

# Angela's Diary

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## Angela's Diary

### Chapter 10

"Honey, you look fantastic!" my mom gushed as I walked into the kitchen of the little house she shared with my dad. "Did you get some good news?"

I laughed, a bit bewildered. "I look good?"

"You look so happy. You're glowing," she said, grinning back at me. "Did you have fun with Tim last night?"

"Mom!" I said, pretending to be much more scandalized than I felt. In the last few years, as I inched past 30, she had begun to be slightly more open about sex than she had been in the past, but it wasn't common enough yet by any means that it still didn't surprise the hell out of me. "No I didn't, he's up north with Laurel this weekend. The only men in my life at the moment are David and Charlie."

Yes they were both in my life...and in other things of mine as well.

"Well whatever you're doing, keep doing it. You look 25 again!"

"I will," I promised with an innocent smile. And whoever I was doing was going to keep doing me. "How's dad?"

"Last I heard he was swearing up a storm upstairs," my mom chuckled. "It's times like this that I wish we had a swear jar, then we could finally take that Hawaii trip."

I sighed and reached into the fridge to retrieve the lemonade that was always there during summer. As I poured myself a glass, I asked, "Why does he always do that?"

"Swear?"

"No, insist on trying to do things that he knows he can't do. He always ends up infuriated when he works on the computer, or trying to work on a car with a computer chip, or whatever."

"Because he's a man, honey. He's always been good with his hands. He always fixed our roof, did the plumbing, changed tires, whatever. It's one of the things that makes him who he is."

"Well fine, but he's doesn't know how to use the computer so all it does is drive him nuts."

## Angela's Diary

Mom just smiled. "When you and Tim get to our age, you'll understand. There will be something that you used to be able to do that suddenly you can't do anymore, or something Tim always could figure out and all at once he won't be able to manage, and you'll be faced with the option of swallowing your pride and admitting you've gotten old and can't hack it, or you can keep pretending that you're as capable as you were when you were young."

"Mom, you and dad aren't old," I admonished.

"Bullshit," she grinned, and I went all goggle-eyed at one of my mom's rare instances of cursing. "And that's one for the swear jar for me. There's more than one morning I wake up thinking I should check into a nursing home."

"What's with you today?" I asked with a chuckle. She had mentioned sex and sworn in about two minutes. My mom was still gorgeous, with the same build as she had when she was in high school – she sometimes bragged she could still fit into her prom dress, though it was so ugly I couldn't imagine she'd want to except to prove the point. Her boobs were still high and firm and so was her butt, she had a face that wore its few wrinkles well and made her look distinguished, and she her blonde hair was shot with a few streaks of white that made her look knowledgeable and wise. We couldn't be mistaken for sisters, but it was a tossup in my mind who'd get more looks if we went out together. And I couldn't help wondering how she'd look riding on my dad's enormous cock – not that I knew what my dad's cock looked like but he was a big, strong man and it seemed right that he'd have a long, thick cock, but any cock would look huge going in and out of my mom's tiny little body and WHY WAS I THINKING LIKE THIS ABOUT MY PARENTS??? God, David and Charlie had really fixed my mind on sex!

My mom was blissfully unaware of my thoughts (and I thank the Lord for that) and so I didn't die of embarrassment as we chatted for a few minutes more. Images of dad giving her a good, hard fuck kept flitting through my head every few seconds, and it was disconcerting...hell, it was discombobulating. I don't know how many people reading this have ever really visualized their parents having sex, but it's a thought most people shy away from instinctively. I've heard psychologists say it's even an instinctive aversion to keep us from breeding with our own bloodline. Whatever, it wasn't working for me at that moment, and it was incredibly odd to suddenly think about my little mom's big boobs jiggling and quivering as she laid on her back with dad between her legs plowing her hard, or her on her hands and knees and him slapping his hips into her pale ass as she gasped in pleasure –

And it suddenly struck me that this was maybe the exact same sort of thing that David thought, and had always thought, when he looked at me. Except that instead of being embarrassed, he'd embraced it. He'd made it a life goal to get me into bed, and he'd achieved it. If I had the same sort of gumption I wouldn't stop until I was on my belly with my dad's cock in my cunt and my mom's pussy under my mouth, making all three of us gasp and moan and come over and over...

Good Lord. I was going nuts.

I'm not even sure what we talked about toward the end, honestly. I kept wondering what my mom's face would look like when she came, what her pussy and ass tasted like, whether she would return the favor if I went down on her, how she would react if she walked in on me taking dad from behind. Stupid, crazy thoughts, and I could only try to keep my arms in front of my chest to conceal my diamond-hard nipples and hurry upstairs as soon as there was a lull in the conversation.

I found dad in the room that used to be my sister \_\_\_\_\_'s bedroom but had been turned into a home office since the kids moved out. Well, truthfully I heard him a long time

## Angela's Diary

before I saw him – he's always been a creative and interesting cusser, and his flamboyant strings of swear words always got a laugh from my school friends when I'd report them, and he was in fine form as I came up the stairs: "...cocksucking ratshit-sucking birdbrained motherfucker designed this shoddy pail of moose spunk, that's what I want to know!"

Aww, just like old times. I was grinning as I came down the hall. "Hi dad."

He looked up as I stepped into the office. "Oh hi honey, I thought I heard you drive up."

"Yeah, I was downstairs talking to mom," I said casually, pulling over the spare chair to the same side of the desk that dad was sitting on. I looked on the screen and saw that he had his program up and a few field values filled in, but the surface of the desk was strewn with a mad jumble of receipts and scrap paper and I knew he was hopelessly at sea. "How's it going?"

"Don't even ask," he grumbled, hurling away a notepad he had been looking at. "I can't figure this happy horseshit out...sorry, I shouldn't swear in front of you."

I laughed aloud at that. "Oh yeah, because I didn't hear it all from you before I was eight."

He tried to look sheepish at that, but a grin wound up creeping over his face. My dad is a big man, as broad as a barn door across the shoulders and chest, with enormous hands and an obvious and very masculine strength – sheepishness really has no place in his makeup. His personality is more like a bull than a sheep, to be honest. He's as unsubtle and honest as a golden retriever, and he just has a hard time censoring his sailor's mouth, bless him. "I'm glad you're here anyway," he told me. "I was about to chuck this bag of squirrel nuts out the window. It just doesn't work."

