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SAMANTHA'S NEW LIFE



IKEMAN

PROLOGUE

This is a story inspired in part by my [Michele](#), [Nikki](#), and [Miss Ryn](#) stories. I have flirted with the concept of submission in my stories but always ended up abandoning it from being a major part of the stories. We'll see what happens this time. As frequent readers of my stories will recognize, I tend toward relationships of love, security, and mutual respect. Readers will also recognize that in my stories the concept of incest is no more deviant of a sexual form than bestiality. My intention for this story is to incorporate all these elements into a story centered on the continuing revelations of a woman who finds her way to full self-discovery. Of course, no such journey can be fully realized or achieved alone, if at all.

The setting for the story in my mind is modern day Tucson, Arizona. The specific locations of the story will move over the area, but focused there.

This is the story of a woman who finds herself irrevocably bound to a revitalizing life through a series of events while being guided by a man she truly trusts and loves. Her life has been difficult, traumatic, conflicted and deeply depressive, leading up to the introduction of this story. Her guide in discovery, her love giving her the opportunity of new life, shows her that events of her past, and the pain and depression associated to it, can be left behind; and, the present and future can be taken in wholly as revelations for learning and growing, revelations to stir and inspire the soul, spirit, and heart. Her new present and expectant future will lead her through a process of discovering things about herself and her love, things they hadn't ever expected, and things they had never before experienced.

A new life ... starting with a new beginning and leading to new hopes, new opportunities, new expectations, and new realizations.

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## **CHAPTER ONE: THE JOY OF RENEWAL**

"Oh my god, YES! Yes ... I am yours, Harley! I love your cock. You are so good to me. Yes, just like that ..."

I moaned loud and long. That was followed by grunts and gasps as words just didn't seem important. I was on the floor of the family room in my son's home. As had become my habit as a precaution, the ornate rug over the hardwood floor was protected by a large soft blanket. It was soft to my knees but was more important for protecting the rug. What's significant about that? Harley is my son's dog. I am on the floor on my hands and knees and Harley is on my back, his deliciously large and furiously pumping cock is deep inside my pussy. Dogs can be messy, but are so wonderful as lovers ... and my two lovers, my son and his dog, are extraordinary! At least, I think so, and frankly, what else matters.

It is a Friday night, in early summer. The days are getting hot, but the evenings are still cool. Such is the transition of seasons around Tucson, Arizona. Without work the next day, I was being treated to a wonderfully full night of 'how many times can Sam orgasm'. I am Sam, short for Samantha, but what I was experiencing now was to be nothing compared to where my life would end up progressing into.

But, none of that was on my mind at the moment. In fact, there wasn't much of anything on my mind at the moment. Harley and I had joined like so many other times in the preceding weeks. I had laid Harley on his side and proceeded to entice his cock out of his sheath with fingers, mouth, and tongue. I had no worries about my own preparation, I seemed to be in a constant state of readiness.

When Harley was ready, after my mouth and tongue had enticed his cock out of his sheath sufficiently, I pulled away from him and pivoted around to present myself properly. Presentation was simple, I simply turned so my ass was in front of him. He did the rest. I have learned since giving myself to them, that the dog has amazing sense. He can tell easily when I am ready for sex and he is rarely bashful in approaching me when he wants to mate me. Tonight, like every time, was mutual, destined by the events of the evening. When I wasn't his Mistress for behavior, domestic, or socialization control, I was his bitch. And, we were all good with that.

He licked me only a few times, undoubtedly attracted by the juices resulting from the attention I had already been given. But he was quickly on my back, his hips already frantically thrusting to find my

pussy. I reached with a hand between my spread knees, found his thrusting cock, and guided it into my pussy. It was the only assistance he needed, and that was mostly for my comfort to minimize the poking of his hard, pointy cock into my tender ass flesh. It immediately sank deeply into me, the penetration easy and complete. There is nothing I have experienced that is quite the same as being taken by dogs. The initial penetration is bold and uncompromising. The fucking that follows is intense and animalistic. That isn't to say that I prefer that fucking over a man's. Not at all. They are distinctly different and pleasurable in their own ways. The dog is intense and primal and every time. Men, however, especially my man, can be so gentle and caring that I can feel like I will melt around him. I find I need both. The wild expression of lust from my body; and the intimate, soft, and close expression from my heart and soul.

