

Angela's Diary

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Chapter Six

May 13

When I walked out of the lingerie store I was on a cloud. I felt strong, confident, sexy, like I could do anything I put my mind to and like I had a right to have anything I wanted. On the way home I was struck by an irresistible craving for French fries. Normally I don't like greasy food, but at that moment deep fat fried anything sounded absolutely delicious. I swung by a McDonalds, thinking I'd get a small fry, but when I opened my mouth at the drive through microphone, what came out was, "I'd like a 10 piece nugget meal, please." 10 Chicken McNuggets! AND a bunch of French fries! God, I'd be working this off my ass for the next month. I thought of canceling the order, but I pushed the thought away. I wanted this. I deserved this. And I was really, really hungry for this.

As a concession to sanity, I ordered a Diet Coke. I'm sure that balanced out the meal.

I devoured the greasy meal and strongly considered going back for another, such was my craving, but sensibility prevailed and I headed home with the radio blasting and my head banging to the music. (I like punk. I know, who'd think to look at me, right?)

When I got home, Charlie was very happy to see me and he greeted me with the enthusiasm that only a canine can muster when he's convinced he'd been left forever alone and then his best buddy comes. I took him out for our daily run, and I added six blocks to it as penance for my indulgence at the Golden Arches. The run cleared my mind and I got into the zone you sometimes get into when you're exercising really good, where you don't think of anything at all except the air in your lungs and the way your muscles are moving smoothly and efficiently but you feel so incredibly good, like the best drug ever. I handled the extra mile or so easily enough, but it kicked Charlie's furry butt, and the poor dear just collapsed in a panting heap in front of the floor fan when we got in the door. I got on my knees and petted him for a good fifteen minutes, something we both loved, then let him out the back to investigate the yard and sit in the breeze while I took a shower.

I felt perfect when I stepped into the shower; I was thinking about what I had done with Petra, and how sexy and empowered it made me feel, and those thoughts really put me on a high.

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But when I was rinsing the conditioner out of my hair I suddenly started thinking about my wedding, and how I had pledged to honor and be faithful to Tim, and I suddenly felt incredibly, massively guilty. Regardless of the fact that he and I had no sex life whatsoever, I was still married to him and I still loved him very, very much. He deserved better from me than to be sneaking off to sleazy adult stores to have sex with women –

My God. It hit me suddenly, hard and brutally, that I had fucked a woman. What had seemed so erotic to me just moments before suddenly felt disgusting and alien and perverse, only a step (if that) above child molestation. How could I have done it? What in the world had I been thinking? And how could I have enjoyed it? How could I have reveled in it? I was sick. I was vile!

Tears were streaming down my face when I stepped out of the shower, and when I saw myself naked in the full-length mirror I almost vomited. I looked horrible. I was old. I was wrinkly. I was sagging. I had extra weight. What right did I have to think I was sexy? What right did I have to want anything more than the sexless existence Tim had given me? I broke down completely and cried for half an hour.

When I was done crying, I felt a little better. I still had some twinges of guilt, but not nearly as bad, and I covered myself in jeans and a floppy shirt so I wouldn't have to look at my gross body. I settled down in the kitchen and called Tammy, one of the few of my friends who is a stay at home mom like me. Her kids are younger than mine – she has an eight year old, a six year old, and a two year old – but her oldest, Ken, reminds me a lot of Laurel in terms of personality, while her two year Laine is a little hellion like David was at that age, though hopefully not as downright evil. The six year old, Martin, has fairly severe autism unfortunately, and so Tammy has to stay home to take care of him. I bustled around the kitchen, preparing the ingredients for the night's dinner (nothing fancy, just lasagna with a salad and some Italian bread) and talking to my friend while she cleaned. I was hoping talking to her would make me feel better, but it had the opposite effect because I was harboring secrets I didn't dare share with her, or with anyone I knew – except David, of course. David would find out what I did with Petra, and that would only give him more ammunition to use against me. The realization sent me into a miserable spiral and by the time I hung up I was ready to cry again. I fussed around a bit, doing a little cleaning, then wrote out a few bills while Charlie laid on my feet and kept them warm. Charlie, my sweet love.

Tim surprised me by coming home early – he was home even before the kids. I was a little worried when I heard his car pull up, thinking there was something wrong, but when he came in with a hangdog expression and two dozen roses, I just melted. I put my arms around him, hugged him so tight it took the breath away from both of us, and cried like a baby while I babbled about how much I loved him and how sorry I was for what had happened the night before. He assured me it was all right, which just made me cry harder.

I barely pulled myself together before David got home. I know David was surprised to see Tim there before him, which just confirmed to me that he had something malignant planned for the afternoon that Tim had, thank God, spoiled. That made me feel good, and I was happy and bouncy and cuddly with Tim until Laurel got back from school, especially because David vanished into his bedroom after saying hello and didn't torment me at all.

Dinner that night was fun, or at least that's how I remember it. Initially the kids were very leery, given what I'd yelled to Tim the night before, but Tim and I were jokey and flirty and very comfortable so that by the end everyone loosened up and had a good time. David made some veiled cracks about Charlie but I didn't let it get to me – right then, in fact, it felt like

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nothing could get to me at all. I felt invulnerable. So I did the logical thing which, was when he made a snarky comment, I laughed and pelted him with garlic bread (which Charlie ate when it hit the floor).

After dinner my mood crashed again, for no reason whatsoever. I was alone except for Charlie, washing the dishes, and all of a sudden I was crying so hard my chest hurt. I stayed miserable for the rest of the night and cried myself to sleep beside my confused, worried husband and my confused, worried canine lover.

May 17

I won't bore you with the story of the next few days. I spent most of the days in tears and hating myself for being fat, ugly, old, faithless, feckless, lustful, perverted and useless. Everyone except Charlie learned to steer clear of me by Wednesday afternoon. Even David learned the lesson when he came into the kitchen to get a soda when I was fixing dinner and I, for no reason whatsoever, spent the next ten minutes screaming at him about...well, nothing, actually. Just screaming. I was so angry and irrational that Laurel, of all people, came downstairs and stepped between us. Similarly I spent most of the nights awake, miserable and aching in every joint in my body. I wasn't horny in the slightest – even when Charlie tried to lick me as I changed clothes I shooed him away. The thought of sex, of feeling pleasure, seemed bizarre and alien and undeserved.

If you haven't figured it out by now, I was getting my period. I know I didn't figure it out until Friday night when it hit me – literally. It's not that I'm utterly dense. When I was a teenager my periods were so regular I could mark them out on the calendar months ahead of time. But since I was pregnant with David, and especially after Laurel, they became very irregular. It wasn't that uncommon for me to miss a month, or at least be two or three weeks late. It was basically random.

Furthermore, my PMS symptoms usually weren't that bad. Oh I'd bloat and ache and get a little moody, but nothing like this time. This time was some kind of a record for me. Stress, I suppose, coupled with the sudden increase in sexual hormones I'd been producing...or something. I don't know, I'm not a doctor. I've heard plenty of men complain that the workings of women's bodies, and especially menstruation, are a mystery to them. The fact is, they're a mystery to a lot of women too. Sometimes you barely bleed; other times you think your heart is pumping every drop of crimson straight out through your cooch. Sometimes you have such mild PMS symptoms you don't even notice; other times, like this time, you're so miserable and volatile that you're impossible to be around. Sometimes you're early; sometimes you're late; sometimes you skip. Sometimes the power of your fertility and fecundity strikes you in a sublime, almost spiritual way and you're awed at the majesty of your own body; other times you think it's a huge pain in the ass and you wish you were born without a uterus.

This was a bad one. Not only the PMS was bad, but the period itself. Oh the bleeding wasn't dramatically worse than usual (maybe a little) but the side effect...damn. OK, there's really no beating around the bush here: when I'm through with PMS and actually in my period, I get horny. No, cancel that, I get HORNY. Even when my life was sexless, I'd spend a few days with an itch between my legs that always felt like it needed to be scratched. This time, with the awakening I'd had, I went into heat. It's a vulgar way to say it, sure, but it's also accurate. I woke up Saturday morning at about 3:00 AM *needing* to come like I've seldom needed it before. I lay there for a few minutes thinking fiercely sexual thoughts about Charlie and David,

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Petra and Brandy, and then I went into my bathroom and fingered myself to a pair of shuddering orgasms in what must have been record time. Even that didn't do more than take the edge off though, because I barely got back to sleep before the erotic dreams came...and my, were the erotic. The one I remember best was set in David's second grade class. It was Show and Tell and David brought me. Everyone in the room was a second-grader except for me, David, and the teacher. I was wearing a tiny little flirt skirt that showed my ass, a see-through mesh tank top, no underwear, red fishnet thigh-highs and these crazy stripper shoes, and I was sitting on David's lap. We were making out in the middle of class, kissing fiercely while he fingered me and I stroked his cock; nobody noticed. When it came time for him to present, he carried me up to the teacher's desk, set me there, dropped his pants and started fucking me long, deep and hard with his lovely cock. He kept whispering into my ear that if I wanted him to get an A, we'd have to put on a really good show...

I know, I know. How sick can you get, right? I wish I could pass it off as just a dream – after all, you can't control your dreams – but it was so damned hot that I masturbated to it again when I woke up. I knew how wrong, how sick, and even more, how dangerous it was for me to be thinking that way, but I was too hot to stop myself...or at least too hot to want to stop myself.

I had the luxury of masturbating then because by the time I woke up it for good it was almost 9:30 and Tim was long gone to the club. So I came, then I laid there and enjoyed my afterglow, and finally dragged myself up and out of bed a few minutes before 10. I felt great. That's the other thing about menstruation – you spend the better part of a week in misery with PMS, and then when you finally get your period you feel vastly better. Oh there are still the occasional cramps, at least for me, and the libido rages, but other than that it feels a world better. I pulled on a simple pair of shorts (dark, naturally) and a tee shirt and went downstairs.

Laurel was there, playing with Charlie in the den. Charlie bounded to meet me, wagging his whole butt, while Laurel eyed me warily. It had been a rough week and I'd had everyone in the house walking on eggshells, but she relaxed a bit when I laughed easily at Charlie's antics. After a moment she asked, "How are you feeling?"

"Good. Got my period."

"Oh! Well...that explains it."

I laughed. "Yeah it does. Sorry about the last week."

"I had a bet with dad about whether you were going crazy."

"You did not!"

"Well...maybe not. But I'd have gotten good odds."

I stuck out my tongue at her. "Did you eat breakfast?"

"Sure did. I ate with dad, and then he took off. I'm leaving in about 20 minutes."

"Oh? Where are you going?"

"I'm going shopping with Brittney, remember?"

I did then. Brittney was her friend who had just gotten her driver's license, and this was the first time she would be able to take a gang of girls to the mall. "When will you be back?"

"Probably not until the afternoon, like maybe even after dinner. Oh, and dad said he'd be late today too, a business thing. Looks like you'll be alone with the dork."

I paused for a bit. "David's still here?"

"David's still in bed. You know him and weekends."

I felt a flutter of panic in my breast at the idea of spending the rest of the morning and the early afternoon alone with David (I had a date with some girlfriends in the afternoon myself), but

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I pushed it aside. I had to deal with him sooner or later so it might as well be sooner. Laurel was gone before I was done with breakfast and so I was left alone with my thoughts.

And what thoughts. I was so horny my fingernails hurt. I was ashamed of myself for the way I'd acted over the past week. I was ashamed of myself for getting myself in the fix with David. Charlie kept rubbing against my legs and when he did all I could think about was his cock locked inside of me and the way it felt when he pulled out and all his cum exploded from me. I was frightened of what David would do when he finally got out of bed. I kept thinking about David's cock and the way his cum tasted. I wanted to run. I wanted to fuck. I wanted...I guess I wanted something to happen, something to break the tension, something to move me one way or the other because I didn't know which direction to go.

Nothing happened during breakfast, naturally enough, or when I took Charlie out in the back yard so he could romp. It was a clammy day, cool and humid and overcast. Larry, my next door neighbor, was out mowing his lawn and I waved to him as I smelled the fresh-cut grass and watched my dog romp. I brought Charlie back inside. David still wasn't up, but I wasn't going to wait around for him. I went upstairs and took a nice long shower; I tried to keep from thinking naughty thoughts but the shower has always been an erotic place for me and it wasn't long before I had the shower wand spraying one particular place and I had my fourth orgasm in about seven and a half hours. I was still ragingly horny when I got out of the bathroom.

I have to say at this point that this level of sexual desire wasn't normal for me, even when I was having my period. This was something phenomenal, something wholly other, and I didn't know how to handle it. I was craving orgasms, craving them the same way I craved screwy things like chocolate-covered sauerkraut when I was pregnant; it was bone-deep, all the way through me, always in my mind even when I was thinking about something else. And having an orgasm didn't seem to diminish my want for more. My skin was tingling and wanting to be touched, my nipples were hard and tender, I was almost panting like a dog. I knew, in my head, that this was nothing more than my hormones out of whack, nothing more than a mid-30s clock-is-ticking thing. I knew it wasn't regular, and I knew it wasn't right.

I also knew I needed to come, and come a lot, or I was going to go nuts.

My horniness explains what I did when I got out of the shower. I went to get dressed, and initially I grabbed an entirely sensible outfit of long shorts and a summer blouse – and then I stopped. The last time I went to XXXFantasy, I had gotten a bunch of naughty clothes. Well...not naughty, just sexy. A little revealing, a little flirtatious, a little hot. Whatever. They had made me feel attractive when I was trying them on in the store, and right now I wanted, very much, to feel attractive. And that was why, when I went downstairs, I was wearing a tight green top that exposed a hell of a lot of cleavage, a push-up bra that showed my girls to advantage, a tight little black skirt that came halfway down to my knees, a tiny black thong that was more an insinuation of underwear than an actual garment, and a pair of black pumps that put a shimmy in my ass when I walked. At that moment, I loved the way I looked and I wanted to get looked at; I dressed accordingly. The only person likely to look at me for the next few hours was David...but I could live with that. I wouldn't like it, but I could live with it.

Charlie followed me down the stairs, and when we got to the bottom he shoved his head up under my skirt and gave me a sniff. I ruffed his ears and laughed, saying, "What's the matter, boy? You know I'm horny, huh? Can't hide anything from your nose, can I?" His answer was simple but perfectly eloquent: he forced his nose between my thighs and licked along my slit, right through my panties, and he didn't stop at one lick either.

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And suddenly I knew just exactly what I wanted to do: I wanted to come on my dog's tongue. A few seconds later I was seated on the sofa, exactly where I was the first time he licked me. My skirt was up around my waist, my panties were around my right ankle, and Charlie was going to town on me with utter abandon. I didn't know if he'd lick my tampon out and I didn't care. I should explain at this point that another way that dogs are better than men is that they have hesitation whatsoever about going down on you when you're in your period. In fact, they seem to love it – I guess there's more flavor for them or more smell or something, but whatever it is, dogs love the taste of menstruating pussy. At any rate I was writhing grinding against him, gasping, moaning, loving every second –

And then I heard the sound of David's door closing, and a moment later his feet on the stairs. This is going to sound awful, but it didn't even occur to me to stop. Why should it? This was nothing he hadn't seen, and I could get into no more trouble with him than I already was. Why should I deny myself the pleasure I needed?

Besides, I'd made a habit of checking every room I went into for hidden cameras, and the living room was clean. A girl can't be too careful when dealing with a monster like David.

And so that was how he found me a few seconds later, legs splayed, Charlie lapping furiously at my twat, my eyes half closed in passion and nearing another climax – my fifth of the morning! David stopped when he saw me and leaned up against the wall, a smirk on his face. "That's quite a sight," he said. "Don't let me interrupt."

"I won't," I gasped, spreading my legs wider and tilting my hips to give Charlie a better angle at my ass. In fact, I barely spared David any thought; I was focused on Charlie, and if David wanted to watch, he could watch. And watch was what he did, first from across the room, and then, a few moments later, from the couch where he sat down next to me for a closer look. I didn't try to hide anything, and I didn't try to keep quiet when I came. I moaned loud and long, swore a bit, trembled and stiffened, and all the while he just watch with a shit-eating grin on his face. Charlie licked me for a while after my orgasm, but before I could come again he lost interest and thrust his head into David's hand for a petting. For a little while I sat, wordlessly afterglowing, not caring to cover myself while David petted the dog and looked at my pussy; eventually, though, I closed my thighs, pulled down my skirt, and looked at my son challengingly, as if daring him to say something.

He was grinning. "You look fantastic," he told me. "And not just because of what you were just doing. You're dressed really sexy. I like it a lot."

For a moment I went back and forth on how to answer. I was still fiercely angry at him, and the sense of betrayal hadn't faded – at the same time, though, I knew that what I had just done, the carnal pleasure I had just taken with Charlie, as well as what I had done earlier with Petra and even Brandy, was nobody's responsibility but my own. David may have pointed me in this direction, but I was walking it myself, and I was walking it because I suddenly needed to. That wasn't David's fault (if fault was to be assessed), it was mine. And so, after some mental see-sawing, I replied with a curt, "Thank you."

His grin faltered a bit at the chill in my voice, but it didn't disappear completely. "Still pretty pissed at me, huh?"

"If you have to ask the question it means you wouldn't understand the answer."

"Fair enough," he nodded, easing back in the sofa. "I deserve that."

"I don't understand why you did it," I said suddenly, the anger flaring up in me. "Why did you film us? And why did you throw it in my face like that? And don't give me that 'Because I could' crap because that isn't any kind of answer. I was doing what you wanted. I

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was doing what *we* wanted. I thought we had shared something really wonderful, like I had never shared with anyone before, and when you pulled that camera out –” I stopped then because I could feel tears coming, and even though they were tears of rage, not tears of weakness, I didn't want him to misinterpret anything. So I swallowed, got a grip, and went on while trying to stay calmer. “When you did that, you killed what had been growing between us. I hope you understand that.”

“I know.” He sounded sad, but I knew better than to trust his tone. “I am sorry, for what it's worth.”

“I don't believe you.”

He shrugged, but not dismissively – it was more of a hopeless kind of motion. Looking at the floor, his hand still petting Charlie's neck, he said, “I deserve that too. And I won't tell you I'd take it back if I could, because that would be a lie.”

“Well thank you for the honesty! So why did you do it? Don't you understand that if you hadn't done it, I'd have given you what you wanted? I would have, David. If you'd have just left things where they were before you did it, if you'd have cuddled me and helped me clean up and told me how much you loved me, then I'd have been on my knees for you every day since then. Do you understand that?”

“Yeah I do.”

“And if you'd have done that, treated me decently, then I would probably be in bed with you right now.”

He didn't seem as surprised as I'd hoped. In fact, he didn't really seem surprised at all. “Yeah,” was all he said.

I wasn't quite sure what to make of that non-reaction, but my dander was up and I didn't slow down. “Oh, I wouldn't have asked, but I knew what you wanted. After what you said, after the evening we shared, I wanted to give it to you. You wouldn't have had to twist my arm very much.”

“But now I will.”

I nodded. “Oh, now you will, kiddo. I'm not stupid enough to think you're going to give up, but I'm going to make it as hard for you as I can. I'll beat you if I can. I want you to know and understand that.”

“I understand.”

“So why? Why did you do it?”

Now it was his turn to give me the infuriating line: “Mom, if you have to ask that question it means you wouldn't understand the answer.”

I thought a harsh answer was going to come, but when I opened my mouth I laughed instead. It was a bitter laugh, but it was a laugh. “So, we're incomprehensible to each other.”

He shrugged again. “I don't think we are. I just think we need to work at it.”

“Oh, kiddo, I do not want to work at it.”

“Yeah, I know. But I think I get you more than you get me.” Some sharp retorts came to mind, but in all honesty it was terrifying how easily he wrapped me around his finger when he wanted to sex me up so I just stayed quiet. After a few seconds of silence, he added, “You do know that I could take you up to bed right now, right? If I wanted to. You couldn't stop me if I tried, and you couldn't say anything to anyone about it.”

Now I was the one giving a nonchalant shrug. “And if you were going to do that you'd have done it by now. You don't need to remind me of my situation because I understand it perfectly well.”

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"What you don't understand is me."

"I guess I don't."

Charlie sniffed at my crotch again and I unashamedly opened my legs for him, but he didn't give me more than a cursory lick before lying down, tail thumping, looking at us expectantly. David looked down at him, then up at me. "So have you? With Charlie?"

"I tried," I admitted. "Didn't work. He knew what he wanted but not how to do it, and I couldn't coax him into position for long enough to make it happen."

"You need another pair of hands."

"Yeah. That I do."

"I'll be that pair of hands for you, mom."

A sardonic smile quirked my lips. "And now's the time I ask about the price."

"No price."

I laughed again. "David, with you there's always a price, so knock off the crap."

"No cameras," he told me. "And I keep my clothes on, 100%. I don't expect you to touch me and I won't touch you any more than I have to to make it work. Not unless you want me to."

"I wouldn't want you to."

"I didn't figure. But there's the offer mom. Straight up. I know what you want and need and I'm willing to help you get I with no strings."

I looked at him appraisingly, but his face – and especially his eyes – looked honest enough. I wasn't going to flatter myself anymore that I could read a lie on my son's face, but I didn't even see the slightest hint of deception there. I didn't know what to make of that.

"I...I'm not suite sure I buy that."

"And I don't blame you. But the offer stands open."

I bit my lip. My arms were crossed in front of me and I was looking at him like I did back when he was a tiny boy and I caught him in an absurd lie. "And what do you get out of it? I know you don't do anything nice for anyone without getting something out of it."

He smiled. God, that smile. It could melt ice...or an ice queen. "I know you won't believe it when I say it, but I meant every single word I said to you that night. Every single one. I meant it when I told you how beautiful you are, and I meant it when I told you how much I love you. I do want to see you happy, believe it or not."

"But you're willing to make me miserable to make it happen?"

He nodded, and this time I laughed cheerfully. "Oh kiddo, that doesn't make any sense. You don't make any sense."

"We'll see," he laughed back. And I'd be lying if I said it didn't feel good to laugh with my son. I didn't want it to, but he's my son – and he had made me feel like no other man ever had or, I was starting to think, ever could. He knew me and accepted me. He'd stabbed me in the back, yes, but I knew that he didn't condemn me for anything I'd done, and I knew that he would support whatever I did along those lines in the future. He'd use them against me, of course, but he wouldn't think I was a pervert, and he'd almost certainly help me if he could. To someone who'd spent so much of her life denying who she was and what she wanted, that was a very, very powerful thing. "Anyway," he went on, "the offer is open and it will stay open. Whenever you want, I'll help you and Charlie. I'll try to get him used to it so he doesn't need my help – so you don't need my help. And I won't ask for a thing in return. Just think about it."

I nodded slowly. "I will."

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He leaned in and put a loving kiss on my forehead, and then stood up. "I gotta take a shower and get going, I'm supposed to meet some friends."

"What's her name?"

He grinned teasingly. "What's the matter? Jealous?"

I stuck out my tongue. "You should be so lucky, kiddo."

His grin got even more teasing, and he said, "I'm playing some extreme Frisbee with Brandy and a few of her friends. You know, Brandy was really jealous that Petra's was the first pussy you sucked and not hers."

"Well, let her know hers will be next."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

"All right, I'll tell her. You know she still wants to get together with me and you." I gave him a "not gonna happen" look and he laughed. "OK, OK, just saying."

He headed out of the room, then paused and turned in the doorway. "When do you think your period will be done?"

I was in the midst of pulling up my itty bitty panties, but I stopped and gave him a surprised look. "How did you know I was on my period?"

He looked at me like I was an idiot. "Mom, come on. What other explanation could there have been for the last week?"

"You knew I was PMSing?"

"Well of course."

"Huh. I wish you'd have told me. I was miserable. Anyway, probably Thursday or Friday. Why?"

"Because you and I are going for dinner and dancing."

I paused. "We are?"

"Yep, and I want you to be able to enjoy it without worrying about bodily functions."

"Where do you think we're going?"

"Sophie's, downtown Minneapolis. Do you know it?"

In spite of myself, I felt my heart quicken just a beat. Sophie's was a 30's-style nightclub along the river with a fantastic view of downtown. It had swing and jazz bands, a romantically small dance floor, and some excellent French food. I'd never been there, but I'd heard fantastic things.

I should explain. A fine dinner followed by dancing, especially to jazz, was one of my all-time favorite things to do. It always made me feel sexy, clever, glamorous – like I was in some wonderful old black and white movie. It made me feel like a princess. Tim had only taken me a couple of times – he loved eating at good restaurants, but he neither liked nor had a talent for dancing. Dancing isn't much fun with someone who obviously doesn't want to be there – but when you're with someone who loves it as much as you do, then it's as close as you could get to Heaven on Earth. Damn him, but David knew just the way to my heart. "I've heard of it," I said cautiously. "How are you going to get in? You aren't of age."

"I have a good fake ID," he replied with a laugh, and I didn't doubt him for a second.

"Also, the maître d' owes me big time. Don't ask what for. I want you to wear the slinky little red dress you got, OK?"

My head was still slightly whirling as I nodded. "OK."

"Friday night."

"OK."

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He left me alone then, and it was only a few seconds before I started to wonder how he had, in a few seconds, defused my anger and made me actually look forward to a date on the town with him. My son was a horrifically slick young man.

A couple of hours later I walked up to a table in front of Ma Bella Passiona, a new Italian place on the Nicollet Mall in downtown Minneapolis. I was still wearing that same revealing outfit, and I'm sure male eyes would have been on me if there hadn't been a parade of barely-dressed, tight-bodied 18 year old girls going up and down the sidewalk. Bitches. Anyway, I was the last of our little group to arrive, and there were jaws slack with amazement as I sat down in the open chair between April and Tammy. I had known most of these girls for 20 years or more, and none of them had ever seen me dressed this way.

It was Stacey that spoke first. Stacey is a lawyer who works in the office of the Dean of the Law School at Hamline University. She's on her third husband (it's not that she's not a devoted wife, it's just she has terrible taste in men). She was so surprised she dropped her cigarette (she'd just taken up smoking again after a three year cold turkey period) and said, "Um...who are you and what have you done with Angela?"

I gave her my best innocent look. "What do you mean?"

Tammy was staring at my legs. "Girl, that's the shortest skirt I have EVER seen you in!"

I shrugged nonchalantly, though I was enjoying their reaction immensely. "Oh, I just thought what with it being spring and all..."

"OK, OK, OK, one strong breeze than that top is coming off," Jen pointed out with a grin. Jen's a tiny little thing, cute as a button, and she has the meanest, sharpest, and funniest sense of humor of any woman I know, not that you'd think to look at her angel-face. "Hennepin Avenue is one block thattaway."

I stuck out my tongue, but I laughed. Hennepin Avenue is a lot cleaner now, but it used to be notorious for biker bars, porn shops and hookers back when we were kids. Tom Waits even wrote a song about it. "I don't think I look that bad."

"No, not bad," Patty said, still looking surprised. "Different, but not bad."

"Who is he?" April asked.

"Who's who?"

"They guy you're having an affair with."

The girls all laughed, but I just shook my head. "Oh no, no other men for me," I said. "Tim and David are the only men in my life."

"Oh, Tim's obviously laying it to her good and regular," Jen said brightly, and we all had a good laugh about that. These girls were my best friends, aside from my sister, and we all knew each other's happinesses and frustrations – as far as I knew, I was the only one at the table with a dark secret.

"No, he's still dead from the waist down," I replied.

"So what prompts this?" Tammy asked.

April arched an eyebrow. "If I didn't know better I'd say you were looking for action."

"No, that's not it," I said. "I just decided I didn't need anyone's permission to feel attractive. I mean, I'm not a bad looking woman. I can pull this look off. So why shouldn't I? Why do I need my husband's say-so before I feel good about myself? Why do I need anyone's say-so?"

"Hear hear!" Stacey cried, ringing her fork against her iced tea glass. "That's the way to be!"

"Damn skippy," Patty nodded. "Sisters are doing it for themselves."

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“You are woman, hear you roar,” added Tammy.

April chuckled, but the little glance she shot at me told me she knew there was something more than I was telling. April is nothing if not ridiculously insightful, which has helped her career as a counselor and intimidated a lot of men over the years; she was still unmarried, and pretty much convinced she would always be so. She's had plenty of relationships, of course, but there's always something about her that chases men off eventually. “So...no big news?”

I opened my mouth to speak, and when I did I planned to say, “No,” but at that moment the waiter came. He was this really cute dark-haired, dark skinned boy who looked like he hopped right out of a Greek fantasy; he couldn't have been a day over 19. He brought me a glass of water and stopped to see if we were ready to order, and when his eyes locked with mine...well, sparks flew. I knew it, he knew it...and the girls knew it too. I knew they were exchanging knowing looks, but I didn't care. I looked sexy, I felt sexy, and this was something I was reveling in. I took a quick look at the menu and got a chicken Caesar salad and a glass of white wine; as I did, the waiter stood over my shoulder checking me out, and I made sure to give him the best view I could. Once he'd gotten the order and we were alone again, the other five girls burst out laughing.

“I guess Tim and David need to move over,” Jen observed.

“I'm not gonna fuck him,” I said primly. “I'm just gonna look. I can look and not be cheating.”

“So,” April repeated, “no big news?”

I don't know what possessed me, except that my hormones were crippling my judgment and I knew that I could trust these five women with anything, because we had kept each other's secrets before. When Tammy had a brief affair shortly after her marriage; when Jen was struggling with how to deal with a lecherous boss who kept trying to involve her in embezzlement; when Stacey's first husband had turned out to be an abuser; when April got involved with a married man in the vain hope he would leave his emotionally frigid wife (only to have him run off with some 19 year old who worked in his office); when Patty got hooked on slot machines at the casinos and needed our help to break the chain. I hadn't told them about my brief affair years before, but I wasn't in the mood anymore to keep everything that was happening to me a secret. It's always more fun to tell. And so I was very matter of fact when I picked up my glass of water, took a sip and said, “I had sex with a woman.”

I don't think I could have caused a bigger reaction if I'd have pulled a rabid skunk out of my purse and dropped it on the table. There was a pause and then an explosion of sound as five women started asking questions all at once. It was an insane Babel as I looked calmly from face to face, smiling a cocky little smile. Finally Jen got them all quieted down and said, “You're joking. You are joking. Right?”

“Nope, I went all the way with another girl,” I replied cheerfully.

“Well...when? How?” Tammy demanded.

“And why?” Stacey asked.

“I do think you owe us some details, Angela,” April told me with a smile. Of all the women at the table, it was April who had the most experience on that side of things. She had gone to Bryn Mawr for her undergrad studies and had gone through a serious and lengthy lesbian phase before deciding that she really liked men after all. Other than that, I knew that Stacey had done a three-way with her second husband and a gal from his work, but I didn't think that the others had any experience in that line besides maybe smooching other girls in junior high.

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“Well OK, it went like this...” I told the story exactly as it happened, except I left Charlie and David's part in it, I made shopping for lingerie my idea, I combined the encounters with Brandy and Petra into one and...well, I guess I didn't really tell it *exactly* as it happened. What I said was that I had decided to get some sexy things and went to a little lingerie shop, where the sexy black salesgirl had seduced me in the changing room and then moved me to the stockroom for sex. I left out names and locations, and refused to answer any questions along those lines. The waiter came right at the end with our food, and he took a loooooong look at my legs (which I had conveniently placed so as to give him a good view), and when he was gone, the questions started up again.

Patty was first. “Angela...did you like it?”

I shrugged. “It was OK. I mean, it felt good. It wasn't unnatural or weird. She tasted good.” (There were slightly disgusted moans from Tammy and Jen there.) “It was fun. I might do it again, but it's not like I'm gay now. I don't think I'm even bi. I think I just like sex and I'm willing to take what I can get.” I paused, then added as an afterthought, “Without cheating on Tim, I mean.”

“So this wasn't cheating?” Jen asked dubiously. “There needs to be a dick involved before it's cheating?”

“I think so,” Tammy said with a shrug. “I'm not even sure it's cheating if you blow a guy who isn't your husband. I think there needs to be penetration.”

“That seems pretty literal,” Jen laughed. “I mean, you can run around sucking the high school football team and –”

“Can we please get back to the topic?” Stacey interrupted, holding up a hand. “Not that I don't want to talk about 50 teenage cocks, but we were discussing something else.”

April chuckled. I knew she was feeling proud of herself for ferreting out my skeleton in the closet. If only she knew my *real* skeletons! “I think the bigger question is whether Tim knows.”

I shook my head. “Nope, this is our little secret.”

“How do you think he'd react?” Stacey asked. “I mean he might like it.”

“Yeah, it might light a fire in his pants,” Tammy nodded.

“I don't think a nuclear bomb could light a fire in that man's pants,” Jen sighed. “He's a sweetie, but he's not a lover.”

“Unfortunately I think that's true,” I replied. My tone was regretful, but at that point I didn't care all that much. For the first time since I got pregnant with David, I had options. It felt good to have options. “I don't know if we'll ever do it again. He seems to have lost interest in me.”

“In that case it's *definitely* not cheating,” Tammy said firmly. “I mean, my God, people have needs. That doesn't go away because you're married.”

“Tell me about it,” Patty said sourly, and I think we all instantly felt a twinge of guilt. Patty's husband Thomas (or Dumpface, as I like to call him) is, for lack of a better description, a useless, cold, mean, drunken porn addict who hasn't touched her for five years or more even though she's just about begged him on bended knee time and time again.

“I'm sorry, Patty,” Stacey said, squeezing Patty's hand.

“Pat, you know what I'm going to say because I've been telling you this for years,” Tammy said. “But if you're doing your best in your marriage the your husband – or your wife, let's be fair – just flat out refuses to take care of your bare needs, then you have every right to go outside and get it taken care of there. You don't stop being human just because you say I Do.”

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This was a longstanding topic of discussion in our group, especially given the...well, let's say the volatility of the romantic lives of some of the girls. The conversation took off on a swirl of tangents the way it does when good friends get together, and I was content to put my two cents in now and again.