"I think we can make it work," I told him soothingly...and as I did I couldn't help but notice the way the hard muscles of his chest stretched his tee shirt, and the way his arms filled out his sleeves. I remembered being picked up by those arms when I was a little girl, being swept off my feet and tossed squealing into the air, and even as I was being hurled toward orbit I felt as safe as I would have in my own bed because I knew, without a single shadow of a doubt, that he would catch me in his enormous, scarred-fingered hands just like I weighed nothing at all. And as big as I was now, I wouldn't have been surprised if my dad could still toss me around the same way. He looked his age, yes, but in a way that didn't seem to diminish his energy or his virility. He still looked as strong and as powerful as the man who made my girlfriends' panties damp back in junior high school.

Except now it was my panties that were damp.

I won't bore you with the excruciating details of patiently guiding my father away from smashing the computer with a mallet and setting fire to the debris. It took nearly two hours of me talking soothingly, showing him again and again how to do things until he finally got it, and trying not to think about how it would feel if he threw me over the desk and plunged his big fat cock into me...

And yes, it was a big, fat cock. Once the idea was in my head I couldn't help looking, and it was pretty obvious that he was packing something fat in his jeans. In fact, from what I could tell, it might have been a lot like David's cock...and David's cock was *perfect*.

Mom came up after a while and stood on the other side of me from dad and it was all perfectly innocent except that I couldn't stop visualizing them both naked and rutting like teenagers, or naked and rutting on me, or – at the end – my mom naked and beneath Charlie, moaning in ecstasy. Yes, my mind went there. Yes, I know I'm going to Hell. I was in a haze by the time I left, torn between being sickened with loathing at my own imagination and being too turned on to care. I settled for racing home in the rain (not sure how I didn't get a speeding

## Angela's Diary

ticket, honestly) and slamming the car into the garage faster than I should have. If my panties weren't literally on fire when I jumped out of the BMW, they sure felt like they were, and I hurled myself into the house as fast as my horny little feet could carry me.

David was standing in the kitchen when I came in, wearing baggy shorts and delightfully shirtless. He was eating a peach, and he smiled when he saw me. "How were grandma and grandpa?" he asked.

Charlie thrust his head under my hand in greeting as I said – in more of an answer to his question than he could know – "Baby, I am so fucking horny I can't believe it!"

With deliberate slowness he took another bite of peach and chewed it thoughtfully, regarding me coolly as I petted the dog. Finally, he said, "You do remember what I said when you left, right?"

I nodded, stroking Charlie's ears. He must have been able to smell me with that exquisite nose of his, because he thrust it between my legs and began to sniff; I moved my feet further apart to give him all the access he wanted.

"Tell me," David said, a hard edge in his voice that sent a shiver down my spine.

"You said that Charlie's going to fuck me while I suck your cock," I told him, a tremble in my voice. "And then after he gets done with me, you're going to fuck me."

He nodded. "And you want that, don't you?"

"Yes." My nipples were so hard they ached. My pussy was soaking my panties. I was dizzy.

"Tell me what you want."

He was forcing me to it, forcing me to admit what I wanted – what my body craved and needed. Just a day earlier I couldn't have said it to save my life, but now I didn't hesitate. I even held my chin high and looked my lovely son in the eyes as I said, "I want Charlie's cock in me. I want him to fuck me while you shove your cock down my throat. I want to suck the cum right out of your perfect balls while he empties his in my cunt, and then I want you to take his place and fuck me like the bitch he's made me. Is that what you want me to say, baby?"

His smile was Satanic and lovely and made my knees turn watery. "You know it is, slut."

The word struck me for the first time, really and truly. Slut.

I was a slut.

There was no denying it. I was fucking my son and my dog, I had fucked girls and would fuck them again, I had even thought of fucking my own parents (not that I'd DO anything about that). What was that if not a slut? I'd spent my whole life trying to be the good girl, and I'd convinced almost everybody, myself included. Only my son, my wonderful, wicked son, had seen through the bullshit and realized what I really was. Slut, whore, bitch, cunt, cum-dumpster...yes, I had heard all the words in the past, applied them to other girls, and never once thought they could or would apply to me. But they did, and I fucking adored it.

I guess I should have felt worse about the realization. Girls grow up trying not to get the reputation of being a slut, and being horrified when someone refers to them as one. It's a mean word, a dirty word, a condemnatory phrase slapped on women who like sex more than they "should." It doesn't just describe fucking – it implies a whole range of moral and spiritual wickedness that society, for whatever reason, just can't tolerate in a female. That's the crap we grow up with, that males who get laid a lot are "ladies men" and females who do the same are "sluts." I'd spent my life under that shadow, but now, with everything that had happened, I realized I just didn't care anymore. I loved fucking. I loved coming. I loved making my partners come. I loved cock, I loved pussy. I loved being someone who people wanted to fuck,

## Angela's Diary

and I wanted to learn to be the best fuck I could be. There was so much pleasure to be had, so much pleasure that I'd spent so much time avoiding; I wasn't going to avoid it anymore. I was my dog's slut, my son's slut, and I'd be a slut for whomever David wanted me to be a slut for. Yes, I was a slut.

And I loved it.

David loved it too. He smiled at me wickedly and asked, "Why aren't you wearing your dog-fucking clothes?"

I didn't waste another second. I was shedding my clothes as I ran, leaving a trail as I sprinted toward the stairs. Charlie followed along excitedly, though whether he had picked up on my general eagerness or my sexual arousal I have no idea. I was naked by the time I hurried into my bedroom and opened the closet.

To say Charlie went nuts when I opened the box containing my dog-fucking outfit would be to understate it considerably. He hopped and leaped excitedly, and he tried to mount me as I pulled on the crotchless jeans – in fact he sent me sprawling to the floor and laughing, since I was balancing on one foot when he hopped up and wrapped his forelegs around my waist. I landed in a heap with Charlie on top of me, humping my hip and panting exuberantly. I could only laugh, ruff his head, and feel the soft fur of his sheath as it slipped along my skin. Eventually he realized he wasn't getting anywhere with me in this position and kindly permitted me to stand. I did and pulled on the garish shirt – but then I got distracted when he shoved his snout between my legs and started licking me fast and deep in that amazing way he has. Now, I've had better fucks than Charlie, but to this day no human, ever, has given me head the way dogs do instinctively. Given that, I just relaxed and let myself enjoy it for a few seconds, reveling in the shivers that stunning tongue of his was giving me. Honestly, it wouldn't have taken much to make me come like a rocket at that point and I was very, very tempted to let him do just that, but the knowledge that David was waiting for me downstairs, and the things the three of us would do, spurred me on. I pushed Charlie away long enough to pull on the crotchless jeans, and then we were racing each other down the stairs.