With Harley firmly inside me, it isn't long before he has readjusted his grip around my waist, pulling himself tighter against my ass and his cock given deeper penetration into my pussy. His thrusts haven't slowed since he made penetration and they are like an out-of-control piston methodically pounding into me. From the time his cock touched the inside of my pussy, the penetration was instant and smooth, aided by the activities of earlier this evening. Inside me, his cock is growing bigger and longer and I can feel the pre-cum leaking from his cock and mixing with the juices already present there, which is the reason his penetration was so easy.

Before taking Harley inside me, I have already been fucked by my son, who at the moment is sitting on the couch directly behind me. That is his preferred place to sit to observe me being taken by the other male of the house. We have quickly become quite a little group of sexually active and aggressive lovers who increasingly are not afraid to try new positions that might seem interesting at the moment. Tonight was fairly tame in those terms by being fucked in the cow-girl position. Tonight I felt like looking my human lover in the eyes as we made love. Other times, he or I, just want the fucking to be fucking: aggressive, bold, and driving. He dumped his seed into my hot and receptive pussy and brought me to a delicious orgasm.

As Harley's cock grew in size and length, I was only feeling the positives of the changes as my pussy and body reacted with increasing desire to his thrusting cock into my body. Where I had started out on my knees and hands braced to take his weight on my back, I now lowered my upper body to my elbows, my ass sticking up in the air and Harley driving into me at a new angle by my position change. I felt his growing knot bumping on each stroke on the outside of my pussy, pressing against my lips, and spreading them further and further as the knot grew until the effort to fully mate required more direct and concentrated effort. His grip on my waist increased even tighter in his insistent effort to push his growing knot into my pussy and I braced myself to provide my own effort to press us together. With each following short, insistent thrust, his cock and knot spread my pussy opening further and further until, finally, he pressed hard and I returned the same pressure back onto him, and the knot passed into my pussy. I gasped and groaned at the sudden fullness of the knot inside and I heard human sounds from behind me, knowing my guy saw the same thing and reacted to it.

This was the point of the whole experience that nearly always got me. Once the knot was inside me, I could feel him increase in size. Not just his cock getting longer, but the knot, too. They increased to nearly fill my canal. But, I also knew that as the knot grew in diameter and sealed my pussy hole that he would be ready to seed his bitch. That knowledge and the intensity of dog fucking nearly always had me hanging onto the ledge, a feeling of imminent falling into the abyss of orgasmic bliss. I would hang on like my hands and then fingers ached as I clutched the blanket on the floor, not wanting to let go until my canine lover was also ready. It seemed like a lost cause many times, but tonight I seemed to be managing and on the feeling of the first spurt of cum from his cock, I too exploded. My entire body convulsed, so I know my pussy did, as well. My pussy squeezed and clenched around his cock and knot and it seemed to impact him even more. His front legs held me tighter and his hips

thrust hard at my ass, driving his cock as deep as possible. In the midst of my groans and sobs, I heard guttural sounds escaping from his throat, his snout hanging next to my head.

I collapsed to the floor, not to my elbows, but to the floor. My upper body and head pressed into the blanket with my ass still in the air. Sometimes, I like the dog to stay on my back to feel the fur of their belly on my bare skin while being tied. This time I didn't bother. Maybe it was already having been fucked by my son before, but that has happened many times before. I just let Harley turn, lifting his leg over my back and ending up being ass-to-ass with me. There was increased pleasure in this, too. In this position he was more active in testing the tie of his knot in my pussy and when he pulled to try to dislodge the knot, he would sometimes bump my g-spot. Yes, it exists! Sometimes, when it is just the dog and me, when the tie lasts a longer time, the knot lodged in my pussy and unable to come out, but frequently tested by the dog, he will bring on another orgasm, even if a minor one.