Of course, a lot of what happened around the table was unspoken, only noticed because we six are exquisitely attuned to each other after decades of sharing our triumphs and failures. Jen was riding high because, in spite of the economy, she'd just nailed down both a promotion and significant raise. Stacey was her usual bubbly self, indefatigable even in the face of growing evidence that her latest trainwreck of a husband was cheating on her, possibly with a married couple of all things. April had finally gotten her life in order and was just happy that things were on a stable track for the moment.

It was Tammy and Patty I was worried about, because they were both in the dumps and had been for a long time. For Tammy the cause was the same as it always had been: she's the mother of a severely autistic child. It wasn't simply that, of course, because she adores Martin, but caring for him is a 24-hour a day job that leaves time for very little else, and on top of that she has two other children, a husband, and a house to take care of. As much as I empathize with her (and I do, my God I do) I know I can't understand what she's going through. She's never come out and said it in these terms, but there comes a time in most everyone's life when you realize that the dreams you held as a teenager and young adult, of you lighting the world on fire and writing your name across the sky, simply aren't going to come true. For most of us that means getting smaller dreams, setting achievable goals that you can fulfill and be fulfilled by as you grow older in the life you've made for yourself. For Tammy though, and for other parents in her situation, the dreams died and there was nothing to replace them because the defining fact of her life, now and until the day either she or Martin died, was the fact of Martin's autism. She was and had to be the mother of an autistic child first and foremost, before everything. Martin was almost as helpless as an infant and required constant care, but unlike an infant there was no chance of him ever growing out of it. He was what he would be, and Tammy was what she would be, and the realization of that had been weighing on her more and more since Martin was diagnosed. I know that if she was given the chance to go back in time and abort her pregnancy with him she wouldn't even think about it – she loves him as much as she loves herself, if not more – but the fact is that his care is all she will accomplish for the rest of her life and she knows it. Every other dream has not only been deferred but canceled, and it's a lot to carry.

Patty, on the other hand, seemed to have something else going on besides her usual neglect by Thomas and the daily stress of being a grade school teacher. I don't think anyone else noticed, but several times I saw, out of the corner of her eye, that she was looking at me like she wanted to talk to me specifically, but of course nothing was said.

Conversation kept drifting back to me and my sexual encounter with a woman, of course. I steadfastly refused to provide any details of who or where. Jen seemed curious, Tammy and Stacey kept making jokes about it, and April looked smug every time it was brought up. Only Patty seemed quiet about the whole thing. The biggest question was if and when I was planning a repeat performance, and whether it would be with the same gal or a different one. I just kept saying I was keeping my mind open to possibilities, which of course provoked speculation on the possibility, which I, of course, loved. For the first time since I got knocked up with Laurel, my sex life was the topic of conversation for something I'd done rather than not done, and I was eating it up.

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In fact, I have to confess it was making me horny – well, *hornier* – and the fact that the gorgeous Greek waiter kept buzzing around the table and checking me out didn't help either. By the time lunch was over I was very itchy for another orgasm, so I gave myself one as I drove home. I didn't even stop playing with myself when the bus pulled up along side on the freeway...

May 19

The rest of the weekend flew by, as weekends do. Saturday night was dinner and cards with Tom's parents (very nice people) and Sunday was taken up with yard work with Tom, errands, and general business. I stayed in an orgasmic fugue much of the time, to be honest – I even sneaked a couple of rub-offs in my in-laws' bathroom, and Charlie licked me again on Sunday morning when he and I were the only ones home and awake.

Patty called Sunday when I was out, leaving me a message to call her back. I tried but there was no answer, and I wondered what was on her mind. She obviously had something going on that she wanted to talk about, but I had no idea what.

I spent Sunday night in heat – literally. I was so horny my whole body felt like it was on fire and I slept in just my flimsy little nightgown, without even a sheet. I kept drifting off to sleep and being awakened by erotic dreams of such power that I would lie, half in and half out of sleep, only awake enough to give myself an orgasm before drifting back to dreams. I think I must have come three or four times that night.

Monday morning I fixed breakfast for Laurel and Tim, but my mind wasn't on it. I was thinking of sex, of every kind and variation. I was flushed, my nipples were hard inside my bra, my panties were soaked. By the time Tim left, David still hadn't stirred out of his room, so I went up to...check on him. I didn't knock before I opened his door – I just went right in. He was standing in the middle of his bedroom in his underwear and socks and nothing else, preparing to pull up his jeans. He could see on his face that he bit back a sharp response when the door opened, instead saying, "Yeah, I'm running late, sorry. I overslept."

My response was a saucy, conspiratorial smile as I walked across his bedroom and put a hand to his forehead. He was baffled as I tsk-tsked. "Uh oh," I said, "you're burning up."

"I am?" he asked, plainly puzzled.

"Mmmm-hmmmm," I replied, looking meaningfully into his eyes. "You're much too sick to do anything but stay home and help Charlie fuck my brains out a couple of times today."

Understanding dawned, and he laughed. "Oh yeah, I am feeling pretty sick after all."

"I'll call the school," I told him with a wink, turning and heading for the door.

"Mom?" he said before I got there, and I turned. He met me as I did, his arms around me, pulling me to his warm, bare skin. I barely had time to tilt my head back before his lips were on mine. His tongue passed my lips and found mine, and in spite of myself I felt myself kissing back. I didn't want to give up that control to him, but he left me no choice whatsoever. He kissed me and I crumbled into him, and that was that. As soon as he knew I wasn't going to pull away, his hands were sliding under the waistband of my shorts to cup my bare ass in his hands, and before I knew it my arms were around his neck, holding him to me. The kiss lasted a long time, and before it was finished I was weak in the knees from the feel of his strength and his erection against my tummy.

"I...um...I thought you weren't...going to touch me...unless I said it was OK," I said, quite breathlessly, as I stepped away.

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“Not while you and Charlie are going at it,” he told me with a smile. “But if you think I’m going another whole week without kissing you, and kissing you a lot, well, you’re nuts.”

“Oh,” I said softly. The way he held me and kissed me left me a tough dizzy, and I didn’t react nearly as firmly as I ought to have. I tried to think of something to say that would let me assert some control, but all I could come up with was, “Don’t come downstairs until Laurel is gone.”

Charlie fucked me twice that day, the first time just 10 minutes after Laurel left for school. He got excited when I put on my dog fucking outfit, prancing and hopping with the tip of his thrilling red cock poking out from his furry sheath. David hovered close the first time, keeping Charlie where he was supposed to be, and this time Charlie hit his mark in just a few moments, sliding into me and beginning to fuck me in the hard, savage, perfectly animalistic way that only a dog can. It was blissful, wondrous, better than I remembered it being – and I remembered it being transcendent. This time I thought to use enough cushions and support that I was comfortable throughout the whole thing, and because I knew what to expect this time I enjoyed my first orgasm when the hammering started and then played with my clit for two more as soon as he settled down to fill me with his come. This time, with both of us more relaxed, he stayed tied with me for over 20 minutes.

David was as good as his word – no cameras, no touching. I could see how badly he wanted to touch me, and how badly he wanted to be touched, but that wasn’t what I wanted now. Wait, I have to correct myself because in all honestly I did want it. I remembered what his cock felt like in my hands, so thick and hard and alive; I remembered how it felt in my mouth, with his pulse against my tongue as he fucked my face like the slutty whore he had made me want to be; I remembered the taste and feel of his cum in my mouth as I swallowed it all and how delicious it was. I did want it. I even wanted him to fuck my mouth while Charlie was taking my bitch pussy, knowing that the feel of my canine lover’s cock in one end and my son’s cock in the other would give me an orgasm without my even touching myself. But I didn’t do it. It was hard, but I stayed strong and made him keep his clothes on. I think I needed to do that to see if I could trust him after all, to see if he had really learned anything from his mistake. The way he treated me, adoringly and respectfully and lovingly, made me believe that he had.

The poor dear was so cute with his erection stretching his shorts. I know he wanted to come as he helped the dog fuck me, but he was a good boy and he kept his hands off of himself. It was only afterward, when Charlie had pulled out of me and licked me clean and I was lying in a pool of our juices and my sweat, that I gave my son a proud, happy smile, nodded at his bulge, and said, “You’d better go take care of that, kiddo.”

He smiled back and kissed me on my perspiration-dappled brow. I suppose I was still pretty naïve, or maybe the mind-blowing doggy-fuck I’d just experienced had left me unable to think clearly, but I was expecting him to head up to his bedroom to relieve himself, or at least to the bathroom. In the light of day I can’t quite imagine why I thought that, and he certainly didn’t. Instead he pulled his shirt up over his head as he walked to the sofa, and with a quick motion shed his shorts and underwear. Before I knew quite what was happening he was perfectly naked and perfect, leaning back on the sofa with his ass on the edge of the cushion and his ideal cock hard and erect, proud in his hand.

“Ummmm...what are you doing?” I asked, feeling a bit of a twitter in my stomach. “I thought you said you were going to keep your clothes on...”

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“While I was helping you and Charlie,” he corrected smugly. I’m sure he noticed my eyes were riveted to his magnificent cock and the hand that was idly stroking it. “But you told me to do this.”

“But I didn’t think you’d do it right here in front of me,” I said, suddenly nervous. Damn him but he knew what looking at him did to me, and he knew that if he started jerking off in front of me I wouldn’t be able to look away...or keep myself from getting turned on. He had let me have control of the situation – or rather he had let me think I had control of the situation – but now he was taking it back again. I felt that old helpless sense coming back over me, that feeling that once more I had trapped myself, that once more I had been beaten in a game whose rules I didn’t understand because my son kept changing them.

David’s response was to run his right hand up along his shaft, slowly pulling his foreskin up over the head while his left index finger teased the crease of his balls. He was watching my face, but I had eyes only for what he was doing to his beautiful cock.

He started jacking for real, his strokes long and firm, and I felt my palms itch to be around him. I knew exactly how it would feel if I closed my fingers around his cock and felt his velvety skin and his warmth. I knew I could feel his pulse through it, and I knew his breathing would become rapider and shallower the faster I stroked and the closer I brought him to orgasm. My hands could feel it the same way an amputee can feel his phantom limb – as though his cock was a part of me now, and my body wanted it.

I don’t know how I kept from touching myself as he masturbated. Even though I had just been thoroughly and savagely fucked by Charlie, I was already so horny again that it took everything I had to keep from putting my hand between my thighs and making myself come right alongside my son. I rubbed my thighs together as I watched and felt my sore, used, stretched pussy rub against itself, felt drizzles of dog cum oozing out and wetting my already-wet thighs. I wanted it, I wanted his cock in my hand, my pussy in my hand, my climax hitting me. I wanted to pull every last drop of David’s cum out of his balls, watch it arc in the sunlight as he came, watch it spatter and spray on his belly, my hand, his cock, my arm, his thighs, my face. I wanted to smell his release as his semen flowed from him. I wanted to feel his need grow and grow under my touch – and then suddenly be fulfilled, his young, hard body tensing for a blissful instant before relaxing, spent with the rapture I had given him.

And David, of course, watched my face and read my desires there just as surely as if I was shouting them out. He knew what he was doing to me. He knew that I was feeling every stroke of his cock just as much as he did. He knew he was making me hungry for him, and all the hungrier because I had denied him to myself to show how much in control of the situation I was. He watched me and he saw that I wasn’t in control of a damned thing, and I saw it too, and I couldn’t stop. I couldn’t take my eyes off of him as his strokes became faster, harder, as his cock got even stiffer and bigger. When he clenched his teeth and hissed, “I’m gonna cum, mom. I’m thinking about how hot you looked getting fucked by Charlie and it’s gonna make me cum,” I felt his words in the marrow of my bones. I saw the head of his cock go from pink to red to crimson to purple. I saw his fist fly. I heard his breath get ragged and gasping and short. I saw his eyes flutter closed. I saw his sweet, lovely balls clench against his teasing finger –

I saw him cum. I know I gasped when I watched his cock give that mighty jerk and a spray of glorious white jetted forth, and I know he heard my gasp and that it added force to his orgasm. I watched as his juices spattered his belly and his chest, both hard and glistening with the sweat he had given himself in his desire (it should have been me giving him that sweat, my mind whispered). I saw spurt after spurt and I licked my lips because I knew exactly how his

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cock felt in my mouth when it came, that perfect and indescribable sensation of triumph I had felt by making my own son orgasm for me with my lips and my tongue. I knew exactly how his seed would feel in my mouth and how it would taste as I swallowed, gout after hot gout flowing down my eager, open throat...

I didn't touch myself. I don't know how I didn't touch myself.

When he was done, he sat panting and watching me through half-lidded eyes as I watched the light through the window glisten on his liquid. Neither of us said a word. I don't think I could have trusted my voice to speak. The only sound in the living room was my beautiful baby boy's panting and Charlie licking himself in the corner.

I spent the rest of the morning with David. There was nothing sexual about it. I took a shower and changed clothes (into something skimpy so he'd have something to look at – all right, there was a little bit sexual about it) and he helped me rearrange the den like I'd been wanting to do. We watched a little morning TV and we played a game of cribbage. We talked and laughed and teased. He made casual, lighthearted reference to me fucking Charlie and I made casual, lighthearted reference to him jerking off. Once he surprised me by kissing me when I wasn't expecting it and I simply melted into his arms and let him kiss me as his hands and mine roamed over each other's bodies. It was comfortable. It was easy. I was as at home with him as I could be with anyone in the entire world, and he was the closest thing I had to a human male lover. I know, and I knew then, that such familiarity was dangerous for both of us, because he would assume it would be permanent and it made my boundaries, the ones that I needed to keep, weaker and less certain. But I had never in my adult years had a lover I could simply relax and spend time with (my earlier indiscretion years before had been sex only, little talk) and it was a very, very seductive thing to relax with a lover and simply enjoy the intimacy that can only be earned through the openness and honesty of sex. It was wrong and stupid, I know, but it felt too good for me to deny myself.

I was just making lunch (nothing fancy, just sandwiches) when I got a surprise phone call from Patty. She was at work on her break, sitting in her car as she drove around aimlessly, and I could tell by her voice that she needed to talk. She didn't take long to get to the point: "Angela, I'm thinking about having an affair."

So far it was hardly a surprise. Like I mentioned, her husband Dumpface was the world's biggest waste of carbon and he didn't deserve her presence at all, much less her fidelity. I and the other girls had told her as much for years, so my response was pretty rote when I said, "I think you should, Patty. I think you should leave him, in fact. Who's the temptation?"

"A new teacher here at school," she replied.

"Huh...well, workplace affairs can be dangerous. At least that's what I've read. Not like I've ever had a workplace..."

"I know."

"On the other hand, if you did do it, you've have a perfect excuse for your absences."

"I know."

There was something still bothering her, I could tell, something that hadn't come out. I figured I knew what it was. "He's married, isn't he?"

"No," she replied. "And it's a she."

Apparently I was wrong about what was bothering her. "She? You mean..."

"Yeah."

I bit my lip and sat down on the kitchen chair. "OK," I said, "I think you need to start a little closer to the beginning."

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And so she did. The other teacher was named Maria. She was a 26 year old woman from Texas who had just moved up here and took an open teacher slot. She was a real lesbian, no men at all, and there had been a spark from the first time she and Patty met. Patty had spent the whole school year trying to ignore it, and mostly she succeeded. Except...

"Two weeks ago we were staying late to work on a project. I don't even know how it happened, but...well, we did some stuff. I was in it before I even knew it."

That explained her relative silence during the lunch when I'd brought up me and Petra...which in turn explained why she was calling me now. "How far did you go? Do you mind my asking?"

"Kissing," she said hesitantly. "And touching. Um, under the clothes touching."

"Upper or lower body?"

"Upper. She...well, she wanted to do lower but I stopped her."

"And how do you feel about it now?"

A long pause, and then, "She likes me, Angela. She likes me just how I am. She doesn't tell me I need to lose weight. She doesn't tell me she hates the gray in my hair or the wrinkles around my eyes. She doesn't tell me I'm not attractive. She likes me for who I am."

I knew how powerful that allure was, given that David loved me for who I was (I suppose he loved me, anyway) and he could wrap me around his finger with a little gesture. Patty was overweight and had been since shortly after she got married to Dumpface. She ate too much because she was miserable and she was miserable because she ate too much, and the wheels on the bus went round and round. Dumpface, the cause of her misery, never missed an opportunity to beat her with that stick either. To have someone want her for who she was, to have someone accept her, had to be enormous.

But. "Are you sure it's not just...well, an infatuation? Given that she's nice to you?"

"I've thought of that. It's that that's kept me from doing anything until now...that and the fact that she's a she. And...if I'm being honest with myself, I know that's part of it. I'd be a liar if I said it wasn't. But that's not all of it. The first time we met, at the beginning of the year, she shook my hand and I felt sparks between us. Honest to God, Angela, I felt sparks like she'd scuffed her feet on the carpet. I've never felt that with anyone else, ever."

We talked for another 20 minutes until her lunch break was over, and it all boiled down to the last thing I said to her before she hung up: "You don't get points for being miserable, Patty. You get one fucking life and if you don't make yourself happy in it then you die regretting what you didn't do. I've decided I don't want to die regretting what I didn't do. That's the only piece of advice I have for you."

There was another long pause. "I guess that's all the advice I really need."

I smiled hugely and felt a surge of pride in Patty like I hadn't felt in years. "Call me in a day or two. Let me know how it goes."

"I will."

"Good luck, Patty."

"Thanks Angela. For everything."

I was so happy when I hung up that I could have exploded, and I took a moment to reflect on the strangeness of it all. David had caught me with Charlie and blackmailed me into seeing Brandy, which had led to my seeing Petra, which had led to Patty getting the courage to do something she wanted and needed to do. A butterfly's wings in the Amazon...

"What are you looking so happy about?" David asked cheerfully as he strolled into the kitchen looking for the sandwich I'd told him I'd bring him a half hour before.

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I smiled back at him, a beaming smile that lit up the room and put an answering smile on my son's face, even if he didn't know why. Standing, I took him in my arms and said, "Shut up and kiss me."

He kissed me. Boy did he kiss me, and I kissed him, and before it was done my shirt was up around my neck and my tits were in his mouth and it would have gone a lot further had I let it. But I didn't let it, as much as I wanted to at that moment. I halted his hands when they went south of the border and he accepted me halting him with a smile. "One of these days," he whispered, "you're not going to stop me."

At that moment, in my lovely son's strong arms, feeling adoration and trust, love and lust, sweetness and softness and his perfect male strength, I thought he might be right. I thought he might be right sooner than he knew. But I barely admitted that to myself, and I didn't admit it at all to him. Instead I swatted his ass hard enough to make him jump, laughed, and told him, "Eat your sandwich. I feel a need to get fucked by a big, wonderful dog again this afternoon."

We ate together, and when I was done I went to dress in my dog-fucking clothes again. Charlie was with me and he got positively frantic when I picked up the ugly, garish shirt. He knew what it meant now and he loved it. He almost knocked me down then and there, his arms wrapped around my waist and his rear end already humping. I can't even tell you how thrilled I was to see that he wanted me as much as I wanted him!

"Let's see how much he's learned," David said as he watched me dress. "After all, you don't want to have me around all the time when you're doing this."

"I like having you here," I told him honestly at least – at least it was honest for the moment, since I'd noticed that my feelings tended to be rather changeable of late. "I love sharing this with someone who understands."

He smiled and squeezed my hand. "What I mean is you don't want to only be able to do this when I'm around and nobody else is. You want to be able to do this whenever you have the chance and the desire. You want to be able to do this by yourself."

My eyes got a little distant as I thought about getting dog cock every day while the kids were at school and I nodded. "Yeah, I do. I definitely do. But that doesn't mean I don't want to share this with you."

"I know, mom," David replied, squeezing my hand again. "I love sharing this with you, just like I loved you watching me this morning." I blushed and he laughed. "No, don't be shy about it. Do you have any idea how many times I've done that thinking about you?"

I shook my head and grinned in spite of myself. "No...how many?"

He grinned back. "Two or three times a day for the last seven or eight years..."

"That's a lot of jerking off."

"You're a lot sexy."

"You're a flatterer."

"Is my flattery working?"

"You know it is."

"Well in that case," he laughed, "I'll keep it up. Now, on your hands and knees like a good bitch and offer that sweet little cunt to Charlie. We'll see if he can learn a new trick."

Once more I thrilled to his vulgar and demeaning words. It was so strange! I wanted and needed his respect and (because he was my son) his obedience. I needed him to understand and acknowledge that I was the parent, the authority, the power. And yet when he spoke to me in that way, his voice low and rough and erotic, his words coarse and crude, sexual and humiliating,

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I crumbled inside. My knees got weak and my pussy spasmed. It was like an injection of pure sexual desire into my veins. I did exactly as I was told. I couldn't do anything else.

David moved to assist, but this time Charlie needed only a little guidance. In a flash he was behind me, legs tight around my waist, holding me in his firm grip. He was a little off in the angle but it was nothing I couldn't correct by myself. David simply stood by and watched as I reached back with my right hand and nudged my dog into place, and then a little further back. My hand closed around his furry sheath and I felt his cock inside, thin and hard; I began to stroke him, hard and fast the way David had –

And he was in me. Sweetly, swiftly, fully in me. David wasn't helping; David didn't need to help. I knelt, ass in the air, legs splayed wide, chest and one arm on the floor while the other hand held to his leg to keep him from pulling out too soon. I felt him growing in me with each thrust, felt him spreading my pussy (my bitch-cunt, as David would say) and we were moving together in a way that was becoming wonderful and natural for both of us.

How can I tell you what that moment meant? I was together with my lover for the first time alone and unaided. This was the first time, the very first time, that we were together as two becoming one. I know how...sappy what sounds, but that's the thing that sex, good sex, does in way that nothing else can: when you open yourself and give yourself, you share your soul, you allow the other to take a part of what's you and make it theirs, and you take something from them and make it yours. You can laugh to think that I found that with Charlie, a dog, but I know I did – and for the first time, we did it alone, an expression of our mutual desire, with no other aid or interference. It was perfect.

David stayed nearby in case he was needed, but he wasn't – not until near the end, when Charlie tried to pull out when his knot was still just a bit too big. David held him in, but even then I had my hand on Charlie's leg, and I thought that my verbal protest was enough to strop him without my son coming to my aid.

When it was done and I had laid for a long while luxuriating in the afterglow, I took off my clothes and asked David to wash them and the old bedsheet while I got cleaned up (there is no way you can just go about your business after getting fucked by a dog – you're grimy with sweat, saliva, fur, his and your juices, and you smell like a monkey house, to put it bluntly). After my shower I simply strolled around the house naked until almost the time that Laurel was due to come home. I didn't usually do that, but it felt right at the moment – and besides, I knew David would like it. It was a sign of the fact that trust was growing between us again, and he knew that without being told. He also knew it when I told him that it was all right if he took off his clothes as well, and he did with a loving smile that made both the mother and the woman in me happy. We cuddled together for a while on the sofa in the den, watching TV and feeling our skin touching. I told him to keep his hands in a respectable place and he did, draping his arm around my shoulder in a way that would have been perfectly acceptable in public, but it was still a quiet and lovely moment for both of us.

David was up in his bedroom and I was wearing a frumpy tee shirt and an ordinary pair of shorts when Laurel got home. She took one look at me and broke into an enormous grin.

“Mom! You look crazy happy! Did you have a good day?”

“Honey, I had the best day I've had in ages. How was yours?”

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May 22

The week passed in a blur. I ended up being busier than I expected because the water heater broke, a bird flew into one of our windows and shattered it (and itself, the poor thing), my sister Sue needed help with a major landscaping project (landscaping and gardening are much more Tim's line than mine but I pitched in) and I started planning my big summer project: I was planning on painting and wallpapering the whole house because it had been years since I'd done it and it was beginning to get dingy...plus I wanted a change. I felt like the drab neutral colors I'd used before just didn't fit the new me that was coming into being, and I wanted something brighter and more vibrant. Tim approved wholeheartedly because he loved me and he knew that projects like this made me happy. Tim loves to see me happy.

Of course, Charlie and I didn't see a day go past without him taking me. He knew now what the hideous shirt and crotchless jeans meant – and he knew that I kept them on the top shelf of the closet in my bedroom. When he was horny he would do the most adorable thing: he would try to coax me into the bedroom, and then he would sit by the closet door looking up and whining. It was just about the sweetest thing I could imagine, and even if I had wanted to resist him it would have melted my heart. Of course, I had no desire at all to resist him!

Aside from being truly well fucked on a regular basis for the first time in my life, things were settling down. David was behaving like a real gentleman, far better than he had in the past, and seemed to be happy; he did steal a few passionate kisses from me at odd times, but that was all right. He behaved himself otherwise, so I couldn't complain...and he was a fabulous kisser. My period ended on Wednesday, and with it went most of the hormones that had made me so ridiculously horny over the previous few days. I was still horny, don't get me wrong, but I could think about something other than sex for ten minutes at a stretch.

Patty called me on Thursday evening, shortly after dinner. The first thing out of her mouth was, "Well...we made a date."

"Patty! Congratulations!" I enthused. "That's fantastic, tell me more!"

"I talked to her yesterday," she went on. "We sat down and had a long talk and she said what she wants is...well, a relationship. She asked if I thought I could see myself having a relationship with a woman."

"And you said?"

"I said I thought I could see myself having a relationship with her. I mean, the average woman, no, but her? Yeah. Definitely."

"And she said?"

"She asked me to dinner on Saturday."

"Her place?"

"No, that's moving a little too fast. We're going to Luce."

"My favorite place. It's very romantic."

"Yeah, I know. This...this feels weird, Angela. But it feels good too. I'm thinking about it constantly. I'm thinking about *her* constantly. I'm trying not to get too excited but this feels so right to me."

"Do you think it will feel right in a month or two?"

"How should I know?"

"Good point. Going to tell Dumpface?"

"What? Like...now? That I'm going on a date?"

"Yeah, with a woman that is a much better person than he is?"

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“Christ no. Are you crazy?”

I laughed. “I was only partly kidding. Can you imagine the look on his face?”

“Ugh. I'd rather not.”

“I know. So, go and have a great time. Do you have a cover story if you end up staying the night at her place?”

“Well...I was hoping you could be it.”

“Sure, I'm terribly sick and I need my good friend Patty here by my side. It's not like Dumpface will even notice you're gone, he'll be out drinking all night and he'll sleep until three Sunday afternoon.”

She laughed. “You're right about that. I...I'm nervous. What if I don't like sex with her?”

“Do you like her?”

“Oh my God yes.”

“Then you'll like sex with her. Just relax, Patty. If it happens it happens. When it does, you'll know what to do. Just follow your heart.”

“What's it like? With women?”

“Well speaking from my vast reservoir of a single experience, I'd say it's good. I mean it's an orgasm. Orgasms feel good.”

“If you say so. I can't remember, myself.”

“Well trust me on this one. She'll know what she's doing and she'll make you feel wonderful. I mean, there are other...well, physical aspects, like penetration, but there are appliances that can give you that same sensation.”

“No, I know that, but...I mean, what's it like?”

I paused for a moment before speaking, then said, “It's a body, a human body. It's someone with skin and sweat and nerves that can feel good. It's someone who breathes, who cries, who hopes. And if it's someone you love – really, really love and who wants to be with you for you, because they love you and want you to feel good as much as you want them to feel good – then it will be wonderful.”

“I know I don't have that with Thomas. I know that's why our sex was terrible before we stopped having it. But you have that bond with Tim. You two adore each other. Why isn't your sex good?”

“Ok, that's not all that's involved,” I admitted. “You have to have that spark that you talked about. Let me ask you a question, and I need you to be honest. When you see Maria, do you think about jumping her bones?”

She laughed. “I think about jumping her bones, her cartilage, her soft fleshy parts...”

“Especially the soft fleshy parts.”

“Oh yeah.”

“And when you think about it, does it turn you on?”

“Yeah...it does. I mean when I think about doing...you know, putting...”

“Eating pussy?”

“Yeah, that. When I think about that with just any woman, even like Angelina Jolie or someone who's just gorgeous, it doesn't do anything for me. It turns me on about as much as licking an envelope. But when I think about it with Maria...God. It makes my mouth water.”

“Because it's her.”

“Yeah, because it's her.”

“Then I think Saturday night, you're gonna have the best sex you've ever had.”

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“Really?”

“She’s going to go nuts pleasing you and you’re gonna go nuts pleasing her and yeah, it’ll make steam shoot out of your ears.”

“It’s not my ears I want steam to shoot out of.”

“It’ll make steam shoot out of there too.”

We talked for another half an hour, mostly about her date, what she should wear, how she should act, all the stuff that when you’re a teenager you just assume will get easier but never does, and by the time we were done she was calmer and more eager. I told her to call me sometime Sunday and tell me how it went; I didn’t tell her, but I had a feeling that she might just be calling with a whole new perspective. The prospect of that made me incredibly happy – Patty is an absolute sweetheart who deserves so much better than the worthless husband she’d been saddled with, and if this was her finding someone who would treat her as well as she deserved then I was 100% for it.

David found me later that evening when I was in the basement straightening things up. It was just him and I down there (Tim was upstairs in Laurel’s room helping her with her homework as usual) and the stairs were notoriously creaky so there was no danger of us being surprised when he came up to me and pulled me in for a deep kiss. I let him kiss me (and it was a damned good kiss because he’s a damned good kisser) but it didn’t carry me away the way it would have just a day before because my period was done and my hormone levels were back to something approaching normalcy. I even managed to stop his hands when they got busy on my breasts; he laughed at me when I did and I know he thought I was being silly, but he let me have my way...for the moment.

“So, ready for our big date tomorrow?” he asked, whispering the words into my neck as he kissed me there.

“I guess,” I said a little nervously. Now that I was thinking straight I was once again focusing on the dangers of this familiarity with my son rather than the benefits. Nothing had changed about him being able to force me to his will, but I knew now that he didn’t want me that way – he wanted me to come to him willingly and change into the kind of woman he wanted. I suppose I could have put my foot down and told him I didn’t want to go and he probably would have let me get by with it. But this was him being nice, and given that I had experienced both him nice and him pissed off, I didn’t want to piss him off.

Besides, there were worse things in the world than dinner and dancing...even if the dinner and dancing were both very romantic and with your son who wanted to screw your brains out. He knew my walls were up and I knew he was determined to get through them. I didn’t even doubt that he’d eventually succeed in one way or another unless something happened in the mean time to redirect him. It was just a lot nicer, and a lot safer, having him slowly burrowing under those walls than ramming his way through them.

“You guess? Mmm, such enthusiasm,” he chuckled, brushing my hair off my face. “I have reservations for eight o’clock.”

“You know, I think your father might raise some questions about you and me leaving dressed up for a night on the town...especially in that dress you want me to wear. That thing exposes a lot more than it covers.”

He shrugged. “Let him.”

I shook my head firmly, but my voice was more pleading than I meant it to be when I said, “No, now don’t be that way. He’s your father and my husband and I love him very, very much.”

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"In spite of the fact that he doesn't give you what you need?"

"Yes, in spite of that." I took a fistful of his shirt and squeezed. "Please, David."

I looked for a long heartbeat into my eyes, and once more I could see the cruelty there of the cat playing with the mouse and I feared he would say no – but then he broke into a broad smile and laughed. "Come on mom, you didn't really think I'd have dad see us like that, did you?" I managed a smile in return, but it was shaky, and he went on. "No, I have it figured out. I'll dress at a friend's house. You'll leave here about seven, dressed normal, and say you're going out with a couple of the gals."

"In that slinky little red thing? He won't believe that."

"The slinky little red thing is already in the trunk of your car," he told me, kissing my nose with a smugness that was both charming and infuriating. "You'll find a place to change and meet me in the lot of the park and ride at Louisiana and 394 a little after 7:30. Dad and Laurel will probably be in bed by the time we get home, but just to be sure I'll get back an hour after you do. Satisfied?"

I was, but I frowned. He'd put a lot of thought into this...and that meant he had something planned, which in turn meant I needed to be worried. "Seems like you think of everything."

"I just want me and my girl to have a good time, that's all."

I sighed. I could feel the control I'd had earlier, or thought I'd had, ebbing fast. Once more he was carrying me away faster than I could cope with the changes and it was scaring me. "You know I'm not your girl, no matter what. I'm always going to be your mother."

He chuckled softly and kissed me on the forehead, then pulled me close. "You're both," he told me, his voice a soft basso rumble in his chest. "You just don't know it yet."

I pulled away and muttered something about needing to do something upstairs. As I was hurrying for the staircase, David said, "And mom? Don't wear any panties underneath that dress, OK?"

I sighed, but I nodded.

May 23

Friday passed in a fog. For the first time in days I didn't wake up needfully horny, and for the first time in days poor Charlie didn't get any pussy. I was worried when I got out of bed, and I was even more worried by the time David gave me a surreptitious wink as he headed out the door. I kept busy all day long with various chores and errands, but my mind was barely on what I was doing.

The thing is, what David had planned for me tonight, whatever it was, was an enormous step for us. I was sure he was planning to try to take us to some new physical level, and yes I was worried about that, but that was only a small part of it. I'd gotten used to him pushing me that way, just like I'd gotten accustomed to the idea that he would eventually get me in bed unless I figured some way to stop him (OK, *somewhat* accustomed to the idea). But this was different – this was public.

It wasn't just that there was the chance that someone we knew might see us, although that chance existed; the Twin Cities have almost three million people in them and the odds of anyone you know being at a particular place across town at the same time you are remote. If someone did spot us, it would be...awkward, to say the least, but as long as he kept his hands from being really busy in public then it wouldn't be catastrophic. No, the thing was that this was David's

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way of pushing me from being his mother to being his girlfriend, or his lover, or whatever he thought of me as.

See, up until now everything we'd done had been in the privacy of our own home. Yes he'd recorded some of it but as far as I knew he'd kept those recordings to himself. But this would be taking it out into the wider world, with him treating me not as his mother but as a date, as a woman he wanted to sleep with and doing so in a way that would push us toward that. Brandy said he liked to show his women off, and I knew that in that tiny dress with no underwear on, he would be showing me off indeed – and that would make me even more “his woman” than I already was, at least in his mind. The more of this kind of thing we did, the harder it would be to find a way to stop him going that last step with me and taking me to bed – if stopping him was even possible at this point, which I wasn't sure of.