Charlie won – you can't beat a dog in a foot race, or at least I can't – and when I got downstairs David was standing in the living room wearing nothing but a smile. I wrapped my body around his and kissed him long and hard, feeling my nipples digging into his chest and his cock hardening against me as I did. His arms went around me, holding me tight, and for a moment I just let myself get lost in my lover's kiss.

Why couldn't I have this every day? Why couldn't my life be this way all the time?

I guess we only really value what's rare, what's hard to get, what's a challenge to attain and maintain. Nobody would think gold was precious if it was as common as the ground it's dug out of. Gold is precious because it takes a hell of a lot of effort to get hold of it, and there's not much to get hold of in the first place.

Being with David this way was my gold.

Not that he gave me much time to think about it, because he was very eager to get me on all fours and let Charlie do his thing. He had already spread out our splatter sheet and even as he was kissing me he was guiding me backward; I barely felt the sheet under my feet before his hands were on my shoulders, urging me down. Down I went, sinking to my knees – but only far enough so that his splendid, thick, wonderful cock was hardening right in front of my face. I felt my tongue twitch just like it would have if I had been looking at a steak after starving in a desert for a week – I wanted it in my mouth. I wanted to feel the weight of it on my tongue, the solidity

## Angela's Diary

of it between my lips, and I had my mouth on him before I realized I was even moving. God! How just the one drop of precum on the head of his cock sent shivers through me!

David let me suck him for a few moments, both of us reveling in the way he felt in my mouth, but honestly all three of us were too hungry for what was coming to do this for long. For me, prolonging it was exciting, but dogs are of the moment and self-restraint was absolutely not Charlie's strong suit. He hopped around for a bit and then mounted me, his forelegs on my shoulders and his sheath and the tip of his cock riding my spine.

"Ya know, mom," David mused as he pushed Charlie down off of me, "this all feels really good."

"It does," I nodded. "It's going to be hard to go back to normal when Tim and Laurel get back tomorrow."

He brushed my hair back off my face and cradled my chin in his hand. I just looked up at him from my kneeling position, eyes locked with his, and neither of us spoke for a long, long moment. No more words were necessary. Starting tomorrow we would need to be secret with what we did; I know it didn't occur to either of us to stop, just to be more circumspect. Once we'd tasted this, there could be no going back no matter how difficult it became. We smiled at each other, and then David began putting down some cushions for me to kneel on. Charlie was out of his furry little mind with excitement, leaping into me and trying to mount from every which angle – at one point he tried to fuck my belly button – and his excitement was contagious. I don't know if it was just the fact that I would soon have my dog's cock in one end and my son's in the other that got me so wet the moisture was running down the insides of my thighs or whether it was memories of what I'd suddenly been thinking about my parents or whether Charlie, and maybe David too, were just exuding some primal scent I couldn't even detect, or if it was some combination of all of them. Whatever, my body was as ready as it would ever be and my pussy had that lingering, deep-down ache that can only be eased by being filled by a lover.

The instant David got the cushions arranged I was on all fours, and the instant I was on all fours, Charlie was on my back and humping hard. That's not to say that he found the right spot or the right angle instantly, dogs being what they are, but he was signaling his enthusiasm in unmistakable terms.

"He wants in his bitch," David observed with an amused chuckle as he moved around behind me.

"His bitch wants him inside!" I said, suddenly serious about it. I ever shocked myself a little with how fast my playful mood vanished. One second I was all teasing and laughs, and the next second I thought I would lose my mind if Charlie didn't start fucking me right that moment. Jesus I was horny! I was trying futilely to angle my ass properly to capture the hard, pointed cock tip I could feel poking my thighs and ass. "I wish he could get in me without help!"

"He'll learn. Ready?" I could tell from the way Charlie suddenly settled down that David had the dog's cock in his hand and was getting ready to put him where he belonged.

"So ready I'm going nuts, baby."

"Really?" He was teasing me now. I could hear it in his voice.

"Yes baby," I said, my voice surprisingly husky. If sheer need could communicate itself through tone and timbre, it did then. "I really want it."

"How much?"

If pussies could groan in frustration, mine would have. The day – the weekend – had worked me up so hard and here I was on the verge of getting a magnificent fuck from a glorious

## Angela's Diary

canine cock...and he was making me wait. That little shit. "As much as I can, baby," I whispered back fiercely. "Put him in me!"

"Maybe I will..."

"David! Please!" The urgency in my voice shocked me. I knew David was just messing with me and he'd let me have Charlie – or let Charlie have me, maybe better to say – but he was going to make me squirm first, and the squirming was something I didn't think I could take then. I NEEDED Charlie to fuck my pussy, just like I NEEDED David to fuck my mouth, and if I didn't get them both very soon I felt like I was going to wig out. To this day, my sheer level of craving at that instant still amazes me. What can I say? It was like I'd just discovered sex, and when something that wonderful makes itself known to you, well, it's hard to be very moderate about it.

Then, all at once, I guess David took mercy on me because I felt the tip of Charlie's cock enter me, and then the next instant he was all the way inside me, the pencil-thin, hard cock getting thicker and longer with every flutter of my heart, and he began hammering away in the breathless, rapid way that only dogs can manage. David had his hands on Charlie's ass to keep him from pulling out before he knotted me, and I know he asked me how it felt. But seriously – try to talk when a Weimaraner is treating your pussy like a speed bag and see how coherent you are. I tried to answer, I really did, but all I managed was an escalating series of yelping gasps, one every other thrust more or less.

