might have been speaking before that, but I didn't hear him. The first I realized he was talking to me was when he whispered, "So how does it feel, mom?"

I had laid my head on my crossed arms, and I turned it to look at him. I gave him a dreamy smile and said, "Baby, it's the best thing I've ever felt."

"Honest?"

"Honest. Thank you so much for giving this to me. I never could have done this alone."

He smiled and stroked my hair, wet as it was with sweat and dog drool. "You look beautiful, you know? Stuck to him that way, his for as long as it takes to finish filling your womb with his cum."

"Mmmmm," I purred. "I feel beautiful. I can feel him coming inside me. He's so hot and there's so much of it..."

"Just lie there and feel it, mom," David urged me quietly. "He's going to be stuck this way for a long time."

"How long?"

"Well I guess every dog is different, but...well, ten minutes to half an hour."

"Oh my God," I whispered. That was the sexiest thing I had ever heard, being impaled on Charlie's knot and tied to him for thirty minutes, helpless to move until his cock got soft enough to come out on its own. "I want to cum again..."

"Put your hand on your clit and make yourself cum then," he smiled.

I smiled back. "Why don't you do it for me, baby?"

He looked like I'd just given him the best gift he'd ever had. He smiled hugely and his beautiful face lit up like Christmas morning. "I'd love to," he told me, "but I've got one hand on Charlie's ass and the other on his leg. I'm holding him in. I really don't think you'd like it if he tried to pull out right now with his knot stuck in you this way."

"Mmmmm, well I owe you a chance to rub my clit then," I chuckled.

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"I'll take a rain check," he chuckled with me, "and you'd better believe I'll collect on it too."

"I want you to, David," I told him as I shifted enough to slide a hand back along my belly and one finger on either side of my clit. "I think I'll want you to do it for me a lot from now on."

I touched myself then, and the warm feeling I had in my tummy quickly flared up again and turned into another climax, a rolling sort of climax that had peaks and valleys but didn't stop for a long time. When I started to cum again and my insides spasmed around Charlie's cock, he began to move again, fucking me just for a bit and pushing his shaft and his knot even deeper into me. It was a heavenly, perfect experience, and the fact that I was sharing it with my son made it all the better. He was still coming inside me and I could feel that mass of sperm in my abdomen, like I had suddenly developed a pot belly; to know that I was so loaded with my dog's cum that I was actually showing the effects was an aphrodisiac like none other. I kept that orgasm going for as long as I could until the pleasure began to fade and the sensations became too much, and then I pulled my hand away and rested my chin on my arms as before and simply enjoyed being tied to my lover.

I stayed that way for eighteen minutes. Eighteen. Just there, on my hands and knees, my dog inside me the way I had always craved. It was eighteen minutes of simple wordlessness, eighteen minutes of feeling and experiencing and marking everything to memory so that, no matter what would come in the future, I would always have this moment. I started to ache after a few minutes, because the position was unnatural, the wood floor beneath me was not cushioned by the bedsheet, and 75 lbs. of Charlie on my back wasn't exactly comfortable after a few minutes. But I didn't complain; the pain as part of the experience, and in my lingering afterglow it felt like something I needed to have, not quite as penance for the pleasure he'd given me so much as just a way to ground me and make the whole thing feel real and honest. Of course the ache kept growing such that by the end I was in a hell of a lot of hurt, but that was still all right. I'd correct it next time, with cushions or maybe a low padded stool to rest my chest on, but for now it was all right just to be tied and feeling what my dog was giving me.

After a while, of course, he stopped coming, but his cock didn't start to shrink immediately. It remained hard and lodged deep inside me, giving me a wonderful still fullness that seemed not ready to end now or any time in the near future. In fact my afterglow wore off to the point that I was just considering reaching back and rubbing out another climax when he tried to pull out of me. Now, he was maybe a little bit softer than he had been at his hardest, but...yikes. It felt like he was trying to yank my pelvis out through my coochie! My whole body rocked backward with the effort and I gave a startled yelp of surprise and pain (bad pain, not the good kind of him on my back); it was only David's hand that held him on.

"What's wrong?" David asked anxiously. "Did that hurt?"

"Owwie owwie owwie," was my reply. "He's still way too big inside me to get out without tearing me wide open!"

"OK, just relax," my boy counseled me. "I've got him by the butt and by the leg so he won't go anywhere I don't let him. All right?"

"All right, I'm fine," I replied. "It was just surprising, I guess."

We were quiet for a bit, and then David told me something very surprising: "Mom, I'm really proud of you."

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I turned my head to look at him and cocked an eyebrow. "Because I fucked a dog?"

"Yes," he nodded.

I couldn't help but laugh, and laughing felt good right then. "That's a heck of a reason to be proud of someone, kiddo."

He didn't laugh back. "You don't understand, mom. It's not because you did it, exactly. It's because you did something that you needed to do. It was unknown, a little scary. It was hard and it was taboo. Like you said, most people wouldn't understand this. But you had the courage to do it because you needed it. That took some guts."

My expression had turned from puzzlement to love, and I felt myself melting inside for my son. "Baby, that's...that's a beautiful thing to say to me."

"I mean it, mom."

"I know you do."

We shared a smile. He stroked my hair. Charlie got smaller inside of me and a few minutes later he was fidgeting like he wanted to get off. "You can let him off me," I told David. "I think he's OK."

"Are you sure?"

"No," I laughed, "but we'll just see how it goes."

David took his hands away and I braced myself, and within a few seconds Charlie gave a tug. It was a hard tug still, and I felt my opening stretching in a way I hadn't felt since Laurel had come out of there 15 years before. I pushed back and tried to relax but there was only so much I could do. There was a bright flash of pain and a loud, sloppy noise, and then he was out of me.

I've always loved the feeling I got when a man pulled out of me after a fuck. That feeling of being stretched, of my pussy having accommodated itself to his size and shape, of simply being open. But I had never felt anything remotely like this. I was spread wider than I had ever been after sex, and deeper, and it felt like there was a marvelous vacancy all the way up to my lungs. But more than that, much more, was the flood of juices that came out of me when Charlie took his cock away. It was a gush, a sloppy wet mess that exploded delightfully out of me and splattered across the backs of my legs and onto the bedsheet beneath me. I had known, of course, that there had been a hell of a lot of cum inside me – I'd felt every drop – but I still hadn't been prepared for this. I squealed in thrilled amazement as it flowed out and kept flowing out, as my body emptied of my juices and his and the marvelous mixture they had made. It was almost enough by itself to give me another orgasm, and if I hadn't been so shocked by it I could have bought myself off with the barest touch.

"Holy...fuck," David said in awe. "That's the hottest fucking thing I have ever seen in my life..."

I opened my mouth to reply but my words were drowned out by a gasp of pleasure as Charlie put his tongue up inside me again. And began to lick. He was seeking the rich blend we had created together, but at the time the sensation was so unexpected and so overwhelming that I had no chance of thinking about it even remotely rationally. I got my last orgasm of the night then and I didn't have to do a thing except sit there and feel that superb canine tongue licking me inside and out. I screamed my release and kept screaming until it was done.

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“God damn it mom,” David said softly and delightedly when Charlie pulled away and walked over to the corner to lie down, lick his cock, and fall asleep. Ah, typical male, no conversation afterward...

I just grinned up at my son. “Help me up,” I told him, and he did, guiding me slowly to my feet and keeping his hands on my arms for the few seconds it took my legs to stop wobbling.

“How do you feel?” he asked, hands still stroking the skin of my forearms. His eyes were glowing with love and lust, satisfaction and need, and I adored the way he looked at that moment.

“I feel fantastic,” I told him. “I feel like I’ve finally gotten what I’ve always needed. I feel fucked out and used hard and I love it.” I paused, then added, “And I feel like I want to be naked. Undress me?”

His grin was all the answer I got or needed, and in a moment he had my shirt up over my head and off. He crouched in front of me and opened my crotchless jeans, pulling them down over my hips and letting me put a hand on his shoulder to steady myself as I stepped out of them. At this point, any hint of modesty in front of my son would have been ludicrous, so I didn’t bother. I stood in front of him, bare as the day I was born, my shaved and well-fucked cunt gaping and dripping dog cum three inches in front of his nose, and I watched his horny face as he drank me in.

He was going to say something, but I cut him off. “Now, I think you deserve a thank you for tonight, and for understanding.”

“Mom, it’s nothing to...”

“Shhhh,” I whispered, putting a finger across his lips. “Stand up.” He did so, his eyes sparkling. I’m pretty sure he knew what was coming. At any rate he definitely figured it out when I locked eyes with him, wrapped my hand around his cock, and slowly sank to me knees in front of him.

“Mom,” he said delightedly, cradling the side of my head in his big, sure hand. “What in the world do you have in mind?”

“Mmmm, don’t you know?” I asked, looking up at him with wide eyes and casually stroking him.

“No, I’m really confused,” he told me guilelessly, his eyes wide. “Why don’t you tell me?”

I extended my tongue and flicked it lightly across the very head of his cock, just a quick touch, barely a caress. But his cock leaped in my hand, something that made me very happy. “Well...I think I’m going to suck this beautiful cock of yours,” I told him, never taking my eyes off his face. “I’m going to put my mouth on you and suck you until you cum for me. And if you want to grab me by the hair and fuck my face like a cunt, you can do that too.”

His smile got huge at the invitation to treat me a little rough, and I knew I was in for a face-fucking. The very idea was thrilling, my own son using my mouth for his pleasure! I wasn’t ready yet to have him inside my sex, but I was more than ready for this. He stroked my face and asked, “And where do you want me to cum?”

“Where do you want to cum?”

His grin got very naughty indeed. “How about your pussy?”

I responded by putting the tip of my tongue at the base of his shaft, immediately above his balls, and running it right up the big vein on the underside until I came to the

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head; I flicked my tongue underneath it teasingly and said, "Now be good. If you want to cum on my tits, you can. If you want to cover my face with it, you can. If you cum in my mouth I'll swallow every drop you give me, I promise."

"God damn," David sighed, looking down at me. "Do you have any idea how many times I've imagined you like this? Naked, on your knees, my cock in your hand and getting ready to suck it?"

"Tell me how often," I whispered back as I placed the flat of my tongue on the base of his cock and began to swirl it around the thick, meaty rod. I wanted to hear his words when I sucked him because I knew they would be lewd, sensuous, crude, and that was what I wanted. I wanted to revel in this moment and let my son revel in it too, and to do that I wanted to strip away every bit of artificiality and gentility. I wanted it to be raw, urgent, needful, just the way Charlie had been for me – because just like David had helped me fill my need with Charlie, now I was filling one of David's needs; I wanted it to be honest for him, and to be as unforgettable as my own experience was.

I felt his hand curl in my hair. He wasn't controlling me, not yet, but he was sending me a signal that he would take control and use me when the moment struck him. I loved it, and I loved it too when he growled, "I've thought about this every day. Every single day for years. I've wanted you this way, wanted you ready to please me. I've wanted you to want to please me. I've wanted you on your knees begging for my cock."

I arched an eyebrow. "Begging?"

"Begging."

My smile was salacious and my eyes were fiery as I took my hand away and laid it on my knee. He had earned this, and if he wanted me to beg for the chance to suck him then I would beg. I made my eyes wide and desperate and said, "Please, baby. Please let mommy suck your big, fat cock. I want it so bad!"

I was just playing a role for him, of course, but the look on his face made it more than worth it. There was such bliss there that I almost thought he would cum without me touching him again, but after a moment something else came into his eyes, something hard and masterful that made me shiver...and not entirely in a good way, though I only thought of that later. He wrapped a hand around the base of his shaft and held it out to me, and I obediently opened wide and stuck out my tongue. I expected him to put it in my mouth, but he surprised me by putting it against my cheek. I kept my mouth open, uncertain about what he was doing, but he didn't put it there; instead he began to rub it over my cheeks, first left and then right. He dragged it across my nose, across my chin, up onto my forehead. I felt that thick, warm piece of meat move across my skin, leaving a trail of precum on my face to dry cool. I could smell his arousal, the masculine smell of his semen, and couldn't help but wonder if his tasted different from Tim's. I closed my eyes and let him do what he wanted, but it wasn't until we were finished and I was in bed that I realized what he had been doing then.

He was marking his territory.

"Open your eyes," he ordered me, his voice sharp and strong, and I did as he told me. He towered above me, and our eyes were locked in lust. I waited, hungry to take him, and he made me wait for a handful of heartbeats. And then, firmly, he said, "Suck my cock, slut."