And besides that, there was another aspect of all this to consider. David had toyed with me more than once about doing something to me in such a way, or at such a time and place, that Tim would find out; there was a bare chance of me explaining my involvement with Charlie to my husband, but if he found out what I had done, and was still doing, with our son...well...it wouldn't be pretty. So far David had been refrained from that and even passed it off as teasing, but I knew that he wasn't actually teasing. He did want Tim to find out, at least on some level. I knew it thrilled David to no end to realize that he could bring me to levels that his father, my husband, never even approached, and I knew that he would love to rub Tim's face in it – even if it meant the end of our family. Sometimes I thought he would love to do it even if it meant the end of *me*. Taking me out on dates, romancing me, doing things with me besides coercing me into sex – these were all things that would, to David, make me more his woman and less my husband's. And nothing whatsoever good could come of that.

So...what? I could pretend to be sick, but I knew David wouldn't believe that, and it would only be postponing the inevitable. He had his head set that he was going to take me out on a date and show me off and so he would; at least this was it was something that I would, theoretically, enjoy. If I defied him or tried to wriggle out of it he might well decide to take me someplace I'd hate and truly humiliate me there, or worse. Yes there was the kernel of trust growing between us but I wasn't fool enough to believe that he could be reasonable – not when my hormones weren't raging, that is. He was playing nice because I was playing along; if I pissed him off then he'd drag me kicking and screaming.

So. I checked the trunk of my car and sure enough the dress and a pair of red hooker heels were there, just like he'd said. I hadn't actually looked at it since almost right after I bought it, and when I saw it again I was shocked at how *tiny* it was. It had long, full sleeves, but that was the only modest thing about it. It was cut to cling to the body in the same way paint clings to a house. Down below it would come down to maybe, *maybe* five inches below my ass, such that I was going to need to be extremely careful when I moved or I would show the whole world my lady bits. But worse than that was the top – it had a huge plunging oval neckline that would, I hoped, cover my nipples, but there was no way it covered much more than that. To add insult to injury, the neckline was a sort of halter thing that was held closed by a metal oval, and below it was another oval cutout that would come down below my navel – and incidentally show the sides and bottoms of my tits. A flatter chested girl wouldn't look so conspicuous in it, but I'd stand out a mile...so to speak. And any sudden movement and I'd pop out of it like a stripper out of a cake.

He was definitely planning to show me off.

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As the day wore on I kept getting more and more nervous so that by the time Laurel came home I was a wreck. She asked me what was going on and I gave her some babble about Patty being in trouble in her marriage, which was true but irrelevant. Tim got home a bit later than usual, especially for a Friday, but he kissed me on the cheek and told me to have a good time, assuring me that he and Laurel could entertain each other while I was out. Part of me wanted him to irrationally forbid me to go out that night, but of course it didn't happen, and I went out just as my son planned.

I changed my clothes in the bathroom of a McDonalds and did my makeup in the mirror there. I did make myself look as good as I could, but I was nervous enough that I wasn't sure how good I actually wound up looking. I was trembling as I headed for the meeting with David and so distracted I very nearly sideswiped a minivan; it heeled over hard to get out of my way and the driver, a woman about my age, made a very rude gesture that I deserved. By the time I got to the parking lot where I was meeting David, I was a wreck.

His car was there, and I pulled up next to him. My hands were shaking as I turned off the ignition, but by then David was at my door. He was wearing a suit – a new one, not one that I'd even seen before – that made him look at least 23 or 24 years old...and not only that, made him look devilishly handsome. It was dark gray and cut immaculately, and he had a white handkerchief in the coat pocket. His black shoes were shined like onyx. He was wearing a sharply pressed robin's egg blue shirt and a white and black tie that looked fabulous. He opened my door like a gentleman and offered me his hand with a smile on his face. I just stared at him, too shaken to rise, but after a moment he gently took my hand and guided me to my feet. "Well," he said softly, looking at me with adoring eyes, "You look...amazing, mom. You really do. You're gorgeous."

"Th-thank you," I stammered. "Um...so are you..."

He laughed. "Oh, you like the suit? It's Armani."

I goggled. "Where did you get the money for an Armani suit?"

His smile was conspiratorial. "The money wouldn't have been a problem – it was on sale – but I didn't buy it. Grandpa Sievertsen did."

My goggle got gogglier. "My FATHER bought you that suit?"

He laughed as my astonishment. "I told him I needed some advice on wooing a slightly older woman of refinement and taste."

"I can't believe this."

"And he said that I needed to dress sharp if I wanted to get the attention of such a woman. He took me shopping and bought me this suit."

I felt my world spinning and demanded, "My FATHER bought my SON a suit to help my SON seduce his MOTHER, my FATHER's DAUGHTER?"

David's smirk would have been infuriating if I hadn't been so dizzy. "That's the size of it, yes."

I made a couple of incomprehensible sounds, then asked, "Did you tell him who your date was with?"

"Somehow that slipped my mind," David replied dryly. "He was all for me trying to bang a 35 year old woman, but I think he wouldn't have liked it so much if he knew it was you."

"I don't believe this. I just don't believe this."

David leaned in and whispered, "He also gave me some great advice on how to get you in the mood."

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My eyes clenched tightly shut and I hoped the ground would split open and drop me into a deep, dark place. Instead, what happened was David gently took my keys from me, guided me around to the passenger side and seated me, then climbed behind the wheel. In moments we were heading toward downtown Minneapolis, its tall towers glittering in the late-evening sun. The silence seemed oppressive to me, though my son didn't seem bothered by it in the least. After a few minutes he said, "It's going to be a beautiful night. Warm, clear, a little breeze..."

"Good," I returned, my voice tight and clipped. At least that way I wouldn't freeze in this ludicrously revealing dress. That was something.

He smiled and took my hand in his. "Mom, relax. This is dinner and dancing. That's it. We're just going to go have a good time. How fresh can I get in a crowded nightclub?"

"I don't know. How fresh *can* you get in a crowded nightclub?"

He laughed. "Well I guess we'll find out, won't we? But I want you to have a good time, all right?"

"All right." It wasn't.

We crossed the Mississippi and turned into the area just across the river from downtown. It's always been an intriguing area for me because it's a mix of so many different things: business and professional, upscale and poor, art galleries and dive bars, neighborhood places that had been there for 50 years and dance clubs that had just sprung up in the last month to cater to students at the nearby University of Minnesota. It had always seemed to me the sort of place where anything might happen...and now, tonight, something would. I just didn't know what."

We pulled up in front of Sophie's. It had a huge silver awning and it looked exactly like something out of a 1930s movie about glamorous people in New York doing glamorous things. The red-suited valet opened my door (and got a major league eyeful when I navigated my way out of the car in that dress – well you try keeping your pussy covered when you're not wearing panties under a tiny skirt!) and in a moment I was walking into the place on David's arm, looking for all the world like a hot to trot sugar momma and her new boy toy.

It was like walking into an old film. The big black wooden doors opened before us and suddenly we were in a world of elegance and sophistication like I'd never seen. There were men in suits and tuxedos, women in evening gowns and pearls, tables with white cloths down to the floor, and a band in white tuxedos playing "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." A small dance floor was in front of the band, one that could fit two couples comfortably and three with difficulty; at the moment there were two couples there, one in their thirties and another silver-haired pair in their 60s that looked like they belonged in a Viagra commercial – a fit, dashing man and an elegant, laughing lady.

I loved the place in an instant.

The Maitre d' was at the front, and he grinned when he saw David. "Hey Dave, how ya doing?"

I arched an eyebrow – David hated being called "Dave." But my son didn't seem to mind this time, as he pumped the man's hand and said, "Good, Ron, good. Thanks for getting us in tonight."

"No problem," Ron replied, turning to me with a smile. "And this must be the lady you talked about. Dave, you're a liar. You said she was gorgeous, but you underestimated."

I blushed a bit and laughed. "Well, it's good to know he speaks highly of me, anyway."

"Not as highly as you deserve, Angela," Ron replied. Apparently my son had mentioned my first name...I just hoped he hadn't mentioned my last. "And we have the best table in the

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whole place set aside for you – close to the dance floor, romantically isolated. I think you'll love it. Enjoy your dinner."

Ron passed us off to a 30-ish waiter who was very pretty and very gay. The waiter led us across the room, me still on my son's arm and feeling my head still spinning. I noticed more than a few eyes on me, but I didn't flatter myself that it was because I was the most gorgeous creature in the room. No, it was because of the dress I was almost wearing. It was the skimpiest thing any woman in the place had on. It wouldn't have raised an eyebrow in, say, one of the dance clubs in the middle of downtown, but this was the sort of place that tended toward gowns. I was as red as a beet by the time we got to our table and the waiter seated us. At least Ron had been right about the table being romantic and isolated – we were by a wall, maybe six steps from the dance floor, and almost concealed behind a couple of tall plants. Back here, we could do everything but fuck and nobody would notice a thing. Undoubtedly David had been very specific about which table he wanted.

David looked around with a smile. "Wow! This is quite a place. I keep expecting to see Cary Grant popping around the corner."

"It's pretty amazing, yes," I admitted. The waiter asked if we wanted to start off with a drink and David asked for champagne – actually he asked specifically for a 1996 Bollinger Grande Annee Rose. When the waiter had gone, I said, "Well that sounded impressive. Is that a good wine?"

David shot me a grin. "That's what Ron told me to get. He said it would knock your socks off."

I doubted it was my socks that David wanted to knock off – and what he wanted would be easier to get because of the champagne, because champagne goes straight to my head like nothing else in the world. I'm not a drinker as a rule and so I'm a terrible lightweight, but even so champagne does things to be. I get a solid buzz on after half a glass...so I'd need to be careful. "Well, I like champagne, so if it's good I'll love it, I'm sure. But I still don't think you ought to be drinking."

David just shook his head; his smile didn't budge. "Don't fight the small fights, mom. Did you know that even Laurel gets drunk once in a while?"

I gaped. "She does not!"

"Well, I exaggerate," he admitted. "But I have it on good authority that she was plenty tipsy off wine coolers at that sleepover she did at Melissa Hardy's house last month."

"Really?"

"Truly."

"I...didn't know that."

"There's probably a lot you don't know about her," David laughed. "And about me too. But tonight I don't want to talk about anything that would put a frown on your face. Tonight is about you having a great time. OK?"

I nodded, but I was still very tense. "I...um...I didn't know you danced. Like this, I mean."

"Well, I've been taking lessons. A gal I know is a dance instructor at the University, she's been teaching me."

"Uh huh. And how have you been paying for your lessons?"

His grin got devilish again. He leaned in conspiratorially and whispered, "With my Christmas money."

I had to laugh at that. "I assumed it was...oh, a barter arrangement."

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"Mmm, no, I offered but she told me she can't spend that and she needs to make her rent every month," he replied with a laugh. "I gotta say, it stung my pride." Just then the band ended the song and David asked, "Would you like to dance?"

I blushed again. "I don't think I can in this, David. I mean...I'm one sudden movement away from being naked."

"I tell you what," he said. "We'll wait for a slow number...one without a lot of sudden movements...and then we'll get up there. I'm proud of my dancing, and I know you're proud of yours. I bet we wow them."

"There will be wows when my tits pop out of this dress," I muttered. But I knew that he wanted to dance with me tonight and I also knew that he would eventually get me up there so I simply resigned myself to the fact and looked around at all the pretty people in their pretty outfits.

The band started up with "Brazil," and I was instantly glad I wasn't up there dancing to that. The way my hips would move to it, my hemline would be up over my ass in no time. We made some idle and (for me at least) uncomfortable chitchat for a few minutes until the waiter returned with our champagne. I admit I don't know much about wines, but the label made this one look expensive. My mind wet over, once again, the various unpleasant means by which my son might be getting the money to afford all of this, but I had to let that thought go – it was too damned depressing. The cork popped and in a moment David was holding up his glass in a toast. "To us," he said, "and to tonight, and the wonderful time we're going to have."

I lifted my glass and clinked it against his, though I wasn't sure I was going to have a wonderful time. I sipped the champagne...and it was like nothing else I'd ever tasted. It exploded into my mouth with a taste of rose petals, but by the time I swallowed that first sip there was a sharp nutty flavor; a few seconds later I was tasting tart fruitiness. I'm not a wine connoisseur and I usually laugh when people talk about all the different flavors in a mouthful of wine...but this was spectacular. It was like candy, and before I knew it I had a second, larger taste of it.

"This is good, isn't it?" David asked after a sip of his own.

"Yes it is," I replied, and I couldn't help but smile. I already felt the first of my buzz coming on; it was going to be a losing fight to stay sober. "I know I'm going to regret asking this, but what do you usually drink?"

"I'm not a big drinker, really. I mean at a party I'll have a beer or a couple of shots, but I'm not out there leading the pack and getting stinking drunk. I like to stay in control."

The giddiness of the champagne was hitting me now, just around the edges, and I couldn't help but quirk an eyebrow. "I'll bet you do," I said, and it came out more teasing than I wanted it to. "What about...other things?"

"Other things?" He laughed. "Oh, you heard the rumors. Laurel told you, I suppose."

"About you selling? Yes."

"I do sell some," he admitted. "I figure if I don't someone else will, so why shouldn't the suckers' money be on my hip? But the only thing I ever take is Ecstasy, when I'm at a dance or something. And I don't even usually do that. I think I'm a lot soberer than you think I am."

"Maybe. But I wish you wouldn't do it. Any of it. You're my son and I worry about you, even though..."

"Even though I'm a shithead?" he supplied.

"Even though you're a shithead," I agreed.

He locked eyes with me and asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

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"Of course I do."

"Then ask me."

There was electricity between us, and it was growing with every heartbeat. I looked at his face and wondered if those angel-eyes could be trusted to keep any promise they made. He had lied before and would, I was sure, lie again. But this was also an important moment, something that could, if he kept his word, turn him from an awful, dangerous, and unproductive path and onto one that was much better for him. And so, eyes still on his, I said, softly, "David, I want you to stop selling drugs. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes," he said without hesitation and without flinching. "I love you. I'll do that for you."

I smiled, and he smiled, and suddenly I felt very close to him. Whether he would keep that promise or not I didn't know, but he had made it and he gave me the chance to hope. Even if it turned out to be a lie, it was a chance worth taking.

It was around then that the waiter brought our menus, and just like any good French restaurant, I gained weight just by reading what they served. In the end (over a little more champagne) I decided to go with the coq au vin (much to David's amusement at my "wanting cock") while David ordered grilled salmon. As the waiter went away with our orders, the band was just finishing with a song and David made significant eyes at the dance floor. "Well?"

The champagne had lubricated me just enough that I could face the possibility without quailing and I nodded. "Fine, but let's go up there and ask for a slow number."

He nodded and smiled as he stood and took my hand. I followed him onto the floor just as the other couples were leaving (the floor was small enough that nobody was staying for more than one or two dances). I know that there were eyes on me because of my dress, and I felt myself blushing a bit, but I did my best to ignore them. I didn't want to get embarrassed and screw up, which would make me more embarrassed, etc., so I tried to relax as David whispered a few words I didn't hear to the bandleader. The man nodded, and David got back to me just as we were joined by another couple.

"What did you ask him for?" I asked, but at that moment the music began and answered my question. It was "Stardust."

I have to tell you now that, for my money, "Stardust" is the most romantic song ever written. When I was a little girl I remember sitting up in my grandparents' attic with their old record player, playing 78s of old songs. Sometimes Sue and I would dance to them – we didn't know what we were doing, just aping old movies, but those times imbued me with a love of big band music that has lasted to this day. And back then my favorite record of all was a Harry James version of "Stardust." I used to play it over and over and wish that someone, sometime, would feel that kind of undying love for me. It inspired ten thousand foolish schoolgirl fantasies, and even today when I hear it I get weak in the knees. Tim knew that, of course, but the look on my face was one of amazement as I slid into David's arms and began to move very slowly to the music. Softly I whispered, "How did you know?"

His reply was to smile lovingly, place his mouth next to my ear, and begin to sing:

"And now the purple dusk of twilight time

"Steals across the meadows of my mind

"High up in the sky the little stars climb

"Reminding me that we're apart..."

He didn't just know my favorite song – he knew the lyrics. I melted in his arms like butter, and from that moment any resistance that I might have put up that night was brushed

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aside. It was one of the most perfectly romantic things that has ever happened to me. David's singing voice is best forgotten, but here, whispered softly, it was like an angel. I'd have stood a better chance of resisting an avalanche than my son at that point. Yes the booze had something to do with it, but this was the sort of completely loving gesture I had longed for since I was a little girl, and now I was getting it in the arms of my own son. A glamorous nightclub, fine wine, dancing to my favorite song, being sung to while in the arms of a strong, handsome young man...what more could I have asked for?

“Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely nights

“Dreaming of a song

“The melody haunts my reverie

“And I am once again with you...”

I hadn't danced this way nearly as much as I wanted to, but the steps came back to me as David led. I don't know if my feet touched the floor or not, as clichéd as that is to say. I felt like I was dancing in the sky far above. And David led me perfectly, taking me where I needed to go. I placed my head against his chest and beamed a satisfied, contented smile that the whole place saw. This was what I'd always wanted and finally I was getting it. For tonight I didn't need to think why I was getting it, or from whom. Tonight I could just be glad...as long as I kept it from going too far.

“Though I dream in vain

“In my heart you will remain

“My stardust melody

“A memory of love's refrain.”

The last chord was still hanging in the air when I lifted my mouth to David's, there on the dance floor, and gave him a long, deep kiss. I knew that we were being watched. I knew everyone there was seeing me suck my son's tongue and press my barely-clad body into his, but I didn't give a damn. To me they weren't even there. This was my dream come true and David had made it happen. The only people in the whole place were the two of us, and I kissed him that way. My arms were around his neck, my body melded to his, our breath one breath. Even if the evening had ended then and there, it would have been worth it.

Back at our table a moment later, I had his hands in mine and I was glowing. “David, that was...that was amazing. Really it was. Thank you so much.”

“You like it?”

“I loved it. Honestly.”

“Do I get another kiss?”

He did, and this time he slipped his hand inside my dress and rolled my left nipple between his fingers. The table was secluded behind plants so nobody saw it, but at that instant I doubt I would have stopped him if we had an audience. It felt fantastic, my hard nipple sending marvelous sensations through me, and I sucked his tongue like a cock. I had a little more champagne – more than a little more – and two songs later we were back out on the floor to “You Are My Lucky Star,” my head nestled shamelessly into David's shoulder and his hands two inches north of my ass. Midway through the dance his cock began to stir against my belly, getting semi-hard, and I just smiled and pressed myself closer to him. I realized that I was more than a little drunk by this point – I'd had two glasses of champagne on an empty stomach – and I knew that my son was seducing me, but there was no fight in me right now, not anymore. I was too busy enjoying myself – and I was too drunk.

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Shortly after we got back to the table our food arrived. I welcomed it because I needed to get some food into my stomach before I pitched over face first. Plus, it was amazing food. David was in a wonderful mood and so was I; we were laughing and joking, both of us relaxed and happy. He “Mmmmed” when he tried his salmon, then cut off a piece and held it out to me on his fork for me to try; I locked eyes with him as I took it into my mouth, and as the moment hung there I realized that the fish wasn't the only thing of his I'd be putting in my mouth tonight. I was horny, he was horny, we were having a fantastic time...and hell, I'd already sucked his cock and loved it, so why shouldn't I do it again? Yes I know there were a million reasons why not, but I was too drunk and too carried away to think much about them.

I know this all must make me look like a complete wishy-washy ditz. First I don't want it, then I do. I'm fighting to keep him out of my panties and then I'm thinking how nice it would be to get him in. I'm miserable about going on a public date with him and then I'm having a great time. All I can say is that if it seems that way to you, have pity on me because it was a thousand times worse living it than reading it. When I was calm, sober and not hormonally supercharged I knew – I KNEW – that I needed to stop this ride, to keep this from going too far, to control David and defuse the situation in a way that would keep him from destroying me and my family. I knew it. It wasn't a question, there was no debate. I worried about it, I thought about it constantly, I lost sleep over it. I didn't want to do anything with him. I wanted things back the way they had been before he caught me with Charlie. I wanted him as a son and nothing else.

The problem was that David knew that. He was completely aware that I felt that way, and more than that he was aware of what he needed to do to get past it. He knew to wait for my period when I was too horny to say no. He knew how to use words and emotions to twist me like a blade of grass between his fingers. He knew to take me on the most romantic date of my life, fulfill my girlhood dreams and get me drunk. He *knew* me.

That was it, really. He knew me better than I knew myself. He had spent his whole life studying me, thinking about me, fantasizing how he would make me his. When he got the chance he already knew what to say, how to act, what to do. How many times had he masturbated thinking about this date since he was 10 years old? How many little signs had he picked up from me that told him what I wanted and needed? He was a student and I was his topic – and he'd learned very, very well.

I, on the other hand, had spent my whole adult life avoiding learning anything about myself. I had buried myself in a marriage that left me physically dead. I had pretended I didn't need sex, didn't need passion or love or the thrill of connecting with someone at a soul-deep level. I had pretended I wasn't a human being with human needs, and for a long time I had gotten away with it.

But David knew better. David always knew better, and he never stopped thinking about it, planning and wondering and observing. And so now, when I found out how wrong I had been the whole time, David was there ahead of me. He knew that I was like a child, unformed clay, and he knew that he had the chance to form me into the woman he wanted me to be. All I knew was that I had to fight him, but I had no idea how. It was never a fair fight. And so when he wasn't there, when I was level and “me” I didn't want him; as soon as he started to punch my buttons then all that levelheadedness and logic fell away. It's not a good explanation for everything that had happened so far and everything that would happen in the future, but it was the only one I had.

Also, I was pretty drunk.

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And so I ate off his fork and he ate off of mine and we shared a magnificent dinner. We talked and we laughed, we leaned in to whisper to each other and we smiled at the growing desire in each other's eyes. He ogled my cleavage (to be fair, that dress didn't show cleavage, it showed canyon) and I positioned myself to give him a good view. We played footsie under the table and I ran my foot up much farther than any mother ought to with her son...all the way up, in fact, so that my toes teased his raging erection. He gave me a devilish and delighted grin when he felt that, and shifted in his chair so I could stroke his length with my foot.

"Like what you feel?" he asked.

I did my best to look innocent. "What do you mean?"

His hand went beneath the table and unzipped, and then I felt the warm, smooth flesh of his magnificent cock against my foot. "Now do you like what you feel?"

I giggled. "Oh, *that*. Yes, I like it very much."

"Well thanks, I'm fond of it too."

I took another bite of my food. It had been delicious, but I was getting full and so now I was mostly pushing the food around the plate. "I'll bet you are. It's something to be proud of."

"If you keep playing with it, you just might make a mess."

"Oh no," I replied, eyes wide. "Well maybe I should stop."

"I didn't say that."

"No you didn't, did you? Hmm...you know, I think I have a solution to this dilemma."

"Really?" he asked, arching an eyebrow. "Do tell."

I didn't tell. Instead I took one last look around to make sure that the table was as secluded as I thought it was and, finding that it was so, I "accidentally" dropped my napkin on the floor and bent to retrieve it. Except I kept bending right out of the chair and onto my hands and knees. The tablecloth was elegantly long and concealed me nicely as I slipped beneath it.

"Mom," he said delightedly. "You naughty little whore!"

I giggled again and crawled to him. My hands were on his thighs, stroking them, and his cock was enormous and right in front of my face. It had been a while since I had seen it this close and once more I was thrilled with how perfectly it matched my ideal of the male member: very thick, a little longer than average, straight, velvety smooth and utterly gorgeous to look at. "Mmmmm," I said as I wrapped my fingers around it and felt its solidity and heat, "tell me again what kind of girl I am..."

"You're a slut," he said softly as he eased back in his chair a little more and slipped a hand beneath the tablecloth to stroke my cheek. "You're a cocksucking cumwhore who's about to take her son's prick in her mouth in the middle of a restaurant and you *love* it."

"Mmm-hmmmm," I agreed as I stuck my tongue out and ran it along the length of his shaft from the base to the tip. Hearing him demean me like that while doing something so crazy and wrong sent shivers into my pussy. I had never done anything even remotely like this, not even when I was an irresponsible kid. And yet here I was, on my hands and knees under a table for my own flesh and blood – and he was right because I *did* love it. At that moment I loved it more than anything else I could imagine. **The only thing that could make it better,** I thought as I slipped my lips around the head and sucked gently, hollowing my cheeks and running my tongue over the tip, **is if Charlie were here fucking me while I did it.**

David groaned softly and cradled the back of my head. Unlike last time he wouldn't be able to fuck my mouth. This time I was in control, completely and utterly, and it was up to me to give him the best blowjob I could manage. I figured I was up to the task, and to prove it I took

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four inches of his cock into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it and tasting the salty, wonderful precum that oozed out.

“God yes you slut, you whore, you fucking dirty little cunt,” David hissed emphatically. “Suck your son’s cock like the good little tramp you are. Suck the cum right out of my balls!”

His words made me as hot as a blast furnace and I swallowed him to the root, taking him in to that he hit the back of my throat. Once more I gagged a bit at the feeling but that didn’t stop me or even slow me down. My tongue was swirling, whirling, dancing along his shaft and I could feel how hot I was making him. His hand was trembling as he grabbed a handful of my hair and clenched tight and I knew this would be a situation so erotic that he wouldn’t last long. I sucked him as deep as I could take him, held him there while my cheeks caressed and my tongue moved, and then slowly, slowly let him back out again until just the tip was in my mouth and I could run the point of my tongue up underneath it.

What, I wondered, would all of the finely-dressed people in this club say if they knew the blonde cougar in the tiny red dress was underneath her table sucking her boy-toy’s cock? They probably wouldn’t have been surprised, I thought. But what would they say if they knew that the blonde mom in the tiny red dress was under the table slurping her 17 year old son’s cock like it was a popsicle on a hot day? Hmm...they’d almost certainly call the cops.

And that was when I discovered, from the shiver of delight that started at my hairline and ran through my body like current from a live wire, that the danger of it made me hot. I didn’t expect that. I’d never done anything in public and never been on the edge of getting caught, and so I’d never experienced anything but safe (in that sense, anyway) sex. But this was nothing like safe. This was crazy. This was right on the edge. This could get me arrested. This could ruin my life. This made me so hot that I couldn’t help but slip my hand down, tug up the tiny skirt, and put my finger on my clit. My pussy was so wet it was dripping, my moisture running down my thighs. I could be caught! I could be exposed! I could come so damned easily...

“Fuck yeah, that’s it you dirty cunt, you hot little fuckhole! Suck it! Suck it like a cheap whore!”

My head was bobbing faster and faster, my tongue flying. I could feel his cock quivering in my mouth and I knew he was on the edge, right on the edge of blowing his sweet load right down my throat –

“And how is everything tonight?” came the waiter’s voice. I felt a spasm of something that wasn’t quite panic go through me (it was then I learned the difference between wanting to be caught and actually *being* caught!) but I pulled it back and kept bobbing my head on my son’s thick rod. I wasn’t going to ruin this moment. I was going to suck the cum right out of David’s balls, just like he’d ordered me. That’s what dirty little whores do, after all...

“Everything’s great,” I heard David reply, his voice surprisingly calm and level given what was happening below the table.

“And was everything all right for the lady?” the waiter asked.

Now I’m not sure what possessed me to do what I did next. With all the misgivings I’d had at the beginning of the date and all the excellent and perfectly valid reasons for not doing what I was doing, I had every cause in the world to keep this a secret. But I didn’t. Instead I stuck my hand out from under the tablecloth, my fingers curled in an OK sign. There was a moment of silence, and then the waiter started to laugh the most embarrassed laugh I’ve ever heard. It was a titter, high-pitched and very uncomfortable, and it made me smile around the cock that was filling my mouth. “Oh! Oh my...oh dear!” the waiter managed. “I...I’ll just leave you two alone then...”

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“Thanks,” David told him, and a moment later he added, in a quiet hiss meant just for me, “I’m gonna cum, you bitch. Take my cum you filthy cunt! Take it!” I buried my face in his groin and took him into my throat just as I felt his cock jump in my mouth and I felt the first huge wad of his seed flow down it. That was enough for me, and with one more wiggle of my finger on my clit I was coming, and coming hard. David came straight down my throat, blowing long and hard, and I swallowed it like my life depended on it. He came and came, his body first stiffening and then suddenly relaxing, but I kept him in my mouth long after his orgasm was done. I suckled him gently, softly, drawing out every drop of his sperm and savoring the taste and the feel of it, just like I savored the way he felt in my mouth, softening but still firm and big. His hand was stroking my face idly and his breathing was deep and satisfied. After almost a minute of this, he managed a, “God damn, mom...”

I grinned hugely as I took my mouth off of him and gently tucked him back into his pants. A second later I crawled out from underneath the table and back into my chair, a rosy glow on my cheeks and an impish twinkle in my eye. “Now that was what I call a dessert!”

David was slumped in his chair and looking positively wrung out, but very, very happy. He beamed at me, licked his lips and said, “Mom...you’re amazing. That was amazing.”

I grinned smugly and felt incredibly proud of myself. “How about a dance? Something a little faster this time?”

“Christ, give me a second!” he laughed, waving his hands in surrender. In fact I gave him about five minutes and then we were out on the floor to “In the Mood;” I love it when music has irony. We danced vigorously to that and “Sugar Foot Stomp,” and even though my dress stayed where it was supposed to much better than I expected it to (thank God for clingy knits), I shot the band a major beaver when David dipped me unexpectedly. Lubricated by champagne, good food, romance, and the taste of my son’s cum, I wasn’t nearly as mortified by it as I would have been at the beginning of the night...and the band seemed to like it.

As I mentioned, the floor was too small to stay out there for more than a couple of dances in a row and so we made way for others and went back to our table. A few minutes later the waiter showed up and tried to act inconspicuous as he asked us if we wanted dessert. He recommended the chocolate crepe, so that was what we went with, and as he walked away David leaned over with a huge grin and said, “Man, he is *so* jealous of me!”

I laughed and patted him on the hand. “He’s jealous all right honey, but he’s jealous of me, not you, because I’m the one who got to suck a cock.”

David looked after the retreating waiter in surprise. “Really?”

“Very.”

“Damn,” he muttered. “I gotta get my gaydar fixed.”

“Well he’s jealous of one of us and that’s the important thing...but if he saw your cock, he’d be *very* jealous.”

David beamed. “Do you have any idea how hot it is that my mom likes my cock?”

“Nope. Tell me.”

He searched for words for a moment, then shrugged and said, “It’s pretty hot, is what it is.” We locked eyes, and then we both laughed. It felt wonderful, natural, easy and simple. For the moment my son was my boyfriend, and for the moment that was all right.

We made easy and very enjoyable small talk until the crepe came. When we put the fork to it, chocolate oozed out like lava. I *like* chocolate, and this was fantastic chocolate. If God gave out candy for Halloween, he’d give out this chocolate. We mmmm’d our way through dessert and then hit the dance floor again. We shared another ten or a dozen dances, only giving

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way when someone else wanted the floor and getting back on as soon as we could. There were several fast numbers and we did a passable swing mishmash dance. My dress held up and covered my modesty a lot better than I expected it would – my girls threatened to pop out a few times but never actually did, and I'd learned to keep my legs together when being dipped. There were several slow dances where I draped myself off my son and let him move me with his strength and sureness, listening to his heart beat against my ear as I pressed it to his broad chest. Twice more we kissed on the dance floor, more romantically than passionately, and we got some applause from spectators – more for the smooching and the dress than the dancing, but still.

Eventually we decided to leave so as not to tie up their table all night, settling for one last dance. I was hoping that it would be something incredibly romantic and apropos, like “The Way You Look Tonight” or “The Last Dance,” but what we got was a funny old song called “Save the Bones for Henry Jones” that I remembered well from a Johnny Mercer recording in my grandparents' attic. Ah well, I mused as I swung around the floor in David's strong arms once more, one doesn't always get the fairy tale ending.

Davie left the waiter a very generous tip (I didn't ask him where he got the money – I figured I knew, and anyway he'd promised to stop the activity and I wanted to give him a chance to keep his word) and we headed out into the May night. After working up a bit of a sweat dancing, the night breeze off the river seemed a bit chilly (especially given my lack of clothing) but I'd barely registered the sensation before David settled his suit jacket over my shoulders and drew me in with one arm; I beamed up at him like a proud schoolgirl when the handsomest boy in class takes her out, and we walked to the curb.

I mentioned that the area the club was in is eclectic and interesting, and it's especially so on pleasant evenings. Several bars have outside tables and the activity tends to spill out onto the street, with little groups of young people talking and laughing and drinking beer right in the middle of the road. On the other side is the Mississippi, black and without memory at night, and across it the lights of downtown Minneapolis throwing their reflections onto the water. It was the perfect place for a walk at night, and as I stepped out onto the street I realized I didn't want the night to end yet. It had been romantic, gentle, erotic, funny, bright and so very, very fun that all I could think was that I wanted it to continue for a while. So when David turned toward the valet I stopped him and tugged on his hand. “Let's walk for a little bit,” I told him with a smile. “It's beautiful tonight.”

David's handsome face lit up with a quiet joy as his eyes rested on me. “Yeah...yeah you are beautiful tonight. Come on.”

We walked then, me nestled into the crook of his shoulder, feeling the breeze, hearing laughter and music from the bars and the distant rumble of traffic. As we walked I watched the lights of downtown shimmer and sparkle on the water that would flow the breadth of a continent and I felt purely and simply content. I don't even really remember what I thought as we walked, my body against my son's. I know we made small talk, pleasant chitchat that was only meaningful for the feelings of completeness it gave us. We passed a few bars – one where a band was playing some loud Lynyrd Skynyrd cover, another that was blaring some top 40 song I didn't know, another that gave forth the sounds of soulful blues – and finally we came to a spot where there were a few stone and concrete benches and a little overlook that gave a perfect view of downtown. A young couple was already sitting on one of the benches and I wanted to give them their privacy so I drew David over to the wall by the river and leaned on the stones, gazing out at the Mississippi's flow. David gently brushed my hair back from my face and I smiled.