Since then I've seen movies of me getting fucked by Charlie and other dogs and I make the same noises all the time in that first phase when the dog is fucking me blind and his cock is growing in me with each thrust. Once a firm tie is achieved the thrusting stops like someone flipped a switch, so those seconds, certainly less than two minutes, are the only times when I'm really getting FUCKED by a dog. Don't get me wrong, I love Love LOVE the feeling of a dog stuck in me, his cock throbbing with every squirt of his precious semen into my body, putting so much of his puppy-making juice up into my womb that I feel like I'm going to split, feeling him breathing, his body hot and vibrating atop me, his soft fur on my skin, his panting loud in my ear and his drool hot and wonderful on the back of my neck and in my hair. I always orgasm at least once during that time, usually just by reaching back between my legs and pressing my clit back so it pushes inside me against the pulsating knot that has his cock stuck tight in me; usually I come in a rippling series of climaxes that leaves me limp as a dishcloth and so weak at the knees I can't even stand up by myself.

But there is nothing else on Earth, at least nothing I've ever felt, that can compare to the sensation of being FUCKED by a dog. I don't mean to say that it's the best sensation I've ever felt, or the most intense, or the most emotionally satisfying (though it is wonderful, intense, and very emotionally satisfying) – I mean that it's just completely unique. The speed, the heat, the force, the fur, the strength, the urgency, the incredible growth of the cock in me, the power, it's all so completely of that experience, so completely unique. There's nothing else in the whole world that feels that way. Yes it answers something inside me – I was born to love dogs in that way, and I firmly believe that – but even without that essential need I have for it, even if I was doing it for no other reason than it got my cookies baked in a huge way, I would still adore the sensations around it for their complete singularity, for the way that they're part of something so beautiful that feels so good.

Wow, I do tend to prattle on when it comes to sex, don't I? Why doesn't anybody tell me I do this? It's embarrassing!

## Angela's Diary

Anyway, David stood behind Charlie as the dog pounded his cock into me and I yelped and howled in pleasure like a bitch in heat. Once Charlie was firmly and happily knotted, his tongue lolling out in a self-satisfied pant, my son came around the front of me and wrapped a hand in my hair as he flexed his knees a bit so his hard, perfect cock was right at lip level for me. I didn't need an order to do what came naturally – I opened my mouth and took him deep, caressing with lips and tongue as I felt his flesh in my mouth. I'd have happily – eagerly – sucked until he came down my throat, and done so without being told or guided...but David had other plans. David always has other plans.

As I took him to the back of my throat, David suddenly pulled back. I tried to move forward to take his cock back into me but when I did, he yanked my hair back hard enough that I squeaked, as much from surprise as pain. His hand held me tight and motionless, and he smiled down at me as he pulled his cock from my mouth, a string of my saliva connecting it to my lips. "Dirty little whore," he whispered lovingly, and he leaned in with his free hand to grab Charlie's collar and steady him for what was to come. "I'm going to fuck your pretty mouth, mom, and you're going to take it just the way I want to give it. Understand?"

"Yes," I nodded, eager for his cock to be back in my mouth.

That wasn't good enough though, and he gave another tug on my hair to prove it to me. "I'm going to fuck your mouth," he repeated sharply, his eyes glittering with an air of command that sent a shiver down my spine, a shiver that was half thrilled and half dreading. "You're going to use your tongue and your lips, but you're not going to move your head. I'm going to use you like the cunt you are. Understand?"

I knew there was love behind the words and so it softened them to my ears, but honestly I was so horny at that moment that I'd have eagerly agreed had he been a perfect stranger who didn't give a shit about me. The tone, that tone of absolute and utter ownership and control, melted me. I couldn't have resisted anything said in that tone – something David used to get his way many, many times after that. So once more I whispered, "Yes, David," but this time I didn't accompany it with a nod. I was told to hold my head still and so I did exactly that, and I kept it still when he put his cock back in my mouth and began to push it in. Deep, deeper, to the back of my throat – and he held it there for a bit, just long enough for my throat to tighten and for me to start to gag a little, before he ever so slowly pulled back.

"Finger your clit," he ordered, and I did – now that was an order I could get behind! – as he got into his rhythm, fucking my mouth long and slow. I pressed my little button against that big knot and instantly felt the sparks in my belly that told me that I would soon be coming in waves.

How can I even express what that moment meant to me? It was the first time I had ever taken more than one cock at the same moment, and although I have since taken more (my current record is nine at once – I'll tell you the story sometime) that was the first time I really, truly realized that my whole body was a cock-stimulating machine, my whole body was meant and built to give pleasure to males and make them give me their sweet, amazing, wonderful cum. And yes I was caught between two cocks, completely stuck just like a pig on a spit, because Charlie would be knotted in me for fifteen minutes and I didn't dare move my head an inch since David commanded me not to, so in a sense I was completely helpless.

But in another sense, I had never felt this powerful in my life. I felt, finally, like I had really, truly, honestly found my purpose in life – to please cocks and the males they were attached to. That sounds terribly reductive, of course, and it's oversimplified to the point of absurdity...but yeah, I mean...there it is. I'm a woman, with a woman's body, and women's

## Angela's Diary

bodies were made to be pleasing to men, and boys, and whatever males of other species we could interest in us. From a biological perspective, getting fucked and bearing the resulting babies is our reason for existence, just like the purpose of men is to fuck us and give us those babies. But more than that, there was a psychological impact, a spiritual impact – I could please more than one male at once! How many women do you see walking around with frustrated, angry husbands or boyfriends who can't even please the one they have? And yet there I was, on my hands and knees like a proper slut, my dog's cock stretching my pussy with its knot as he dumped a bucket of cum into me and my son taking my mouth in precisely the way he wanted because he knew I could do nothing but move my lips and tongue and stare up at him worshipfully and *still* make him blow his load down my throat. That, my friends, struck me as power, a woman's power, a feminine power that came from the center of my being and felt perfectly right and natural from the first instant. Yes, men have the power to take, but women have the power to be taken and still remain who we are, what we are, and to do what we're meant by our biology and our natures to do.

See? I just rattle on, don't I? How aggravating!

My orgasm lifted me up just at the moment David started using my mouth faster. Whether he sensed that my climax was near and timed it right or whether it was dumb luck I don't know, but I felt myself floating higher and higher and then tipping over the edge like a roller-coaster drop when BAM my boy was pummeling my mouth and throat harder. I screamed around his cock and came with shocking precision, not missing a beat with either the hand that was giving pleasure to me or the lips and tongue that were giving it to David. I came, in other words, like a pro, and the fact that I kept pleasing all three of us while I did so sent a ripple of pride through me that just made my orgasm all the more intense.