I did. Without hesitation I put my lips around the end of him and hollowed my cheeks, caressing him with my lips and flicking him with my tongue. My hands came up,

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one moving around to cup his ass and the other cradling his heavy, pendulous balls in a gentle caress. For a long, sweet moment I savored the feel of him in my mouth, savored his heat and the texture of his skin, and then I began to take him deeper into my throat, inch by slow inch.

I have to say here that I was hardly an expert cocksucker then. I've developed much more skill since then, of course, because I've practiced on a lot of different cocks in a lot of different circumstances, but then I had little enough skill and what skill I had was rusted from disuse. But what I lacked in technique I tried to make up for in enthusiasm and willingness, because I wanted this to be a wonderful thing for my son. I kept my lips tight around him and let my tongue dance, flicking and dashing along every bit of him I could reach. I made the tip hard and pointed and ran it up under the crown. I caressed the big vein and I reveled in the feel of every ripple and whorl of skin. I felt his heartbeat against my tongue. I delighted in his warmth. I took him in as slowly as I could, building gradually, wanting him to last a long time so that his orgasm, when it finally came, would take the legs out from under him. He grunted as I hollowed my cheeks against him, and he gasped when I teased his balls with my fingertips. I wasn't skilled enough then to keep from gagging when I took the whole thing in my mouth, so I choked a little as my lips took the last couple of inches inside and held them there, snug against his body and my nose buried in his pubic hair. I drew back...

And then he started to take me. His hand locked firmly in my hair and held me in place and he began to rock his hips into me, pumping his cock in and out of my mouth. I knew he was going to do this – I had almost told him to – so it came as no surprise. And besides, at first he was gentle enough. He fucked my mouth long and slow, letting my work on him with my tongue on the in and on the out. I kept my eyes on his face, watching him to see what he liked and what he didn't, but to tell the truth I think he was so enthralled at finally having me this way that the finer points were lost on him. I tried to keep my hand on his balls but as his pace picked up I couldn't, not without hurting him anyway, so I put both hands on his ass, squeezed his cheeks, and let him screw my mouth.

And that was exactly what he did. He may have started out slow and easy but he didn't stay that way for long. Within a few moments he was thrusting harder, pushing himself into the back of my throat with every plunge. I couldn't do much to please him that way except keep my lips tight and try to make sure my tongue was out of his way, but he didn't seem to mind. He didn't even mind when a particularly hard thrust made me gag a bit – in fact, I think he liked the fact that he was making his mom gag on his cock and I was doing nothing to stop him.

To tell the truth, I liked it too.

He didn't last long, certainly not as long as he would have liked, but then when you're realizing a life's ambition you're inclined to get a little excited. His pace was fast, his hand holding me motionless and his balls slapping against my chin, and I could see by the look on his face that he was fighting to hold back his orgasm – and losing the fight. I wondered where he would cum, whether he would put it in my mouth or pull it out and spray it onto me; either way would be a delight for both of us. I squeezed his ass cheeks, trying to tell him that he was doing fine – I'm not sure whether the message got through or not, but his thrusts got faster and harder, his breath coming in ragged little gasping moans as he sucked air past his clenched teeth. "Fuck mom," he snarled, "this feels so fucking good! I've wanted this for so fucking long!"

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“Mmmmppphhh,” was all I could say with a mouth full of incestuous cock, so that was what I said, and I swirled my tongue in my mouth in an effort to give him more sensation; I doubt that I succeeded, but it was the thought that counted.

“Oh God oh God oh God,” he muttered softly over and over as he screwed his eyes shut tight. His chest was heaving, he sounded like a steam train with his staccato breathing, and his hand was so tight in my hair that it hurt, but I didn't mind a bit. My son was going to cum for me and I loved it. “I'm gonna...I'm gonna...oh fuck mom...”

“Mmmmmpppphhhh!” I moaned emphatically, hollowing my cheeks to suck him hard.

“Gonna...gonna cum...” And then he did. The mystery of what he would do with it was solved when he pushed deep into my mouth and held himself there for one heartbeat, two, three. I tried not to breathe so I wouldn't retch at the intruder in my throat. He sucked in a deep breath and held it. His cock leaped in my mouth, twitched and spasmed. He moaned deep and hard and gutturally...

His cum exploded into my mouth. And I do mean it exploded. There was a blast of it that doused my throat, its salty tang inundating my senses with its sheer power.

Different from Tim, my mind told me, and in an instant I amended it: *Better...* He was delicious. He drew his cock back enough that I could swallow what he was giving me, but there was so much of it, it was so thick and rich, and it came so fast that I almost had it overflow my lips and dribble down my chin. But swallow I did, as rapidly as I could, and after what seemed like an endless number of spasms and squirts, my boy stopped orgasming and I could start sucking him again. I had told him I wanted every drop he had and I meant it. My tongue and lips and cheeks started working again, and now he was too spent to do more than stand there on wobbly legs and take it. He kept his eyes closed as I milked the last of his seed out of him, but a satisfied smile crept across his face. He licked his lips and said, softly and adoringly, “You dirty little whore...you sweet little cocksucking whore...”

Before David, no man had ever really talked dirty to me before. I was discovering, though, that I like it...a lot, in fact. I gave a delighted laugh around his cock and kept sucking until there was no more sperm to be had, then leaned back on my haunches and gave him a self-satisfied smile. He opened his eyes and looked down at me, and I up at him, and we stayed that way for a happy heartbeat until I asked, wide eyed and innocent, “Did you like that, baby?”

“Oh Lord...” was all he managed to say, and we both laughed. It was an amazing moment in time – I had my dog's sperm drizzling out of my cunt and my son's sperm in my belly and I had fulfilled at least some of the dreams of two people. The taboo of what we had just done didn't even enter my mind. I was as happy as I had ever been, right then and right there. It was the perfect instant.

And then David's distracted, dreamy smile slowly changed into something very, very different, and I recognized it as the smile he wore when he was about to do, or had done, something terrible. My own smile froze on my face and I wondered at his expression...

And then he calmly walked across the living room to a shelf on the opposite wall. It was a shelf where I kept knick-knacks and gewgaws like a crystal bird and a couple of books that were there for show and not reading. I didn't even have time to wonder what he was playing at before he reached up and took something small and inconspicuous from

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behind the bird. He turned and held it out to me, and when I recognized what it was, my blood froze inside me and all the good feelings I had about the night vanished in a single second.

It was a spy camera.

"Amazing things, these little gadgets," he said cheerfully. "They give a great quality picture, rigged up to send wireless to a DVR."

My eyes got enormous. "You!"

He laughed at me. "Got the whole thing too. You stayed framed in the shot just perfect, I'm sure."

"God damn you, David!"

"If I thought he existed, I'd be worried," he grinned, tossing the camera up and catching it on the way down. "But if I were you, I'd be more worried about me."

I felt like I'd been punched in the gut. "David...how COULD you?" I demanded, trying to keep the tears at bay. "Why would you do that when we did what we just did?"

"For posterity," was his cheerful, evil answer. "Oh, and for insurance. Now that you've gotten what you wanted, well, I thought you might not be so eager to give me what I want. And I can't have that."

"You...MOTHERFUCKER!" I howled, leaping to my feet. I was still wearing those damned stilettos though, and I nearly pitched over onto my face.

"Not yet," he said calmly. "But I will be."

The profanities I hurled at him as he walked laughingly up the stairs aren't really fit for print, and to tell the truth I'm not sure they even made much sense. Pure, unadulterated betrayal and rage can make a person incoherent. But he ignored me like I wasn't even there...

And suddenly I had to puke. I clamped my hand over my mouth and sprinted to the bathroom, leaving a trail of dog jizz all the way. I made it to the toilet just in time to lose all my son's cum and the wonderful dinner we'd shared. I stayed over the toilet for a long, long time, crying and trying not to completely lose my shit. I am ashamed to report I failed in that.

But panic only lasts for so long, and when it was over I had a mess to clean up. I heard David come down the stairs and slam the door behind him as he left, and the sound of the door closing jarred some sense into me. Tim and Laurel were going to be home soon and I couldn't let them find the living room the way it was, or me the way I was. I cleaned myself off with a towel and then used it to wipe up the dog sperm that had wound up anywhere but the old sheet. My "dog fucking outfit", the slinky little white dress, and David's suit and underwear wound up wrapped in that sheet, which I ran upstairs and shoved deep beneath my bed until I could figure out what to do with it. The shoes joined it, and in a flash I was in the shower, letting the scaldingly hot water wash over me and trying to rinse and spit the taste of humiliation out of my mouth.

I was in bed when, at hour and a half later, Tim and Laurel got home. I heard the door close downstairs behind them and I heard their laughter. I heard Tim's footsteps on the stairs as he came up to check on me. He poked his head into the darkened room and said, "Honey?" but I pretended to be asleep, just like I pretended to be asleep a couple of hours after that when he came to bed. He drifted off quickly, his faint snore familiar and comforting next to me, his body warm beneath the sheets of our marriage bed.

I didn't sleep a wink that night.

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Chapter Five

May 11

I couldn't stay in bed without sleeping, but I couldn't risk seeing David again. He came home about two in the morning – any question of a curfew for him had long since fallen by the wayside – and a few minutes later I heard him tramping up the stairs and into his bedroom. I wanted an hour to be sure he was asleep, then climbed out of bed, pulled on a fluffy robe, and Charlie and I went down to the den to read a book. The book didn't last long – I couldn't concentrate on a thing – so after another half an hour we turned on the TV and stared at some strange old English movie on TCM. I was exhausted but every time my eyes fluttered closed I saw the evil smirk on David's face and I was instantly awake and miserable again.

I still couldn't believe what he had done. He had coaxed me into giving him even more blackmail material and I, like an idiot, had gone blithely along with it. Go into the living room, he had told me, and so I did, putting myself right in front of the camera. Talk nice and loud, he had said, and so I had, making it clear that I wasn't resisting or being coerced with what was happening. He had made me feel good and comfortable and safe, loved, adored even, and so I let Charlie take me and I fellated my own son (I begged for the opportunity to fellate my own son, in fact) and now David had something on me that was so much more damning than a cell phone movie of me getting licked. The first movie he had of me would have been deeply embarrassing, socially ruinous, possibly fatal to my marriage; the second movie would send me to jail for child molestation and bestiality. If I had been afraid of what he could do to me before, I was terrified now.

But it wasn't just that I was afraid; I was enraged too. He had seduced me. He had opened his heart – or so I thought – and showed me something wonderful, and I had felt it and loved it and given him what he wanted, willingly and gladly. And he had taken that love and that trust and betrayed it, thrown it and me away like so much trash. What had he told me that was the truth? Anything? Had it all been an elaborate lie just to get me to expose and incriminate myself? With any normal person, the answer would have been no, of course; no normal person could have been so monstrous as that. But David was abnormal, wicked, as deformed in spirit as he was perfect in body, and he had led me down the path and then thrown me into a cesspool.

Of course it wasn't just David I was angry at: I was angry at myself too, and maybe even more so. I knew what kind of person David was. I'd known it for years. He was a sociopath, the sort of person who causes pain simply because he can. I had known better that to trust him or anything he said, and yet I had done so anyway. He had suggested that I damn myself and so I had, of my own free will. It would have been easier for me if he had simply raped me; at least that way I wouldn't have been responsible for it no matter what happened. But instead he had caressed me and whispered to me and made me trust and cherish him. He made me beg him to help me fuck Charlie and beg him to allow me to suck his cock. He made me want him. He made me crave him. And, damn him, he made me feel grateful for the opportunity to debase myself in front of him.

And then he had thrown it in my face and laughed.

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I had breakfast going again when Tim came down, and once more he was surprised to see me. "OK, two days in a row," he said. "This is turning into a habit. Couldn't sleep again?"

"No, I couldn't. Too much sleep yesterday I guess."

He took a piece of bacon fresh from the pan and asked, "How are you feeling?"

"Not so good," I told him. That, at least, was the truth.

"You look like you're going to hork any second," he said concernedly.

"Sweet talker."

He laughed and hugged me. "You know what I mean. Why don't you go up and lie down? I can cook my own breakfast."

It was pleasant for a moment to imagine that I could be comfortable in my husband's arms, that his embrace could make the bad things go away and erase what I had done yesterday and over the past week. But it couldn't, of course, and so I let him hug me while I remained miserable. Arm around my waist and head on my shoulder, he took the fork out of my hand and began to flip the bacon. After a moment of resting against him I asked, "How was the party last night?"