Tonight, after another fucking, I knew the tie wouldn't be as long. Experience. I could hear Nick behind me as I recovered from my orgasm and waited for the knot inside me to shrink enough that Harley could pull it out of my confining pussy. It was, after all, the reason he sat in that location and that I took that position in front of him. He never seemed to tire of watching me being mated by Harley. In fact, if tonight was anything like other nights, what he was seeing was stimulating him for more activity with me after the dog was finished. Just the thought sent a chill up my back, a thrill of excitement.

I smiled ... I had a cock and knot buried in my pussy and I was getting excited about the fucking and sex I was yet to receive tonight.

While I am tied with Harley, Nick is off the couch and touching my body and I rise to my elbows. On his knees at my side, his hand takes my right breast and fondles it. A moan escapes my lips as his other hand reaches further underneath and captures my other breast, then both have the nipples squeezed. I open my eyes and see his bare thighs and knees next to me. I look further and find his cock, filling with his desire, lengthening and rising toward me.

I reach with my head for Nick's lap and kiss his growing cock. I concentrate to clear my head and focus. After being fucked twice, my pussy is likely to be pliant enough to release Harley sooner than if he had been the first. With my orgasm fully subsiding and my head clearing, I bear down on the task being presented to me. There is no shyness or hesitancy or uncertainty in that regard. Everything about us, our relationships, and our activity is completely open and honest. I feel him shift his position, leaning over me and whispering into my ear.

"What a sight my dear. You know how I love watching the two of you mating, to see you, my mother, my lover, being taken by the dog like a bitch in heat. You know how much I love the sight of your pussy being pulled outward by the knot still embedded inside you but being pulled."

The words send a shiver of excitement through my body and I shift my position, awkward with the dog still anchoring my movements. But, I do it, I rotate just enough to engulf his cock into my mouth, to take his growing cock deep into my mouth and then suck it hard as I pull my head up until just the head is still inside, sucking the escaping pre-cum from the end. As his hands pinch my nipples, one after the other in some rhythm in his head, I sucked his cock hard and urgent. It only takes a few moments, even after already having fucked me before the dog. I taste not only him on his cock, but also the taste of my own orgasmic juices. His cock coated with our mixed fluids now coming off his cock and onto my mouth and tongue.

As Harley's knot pulls from my pussy with an audible sound, I have Nick's cock hard and ready.

When the knot, and then the cock, pull free of my body, I hear the familiar gasp from my throat.

I gasp and sigh at the loss of it, my pussy feeling incredibly empty at the moment of its removal. This time, it wasn't long lasting, however. It was never exactly the same. Would he want me to make his next cum be with my mouth while remaining my knees? Would he reach over me, slap my ass to indicate for me to turn around, and take me from behind just like his dog did? Would he move me into another position to be fucked or take me outside onto the patio? Or, might he raise my chin, moving my mouth off his cock to kiss my lips and help me to my feet to settle me onto the covered couch where we could snuggle and kiss? Our sessions had become delightfully random and varying. But, tonight he had me turn around and he took me from behind, leaning his muscular body over mine, pushing his cock into me, and driving it deeply into my pussy in a single thrust. With two loads of male seed in my pussy, still not closed from the previous knot, his cock goes easily and deeply into me. Three in a row ... and counting ...

Amazingly, I always seem amazed, I came for the third time tonight, each time with cocks inside me, each one of them filling me with seed. This time, however, when Nick pulls his cock out of me, I collapse completely to the floor. I am sprawled out on the floor in front of him and I know that with legs slightly splayed he is seeing my pussy still gaped and cum streaming out. His cum now added to the cum of his dog, which only moments before had filled me. It is only a moment, however, before I feel a presence beside me and then a hand on my bare back, gently stroking.

I turn my head and feel his hands assisting me to rise. He guides me to the couch where I see a throw is in place on the cushion to protect the fabric. He settles in next to me, his arm around my shoulder and I lean into him, out naked skin pressed against each other. I feel a kiss on the top of my head. He hands me my glass. We are drinking bourbon tonight, which is strong for me. He is handing me a large glass of water in one hand and a smaller glass of bourbon and a dash of water in the other. He drinks his just over ice, but it is too strong for me straight. He is also concerned that I need to replace fluids and I might be tempted to finish my drink too quickly without taking some water, first.