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Neither one of us spoke for a while, until finally I said, "Thank you. This was a magical night, David. I'll never forget it."

"I'm glad you liked it, and I'm glad you came."

"I'm glad you made me come."

His arm settled around my waist. "I thought you were going to turn me down for a while," he admitted, his hand playing along my side. "I hoped you wouldn't, but..."

I stood up and faced him, laying a hand on his chest and looking into his eyes. Softly, I whispered, "It was a good first date."

"First? Does that mean there will be a second?"

I put my forehead into his chest. "Oh, David. I've never been treated like this in my life. I thought nights like this just happened in old movies and silly novels. It's crazy that it took my son to give me a night like this, but...but I don't know if anyone else could have. I don't think anyone knows me as well as you do – nobody who'd care to do this, anyway. You made me feel so special. You made me feel so loved."

"I do love you, mom."

"I know, baby. I love you."

"Kiss me?"

My answer was a kiss. There, in the dark, by the river, with the scent of night flowers on the May breeze and the sound of laughter in the air, I kissed my son without reservation or hesitation. There was passion in the kiss, but there was so much more than that too. There was respect, love, adoration, gratefulness, happiness, all of it swirling together to make one wonderful emotion I didn't have a name for but which I wanted again and again, endlessly. And when the kiss was done, David stood smiling down at me and said, "Mom, I want to make you come."

"I would like that, David," I said instantly and without a trace of shame. "I'd like that very much. Come on, let's go back to the car."

"No. Here."

I laughed and looked around. The young couple was 15 feet away and lost in their own whispered conversation but there was no way they'd miss us fooling around. And beside that, we were right by an active street with a stream of pedestrians and cars, and there were several knots of people in plain sight. "Here? That's silly, David."

"So I'm silly," he replied with a throaty chuckle, maneuvering me so my back was to the low stone wall and his hands were under the jacket, on my breasts. "I want to sit you right up on this wall and put my mouth on you. I want to suck you and lick you and put my fingers in you until you come screaming."

"David," I whispered, a hand on his arm as he reached down and began to pull up the hem of my dress, "this is crazy. Let's go someplace more private."

"I don't want it private," he told me, putting his hands on my ass and lifting me up to sit on the wall. I didn't fight him. "I want it right here, right in front of everyone. I want people to see how much I love you. I want people to see that I can make you feel wonderful. I want you to open yourself to me, mom. I want you to open yourself to this. I want you to want it."

"David..."

"I want you to want it, mom. Do you want it?"

I paused for what felt like a lifetime but must only have been a couple of seconds, and then breathed a single word: "Yes."

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My son didn't give me time to reconsider. He was there, arms around me, lips on my neck and then further down. I tilted my head back to let him do what he would to me and closed my eyes. I knew that what he was about to do to me might well draw a crowd. I'd be lying if I said I didn't find the idea suddenly and perversely appealing: a crowd of strangers watching me being pleased in public by a handsome young man – even if they didn't know it was my son – was curiously and unexpectedly thrilling. But the part of me that liked the idea was overwhelmed, for the moment at least, by the part of me that didn't have the courage to watch the crowd gather...or watch David do what he was about to do, for that matter. Yes, I wanted an orgasm, and yes I wanted David to give it to me, but this was giving him permission to touch me in a deeper, more intimate way than I had allowed so far. It was yet another of my lines that he was stepping across, with my help. It was yet more danger.

My breasts came free of my dress with a tug of fabric and then his mouth was on them. I gasped as he closed his teeth around my right nipple, biting it softly even as his fingers twisted and danced over my left. Once again David wasn't merely my son, but also a tremendously skilled and talented young man who knew how to make a woman – even his mother – tremble with delight. I arched my back and pushed my breasts to him and he did what he was so very good at. His tongue caressed, his lips sucked, his fingers pinched and tugged. He went from my right breast to my left and back, kissing, suckling, making me moan and clutch at his back with shaking hands. When his mouth was on my nipple it was warm, wet, glowing with sensation like an ember from a fire – and when his mouth would leave to go to the other, the gentle night breeze would cool it like a sudden application of ice, sending the most delightful shivers down my spine.

“I love your tits,” David murmured, and his adoration brought a lascivious grin to my face. I knew it was wrong for my son to love me this way (and touch me this way) but it felt so good to have a man, any man, think of me as the sexy, hot, fuckable woman he saw in me! He made me feel attractive, like I *deserved* to have men want me, and I couldn't help but love him for it. It was just so damned flattering, even if it was perverted and sick.

He pushed toward me and I shifted my weight, sensing what he was about to do. My legs came open of their own accord and he was there, his trim hips between my thighs...and then he was moving down. He left my breasts exposed and it didn't even occur to me to cover them as he began to kiss and lick his way down, down, over the swath of stomach left bare by my miniscule dress. His tongue felt like it was electrified, because everywhere it touched tingled and shivered even after his tongue moved on.

By the time he reached my navel I was almost weeping with lust. What he was doing felt so incredibly good! I had no idea if we had drawn a crowd (I still had my eyes closed as tight as I could get them) but just the chance that we could was adding spice to what we were doing. Were there people watching? Did they see how eager I was for what was coming? Did they see how eager David was to do it? The possibilities swirled in my lust-fogged brain and made me wetter and needier than I already was.

And then there was what David was doing to my belly button. I'd never considered the navel an erogenous zone before; it was just a birth relic, a funny little pucker that I almost never thought about at all. But when my boy's mouth found it, I learned that I had been very, very naïve. He closed his lips around it, and the sensation was so unexpected and startling that I gave a loud gasp and stiffened my fingers in his shirt. Then came his tongue, a soft intruder like none I had ever felt there. He licked and I moaned; he suckled and I ground my ass onto the top of the

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wall in need. He was French kissing my damned belly button, of all things, and he still hadn't even laid a finger on my pussy – but already I was on the edge of an orgasm!

My boy, I realized, was going to be a hell of a lover when he finally got me.

My dress was pushed up over the tops of my thighs as he moved slower, and I tilted back as much as I could to let him do what he would to me. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the little voice of reason and sanity telling me not to get too into this, not to let him carry me away the way he could...but I told that voice to go fuck itself and it went away. I knew how dangerous this was for us long term, just allowing him to put his mouth on me, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit that if he'd have shoved his magnificent, thick cock into me at that moment I'd have fucked him like a two dollar whore and begged for more. But he didn't: he just kept kissing lower and lower...

"God David, please lick me," I whimpered at last, unable to contain myself anymore. "I need it baby, please!"

His shoulders were between my thighs, pushing them wider.

From somewhere not far away I heard a young man say, "Fuck yeah, look at that!"

I felt David's hot breath on my bare, dripping slit as he leaned in.

With one hand on the wall to brace me, I put the other behind my son's head and felt his hair, neat and short, and beneath it his warm skin.

My left leg moved on its own, coming up and draping over his shoulder, my ankle on the small of his back.

"Damn he's a cutie," a girl said from close by.

David's mouth pressed softly but assuredly against my pussy.

I moaned. This was it, what I needed. What I wanted. What my own son would give me.

His tongue began to caress me, first broad and flat and licking the outer lips, and then suddenly firm and moving right down the middle, pushing my lips aside and touching flesh so sensitive that my whole body lit up like the Fourth of July. I grabbed his head and yanked him into me, or at least tried, but he moved at his own pace...and his pace was wonderful.

I knew that there were voices from nearby, people watching me give my cunt to my son, but I couldn't have told you a thing they were saying. They barely existed for me, just shadows and forms beyond the thundering of the blood rushing in my ears and the rasp of my own breath in my throat.

David was as good with his mouth as with his hands – and he was the best ever with his hands. He opened me with his cheeks, pressing forward so that his whole face seemed to be buried in me. I felt the breath from his nostrils on my clit, and somehow he knew that my clit was too sensitive to be touched directly during this – his breath was the perfect amount of sensation. His lips suckled at my opening, his teeth grazed membranes that danced and sang at their passage...and his tongue.

My God, my son's tongue. His tongue did things in me I can't even describe. It moved but it didn't seem to move at all. It probed deep, seeking my juices. It twisted and writhed, hitting nerves that even Petra had missed with her expert attentions. It fucked in and out like a miniature cock, making the walls of my sex clutch at it in a vain attempt to keep it inside me. It moved like Rudolph Nureyev, like Savion Glover, like Fred Astaire, making its own choreography as it went and each step was better and more perfect than the last.

"It feels so good, baby. It feels so fucking good!" My voice was low and urgent, hissing out between clenched teeth as he worked his magic on my sex. I tried to lift my hips and grind

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against him but honestly my perch on that wall was precarious enough that I was on the edge of going over backward as it was, and if I did it was a 40-foot fall down a wooded cliff into the Mississippi, so I backed off of it and just pulled him in tighter. He caught my urgency and pressed his face into me hard, hard enough that I could feel his teeth behind his lips. It felt wonderful, so very wonderful that I when the little kernel of heat lit in the depths of my body, I knew that little kernel would grow into a magnificent, screaming orgasm of the kind I'd been unknowingly craving for years. This time my craving would be satisfied – and satisfied by my son, my beautiful, clever, romantic son who had just given me the best evening of my life and now was about to give me an orgasm that would rip off the top of my skull and send my brain into orbit.

David knew exactly what he was doing. He knew by how I was reacting to him that I wanted penetration; I'd barely started to form the words when I felt a pair of nimble fingers slide into me and start fucking my sloppy-wet cunt; the words changed into a loud and delighted moan in my mouth. I was squeezing on those fingers just like I'd squeezed Charlie's cock...just like I'd some day soon squeeze David's. And damn him if he didn't make me want that day to be sooner than later.

My orgasm was growing inside me. I could feel it uncoiling in my belly like a serpent, like a thing of living fire, slowly getting hotter and brighter until it filled all the space behind my closed eyelids and seemed to shut out everything else in the whole world. "FUCK!" I cried, knowing I was loud and knowing that the tone of my voice could be nothing but passionate – knowing and not caring. "Fuck baby you're going to make me come! You're going to make me come, David!"

David knew it. I could feel his lips smile against my pussy. He pumped me harder, his fingers driving in, making a delicious wet sound. His tongue was busily working away at the delicate flesh between my opening and my clit, and somehow he managed to lick the clit hood with the tip of his tongue without hitting the raw little nub itself. I don't remember for sure, but I think it was that sensation that sent me screaming – and I do mean screaming – over the edge and into my climax. I clamped both my thighs hard around his head – and given that my main form of exercise is running four or five miles a day, that can't have been comfortable for him. But he didn't break his rhythm one bit. He fingered and licked and sucked while I exploded from the inside like a bomb, while I howled like a banshee, while I clawed his back through his shirt and writhed my ass on the stone wall.

It was a hurtling sort of orgasm, all hard and breathtaking and swift, lifting me up uncountable miles and then dropping me down just as fast into my body again where I felt myself curled around David, his face still between my legs. I was panting and sucking air like I'd just sprinted and my whole body felt tingling and alive in a way that it hadn't in a long time. I think it was the breeze that did it, the sensation of cool air on superheated skin, but whatever it was it put a slow and luxurious smile on my face as I opened my eyes...

We'd attracted a crowd. There were ten or a dozen people around us, mostly college kids but a couple of guys a few years older than me. Everyone was grinning at me like I had just won the lottery, and I stared back at them with, I'm afraid, a rather stupid expression on my face.

I had just received oral sex. In public. In front of an audience. From my son.

I know I should have felt embarrassed, and I suppose I did, or at least I felt a little self-conscious about my body. I pulled the jacket over my bare breasts at least, and slipped my hands inside to adjust my dress.

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A girl in back clapped and “Wooo’d”, which was taken up by a few of the others. I know the thought crossed my mind that these strangers would call me “slut” or “whore,” and I didn’t relish it from their lips like I did from David’s. But if I expected to see sneers or condemnation, I was surprised because the faces were happy, grinning at me like we shared a secret (which, I suppose, we did). David was standing next to me and he helped me to my feet; I snugged down the dress again to cover my well-licked naughty parts and looked around at all the unknown faces, feeling like some kind of minor and vaguely shameful celebrity...a *Survivor* contestant, maybe.

David put his arm around me and I looked up into his sweet, handsome face. I could see it gleamed still with my juices, and that gave me an odd and completely unexpected feeling of closeness with him. We had shared something here, something wonderful, a beautiful secret that we would both always remember. It was like a gift we had given each other.

A couple of the guys (drunken frat types) slapped David on the shoulder, and a couple of the gals eyed me enviously, but we didn’t talk to any of them. In fact we didn’t talk at all as David steered me on my wobbly legs, his arm around my waist, back out onto the road and toward the club where the valet would fetch our car. We walked together, me in his coat and feeling mellow and contented and him with his arm around me, strong and powerful.

I loved him so much right then that I didn’t have words for it. I still don’t.

After about a block, he asked, “So?”

“So?”

“So...did you like it?”

My tone was teasing as I said, “Oh, it wasn’t bad.”

“Oh, not bad huh?”

“Nope.”

He mulled that over for a moment, then replied, “Well I guess I don’t have to do it again if you didn’t like it.”

“I didn’t say I didn’t like it,” I said innocently. “I mean, you’re no Charlie...”

He laughed then, a good-natured sound that echoed off the darkened buildings lining the street and came back to us. “Well, I don’t have an eight-inch tongue.”

“No you don’t.” I paused, then added mischievously, “You’ve got an eight-inch something else, though.”

He laughed again and snugged me into the crook of his shoulder. We didn’t speak again until we got back to the valet and were waiting for my car. Then I heard the strain of music drifting from inside the club and the whole evening came back to me in a beautiful rush. I squeezed my son’s hand and said, simply, “Thank you.”

He beamed. “You’re welcome, mom. Thank you.”

The drive back to the park and ride where David had left his car went quickly and wonderfully. We didn’t say much, as I think both of us were lost in our own thoughts, but what we did say was quiet and comfortable and natural. I felt no shame for what had happened, either for what I’d done or for what I’d let David do to me. It had been the perfect night, and I was incapable of regretting a single thing about it.

David parked next to his car and waited while I quickly changed back into the clothes I’d left the house in. He grinned at my nudity, and it struck me that I didn’t feel self-conscious in the least about stripping in what was, after all, a public place. Yes there was no one around and no one saw me, but still...public place. A few weeks before I’d have been mortified; now I didn’t think twice.

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David stepped up to me when I had changed and put his arms around me. We shared one last kiss for the night, a long, lingering, sweet, loving kiss in the starlight. It didn't need words and none were spoken. I brushed my fingertips over his cheek, got in my car and drove home.

The house was dark when I got there; it was after midnight and no doubt both my husband and daughter were long in bed. Charlie, faithful companion, was there at the door to greet me by stuffing his nose into my crotch and smelling the remains of my arousal. I petted him in the dark and let him sniff me, then took him out and let him run in the yard before we both headed up to bed.

Tim was asleep when I opened the door. I needed a shower but I was quiet so as not to wake him. Ten minutes later I was in an oversized sleeping tee; I suddenly felt exhausted, but it was the sort of happy exhaustion that can only come from great things. As I lay down next to my sleeping husband I had a smile on my face. My whole body was still tingling with the joy of the evening, and even the cynic in me had to admit that David hadn't just shown me a good time, he had shown me a wonderful time. The last thought I remember before drifting off to sleep was that maybe, just maybe, David had really turned over a new leaf. Maybe he had realized that he didn't need to be harsh and cruel to get what he wanted, and not just with me. Maybe he had actually become a better person. Once more I was allowing myself to think of him taking me to bed without finding it repulsive or even objectionable. I was even starting to think of ways that an affair with my own son could actually be good for both of us instead of poisonous to me and to the household.

Less than a week later David coldly and deliberately did something that threatened to destroy my family as completely as anything ever could.

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Chapter Seven

May 24

I woke up with a smile on my face that would have made the Cheshire Cat look dour. I felt amazing – and I do mean amazing. I was still buzzing over my date with David; it had been the single best evening of my whole life and my body was still tingling. I laid alone in bed for a while (Tim was long gone to the club and his regular Saturday working lunch) and replayed the whole night in my mind, grinning and feeling wonderful, appreciated and loved. My son had swept me off my feet the night before and he hadn't set me back down yet. In those soft, secret moments by myself, I found myself hoping, just a little, that he never would.

But nature called, as nature always does, and I had to take another longer, better shower than the one I'd allowed myself the night before. I took a luxurious shower and washed my hair, shaved what needed shaving, and when I got out I slipped into a comfortable old denim skirt and baggy, faded tee that knew me like an old friend. I smiled at my reflection in the mirror; this was the best I'd felt in a long time. And I had David to thank.

Charlie had heard me bumping around in the bedroom and he was there to greet me when I opened the door, his tail whapping hard against the wall and his head seeking my hands for a good petting. I informed him with great seriousness that he was “a good boy oh yes you is aren't you yes you is such a good boy oh yes oh yes oh yes!” and he seemed to agree with the assessment, prancing and hopping around with delight at my baby talk and then racing to the head of the stairs, only pausing to look over his shoulder to make sure I was following him.

I was, but along the way I decided I'd poke my head in David's room and see if he was awake. If he was, he deserved a real, grateful thank you for what he had done to me. I knocked softly and, when I got no answer, I eased the door open a crack and peeked inside. His bed was empty (and unmade, but don't get me started).

Downstairs I found Laurel in the living room playing Xbox. “Hey mom,” she called out without looking up when she heard me on the stairs. “Have fun last night?”

“Mmm-hmmm, had a great time,” I chirped. “How about you?”

“Oh yeah, daddy and I watched a movie and ate popcorn.”

“What did you watch?”

“*Pirates of the Caribbean 2.*”

I grinned. “I guess you picked the movie, huh?”

“Yeah, it was my turn. It was great.”

“Cool. Where's your brother?”

“Dunno, his car isn't here. I don't think he came home last night.”

I frowned. He had told me he would be home an hour after me. Yes, occasionally he stayed out all night (against the rules, of course, but he never cared much about rules), but I didn't expect it last night. I felt a nibble of mother-worry (what if he'd gotten in an accident, for God sake?) but I tried to calm myself as I walked into the kitchen. I picked up the phone and listened to make sure Laurel was still playing, then dialed David's cell number. He picked it up on the second ring. “Where are you?” I asked, my voice sounding surprisingly peevish. “You didn't come home last night.”

“No, something came up,” he said. I heard a radio playing and the sound of traffic going by, and I realized he was in his car. “I'll be home in a few hours, don't worry about me, all right?”

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My frown deepened, and I realized with a pang that I was jealous. I didn't know that he was with another girl and I damned sure wasn't going to ask, but my mind went right there, much to my shock. I had never liked the idea of David slumming around with trashy girls, but now there was something more to it, something more personal, and I didn't know how to handle it. After a moment I said, "All right, David. I'll see you then."

"Take care mom. Love you."

That put a smile on my face in spite of myself. "Love you too, David."

I took Charlie outside for a few minutes, ate some lunch and cleaned the kitchen. By then Laurel had gone off with a gaggle of her friends to the mall, so I slipped out of my thong (I never wore my respectable panties anymore) and let Charlie lick me to an orgasm. He was wonderful, as always, and he never seemed to mind giving me a lick and getting nothing back...but it was starting to strike me that it was pretty unfair. He got nothing out of it, after all. I would have loved to fuck his brains out, of course, but I had learned that to do that you needed to set aside at least an hour and a half to get dressed, get him stimulated, have sex, and then clean up afterward. I just didn't have the time...

And then it occurred to me that, if he used his mouth on me, then I might be able to return the favor. There were pictures and movies on the website that David had signed me up for of women eagerly fellating dogs that had made my mouth water, but I'd never done it for my beloved Charlie. In fact I'd forgotten about it in the excitement of everything that had gone on. But it was possible...and it was appealing to me as I thought about it.

I considered dropping to my knees and giving him a sloppy-wet blowjob right then and there, but I thought better of it. After all I didn't know if Tim might come back early, and I also suspected that, like with most things involving dogs and sex, it wasn't going to be as easy as it looked at first. There would probably be some trick to it; however, I figured that there would be plenty of advice on the internet on how to do it right. One thing David had taught me is that pretty much everything was on the internet. So it was with a smile of anticipation that I leaned forward, rubbed Charlie's ears vigorously and told him, "Oh mommy's gonna suck your cock isn't she yes she is she's gonna suck your big hard doggie cock so good oh yes she is oh yes!"

He didn't understand a word of it, but he was glad to hear it if the way his whole back end wagged is anything to go by.

And so it was that a few minutes later I found myself on the laptop Googling "oral sex dog." God bless Google. Within a few moments I was reading some excellent advice on the hows, dos and don-nots of giving a dog a blow job. Charlie was at my feet and whining softly because he could smell how turned on the descriptions were making me and he wanted a crack at...well, my crack. I just smiled and petted his head as I read about how delicate a dog's cock is, how under no circumstances should you ever use teeth on it, and how some dogs (even ones who will eagerly screw you silly and lick you for hours) just don't like a mouth on their privates. It was fascinating and extremely erotic, especially since I occasionally took a break to watch a video of a woman actually doing what I was reading about. The idea of swallowing that endless stream of precum and cum almost made me swoon...

I just had time to clear the browser history and turn off the computer when I heard Tim come home. Charlie met him at the door and I followed a few moments later. He was in a great mood, bouncy and bubbly, and we had a nice, pleasant conversation in the living room for half an hour before David pulled up in front of the house.

"Is he just getting home from last night?" Tim asked with a frown. "I didn't see his car when I left this morning."

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“Yes, I think he is,” I said, trying to sound appropriately casually concerned.

“I guess I'd better have a talk with him. As long as he's living here, he'll obey our rules.”

“Let me. We've been getting along pretty well lately.” That was an understatement. “I think I might be able to have a more productive conversation with him than you can. You two usually end up sparring.”

“That's true enough. OK, he's all yours.”

David came in looking a little the worse for wear – unshaven and in his school clothes from Friday – but he had a smile on his face when he saw Tim and me sitting. “Hi guys,” he said cheerily. “What's up?”

“I think we need to have a talk, kiddo,” I said seriously...or as seriously as I could. I mean...god, he'd sucked my pussy in public less than 24 hours before so it was kind of a challenge to scold him about breaking curfew.

His face got appropriately contrite and he said, “OK, sure mom.”

Tim got up and excused himself to go to the restroom. I watched him go, and as soon as he was out of earshot I said, “OK, where were you?”

He gave me a look I couldn't read, but it wasn't snide or even teasing. If I hadn't known better, I'd have said it was worried. “After I dropped you off last night I got a call from a friend who asked me to come over because his girlfriend was having a bad trip. And no, I didn't sell him the stuff. So I went over there, and by the time everything was under control I was too tired to drive back so I stayed over. We had lunch today and here I am.”

I cocked an eyebrow. Something in his demeanor told me he was lying, and I congratulated myself on getting good enough at spotting his BS that I didn't buy it. “Is that the truth, David?”

He looked at me for a long moment, and this time his expression was definitely worried, or at least concerned. “No,” he admitted reluctantly, “but I can't tell you what I was doing. It's legal,” he added hastily, “and no, there wasn't another girl involved.”

“I didn't ask that.”

“You didn't need to, I heard it in your voice.” The little prick was still better at reading me than I was at reading him. “I just...look, something's going on. And it's nothing to worry about, it's just something I can't tell you about quite yet.”

“And now I am worried. What's going on, David?”

He looked in the direction Tim had disappeared and whispered, “Please just trust me on this one, OK? I'll tell you as soon as I can.”

“David...”

“Mom, please. Trust me.”

I frowned. “What's with all the secrecy?”

“I'm telling you what I can right now.”

“And you're not in any kind of trouble?”

He shook his head vigorously. “No, it doesn't even have anything to do with me.”

“OK, now you're being mysterious for the sake of being mysterious!”

He chuckled and kissed my forehead. “Well, maybe. But please trust me. Can you do that?”

I thought about the way he had been with me the night before and I nodded. “I can, David.”

He beamed at me. “Thanks, mom. I had a wonderful time last night.”

Angela's Diary

I beamed back. "Me too."

Tim came back shortly thereafter and so that was the end of the conversation. The rest of the day was spent bustling around – Tim and I did some more yard work, then when Laurel got home we took her over to visit Tim's parents. His mom is a lovely, cheerful perfectly round woman and his father is one of those older guys who always seems to be smiling (in spite of the fact that he's been on a walker for the past three years since he broke several bones falling down the stairs). We've always gotten along like gangbusters and they've always spoiled Laurel; they used to spoil David too before they realized what he was. We had a great time over there, then dropped off Laurel at a friend's house for the evening and went out to dinner at Dominguez, a place we must have been twenty times. It was a perfectly pleasant dinner. The food was terrific Mexican, as always, and Tim's conversation was easy and pleasant, as always, and we had a very nice time, as always.

And I don't think I went two minutes without thinking about David. When Tim was talking about the new tile we'd planned to put down in the kitchen, I was thinking about David singing in my ear as we swayed together to "Stardust"; when he talked about the softball league he was thinking of joining, I could think of nothing but the way my son's cock felt in my mouth when he came; when he talked about fixing the brakes on his car, there wasn't a thing in my mind except the way that David had made me long to let him put his mouth on me and make me come in front of a gaggle of strangers.

I knew it was wrong to be thinking those thoughts, and I knew it was wrong to be relishing them so much – especially when I was with my husband. I knew it was wrong, but I didn't care. The memory, like the act, was so wonderful that I had no desire whatsoever to avoid it. I loved Tim dearly but he couldn't, or wouldn't give me what David could – and I had gone without for too long.

And so I listened to Tim, and I talked with Tim, and I thought about David, and I went to bed with a smile.

May 25

The smile was still on my face when I woke up Sunday. Tim had long ago left for his working lunch, but the surprise I had was that David wasn't in his bedroom – again. I heard music coming from Laurel's room so I knocked and we chitchatted for a bit before I asked, "Did David not come home last night?"

"Nope, he was here. He left early."

I blinked in surprise. David NEVER got up early. "He did? How early?"

"I dunno, not long after daddy I think."

"Huh. OK. Did he say where he was going?"

"Nope and I didn't ask. Hey, can you take me to the Mall of America today?"

I laughed. "You spent all day there yesterday!"

"I know, but I saw some super cute things and I was hoping you could maybe buy them for me a little bit?"

"A little bit?"

"Or a lot. Whichever works for you."

"Yeah. And how much does super cute cost these days?"

"It's super cheap. And I saw a pair of shoes I KNOW you'd look great in."

"Oh damn you kiddo, you know just how to get what you want, don't you?"

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She grinned innocently, like an angel. "I just thought maybe you'd want a new pair of shoes, that's all."

"Fine, we'll wait for your dad to get back and if he doesn't have anything he wants to do, we can go then." I wouldn't mind a new pair of shoes...

Most of the morning was spent in delicious sloth. I ate some oatmeal, read the paper while drinking a cup of strong coffee and sitting in the sun, and had Charlie out to romp in the yard. My sloth ended at a little before eleven, when Patty called with news of her date. I took the phone, secluded myself in a chair in the middle of the lawn, and demanded details.

Details I got, bubbling forth in an excited, happy torrent. They had shared a wonderful, romantic dinner at Luce (where they had also shared a lubricating bottle of expensive wine). When it was done and dusk was settling they went for a walk along the tree-lined campus of St. Catherine's College, hand in hand. It was almost dark when Maria put Patty's back against a big oak tree and kissed her, and this time Patty didn't stop her when she put her hand up Patty's dress. Patty came "a wow kind of orgasm," as she said, and before she knew it they were in Maria's bed. They stayed there until morning, making love three times.

Patty thought she was in love. I thought so too, and I couldn't have been happier for her than I was. If ever there was a woman who deserved to be loved, it was Patty.

"When are you going to tell Thomas?" I asked.

"I don't care," Patty replied casually, and then laughed. "Can you believe it? I really don't care. This is the first time since before I married that load that I don't care what he thinks."

"Well, how fast do you want to go with Maria?"

Another laugh. "She told me a joke last night. What does a lesbian bring to a second date? A U-Haul."

I laughed too. "Is that how fast you want to go?"

"Well I thought we'd give it a couple of months and see how it goes. But Angela... Angela, I can't even tell you how it felt. To be loved. To be cherished. To be treated as someone who was worth being wooed. I can't even tell you."

I thought back to my date with David and figured I knew. "Patty, that's fantastic. Congratulations. What did Thomas say when you got home?"

"Ha. He's still not awake, the drunk prick."

"If things go well...I'd give anything to see the look on his face when you tell him you're leaving him for a woman!"

"I should film it. For posterity's sake."

We talked for another half an hour, and by the time we were done I was intoxicated with her excitement. Maria had truly swept her off her feet, and Patty was almost dizzy with the possibilities. I did bring up the fact that being in a relationship with a woman would likely be very different from being in one with a man, and she acknowledged it, but I don't think she really understood the point. Still, I didn't belabor it – she was in the first throes of love and I wasn't going to be the one to rain on her parade. She had another date with Maria this coming week and I wished her all the best with it.

I made lunch for Laurel and I – soup and a salad – and we ate it together outside. We had just sat down when the penny dropped. "Mom," she said casually, "can I borrow something of yours for the mall today?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, I dunno, I thought maybe we could look through your stuff and find something cute."

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“Cute? Or revealing?”

She grinned and blushed a little, but only a little. “Well nothing *too* revealing...for me anyway.”

My eyebrow arched. “Meaning?”

She looked up at me with an impish gleam in her eyes. “Well, you have all that sexy underwear, it's a shame to waste it...”

“Who says I'm wasting it?” I replied with an impish gleam of my own.

“Oooh, you're wearing it around? Tell me!”

“No. Now eat your lunch.”

“I'll bet people have some wild reactions when you show yourself...”

“Some do,” I admitted. I wasn't sure how much I liked where the conversation was going.

“Well...I was thinking that you should wear some.”

“Uh huh. I could maybe accidentally on purpose show somebody too much.” She hadn't given up her intention to get me to show off with her in the audience, but this was the first time she'd brought it up in a while...and the first time she'd brought it up since my date with David. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the first thing I thought was how thrilled David would be if Laurel and I did this and I told him about it...

“Well, yeah,” she nodded. “I mean I'd love to see it! I think it's so cool. I'd love to see the expression on people's faces!”

I tried to be strong in spite of how appealing this idea was to me at the moment. I'd loved the couple of times I'd shown myself in public before, and when David had gone down on me in front of the crowd of strangers...wow. It would be thrilling to walk into the Mall of America in a skimpy little outfit and tease random passersby with glimpses of my goodies...but Laurel would be there. Yes she wanted to see it but she had no business wanting to see that from me and if I let her then it would be just another thing I shouldn't do with my kids that I did in spite of knowing how damned wrong it was. I'd already crossed enough of those lines with David that I had no realistic hope of ever going back to propriety with him, but Laurel wasn't a lost cause yet. I knew I had to be firm with her, and with myself, but the idea was seductive and exciting, and it wouldn't leave my mind. Still, I shook my head and said, “Nope, we can't do that. Child Protection would haul you off to a foster home if they found out.”

“Well *I* won't tell them!” Laurel laughed, leaning over and slugging my shoulder playfully.

“Laurel...no. Come on now, eat your salad.” My voice wasn't nearly as certain as it needed to be, and I know she noticed.

“Well can I at least borrow some of your things?”

“Well...OK, fine, but nothing too revealing.”

“I don't like revealing on me. I just like cute.”

We were dawdling over the last of our ice tea when Tim came rolling up around one. He was in a great mood, bouncy and cheerful, and he told us to have an awesome time at the mall. And that was how, a few minutes later, I found myself with my daughter in my bedroom, poring over clothes. She found something easily – a flowy blue and green cotton dress I'd bought the summer before, light and airy without showing anything remotely inappropriate for a 15 year old girl, even one as well endowed as my daughter.

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My own outfit, however, was more of a challenge. The first thing I grabbed was pair of mid-thigh shorts and a conservative yellow top with a slightly scooped neckline and sleeves. Laurel, however, took one look and made a face. "Ugh! You aren't wearing that!"

"Why not?"

"You'll totally cramp my style!"

I laughed. "You aren't old enough to have a style."

"Come on, I'm your daughter. I was *born* with style."

"Oh I get it, flattery."

"Is it working?"

"Yes. How about this?" I held up a rather demure sundress. It was a sleeveless flower print with a high neckline, very light and comfortable.

"Mmmm...I dunno, I think you need to wear something...let's see..." She rummaged through my closet and came out with some of the cute things I'd picked up at XXXFantasy – a red and black corset with some lace and a black miniskirt. "How about this?"

"Yeah, right," I smirked. "I told you I'm not flashing anybody, so give it up."

"Hmmmph, fine, let's see..." She put the corset back and looked for a few moments more then pulled out a sleeveless purple top with dangerous cleavage, a pleat below the bust and a crocheted back. She held it up next to the miniskirt with a hopeful look.

"You've got to be kidding me," I told her, crossing my arms. "Keep looking."

"Well you have to wear one of these, the top or the skirt."

My eyebrow arched. "Oh I do, huh? Says who?"

"Me. Giving peeks or not, I still want you to look hot. So which is it?"

I couldn't help but grin. My incredibly cute 15 year old daughter thought I was hot – how flattering was that? And the skirt wasn't *that* bad... "OK, fine, put the top back."

Her smile was huge, and she did as she was told. A moment later she had a red sleeveless number with a major V-neck and a clingy, midriff-baring tummy. "Yyyeah," I said, "you're getting colder."

"Fussy. How about this?" She produced a very cute blue sleeveless V-neck top with ribbed sides that were really form-fitting and flattering. I paused – it would show cleavage, yes, but not a huge amount. And besides, it would look *good*.

"Ok, fine, that will work," I said. I knew that the clothes my daughter had selected for me were skimpy enough that I'd be showing off whether I wanted to or not, but honestly I didn't mind that much. I was happy, I was carefree, I felt sexy and loved and even a little silly with the hangover of my date with my son. And besides, the idea of people looking at me – *at me* when I walked beside my gorgeous daughter – was very seductive. So if Laurel wanted to see me dress sexy, to hell with it, I'd let her see me dress sexy. "Let's get changed."