"It was fun," he told me noncommittally, and I knew he was trying to keep me from being jealous that I'd missed it.

"How did Laurel make out with Tony?"

Tim laughed quietly; I felt it through his body more than heard it. "Poor Laurel. Tony showed up with his new boyfriend, and a very handsome couple they make too."

"Oh no!" I laughed. "I'll bet she was crushed."

"Like a bug underneath a bulldozer. I felt terrible for her. She had her cleavage working overtime and it didn't even get paid."

I reached behind him and pinched his ass. "And why are you noticing your daughter's cleavage?"

"Honey, everyone noticed it," he replied cheerily. "There wasn't a straight male eye in the place that wasn't on her chest all night. Our little girl ain't so little any more."

"No she's not," I agreed. "I had to keep her from dressing even more provocatively than she did."

"She was dressed provocatively enough. She spent the whole night dancing with every boy in the place and more than a couple of grown men."

"Good Lord, she's only 15," I muttered. This was making me feel old, and old isn't what I wanted to feel right now on top of everything else.

"I know," he nodded. "She hasn't even become a woman yet. Look at her face, she still looks like a little girl."

"But nobody was looking at her face."

"Nope, nobody was."

I was quiet for a moment, listening to bacon sizzle and feeling Tim's heartbeat against my back as he held me close. I was ruminating, which was a bad thing to do, and so after a bit I took a teasing tone and asked, "And how about you and Steph? How far did you get with her?"

Now it was my turn to get my ass pinched, and I jumped and squeaked. "I'm glad you weren't there," he told me. "She showed up buzzed and by an hour in she was sloppy drunk. She grabbed me in the living room right in front of everybody."

"Grabbed you?"

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“By the crotch,” he explained sourly. “She was babbling about taking me into one of the bedrooms. She was laughing, but she wasn't joking, you know?”

“How...awful,” I nodded. There was nothing worse than a drunken pass in front of friends. “I hope you let her down in no uncertain terms.”

“She let herself down a few minutes later,” he replied. “Passed out cold. We laid her out in the spare bedroom and she was still sawing logs when Laurel and I left.”

“Somebody ought to do an intervention,” I said softly, not really thinking about Steph Hentzel at all, but instead thinking intently of what I had been doing while all that occurred.

“We talked about it,” Tim told me. “It's getting pretty bad.”

Another pause and unpleasant reflections, and then I laughed and asked, “And how did basketball go?”

“I didn't play.”

I turned in his arms so he could see my surprised expression. “You didn't play?”

“No, I did not,” he said adamantly, a surreptitious smile dancing faintly on his lips. “And don't let Laurel or anyone else tell you differently. I didn't play, and I most definitely didn't let Judy Rourke score 40 points on me in 15 minutes.”

I laughed again, this time genuinely. “You did?”

“No I didn't,” he replied adamantly, but he was smiling openly by now. “And that's my story and I'm sticking to it.”

I turned in his arms completely now so I was facing him and looked into his eyes. “I love you, Tim,” I said softly and honestly. “Do you know that?”

“I know,” he told me soberly. “Do you know I love you too?”

“I know.” I put my head under his chin and buried my nose in his neck, smelling his masculine scent and feeling his warm strength. Oh, Tim. If only you could make me happy.

“OK, you go upstairs now, and I don't want you down here for at least two hours, all right?” he ordered me. “Laurel will bring you some food up to bed and you can console her for her loss of Tony.”

I nodded and smiled. “Let Charlie in before you go to the club,” I told him, stepping away and heading for the stairs. He said he would, and I went back to bed. To my surprise I actually dozed off, because Laurel woke me up when she brought a tray in with milk, two bowls of cereal, toast, juice and fruit. Charlie was with her; my heart skipped a beat when he sniffed under the bed where I'd stashed the evidence the night before, but food was a stronger imperative and soon he hopped up and joined us for breakfast.

“I was just...I couldn't believe it,” Laurel said as we ate. “Tony has a boyfriend! I totally got dressed for nothing.”

I cocked an eyebrow and grinned. “Not for nothing, the way I hear tell it,” I teased. “Dad said you were the most popular girl there.”

She rolled her eyes. “My God, show some chest cleft and all the boys start to drool.”

I laughed. “Sometimes it's a good thing, believe me. But didn't you have a good time? Dad said you danced with everyone.”

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"I did, but, like, I had to keep from...exploding out of that blouse," she chuckled. "I was bouncing around pretty good. If I'd have known I was going to be that active I'd have worn something with a little more support instead of the bra I borrowed from you."

"Laurel!" I scolded. "I told you not to take one of those bras!"

"I knooooooow," she said, staring into her cereal bowl. "I just wanted to look good for Tony, that was all. I didn't mean any harm. I was just hoping..."

"Hoping he wasn't gay?"

"Yeah, darn it," she muttered. "Why are all the good ones gay?"

"Not all of them," I corrected, "just the really cute ones. And besides, you know you shouldn't have taken the bra when I told you not to."

"I know," she sulked.

I thought it over for a bit, then said, "I want you to do the dishes and wash the kitchen floor today. That will be your punishment."

She nodded and didn't protest; she's a good kid. We chatted for a few more minutes and then, out of the blue, she said, "Mom? I was thinking about what you told me...about how you...you know, how you like, show yourself? In pubic?"

"Yes," I said warily.

"Well...can I see you do it sometime?"

I froze with my juice glass at my lips. Carefully I set it down and asked, "Why do you want to see that, honey?" I pleased myself by not hyperventilating.

"I dunno, it just seems...really hot," she said with an adorable blush. "Like...I mean, I really want to see the looks on people's faces when you do it."

I felt a tad dizzy. "I don't think it's really appropriate for you to see that, sweetie."

"Why not? I mean...I just want to see what people do," she pressed. "I'll bet their eyes just pop out of their heads!"

"Maybe they do," I said unwillingly, "but that's not the point. The point is you really shouldn't see something like that."

She grinned at me impishly. "Well it wasn't appropriate for you to tell me about it either, but you did."

"And I shouldn't have."

"But now I know, so would it really be so bad to see it?"

"Yes it would," I insisted.

"Why?"

I didn't have a particularly good answer for that, especially because I'd largely fabricated the story about me being an exhibitionist in the first place, but eventually I stammered, "Well...some things you're just not old enough for."

"That's a lousy excuse."

"No it isn't."

"And you use it too much," she added, sticking her tongue out playfully. "But I'm serious. I just want to see how people react. I think it's awesome you do it and I want to just, like, witness it."

"And I'm serious when I say no," I replied, focusing on my cereal.

"Will you still say no if I bug you all the time?" she inquired cheerfully.

"For God sake, Laurel. Will you please drop it?"

"Nope," was her happy reply.

"Laurel," I said in a warning tone.

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“All right, all right, I'll drop it,” she said, and after a moment added, “for now. But you know I'll keep asking.”

I sighed. She would keep asking, because she was nothing if not persistent when it came to getting something she wanted, but I would just need to be firm. I changed the subject and we finished eating, and then she took away the tray and went to clean to kitchen.

I did nothing the whole day, but that doesn't mean I enjoyed it. I read and watched television and pattered around in the garden, but every few minutes I would remember what had happened the night before and I would get dizzy and nauseous. I still couldn't believe what my son had done to me, but more than that I couldn't believe the position I had put myself in. I had been beyond gullible, I had been an idiot, and now I was going to pay. David had me where he wanted me, and I knew he wouldn't be long in calling in the bill.

It didn't help that the lies I had told to Laurel were now coming back to haunt me as well. I had been stupid then too, concocting a foolish story that had unexpectedly and unaccountably captured my daughter's attention. As if having my demon-seed son pressuring me into doing deeply immoral things wasn't bad enough, I now had my wonderful daughter doing the same from a different direction. And a week ago my life had been so simple.

Charlie, ever faithful, was never more than a few feet from my side the whole day. He sniffed my butt a few times, but I was so far away from being horny that even the memory of the bliss we had given each other the night before wasn't enough to make me even a little aroused, so he behaved himself.

Tim got home in the middle of the afternoon – another working lunch, he said – and grilled hamburgers for dinner. He was cheerful, saying that the big project was going well, and he was very attentive of my health. I don't get sick often, and he was just certain I must be feeling absolutely terrible if I had missed the party and was still claiming illness today. I was feeling terrible, but I thanked every god I could think of that my husband didn't know why.

The only saving grace of the whole day was that I didn't see David all day long. I happened to be in the bathtub when he finally rolled out of bed and he left almost immediately. He got back just as I was heading up to bed, but he didn't say more than hello and good night to me. I shied away from him like he was carrying the plague and hurried upstairs to my bedroom. I honestly didn't think I'd sleep that night either, but I was so exhausted that my body gave out on me. I know I dreamed of wicked, sinful, and delightful things, but I don't remember any of it.

May 12

Monday dawned cloudy and gloomy. I could smell rain on the breeze and the air felt charged and electric. A storm was coming – and double meaning of the phrase wasn't lost on me.

When I woke up, the first thing I realized was that it had been one week since my life had turned onto the path where I now was. One week, but so much had happened, and so much was going to keep happening. One week that felt like a hundred years. I lay in bed thinking ugly thoughts about David, but even that couldn't keep me from having more

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pleasant thoughts about Charlie, and about Brandy too...and Petra. I had scheduled a date with Petra for tomorrow, and even though I had no intention of keeping it, I couldn't help but wonder what I would be like if I did. What would she do to me? Would it be fingers like with Brandy, or would it be something else? Would she fuck me with a strap-on? Would she put her mouth on me? Would I put mine on her?

I'd be lying if I said that the thought wasn't appealing, which surprised me to no end. I'd just assumed that my tryst with Brandy had been an aberration, a sort of side effect of having a dormant sexuality suddenly awakened. It had been pleasurable, sure, but once the immediate thrill of it wore off I didn't think I would ever try it again. Now, though, as I lay in bed and stared at the ceiling, it seemed to me that there could be things much, much worse than feeling Petra's soft, curvy body against mine, tasting and being tasted, making another girl cum...

I was horny when I finally got up a few minutes later and went downstairs to get the family out the door.

Tim had to stop and pick up some doughnuts for a morning meeting, which entailed a detour on his way to work (doughnut shops are slightly less common than hen's teeth in the Twin Cities) and so he barely had time to kiss me on the cheek before he dashed off, coffee in hand and looking at his watch. Laurel and I had a pleasant few minutes until she brought up the exhibitionist thing again; I was still a little tingly from my thoughts of Petra and so my head was somewhat clouded, but I didn't find the idea as unpalatable as I had the day before. I still shot it down with complete firmness, though, and sent her off to school with a hug and wishes for a good day.

And that just left David. He came downstairs just as Laurel was leaving, already dressed for school and they exchanged snippy remarks as they passed. Laurel left and my son came into the kitchen to grab a Pop Tart. I didn't even look at him. I could feel his eyes on me, though, and after a moment he asked, with infuriating casualness, "You're not still pissed about the other night, are you?"

I whirled on him and glared. He was smiling smugly as he pushed the pastry into the toaster, something which just made me angrier. "You are...you are the worst human being I have ever met!" I spat. "How could you do that to me?"

His grin got shit-eating. "Man, the look on your face was fucking priceless when I pulled out the camera! You should have seen it!"

"And that's all you have to say?" I demanded fiercely. "I trusted you, David! Don't you see that? I let you see me in that position because I trusted you, and because I trusted you I did...the other thing."

"You sucked my cock and swallowed my cum," he said calmly, looking me in the eyes.

I couldn't hold the eye contact, not under those circumstances, and I looked at the floor angrily. "Yes, I did that. I did that because I thought we were sharing something, David."

"We were sharing something. We shared dinner, and we shared what came after."

"And then you betrayed me!"

He laughed. "And you're surprised at that? How fucking stupid are you, anyway?"

I recoiled. "I didn't think..."

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“No, I guess you didn't,” he agreed amiably. “I don't even understand how you can be surprised at this. Fuck, I mean I already filmed you once. Don't you remember how all his started?”

“I remember,” I muttered.

“Then why were you surprised?”

I didn't answer. I couldn't answer. Instead I lifted my eyes to him and looked him in the face. “So it was all a lie?” I asked softly. “Everything you said, everything you told me when we were standing in front of the mirror? Everything about you...”

He met my gaze unflinchingly. “About me loving you? About me always loving you and needing you and wishing you were mine?”