David was fucking my mouth as hard as he ever fucked my pussy, his balls slapping my chin, his fist clenched to tight in my hair that I couldn't have pulled back if I had wanted to – which I didn't! Yes I was gagging on his cock with every thrust as the tip smacked into the back of my throat, but I couldn't have cared less. I was watching his face when he facefucked me – though my vision was blurry with orgasm and tears – and the expression of lust and barely-contained pleasure I saw there made it all worth it and more. My son. My lover. My guide. My caretaker. I felt like a queen.

Suddenly he could take no more and he yanked me forward even as he pushed in deeper, entering my throat with his shaft and keeping it there as it jerked and spasmed, again and again. He gave a long, low, throaty, wondrous groan as he emptied his balls into my stomach.

And then he was done, and barely able to keep his feet as he held onto Charlie to keep him from pulling out too suddenly and hurting me. Charlie was done coming (the difference in the body temperature between human and dog means you can feel every little squirt inside you, and you know when your lover's orgasm has stopped) but it was a couple of minutes before he gave the first tentative tug at my pussy. I was still stuck to him too tightly though, so he just panted happily as I squeezed on his cock with my pussy and sucked David. My son never got soft, not really – he was as turned on by the idea of him getting Charlie's sloppy seconds as I was, and it showed. By the time Charlie did soften enough to pull out with that wet *sloosh* I love so much and the shower of dog semen down my thighs that tells me I've been a good bitch, David was hard as steel and I had the damned rubber that I disliked so much firmly in place. Charlie went to lick up all his cum, but he only got in a couple of swipes with his tongue before David nudged him aside, grabbed me by the hips just as firmly as he'd grabbed my hair earlier, and pushed himself all the way into me.

## Angela's Diary

I arched my back and let out a long, delighted sigh. "Oohhh yesss baby, fuck me, fuck your mother good..."

He smacked my ass and laughed, "I always fuck you good...and I always will."

I liked the sound of that, and we settled into the rhythm that I loved from the first – him and I moving together like it's all instinctual, taking each other's rhythm, faster, harder, sharing sweat, sharing our bodies, him raining filthy, degrading talk on me and me eating it up, my orgasm arriving with a torrent of (loud) filth of my own, lifting me, taking me apart and putting me back together again in time for another orgasm to come in time with my son's. He used my hair like a bridle, yanking my head back so my profanity and screams of pleasure echoed off the walls and came back to me, unhindered and unashamed. Perfection. Heaven on earth. And when it was done, we lay together on the floor, me on my belly and him atop and inside me, arm around me, both of us reveling in the fact of being the lovers we were destined to be from the moment I gave birth to him.

Charlie was in the corner, licking his cock and paying us no mind whatsoever.

After a few moments of David kissing my neck and shoulders, he lifted himself up and off me. I moaned in disappointment, but David just laughed. "Sorry mom, I gotta piss, and I doubt you want me doing that in the living room."

"Probably not," I sighed, then grinned. "Between you and Charlie, I doubt I could move right now if a tornado was bearing down on us."

"Then don't. Just lay here and rest. OK?"

"OK. And David?"

"Yes, mom?"

"I love you. More than anything."

"I love you too, mom." I didn't doubt it for an instant. Then he was gone, off to the bathroom, and I was alone.

I lay there wishing that David hadn't used a condom and that the sloppy cum I felt oozing out of me was as much my son's as my dog's. I wanted David's seed up inside me – it belonged there, dammit! I was his lover and his woman, body and soul, and I deserved to feel his semen inside me. But of course if it was, then right at this moment those industrious little spermatozoa would be busily swimming upstream and finding my very fertile egg, and there was a not-inconsiderable chance that nine months from now I'd be giving birth to my son's child...and there was absolutely NO way to explain that one to Tim, was there? So that was completely out of the question, and I'd just have to suck up my frustration and deal with it for the next month until I got onto the pill and I could take my man's cum the way I was built to.

Charlie was done licking his cock and was watching me, head on his paws, his big and soulful eyes intent on me. After a few seconds he came over and laid down next to me, and I put my arm around him and cuddled him close. His cum, at least, was up inside me where it belonged, and it was a wonderful, sensual thing to lie there with him next to me, feeling his soft fur under my hand, feeling his warmth so close to me, feeling the rise and fall of his ribs with every breath he took. I put my head on him like a pillow and closed my eyes, and together we drifted off to sleep, two lovers enjoying each other's afterglow.

I woke up later, and I knew instantly that some time had passed. David had let Charlie and me sleep together for a while, and I was grateful for that. This whole situation was so fragile! Tomorrow Tim and Laurel would be home and I wouldn't be able to simply take a nap with my canine lover in the middle of the living room floor after he'd fucked me silly. It's one thing to have sex with someone – or something – you love, and that's a wonderful and amazing

## Angela's Diary

thing, but it's something else, something wonderful and amazing in its own right, to pass into sleep with and wake up with that lover. There's something profound about it, something that the soul seems to crave just as much as the body craves the sex that precedes it, and the sex seems less absolute without it. I don't know, maybe that's just me, and if it is then it's all the more remarkable David gave me the chance to experience it with Charlie before the chance slipped away.

At any rate, I woke up to hear David singing softly in another room, and a smile spread itself across my face. David wasn't a good singer by any means, but there's something I love about waking up to hear a lover moving around in another room and lying there, slightly muzzy-headed, to listen to it. And so I did for a few moments before the fact that I needed to piss became impossible to ignore, and then I sat up. Charlie grunted softly and lifted his head, thumping that big clumsy tail of his, and looked at me expectantly. I put a note of excitement into my voice as I said, "Wanna go outside?" and the words had the expected effect, making him leap to his feet and bounce around like a puppy. What a sweetie Charlie is.

The rest of the day is a perfectly happy blur. I took a long hot shower and David joined me for part of it – he had just gotten back from cutting old Mrs. Gunderson's grass to keep our cover up. We fooled around a bit under the spray, kissing and touching and being generally playful, and then dried each other off. Neither of us put on a stitch of clothes when we moved to the kitchen, and it's a good thing too – our attempts at making dinner were interrupted by my horny hands all over my son, and before long I was on my knees sucking the cock I adored so much. He came down my throat, then I got him stiff again and he gave me a long, hard, lovely screwing up on the counter and then on the kitchen table.