We began to undress. Laurel and I have never had a problem undressing around each other, though this would be the first time she saw me after I shaved my kitty. I knew she'd ask about it – as I mentioned, I'd always been loudly against it – but I didn't mind. In fact, it put a little twitter of excitement in my belly to know that my daughter would see what my son had made me do...

Laurel pulled off her shirt, revealing a very ordinary and chaste white bra made entirely for support and not for looks. She was about to drop her shorts, but she stopped and looked up. "Mind if I borrow one of your bras? Something cute?"

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“Hmmm...I think I have something...” I opened my drawer and rummaged around a bit before I found what I was looking for: a lacy white thing with scalloped edges, lots of lift and lots see-through. “Here, try this.”

She took it with a laugh. “I said cute, not sexy!”

I shrugged. “That dress doesn’t show anything anyway. You’ll be the only one who knows you have it on. It will be your naughty little secret.”

“You mean *our* naughty little secret,” she replied with a wink, and I laughed and nodded. Then she slipped out of her bra and took my breath away.

I have to explain that I’ve seen Laurel naked a million times, just like she’s seen me. Like I said, we’ve never been shy about changing together, and she’s always been very open in asking me questions about her body. It’s never been a big deal...but today it was different. Honestly I didn’t know why, and I still don’t. Maybe it was because this was the first time I’d seen her like this since my encounters with Brandy and Petra – maybe it was because now I looked at women as potential objects of sexual desire. Maybe, but I don’t think so; I didn’t want to jump my daughter’s bones. Maybe it was because I was more aware of my own body and my own needs, sexual and otherwise. Maybe it was because all of her teasing about showing me off had made me aware of the similarities and differences in our bodies. I’m really not sure. But when Laurel slipped out of her bra, I was just entranced by her tits. They were, to sum it up in a word, magnificent. Another word would be perfect. Yes another word, or perhaps two, would be mouth-watering. Envious. Luscious. Delightful. Succulent. However you describe them, my daughter has a rack that makes wet dreams.

Laurel had always had a lot of questions about her boobs. She started developing early – by the time she was eight she was growing a chest – and she just kept developing, slowly but surely. She’d had all the normal questions: “Are mine normal?” “Why are they so big?” “What kinds of bras are best?” “What’s the deal with these things anyway?” So I knew her breasts and I knew she was comfortable with them, just like I knew mine and was comfortable with them. But mine had never been like hers. I was a decent size when I was 15, but hers were VERY big, bigger than mine were until I had her. And not only that but they were perfectly firm, the way tits can only be when you’re young and gravity hasn’t started having its wicked way with you yet. When my tits were that firm, they weren’t that big; when my tits were that big, they weren’t that firm. Hers were an absolute ideal, the kind of tits that gave men whiplash when they turned their heads to watch her pass by, the kind that made women green with envy.

I need to say again that I didn’t want to jump Laurel; I wasn’t turned on by her. What I was, was awed. My daughter, the little girl I’d given birth to and nursed, played dollies and tea party with, watched as she grew from child to young woman, was gorgeous. She still had a little girl face and the awkwardness of a teenager, but when I looked at her I could really see, for the first time ever, the hot chick she’d be at 19, the confident hottie she’d be at 25, the lovely and confident and poised woman she would be when she was my age. I could see how she would develop and fill out, how she’d lose her leanness and gain curves, how she would become far prettier than I was. I was awestruck. With Tim, I had made her. *I had made her.*

I was so proud I’d have popped like a balloon if she’d have stuck me with a pin.

She put on the bra I gave her and looked up to see my opinion, and then she stopped and gave me a strange look. “Um...OK, why are you looking at me like that?”

I smiled hugely, I just beamed, and she was smiling back as I took her in my arms and hugged her very tight. “I’m so proud of you, sweetie. I love you so much.”

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"I love you too, mom," she whispered, and when she pulled away she kissed my cheek and smiled. "Thanks for taking me today."

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world, kiddo. Not for the world."

She paused. "Really? Not for the world? No offense, but if someone offered me the world to skip this shopping trip, I'd totally take the world."

"You," I laughed, smacking her on the ass and making her jump and yelp. "Get your dress on."

She stripped out of her shorts – she was wearing a cute pair of pale blue boykinis – and then got into the dress; she looked better in it than I ever did. By the time she was done I was rooting through my underwear drawer. I picked out a pair of very sensible underwear – after all, I knew she was planning on trying to show me off – but her hands were on my wrists before I straightened up. "Uh uh," she said with a firm shake of her head. "Try again."

I paused for a moment. Surely I should just wear what I wanted to wear, regardless of what my daughter said. I mean...I'm the parent, right? But even as the thought was occurring to me, I was putting the sensible panties down and looking for something else. I wasn't sure why, except that, at the moment, Laurel was being firm and demanding and telling me to do what she wanted, and it felt good and right to do what she said. I know it was odd, but the oddest thing was it didn't seem odd at all at the time. It just felt natural.

I found a dark purple thong, and without even realizing it I held them up for my daughter's approval. Well, that's not exactly true, I mean I held them up to look at them myself, but when Laurel shook her head very firmly in the negative, I dropped them without complaint. I was looking for something that didn't show everything I had when Laurel reached in and produced a pair of red and black crotchless panties – and not the kind with a tie-close crotch, I mean the kind with no crotch whatsoever. "Here," she said, holding them out to me. "These are the ones I want you to wear."

I raised an eyebrow. "Laurel..."

"These are the ones I want you to wear," she repeated firmly, like I was the child and she was the mother. It was a very strange moment – I felt a queer little rush as I accepted her demand and took the panties from her. At the time I just chalked it up to the growing erotic charge of the situation, of me going out with the intention of flashing, but there was more to it than I realized at the time.

She had just produced a pair of fuck me pumps when I peeled off my panties and her jaw dropped. "...mom? You...shaved!"

"Well at least you noticed!" I laughed. "Your father didn't."

"I think it looks great! I love it. A lot of my friends shave."

"Yep, so you've said," I replied, pulling up the crotchless panties and knowing exactly what was coming next.

"What do you think? I mean, would you complain if I did?"

This was a road we'd been down before, and I'd always told her no. No matter what the fashion was, I had been against shaving. But now my mind was changed – David had changed it – and I just shrugged. "If you want. I can give you a few pointers if you're interested. And I am NOT wearing those shoes. I'll be on my feet for hours, so find me some sandal flats."

A few moments later we were both dressed, both looked fantastic, and were on our way out the door when David pulled up. I told Laurel to go wait by my car because I wanted to talk to David alone; she looked a little disappointed that she'd miss what she assumed would be an ass-chewing, but she did what she was told. I met David at the front door, and I immediately

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noticed he had a concerned look on his face. "Don't worry about it," he said when I asked him what was going on. "It's...well, don't worry."

"David," I asked, taking him by the shoulders and looking into his eyes, "are you in trouble?"

"No," he shook his head emphatically. "This time it's not about me at all."

"Then what's going on? I mean this is connected to yesterday when you didn't come home all night, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "But...look, please don't ask me any more."

"Why not?"

He sighed. "Because I can't tell you any more right now. I will when I can but if you make me tell you more right now I'll have to lie to you and I really don't want to lie to you any more. It's not about me and I'm not in any kind of trouble, but it is important and I'll tell you when I can. Can you trust me?"

I didn't even hesitate before I nodded. I could trust him. I couldn't before – he'd shown that – but he was changed now. Now I knew he was telling me the truth.

He smiled. "Thank you, mom. Now...where are you going all sexy looking?"

I grinned naughtily. "To the mall with Laurel. And do you want to know a secret?"

"Sure."

Wordlessly I lifted my miniskirt and showed him my cooch hanging bare in my crotchless panties. He gaped, then broke into a huge grin.

"It's Laurel's fault. She found my sexy clothes and she's been wanting to show me off. She was *very* insistent."

"LAUREL does?"

"Yeah," I chuckled as I snugged my skirt back down. "I think she's more like you than either of you realize."

He shook his head in amazement. "Maybe so. Laurel...damn, I can't believe it."

"Does it bother you that Laurel wants to make me flash all over the Mall of America?"

"Bother me? I love it!"

I reached down and palyfully squeezed his crotch, and when I found his cock hard in his pants I smiled. "Mmmm, I guess you do love it, don't you?"

"Damn right," he grinned. "Do you think maybe we can be alone for a little while this evening? I'm hungry for what you've got."

I pursed my lips, thinking of his mouth on me, and I was instantly wet. But I wasn't yet crazy enough to throw caution to the wind no matter how horny my wonderful son made me.

"Maybe. We have to be careful. We can't let your sister or your father even so much as suspect a thing."

He nodded, looking a bit glum. "I know. But if we can...I'd really love it, mom."

I nodded, my eyes sparkling, and leaned in to whisper, "If we can be alone, would you like me to suck your cock while you lick my pussy?"

"Oh...I think I could be persuaded." He reached a hand up my skirt and gave my bare pussy a little squeeze. "Now don't keep Laurel waiting...and I want to hear all about what you get up to when you get home, OK?"

"OK. I love you, David."

He locked eyes with me and nodded, a small, perfect smile on his face. "I love you, mom."

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I tried to keep the dopey, lovestruck smile off my face when I got to Laurel and the car, but I'm not sure how well I succeeded. She asked me what was up and I said something (I'm not even sure what) and we were on our way.

Laurel, of course, started bugging me about getting her license and maybe her own car, and we were still struggling with the problems associated with that particular parental nightmare when we pulled up into our parking space at the mall. Now, for those of you that don't know, the Mall of America is the largest shopping mall in the United States. It has over 500 stores, it's bigger than Rhode Island, it has its own weather pattern and people have gotten lost inside and never been seen again. OK, I made the last three up, but the place is absurdly huge. It has three levels of shopping, an indoor amusement park complete with roller coasters and a water ride, an enormous aquarium, and the best people watching to be found in the whole state.

Laurel adores it.

We hit Nordstrom first, and both of us could have spent the rest of the day there quite happily had Laurel not had several other stores she wanted to shop at. As it was we picked up a really cute pair of bright blue Sam Edelman flats that Laurel had spotted on sale the day before and that looked great on her. Then we drifted through the Abercrombie & Fitch, crossed the aisle to the Bare Essentials boutique, and then went into Ben Bridge Jewelers.

That was where Laurel showed me off for the first time.

When we walked in, the first thing we saw was a gorgeous young salesguy talking to a rich-looking older woman. Laurel caught my eye and grinned, then leaned in and whispered, "You should give him something to look at."

I giggled. "You're so bad. I shouldn't listen to you, you're a bad influence."

She leaned in and gave me a gentle shove with her shoulder. "Go on, I dare you."

"Oh you dare me, huh? What makes you think I'll fall for that?"

"Mom," she said, her voice low and urgent, "I want you to."

My stomach did something weird, like I was at the top of a roller coaster and just plunging over the drop, and I nodded wordlessly. We drifted along one of the display cases near the cutey, and as soon as he was done with the other woman he turned to us and said, "Hello ladies, how are you today?"

I gave him my best sexy smile and said, "I'm lusting...after these earrings right here. Can you show them to me?"

He locked eyes with me for a moment and then smiled. "Sure, the sapphire hoops, those are beautiful."

Laurel stepped back, ostensibly to look at something in another case but really so he could watch the cutey's face when I gave him a little show. He reached into the case for the earrings...just as I leaned over with my elbows on the case, arms pressed just a bit together, giving him just as spectacular a view of my cleavage as I could. His eyes went right there like they were drawn by a magnet, and I shifted to let him look all the way down to my belly button. We made some small talk about the earrings and a few other pieces, but mostly he scoped me out and I gave him the best looks I could. I didn't buy anything, but I did have a very good time.

Laurel was leaning on me and fighting to hold back laughter as we walked out. "Oh my God, mom, you should have seen his face. I think he's in love."

I grinned. "Well then he has good taste in breasts."

"We need to get you out of that bra!"

"I wish your father said that once in a while," I mock-grumped, and we both laughed. "But really, you honestly want me to flash the girls?"

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"Nipples and all," Laurel said, a positively wicked smile on her face. "I want to see some lucky guy's face when he sees the best boobs in the whole Mall of America."

"I thought you were keeping your shirt on."

"Ha ha, I meant yours."

I shook my head. "You know, I have no business doing any of this with you around."

She laughed. "Oh you love it and you know it. I saw your face in there. You adore being looked at, don't you?"

"Well, fine, I do, but that doesn't mean I need to expose you to it."

"Pun intended?"

"Not entirely. But I'm serious, this isn't exactly a normal mom-daughter day out."

"You're right," she said with a nod as she squeezed my hand and shot me a glowing smile. "It's tons better. Now come on, let's go to the bathroom so you can get out of that bra."

I shook my head, but I followed where she was leading. "You know, you owe me for this, kiddo."

"I would except you like it as much as I do."

I hunched, but she had been dead to rights. I was loving this, and the fact that Laurel was the one pushing me to it made it more exciting. I supposed at the time that it was simply that it made it more forbidden and taboo to have her watching, and I do think that's part of it, but not the whole reason. Not by a long shot. I stepped into the stall, and a minute later I was stepping back out braless, my girls resting comfortably in my revealing top...and my nipples obviously hard. I stashed the bra in Laurel's shopping bag and followed her out.

We shopped for a while longer. I bought a cute pair of jeans and a vase, while Laurel picked up a cheap but cute watch, some leggings, and three tee shirts that were on sale. I know she was waiting for me to flash my boobs, but she didn't say anything about it. I think she figured I would do it if I just had time to work up to it – and she figured right. After all, letting someone look down my cleavage with my daughter by my side was one thing, but setting the girls free with her there was quite another. I knew she wanted me to do it, and honestly I found the idea very enticing, especially if it could be arranged so as to happen right in front of some cute boy half my age who would appreciate the view. But still, it was a very brazen thing to do, the kind of thing that might reasonably be said to be stupid. Was I going to be stupid?

Well, I thought I might.

It happened when we stopped at a little cart selling cheap silver jewelry, and I didn't even intend it to happen then and there. The person at the cart was a girl who looked to be about 19, and she was wearing a cross on a necklace and had one of those irritating chastity rings on her finger (I'm a firm believer that waiting for your wedding night to have sex is idiotic – sex isn't something you just know how to do, and if you want to be good for the person you love then you need to have some experience...at least that's my opinion) so she was a good Christian girl. I strongly doubt she was bi or that she wanted to see my chichis. But she held up a silver necklace that I asked about, and when I went to take it, it slipped off my fingers and fell to the floor. I bent over to pick it up without thinking –

And out popped my boobs. They spilled over the edge of the top as I bent, the right one a little more than the left, but both nipples were out. A million thoughts ran through my head in the half second it took me to reach the necklace, thoughts about how I ought to cover myself, tuck myself in, how I ought to be modest and sensible and not show anyone any more than I already had...and those thoughts passed right by without stopping. I was in a naughty, risqué mood, a mood very much to flaunt what I had – and for Laurel to see it and know it was her

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doing – and so when my fingers found the necklace, I simply straightened up like I didn't know anything was amiss.

The girl's jaw dropped and she turned a shade of red I normally associate with candied apples. A gaggle of teenage boys were passing by and in an instant I was the center of their attention, their appreciative expressions, and their whistles. A pair of tween girls stared with open mouths and laughed, and I knew they would be telling the story the next day at school.

I loved it. I can't even tell you the pure sexual thrill I got from standing there with my breasts exposed, pretending I didn't have any idea why I was suddenly the center of everyone's attentions. I simply stood there with an innocent smile on my face, holding the necklace out to the cart salesgirl and secretly reveling in the sudden freedom I felt.

That was it, really – freedom. I know it sounds silly but I really did feel free at that moment, free to embrace my sexuality, free to accept what I was becoming, even free to embrace my son's love and the fact that I was in a deeply sexual kind of love with my own dog. Free, too, to be told to do just exactly this and to obey. At that moment, with an innocent grin on my face and my chest on display for all to see, I felt like I really had the strength to own all the changes that were going on and to make them my own. I felt like I really was in control of the lightning I was riding. Within a few days, events would prove me wrong, but for a brief moment I felt like a queen.

And it was a brief moment. For all the reaction I'd earned, I think I stood there that way for less than two seconds. A woman about my age, pushing a baby carriage, boggled at me for a moment and then dashed to my defense, putting herself in front of me and held up a shopping bag to block the view. I managed to look confused, and then when I looked down and pretended to notice, I also managed to look embarrassed. I quickly tucked myself in and then Laurel had me by the arm and was dragging me away before the teenage boys could come over and talk to me.

"Oh my God, mom, oh my God!" Her voice was delighted and I saw a flush on her cheeks as she steered me across the crowded walkway and got us lost in the crowd. "Oh my God! That was so hot!"

I was simply laughing, a free and confident laugh like I was on top of the world. "I didn't even mean to do it! They just...popped on out!"

"Oh my God," she repeated, "it was perfect. You should have seen everyone's reactions! It was just...oh my God! I thought that girl was gonna have a stroke!"

"Yeah, she did look a little overwhelmed, the poor thing."

"And those boys! I bet they go home and jerk off thinking about you!"

"Language!"

"Well I bet they do! I mean...mom, you don't even realize how completely hot you are. I think you gave them a thrill they'll be talking about for months!"

"Oh come on Laurel, I'm not that attractive!" I protested, though I was glowing with pride that she thought so. "I'm just an old lady!"

"Mom, if I look half as good at your age, I'll be happy."

"Really?"

"Really. I love that my mom is a babe!" She squeezed my arm. "And I love that people love to look at you. It really makes me proud of you. And it makes me glad I'm making you do this."

"Well...it was pretty fun," I admitted. "Maybe I'll even mention it to your father, just to see if he actually reacts."

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"Ooh, I dare you!" Laurel laughed.

"Stop daring me!" I said, and we laughed together.

Half an hour later we wound up in Macy's...and Laurel saw the shoe department. Casually she asked, "Don't you need some shoes?"

"I always need shoes," I agreed.

"Do you think you need some help trying them on?" she asked, still casually.

"Well I guess I...oh, I get it."

"Mmmm-hmmm," she said, steering me into the ladies shoes department. I could feel her excitement as she guided me toward the nearest shoe salesman and gave me a shove...

He was a youngster. If he was older than 17 I'll eat the shoes he sold me. He was a normal-looking kid, a couple of acne spots and the thin build of a boy who's gotten his height but not filled out yet. He was average, the sort of kid you'd see by the dozen in any high school in the country. And I was going to give him a treat. I was going to give my daughter a treat too, the one she demanded.

Laurel peeled away to take up a good watching position as I approached him. He smiled at me as I told him I was looking for a couple of different styles of pumps and wanted his assistant; I pretended not to notice when his eyes kept flicking down at my boobs. It was cute...and he was going to be seeing a lot more than that pretty soon.

I took my place on one of the fitting chairs as he went off to gather half a dozen pairs of shoes; Laurel hovered nearby, acting like she was looking at shoes but grinning like the cat that ate the canary. Me, I was just sitting with my legs crossed, acting very nonchalant.

The young fellow returned – his nametag said Zach – and set the boxes down in front of me. He was on his knees, in perfect position, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Laurel staring at him, waiting for his reaction. He took off one of my shoes and I uncrossed my legs for him to get the other. I had my ass right on the edge of the chair and my miniskirt hitched up just enough that there was no way I couldn't shoot little Zach a beaver –

His eyes drifted between my legs and got huge. I fact, his whole face sort of went slack, his eyes got buggy, he turned beet red, and he immediately looked down at the black peep-toe pumps he was fitting on me.

Laurel looked like she was ready to burst with glee...and, I couldn't help but notice, her nipples were as hard as diamonds and just about poking clean through the sundress. There was no mistaking the look on her face for anything but arousal. She was off to the side so she saw nothing but my legs and Zach's reaction, so I know that she wasn't getting hot by looking at my pussy. She was getting hot because I was showing it...and because she was the one who had told me to show it. Maybe she had more in common with David than I'd realized. It's a mark of how turned on I was that I didn't stop the show right there, but the fact was that I liked showing myself – I was starting to think I liked it a lot – and it was easier for me to actually do it when I had someone pushing me. So, if Laurel wanted to flaunt me, she could for now.

And yes, I know precisely how messed up that is.

Zach fumbled the other shoe on and I stood up, regarding myself in the mirror...and incidentally placing my ass in his face, so that all he had to do was look up and he'd see under my skirt. I watched his eyes in the mirror – he looked up. I grinned.

"Mmmm, they're cute, but let's see some others," I said.

The next pair was a pointed-toe black pump from Nine West, and I don't usually care for pointed toe shoes...but this wasn't about the shoes, was it? I sat back where good old Zach could look straight up my skirt and fixed him with an innocent look as I held out my foot for

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him. In fact I held it up nice and high so my skirt slid back a little more. Zach tried to be a good boy, really he did, but the temptation was simply too much and he looked square at it for two seconds, then hurriedly looked away and finished fitting the shoes.

He did manage to resist temptation for a couple of pairs, although I'm not sure how. He was red in the face, hard in the pants and even sweating a little. It was so cute. Laurel, on the other hand, looked almost lost in an erotic fog. I knew the look on her face, the expression, because it was so similar to mine. I knew how she was feeling, the pressing throb of arousal between her legs, and it made me quiver a bit to know that she was getting such a thrill out of exhibiting me this way. If my pussy hadn't already been soaked, I'm sure the sight of it would have made me at least a little wet.

It was on the fifth pair – a very cute Anne Klein two-tone black and silver 3 1/2" heel pump that I absolutely had to have – that Zach finally simply broke down and took a good long look at what I was showing him. He stared straight up my skirt for almost ten seconds, entranced, and then suddenly he jerked his eyes up to my face to see if I was angry. I was not; in fact, to judge by my expression, there was nothing remotely unusual going on. Innocently, I asked, "What do you think, Zach?"

"Um...it's...beautiful," he gulped.

I smiled. "Thank you, but I meant the shoes."

"Oh! I...oh..."

I shifted my legs farther apart; it was the most I could do to tell him to look without telling him to look, and he looked. He licked his lips and said, very softly, "The shoes are beautiful."

"Thank you, Zach," I told him. "I like them too. I'll take them. Now let's look for something red."

Zach nodded and stood, taking away all the rejected pairs and going to look for red pumps in my size. He wasn't gone five seconds before Laurel was at my side. I didn't have to look to see if she was turned on – I could smell it, and the smell was thrilling. "Mom...oh my God..."

"You keep saying that," was my amused reply. "Do you think he likes the show?"

"I think he does!"

I looked up and met her eyes. She was looking a little stunned, like a fawn in the headlights...or like a girl who has told her mother to act like a slut and, against all odds, seen her mother do exactly as she was told. "And you?"

"God mom...it's so hot. Keep doing it." Her voice was barely audible, but it was as intense as I had ever heard her sound. Somehow I thought that this wouldn't be the last time we did this. As awful as it sounds, that was perfectly fine by me. I was having a great time.

Laurel was back in her place when Zach returned; I couldn't help but notice he was carrying the stack of boxes low to cover his erection, the sweetie. My legs were nice and open when he settled in front of me again, and this time he made no pretense of looking anywhere other than at my bare pussy. And that was nice...but I wanted to up the ante a little. We were secluded enough that nobody except Laurel was going to see what I was about to do, so as he settled the crimson open-toed BCBGirls pump on my left foot, I let my right hand fall into my lap. As he put on the right shoe, I was sliding my hand up underneath my skirt. He froze, my foot in his hand and my leg in the air, as I traced my fingertip along my hairless slit, teasing my lips with my nail and gathering my moisture. He couldn't have been more solidly frozen if I'd

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have doused him with liquid nitrogen. I withdrew my hand, watched him stare slack-jawed for a moment, and then said, "Zach? You can put my foot down now."

"Huh? Oh!" He did and shook his head like he was trying to clear cobwebs. I stood and checked how the shoes felt on my feet – I liked them. "I'll take these too. Let's find one more pair, something a little offbeat. How about something in a bright pattern?"

"Yeah...sure, OK," he nodded, and I didn't even detect a trace of resentment that I'd made him bring ten boxes of red shoes out and then decided to buy the first pair I tried. He scampered away, and I could only giggle. I hadn't felt this sexually powerful since...well, ever. But the weird part was that I knew I wouldn't be doing this, at least not nearly so boldly, if Laurel wasn't making me. I felt sexually powerful, but only because I was doing what she told me to do. The implications of that were slow to dawn on me.

He came back with another stack of boxes, and I sounded very normal when I said, "I hope I'm not being a bother, trying on all these pairs and making you run to the storeroom all the time."

"No!" he replied eagerly, settling down in front of me again. "No...it's...um, really it's no problem at all."

"Well you're very good at your job," I told him, watching his face as he looked straight at my kitty. "Your hands are very gentle."

He blushed so hard and so red that I thought he might pass out, and he squeaked, "Thanks..."

At this point, I would have bet just about anything that my little Zach was a virgin, and that this was the closest he had ever come to a naked pussy. That made me love it all the more. I'd be in his erotic dreams for years to come, and the things he would do to me in his imagination...well, I found I very much liked thinking about that. He put another half a dozen pairs on me and I don't think his eyes strayed from between my legs the whole time. I ended up with a very nice pair of open-toed 4" Nine Wests that were cream-colored with multicolored swatches on them.

Zach ended up with pants full of cum. I'm not sure when it happened because he didn't give any sort of sign, but he had the most adorable wet spot at his crotch when he stood up. What a little sweetie.

Laurel joined me at the counter as I paid for my shoes. I was acting like there was nothing even remotely amiss, but Laurel was flustered to the point of speechlessness. I wondered, as they rang up my card, whether my daughter had gotten her own orgasm from this. I didn't think she had – I didn't see her touching herself – but she was so befuddled that she certainly seemed afterglowy. Well, I wouldn't ask her. I just smiled naughtily, slung the bags over my arm, and led her out.

It was a little of an odd drive home. We talked more or less normally, and neither of us brought up what I'd done at the Mall. It was like we had silently agreed to keep the thing quiet, a secret between us, at least for the moment. But of course, I didn't feel like it was behind me, because I was still so horny that I was squirming in my seat. I dearly hoped David and I could find some time to be alone, because I kept imagining his mouth on my cunt and his cock in my mouth and it was driving me nuts.

Unfortunately, it pretty quickly became clear that it was not to be, not that night anyway. Tim had decided to try to make dinner and it...hadn't turned out well. Honestly, I'm not even sure what it was supposed to be. At least he was laughing about it. So Laurel and I combined to whip up some fish, a salad and asparagus – but Tim had made enough of a mess that cleanup

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took forever. Then Laurel was up and down the stairs all evening, meaning that there was no way David and I could have taken 25 minutes to pleasure each other in his bedroom. Dammit.

I was outside with Charlie, sitting on a chair on the patio, when David found me. "I was looking forward to taking you up on your offer," he said ruefully as he settled into the next chair over. "I was thinking about it all day long."

I smiled. "Me too, kiddo. When I got back from the Mall, I was *so* horny...and you wouldn't believe what happened there."

"You mean what Laurel made you do..."

"Well...she really didn't have to twist my arm all that much..." I told him about showing my cleavage, about Laurel making me take off my bra, about my tits popping free by accident. To say that he was amazed would be to understate things considerably. He kept shaking his head over the fact that Laurel, who seemed so innocent and straightlaced, got off so much on watching me show myself. He was even more amazed that she had more or less ordered me to do it, and I'd done what I was told. When I told him about what I did to Zach and the way Laurel looked afterward, he was completely astounded.

"Do you think she came from watching you?"

I shrugged and laughed. "She might have. She acted like it."

"Well," he mused, "my little sister is just full of surprises, isn't she?"

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Charlie thought he was going to mate with me again when I got down my dog fucking clothes. And I admit, I was very tempted – having Charlie inside me was bliss, the closest to Heaven I expect to come in this life (or after it, truth be told). It would have been so easy to get down on all fours and let Charlie mount me – he had the method down now – and just be tied to him for 20 minutes while he pumped me full of his cum. He'd have loved that, and I'd have loved that...

But I had something else in mind. I wanted to suck my dog's cock.

He followed be down the stairs, eager and prancing, the tip of his cock already visible. He's so adorable when he gets excited – it's like he's a puppy again, completely focused and centered in the moment to the exclusion of everything else. He thought he was going to fuck my brains out, and so for him my pussy was the only thing in the world worth considering at that instant. Dogs are so pure, so sweet, and so guileless that I can't help but love them...and when they happen to be male, I can't help but let them love me.

I barely got into the living room, to our customary spot, when he thrust his snout between my legs right onto my exposed pussy and began to lick. I was wet and eager, and so I simply smiled and let him have his way. His tongue slithered and moved, a serpent, rough and soft and strong, and he pushed it into me in the way he knew I loved the best. He began caressing nerves and membranes and I was weak in the knees, and the fact that finally – finally – I would return his oral attentions made it all the sweeter. I let him lick for a few moments, making me gasp and tremble, but the position was awkward and so I backed up slowly, with him following along and keeping his tongue inside me like the wonderful lover he is, until the backs of my knees met the edge of the sofa. Gently I lowered myself to it, spreading my legs and keeping my pussy right on the edge so he could get at it easily.

His tongue filled me up, so pliable and yet so powerful, so soft but yet so rough. I just threw my head back and moaned, unashamed and uninhibited, and let him lick me where and

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how he wanted to. And at first he licked everywhere, from ass to clit, from the place where my thighs met my pelvis to so deep inside me I could barely believe his tongue wasn't a cock.

I don't like to preach, but there is something I believe very strongly and I want to say it flat out: every single girl who reads this owes it to herself to let a dog lick her. I mean that. Even if you don't want to suck a dog's cock or let a dog fuck you, I promise you that you will never, ever experience anything in your life like a dog's tongue on your cunt and ass. You'll have an orgasm like you've never had – not just from the physical sensation of it but from the fact that the one giving you that sensation isn't another person, male or female, and isn't even a plastic toy; it's another living, breathing creature, one who thinks and feels and loves and wants to please you, wants to give you an orgasm because it will make you happy. Try it just once and you'll never regret it, I promise you.

OK, enough of my soapbox preaching. Charlie was hitting my spots one after another, and he knew what I liked because he was getting used to this by now, getting used to licking me and making me quiver and moan and come. Dogs are incredibly sensitive creatures, and even if they aren't terribly bright (and they're not) they have excellent instincts. When they do something that feels good to you, they can sense it and they do it again. And that's how come Charlie knew to avoid my clit and to lick lower, seeking my openings, pushing his tongue into my body.

Now, I've never really been an anal girl, but I knew from the first time his tongue hit me today that it was going to be his licking my ass that made me cum. His tongue inside me, pushing open my lips, stretching my pussy, even flicking at my clit if he didn't hit it too directly, felt fantastic – but somehow, for some reason, it was the way he licked my ass that was sending shivers up my spine...and making those shivers get hot, and concentrate in the very depths of my pussy where my orgasms started. It wasn't that his tongue on, and in, my pussy didn't feel fantastic, because it did; it's just that today my ass was the thing that needed attention. At first I shifted down and rolled my hips to bring my ass up, and that succeeded in focusing a little more of his attention there. His tongue, big and flat as it is, has the miraculous ability to fit into remarkably small spaces, and so it wasn't long before he pressed against my asshole – and I mean really pressed, so I could feel his teeth on that exquisitely sensitive ring of flesh – and pushed the tip of it inside me.

I screamed. I screamed like a banshee, I howled like a woman possessed, and my hips lurched up off the couch and pushed my ass into Charlie's snout in an effort to get his tongue deeper. That, of course, was a mistake – dog's are sensitive, yes, but they don't always know the difference between a "HARDER!" thrust of the hips and a "KNOCK IT OFF" thrust of the hips (and to be fair, plenty of people don't always know the difference either – sex is an inexact science) and so he backed off three steps and looked at me quizzically. I couldn't help but laugh at the funny tilt of his head and the questioning in his huge brown eyes. "Good boy," I said encouragingly, "come on, come lick mommy..." And as I said it, I patted my pussy and he came right back, tail wagging, for more...but I had the very clever idea to leave my hand right there over my pussy and clit. He licked at it a bit when he came back, but then his tongue dropped down to just where I wanted it to be: my ass.

Oh my Lord. If there's anything more sensuous than getting your pussy licked by a dog, it's getting your ass reamed by one. He pushed his tongue right against my little pucker and began to lick, hard and fast, harder and faster, and as he did my hips slowly rose to meet him and my legs came back and further back until my knees were against my chest and I was offering him my ass like it was the greatest treat in the whole world. I was moaning, writhing, screaming,

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gasping, crying, going out of my mind with the pleasure he was giving me. And each movement of his tongue seemed to open my ass more, each application of pressure made it yield to pressure more easily, each thrust made my ass want his tongue inside it with greater passion.

I can't say for sure how deep his tongue got into my ass – not as deep as a cock would, of course, or even fingers, and not nearly as deep as it got when he licked my pussy. But it opened me in a way I was most emphatically not accustomed to being opened and it stimulated nerves that had never been stimulated, and it felt like his tongue was pushing my wide all the way up to my liver. I was open for my lover, giving myself to him, and he was taking me, devouring me, making me his like no one ever had before –

I was coming before I knew it. I was lifting myself to him, curled up so that only my shoulders were on the sofa and my toes were behind my head pressing against the wall. It wasn't the sort of shattering orgasm that he gave me with his cock, but it was lovely and deep and rolled in waves, carrying me with it like a toy bobbing on the ocean until, finally, I uncoiled and let my body take a more normal position, slumped on the sofa with a big, satisfied smile on my face.

Charlie wagged his tail at me, proud he had made me come. He was so adorable I could just have hugged him forever. Could have, that is, if I hadn't had my heart set on giving him as good as he was giving me.

It was a moment before I had gathered myself enough to slide off the sofa like a wet lasagna noodle, and by that time Charlie had curled up at my feet. He looked up expectantly when I got down on his level and leaped to his feet, sure we were either going to play or fuck and willing to accept either one. He crowded into me, his big, strong, furry body shouldering me in his exuberant manner. I had my arms around him and my face buried in his neck, laughing with sheer pleasure at his pure, simple, innocent joy.