“Yes,” I breathed. I was trembling. “That.”

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “That wasn't a lie. I meant every word of that. Every single word.”

I felt my tears start. I hated myself for crying, but I had no choice in the matter. “Then why? If you really feel that way, why would you do something that hurt me so much?”

He cocked his head and reached out a big, sure hand to caress my cheek. I felt him take a tear onto his finger. “Mom,” he sighed gently. “Because I could.”

I looked at him uncomprehendingly, but before I could say anything else his Pop Tart reappeared. He took it, said a cheerful “Goodbye,” and turned and walked out the door.

I spent the morning in a fog. I was stunned, hurt, and bewildered, yes, but this was also the first time I'd had the house to myself since Sunday night, and the first time I had a chance to really decompress and relax. I was scheduled to have lunch with a couple of friends, Patty and Tammy, but I was in no mood and so I called and canceled shortly after David left. I tidied up, took a long shower, and made a list for the grocery store. Groceries were a Monday routine and right then I felt like I needed a good, solid dose of routine.

It was a little after 9:30 when I pulled into the lot at the supermarket and climbed out of the car. I had managed to stop thinking of the insanity my life had become and had nothing more on my mind than making sure I got the purple plums and not the red ones that Tim doesn't like – but it was then I looked up and saw a woman about my age going in to the pet store that was next to the supermarket. She looked nothing like me – she looked like she was Italian, or Mediterranean anyhow; she was probably five inches shorter than me but probably outweighed me by ten pounds – she was plump and cheerful looking, dressed casually. I doubt I would have noticed her at all except for the fact that she had, on a leash, an absolutely gorgeous German shepherd. My eyes immediately dropped to its belly and saw the sheath there, and the swinging balls between his powerful hind legs. He was glossy and dark brown on his back with light brown chest and haunches; his ears were perked up and his tail was wagging. He looked strong, fit, and so completely sexual that it almost staggered me just to look at him. *Does he fuck his mistress?* The thought came unbidden, but once it hit me the image came with it of the dark-haired, plump housewife on all fours, tied to her rutting, magnificent pet, her full Mediterranean lips open in a cry of passion...

I could have cum without touching myself. The image was that erotic, so erotic that I could do nothing but stand for a long moment while I regained my balance. Once I

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did, I went into the store just as the first raindrops of the day's storms were beginning to fall.

It was a memorable shopping trip. I had been coming to that store on the same day every week for years, and I knew everyone who worked there and even some of the other regular shoppers. I would say hello, share a pleasantry, even look at baby pictures. Today, though...today was very, very different. Today when Rita, the smiling Hispanic checkout girl, greeted me with a nod as I entered, I wondered what she would look like sucking a cock – David's cock, to be precise. When Tom the produce stocker cheerfully told me that the New Zealand peaches were good today, I visualized him putting me on my back on the floor next to the apples, flipping up my summer dress, and pounding me for half an hour before coming inside me. Dave the butcher recommended the boneless pork loin and I visualized how his creased, rugged face would look distorted by the pleasures of orgasm. I imagined Gina, the gal who checked my groceries out, on her hands and knees being taken by Charlie, hard and rough, as I fed her my pussy. I was so hot when I got out of there that I physically ached.

I drove home in a driving rain, doing my level best to focus on nothing but the trip. I was hot, yes, but I was starting to realize that when I got horny, especially as horny as I was now, I tended to do things I regretted later on. And so I tried, as hard as I could, to think of the present, my body in the car, the car on the road, the rain on the windshield. I tried to ground myself in the moment. And I couldn't do it. I could feel my pussy empty and I hated the emptiness. I could feel my nipples hard inside my depressingly sensible bra and I hated that there was no mouth on them, no hands. I felt my tongue sitting still in my mouth and I hated that it wasn't moving against a tongue, or a cock...or a pussy. Yes, in that moment I thought about Petra, naked, eager, wet, about how she would smell and how she would sound, and how she would taste when I put my mouth on her. I tried to push thoughts of it away but it they wouldn't go. At that moment, I wanted sex so badly that even the thought of having it with a woman, and one who was basically a stranger, was staggeringly erotic. I almost turned the car around right then and headed for the lingerie store...

But I didn't. I stayed strong...strong enough, anyway, that I made it home without going lust-crazy. I hauled in the groceries (Charlie was thrilled to see me), put away the things that needed to be refrigerated or frozen, and then headed for my bedroom as fast as my legs could carry me.

Charlie got excited when I pulled the bundle out from under the bed – the bundle that contained my dog fucking clothes that still reeked of his seed. He pranced and hopped and twirled, and his red tip poked from its sheath. "I know, boy," I told him, petting his head. "I want it too. I want you, and I hope like hell that you learned what to do from the other night."

We went down to the living room, the bundle in my arms and Charlie weaving against my legs so eagerly that I almost fell on the stairs. I dropped the bundle on the living room floor and Charlie began to tug at it with his teeth as I checked the place for hidden cameras – call me paranoid if you want. I looked everyplace I could think of, then I looked again...and then I got undressed.

My dog fucking clothes were a mess. There was dog hair all over the outrageous tee shirt, and the crotchless jeans had cum stains all down the backs of the legs. I couldn't have cared less. I got into them like they were a satin prom dress and I was going with the

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star quarterback. Charlie tried to mount my leg as I was getting into the jeans and we went down together in a heap, him licking my face and me laughing – I was sure now that he remembered, sure now that I wouldn't need my wicked son's wicked help to achieve what Charlie and I both so desperately needed. He tried to mount me again as I spread out the old bedsheet. At the last moment I emptied the sofa of throw pillows, tucking them underneath the sheet to provide cushioning for my knees and elbows. Charlie was frantic, he couldn't wait, and when I finally assumed the position he instantly hopped up upon me...

And what followed was the single most frustrating hour of my entire life. He hopped up on me, yes, but from the side with his cock in my ribs. I pushed him off and tried to guide him, and the next time he mounted my hips and tried to stick his dick in the pocket of the jeans. Then from the front, then from the side again, then backing off and licking himself. At first I was gentle, coaxing, sure that he would remember if I just struck the proper pose and gave him the chance. But he didn't remember – oh, he remembered that he had fucked me all right, and he obviously wanted to do it again, but the how of it... that eluded him. Only once did I even get his tip inside me, and for a brief and wonderful moment I was certain that he would bury himself in me gloriously as he had before...but then he was off me again and nothing I did could I get him to repeat it. I tried until I was crying tears of sheer exasperation, and when I finally gave up and threw the clothes and the old bedsheet into the washer, I added tears of despair to the mix. Not because I didn't get fucked – well, partially that, I admit – but mostly because it was clear and irrefutable evidence that I still needed David's help to achieve this thing that I needed so badly. David's help never came without a price.

That was what was particularly galling. David had humiliated me, betrayed my confidence and manipulated me to get what he wanted. He had shown me a sweet, seductive face and when I crumbled in front of it he used my vulnerability to get me deeper into trouble and give himself more blackmail ammunition. Truly, the way I felt then, the thought of never seeing my son again would have been delightful. But instead he had done something worse than all of that and he had made himself indispensable for me to get the one thing I truly needed more than anything else – Charlie. He was my flesh and blood, fruit of my womb, as it were, and I still hated him for that.

But even then I knew, deep down, that David wasn't the one who was responsible. I was the one who had given in to the lust I felt and let Charlie lick me. I was the one who had stayed home Saturday night, knowing full well what that would mean, and I was the one who fell for the soft words and caresses of a young man I knew to be the worst and most manipulative sort of liar. If he had used me, and he had, then I had been willing to be used, and that was the hardest thing to swallow...so to speak.

I tried to go on with my day but my mood went from black to blacker. My dog fucking clothes and the bedsheet were carefully folded and put into a box that contained my old school papers – one place I was pretty sure Laurel, who loved to go through my closets, wouldn't look. I cleaned the house from top to bottom and tried to focus on making dinner – anything to haul myself out of the funk I was in. It didn't work. I spent the day getting angrier at myself.

And at more than myself. My rage at David grew along with the knowledge that I was dependent on him for my satisfaction. That alone would have been bad enough, given that every time I opened myself to him in that way I gave him more things to blackmail me

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with. But more than that, he had his own designs on me and every time he did something for me he was going to go a little farther, take a little more. I already didn't have any idea how I could keep my son from fucking me if he wanted to, and the fact that I relied on him was just making it harder on me. And it wasn't just blackmail. The little sociopath knew the words to say to make me give in, and he knew the way to touch me to make me so hot that I couldn't think straight. As much as I hated him – and I did hate him – I was realizing that I didn't have what it took to resist him. When he wanted me, he would make me want him, and when I wanted him, I didn't know how to keep from letting him take me. I just wasn't strong enough, and that realization added anger to my anger. Before long even Charlie could sense my rage and stayed well away from me, eyeing me cautiously as he laid curled into a defensive little ball on the floor. I would never hurt Charlie, of course – I'd sooner hurt myself – but dogs are exquisitely sensitive to their masters' moods, and my mood was a big red flaring neon sign over my head. I don't even know what was stormier: me or the thunder outside. I even had to order him to the leash so we could go on our run, and the cold rain did absolutely nothing to cool me off.

David came home at his regular time, an hour before Laurel got out of practice, and he was shaking the rain off and laughing good naturedly as he stepped through the door. "Man, it's storming like hell out there!" he said cheerfully. "It's good to be in where it's warm and dry!"

I looked up from the dusting I was doing, shot him an absolutely withering, hateful glance, and went back to work.

"O...K..." he chuckled, not much abashed. "Maybe it isn't so warm in here after all. Still mad at me?"

"No, I'm just fucking tickled pink you set up a spy cam and made me the star of a goddamned PORN MOVIE, you little fucker!" I was screaming without even knowing it, yelling so loud and harshly that Charlie whimpered, tucked his tail between his legs, and beat a hasty retreat into the next room.

My darling baby boy was not so intimidated. He just looked me up and down as I stood before him with my hands on my hips and my stance wide as though gearing up for a fight, and then grinned enragingly, bent over, and began to take off his shoes. "Well if you aren't used to it by now, you'll have a chance to get used to it. Since I can't always have you, movies of you are the next best thing."

"I AM DONE!" I shouted, jabbing a finger in the air toward him. "You are NEVER using me again, do you hear me young man?"

He looked at me with tolerant amusement, a little twinkle in his eye that made me all the madder. "Young man?" Wow, you must really be pissed, you only break that one out when you want to kill me." He laughed then, cheerful and merry, and if steam can shoot out of human ears then it shot out of mine at that moment. "You're puffing yourself up and flying around like you have a choice in this, mom. Get real, bitch – you have no choice."

"I AM NOT PLAYING ALONG WITH YOU ANY MORE!"

He cocked his head. "Wait a second, you think you're serious about this, don't you?"

"I AM serious, god damn it!" I was screeching now, an unpleasant habit when I get as angry as I ever get, which thankfully isn't often. Honestly, I'm usually pretty cheerful. Just now, though...well, David was lucky I didn't have a gun. "I am sick and tired of

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playing your disgusting little games. You think I'm one of your sluts, someone you can just use and throw away?"

"If I felt like throwing you away, which I doubt I will," he replied with a shrug. "What are you going to do about it, go to jail for fucking a dog and statutory rape of your own underage son instead?"

It was that statement that pushed me over the edge. Yes I knew I was in no position to issue threats or demands and yes I knew David held all the cards, but when he so casually referred to the fact, well, it was more than I could take. I gave a sound, something that was midway between a screech and a grunt, a sound composed of pure frustration and anger, and turned to stomp from the room.

Apparently, though, David wasn't done with our little talk. He closed the gap between me and him in three steps, grabbed me by the arm and spun me around –

And that was when I hit him. He had hold of my good right arm but my left came up hard and fast and laid a lick on his cheek. It was a hard, solid shot, and although I didn't mean to claw him, I did have my nails folded underneath my palm and I opened a nasty, obvious two inch scratch below his eye. His expression was pure shock...and then he hit back. Well, he didn't hit me so much as shove me, throwing his shoulder into me like he was on a football field. I have to say, my son hits a whole lot harder than I do. I flew back and slammed into the wall hard enough to make me see stars, and then he was on me again. I was too dazed to do a thing to oppose him as he shook me by my shoulders like I was some sort of rag doll, then hurled me across the room where I sprawled face-first into an easy chair. I bounced off and landed on my ass on the floor, sprawled helplessly...