Laurel called during dinner so we didn't talk long – especially given that my mischievous son guided Charlie between my legs and had him lick me while I was talking to his sister. That was, if anything, even more awkward than talking to Tim while David fucked me the day before. I mean yes David is the son that Tim and I made together, but at least he's a human, and human women are expected to fuck human men. Society isn't so understanding about gals getting head from their family dogs (though the world would be a happy and more sexually fulfilled place if society were a little more open about it, in my entirely biased opinion). So I managed to keep my moans to myself while I heard about her performance at State that day. I was actually very proud of her because she did extremely well – she took Bronze in the 400 meter and was on her way to a Silver in the 800, but she tripped and wrenched her ankle ten meters from the tape – it was a little swollen, she said, but not bad, and she was keeping ice on it.

I didn't think she sounded different than she had before she left – as though I could have heard the loss of her virginity in her voice, and besides I was a little distracted by the fact that Charlie's tongue seemed like it was two inches up my asshole when I thought to listen. If you've ever had a dog lick your ass, you know it's distracting; if you never have, well, A) take my word for it, and B) have a dog lick your ass, you won't regret it. Anyway, she sounded good, and she sounded proud of her performance – and she sounded happy. I was glad that Tim had given her that...well, I guess glad is too strong a word. I was glad that if Tim was going to be fucking our daughter, she was happy about it.

I didn't have a lot of room to maneuver on the topic anyway.

Laurel told me she would make sure she was home by early afternoon tomorrow, and she said goodbye. It's appalling, really, that I spared so little thought for her in that moment, given that this was the first time I'd talked to her after her father had taken her virginity. It's just that she seemed so far away then, and not just physically. I just wasn't the same woman I had been

## Angela's Diary

when she'd left with Tim. David had made me into a brand new person, and though I still loved her and still loved Tim, I couldn't go back to the way I was before...I wouldn't. Everything was still so new for me that I needed time to figure out where Tim and Laurel would land in my world.

But that was for the future, and as soon as I hung up I had nothing more in my mind than the orgasm my dog's tongue gave me.

David and I spent the evening cuddled up on the sofa. We listened to music, we watched a couple of bad movies on TV, I sucked his cock and he gave me a long, slow fuck as a reward. We drank wine and ate cheese and crackers and fruit. We laughed and held hands and listened to each other's heartbeats and smelled each other's scents. We kissed a lot. We – I – reveled in being madly in love with the perfect mate. At the end we took another shower and went to sleep in each other's arms, lying between crisp, fresh sheets that still smelled like the clothesline.

### June 2

The gray light of morning was just barely beginning to seep into the bedroom and the clock read just past 5:00 AM Sunday morning when David awakened me by settling his weight on top of me. I wasn't even really awake yet when I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled him into me. God, how to describe being fucked out of sleep? It's the most perfect wake up you can imagine, and one I'd never, ever experienced before. One moment I was asleep – dreaming of getting head from Petra, actually – and the next instant that dream was replaced by the blissful sensation of sex with the man I adored more than I ever thought I could adore anyone. It was the best gift he could have given me. He must have been playing with my pussy before I woke up (which would explain the dream) because I was perfectly wet for him as he buried himself in me all the way and we began to move together as one.

You know, I'd always wanted to be woken up in that way. Ever since I was a little girl and found out about the possibility of sex, it struck me as being incredibly erotic, and incredibly romantic, to have a lover who wanted you so intensely he couldn't even wait until you were awake to pin your ankles to your earlobes. To inspire that sort of lust, that sort of overriding desire in a man, always seemed to me to be a wonderful thing indeed...and let me tell you, the reality was just as good as the fantasy was – no, better, because even in my fantasies I never had a lover as perfect for me as David.

“Oh baby,” I muttered into his chest (the better to stifle morning breath, doncha know) “you make your old mom feel so good...”

“You're not old, mom,” he whispered back into my hair (again, the morning breath thing – I did try to instill politeness in my children when they were growing up!).

“You make me feel young, baby. You make me feel so young when you fuck me this way.”

“And I'm going to keep fucking you mom,” he whispered breathily into my ear. “After dad and Laurel get back...I'm going to fuck you every opportunity I get. So you'd better learn to take my cock quietly, because you're going to be getting it when they're in the house with us...”

“Oh God baby...”

“Sometimes when they're right in the next room...”

## Angela's Diary

“Oh! Fuck!” I had the sudden mental image of me with a denim skirt bunched around my waist and David pressing my face into the dining room wall as he took me urgently from behind, all while Tim and Laurel were right in the living room not 20 feet away. The thought alone was so erotic I was instantly on the edge of a climax. “Baby yes, fuck me! Fuck me good and hard, lover! Please!”

“Are you going to come quietly?” he asked, his voice teasing.

“FUCK NO!” I snarled, sounding like a she-panther. “They’re not here! I’m going to come as loud as I fucking want to! Please David, harder!”

He gave it to me harder, and I shook the windows with my howls. Lord, the neighbors... But I loved being loud for him, loud because of him. I loved screaming his name as he pounded me. I loved the pressure of his body on mine feeling like it was squeezing all the air out of me and making my shrieks all the louder. And most of all I loved the freedom of it, the freedom of being able to be with my lover the way we both wanted and not having to worry about what my husband or my daughter thought, not having to be circumspect, not having to be careful, just being able to relax and finally be the woman I really, truly was with the man I really, truly wanted. I came like a rocket and kept coming in waves until he moaned his own release into me – well, into the damned rubber, and once again the wistful desire to have his cum in me instead of in the rubber. If only I wasn’t fertile as hell, I’d have taken the risk! But no, not with him being a potent young man and my womb ready and eager for a fertilized egg to land in it. I couldn’t chance it.

And so the condom held his semen as he rested atop me, my legs fallen loose from the grip they’d had around his waist and my hands on his sweaty back. I don’t recall either of us saying anything, not even after he rolled off of me and we cuddled together and slept some more.

It was almost eight when I finally woke up for good. David was still asleep, but he woke up enough to mutter, “Great ass...” as I climbed out of bed to make breakfast. I put Charlie outside and made a sinful spread of bacon and eggs, coffee and toast and orange juice. Charlie and I made it back up to David’s and my bedroom (because, practically, that’s what it would be for me from now on; Tim would just be an unwelcome, futile guest in the bed) just as my son woke up.