But as I hugged him, my hand slipped beneath his body and found his sheath. It was warm and soft and furry, but as I squeezed it gently I felt, inside, the hardness of his penis bone (yes, dogs have them). His tip wasn't out anymore and he was still frisky, but as I began to stroke it slowly he quieted down as though I had ordered him to stillness, his tongue hanging out just a bit and his eyes just a little out of focus, as though he was looking at something far, far away. I smiled, knowing that I was giving him pleasure. He was my lover, and it made me feel good to make him feel good. I would make him feel wonderful.

I licked my lips, feeling a little knot of anxiety in my stomach. Would he like it? Some dogs didn't, I had read. Would I be any good at it? I wanted to be for him what he was for me, a lover who was present always, who would always be faithful, who would love with unquestioned passion – and who could make him feel wonderful with every part of my body. I didn't know the answers, but I needed to find out, for both our sakes.

Within a few strokes I could feel him hardening in his sheath, thickening, growing – and the red tip appeared. Since we began this I had seen it plenty, of course, but this was the closest I had ever really been to it and it mesmerized me. How different it was from a man's cock! It was barely thicker than a Bic pen and it was a pallid red, almost more a dark pink than actual red. It was pointed and slick-looking like it was wet. I licked my lips again and leaned in, extending my tongue...

It tasted like dog. I don't mean that in a bad way – quite the opposite, in fact – but there's no other word for it, really. It tasted like Charlie. Now, I can see people saying "It tastes like dog cock" as a way of saying they didn't like something, but those people don't have dogs as lovers. Charlie IS my lover, and I love him incredibly, and for something to taste like him – like *him* and nothing else in the world – was the greatest gift I could imagine being given at that

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moment. I touched my tongue to the very tip and felt it hard and stiff, and then I traced the inch and a half of pale red until my tongue hit the fur of his sheath, and then back.

Charlie liked it.

My heart caught in my chest when I realized that. I had been worried that he wouldn't like having his penis touched in this way – the internet said lots of dogs don't and if you can't trust the internet what can you trust? – but he was holding himself as still as a statue while I licked him. He liked it. He liked it and that meant I had another way I could give him pleasure, another way I could make my lover feel good and loved and special. I was so happy I could have cried.

But I didn't – instead I concentrated on giving my dog the best blowjob any dog ever got, and while I didn't even come close to that, it was definitely the best I could do at the time and that was what mattered. I stroked his sheath, feeling him getting hard inside it, pushing it back so more of his cock extended from it. It was getting redder and thicker and longer –

And something came out. It was a colorless spray of liquid barely thicker than water, and it sprayed across my cheek and onto the old bedsheet. *Precum*, I realized immediately, *it's his precum. It's what he shoots inside of me that feels so wonderful and makes me so wet and hot and fills me so completely.* I was struck by a pang that I had missed the squirt, but less than a second later there was another...I missed that too. But when the third one came an instant later I had his cock in my mouth, careful to keep my teeth well away from his sensitive flesh, and I felt his hot precum splash across my tongue for the very first time.

I won't say it tasted good. In fact, it barely tasted anything at all. There was a bit of a copper taste like licking a penny, but honestly it was almost flavorless. But that didn't matter to me, not one bit. It was his, Charlie's, my lover's juice, and he was giving it to me, and I adored it like the finest champagne. And there was a lot of it – a hell of a lot. Each little squirt didn't amount to much but when they come three every two seconds...well, it wasn't long before it was running down my chin and making a mess of the fugly dog-fucking shirt I was wearing. Within a couple of minutes I had no choice but to I stop worrying about it and just let it go where it would.

I was still stroking him through his sheath, and he was definitely getting big. He wasn't as big as he was going to get, of course, but he was getting bigger very quickly and I knew it wouldn't be long before he started thrusting – and when that happened, my friendly internet guides on fellating canines had informed me, I needed to be careful if I didn't want him to rip my throat out with his cock (which I didn't). So even though I was pushing my mouth down on him and taking every bit of him I could get past my lips, stroking him and caressing him with my tongue and doing everything I could think of to make him feel good, I was also watching carefully –

His first thrust caught me by surprise. It was an abortive thing, just a little hump of his hips and nothing like the fierce hammering he gives me when he screws me silly, but it scared the bejeezus out of me. It was just so *sudden!* I had visions of gagging as his knot got stuck behind my teeth and I pulled back like lightning. He gave a couple more halfhearted humps and then fell still in my hand...but I was starting to think I'd bitten off more than I could chew...um, metaphorically speaking, of course. I even thought of stopping and fucking him instead...but no, I wanted this to work. I wanted to do this for him, to give Charlie this gift of myself. I would make it work...

Then I remembered something, a video I saw where the dog was on his back and the woman was blowing him from above. He couldn't hump if he was lying down, could he? Well,

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to be honest I had no idea but I didn't think he could, so I patted the floor and said, "Lie down. Come on boy, lie down."

He looked at me quizzically – I had never asked him to lie down before when we played like this – but I repeated myself and eventually he complied, though I think he thought I was being silly. I rolled him over onto his back; he immediately tried to climb back to his feet. I think it was some sort of dominance thing, but maybe it was just a dog thing. I mean, dogs can be just as stubborn and headstrong as people. I had a bit of a struggle with him until I managed to put him firmly on his back and take his cock into my mouth again – that settled him down!

I worked him again, and this time I felt much more confident and in control. I don't know how he felt about it, but I knew I'd feel a lot more comfortable sucking his cock when he could hump if I had David here by my side to keep him from getting too excited. For now, this would just have to do...

I took his cock into my mouth as deep as I could get it while I stroked him through his sheath. He was getting bigger again, and fast – I guess I was doing something right! His precum was flooding my mouth and there was no way I could even start to swallow it all, so it was making a mess of his cock and sheath, my hand and his belly. I swallowed what I could but there was no end to the stuff – God, if a man came as much as a dog...

My tongue was dancing on his shaft, flicking up and down as fast as I could make it go. I loved the feel of his cock under my tongue – it was smooth and slick, but there were ripples too, ripples made by the veins that creased the surface. It had gotten darker as I sucked, going from pink to red to almost an angry purple, and I could feel his knot inside the sheath. It was small yet, but it was definitely a bulge in his cock...

Suddenly, it seemed to me that if I could get his knot out, then he might start to cum – actually cum, instead of just giving me all the precum I was getting. After all, I reasoned, it was when he got his knot out of his sheath and buried nice and deep inside me that he stopped thrusting and started coming, wasn't it? The knot seemed to be the key to the entire thing. He had way too much cock for me to take all of it into my mouth – and even if I could, I'd have to be Dizzy Gillespie to actually fit the knot past my lips – but maybe that didn't matter. Maybe all I had to do was get my fingers around it, stimulate it, hold it inside something warm, and that instinct that triggered his orgasm would kick in. Maybe I could give him a successful blowjob yet...

Charlie was breathing heavy, his ribs rising and falling rapidly as he panted, his breath coming in something like a whine. I knew what it was, of course – it was his sound of pleasure, his sound of joy, the sound he made when I made him feel good like only a lover could. He was hot, hot in my mouth, hot in my hand, hot beneath my body as I touched him – that's one of the many wonderful things about dogs, they're a few degrees warmer than people, so they feel wonderful to touch. When Charlie's cock is buried inside me, filling me so tight, it feels so wonderful to have that heat there, and his cum feels sooooo warm...and now, when his precum was flooding my mouth, it felt just as warm and just as good.

With every stroke of my hand on his sheath I could feel his knot getting a little more pronounced, and with every stroke I pushed his sheath a bit further back so more of his cock would show. Already it was getting to the point where I wasn't sure how much more I could take in my mouth without gagging, but I wasn't going to stop until my body made me. I wanted to stimulate all of him, every last bit...

When his knot came out of his sheath, I smiled around the dog cock filling my mouth. Now, at last, I could make him feel like I wanted him to feel! My fingers went around it,

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cradling it, stroking it lightly while I pushed my mouth down all the way. My gag reflex kicked in a couple of inches before my lips reached the knot but I kept going. It was hard to keep my teeth off of something so huge, but I somehow managed; and it just kept getting bigger, harder, longer, thicker. His precum was flowing like a river, flowing so fast I thought it might drown me but willing to take the chance to make him feel as special and loved as he made me feel...

I felt it and tasted it the instant he began to orgasm. The spray against my tongue the roof of my mouth, those endless little jets that had tasted of almost nothing and felt like warm water, suddenly got thicker. Not a lot thicker, not like a man's cum, but enough that I could immediately tell that my lovely lover was coming. And suddenly there was a taste! I honestly can't say it's a great taste, a dog's semen; it tasted like biting on a tinfoil, or like chewing a nail. It's not like the flavor would ever be a Ben & Jerry's ice cream. But still, it was Charlie, it was HIS taste, it was HIS cum, and I swallowed it as fast as I could, not wanting to miss a drop. I wanted his cum flooding my mouth. I wanted it flowing down my throat. I wanted it in my belly. I wanted it burbling past my lips and flowing down. I wanted its smell, its texture, its taste. I wanted every drop he could give me. I wanted to suck Charlie's big balls dry. I wanted him to love fucking my mouth as much as he loved fucking my cunt.

My head was a blur on his cock, sucking, licking, drinking him down. My hand caressed his knot gently, stimulating him, making him cum more and more and more, endlessly. It was then, as I wondered how long it would go on, that I really remembered how much he pumped into my pussy and how long he came. He could stay tied with me for 20 minutes! And while not all of that was taken up by orgasm, a pretty fair portion was. Well. I had a mouthful, didn't I?

The thought thrilled me as much as it daunted me. On the one hand my jaw was already getting tired, and he was in my throat so deep I gagged more than once; but on the other hand, how much pleasure was I giving him? How good was I making him feel?

I couldn't know the answers, of course, but I sucked like a maniac for as long as I could, and Charlie laid there with his tongue lolling out, his eyes half closed, panting and smiling and looking for all the world like he was as much in love with me as I was with him. I know I'm projecting, of course, but I do know he loves me, and I do know I love him, and I know I adored having that huge red cock between the lips of my mouth just as much as I adore having it between the lips of my cunt.

And Charlie? I don't think he was complaining.

I was a mess by the time Charlie's cock finally stopped spraying his seed into my throat. My jaw ached from being filled with dog, my body ached from being in a weird position, my stomach ached from swallowing roughly 5,000 gallons of dog spunk, and I smelled like Charlie had just sprayed his jizz all over me...which basically he had. And I felt absolutely, completely fantastic.

I got cleaned up, took Charlie out for his run, and got cleaned up again before the kids started coming home. David got back at his normal time, well before Laurel. My smile of greeting quickly turned to motherly concern, however, because his face was pinched and drawn and he looked a little gray. I pressed my hand to his forehead with a frown. He didn't have a fever, but he still looked sick. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm all right, I just have a bitch of a headache," he mumbled. I knew he was sick when he lost his enunciation and started mumbling. "I'm gonna go lie down, OK?"

"Do you want anything? Some tea? Or some soup? Aspirin?"

He shook his head, but managed a smile as he cradled my cheek lovingly. "No, I'll be OK. I just need some rest. I love you, mom."

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“Love you, baby.”

He went on up and I bustled around the house making sure everything was spic and span until Laurel came in. She bounced into the house with her typical smile, kissed me on the cheek and asked how my day was. I thought about the time spent with Charlie and smiled. “I had a wonderful day, kiddo. How was yours?”

“OK, I got an A on my history test. Oh, and Rachel Czapiewski wore a lime green pair of painter's pants with, like, a fuchsia short-sleeved jacket over a red, white and blue frilly blouse.”

I laughed. “So she's lost it?”

Laurel shrugged and laughed with me. “I think it's a cry for help.” She paused, then added, “You know, even when David isn't doing anything bad, he's still a pain in the neck.”

I quirked my eyebrow and asked, “What do you mean?”

“Well one of his loser friends came up to me today and asked him if I could fix him up with drugs.”

“What? Why? What happened?”

Laurel shook her head. “This total washout called Kevin or Kendall or something, one of the guys David sells to? Well he came up to me today and told me that David said he stopped selling – so this idiot was asking me.”

I was stopped in my tracks. “He said that? He said David stopped selling?”

She shrugged. “Yeah, that's what he said. He said he asked David for some weed and David said he wasn't selling anymore. So he came to me! Like I'd have any!”

I talked to Laurel for another twenty minutes, listening to the details of her day, but my mind was whirling. I almost felt giddy with joy. I felt – and this is the crazy thing – I felt like a new bride. Suddenly I was filled with so much hope that I was almost lighter than air, and the future – David's future, of course – was so much brighter than it had been just a few days ago! And so it was that, when Laurel was done explaining her day and had gone up to change, I followed her upstairs and, when she had gone into her room, knocked softly on David's door.

“Yeah?” came his voice, sounding a little strained.

I opened the door and slipped inside, closing it behind me. He was lying on the bed, still fully clothed, and he lifted his head up to look at me. He looked miserable, the poor dear. I crossed the room, put my hand on his chest and gave him a soft, sweet, gentle kiss on the lips. I held it for a long time, and even if there was nothing overtly sexual about it – no tongue, and I touched him nowhere but his chest – it was still an amazing kiss. I don't even know if he remembers it, to be honest, but I will never forget how profound the feeling was for me.

“Thank you,” I said when I lifted my lips.

“For what?” he asked, puzzled.

“For keeping your promise. You stopped selling.”

He blinked in surprise. “How did you know that?”

“I have my sources,” I replied with a wink. “Can I get you anything? Tylenol?”

“Nah, I'm OK. Feeling a little better.” His hand slipped up my inner thigh and squeezed my pussy through my shorts.

“Well you sure are feeling something,” I said dryly. “Go on and rest. I thought maybe we'd get some Italian takeout tonight from Genelli's.”

“Oh, cool, I like their stromboli. They have great garlic bread too.”

I smiled again and kissed him, this time on the forehead, and left the room. That night all four of us sat down for the last normal meal we were to share for some time.

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May 27

It began as a normal day. It was warm and muggy, with the threat of a storm that never materialized. I did my shopping in the morning and took Charlie out for his run at lunchtime, and I was thinking of going out and doing some gardening when my cell phone rang. The caller ID said it was David's cell.

"Mom," he said when I answered, "we need to talk."

"Um...OK, about what?"

"I can't tell you over the phone, but...well, can you call the school and tell them it's OK for me to leave now?"

"Why? You only have a couple of hours left anyway."

"I know, but..."

"But what?"

"This is about that thing I was telling you the other day. I mean, the thing I wasn't telling you. The thing I couldn't tell you."

"All...right. Can you give me some hints?"

"No, I can't. Not over the phone."

"Well what's wrong with telling me over the phone?"

"Because I have to prove it to you, and to prove it to you I have to show you, and to show you I have to do it before Laurel and dad get home."

"David..."

"Mom, please. Listen to me. I'm not just trying to get out of school early. I have something you tell you that's as important as anything I've ever told you. Please."

I bit my lip. Something in his voice told me that he was telling the truth. Yes he was a fantastic liar, but I was flattering myself that I knew enough about him now to know when he was pulling one on me. And so I said, "Fine, I'll call the office right now. This better be important, kiddo."

"It is."

I called the office and fifteen minutes later, David was walking in the door with his bookbag over his shoulder and a deeply grim look on his face. "Hi mom," he said with almost exactly the same tone of voice as I would expect if he were attending a funeral.

"You're welcome. Now what's all this about?"

"I have to show you something," he replied, heading for the stairs. "Meet me in the den, OK?"

I frowned, but I went to the den as requested. I wasn't nervous – he'd told me that this big secret, whatever, it was, wasn't that he was in trouble. I assumed one of his friends was in some sort of jam and he needed my advice; what else could it be? So I was in full-on mother mode when I sat down on the old, comfy sofa in the den and waited for my son to come downstairs. I was even rehearsing all the old, hoary good advice I could think of...

David came into the room with a DVD in his hand and a very worried look. He put it in the player, then came and sat next to me, remote control in hand. "Um, mom...first I want to say that I'm really sorry about this. I wish to God I didn't have to show you this, but I do."

I frowned. This sounded bad, but I still couldn't imagine it was anything really serious, at least not as far as David was concerned. Maybe one of his friends was really in deep trouble? "Well whatever it is, it can't be that bad. Just go ahead and show me."

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David took a deep breath and pressed the play button. What came on the screen was not what I expected: it was Laurel's room. In the moment of pure surprise that followed I realized that the picture I was seeing was from her trophy shelf above her desk, and pointed at her bed. It took me a moment to grapple with it, but when I finally understood, I was instantly angry. "David! You put a camera in your *sister's room*?"

"I had to, mom."

"Oh for God sake! You've been spying on your sister changing her clothes?"

"No! It's not like that!" he protested vehemently. "Just watch!"

I was about to say something else when, on the TV, Laurel and Tim entered. I knew immediately that this was from several months ago at least, since Laurel was wearing a bulky winter sweater and still had the old haircut that she got changed in March. They came in and sat on the bed, making small talk about dinner and Laurel's homework – nothing that I hadn't seen a hundred times when I passed by Laurel's room after dinner. As I've said, Tim going up to her bedroom to help her with her homework (and incidentally spend a lot of time chitchatting) is a tradition in our house. I watched for a couple of minutes, not even sure what I was supposed to be on the lookout for, and then turned to David. "OK, look, I don't see where this is going."

"There," he said, nodding at the television. His arms were crossed on his chest and he had a grim, deeply unhappy look on his face. "Just watch."

I turned back to the TV just in time to see Tim looking at Laurel's tits. She was still in her sweater so nothing was revealed, but there was no doubt whatsoever where he was looking. Laurel looked up and saw where he had his eyes...and she smiled.

I looked at David, but I didn't say a word. My eyes went back to the screen.

There was an edit and suddenly Laurel was near the camera, obviously bending over her desk to find something. And obviously bending over. I looked at Tim's face as he watched his daughter's ass, and I felt my heart lurch in my chest. On my husband's face was an expression I hadn't seen in a long, long time: lust. I remembered when he used to look at me that way, 18 years ago, when we were dating, and I remembered how it used to make me so hot for him. And now he was looking at our little girl's butt the same way...exactly the same way.

"I found it, Daddy," she said, standing up and heading back toward him with a piece of paper in her hand. "It says we're supposed to take one of the inventions discussed in chapter 11 and describe how it changed American society." She sat down next to him...right next to him, thigh to thigh, side to side; his arm went around her shoulder to pull her in close, and her arm went around his waist. It was a casual, innocent gesture I'd seen them make since she was a little girl...but somehow it didn't seem casual or innocent anymore.

"And what inventions does it list?" Tim asked. The open history book was in his lap.

Laurel looked down at the book. "Ummm...the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph."

"Want to do the telephone?"

"Sure."

"So, what effects did the invention of the telephone have on American society?"

Laurel leaned in a little closer to the book (and his lap) and said, "The telephone enabled ordinary Americans to –"

"Hey, no fair reading it!" Tim laughed, pulling the book away. Laurel followed playfully and sprawled across Tim's lap on her belly. She froze for a moment, a look of surprise on her face, and Tim instantly looked embarrassed. My eyes were huge. It didn't take a genius to figure out what she'd felt against her belly...but she didn't move. For a long moment they

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simply stayed there, Tim looking embarrassed and Laurel looking surprised, and then she slowly climbed off his lap and sat next to him again. There was a moment of awkward silence...and then her arm went around his waist again. A second later, his arm was around her shoulder. She looked down at his lap, at what she'd felt there, then looked up at him...

And smiled.

"I'm sorry, pumpkin," he muttered. "I didn't mean to..."

"Shhhh," she said softly, putting her finger across his lips and looking him square in the eye. "It doesn't matter. You're my Daddy and I love you."

They went back to talking about the telephone for a few seconds, but Tim's eyes kept moving back to her chest...

My stomach had a sore, sour spot in it.

Another edit to a different day, and this time Laurel had on a button-down shirt that I'd bought her for Christmas, though she still had her old haircut. She was sitting cross-legged at the head of the bed, her geometry textbook in front of her, along with a calculator and a pad of paper. Tim was sitting in the middle of the bed, saying, "—but supplementary angles always add up to what?"

"Ummmm...90 degrees. No, 180 degrees. Ninety is complimentary."

"Exactly! Good for you!" Tim said, and leaned over to put a kiss on her cheek.

She giggled and smiled. "I'm getting it, slowly. I know it's slowly, but I'm working it!"

"You're working that shirt, too," Tim said dryly, and Laurel giggled again and chucked her pencil at him. "Hey, I can't help it, you look fantastic!"

"Thanks Daddy," she beamed...and then thrust out her chest at him. "But I think it makes my boobs look too big."

"No, I think it looks great on you," Tim assured her, staring straight at the chest she was offering. "Really, it's very flattering."

"Thank you Daddy," she said, leaning over and putting a kiss of her own on his cheek.

"But you're biased. You always think I look great. It's a Daddy thing."

"I always think you look great because you *do* always look great," he insisted, reaching over and running his fingers through her long, light blonde hair. It was a gesture that I couldn't quite see as fatherly.

She tilted her head to his hand and closed her eyes. "I like that," she whispered, softly enough that even the good microphone on the spy camera could barely pick it up. "It feels good."

Tim smiled and cradled the back of her head in his hand (exactly the way he used to do with me when we were dating) and drew her forward as he leaned in. For a sick, horrifying instant I thought they were going to kiss on the mouth, a passionate lovers' kiss...but he put his lips on her forehead instead and left them there for several seconds. I could see the look of happiness on her face. She looked up at him and smiled, and put a quick peck directly on his lips. They whispered something back and forth that I couldn't hear, and then Tim laughed. "Oh, I wouldn't say that!"

"I'm serious," she said, her voice dripping with fake distress. "They're too big. Everyone says they are."

They locked eyes for a moment, and then Tim put a finger in the open collar of her shirt and tugged it out a couple of inches, making a great show of peering down her cleavage while she giggled. "Well I can't tell in that shirt," he said, "but they don't look too big to me."

"Really?"

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“Really really. I love your boobs.”

Another giggle. “Daddy, you’re just saying that.”

He put a playful look on his face and began to unbutton her shirt. I thought I was going to vomit. Laurel didn’t pull back; instead she puffed out her chest proudly and let him unbutton the shirt all the way and pull it open to show a lavender bra. The way she was sitting showed her breasts to incredible advantage; Tim drank them in with wide eyes of a dirty old man, and she watched him with a shy kind of delight on her face. “No, honey, they...they aren’t too big. Not at all. They’re perfect.”

“Do you really like them?” she asked, her voice almost that of a little girl...a teasing, wicked little girl.

“I love them. In fact, I want you to leave your shirt open like this so I can see them.”

“Do you like looking at them, Daddy?”

“Yes honey, I do. I think they’re gorgeous.”

She smiled at him and left her shirt open as they resumed work on the geometry.

I couldn’t even look at David. The blood had drained from my face and my fingers felt like they were carved from ice. I felt a churning in my stomach that was trying to become a dozen emotions at once, none of them good, but not quite making it. I don’t think I could have moved if I’d have tried.

Another edit. Laurel had her new haircut. She was walking casually across the room in her bra and a tight pair of jeans, her tits bouncing with every step while Tim sat on the bed. He was watching her like a hawk, and his erection was so obvious to me that I know Laurel had to have realized it was there.

“But then Mr. Bradtree gave Molly detention, which I totally didn’t think was fair at all,” Laurel said as she stepped up to her closet, her back to her father. “I mean, all she did was tell Eddy where it was, and Eddy did everything else.”

“Mr. Bradtree is a jerk,” he agreed. “It really seems to me like he just likes messing with kids.”

“He does,” Laurel agreed as she reached around behind her and began to unhook her bra. I felt my teeth grind together. She stopped and threw a coy, teasing look over her shoulder. “You aren’t supposed to watch me, silly!”

“Why not?” Tim asked innocently. “A gorgeous girl is taking off her bra in front of me. I’d be an idiot to look anywhere else.”

Laurel grinned hugely and unhooked her bra, letting it fall to the floor. Her back was to her father, but I know he saw plenty when she leaned over and grabbed a tee shirt out of a drawer. She pulled it on fairly quickly, but the look on Tim’s face said very plainly that he loved what he was seeing. When her tee shirt was in place she turned to face him and held out her arms. “Well, how do I look?”

“You look good enough to eat, baby,” he replied emphatically. “Turn around and let me see you from behind.”

She complied willingly, an enormous smile on her face. She hasn’t developed a very feminine butt yet, but Tim was practically drooling as he looked at it. I suddenly felt conscious of my own ass, widened from age and giving birth twice and made muscular by all the running I do. I was suddenly certain that Tim hated my ass with a passion...more passion than he had shown toward me in years, in fact.

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Slowly she turned back around to face him, her eyes locked on his face. Tim was a mask of lust, and Laurel obviously saw it. She looked at him like she wanted to push him right back on that bed and climb on top of him...

But she didn't. She sat down next to him, their arms went around each other in the usual way, and they started talking about her spring sports schedule.

I felt like I was being punched in the gut repeatedly and brutally. That sour spot was rising up my throat until I felt like I was choking on my own bile. I wanted to run, to get the hell away from there, to be anywhere but in front of the TV seeing what I was seeing – but I couldn't move. I could barely even blink. I had no choice but to watch as I got sicker and sicker, angrier and angrier.

Another edit. Laurel in a tanktop – it must have been during the warm snap we had in April – and a pair of shorts, looking cute and fresh as she lay on her bed listening to her iPod and reading a Twilight novel. She looked up at a rap on the door and smiled as her father came in. “Hi Daddy,” she said, setting the book aside and taking out her earpiece.

“Hi pumpkin,” he said, sitting on her bed and resting his hand on her knee. “Your mom's gone shopping with Aunt Sue and David's out with his friends.”

“Ohhh...” Laurel mused, sitting up and getting close to Tim. “So we're alone, huh?”

“Nobody here but us,” he said with a grin.

She smiled, the kind of smile she gets when she's about to ask for something she knows she shouldn't have. “Well...since we're alone...”

“Yes?”

“I was wondering if...we could practice kissing some more?” MORE? Practice kissing SOME MORE? I could taste my own stomach.

“Mmm, I don't see why not,” he replied playfully, and he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

“No! Not like that, silly!” she laughed, putting her arms around his neck. “The way you kissed me in the car the other day.”

He smiled and brushed her face with his fingertips. “I've been thinking about it a lot since then.”

“Me too, Daddy.”

“Are you sorry I did it?”

“Uh uh,” she shook her head. “If I were I wouldn't want it again. I like kissing you that way. It feels good...and it's good practice.”

“Well, I do want my little girl to be an expert...” Her replying giggle was cut off by Tim's mouth and they began to kiss. His hand was behind her head and hers around his neck, and they kissed like lovers. It was passionate, heated, the way Tim hadn't kissed me in so long I'd forgotten he could even do it. I could see their tongues moving together, hear their breath whistling on each other's cheeks. I saw Laurel's cheeks hollow as she sucked her father's tongue into her mouth...

Everything got blurry, and I realized there were tears in my eyes. I wiped them away angrily – I needed to see this. I needed to know what the little whore under my roof had done with my man. I needed to know what the perverted bastard I married had done with my innocent little girl. I needed to see and I needed to KNOW.

“There's...there's like an hour of this,” David said, sounding apologetic as he hit the button to skip the video along. “All they do is kiss though, they don't...well, they don't do anything else.”

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I may have nodded. Frankly I was having a hard time feeling anything from my body at the moment.

Tim was sitting on Laurel's bed, and Laurel was on his lap, both legs hanging down from Tim's left side. She was wearing a plaid schoolgirl skirt she'd gotten for her birthday and a white blouse. Tim's arm was around her waist, the other hand running up and down her thigh from her knee to just under her skirt; he was wearing a shirt that wasn't two weeks old. This had just happened. She had a book open in her lap and she was reading from it:

“Beloved,
In what other lives or lands
Have I known your lips
Your Hands
Your Laughter brave
Irreverent.
Those sweet excesses that
I do adore.
What surety is there
That we will meet again,
On other worlds some
Future time undated.
I defy my body's haste.
Without the promise
Of one more sweet encounter
I will not deign to die”

When she was finished, Tim exhaled softly. “That's beautiful, baby. It really is.” She smiled as she set the book aside. “I thought of you when we read it today in class.” “You did?”

“Mmmm-hmmm.” They kissed then, another long and deep kiss, and this time it was obvious by the way they held it that they were well used to it now. His hands began to move, one running up under her skirt and the other moving up, up, to squeeze her breast through her shirt. My daughter whimpered softly into her father's mouth and began to grind her flat little girl ass into his crotch. I knew she was grinding on his hard cock, on the hard cock the fucking pervert had denied me for years, and I knew that she was loving it, the little whore. She shifted on him then so she was straddling him, one leg on either side and her back to the camera, but she kept grinding against him, kept rubbing her filthy, horrible cunt all over my husband's crotch.

My sick, twisted son of a bitch of a husband was undoing my lovely little girl's blouse. One button, two, three, they came loose, and he pushed the shirt off her so that it fell to the floor. She had on a bra – she had on one of MY BRAS! It was black and frilly and lacy, and Tim wasted no time in undoing it. She helped him slip it off her arms, and I saw his hands play over her bare back. She pressed her breasts into his chest as they kissed; with her back to the camera I couldn't see them kissing but I could hear it, hear the wet smacking sounds of tongue on tongue and lips on lips.

Her head tilted back and her hair made a dark blonde waterfall as Tim began to kiss down her body. I could see just a bit of his head as he took our daughter's right nipple into his mouth.

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“Oohhhhh Dadddddyyyy,” Laurel moaned, still dry-humping him. “I love how that feels. You do it so good to me, Daddy. I love it, I really do...”

He shifted to her left nipple and I suddenly became aware that I was clenching my fists so tight I was gouging my fingernails into my palms. I didn't even feel the pain. Tim's hands moved down my sweet, innocent little girl's back and moved up under her skirt to clench her bony slut ass, one cheek in each disgusting hand. She had on a pair of white bikini panties and his hands moved underneath them to cup flesh as she drove herself onto his cock, separated only by a few layers of cloth.

I don't know how long it went on like that. Tim would suck her breasts for a while and then they would kiss hard and deep and lustfully. She ground herself on him remorselessly and I know she came at least once from the sounds of her moans; I wasn't sure if Tim came, but he probably did, the sick fucker. On and on it went. I stared at it like a zombie, like a dead cadaver propped onto the sofa, feeling horrified and enraged and terrified and disappointed and sick and completely numb and a thousand other emotions, all at the same time. It could have been a few minutes that it continued or it could have been an hour, you couldn't prove anything by me either way.

Suddenly, Tim stopped. His hands came out from under her skirt and his head came up from his daughter's tits. “We have to stop, honey,” I heard him say. “If we don't...”

“No,” she whimpered, putting her forehead on his shoulder; I could hear the bitter disappointment in her voice. “Please, can't we just stay here? Can't we keep doing this?”

“No, baby,” he insisted softly. “If we keep doing this when we'll do more, and we can't do more.”

“Why not?” she demanded petulantly. “I want to. I want you, Daddy. Please, just stay here and get into bed with me and –”

“No, honey, we can't. We really can't.”

“Why not? You get me so worked up when we do this! It's not fair that you stop!”

He sighed. “We just can't.”

“How come we can do this and not more?”

He didn't have an answer for that. He just held her in his arms, and then slowly guided her to her feet. Her face was flushed, her nipples were hard and fiercely erect; his pants were tented and his face looked strained. “I'm going to go and put in the movie,” he said, his voice shaky. “Come downstairs in a few minutes, OK?”

She nodded sulkily. “I'm not putting my shirt on, Daddy. I like you seeing me like this.”

He smiled and stroked her face gently. “All right, baby. What movie did you pick?”

“*Pirates of the Caribbean 2.*”

The blood curdled in my veins. This was last Friday. While I was out with David, Laurel was seducing my husband. While I was out with David, Tim was corrupting my daughter. I felt like I was shrinking into the sofa, like I was losing parts of me, like atoms were flaking off and spinning away, diminishing me...

David paused the playback.

There was a moment of silence that stretched long, then longer.

“Mom...”

“Don't. Don't...speak to me, David.” My voice sounded strange and pressured in my ears, like I was on the verge of completely losing control of myself. Which was odd, because I felt as numb as a quadriplegic, and which wasn't odd at all because I felt like there was a

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maelstrom inside me, a tornado of emotions I couldn't even begin to grapple with but that were going to tear me apart with the next heartbeat. Somehow, both opposites were true at once.

After another pause, David said, "There's more."

"I don't want to see it," I snapped, but of course that wasn't true. Well, it was true – I didn't *want* to see it, but I needed to see it. I needed to witness it, like I was identifying a body in the morgue. Maybe the body would be my own.

After a moment, David pressed play. I saw Laurel follow Tim out of the room...and then there was another cut, this one to something completely different. It was a parking lot, and beyond it a low building. It took me a moment to figure out the place was one of the generic, sleazy motels you see along highways. This wasn't taken from a hidden camera, it was from a camcorder – there was a time and date stamp in the lower corner: this last Saturday morning, 10:12 AM. In another corner there was a glimpse of a car door. I understood: someone, probably David, sitting in his car, watching the motel with a camera.

After a few seconds, a very familiar SUV pulled into the parking lot. It was Tim's; I saw him in clear profile as David (or whoever was operating the camera) zoomed in. Tim parked in an open spot next to a slightly battered Toyota compact; even before Tim switched off his engine, the door on the Toyota opened and a girl leaped out –

Laurel. It was Laurel.

No...no, it couldn't have been. Laurel was still here with me in the house at that time on Saturday! The camera zoomed in closer on the girl as she ran into Tim's arms and he scooped her up with a deep kiss. She was built almost exactly like Laurel, though her legs were a little shorter, her butt was a little bigger and she was a tad thicker through the midsection – same boobs though. Her hair looked exactly like my daughter's, longer than shoulder length, dirty blonde, a little wavy. She was dressed in black lycra running shorts and a tube top with tennis shoes, and the way she threw herself at my husband left no doubt that this was not their first time. Tim kissed her, holding her up off the ground, and then set her down, and when she turned a bit, I saw her face: she wasn't a dead ringer for our daughter, but she was close. She was very, very close.