And he was on top of me, straddling my stomach, one hand locked around my throat at he glared into my face. I felt his fingers tighten on my neck and for a terrifying, delirious instant I thought he was going to kill me. But he tightened just enough to hold me in place while, with the other hand, he reached up and touched the scratch I had left on his face. His fingertips came away bloody, and he held them in front of my eyes. "Look at this!" he shouted. "What the fuck do you think you're doing, bitch? WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? You fucking claw my face? WHAT THE FUCK?"

By this point I had recovered enough to grab hold of the wrist that was holding me by my neck and try to pull it away, but I may as well have saved the effort – he was too strong for me even when he wasn't enraged, and now he was plenty enraged. He flexed his fingers against my throat and that was enough to get me to stop struggling. I know my eyes were wide and terrified as I looked up at him, and his expression was pure malice. "Never hit me again," he hissed. "Never even fucking think about it. Do you think I've done the worst I can do to you? Do you really fucking think that? Because I haven't, not by a long fucking way, and if you piss me off once more, just once fucking more, I will make you regret it and regret it hard. Do you hear me?" I didn't answer, and his hand left my neck in a flash and grabbed my hair. He lifted my head up and slammed it down again on the floor, just hard enough to give me a headache and send the message that he was not kidding around. "DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME, BITCH?"

"I hear you!" I gasped.

He let loose of my hair, put his hand back on my throat, and held his bloody fingers in front of my eyes again. His lips curled back in a snarl as he said, "I ought to make you bleed for this, cunt."

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If he was expecting me to beg, I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. I was terrified, yes, but I was too angry and too damned proud to think of giving in to him. I just stared back with sheer hostility and stayed silent.

"You could have put out my fucking eye," he fumed, and then he rubbed the sticky blood on my face. I closed my eyes and felt it on my skin, but my expression stayed hard and angry. He huffed again...and then he grabbed a fist full of the front of my tee shirt and pulled, hard. My body lifted up with it but his hand around my neck held me down, and I was sure I was going to choke – but then he gave a hard yank and I heard cloth tear, and suddenly the shirt was a rag in his hand. He hurled it to the side, then put his hand on my bra. Another tug and the fasteners popped; he ripped me out of it and left me naked from the waist up beneath him.

By now I knew he wasn't going to kill me, which was what the look on his face threatened at first, and I was pretty sure he wasn't even going to hurt me badly, except incidentally, because if that was what he'd wanted to do he'd have done it in the first flush of rage after I clawed him. However, it was just about this time that I started thinking he was going to rape me. This wasn't like Saturday night, when he'd made me so horny and so loving for him that if he'd have taken me to bed I'd have only put up token resistance; I was still sexually worked up from the day and my failure with Charlie, yes, but that had been brushed to the side by my fury. Now if he'd have tried to take me I'd have fought him tooth and nail, and one or the other of us would end up in the hospital or dead. So I just opened my eyes and let him see the contempt there as he looked down at my naked breasts.

With his free hand he took my right nipple between his fingers, gave it a gentle tug – and then a hard twist that sent a ripple of pain through me. I didn't yell out; I didn't even wince. Instead I just loathed him. "Why do you do this, mom?" he asked me disgustedly. "Why do you make me put you in your place? Don't you realize what I can do to you? Don't you know that you belong to me now?"

"You're shit," I hissed.

His lips tightened into a crease, but he didn't hit me; I confess I was half expecting a slap across the face at least for that. Instead he reached down and opened my jeans. I didn't bother to fight him because there was no point; besides, I had to save myself for when he tried to take me. He had to let go of my throat to pull my jeans down over my hips, and I suppose I could have tried to get away then, but he wouldn't have let me so I didn't bother. I let him strip my jeans off, and though I aimed a hard kick at his head he grabbed my ankle, forced my leg down and cocked his fist like he was going to hit me. I flinched – he's strong and his hands are huge – but he didn't follow through with the punch. Instead he took my panties in his hands (I was wearing one of the new pair, a red thong) and ripped the string holding them onto my right hip. A second tug and the string broke over the left hip, and he yanked them away with a single sharp movement. Then he was over me again, face inches from mine, and I could feel his erection against my thigh, hard in his pants. I kept my legs firmly shut; if he wanted them open he would need to pry them. I wasn't giving him a thing.

"I'm sick of this shit, mom," he told me, his voice calm but dangerous. "I'm sick of you putting up a fight when I try to take what's mine. I'm sick of you acting like you somehow don't know the score. You're a smart woman. That's one of the reasons I love you –"

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“Ha!”

He ignored my outburst. “It’s one of the reasons I love you, and I don’t want you to resist this. I want you to take hold of it and make it yours. You wonder how I can treat you like one of my sluts? Don’t you understand that I want you to *want* to be one of my sluts?”

“Get used to disappointment,” I snapped.

He shook his head like I had just said something remarkably foolish and short sighted. “I can give you things you’ve never had. I can give you things you’ve always wanted and needed. All you have to do is give yourself to me and I can make you happy like you’ve never been happy before.”

“You just want to use me, David, so cut the shit.”

He shook his head again and then, unexpectedly, climbed off of me and stood. “Get up,” he said tiredly, waving his arm in a vague gesture. “Laurel will be home pretty soon. Get your ass up and get dressed.” With that he turned and headed for the bathroom to bandage his face.

I laid there for a moment, naked and trembling with rage. I hated him so very much at that moment, and I hated myself because I knew that what he told me at the end was true. He had made me feel like no one else ever had. He had made me feel sexy and beautiful and desired. And more than that, he had accepted and embraced a deep, dark secret I couldn’t tell anyone else, and he had helped me explore that secret. I knew he hadn’t done it for unselfish reasons, but still he had done it and I knew he would do it again if I let him. The reason I hated myself is that there was a tiny part of me, deep down, that wanted to let him. I felt as shitty as he was.

Laurel got home at her regular time, but I was in too black a mood to do more than pass some perfunctory chitchat. I guess she figured I was still sick because she offered to make dinner, and I let her do just that. I took her suggestion and went to lie down; I hoped it would clear my head before Tim got home, but instead the frustrations of the situation just kept getting to me more and more, and I was edgy, miserable, and very touchy by the time my husband came up to check on me. He was very solicitous, but I was in no mood and my answers were brief and curt.

The four of us gathered for the dinner Laurel cooked (well, the five of us if you count Charlie). She had done a very nice job on some cod fillets and rosemary potatoes with a green salad, but she and Tim were mostly focused at first on the enormous band aid that covered David’s cheek. I’d really done a number on him, and I immediately felt a pang of guilt in spite of everything (which just made me angrier). “What the heck happened to you?” Laurel asked. “You didn’t have that in school today.”

David glanced at me and then shrugged. “I was playing with Charlie and he scratched my face. I think we need to get his claws clipped.”

“I’ll take him in to the vet later in the week,” I said quickly.

Laurel looked up at me and made a scissor motion with her fingers. “Gonna get him...?”

I blushed furiously and shot a glance at David. David hid his smirk by looking down at his plate. I was sure that the truth was written all over my face, but I tried to keep cool. “”Nnnnooooo, I think we’ll let him be a while. We may want to let him breed.”

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“As long as he doesn't get at Nosey,” Tim said, apparently oblivious to my discomfort (and thankfully so). “I'd hate to have their prize dog knocked up with a litter of mongrels.”

“Oh, I know,” David piped up cheerfully, and I felt the dread settle into my bones. “How about we have a bitch around the house to keep him occupied? If he's all worn out from that, he won't go chasing down the street.”

I thought perhaps I might die.

“Well we'd like to breed him maybe once or twice,” Tim explained to our son, “but we wouldn't want all the puppies that would come from having a bitch here. We don't want to be breeders, necessarily.”

David turned his smile on me. “What do you think, mom? Maybe if we had a bitch that couldn't have puppies?”

I stared at him in pretty much exactly the same way that a bug stares at the scientist who's just pinned him to an index card. My throat was bone dry and my tongue felt like a fish in my mouth, but before I could make a sound Laurel jumped in. “That's stupid,” she replied authoritatively. “Everybody knows that female dogs only do it when they're in heat, and if you get them fixed then they don't go into heat and they won't do it. No puppies, no doing it. Doofus.”

“Honey, don't call your brother a doofus,” Tim interjected. “We all have to respect each other.”

“It's all right, Dad,” David said happily. “Maybe we can find another solution for Charlie's problems. Maybe we can –”

“Can we PLEASE change the subject?” I interjected so forcefully that everyone looked at me; only my son's look was knowing. After a moment I added, a bit lamely, “I just don't think this is appropriate conversation for the dinner table. Um...Tim, how was your day?”

I barely listened to the resulting discussion. Few things make a person madder than being embarrassed, and I was hideously embarrassed. In other words, by the time dinner ended I was pissed off like I seldom had been in my entire life. Betrayed, frustrated, mortified – it was a hell of a mix. David took off before I had a chance to berate him, but he did manage to give me a smirk that enraged me even more. Afterward Tim and Laurel went to work on her homework and I stayed downstairs and cleaned and baked.

I should explain: my mother always told me that the two best ways for a woman to calm down and work out anger were cooking and cleaning. I've found it to be pretty true, most of the time anyway, and so I made a pan of brownies, cleaned the kitchen until it glowed in the dark, and then went down the basement and did all the wash. Unfortunately, this time my home remedy failed entirely. I was just as upset when I headed up to bed as I had been at the end of dinner.

Tim was already in bed when I got upstairs. He was marking up some papers for work when I walked in and began to undress. I was wearing some of the sexiest underwear David had made me buy – a frilly black see-through bra and lacy thong – and it was so different from what I normally wore (and so much more provocative) that I thought I had a right to a reaction from my husband, or at least a comment, but he didn't even look up from his work. I even paraded around the room a bit, trying to get him to notice, but no dice. By the time I put on my nightgown I was ready to explode.

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Now, I have to explain something. Tim and I had never really argued about sex, or rather the lack of it. His interest in me had never been all that high and after Laurel was born it was pretty much zero, but aside from a few failed passes back then I had just let it be. I was absorbed in raising the kids and I guess...well, to be honest, I assumed I wasn't all that attractive anymore. I knew I wasn't attractive to my husband, and aside from my brief affair I didn't feel attractive to anyone until a week before this night.

But then everything changed. I got on this terrifying roller coaster and for all that I was in a spot I didn't want to be in, at least I no longer felt unattractive. My gorgeous teenaged son wanted to fuck my brains out. A teenaged girl had practically molested me in a changing room and another girl only slightly older wanted to screw me silly tomorrow; yes I still wasn't planning to do it, but I knew I could and that fact made me feel very sexy. I felt like I should be desirable, and if Tim didn't desire me then I knew, for maybe the first time, that it wasn't my fault – it was his. It was his fault he didn't want me every damned night like I deserved. I wasn't just a sexless mom the way I had thought of myself for most of my adult life. I was a woman, damn it, and I had needs that my husband was most definitely not fulfilling; the fact that he wasn't Charlie (or, God forbid, David) and therefore didn't have what it took to fulfill me didn't even enter my mind at the moment.

On most days, that thought would have gotten me a bit irritated but I would have simply talked to Tim about it in a rational way (or at least I hope that's what would have happened). But tonight I was so angry, so frustrated, and so easily upset that being ignored as I displayed myself was all it took to send me over the edge. I'm not proud of the fact, God knows, but in simple truth, I lost it. I rounded on Tim, hands on my hips, and demanded, "What's wrong with me?"

The tone of my voice was so angry and my question was so unexpected that Tim gave me a baffled look as he lifted his eyes to me. "What?"

"What. Is. Wrong. With. Me?" I demanded again, lifting my arms up like a mannequin. "Am I ugly?"

Poor Tim. He had no clue what had prompted this and even less how to react. He was holding his papers in his hands and looking so adorably at sea that at any other time I would have just laughed and gone in for a cuddle. This was not any other time, though, and instead I glared daggers. All he could say was, "Um..."

In all honesty, nothing he said at that moment could have mollified me, but a monosyllabic bit of nothingness certainly wasn't going to calm me down. "Answer me!" I snarled like a wildcat. "What is wrong with me, Tim?"

His eyes were wide, like I was a tornado that dropped out of a clear blue sky. "I... don't know what you mean, honey..."

"No, you don't know what I mean! Of course not! Why would you?" He didn't answer, which was maybe the wisest thing, so I roared on. "Something is obviously wrong with me! I mean I must be just completely horrible!"