“Mmmm, breakfast in bed again,” he grinned, sitting up and stretching. “I could get used to me waiting on me hand and foot.”

“I would, too, if we lived alone,” I laughed. “I’d spoil you rotten. And as long as you kept my kitty happy, I’d never utter a word of complaint.”

“I’m gonna keep your kitty happy even when we’re not alone,” was his reply. “Do I get waited on hand and foot anyway?”

“Mmmm, sorry kiddo, no can do. It would raise suspicions if I brought you breakfast every morning and sucked your cock every night at the dinner table.”

“Pfft. What a gyp.”

“Well, that just means I’ll have to extra-special spoil you when I get the chance,” I chuckled.

“I’ll hold you to that.”

“You’d better. I want you to.”

Breakfast was just simple, plain fun, with Charlie getting the leftovers. A shower followed, and we fucked standing up under the spray with my legs around his waist and him holding me up with his hands under my ass. We didn’t dress – neither of us wanted to stop being naked for and with each other until the last possible moment, so we lounged around the house

## Angela's Diary

naked as the days we were born. David was eager to watch me suck Charlie's cock and I was eager to show him, so I donned my dogfucking outfit once more and gave him the best demonstration I could – which honestly wasn't very satisfying for either me or the dog, since Charlie was full of energy and wouldn't sit still for a blowjob. Like I've said, dogs lack in the brains department.

I did remind David about his promise to let Charlie lick his cock, which was something I really wanted to see, and he gave in readily enough. Charlie needed little coaching – I guess dogs just naturally like to lick genitals no matter what the gender – and David seemed to love it. For the first three licks, that is, and on the fourth he suddenly gasped, pulled away, and doubled over with his hands on his cock, laughing a pained laugh as he did. “Fuck! He got me with his teeth!”

Queerly, the first thing I felt was motherly concern for her son's wellbeing. I guess a son can fuck his mom, but he can't fuck the mom out of her no matter how much fun they both have trying. “Are you OK? Let me see.”

“I'm fine, I'm fine, it was just a nip,” he laughed, but I wasn't going to be put off that easily and I didn't stop until I'd checked it for myself and saw just a slight red spot. Still, his voice was sultry when he asked, “Kiss it and make it better?”

Well. What mother could resist that?

One blowjob later I was tidying up and getting things back in order for the return of Tim and Laurel. Honestly, I'd let the place go to seed over the past couple days and it was pretty messy. I washed dishes, washed clothes, and ran a mop over the floors to pick up any stray droplets of semen, human or canine, that might have fallen and dried. And by the time I was done, I realized I'd have to do at least part of it over again because David came to me and said, “Charlie is horny. You didn't get him off with your mouth so you need to give him your pussy before dad and Laurel get home.”

I ought to have argued – if they left earlier than expected and made good time they could have been getting home any time – but the tone of David's voice made it clear he wasn't brooking argument...and honestly, once I heard that tone, it didn't occur to me to do anything but obey him. And so back on went the dogfucking outfit and back on the splatter-sheet I went on my hands and knees. Charlie took me smoothly this time with only minimal guidance from David, and so it was that I got my last orgasms of that astonishing, perfect weekend, with a dog cock buried in my twat and my son's cock in my mouth, just like the day before. I couldn't think of a better way for the weekend to finish that didn't involve me risking getting knocked up with my son's baby.

Into the shower then, and into a conservative denim shorts and tee shirt when I got out. I sighed a little when I picked them out, knowing that my weekend of freedom was coming to an end...but I did choose a scandalous pair of crotchless panties and a very naughty push-up bra that left my nipples bare to tent out my shirt and displayed the girls to advantage. After this weekend, I knew I was going to have a hard time even pretending to be anything but a fuckslut.

David stayed with me, naked, and we cuddled on the couch and whispered scandalous nothings until we heard the car pull up at about two. David went upstairs then, and I sat for a few moments and collected my thoughts.

Honestly, I was surprised at the thoughts I collected. I was rueful that the blissful two days was done, yes, but I knew I hadn't had the last of either David or Charlie. I'd be fucking and sucking both of them at every opportunity, just like the good little cunt I was. Then too, David had told me he wanted me to be with other men – and women – and whatever David

## Angela's Diary

wanted from me, David would get. That was just how it was going to be. My adventure, whatever it would prove to be, was just beginning. All that the return of husband and daughter marked was the end of the prologue. But none of that surprised me.

No, what surprised me was how much I had missed them both when they were gone.

Yes there had been an incredible freedom with just David and me (and let's not forget Charlie!) in the house, and yes that made possible an unforgettable weekend that literally made me into very different person than I was before Tim and Laurel left. And yes, the two of them had undoubtedly gone off and fucked their brains out, just like David and I had (again, with the [presumed] absence of a big, eager dog), and that wasn't any more right – from a moral, legal, or ethical perspective – than what I had done with my son. It would be hard to have them back, knowing that without them I could feel much more open to exploring my new self and letting David and Charlie take me to where I needed to be. It would be hard, too, to see them both sneaking around to get their sex in and having to pretend I didn't know what they were doing. Having them here would hardly be without difficulties.

But all of that was outweighed – and, I realized, outweighed by orders of magnitude – by the fact that both Tim and Laurel were integral parts of my life, and I could no more imagine being without either of them than I could have imagined what I would turn into when this whole dizzy adventure began.

Laurel was my daughter, my flesh and blood just as much as David was. She was my little girl, my baby child, and I adored her even as I resented that she, apparently, could be something for Tim that I couldn't. That wasn't fair, but it was what it was, and I couldn't be angry or upset about it. She was an amazing girl. I'd jump in front of an axe-wielding maniac for her without a second thought (and if I did, I wouldn't put money on the maniac if I were you). I loved David in a unique and special way that Laurel couldn't approach, but I also loved Laurel for all the incredible things she was and the incredible things she would do. And no, my adoration and excitement with my son had hardly blinded me to the fact that Laurel was far, far more likely to make me proud, and to be a good person, than was David in the months and years to come. David was what he was. He was my man, but he was what he was and I was too old a bunny to have any illusions. But Laurel's future was limited only by the extent of her imagination, and I'd fight as hard as any mother could to make sure she fulfilled her potential, and I'd love her every step of the way.