Tim said something and they both laughed; she fondled his crotch right there in public. He turned and trotted off to the office while she stayed outside, leaning against his SUV. The camera stayed on her the whole time, capturing her eager expression and her obvious excitement. How old was she? She was a little older than Laurel, but not much. Under 18 for certain. And the resemblance was striking and sickening. It would take almost no imagination whatsoever for Tim to see Laurel in this girl.

A few moments later Tim came trotting back, waving a key; she met him halfway. They were both laughing, hands on each other's asses as they hurried for a motel door. She was pawing him with her grubby little hands as he opened the door, and they pushed each other inside. As he closed the door she was already eagerly sinking to her knees in front of him.

There was a cut – the time stamp said 12:36 – and the door opened again. The girl came out looking like she'd just had her brains fucked out; her hair was messed up, her face was flushed, and her tube top wasn't sitting quite right. Tim came out after, smiling, hand on her ass. They shared a throat-deep kiss by her Toyota, then she got in and drove away. He waved and watched her go, then turned to head back to the office.

Cut. The timestamp said it was the next day, Sunday, a little after 10. The Toyota was there in the same spot, and Tim drove in just like before. It was the same thing, except this time she was dressed like a masturbation fantasy schoolgirl, with a plaid skirt (like Laurel had worn

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while grinding on her father's cock on Friday night), a white top tied beneath her breasts, white knee-length stockings and black high-heeled Mary Janes. They kissed in the parking lot. I watched my husband feel up this tramp, this surrogate for our daughter; I watched him squeeze her breasts, squeeze her ass, reach under her skirt right in public and squeeze her pussy. I watched him run to the office and run back, and they went into a room together (a different room, my mind noted for some inexplicable reason). The timestamp said it was about 12:30 when they left the room, shared a kiss and a public fondle, and drove their separate ways.

David turned off the DVD player; the TV screen went blue.

I felt like a deer that had been hung up by its heels and gutted but was somehow still alive. I was dizzy. I was enraged. I didn't believe a thing I'd seen and I knew it all was true.

"That's it," David said.

That was it. Yes, that was it. That was it in so many more ways than I could comprehend at that moment. That was it. Tim and Laurel had done what they did. David did what he did. And now I did the only thing I could do.

I lost my mind.

To be continued.

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Chapter 8

I have to confess that what happened over the next few hours, and even the next few days, is kind of a blur. I'll do my best to give you an honest recollection of that occurred and how, but I can't promise that it's the God's honest truth. All I can tell you is that I'll tell it as I remember it, even when my memories don't make all that much sense.

One thing I do recall with perfect clarity is that when David turned off the DVD I sat next to him on the sofa for about thirty seconds. Neither one of us moved, and neither one of us spoke. My mind was such a whirl of thoughts and emotions that it would be completely pointless even to try to explain it. In fact, it took me half a minute even to summon the ability to move –

And then I spun in my seat and slapped David across the face as hard as I could. I hit him so hard I felt it in my shoulder, and my palm stung from the force of the blow. I left a bright, angry red mark on his cheek – I remember him looking at me with wide, astonished eyes, his left cheek as red as a cherry – and then I leaped up and began screaming at the top of my lungs. “YOU LITTLE SHIT! YOU GOD DAMNED LYING PIECE OF SHIT!”

He was looking at me like I'd lost my mind (which I had), but it's to his credit that he reacted with a simple, “Wh-huh?” rather than hitting back.

“You liar! God damn you David! Tears were flowing down my cheeks, but I didn't realize I was crying. I didn't even realize my vision was blurry. “How could you DO that?”

“How could I do what?” he asked, completely bewildered.

“You made it up!” I cried, stamping my foot in rage. “You made all of it up!”

“What are you talking about?”

“You! You made all of that up, that whole damned thing to try to get me into bed, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU?”

“Mom...you saw the films—”

“And you REALLY think I believe it? Do you REALLY think I don't know that you faked the whole thing?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You faked those movies!” Even as I said it, I knew I wasn't making sense – my son was a teenage delinquent, not George Lucas – and I didn't really believe that he'd fabricated what he'd shown me. But at the same instant I believed it absolutely and completely, without a doubt – because I had to believe it. The alternative was worse. And so I believed two mutually contradictory things at the same moment. Get used to it, you'll be hearing it a lot from me in the near future.

“Mom, that's...”

“ADMIT IT!”

He stood up, hands open and palms forward, trying to calm me down. “OK, listen I know this is hard for you...”

I shoved him with both hands on his chest and he went sprawling over backward onto the sofa again. Yes, I knew he was stronger than me and yes I knew he'd handled me easily before, but with the rage I was feeling now, I almost welcomed a rematch. I'd have clawed his eyes right out of their sockets with half an excuse. “Stop lying to me! Christ David, can't you be honest for one fucking second of your miserable life?”

I don't know what reaction he had expected from me when he showed me his DVD, but I seriously doubt he expected this. He looked positively helpless, like he was witness to a

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hurricane or a tornado and all he could do was hope to keep his head and survive it. "Mom, please, I didn't make any of that up. I wouldn't even know how!"

"So you just expect me to BELIEVE it? You expect me to believe that my HUSBAND is molesting my DAUGHTER and fucking some...some FLOOZY?"

"Well you saw it as well as I did."

"Your father hates sex, David! If you were going to make up a lie, at least you could have made up a believable one!"

He sighed heavily, looking miserably sad. "Mom...it's not that he doesn't want sex. He just doesn't want it with you. He's been cheating on you for years."

"Oh you are so full of shit, David! You are just –"

"Mom, will you listen to me?" he asked forcefully, rising from the sofa again. "Please!"

"How do you know, huh? How did you find this out? Did he come up to you and say, 'Oh by the way I'm cheating on your mom with a girl who looks like Laurel, so don't tell her.' Huh?"

"You want to know? Fine, I'll tell you exactly how I found out, if you'll listen! Will you listen to me?"

I glared at him for a hard moment, then spread my hands and made a disgusted, "get on with it" noise.

"OK, look, this last winter I was at a party," he began. "Over at Denny Trigg's house." Denny Trigg was a little vandal that David ran with who had gotten arrested a month or so back for dealing marijuana. "There was this girl there who I thought looked familiar but I couldn't place her. She came with this older guy, about 30 or something, and she was about eleven and a half sheets to the wind when she got to the party. Seriously, you could have sold her blood in a liquor store at that point. She could barely even stand and this asshole dumps her off on the couch where I was sitting while he went to get her some more wine coolers. So I'm looking at her wondering where I know her from, and she looks at me and starts laughing and asks me the same question."

"I don't see where this is going, David," I snapped impatiently.

"Just listen, please! She thought she knew me and I thought I knew her and so we got to talking, trying to figure out where we knew each other from. And then all at once it hit me: she looks like Laurel."

"Uh huh," I said dubiously.

"And it was right about then that she asked me what my name was. I told her, and she started laughing and asked me if I knew Tim Reeves. I was like, yeah, he's my dad. And then she just starts roaring with laughter and she says, 'Dude, I'm fucking your dad!'"

I could feel my anger at David evaporating like dew on a hot summer morning. He was a better liar than this. If he were going to make up a story, he'd have made up a more probable one. He was telling the truth.

"And I was like, what, you know?" he pressed on. "And she just lays out the whole thing, how she ran into him in a T.J. Maxx and he bought her a couple of blouses, took her out to his car and fucked her right there in the parking lot."

I felt my stomach begin to twist inside of me, as though it had come alive and wanted out. I so very desperately wanted to believe my son was lying, but I knew he wasn't. This whole thing just explained too much about Tim for it not to be true. "How...how old was she?"

"Fifteen then. This was last fall so she's probably 16 now. Since then they've been meeting at least once a weekend at that motel, usually twice. Sometimes during the week, too."

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I sat back down on the sofa. It was either that or fall on my butt because my legs decided not to support me anymore. "And she told you all this?" My voice sounded like a lost little girl's.

"Like I said, she was drunk as hell. She didn't know what she was saying. I doubt she remembered a word of it the next day."

"But you did."

He nodded. "I followed them once to see where they went. That motel in the video? He's been going there for years – all his little 'work lunches.' I slipped the desk guy a hundred and he told me all about it. Before this girl there was another, a brunette, around the same age. She lasted for a couple of years. Before that there was another, and another before that. I think he'd been doing it since I was little."

His words were hitting me like fists and all I could do was sit there and take them. There were tears rolling down my cheeks, but whether it was sorrow or betrayal or shame or rage that was making them, I couldn't say. I guess it was all of them and more. The weirdest thing about it is the physical sensations that went with it. Sometimes emotions cause physical feelings, sure, but this...look, you know the big mixing machines they have in paint stores? You put a whole can of paint in there and it shakes the hell out of it? That's what it felt like inside me at that moment. I felt like my arms and legs were going to fly off and go their separate ways, like I was just going to explode all over the place. I felt a million emotions, but they were vibrating so fast inside me, swirling and running into each other, disintegrating from the impact and making new emotions, and faster than I could put a name to them they would collide with others and disappear and turn into something else. And all of that was happening while I sat nailed to the sofa, motionless as a Buddha.

And then suddenly I wasn't motionless anymore. I was up off the sofa and charging for the phone, sprinting, grabbing it off the cradle. David was a step behind me, and he put his hand over it before I could punch more than one button. "Who are you calling?"

"The police!" I spat. For the moment, the emotion had crystallized into a deep, terrible betrayal. Tim hadn't fucked me during our whole marriage because he was screwing a procession of teenage girls. I wasn't good enough for him! Well I'd show him what fucking little girls got a man. "I'm going to have that son of a bitch arrested. Today! Now!"

David frowned and tried to take the phone away from me. I struggled a bit, but he was serious about it and had it out of my hand in a flash. "Mom, listen to me, you can't do that."

"The hell I can't! Just watch me! Give me that phone!"

"No, mom, listen! You can't do that because if you call the cops and tell them your husband is a pedophile, what's going to happen?"

"They'll arrest him and throw him in jail where he belongs!"

"And what are they going to use for evidence, mom?"

My mind wasn't at a point where I could follow this argument. "I don't care! I want that fucker put away! I want him in prison forever!"

"Mom! If you call the cops and tell them, they'll want to know how you found out."

"I'll tell them! I'll show them that goddamned DVD!"

"And then they'll search my computer for more evidence!" he said, his voice rising. "And what else is on there, mom? You and Charlie! You and ME!"

He couldn't have rocked me more if he'd have punched me in the chest. I took a step back, feeling like the world was dropping away beneath me and I was falling with it. If I put Tim in jail, I'd be right behind him. I was trapped, trapped by my own wickedness, my own weakness. I had put myself in a box and now I couldn't get out of it even to hurt the man who, at that

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moment, I hated more than I'd ever hated anyone. I tried to talk; I don't know what I tried to say, but all that came out was a formless scream of absolute rage and humiliation and helplessness. I clutched the side of my head like the Munch painting and just howled. David tried to put his arms around me but I shoved him back and took a few steps away before I collapsed against the wall, sobbing.

"Mom?" David asked, worry in his voice as he stepped closer. "Are you OK?" I couldn't answer; my whole body was wracked with sobs and my chest was heaving like I'd just run a marathon. My son put his arms around me, gently, firmly, lovingly, and pulled me to my feet. He took me to his chest, enfolding me in his strength and warmth and solidity, and for a moment I let him, let myself fall into that embrace –

And then I pushed him away with everything I had, sending him staggering back three feet and me thudding into the wall again. "Don't TOUCH me!" I howled. "Don't put your hands on me! I'm not some girl you can pick up and fuck, I'm your MOTHER! YOUR MOTHER!"

"Mom..."

He might have said something else too, but I didn't hear it because at that moment I spotted the vase I'd bought at the Mall of America on Sunday when I'd been shopping with Laurel, that pretty little green vase, all inoffensive and quiet on the nearby end table. And at that moment I hated that vase so badly I would rather have died than let it be. I bounded to it and snatched it up, thinking of how Laurel had displayed me like a whore, how she had watched me expose myself and all the while she knew what she had done with my husband, MY HUSBAND, and how utterly she must despise me, how she must laugh at me when my back is turned, how she must laugh at me to Tim. I hurled the vase, sending it smashing into the wall where it shattered into shards of porcelain, scattering across the floor.

Outside, Charlie began to back. No doubt he had heard the crash, just like he'd heard me shouting before, and he was worried.

David grabbed my arms before I could wreck anything else. "Mom! Mom, listen to me! You have to calm down!"

"I told you not to touch me!" I shoved him back. "Give me the phone! Give it to me! If I can't call the cops I am damned well calling your father! That disgusting bastard! Give me the phone!"

He put the phone behind his back. The expression on his face was one of intense worry; I don't think he had any idea what I was going to say or do next and it scared him. "You can't call him, mom," he said, his voice deliberately calm.

"The hell I can't! Don't you tell me what I can and can't do!"

"Mom!"

"DON'T! DON'T YOU TALK DOWN TO ME! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! I AM YOUR MOTHER!"

He bit back something harsh, then said, "Mom, I'm not talking down to you, I'm not. OK? I promise. But please listen to me when I say that if you call dad, it will only make things worse."

Once again, the anger was keeping me from following him. "How? What are you talking about?"

"He's going to ask how you know, and what are you going to say?"

"I'll tell him to fuck himself and get the hell out of my house!"

"And he'll ask why."

"And I'll TELL HIM! I'll tell him I saw videos of him and Laurel, videos of him and that little teenage tramp he's whoring around with –"

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“And he'll ask who showed you, and you'll say me. Mom, what's he going to do then? If you tell him you know he's having sex with a minor and that he's messing around with Laurel, you're going to put his back to the wall. Do you really think he won't start asking questions of his own? Do you really think he won't find out about you and me? Then you'll be in the same position he is and –”

I screamed. I grabbed my head and screamed like Fay Wray when she saw King Kong for the first time, I screamed like every bimbo who was about to get knifed in a slasher movie. I screamed a single long, keening wail that tore my throat like sandpaper and that only ended when I lacked enough breath to keep it going. I'm pretty sure I sounded like a damned soul on the floor of Hell. David stepped in again, trying to put his arms around me again –

And suddenly my stomach did a brutal flip-flop. I slapped my hand over my mouth as the vomit rose in my gorge, pushed past my son, and sprinted for the bathroom. I struggled hugely to hold it in until I reached the toilet because I had this inexplicable thought about how it wouldn't be ladylike to barf all over the floor – that's the kind of thing you think when you lose your mind. I slammed the door to the downstairs bathroom open with my shoulder, and there was so much puke coming up that I could feel it flowing out my nose. I know, too much information, but that just smells so *nasty*. I made it to the toilet and completely lost it, vomiting hard enough to make my stomach muscles ache and then staying there for minutes afterward, dry-heaving and retching and spitting and crying.

“Mom?” came David's voice, along with a soft rap at the door. I didn't remember closing it but I must have. “Are you OK?”

“Leave me alone!” I gasped, feeling utterly wrung out in the way you do after you vomit really brutally.

“I'm coming in,” he said, opening the door. I didn't look at him. I couldn't look at him. I couldn't do anything but think how Tim had thrown me over since right after our marriage for a procession of teenybopper sluts, and how our daughter was the latest in the line, and how his behavior had driven me into the arms of my own son and how that fact trapped me inside the situation. My mind was racing faster than it ever had and suddenly I felt like the walls were closing in, the ceiling was coming down, like my heart was going to explode out of my chest. I was sobbing and suddenly I couldn't catch my breath. I was gasping air, sucking for it, but the harder I breathed the more out of breath I felt. David tried to hold me once more – I know he was saying something about calming down but his words weren't making any sense at the time – but I squirmed away. I felt like I needed to run, I felt like I needed to curl up in a ball, I felt like I needed to get away from Tim and David and Laurel and I felt like I needed to fight for my family and I felt like I was going to detonate like an atomic bomb and take out half the city when I went. My skin felt like a stranger and my tongue was twisting in my mouth like a fish. In other words, I was having a massive panic attack. I wasn't even aware that I had thrust myself past David and run up the stairs until I slammed my bedroom door behind me and threw myself onto my bed, my eyes closed tightly.

I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think, I felt like I was having a heart attack. Honestly, at that moment I felt like I was going to die. The worst part of it is that it actually sounded like a pretty good idea at the time.

A few moments later David came into my bedroom. I tried to scream at him to get out but my mouth wouldn't work and instead I ended up curled in the fetal position, eyes closed, shaking like a leaf and sucking great, useless breaths that just made my lungs hurt more. A few moments

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later David sat down on my bed, tucked his hand under my head and lifted it gently. "Come on mom, open your eyes. You need to take this."

I tried to tell him I didn't want to take anything but I couldn't exactly talk. I did manage to open my eyes and saw that he had a glass of water and a little white pill – an Ativan that I had left over from a couple of years before when I got rear-ended on the highway (not nearly as sexy as it sounds, unfortunately) and had some anxiety in cars for a while. Usually I only took half a tablet, but David put the whole thing in my mouth and forced me to drink some water to wash it down. Then he left me alone to cry, which I did until I fell asleep. Ativan's a hell of a drug.

I didn't sleep for long, maybe 45 minutes, but when I woke up I wasn't panicking anymore. I felt like hell, but I wasn't panicking. In fact, I was focused on a single thought: how much I hated Tim.

I can't even tell you how I felt about my husband at that moment. Since we married, or shortly thereafter, I was with a man who was cheating on me, repeatedly, over and over and over again, with one underage girl after another. How many had it been? How many little girls had he seduced, corrupted, used? How many times had he watched over our friends' daughter when they were 5 or 7 or 9 years old and lusted after them? How young was the youngest girl he ruined? And now his sights were set on our daughter, our lovely, precious, innocent daughter. He was corrupting her, making her lust after him because she didn't know any better. And soon, if I didn't stop it, he would have his way with her, just like he'd done with the girl he was using as her surrogate.

And that wasn't all. Because he was a disgusting, perverted monster, he had ignored me. He had scorned my needs and my wants and my happiness and made me turn to others. It was his fault I had done what I did with Charlie. It was his fault that David now had the opening to work his designs upon me. It was his fault that I had been driven into the arms of women to find a little comfort and release. Him, it was all him. Tim was the author of my misery as surely as I breathed. His perversions had perverted me without my even knowing about them, and because they had perverted me I was powerless to do anything about it. I was trapped, and that animal, that less than human thing I had married, had trapped me.

I was no longer panicking, but my thoughts were black and I wanted to do something with myself, something physical that would burn away some of the energy I felt surging for release. It occurred to me that I had some flowers that needed to be put in; I've never been as much on gardening as Tim is, but right now the idea of wielding shovel and trowel and breaking earth seemed like about the most useful thing I could do to prevent another freakout, so I put on an old pair of jeans and a battered, shapeless tee shirt and headed outside.

Charlie was there to greet me with an enthusiastic tail wag and a snout thrust between my legs; he was surprised and confused when I put my both hands on his head and shoved him away roughly. I put his head low and his tail between his legs, immediately assuming he had done something wrong. That's the thing about dogs, of course, they just assume they deserve whatever treatment you give them. But of all of us, he was the only one who couldn't be blamed for a thing. He was the only innocent member of my family. All he had done was what instinct and my own desires pushed him to do...

And of course that made me realize that my own desires were no better than Tim's. Tim fucked little girls, I fucked dogs. What was the difference between us? How was I better than he was? What room did I have to claim moral high ground? No doubt he'd think I was as disgusting and sick as I thought him. No doubt he'd be right.

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I felt my rage bleeding out of me as I walked with stiff, numb legs to the garden shed. Tim and I were bad enough to deserve each other. More accurately, we were bad enough to deserve prison. Our children deserved someone else for parents, someone not wicked and diseased and twisted, someone who could teach them to be good and decent and honorable human beings. Neither Tim nor I had a chance at doing that; neither of us had any first hand experience. We were catastrophes.

I got the shovel and the trowel, the rake and the hose and the fertilizer. I was moving like a zombie, and, to be honest, I think I had all the higher brain function of one too. I retrieved the flowers from the workbench in the garage and set about putting them in, mechanically, row after row. My body and my hands moved but I don't know what I was thinking, except that I hated myself more and more with every passing minute. Poor David had been twisted by Tim and I into a criminal, and now poor Laurel was going to be ruined too. It wasn't bad enough that we had fucked up our own lives but we had to take two blameless children with us. We were the worst monsters in the history of the world.

I'd lost track of time there because I was surprised when I heard Laurel's chipper voice behind me saying, "Hey, there you are! Oooh, pretty flowers!"

And when she spoke, a flash of pure, undiluted hatred roared through me. I've heard the term "seeing red" when you want to kill someone, but it had never happened to me before this moment. I turned slowly to see Laurel coming through the back door into the yard, dressed in her school clothes, a big smile on her face, and my vision actually went the tint of blood – her blood. In that instant I loathed her. How could such a corrupt, husband-stealing abomination ever have crawled out of my womb? She had perverted my sweet, innocent husband, torn him from me for her own foul use. I felt my hand tighten around the handle of my trowel as she walked without a care across the lawn toward me and my garden.

She stood by my side, surveying my work, and asked, "What are the purple ones?"

I stood and, in a single smooth motion, drove the trowel blade up underneath her jaw, into the soft part that was unprotected by bone. I felt the tissue of skin and tongue yield before me as it swept up through her mouth, and felt the crunch of skull as the trowel blade penetrated her brain from below. I saw her eyes flare wide in surprise and, in her final moment of life, as blood bubbled on her lips, I saw guilt in her eyes as she realized why I had to kill her.

Except, of course, that only happened in my mind. I kept my eyes on the hole I was digging and said, "Those are African violets."

I was amazed at how normal my voice sounded. It wasn't harsh or angry. It wasn't tense. It wasn't even numb. It was just...me, normal, like nothing was wrong in the world and I didn't just find out that the fucking evil scum-whore daughter standing by my side was trying her best to take my husband from me. There wasn't a trace of the bitter, bone-deep hatred I felt toward her.

"They're really pretty, I like them," she chirped wickedly.

I forced a smile onto my face as I stood up, though it felt brittle and false and deceitful. I could feel the muscles in my arm contracting, itching, wanting to drive a balled up fist into my daughter's effortlessly flat stomach or slam an open palm across her little-girl face. To this day I have no idea how I kept from hitting her as she leaned in, unsuspecting, and kissed my cheek. I hated her so much, so vividly! I wanted to bring her the pain she had brought me, the agony, the feeling of being suspended between earth and sky with nothing solid to rest her feet on. It would have felt so marvelously perfect to strike her, drive her to her knees, kick her when she fell, feel hand and foot, elbow and knee, colliding with the treacherous flesh of my flesh and seeing the

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perverted blood of my blood flow. I wanted it so badly...but I didn't do it. Somehow, I didn't do it. Instead I hugged her just a bit, feeling my flesh crawl where she touched me, and then pretended I could hear her voice instead of the blood hammering in my ears when she told me about her day, about the minutia of her worthless teenage temptress life. I even managed to make some appropriate sounds at the right times, though I have no idea how I managed that.

When she asked what was for dinner, it suddenly hit me that I had to cook for three other people, two of whom has stabbed me in the back and the other one of whom who knew it, and the very thought made me ill. I couldn't prepare food for them – I'd spike it with something that made them all sick as hell, as sick as they made me. And so I said, "We're ordering pizza."

Laurel arched an eyebrow. "Takeout two nights in a row? You feeling OK?"

Laurel knew my rule about healthy eating – take out once in a while was all right for a treat, but you never, ever had it on back to back nights. I knew she'd volunteer to cook if I said I didn't want to – she loved preparing meals for the family – but I knew that anything she made would feel like ashes in my mouth and make me vomit. So I forced that fake smile again and said, "I sure am. I just want pizza tonight. I hope you don't mind?"

"Heck no, I love pizza!" We passed a few more moments in conversation and then she left me alone. I didn't watch as she walked back into the house for fear I'd snatch up my shovel and brain her with it. I just went back to my flowers and thought about how much I hated her.

I was still stewing in those juices an hour later when Tim drove up. I felt all the anger at my daughter suddenly shift and fall away, replaced instantly by rage directed at my husband. He would could out and find me, I knew, and he would put his lips on my cheek the way he always did, those lips that had been around our daughter's nipples, and he would touch me with the hands that had caressed our daughter's skin, and how I would keep from flying into a rage and attacking him I didn't know –

"Oh, there you are!" came his voice as he stepped into the back yard and came toward me, a smile on his face.

And suddenly all the anger toward him simply melted and was replaced by an ache, a deep-down pain of regret and loss. Because he wasn't mine anymore, even if he never touched Laurel again. It was one thing to think he had simply lost interest in sex altogether; that was galling and hurtful, but it wasn't a betrayal. But this – him catting around with teenaged girls, lusting after our own daughter, probably bedding her soon enough – was a knife right into my heart. I was already tearing up when he reached me.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, genuine concern in his voice as he put his hands on my shoulder and looked into my eyes.

"Oh, nothing," I said, fighting to keep my voice from cracking. "It's pollen or something, I've been doing it all afternoon."

His frown deepened, and I knew instantly he didn't believe me for a second. "Really?"

"Yeah, just something in the wind. How was your day?"

"Fine" he answered, still looking at me searchingly. "Just another day. I think we may be getting a new contract though, which is good. In this economy, every little bit helps, right?"

I nodded, and as I did I knew I shouldn't ask the question that was forcing its way to my lips, but I heard myself speaking before I could stop myself. "That'll probably mean more weekend lunch meetings, I guess? And evenings?"

"Probably," he replied. There was a tone of regret in his voice, but I couldn't tell if it was a fraud put there to placate me or a real sense of loss as not being able to fuck his substitute daughter in a sleazy motel as often. "But at least I have a job."

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“At least you do.”

He looked at me strangely again, then changed tack. “What did you have planned for dinner tonight?”

“I thought we’d get pizza.”

He looked surprised. “Take out two nights in – ”

“Takeout two nights in a row, yes,” I cut in, a tiny but genuine smile forcing itself to my lips. I had trained my family well. “I just want pizza.”

“Oh...well, OK. Um...is everything all right?”

Nothing was all right. I didn’t know if anything would ever be all right again. But I didn’t tell Tim that. I simply nodded and told him that it was, and he turned and went inside the house again. As I watched him walk away, it felt like he was walking away from my grave and I was watching him from below six feet of soil. Tim...oh God, Tim, why couldn’t you just have loved me? Why couldn’t I have been what you wanted and needed? None of this would ever have happened if you had just been able to want me.

I was so miserable by the time Tim came back with the pizzas an hour later that the thought of eating turned my stomach, but I couldn’t avoid the family. I would have to face them, with my husband and daughter exchanging secret glances and my son knowing that I knew and was miserable. I had to swallow my bile, put a smile on my face and act normal. I had to because David was right: I had to hold myself together until I figured some way out of this, some way to rescue myself, or punish myself, rescue Tim or punish him, punish Laurel or rescue her. I had to make sense of the nonsense I was feeling. I had to control myself.

Somehow.

To say that dinner was a profoundly uncomfortable experience would be to dramatically understate how uncomfortable it was. Tim and Laurel both came to the table bright and bubbly, but my black, conflicted, turbulent mood drained them of joy pretty quickly. David just kept his eyes on his plate and his mouth shut. Charlie caught the mood, of course, but the scent of pizza overrode his caution so he was the only truly relaxed and eager member of the family in the room. There were a few attempts at small talk that died like kittens under a steamroller and after a few minutes we all just ate in silence, staring at our plates.

Five minutes after dinner was done, I threw it all up again.

An hour later I was sitting in the living room staring at the television (not watching it, because I couldn’t have told you one thing I saw) and thinking about what my daughter and her father were doing up in her bedroom. There was a knot of tension in my gut, like a fist twisting my intestines. I thought I might vomit again. Every couple of minutes I felt tears flowing down my cheeks, though I was never really conscious of crying – I felt too desolate for that. Somewhere in the back of my head I knew I needed to focus, to figure out what the hell I was going to *do* – but I couldn’t. I couldn’t hold a thought in my brain for more than a few seconds before something even worse came along and knocked it out again.

It was around then that David came and sat down in the easy chair across from mine, leaning forward, hands clasped in front of him. He looked at me; I didn’t look back. He waited for me to speak until the waiting became uncomfortable and then he asked, quietly, “Mom? You want to talk?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“What are you thinking?”

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"Nothing. Everything. What difference does it make?"

"I'm sorry, mom. For what it's worth, I really am."

"Oh, David...I don't believe you for a second."

He paused at that, then continued. "Well, it's true anyway. I wish it wasn't."

"Why did you show it to me?"

I guess the question caught him by surprise, or else he wanted me to think it did, because he took his time answering. "I thought you needed to know."

"Why?"

"Because your husband and your daughter are fooling around with each other, and your husband is fooling around with one teenage girl after another. I figured you ought to know about that."

"Oh."

Another pause, then, "And I couldn't just go on knowing and not telling you. That would have been messed up. I mean, I know this is hard on you, but not knowing would have been worse."

"How?"

"Well...isn't it always better to know the truth?"

I chuckled humorlessly. "No. No, it is not."

"So you'd rather not know about dad and those girls? About dad and Laurel? Really?"

"I don't know, David. I don't know anything right now except that I want to crawl under a rock and die."

He stood up and crossed to me, kneeling down beside me and taking my hands in his.

"Mom, do you know I love you?"

I looked at him for a long moment. I don't have any idea what showed on my face because inside I was feeling so many different things at the same time that I was basically feeling nothing at all. I don't know if that makes any sense, but there it is. Finally, I said, "No, I don't. I don't know anything."

A look of hurt flickered through his lovely eyes and he leaned in. His lips found mine and were warm and soft, gentle, coaxing, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world to let myself fall into them, to fall into him, my son, to give myself to him wholly and completely and never look back. I would have everything I needed in his arms...

And then once more my emotions narrowed to a single steel-hard point. I put both hands on his chest and shoved as hard as I could while I leaped up, and I sent him sprawling back onto his ass with a stunned expression on his face. "God DAMN you, David!" I told him, fighting to keep my voice low enough that Tim and Laurel wouldn't hear it over their makeout session above. "Don't! Don't you DO this to me!"

"Mom, I just –"

"No!" I cut him off sharply, wagging my finger at him as he sprawled on the floor. "Don't you say a word! I can't trust you! I can't trust a word you say or a thing you do! We are finished, David!"

He looked very surprised at that, and I don't think even he's a good enough liar to fake how stunned he looked. He rose to his knees and slowly got to his feet, and I could see him fighting to keep irritation off his face. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you keep your god damned hands to yourself from now on!" I hissed, real venom behind my words. I was just as angry at him as I had been at Laurel, and at Tim before that.

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“You don't touch me, you don't kiss me, you don't even fucking *look at me*. We're finished. You're not my lover and you never will be. Understand? You're barely even my son anymore!”

He tried to protest but I spun on my heel, stomped out of the room, and went off for a drive in the May twilight. I wasn't even really aware of where I was going, I was just driving. All I really remember about it is that, when I was on Highway 7, I realized I was going too fast and crossing the center line, aimed straight at an oncoming semi. I wasn't even aware of a conscious decision to do it, I was only aware that I was doing it, and for an instant – less than a second, I suppose, though it was timeless when it was happening – I was pretty sure I would just keep going and drive smack into the truck, just end it all. It seemed like such a seductive idea! There would be no problems and nothing would matter, not Tim or Laurel, not David, not the home that had suddenly become a nest of perversion, not threats or intimidation. There would be a brief instant of pain, perhaps a bright flash of light, a sound of tearing metal and shattering plastic, and then it would all be done with. It sounded so attractive...

But the truck's horn blew and I veered off, back into my lane; the driver flipped me the bird and shouted something I couldn't hear as we passed. As quickly as it had come, that urge for death passed me by and left me numb again...

I got home well after dark. Laurel's light was on in her bedroom, and I wondered again what she had done with Tim that night, how far they had gone. This time when the hatred and anger flared up it wasn't focused on one more than the other; they shared it equally between them, a pair of monsters who were conspiring against me, against the home I had struggled to make for them. They had both betrayed me, driven me to something I never wanted before they did what they did. I was blameless and they were evil, both of them, souls as black as night.

And yes, I know how untrue that is – the last part especially – but that was how I felt then. Like I said, I want to be as honest and as open here as I can be. I don't want to hide anything. I'll just throw it all out there and you can be the judge, if it's judging you want.

Tim was already – or still – upstairs when I got inside, but Charlie was there with his whumping, thumping tail and his love, and his desire to be petted. He sniffed my pussy and once more I pushed him away; I just stayed in the kitchen petting him and trying to steel myself to go and lie down next to my philandering pedophile husband. How the hell was I going to do that, knowing what I knew now? How could I sleep next to him, knowing that he had certainly discussed my failings as a lover, a mother, and a woman with my own daughter? How could I not strangle him in his sleep? Would I have the courage to do that, any of it?

God I wanted to leave. I wanted to run away from this place and never look back. This house, this place that was my soul and my refuge and the center of my world, suddenly felt like a slaughterhouse. I was the dumb cow who was going to march up the stairs and pretend I didn't know what was going on, pretend that my daughter and my husband weren't the gun at the back of my head. I had to smile at the man who destroyed my life and somehow keep from showing him the pain and the rage and the betrayal. I had to act like I didn't know any of the things I knew.

I honestly didn't believe I could do it.

After 20 or so minutes in the living room I forced myself to get up and move to the living room, but it took a physical effort to make myself get out of the chair. I felt like I weighed a thousand pounds. I laid down on the sofa, Charlie on the floor beside me, turned on the TV, and just stared.

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A few minutes later I heard feet coming down the stairs. My mind ran through the possibilities of who it could be, and somehow each member of my family seemed worse than the other two, until I thought of another one, who then seemed worse. I hated them all.

It was David. He stood by the sofa looking at me spread out. I ignored him. Finally he said, "Mind if I sit down?"

"Yes."

His voice was peevish when he said, "Mom, we need to talk."

"No we don't. What do we have to talk about?"

"This. This whole situation. You're holding everything inside and you need to have someone to talk about it with."