Charlie whimpered, put his ears back, and climbed off the bed to huddle by the door. They say animals can sense disasters before they happen.

Tim shifted very uneasily. "I'm not sure what you mean..."

I reached behind me and undid my bra – or at least I tried to. I was going for a grand gesture, something elegant and muscular and cinematic, but the goddamned clasp caught, or else my fingers were fumbly with rage. Either way I struggled with it for several long, painful seconds that increased my embarrassment and anger, even as Tim watched

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uncomprehendingly. Finally I got it undone, ripped off the bra and hurled it into Tim's chest. He looked down at it in complete mystification, then back up at me as I spread my arms. Fiercely I demanded, "Are my tits ugly?"

He blinked and stammered, "I – I never said they were..."

"No! No you never did! Do you want to say it now?"

"No!"

"But you don't want to touch them!" I yelled triumphantly, as though he had just proven my point. "You don't want aaaaaaanything to do with them, do you? You don't even look up when I'm parading them around in front of you! You have no reaction at all!"

"Look, honey..."

I shucked out of my thong and hurled it across the room, standing naked in front of my husband, hands on my hips in a belligerent posture. "And here's something else you don't want! No, don't want anything to do with this pussy, do you?"

Poor Tim was starting to look like an overmatched prizefighter who realizes too late that he doesn't have the skills to deal with his opponent and he's in for a brutal beating (hey, I love boxing and especially MMA – I think it's sexy as hell to watch two mostly-naked, sweaty guys beat the crap out of each other, so sue me). "Angela..."

"Don't Angela me! Don't you dare Angela me!" I snapped, pointing my finger at him like a weapon. "I shaved my cunt and what reaction do I get? Do you give me a good, rowdy fuck? Do you put your mouth on me? Do you even *touch* it?"

"I—"

"NO YOU DO NOT!" I yelled, and I knew I could be heard all over the house. I didn't give a damn. "Any other husband in the world would have shown a little interest. Any other husband in the world would have PRETENDED to have a little interest! But not you! Not my Tim! So there's obviously something terribly wrong with me! I must be ugly! I must smell funny! What is it, Tim? Why do I make your skin crawl!"

"Now wait just a second!" he shouted, finally losing his temper a bit. He's a marvelous, patient man, but anyone can be pushed too far. "You don't make my skin crawl! That's not it at all! I just have a lower drive than you, that's all."

"A lower drive? Are you fucking KIDDING ME?" I was screechy again now and I heard Charlie whimper again. "You have NO DRIVE! YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK!"

"Will you keep it down!"

"NO! I WILL NOT KEEP IT DOWN!" I shouted even louder, pitching my voice so it could be heard by the neighbors. Now, it was right about here that I started to think that maybe, just maybe, I had become a tiny bit irrational – not that it stopped me. No, the possibility just made me angrier. "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK ME, TIM? WHAT?"

He dropped his papers and climbed out of bed, undoubtedly in an effort to calm me, but I was not in a mood to be calmed. "Honey, please, we can talk about this..."

"Oh you're all talk, Tim, you're all fucking talk and NO FUCKING!" I stepped back when he came close. "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?"

"There's nothing wrong with you!" he told me. "You're beautiful and sexy and I love you! I just...don't want to...have sex, that's all."

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I put my hands to my face and choked off a sound of frustration, then shouldered past him, grabbed his papers off the bed in crumpled handfuls, and hurled them at him. "Get out of here, Tim! GET OUT!"

"Angela!"

"SHUT UP!" I howled, wadding the last of his work papers and bouncing them off his chest. "If you aren't going to fuck me then shut up and sleep in the goddamned guest room! I mean it, Tim! GO!"

He glared at me with a look that told me I was being as unreasonable as I suspected I was, then bent and picked up his papers. "Unbelievable," he muttered, and I commend his restraint that he said nothing more. He took his work and left the room, slamming the door so hard behind him that Charlie yelped and the walls shook.

It was at that moment that I made up my mind to go to XXXFantasy the next morning. I was going to go there and I was going to fuck Petra's brains out, and I wasn't going to leave there until she satisfied me.

That night I slept curled up with Charlie, who was deeply worried about me, and I cried myself to sleep.

May 13

To say that breakfast on Wednesday was tense would be an understatement. Tim wouldn't even look at me, and both David and Laurel had heard my rant last night. Laurel was mortified at knowing so much about her parents' (lack of) sex life, and to his credit, even David seemed embarrassed. They all left for their various daily tasks...and I got ready to have sex with a woman for the first time in my life.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous, but I was excited too. So much of my frustration over the last couple of days was sexual, especially after my failed attempt with Charlie yesterday, and I needed someone to release it. I could have made myself come, or even had Charlie lick me, but it wouldn't have been the same. I needed touch, I needed contact, I needed reciprocation; I've always gotten much more satisfaction from my own orgasms when I'm giving them to others at the same time. So even though I wasn't sure about being with a woman I did know that I wanted to be with someone who wanted to be with me, and Petra wanted to be with me. I would give myself to her, and take her in return.

I spent the early morning primping. It's funny how much time I spent getting myself to look good for Petra as opposed to how little I spent for David. Something about getting ready to be with a woman made me want to look the best I could – I guess specifically it made me want to look as good as she did, to be more accurate. Jealousy? Competition? I don't know, I just know that no woman ever wants to look bad for a lover, and when that lover is a beautiful woman, it puts that much more pressure on. And so I showered and shaved (all over) and I powdered, and I fussed with my makeup and my hair.

I spent half an hour picking out my clothes. The only really sexy clothes I had were the ones I bought the week before with Brandy and Petra, and I couldn't wear those (they'd already seen me in the slinky little skirt and top, and the dress was evening wear). I tried a whole bunch of combinations before I came up with one I liked, and it wasn't what I was expecting when I started: a prim white blouse that buttoned to the neck, a plain black skirt that came down to an inch above the knee, and a proper and completely inconspicuous

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black jacket with white pinstripes. When I pinned up my hair it made me look like a school teacher...but it was what Petra would find when she stripped it off of me that made me smile: black thigh-highs with a Cuban heel, a thong that barely even existed, and a sexy little black bra that pushed up my girls and made them dance with every step I took. I finished it off with the sexiest shoes I owned: a pair of black pumps with a 4" heel. I couldn't do much walking in them without getting sore, but then I wasn't planning on doing much to begin with. I smiled at my reflection. I felt sexy and desirable, and if I was nervous, well, there was no cure for that but experience.

I got to the store at 10:12 and parked around back. I checked myself over and I liked what I saw: I was dressed like a proper MILF. I was anxious about what I was doing, yes, but I was also horny and needful. More than that, I was eager to explore something that I had never even considered in a serious way before all this madness began. Really I think it was that more than lust that drove me forward; I had spent my life having nothing, and now I suddenly realized I didn't need to spend the rest of my life that way too. I could try things, and if I didn't like them I didn't have to do them again. And if I did like them... well, I'd cross that bridge when I came to it.

When I walked into the lingerie store, I saw Petra talking to another customer – a kind of emaciated looking girl with bad teeth, like you see on the anti-meth billboards – and she looked up and smiled hugely when she saw me. Petra was wearing a red halter top that tied behind the neck and accentuated those enviable boobs of hers, and a shortish black skirt. I felt my throat tighten and my pussy spasm when I saw her – was I really going to go through with this? I pushed the thought aside as soon as it occurred to me, though; yes, I was going through with this. I had to.

Brandy was behind the counter when I walked in, and she called out, "Angela! Glad you could make it!" She crossed the room in just a few steps and hugged me in a purely friendly way...but a clothes rack was between me and the meth-head customer, so the woman couldn't see that Brandy had her hand on my pussy and was squeezing it through my skirt. I giggled and hugged her back, and with one hand gave her crotch a squeeze through the clingy hiphuggers she was wearing. "Pet, I'll take over," she called. "You can have that meeting with Angela."

"Fantastic, I've been looking forward to it!" Petra replied. "Come on into the back room, Angela. We can get set up there." I followed along, smiling like the cat that ate the canary and watching Petra's luscious, ample ass sway in her little skirt. Behind me I heard Brandy explaining to the customer that I was a new designer the store was considering working with, and I couldn't help but chuckle. Oh, I had designs, all right!

The place where Petra took me was a combination of store room and office – there were boxes of merchandise along two walls, a work table, a desk with a computer, a few cabinets, a fridge, a microwave, and a little bathroom. It was basically like every other store back room I had ever seen...except this was the place where I would have sex with a woman for the first time.

I didn't really have time to dwell on it, because no sooner had Petra closed the door behind us than her hands were on my ass and she was pulling me close. Her breasts flattened against my ribs (she's half a foot shorter than me) and she looked up into my eyes and whispered, "I didn't think you were going to come."

"Neither did I," I admitted with a smile. I had to tell my hands to move – it wasn't a natural response for me to touch a woman this way – but once I had them moving across

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her perfectly feminine hips and around to her back, I confess I did like the feeling. David, and Tim, and men in general are hard and angular, all planes and muscles. Petra, though, was like Brandy only more so – she was feminine, soft, warm, curving, yielding to the touch. She was a woman. Even Brandy hadn't felt this way under my hands – Brandy was a gorgeous girl, but she was a girl. There was no doubt that Petra was a woman through and through.

"I'm glad you did," she said as she squeezed my butt and pulled my body to hers. "I spent a lot of time this last week thinking about you and being jealous that Brandy got to play with you and I didn't. She said she was the first girl you ever played with."

"She was," I nodded, filling my hands with Petra's ass. We were moving together, swaying very softly, as though we were dancing to music neither of us was conscious of hearing. "She made it easy though."

Her lips found my neck and I tilted my head back to give her access (I adore having my neck nibbled and nuzzled and kissed) and she murmured, "I kind of got the impression you were mostly doing it for your boyfriend."

It took a monumental effort on my part to keep me from correcting her that I had been doing it for my son, but I managed it just in time. "I was...then. But I'm not doing this for him. I'm doing this for me. I want you to show me what it's like, Petra. Will you do that?"

She looked up at me, eyebrow quirked, and asked, "How far do you want to go?"

My eyes were locked with hers as I replied, "All the way. I want your hands on me. I want your mouth on me. I want my hands and my mouth on you. I'll do whatever you tell me to do so long as you promise me it will feel good for both of us. I don't want to walk out of here wishing I'd done something I didn't do."

Her smile managed to be gentle and avaricious at once, and she undid the belt that held my skirt in place, then quickly lowered the zipper on the back. "Have you imagined this a lot? Being with a woman?"

I thought, then shook my head. "No, not really. I mean, sometimes. Everyone does sometimes. But no, mostly I'm straight, I think."

"But you're still here now."

"Yes. I'm still here and I'm not going anywhere before I make you come as many times as I can."

My skirt dropped to the floor. She stepped back to look at me, and her eyes gleamed. "All kindergarten teacher on the outside and slut underneath. I like that."

I giggled again, feeling less like a school teacher and more like a school girl having her first sexual experience. I pinched the fabric of her skirt and asked, "And what do you have under here?"

"You want to know, you're just gonna have to find out." So that was exactly what I did. I found the clasp on her skirt and opened it, and in an instant she was naked from the waist down. What I discovered thrilled me: she didn't have a thing on underneath. Her muscular thighs rose up to a lovely pussy, even darker than the rest of her skin, with the inner lips just barely visible between the puffy outer ones. It was shaved bare except for a thin landing strip of curly black pubic hair. I wasn't even aware that I licked my lips until she chuckled. "Looks good to you?"

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I nodded, my eyes wide. That was going to be the first pussy I ever sucked. I didn't know whether to be lustful or intimidated, so I was a bit of both. "You're...you're really pretty."

Her big, dark eyes flashed again, and she brought a hand down on my ass in a soft little slap. "And you're a hot little bitch. Now get out of that top before I put you over my knee."

Her dominant side came out so suddenly that I gasped, but I didn't even think of saying no to her commands. I needed to explore this, it was true, but having someone in charge would make it so much easier. Without hesitation I stepped back and opened my jacket, tossing it on the desk. My black bra was plainly visible though the white blouse, a fact which thrilled me with its small naughtiness. I didn't pause there though, and in another few moments I had unbuttoned the blouse with swift fingers and dropped it on the desk. I was there in my underwear and pumps now, and I looked up at Petra with half-lidded eyes to see what she wanted next.

Petra stood with her hands on her tilted hips, naked from the waist down and looking like a princess. She pursed her lovely full lips and made a twisty motion with her fingers. "Get rid of the rest of it, except for the stockings and shoes. I want my horny little sluts naked."