And Tim...oh, Tim. There are so many ways you were never the right man for me. But I love you so damned much in spite of it. It took this weekend, and this moment of clarity at the end of it, to make me realize that, for all your physical and moral failings, you're still a good and decent man. You're no more to blame for all this than I am...which is, I suppose, another way to say we'll both burn in Hell for what we've done to our children, but we'll go there knowing that we were both victims of each other as much as our own natures.

Because that was what it really came down to, wasn't it? I hadn't suddenly become a sex-hungry slut for dogs and for the man who had the insight and strength to make me one – I had ALWAYS BEEN ONE and I had just spent my whole life pretending I wasn't. It's as much a part of who I am as my fingerprints. And yes, had David not been interested in me, my life would certainly have taken a very different direction – but so what? There are a million things that happen to us that shape our lives every day. Some of those things we control, some don't. But those things happen to us, they don't define who we are. We are who and what we are independently of them. Yes we change when those events happen, but how we change and what we change into comes from us.

## Angela's Diary

Sheesh. Apparently sex isn't the only topic I ramble about.

Anyway, the point is that David didn't make me this way, and Tim's marriage to me didn't make him what he is. Whatever Tim is, he's that because that's what he is. I fell in love with that man a long time ago, and even though I no longer have the slightest physical connection with him, he's still the same good and fine man who works hard, who respects me, who makes me laugh and who would jump in front of a maniac to save David just like I would for Laurel. We made a life together, and even if the sexual aspects of it were a lie, it wasn't all about sex. No marriage ever is. Our marriage worked in spite of our never having sex, and it did because the good things about him and the good things about me worked together to make it successful. Was I going to throw it aside now because I had found a way to scratch the one itch of mine he wasn't interested in scratching? That was crazy. He was still a good man. I still loved him. Our relationship would just change to account for the new facts, that was all.

All that was what was in my mind as I got up from the sofa and headed to the kitchen, where Tim and Laurel would enter from the garage. I didn't even have to struggle to put a smile on my face – not after my weekend! And yes I was very, very curious to see what changes the weekend had wrought on my daughter...

But all thoughts of that were knocked from my mind when the Tim opened the door and Laurel came through with her foot in a blue plastic boot and crutches under her arms. She had a big smile on her face, but also a sheepish look too – she knew what was coming, and I didn't disappoint her.

"Oh my God! Laurel, what happened?"

"Well, I said I twisted my ankle a bit at the meet..."

Oh don't give me that, baby girl. Don't minimize an injury that puts you on crutches, not to a mother who's just freaked out about it like I had. I had a chair pulled out from the table in an instant and, as she eased into it, I said (loudly), "But you said it was just a little hitch! You didn't tell me it was this bad!"

"It *is* just a little twist," she insisted, though I could hear in her voice that she knew she had lost this argument before it began. "The doctor just didn't want me to put any weight on it for a couple of days, that's all. It will be fine."

"But why didn't you *tell* me?"

"She didn't want you to worry –" Tim began, but he wisely shut up when I shot him the Mother's Glare of Death.

"You were all the way on the other end of the state," Laurel said, properly guilty and abashed. "There wasn't anything you could have done and I knew you'd have worried if I told you I had actually sprained it. I didn't want to ruin your weekend."

"I...I wish you'd have told me," I said, forcing myself to be calm and measured. "But thank you for thinking about me. It was very mature of you to take my feelings into consideration, even if I want to make your father sleep on the sofa for the next week for not telling me himself."

"Hey!" Tim protested, while Laurel bit her lip to keep from laughing.

"Don't 'hey' me, mister," I sniffed. "A mother needs to know."

"You aren't serious about that sofa thing, right?"

"Hmmp. We'll see. It depends on whether you behave yourself for the rest of the night."

"Oooh," Laurel laughed, and followed it up with a whip-cracking sound. I shot her a dirty look, but my flash of anger at not knowing had passed, and I knew my eyes were smiling.

## Angela's Diary

I spent the evening making a fuss over Laurel and being very proud of her Bronze medal. David came downstairs just before dinner and headed off to a friend's house, saying he'd be back by curfew; I felt a bit of a twinge at the prospect of not having him at the dinner table, but he assuaged it by feeling me up good and proper when Tim and Laurel were in the other room, all the while whispering in my ear about how he expected me to suck him tomorrow before school. My mouth actually watered.

### June 3

He got that blowjob the next morning, with me eagerly on my knees and him pulling out at the last second and splashing his cum all over my face. I cleaned him off with my tongue and tucked him back into his pants, all with one eye closed because his cum had glued the lid shut. "Such a messy boy," I admonished, zipping him up. "And such a way to treat your mom, making my face all sticky like this!"

"Hey, you look gorgeous with my cum on your face," he said, pride in his voice as he stroked my jaw with his fingertips. "I love being able to look down at you wearing it and know that you sucked it out of me."

I echoed his pride with my smile. "Have a good day, sweetie. Good luck on your math test."

"I'll be fine," he shrugged unconcernedly, then turned and took one step away...before turning back and saying, casually, "Oh, I have a date with Brandy tomorrow night."

My heart sank a bit at the image of the salesgirl taking care of the needs that I wanted to be responsible for, but I kept myself calm. I knew this was going to happen sooner or later, after all, and our situation meant that I couldn't do it as often as he needed. He was a healthy young man with extremely high drives, after all. We both needed to be realistic. "All right," I nodded, wiping his cum off my face and licking my fingers (I wasn't going to wash it off when I could swallow it instead!). "Have fun."

"I will," he nodded. "And so will you."

"I...huh?" Brilliant response on my part, but I was stumped by what he could have meant.

"The three of us are going on a date," he told me with a grin. "And you'd better be ready to suck her pussy."

My heart jumped this time, and I nodded eagerly as a whole array of filthy possibilities raced through my mind. "I will!" I said quickly. "Oh David, that sounds fantastic! The three of us, out in public?"

"Yeah, in public until I decide to take you both back to her place and watch you get down on your knees and beg her permission to suck her cunt."

I was so wet I was dripping. "Oh God baby..."

"I thought you'd like it," he said dryly. "Oh, and you need to wear a short skirt and no panties tonight. I'm going to fuck your brains out after dinner."

I counted the seconds.

To be continued...

# Angela's Diary