"And that someone should be you, huh? An impartial observer? Just a friendly ear?"

"Look," he said, placing his body between my eyes and the television and crouching. "I know what's going on here. In the house, I mean. Nobody else does. You need to talk and I'm the only one you can talk to, so yes, you ought to talk to me."

My eyes narrowed. "I don't want to talk to you, David. In fact, I'm not planning to talk to you at all, at least not any more than is absolutely unavoidable. Now leave me the fuck alone."

I wasn't looking at his face to see his reaction, but his voice definitely held an edge of being peeved. "Mom...I don't think you're being reasonable about this."

I snorted a laugh. "Oh, I'm not being reasonable? My husband has carried on a series of affairs with underage girls, my daughter is the next willing victim on his hit list, and the only person I can talk to is my son, who incidentally has blackmailed me and pledged to fuck me. Gee, I can't imagine why I'm not being reasonable!"

"Mom..."

Leave me alone, David. Leave me alone. Leave me alone."

He paused there for a moment, then grunted and muttered, "Shit."

"Watch your language."

Another pause, then a disbelieving, "Wow."

I said nothing, and he said nothing, and finally he emitted a disgusted sound and walked back upstairs. I stayed where I was, looking at nothing and feeling like I wanted to puke, for another hour. I couldn't bring myself to go upstairs, and I guess I thought if I waited long enough Tim would be asleep. Finally the ten o'clock news wrapped up and I made myself rise off the couch. I let Charlie out, turned off the lights, and trudged up the stairs like a condemned criminal walking to the guillotine.

Laurel's light was out, thank God, but my heart dropped when I saw that the light in my bedroom was still on. My feet kept moving though, and I opened the door and stepped inside. Tim was sitting up in bed, reading a novel, and he smiled at me a little worriedly. "Hi."

"Hi." I hoped I just sounded tired and not shattered.

He pulled down the covers on my side of the bed, watching me as I undressed. "Where'd you get off to tonight?"

My back was to him as I put my clothes in my hamper and found my nightgown, which made it a little easier to lie. "Oh, I got a bug to do a little shopping and I lost track of time."

"Oh," he said, and I could hear the relief in his voice. "I was wondering if maybe something was on your mind?"

I let the cotton nightgown fall over my head and turned to face him with a smile I couldn't feel. "No, nothing much. Why?"

"Well, this afternoon you seemed a little preoccupied."

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I sat down on the edge of the bed. "Honestly, fast food two nights in a row and you guys think the world is ending."

He chuckled. "Well, that was part of it. But it really seems like there's something bothering you. Do you want to talk about anything?"

Yes Tim I want to talk about how you've been banging high school girls since were married. I want to talk about how you've neglected and scorned me and nearly driven me into the arms of my own son. I want to talk about how you're corrupting our daughter and about how she's seducing you. I want to talk about how much I hate you. I want to talk about wanting to see you choking on your own blood. I want to talk about a divorce. I want to talk to you through the bullet-proof glass of a prison visiting area. "Ummm...no, not really. Are you mad I went shopping tonight?"

"No, of course not," he said as I made myself lift my legs and swing into bed next to a monster. "You can go shopping whenever you want, you know that. But I think there's something bugging you. You know you can talk to me about anything."

I know I can talk to you about nothing. "I know," is what I said as I leaned across and put a kiss on his cheek. "Was there something you wanted to talk about?"

He looked me in the eyes and shook his head, and I suddenly knew what he thought, just as surely as if I had telepathy: he thought I was having an affair. He *hoped* I was having an affair. He wanted me to be getting it on the side good and hard from some young stallion, not because he wanted us to be over and divorced, but because he loved me and he wanted me to be happy and he thought a fling would satisfy me. He knew he couldn't give me what I needed and so he was hoping that what was bothering me was the same guilt that he must occasionally have felt when he was with one of his young lovers so that he could hold me and tell me that it was all right, he accepted it, it wouldn't come between us if I was just discrete...

I almost laughed, but if I did there would have been no humor in it. God, I knew him so well. *Fuck you, asshole. You aren't getting off that easy.*

"Nope. I'm just worried about you, that's all."

"Don't be worried, silly," I replied, pulling the sheet over me and nestling in. "I'm all right. If it's anything I'm just worried about getting old and saggy."

He chuckled. "Well, you've got a long time before you have to worry about getting saggy."

"Oh, you're a liar." Somehow my voice was teasing, but I tasted vomit. "I'm gonna go to sleep, I'm beat."

"Ok. Want me to turn off the light?"

"Oh no, I'm fine. Good night, Tim."

"Good night, babe. You know I love you?"

"I know, babe. I love you too. Good night."

I closed my eyes and in a few minutes I pretended to be asleep. I know Tim was watching me, and I know I didn't convince him. He still knew something was up. But dammit, it's hard to lie to someone who knows you so well; especially when you've just found out some horrible secret they keep. So I lay there for another fifteen minutes, feeling my skin crawl at being so close to him, until he turned off the light. A few minutes later he began to snore in the faint, familiar way he has that I had always found so comforting but now thought was repellent and sickening.

From the first I knew sleep was impossible. I laid there in the darkness with my eyes wide open, facing away from Tim and staring at the wall, my foot idly rubbing Charlie as he slept on the bed. It was as bad as I thought it would be, lying in this bed with Tim. I could feel his

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warmth and the way his body depressed the mattress and I hated it. For the first time ever, I hated being in bed with my husband.

I won't bore you with the details of every little thing that ran through my mind that night. Most of it wasn't very coherent anyway, and just me rehashing all the other incoherent thoughts I'd already told you about. Tim and Laurel, Laurel and Tim, whose fault it was and what was I going to do...

The clock said it was 3:26 AM when the thought occurred to me. I didn't seek it out. I didn't "think my way to it." It just popped into my head, fully formed, and when it did I nearly sat bolt-upright like someone who awakens from a nightmare in a TV show. The thought, simply, was this: this cleared the way for me and David to be together. I know, I know, most people reading this probably thought that right away, but the shock and the hurt kept my mind away from it until now. Now, though...now I knew that Tim couldn't possibly object, even if he found out. I could go to David's bed and he could take me, touch me, love me, fuck me. And he could make me happy – I knew that he could, I knew it in my bones, completely and without question. He would be everything I have ever, ever wanted in a lover, willingly and eagerly. I would never need to beg him for sex, no matter what time day or night I wanted it. There would be nothing I wanted to try that he wouldn't be willing to try with me, no fantasy or desire too corrupt or outré for him to satisfy. He would accept me for who I was, love me, cherish me, and never even think of condemning me. Let my husband and my daughter do what they wanted to – I would have my beautiful son's beautiful cock, and his mouth and his fingers and his hard body and deliciously wicked mind to keep my body thrumming with joy. There wouldn't even be a need to hide it, or to feel ashamed. I could simply be me with the mate I had always needed...

And no sooner had that thought occurred to me than another followed, one less pleasant by far: I had been set up. David wanted me and Laurel wanted Tim and they worked together to lay a trap for us both. That was how David knew to put a camera in Laurel's room that night. That was how Laurel knew to look in my lingerie drawer right after I bought some naughty things. My children, my wicked children, had hatched a scheme together and my husband and I had fallen right into it!

All right, with the perspective of time, I know how ridiculous that is. Laurel and David couldn't spend two minutes together without fighting, much less cook up a cockamamie plan like that and make it work. But in the state of mind I was in, at 3:30 in the morning on a sleepless and miserable night of almost unbearable stress, I believed it completely and without question. A sick feeling settled in my gut at the implications of so unnatural and monstrous a plot, and I very nearly woke up Tim and told him of my "realization." Lord, I'm glad I didn't. Instead I stayed where I was, more awake than ever, getting angrier and angrier at my children until, had I seen either of them, I'm sure I would have attacked them physically. It seems so silly now, but there it is. All I can say is that at the time, it didn't just seem reasonable, it seemed inescapable.

And it led, with as much logic as my brain was capable of at that moment, to my next conclusion: I needed to stop everything I was doing. I needed to get off the crazy train I had been on since David found me getting licked by Charlie. No more fooling around with my dog. No more fooling around with my son. No more sneaking off to have sex with women or flash my body in public. No more wearing slutty clothes, even underwear. Hell, no more shaving my pussy. I had to stop the march to madness before I took it one more step. If I could stop it for myself, then I could figure out a way to stop it for Tim, and for my children. Poor Charlie wouldn't understand, but that was a price that needed to be paid. I had to put things back the

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way they were. I had to do it or we'd all go to a hell of our own devising, and I couldn't let that happen to my family.

Yes, I know, all the king's horses and all the king's men. But the certainty of my ludicrous conviction brought me a kind of peace, and it wasn't all that long before I actually went to sleep.

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I was strong in the morning. I really was. I put my new clothes and new lingerie in a bag and stuffed it into the back of the closet, and dug out the sensible underwear from where I had it stored. When Charlie sat down and whined for me to dig out my dog-fucking clothes, I gave him a very firm no and sent him outside (it was raining, so he didn't like that much!). When I took my morning shower I ran my hand over the faint stubble on my crotch and smiled, sure that I had shaved it for the last time. As I ate lunch I had a few dark thoughts but I pushed them aside. This was, I thought, a problem I could handle. I could figure out a way. I was smart, I was determined, and I would make an out. That was all there was to it.

It was on my run with Charlie that I broke down. I was moving along, feeling my legs pumping and my heart beating and honestly not thinking about anything in particular when suddenly the image of Tim and Laurel together exploded into my mind. And not the way you'd think, either – the image was them post-coital, sweaty and naked, a pile of bare flesh and tangled limbs, his arm around her as he whispered into her ear what a failure I was as a mother, as a human being, how I had never pleased him in bed or out, how he had only gone out with me out of pity, how he pitied me now, and she would say she pitied me too and they would pity me together because I was pitiful and beneath contempt, I was nothing more than a minor obstacle to keep them from finding happiness together but not to worry she'll be out of way soon and you and I can be together and we'll never have to think of her again –

I stumbled on the rain-slick running path, floundered into a telephone pole and leaned against it with all my weight, both hands on it. The rain was hammering at my bent back in cold sheets but I barely even noticed it – I was lost in another attack of sheer, unadulterated panic. Charlie snuffled and me and chuffed in concern, but I didn't even have the strength to try to comfort him. I knew I needed to make it home, swallow another Ativan and let myself freak out in the privacy of my own bedroom, but the idea of going back there was terrifying to me. Laurel would come home and find me there and I was so utterly terrified of her!

Yes, terrified. Not angry or resentful, just scared, plain and simple. I know it's a baffling reaction to have – she being the kid and me being the adult – but I didn't know what Tim had told her about me, or what she had told him. I didn't know what promises he had made to her. I didn't even know how far they'd gone together. And most of all I didn't know what it was about her that let her steal Tim from me. She had something I didn't some power, some ability, some quality that made Tim want her when he didn't want me, and whatever it was terrified me.

I don't mean to suggest that my fear was rational, because it wasn't, but that doesn't make it any less real. It took me fifteen minutes before I could force myself up and get myself moving again, and every step required force of will. On the way home I stopped twice more, overcome with panic and unable to take a step. Poor Charlie and I were both freezing by the time we got home – the rain was cold and we weren't moving anything like fast enough to keep warm. I dried him off, trying not to think about Laurel or Tim or anything at all, but my mind kept coming back to the same things over and over again like steel to a magnet.

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I took an Ativan and a hot shower and laid on my bed feeling like the walls were closing in on me. I couldn't get past the image of Laurel coming home and looking at me with those eyes, eyes that pretended at innocence but had secrets and knowledge and power I couldn't understand or match. She had my husband – the man who couldn't bear to touch me was wrapped around her finger and had fucked a series of substitutes for her, only now she was old enough he didn't need those substitutes anymore and he would take her and they would do things and say things and I was helpless and hopeless...

And I had to make dinner. I could just barely get away with having takeout twice in a row, but three times and my family would call the police. If I was going to avoid suspicion, I needed to get up, get out of bed, and prepare a meal. It would have to be something simple, like baked chicken, but it would have to be SOMETHING. And so it was that I wound up in the kitchen when Laurel came home and I nearly sliced my finger off.

Maybe I ought to explain. I cut up a chicken for baking, scrubbed some potatoes and washed a head of lettuce for a salad, and all the time I was dreading Laurel getting home because I knew that when she did I'd have to look at her and honestly I didn't know if I could do that. It was bad enough that I was even hoping David would get home before her, not because I wanted to see him (I didn't) but because I knew he would talk me down off my cliff if I let him; unfortunately, he picked that day to go out with friends after school, which meant that the time before Laurel walked in the door was an absolutely miserable two hours that took about 47 years. I had just decided to add some fresh asparagus to the meal and was cutting it up when Laurel strolled in with a cheery, "Hi mom!" I jumped about a foot and the (very sharp) knife I was using slid right into my left index finger. And I mean slid *into* my finger, as in I felt the blade scrape into the bone and I instantly started bleeding like a pig.

"MOM!" Laurel cried, leaping to my side and turning on the cold water in the sink. I held my hand underneath the spray, clutching at it and watching the crimson swirl go down the drain. I felt very...outside myself as Laurel fluttered and gasped and said she was going to puke, and all I could do was nod dumbly when she said, "I don't think the bleeding's gonna stop on its own, mom. Oh my God, that's so gross. You better go to the ER."

"But I have to finish making dinner," I said meekly, as though Laurel would have snapped and beaten me if I didn't feed her.

"Gah! I'll finish cooking, not like I'm gonna eat after this! Go! Go!"

I did as I was told, trembling from head to toe as I did – not because of the cut (it was a bleeder but I've had worse) but because she told me to and I was so damned scared of her that I'd have jumped off the roof if she'd have ordered me to do it. I slapped an old dish towel around it so I wouldn't bleed all over my car, marched myself out to the garage, and drove to the urgent care clinic near Southdale shopping mall.

It was a very peculiar experience, sitting there in the lobby quietly bleeding while my mind ran a million miles an hour. In a way I was even glad I'd sliced myself like a ham because it got me away from the little girl who had suddenly become so unknowable and terrifying. A part of me knew it was silly to be so afraid of her but honestly I couldn't stop. After 20 minutes they took me back into the exam room, put in a couple of stitches, and gave me a prescription for an antibiotic; I HATE being on antibiotics because they give me the worst diarrhea (too much information again?) but I didn't utter a peep, I just took the scrip and drove to the Target just on the other side of the mall to get it filled.

Another weird thing happened there, as I stood waiting silent and motionless for the pharmacist to give me my med. The sudden conviction hit me that this whole thing was entirely

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and completely my fault. All of it. David was treating me like a whore because I deserved to be treated that way. Tim had sworn off sex with me because I wasn't worth having sex with. Laurel had stolen his affections because I wasn't good enough to keep them. It was all me, all my fault, and I was getting exactly what I deserved.

Now, coupled with my continuing terror of my daughter, this made me feel as bad as I ever have in my life. I felt like the lowest thing on the planet, the most shameful, most worthless, most disgusting person ever to walk or crawl. I felt ugly, stupid, senseless, awkward. I felt despicable and lowly. Tears were rolling down my face by the time I took the medication from the pharmacist, and she even asked me what was wrong. I was too low even to speak, I just shook my head and made my unsteady way out of the store, my vision so blurry from crying that I nearly collided with four or five people on the way. I made it to my car before I started blubbing, but as soon as the door closed I was wracked with sobs and a weird feeling of pain shooting up my spine that was so intense I couldn't even feel the cut on my finger. I held onto the steering wheel with both hands and wailed as the cold rain pummeled down on my car and people walking past in the parking lot gave me strange looks.

Oddly, I felt a little better after that. Sometimes a good breakdown does wonders. By the time I got home I was still leery and nervous of Laurel and still pretty sure I had somehow fucked up and brought all this hell on myself, but I felt ten times better than I had before. I still felt edgy as anything when Laurel came running up to me and demanded to see my finger, and I still felt miserable when Tim hugged me, but I was strong enough that I didn't have another panic attack. Thank God for small favors, huh?

I was exhausted from not having slept much the night before and having a heaping helping of stress all day long, so after a re-heated dinner and a little while reading a cheesy romance novel (oh bite me, like you don't have any guilty pleasures) I tried to go to sleep. I was almost there when Tim came in to go to bed, and that set off another flutter in my chest that I was coming to recognize as the first stage of panic. I went into the bathroom, got another Ativan, and managed to get to sleep. Thank God.

May 29

When I woke up and marched down the stairs to make breakfast, I felt a lot stronger than I did the day before. I wasn't afraid of Laurel anymore; I thought she might hate me, given that I was married to the man she wanted, but I wasn't afraid of her. It didn't seem to me that the whole thing was my fault, though I thought some of it might be – maybe I just hadn't insisted hard enough that Tim stay physical with me. I didn't know, but I didn't feel bad. After a good night's sleep, I actually felt like the situation might be handleable. I'm not sure if "handleable" is a word, come to think of it, but you know what I mean.

Laurel was excited about school coming to an end; this was their second to last week before summer vacation started, and Laurel was thrilled with the summer activities she had planned, not to mention the fact that this weekend was her last track meet of the year (unless she made the State tournament, which she thought she still had a good chance at, in which case she'd be running the first week of vacation). She was going to riding camp, wilderness camping in the Boundary Waters for a week and a half, white-water rafting in Jackson Hole...and David was looking at her with undisguised contempt. "Jesus, could you be more pathetic?" he asked her finally. "You're like a walking advertisement for Teen Spirit."

David's not much of a one for organized activities.

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Laurel just sneered at him. "Well I was thinking of sitting around on my butt all summer getting high with a bunch of losers but I don't want you to accuse me of being a copycat."

"Enough from both of you!" Tim interjected on his way out the door, giving both kids an equally stern look. I have to admit I thought it was remarkable that he could be doing what he was doing with Laurel and still treat her the same as David when they were both at fault for something; oh, don't get me wrong, I still thought he was a perverted son of a bitch, but at least he was a fair one. "I'm tired of you two arguing all the time. You're brother and sister and I expect you to treat each other decently, all right?"

Neither David nor Laurel answered, and so I kissed Tim on the cheek and sent him on his way. I did it automatically, without even thinking, and the weird thing was that it didn't even feel grotesque, the way it had the night before. It was just... Tim, and I was just kissing him goodbye the way I did every day. It was just normal. I didn't realize until after he was out the door what I'd done, and I marveled at myself for being able to do it.

Laurel left a few minutes later and she got a kiss and a hug too, same as always, as she ran out the door to catch her bus. David watched all this, of course, and when we were alone he said, "So you're feeling better, I see."

"I'm...stronger, I guess. That's fair to say."

"Do you feel like talking about it now?"

I shrugged, even though a twitter of nervousness rippled through me at the thought of actually discussing things in detail with him. "Well not right now, you have to go to school."

"This afternoon? Before Laurel gets home?"

"We'll see. I'm not sure I'm that strong yet."

He stood as he downed the last of his milk. "You'll need to deal with it sooner or later, mom. This situation isn't going anywhere. Dad and Laurel are still doing what they're doing."

I paused. I didn't want to ask he question, but I had to. "Are you sure? The camera..."

"I took the camera out of her room. I don't leave it in there all the time, just once in a while. I don't want it to be found."

"So you don't know..."

He gave a soft chuckle, more of a dismissive exhalation than anything else. "Why would you think they stopped?"

On that note, he left me alone.

In the morning I talked to Sue and a few girlfriends. Patty had another date with Maria scheduled for that night, and they were both practically in heat; they had a nice dinner at Maria's place planned, but Patty was pretty sure there wouldn't be much food eaten. Pussy, yes, lots of it, but not food. I cleaned, went to the post office, called the repairman about the water heater that had been acting weird, and was generally productive...

Until that is, around noon, when a damned fool idea hit me. Isn't it funny how the really foolish ideas always seem so obviously foolish later on, but sound like such good thinking at first? This was definitely one of those situations. The whole thing turned out to be so embarrassing, but...well, my idea was that I would seduce Tim. I would show him I was a great wife, a great lover, someone worthy of his respect and adoration – and his fidelity. I would fuck his brains out. I would show him I was better than any little underage bimbo could ever be – especially our daughter – and when I was done with him he'd never even look at another pussy but mine ever again.

It honestly seemed like a good idea at the time, and I was convinced it would work. I didn't have a shadow of a doubt. I would recapture my husband, rescue my daughter, save my

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marriage and extricate myself from the fix I was in with David with a single night of unbridled marital passion.

What could possibly go wrong?

I decided I'd begin by making Tim's favorite dinner: moussaka with eggplant (not my favorite but Tim loves it) with a tomato and feta salad, crusty Italian bread, a nice Argentinean Malbec, and for dessert some little fried honey balls called loukoumathes. Candles, some soft music...

Of course, this meant that the kids couldn't be around for dinner, so I called them on their cell phones and told them to find somewhere else to eat. Kind of a jerk move at such short notice, I know, but I felt I was justified – and besides, neither of them minded. Laurel seemed to guess right away that I was planning a romantic dinner and she wished me luck with what sounded like sincerity; I accepted it with what sounded like grace. David just laughed and said he'd be home about nine.

I spent the rest of the afternoon making the perfect dinner, the perfect setting, and the perfect me – I spent a long time on my hair and my makeup, and I wore exactly what I did on my date with David: the slinky red dress, the hooker shoes, and not a damned thing else. I know it should have made me feel guilty to wear that dress to seduce my husband, given what else had happened when I wore it, but it didn't occur to me. I was, to put it simply, focused. And I was positive it would work.

Tim called to say he'd be fifteen minutes late because he was in a meeting that ran late, which was fine. I used the time to put finishing touches on the table settings. The shades were pulled, the candles were lit, the silver was glistening, and soft, sexy jazz was playing when Tim drove up. I stood in the middle of the kitchen, posed just exactly so, a seductive smile on my face and one hand draped with studied casualness over a chair. Tim opened the door, started to say hi, and then froze, a puzzled and pleased expression on his face. "Oh...well hello."

"Hello," I replied, sashaying across the room. I pressed my body against his...and then took his briefcase from him. "Come on in, I have some wine ready and the moussaka is almost done."

"Moussaka? What's the occasion?"

"Mmmm, no occasion, sweetie. Can't a wife cook for her husband?"

He smiled. "Well you won't hear me complaining. And you look fantastic."

I did a little runway twirl and walked off to pour him a glass of wine – and, of course, to let him look at my ass. I had a woman's ass, not Laurel's flat little thing, and I knew I looked fantastic. And furthermore, I knew Tim would be drooling. "By the way, the kids won't be joining us. They've made other plans for dinner."

"No kidding," he chuckled as he sat at the table. When I turned around with a glass of his favorite wine, he was wearing an expression of mostly-concealed curiosity, like he couldn't quite figure out my angle. Well, I said to myself, that was all right. It would become apparent to him soon enough! I handed him his wine – leaning over and giving him a look at my girls as I did – and then went back to the oven to check the moussaka. I returned with the salads and snuggled down in the chair I had carefully placed next to his.

"Well this is fantastic," he said after a bit. "Are you sure it's not my birthday or something?"

"Well...I'll have a present for you later, but it's not your birthday."

He laughed, but I detected a note of unease in it. I didn't let it bother me though – I had no doubt he'd succumb to me in due time and forget all about his little girls. We made some chitchat until the moussaka was ready to serve, and I didn't let the fact that he seemed uncomfortable bother me.

Angela's Diary

I started getting a little uneasy myself as dinner wore on...and "wore on" is a deliberate choice of words. Tim was uneasy and it showed. I was expecting him to be looser by this time, anticipating an evening of wild sex with his gorgeous wife. Even if he didn't walk in the door wanting it, I thought any man would be lubricated by great food, good wine and the prospect of pussy.

Apparently I was wrong.

By the time dessert rolled around, I knew things weren't going to be as easy as I'd thought. I hadn't given up – not by a damned sight – but I knew we wouldn't be rushing up to bed from the dinner table, much less fucking ON the dinner table like I'd imagined. Some dancing might do the trick...yes, slow dancing, moving together to soft jazz, me pressing my softness against his hardness...him smelling my hair and my arousal...my hands on him, his on me...that would do it. No doubt about that.

"Well," he said with feigned reluctance as I cleared away the dessert dishes, "I have some work I need to do. There was this meeting at the office that ran late..."

"Oh, no, let's dance," I urged softly, taking his hand across the table. "It's been ages since we danced together, hasn't it?"

"Well...yes. I mean, I don't even know if I can remember the last time..."

"Come on then," I whispered, standing and tugging him. After a moment he got up, looking a bit green around the gills. A flicker of irritation crossed my mind – Christ, what was he so scared about? Was I *that* ugly? I pushed it aside though; I'd still get him. He was just nervous because it had been so long since he'd been with a real woman, that was all. He'd get over it when I got him hard and he slid into me – no girl could compare to a woman with experience and determination!

We moved into the living room and I moved into his arms. It was dark, lit only by the lights of the stereo, and I put myself against him the way I used to do when we were dating, my arms around his back, my head nestled into his chest, my breasts pillowed out against his ribs. We used to dance like this all the time...except that then he didn't have the nervous, awkward feel that was coming off of him in waves now. He held me like I was made of porcelain, his hands well above my waist, and he barely moved at all.

And I felt absolutely no stirring whatsoever in his pants.

After three songs, even I began to get the hint that I wasn't getting anywhere with this. The thought made me cringe inside – I had absolutely not been prepared to fail, and this was stinging. As I shuffled slowly and halfheartedly in his arms it occurred to me that if I were Laurel, or one of his girlfriends, he would be hard as a rock right now. He would have his hands all over me and urging me to my knees to take him into my mouth and get him wet so he could fuck me right here on the floor, fuck me like a slut...

No. I was better than that. I had to be better than that. I took him by surprise when I started pushing him backward. He let me guide him, not completely sure what I had planned, and when the backs of his knees met the edge of the sofa he sat down abruptly. I was down in a flash, on my knees and tugging at his belt and his zipper, loosening his pants.

"Honey..." he began, but I shushed him with a hand across his lips as I yanked his underwear down over his hips. His cock was in front of me, timid and flaccid and useless, but I didn't hesitate. I knew how to get a cock hard – I knew it better than some ignorant little teenage bitch, and I sure knew it better than my own daughter! I put my mouth on it, taking it past my lips. My tongue met the velvety softness of the head and I flicked at it with the tip, caressing the hole and working underneath the crown in the way I knew men adored...

Angela's Diary

Nothing.

“Oh...Angela...” He sounded vaguely worried.

I ignored him. I took the whole thing into my mouth, burying my nose in his pubic hair and sucking, licking, rolling it against lip and tongue a cheek, then slowly let my mouth off of it, then back down again. I pulled my tight little dress down over my shoulder and let my breasts free, knowing that my pale skin would glow in the faint stereo light...

A twitch. A shiver, perhaps. The ghost of excitement.

That was all the encouragement I needed (and it was all I got, because the tiny, worried sounds my husband was making were anything but encouraging). I sucked, licked, teased his balls with my fingertips. When that didn't make him any harder I lifted his cock and took his balls into my mouth, one after the other, as I gazed up at him lustfully...

It was pretty dark, but I'd almost swear the expression on his face was anxious and a bit miserable. “Honey...I don't know...I'm sorry...”

And that was when it hit me. I had made the biggest jackass out of myself that I had ever done in my life. It's odd how clear it all was in retrospect, how obvious that my little plan stood no chance of working. If Tim had wanted me, he'd have taken me some time in the last ...what, five or six years since the last time we did it? He didn't want me, and so he didn't take me. He wanted teenagers. He wanted our daughter. And here I was, dressed like a desperate middle aged slut with his limp cock in my mouth. Humiliation? You're soaking in it.

The worst part is that I didn't stop when I realized it. I mean, I should have, but the humiliation was just too intense to let me cut the humiliation short. Again, nonsensical, but then I suppose you're used to that by now. It had been a nonsensical few days. And so I carried on, sucking my husband's cock, sucking his balls, licking him, moaning, telling him how good he tasted. I got him to about half mast, but he only stayed there for a few seconds before fading away again. Honestly, I think I'd still be there, sucking like an idiot, if he hadn't put his hand on my cheek and said, in a voice hollow with genuine sorrow, “I'm sorry, honey.”

I paused for a long heartbeat, his limpness still in my motionless mouth, and then slowly pushed myself back, glad of the darkness in the room as the miserable gut-punch of failure landed on me. I was an idiot. Pure and simple, I was an idiot. I couldn't look at him; I just kept my eyes on the persistently soft cock that was the symbol of my foolishness until, after a few moments, he moved his hands over it defensively.

“Honey, I'm so sorry...”

I interrupted him with some kind of a noise that didn't reach the level of a word. It was somewhere between a sigh and a moan and a sob (though I wasn't crying) and while you couldn't look it up in the dictionary, I think my meaning was pretty plain.

“Honey...”

I just shook my head as I pulled my dress back up to cover myself. I couldn't say a word.

“I'm really sorry, it's just...”

I stood slowly and began to walk to the stairs.

“Baby...can we please talk about this?”

I paused at the foot of the stairs and managed to say, “Would you mind washing the dishes?” I was amazed at how completely ordinary my voice sounded. It was almost as though I wasn't just completely and utterly humiliated.

“Um...sure. Honey?”

“What?”

“I'm sorry.”

Angela's Diary

Another heartbeat, and I pronounced the simple epitaph of my sex life with my husband: "OK."

I went up the stairs with legs as heavy as lead, feeling as utterly and completely stupid as I ever have in my life. I felt about an inch tall. I wanted to find a deep, dark hole, crawl inside, and never come out again. What a fool I had been. What a complete fool.

In my bedroom I sat on the edge of my bed with my head in my hands, naked, staring at the floor and wondering at myself, at the sheer stupidity I had displayed and how completely I had humiliated myself. I knew that...

Honestly, I don't even want to talk about it anymore. I know I said I'd come clean about everything, and I tried, but this thing just hurts too goddamned much, even now.

May 30

It was 2:48 AM when I woke up from a dream I can't remember. One second I was sound asleep and the next I was wide awake, eyes open, staring at the red numbers on the clock and feeling the most profound sense of relief I think I have ever felt in my life. I had given my marital bed every single chance in the world, and it had failed. It had failed not because I lacked the desire or the ability, but because of Tim. He wanted something I couldn't give him anymore – youth – and that was no fault of mine. I had done my best.

I was free.

I can't even start to tell you how that thought made me feel. I owed Tim nothing now – sexually at least. Did I owe him anything else? Was I to stay married to him? Was I to be a good and dutiful wife? I didn't know, but at that moment I can truthfully say it didn't matter either. Those things could sort themselves out later, and they would. I didn't need to figure everything out now. I could take things one step at a time, because one step at a time was fast enough. And if something happened between Tim and Laurel in that time...well, then something would happen between them. I couldn't stop it.

And tomorrow, I was going to let my beautiful dog Charlie fuck my ever loving brains right out of my head. If Tim had shown the slightest interest in me – even if he hadn't been able to maintain an erection, if he'd have at least *gotten* one – then I wouldn't have been able to go to Charlie. But now there was no reason in the whole world to deny myself the pleasure and the completeness my dog brought me.

I went back to sleep with a smile on my face.

Tim looked sheepish when I came into the kitchen that morning, but I was all smiles. I didn't feel great – the worries were still there, for all my bravado – but I did feel as though an enormous weight had been lifted off my shoulders. In fact, I felt younger than I had since before I got pregnant for the first time. I guess that's what a whole world of new opportunities opening itself in front of you can do.

Tim seemed immensely relieved that I wasn't angry at him, and he relaxed visibly when I kissed him good morning on the cheek. Laurel shot me a significant look, and I knew that my husband would fill my daughter in on my abortive sexual efforts ("All I could think about was you, baby...") but what difference did that make? If that was the road they both wanted to travel, then so be it.

David shot me a significant look too. I didn't even need to tell him what had happened. I was sure he had known how it would go down as soon as I told him about my bright idea the day before.

Angela's Diary

"Mom, are you coming to the track meet on Saturday?" Laurel asked.

"I sure am," I said brightly. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Oh, great!" she said excitedly. "You and daddy will both be there and –"

"Oh crap!" I interjected as my memory suddenly kicked into gear. "I can't! I promised I'd help grandpa set up his financial software on Saturday!" And the thing was, I wasn't even lying. My dad was trying to start a small part-time business doing custom woodworking, and he was overdue on getting his financial end in order. He was going to be audited, and if he didn't have everything straightened out within the next few days, he was going to be in Dutch with the IRS. It was only because of all the stress over the past few days that it had slipped my mind at all. "I'm sorry, honey!"

"Oh...well...all right." She didn't look too terribly disappointed, truth be told. "Well, daddy will be there, right?"

"I sure will," Tim nodded around a mouthful of jelly toast. He swallowed, washed it down with a swig of coffee, and added, "And I was thinking – since we're going to be all the way up in Hibbing anyway, maybe we could swing by the North Shore? Maybe even spend Saturday night in Duluth."

"Oh, wow! I'd love that!" Laurel said, genuinely enthused. The North Shore of Lake Superior was one of Laurel's favorite places in the world, true enough, but I wasn't foolish enough to believe that that was the reason she was excited. Not today I wasn't that foolish.

The weird thing was, I found I didn't mind that much. Oh, it stung, and it made me a little woozy, but I was nowhere near the rage or the panic I'd have felt before. I had recognized my limitations, I guess...for the moment. Later it was a different story, but for the moment I was able to accept that my husband and my daughter would, in every likelihood, be sharing a bed on Saturday night.

Isn't it strange how the mind can become accustomed to almost anything?

A few minutes later Tim was out the door, and I was honestly thinking mostly about Charlie screwing me later on. It had been a while; I wasn't really horny, but I did need it. I needed to feel it, to know that it was something I was doing because I wanted to. I think most of all I needed it because I needed to prove to myself that my twat didn't die the night before. Laurel ran off to the bus, leaving just me and my son. I was expecting him to say something flip about me making a fool of myself last night, or maybe once more urge me to talk to him about what was going on. I was not, however, prepared for what he really did say.

"Mom," he told me casually as he finished his cornflakes, "when Dad and Laurel are gone this weekend, I'm taking you to bed."

To be continued