I shivered at the tone of command in her voice and hurried to obey. The bra went first, my breasts bobbling free and showing my hard nipples (I hadn't even been aware that my nipples were hard, but they were, as hard as rubies), and the thong came off next. I tossed my underwear to an unseen and unheeded corner – I didn't even care where it went at that moment. Petra wanted me naked, and I wanted it too, and so I stood before her with a shy sort of pride and watched her look at me. That she liked what she saw was obvious from the way her eyes ate me up and the smile that crooked her mouth. "You're a hot cunt, you know that?" she asked me. "I bet you make all the little girls' pussies wet."

"I...I don't know," I stammered. Laurel had plenty of friends, but I had never even considered that any of them – the female ones especially – would be horny for me. The thought seemed utterly bizarre.

She laughed. "Well maybe you ought to find out. You got kids, right?"

"Yes," I nodded. "A son who's 17 and 15 year old daughter."

"Either of them ever bring girls over to the house?" she asked, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Like your daughter ever have sleepovers?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well next time all those 15 and 16 year old girls come through your house, you watch them. I bet at least one of them will be watching you too."

"I don't know..."

"I do," Petra replied with utter certainty. "You're too fucking gorgeous not to have some girls want your mouth on their pussies. Maybe when you notice it, you'll do something about it now."

I had no idea what to say about that. The thought of having sex with one of Laurel's girlfriends was overwhelming. I can't say I found the idea as compelling and sexually immediate as, say, the idea of having sex with some hard-bodied high school football player, but there was something to it that was powerful anyway. It's hard to explain, and I know I didn't understand it then, but the idea of seducing a young girl – or being seduced by one – was incredibly erotic to me on a level very different from an

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imagined encounter with a teenage boy. Teenage boys, after all, will pretty much stick their dicks into anything that doesn't move fast enough to get away, so having a boy want to fuck me was no accomplishment. But a girl – a fresh young teenage girl – now that was something else entirely, and a feeling of sexual power rippled through me as I imagined one or another of Laurel's friends looking up at me with her mouth buried in my snatch.

Petra didn't give me much time to revel in the thought though, because she quickly ordered me into action: "Get over here and take my top off."

I've mentioned that I'm proud of my tits, but when I took off Pet's blouse and saw hers for the first time I felt undeniable envy. They had looked gorgeous through her clothes, but being clothed didn't do Petra justice. The woman was born to be naked, and her breasts were a case in point. Bigger than mine, round and full, perfectly proportioned, taut and perky in the way that mine just couldn't be any more at my age, with big round nipples so dark that they looked like ebony – to cover those ladies up was a crime.

She put her hands on me, on my bare skin, and for the first time in my life I marveled at the amazing, thrilling contrast between white and black skin. I'm a Nordic blonde, pale even when I'm tanned (and I wasn't tanned on my belly because I hadn't worn a two-piece bathing suit since before I got pregnant with David) and Pet is as dark-skinned as anyone I've ever seen. Even beyond the fact that I was being touched intimately by a woman, and by a black person for the first time, there was something aesthetically very appealing about her skin on mine. It took almost no imagination to make the leap of visualizing my naked pink pussy being spread by a thick black cock...

And then I had no time for imagination, because Pet put me in motion. She surrounded me with her arms and pushed me back with her body. Two steps and I felt the table against the back of my thighs; I put my butt on it and she followed, pressing me over onto my back as she straddled me. In just a few moments I was lying down with my legs over the end of the table and she was above me, knees on either side of my waist, her perfect breasts hanging down almost to mine as she leaned in to kiss me. And this time when I felt a woman's lips on mine I didn't even think of wavering – this was what I was here for, and I was going to revel in every second of it. Our tongues met between our lips, and the kiss started out soft and easy because that was the way Petra wanted it. Tip on tip, our tongues moved together slowly, and after a moment I found myself sighing into her mouth. This was it – for the first time since my brief affair years before, I was with someone other than my husband because I wanted to be, of my own volition; and whereas I had felt years of guilt from that previous dalliance, I knew I would feel no guilt whatever from this one. Tim was still my husband and I still loved him, but he had no further claim on my body. From now on when I wanted someone else, man or woman – or maybe even dog – I would take them. It was that simple.

I remember when she lowered herself onto me and we lay, length on length, warmth on warmth, mouth on mouth. Her hands were on my flanks, caressing my ribs and my hips, and after a moment I moved my hands as well. At first they came to rest on the backs of her shoulders, my touch gentle, but it didn't take long for them to begin to drift down across her curved back to her tiny waist and then further, onto her ass. Oh God, Pet has an ass to kill for. I'm not ashamed of mine, especially for being in my middle 30s, but Pet's...Pet's ass is one for the ages. Her figure is the sort that you can't have once gravity starts to get hold of you – broad shoulders, big firm tits, a waist you could almost encircle with two hands, and a big, bodacious ass that any man would love to hold onto while

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taking her from behind. It was the sort of ass that would look good in a skirt or pants that were tight or loose, clothed or naked. It was firm and hot and I loved the way it felt when I squeezed it and pulled her pelvis down against mine.

Quickly enough our kissing stopped being soft and exploratory and became something altogether more urgent. I don't think either one of us was in the mood to pussyfoot around for long, pardon the bad pun – she was hotter for me than I was for her, and I was plenty hot. Her lips were on mine hard and I was taking the air right out of her lungs, just like she was taking mine. Our nipples were hard, mine against hers, and my hand crept over her ass and stroked her shaved lips at almost the exact same moment that hers went between our bodies and found mine. I could feel her grin through her kiss as she slipped her middle finger deep into me, and I followed her lead. It was the third pussy I had ever fingered, my own included, and it was getting so that I was getting used to the feel. I didn't think I'd ever love it as deeply and instinctively as I loved putting my fingers around a hard, thick cock, but there was no doubt in my mind that I could get to like it easily enough...

It didn't take long for us to start fucking each other pretty good, pumping each other nice and deep. Her pussy was tight and wet and it clasped hard on me as I pushed into it, and sucked hard at me as I pulled back, and the feeling was addictive. It was no wonder, I thought, that men went bananas for pussy if they were all as nice as Petra's and Brandy's; it was soft and yielding, warm and moist and inviting, a pleasure to touch just as Brandy's was. It felt smooth on the inside and yet gently rippled, and I knew that those little dips and variations of flesh that felt so innocuous as I pumped my fingers – two of them now – in and out of her body were what kept men drooling to get their cocks into women. I know it sounds terribly mundane, as though I was amazed to discover that the sun is bright, but there's a difference between intellectually knowing a fact like that and having visceral experience with it. I didn't have a cock and I could never know what wonders they gave to men, but now I could imagine the tremble in David's limbs as he pushed himself into some neighborhood housewife and thought of me –

I stopped myself from thinking about David. I was still fiercely pissed at him – he had betrayed me and been unapologetic, telling me that I had been a fool to trust him. And I HAD been, I knew...but I had wanted to trust him, after what he had said and how he had made me feel. I had wanted to give myself to him. I had wanted to cross that enormous boundary and violate a taboo that was even bigger, to me, than fucking a dog. I had eagerly sucked his cock, and if he had just left things there then I would have eagerly sucked his cock the next day and the day after, and I wouldn't have put up a fight when he finally took me to bed and shattered the last taboo. But he had thrown that away, deliberately and cold bloodedly, and now he was going to have to pay the price for that by having to drag me kicking and screaming every step of the way from now on. That he would do so I had no doubt, but I would leave scars.

But fuck David. Fuck him all to hell. He wasn't here and I what I was doing now had nothing whatsoever to do with him. I was doing this because it was something I hadn't allowed myself to even want in the past, and because I deserved to push back all the boundaries that had kept me a hemmed-in little hausfrau all these years. I was doing it to break free.

And suddenly I wanted to suck pussy. I mean I honestly, truly wanted to suck pussy, not just for the fact of knocking down a barrier but because I knew it would taste

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good and feel good on my mouth, and because I wanted to make Petra cum on my tongue, writhing and gasping and moaning my name. I wanted sex with her for the sake of sex with her, not because it would mean anything but simply because it would feel good. And so I pulled my mouth away from hers (with some difficulty) and whispered, "I want to lick you, Petra..."

She smiled like a tiger and whispered back, "You do?"

"Yes, I do. I really do."

"Well maybe I want to do the same to you first." She put a kiss on my nose and ran her tongue along my cheek. "What do you think about that?"

"Will you make me cum?"

"I'll make you scream."

I swallowed hard. "Please make me scream, Petra."

Her mouth was around my right nipple then, sucking it in and rolling her tongue over it. I noted in an abstract sort of way that her technique was different from Brandy's; Brandy was soft and gentle, even when she used her teeth on my breasts. Pet wasn't. Pet was hard, driving, and even though what she did to me felt amazing and perfect, I knew immediately that she would push me to my limits. She would make me dance the line between pain and pleasure and teach me how much of one I could take before it became the other. In normal times the idea might have at least intimidated me, but now I surrendered myself to it completely. I would go where Pet took me.

She didn't linger all that long on my breasts; she was too eager to get between my legs. And so when she began to kiss her way down my stomach I just braced myself and spread my thighs, my eyes closed and my hands ready to grip the sides of the table. I still remember the instant I first felt a woman's breath hot and close on the wet folds of my sex and knew that her lips would soon follow. It occurred to me then that I was leaving something inside me behind here, that I would be changed by this just as certainly as I had been changed by the evening with Charlie and David, but I knew instinctively that I couldn't both stay what I was and become what I had to be. Something had to give, the old skin had to peel away, the old me had to die before the new me could be born. What would the new me be like? There was only one way to find out.

Her mouth settled on my pussy and I let out a breath, something between a gasp and a moan, not because of the sensation so much, though it was very pleasant, as much as what it represented. And when her lips began to move on me and her tongue went inside I felt something profound and deep and wonderful happen in the heart of me. Sex because I wanted it, with a person I wanted to be with, was a revelation.

Pet knows how to go down on a girl. Her mouth immediately began doing things to me that I had never even imagined to be possible, not even in my most feverish sex fantasies after reading some tawdry romance novel. I won't say she was as good at licking me as Charlie, but then she didn't have a foot-long tongue or whatever my lovely lover has. What she did have that Charlie didn't, though, was lips...and oh my, what a difference lips do make!

I should mention at this point that in addition to being a generally indifferent lover, Tim was never a big fan of eating me out. Oh back when we used to have sex, he'd do it if I asked, but his lack of enthusiasm and lack of anything remotely approaching skill made it unenjoyable, and it wasn't long before I stopped asking. And so it's not surprising, really, that I never really thought I liked it.

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How wrong I was. Once Petra started to lick me in earnest I knew that I not only liked getting head, I loved it...and I'd want it plenty from now on. Her tongue was constantly in motion, the tip flicking my clit one second and the next burying itself deep inside me. Her lips moved on me too, kissing and caressing even as her tongue probed and dived. I opened my eyes – not deliberately, it was a reaction to the sensations – and lifted my head to watch her pretty, dark face between my pale legs. Her big brown eyes were on mine and there was a smile in them as she opened her jaw wide, plastered my cunt in an enormous kiss, and started tongue-fucking me like a pro. “Oh FUCK Petra!” I hissed, “you're so fucking good at that!”

She mumbled something pleased but incomprehensible and redoubled her efforts, and it wasn't long before she had my chest heaving for breath and a delicious liquid fire circulating through my veins. Could she make me cum? Could I orgasm on the tongue of a woman? If I had doubted it, I had no doubts now. Pet was going to give me a climax and make me howl.

It was then she started using her teeth on me. Now, I can't exactly recommend that for the beginner because if you do it wrong you can really ruin an impending orgasm. But Petra did it right. The first I knew she was going to do it was when I felt her teeth on my clit, and I nearly flew apart right then and there because it was so unexpected. One instant her tongue was on my little bud, flicking and dancing and moving, soft and deft and flexible – and the next instant there were hard teeth on it, scraping against the raw nerves. Now that makes it sound really painful, but it wasn't at all – there was pain, because like I said Petra loves to dance the line between pleasure and pain – but it was a wonderful pain and there was so much pleasure with it that I screamed and my whole body lifted off the table and shook against her mouth. It was like nothing I had ever felt before and it set me quivering like a bell after it's rung. And then she did it again, and this time it hurt more and felt better and I was crying. My thighs clamped hard on her head, both hands grabbed her curls and I slammed my cunt fiercely into her face. I knew she loved my reaction from the way she ground into me even harder, and within a few seconds we were pushing against each other, my cunt into her face and her face into my cunt; I felt her lips, her tongue, her teeth, her cheeks spreading me open wide as she licked me as deeply as she possibly could, taking me higher, faster, hotter...and then I came. And when I came I screamed, just like she promised I would. I screamed her name and I screamed for her to keep sucking me and I screamed a stream of profanity that I blush to remember, and then I just screamed, and came, and came, and came.