I snuggle into him, his arm around my shoulder, his hand idling cupping my breast, his fingers lightly stroking the side and nipple. I take a drink of the water and a sip of the bourbon. I sigh as I rest the side of my face against his chest. Amazing ... wonderfully amazing ... how a couple of months can change one's life...

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CHAPTER TWO: NICK FOLEY

Those same couple months earlier, he sat at his desk with his eyes generally focused in the direction of the two computer monitors directly in front of him. But, his eyes were directed about four inches above the edge of the two monitors at a location just above the abutting sides of the monitors. At that exact location was a 5 x 7 framed photograph of his mother. It was placed on the window sill specifically to be in-line with his sight any time he might look up from the monitors.

His eyes shifted from the photo to the sunny day outside his office. So much luck had brought him to this exact point in his life and the view out the window was a constant reminder. When he fell into this opportunity and needed an office for his new business, he considered himself lucky to find this office suite. As it turned out, the building owner was having trouble filling the suite. It was larger than most small sales offices required and the location was 'inconvenient' for anyone relying on visitors of any kind.

He thought the location was perfect, though. Not that he let the owner get even a whiff of his feelings. He was in sales, or rather, an agent for various manufacturers who needed local representation to customers. In this case, electric utilities, maintenance/service companies to the utilities, and construction companies who assembled and constructed the very products he represented. In his way of thinking, he would almost always be going to see the customer at their offices or job sites. On the rare occasion that a visit to his office was required, this location had proven to be enticing. And, he shared that feeling.

His suite of offices was on the northwest corner, second floor, of a two story office complex of three buildings. He looked directly over Campbell Avenue onto Jimenez Field, Sancet Baseball Field, and finally at Arizona Stadium where the Wildcats play football in the Pacific 12 Conference. A meeting in his office invariably began or ended in a local eatery favored by University students and who wouldn't find that enticing?

But, it was the sunny day outside that seemed almost too good to be true for early Spring in Tucson, Arizona. It was one of those rare days when it wasn't too cool or too warm, the sun shined bright and it was comfortable to be in it. One of those days that said the time to leave sweatshirts and light jackets at home was coming. The time when the sidewalks around campus would be again filled with tank tops and shorts. He loved that time of teasing that the weather brought to the city and surrounding area. But, on this day, those thoughts were miles away.

He had a half-a-dozen things that needed his immediate attention. He prized himself on the ability to move from one need to another, back again, then interrupted by the phone, and back to the other tasks. All seemingly without missing a beat. He had the skills, some said the innate skills, required for this kind of job. Especially at his age. At the tender of age of 30 years old, he was already the owner of his own agency. It hadn't been easy and he hadn't been given anything but the initial chance in the form of employment. What it did take, as he privately admitted to himself, was some luck and timing. That wasn't to minimize what he had accomplished. He wasn't one of those who were self-effacing, having difficulty accepting their success, and wondering when others would figure out he was a fraud and out of his league. He took pride in what he could and did accomplish; he just didn't pretend to be more than he really was. His aptitude results all came back with little surprises, except for what it pointed to. He was high in problem solving, interaction with others, an ability to train and lead others, the ability to listen and actually hear what others said, but also good at speaking and making himself understood. He like helping others (sometimes people said, to a fault), the ability to take charge of situations, and to follow through on commitments.

The interesting part, that he wasn't prepared for, was that it could lead to engineering, but that he might be bored stuck behind a computer all day. It could be sales, but he might tire of ALWAYS being in front of the others and having little influence of solving problems. He identified an early target position of 'Sales Engineer'. It was something to keep in his mind.

His early life was difficult to say the least. But, he managed to graduate high school in Skutt City, Kansas. Good old 'Beaver Pride'. He played some football, basketball, and baseball, the rare three sport letterman. Not nearly well enough in any of them for college, but well enough to leave a mark in a small town. As he liked to tell it, he was a little too small for football, too short for basketball, and couldn't hit a sinking curve ball. But, in a small town in a public school conference of small towns, he did just fine. The place was about 3,800 people, located in the far western center of the state and he couldn't wait to leave, not that it pleased his mother. She hadn't had much in her life that she took pride in or treasured as much as him. But, when you are 18 years old and your every fiber wants to leave the cold, lonely, and windy plains of western Kansas, that's all that seems to matter.