When I opened my eyes she was above me again, smiling down at me like a saint. Her dark-skinned face was shining with my juices and her eyes were shining with triumph. She was watching my face for a sign of how I felt about the whole thing, and she got it when I put my arms around her neck and pulled her face down to mine. I know she thought I was going to kiss her because she opened her lips for me, but that wasn't where I went at first. My tongue found her cheek, her cheek that was wet with the juices from my sex, and I licked myself off her face. I don't even remember what it tasted like, only that I was buzzing hard from an afterglow that had me feeling mellow and very, very sexy, and that it was a thrill to be licking my pussy from the cheeks of a woman. Petra let me lick to my heart's content, and when I finally put my mouth on hers and I savored myself there, I knew that I was on the way to becoming whatever it was I had decided I needed to be.

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She broke the kiss with a grin and looked into my eyes. "Bitch," she whispered, "I want my pussy sucked."

"I want to suck it."

"You're gonna make me cum."

"I am."

"You're gonna put that pretty white face in my dripping black snatch and lick me until I get what I want."

"Yes."

"What do you think your husband would say if he saw you now?"

I laughed. "Who cares? He doesn't want what I have anyway."

"And what do you think if your boyfriend saw you?"

A smile this time. "David would love it. He'd jerk off while he watched."

"Think he'd fuck you while you ate me?"

"He'd sure want to. He'd want to fuck you too."

"Tough for him. I only like girls. You better be ready because I want to cum."

"I want to make you."

She rolled off of me and onto her back as I stood. She lay with her ass on the edge of the table, her compact and utterly feminine form displayed before me. Her pussy was so dark it was almost black, but the lips were spread open just a bit to reveal a slash of pink inside. It was glistening wet all across her puffy labia and down onto her perineum. It was beautiful, and I stood still and looked at it as she ran a hand idly over her tummy (her belly button was pierced and her fingers were twittering on the blue glass gem in her navel). She watched my face as I looked at her, and I guess I must have displayed some emotion or other because she chuckled at me and asked, "You like the way it looks, huh?"

"Yeah...yeah I do. A week ago I'd never even thought about it, but now..."

"Now you want your face in it."

"Yeah. I do."

"Then make me cum, baby. I love it when straight girls lick my pussy, it makes me cum so hard..."

I was trembling as I knelt between her legs; part of it was fear, yes, and part was apprehension at something unknown, but a lot of it was simply excitement. She had made me want to do the unthinkable (for me) and now I was about to do it. I put my hands on her thighs and felt her. Her skin was soft, like silk is soft, and I could feel her heat and her strength and the blood in her veins coursing beneath my fingertip. It was a good feeling, a lover's feeling. I loved being a lover.

"Do it, baby," she whispered, eyes on my face. "Put your mouth on me."

I leaned forward, my nose just an inch from her sex. I could smell her now, smell her fragrance. A woman's pussy isn't perfume, that's for sure. It's a biological smell, a living smell, a smell of heat and wetness contained in a vibrant and breathing body. But at the same time I didn't find it a bad smell, not at all. It *was* a living smell, the smell of the place we had all come from, and it was rich and heady and seductive. It was a sex smell but it had nothing whatsoever to do with men or things masculine; it was feminine, as purely and completely feminine as anything could ever be. I know most men don't like to think about how...well, not to gross you out, I'll just use the word *biological* again – how biological women's bodies, and especially our genitals, can be. That one little area is used for a lot of different things and sees a lot of traffic, and it produces a lot of different aromas

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and, um, fluids. To a man it's a hole to fuck, but as I was looking between Petra's legs I saw what I had, the same thing but in a different color (and younger than mine, to be sure) and it was a very powerful experience to know that I was about to give pleasure to the same sorts of nerves as I had.

I put my mouth on her. Her skin was soft and smooth, obviously freshly shaved or waxed. Her labia yielded to the pressure of my lips and I felt her inner folds against my mouth. It was official: I was going down on a woman. I let my mouth rest against her for a second, just feeling it, experiencing it, lips closed, breathing her in and rolling over the sensation of a pussy against my face. And then, gently, I parted my lips, put out my tongue, and began to lick her. Her lips parted before even the softest of pressure and I tasted, for the first time, another woman's sex.

I guess the easiest thing it to say it tasted like it smelled, but that's not a fair description. I immediately knew it wasn't a taste I would ever love in the same deep, vibrant way I loved semen, but I also knew that it wasn't offensive in the least. Even if I wouldn't long for it, I knew that I could, and would, get used to it with very little effort. I knew that I could, and would, put my mouth on another woman if the mood struck me or the woman bewitched me, and I wouldn't hesitate a moment to do so. Women...and, as I recalled the idea Pet had put in my head of Laurel's friends, maybe girls too. It was a savory taste, strong but not unpleasant, female like nothing else could ever be, perhaps just a little tangy and salty and maybe even just a hint of metallic at the very edge of my taste buds. It was a human taste, not similar to a man's taste in any way but, at the same time, identical to it: it was the taste of arousal, of desire, of need, and soon enough it would be the taste of a lover's release, earned as it flowed over my tongue.

"Mmm, that's it girl," Petra told me. "Just slow and easy. Take your time and don't rush."

I did as I was told and licked her in one long, slow swipe from the very base of her twat where she opened into her vagina and up, between her lips, tasting her and feeling her and smelling her, until I came to her clit. It was hard and peering out from its little hood, perfect and pink and as sweet and innocent looking as a little girl in pigtails. I was gentle as I put my lips on it, surrounding it, and gave it a soft kiss. My lips parted and my tongue flicked over it, just for an instant, just the tip.

"Slow, girl, slow," she whispered. "Lick my pussy for a while..."

I was more than willing to take guidance, not just because this was my first time doing this but also because I wanted Petra to cum like she'd made me cum. I knew I couldn't do with my teeth what she'd done (I was so inexperienced I'd draw blood if I tried) and I didn't have enough experience with getting my pussy licked to know exactly what I liked, so anything she could tell me was welcome. I lowered my mouth to her opening and put my lips on it; I could feel her vagina open before me like it wanted me inside it. My tongue moved inside tentatively and instantly I was in a world of Petra's flavor, of her juices, of her sex. I didn't really think then, I just started to do what felt natural to me: I began to lick, pushing my tongue in as deeply as it could go and then pulling back, up and down, in and out. She was wet when I began but she rapidly got wetter and in a few moments she was flowing into my mouth. I was enough of a naïf that I didn't realize yet how different women get wet in different amounts and that Petra was a flooder; all I knew was that there was more juice than I could lick up, and with every lick I made more. The oddness and unfamiliarity of it faded almost immediately and I became

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comfortable with what I was doing, just licking deep, feeling her pelvis hard against my cheeks and my chin, her softness and fragrance wonderful to me.

I looked up and saw her smiling down at me, and I smiled with my eyes. "God you look good eating pussy, slut," she told me, running a hand along my hair. "Your pretty white face stuck in my black cunt! I wish your boyfriend was watching us – no, fuck that, I wish your husband was watching us so he could see what a good cuntlicker his wife is!"

I laughed into her body. Tim's skull would pop if he saw me this way, naked and on my knees, eating out a young black woman in the back room of a sleazy lingerie store! Then again, I thought, maybe it would finally stir his cock into life. Who knew? And at this point, who cared? He didn't want me for the sex I needed, so I would get it somewhere else. And right now I was getting it from Petra. What could be complicated about that?

"All right, now lick up to my clit. Be slow...be gentle..." She sighed as I did just what she told me. "That's it. Put your fingers into me. Two at first, get me loosened up, and then give me three. Yeah...yeah that's it...suck my clit real gentle, real soft... mmmm...pump my pussy..yeah...yeah that's it..."

She was clamping down on my fingers, squeezing them as I fucked her hot little hole, and she was lifting her clit against my mouth. I didn't know much about making women happy at this point but I knew enough to know I was doing it for her, and I knew enough to know I was going to make her cum. I felt absolutely fantastic, strong and powerful and clever. I loved that feeling.

"Harder now...fuck me good, fuck me nice and hard...squeeze on my clit a little with your lips, not too much...tongue it..."

She was humping against my face and my hand now, her pussy spasming on my hand, and I knew the signs of an impending orgasm when I saw one. I didn't fool myself into thinking it was my consummate skill at cunnilingus that had brought her to this place so much as the fact that she had a straight suburban Suzy Homemaker worshipping her cunt, but I was doing my best and learning with every motion of my fingers and every lap of my tongue.

"I'm almost there, honey," she told me. We had found each other's rhythm (it took me a bit, honestly, because I was still clumsy, but I finally got it) and she was fucking my fingers just as much as they were fucking her, just as she was rubbing her clit on my lips and tongue just as much as I was sucking it. But that's how good sex always is, isn't it? I watched her face, her big eyes scrunched tightly shut and her lower lip caught between her teeth, and I loved the passion, the need, and the rapture I had put there. I loved making love to her. "Gonna cum...keep going...gonna cum...gonna ...gonna..."

And then she did. I didn't make her scream my name the way I wanted to, but I did make her suck in air and gasp adorably at the same time like she was springing a leak (a very sweet, lovable sound), I made her whole body shake (her tits vibrated mesmerizingly, quaking and rolling with every quiver in her body) and I made her thrust her pussy into my face and yank me into her by my hair (I admit I panicked a bit at the sudden, hard movement and the pain from my scalp, but I kept doing what I was doing so it worked out in the end). I mouth-rode that clit and pumped her cunt as she held herself stiff against me – and then she dropped, limp and spent, to the table, smiling and panting and sweaty.

I had done it. I had made a woman cum with my mouth. I felt like the Queen of America.

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After a few moments she pulled me up into her arms and we lay together on the table, naked, skin on skin and earned sweat on earned sweat, tangled up with each other. I was grinning, and she looked at me knowingly. I was a little shy as I asked, "Did I do OK for a first time?"

"Oh hell yeah," she laughed and put a kiss on my lips. "You made me pop, and that's what it's about."

"I didn't really know what I was doing. I don't have a lot of experience even on the receiving end..."

"Do you want more?"

I nodded. "I do...receiving and giving. I liked it."

"I can take you places," Petra told me, looking into my eyes to gauge my reaction. "Places where they don't let me in the door, where they don't even let women in the door unless they're looking to fuck other women. Do you want to go to places like that?"

I paused. "Like...in front of everyone?"

She laughed. "WITH everyone."

"Oh...I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet," I told her. "I mean I like the idea, but I want to...get more comfortable with it, I guess."

"More one on one?" she asked. I nodded, and she smiled. "Well whenever you want, I'll get with you. If you don't mind letting Brandy come, we could have lots of fun together."

I smiled back, surprised at how shy I was feeling. "I think Brandy would be all right. I know her and...and I want to do to her what I did to you. I think it would be good."

"I know she'll like it," Pet told me, and that was the last we talked for a while. We lay in each other's arms, cuddling and kissing and looking into each other's eyes, stroking each other's skin, moving our limbs against each other. I was just about to suggest Round 2 when there came a knock on the door and Brandy poked her head in. She grinned huge when she was us tangled up like we were and said, "Hey Pet, I hate to interrupt but I'm swamped. Can you help out?"

"Be there in a minute," Petra said, then looked back at me and said ruefully, "Duty calls, or some shit like that."

I chuckled and smacked her ass. "Well you leave me wanting more, and that's a good thing. I'll help you get dressed."

I did, and after a session in the bathroom to adjust my makeup and hair I joined the other customers out front. I picked up some more clothes – more underwear, a couple more skirts and dresses, a few cute tops, all very sexy and ranging from sort of classy to outright trashy. Pet and Brandy copped feels off me when they could do so without getting noticed and I did the same to them, giggling as I did. I felt playfully naughty, like a schoolgirl secretly acting up in class and half-hoping she got spotted by the cute boy. I didn't have time to get either Petra or Brandy alone, but I did get both their phone numbers before I left. I walked out of there with my head held high, feeling strong and confident and smart.

To be continued