He picked the University of Arizona in Tucson, Arizona. He was looking for a dramatic change and he certainly found it. He loved the city so much that he never left; he never even thought about leaving. With his office just across the street, it sometimes felt like he was still a part of the campus scene. But, at 30 years old, that might seem more than a little weird. He studied Mechanical Engineering and got his Bachelor of Science Degree in four years, almost unheard of anymore. It wasn't that he was anxious to leave the campus, far from it, but he was anxious to move on to the next part of his life. He grew up with a poor expectation of his future, so finding himself in position to get a good job and truly create a new beginning was exciting. The only part of it that wasn't perfect involved his mother. They had been close, even after she married, and the separation seemed more final all the time. She acted happy for him whenever they got together, always in Kansas, but it often seemed that she had leaned on him as much as he had on her during those years at home. He knew she was sad even if she wouldn't say it, but all his attempts to get her to visit and see the city for herself never got her to come.

After graduation and a short visit to Kansas, he worked for three years as an engineer for a product manufacturer in Phoenix. It meant leaving Tucson, but he knew he would return at some point in the future. He had shown immediate value to customers with his ability to show customers advantages in product design and resolving conflicts and problems on construction sites. He was recruited after those three years by a representative agency in Phoenix. Their product lines were nearly identical to the ones he had even now, largely because many of the same companies moved over to his firm.

The agency he went to work for had offices in Phoenix and Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was jointly owned by two partners, one had the office in Albuquerque and the other Phoenix, which Nick found himself based out of.

Nick had spent time in a hotel bar while on a business trip once with a long-time rep. Nick was always looking for insights and this guy was willing to expound, especially if Nick was buying. He told Nick a couple things that really stuck with him. The first was that luck was very often involved in business and success; it wasn't that luck gave you success, but gave you situations that could lead to success depending on your reaction to the situation. The second was that the agency business was extremely tenuous and difficult. Your job was to represent the company while keeping the customer happy. But, a happy customer at the expense of the company might only get you fired. An agency was only as valuable as the relationships he had with the customer, so keeping the company happy at the expense of the customer might destroy your value to both. He never forgot the tightrope performance required. He also never forgot the issue of luck.

After three years with the agency, the matter of luck came into play. Two things came into play nearly simultaneously, but acting on it would be complicated and a huge gamble. He reasoned that he was young and unattached, what better time to gamble big. The play took about 6 months to completely play out, but when it finally did, he won big. More important to him was that he won fair and without anyone being hurt in the process.

It started as he was leaving the clubhouse of the Arizona National Golf Club, which was really much more than that. It was a private golf course inside a residential community, which normally limited entrance to course members and residents. On this Friday afternoon, however, he had managed to snag a spot of a 4-some as part of a customer's annual charity fundraising event. He had played with one of their engineers and two other vendors. They didn't win, but played well enough to place in the prizes, making the engineer happy.

He had just excused himself, expressing his appreciation to as many of the customer employees as he could identify in the event room, then making his way down the hallway to the main doors took him past the bar area. He was already thinking about the traffic to re-enter the Tucson area from the

north where the club was located at the foothills of the majestic Santa Catalina Mountains. As he passed the bar entry, he thought he heard his name being shouted. Surprised that anyone there would know him, he backed up to look for the caller. He found a local utility Vice President huddled with an elderly man. The Vice President was waving him over. Nick reluctantly accepted a drink and they resettled at a table in a far corner. Nick learned that the elderly man was a long time supplier of steel parts to the utility, but over the recent couple years he had been preoccupied by his wife's struggle with cancer. She survived and he had re-evaluated his life, but his company suffered in the interim; apparently, his managers weren't as capable as he thought they were. He was wanting to sell the company and property to spend their remaining years traveling. But he needed to sell his company and it needed some infusion of good business to make that happen.

Nick had felt sorry for the man, but expressed his confusion about how he might be of assistance. He remembered the warnings about his inclination to helping people, but he did feel sorry for the man, especially after the years of supporting his wife through cancer. All he could think was that a love and devotion like that shouldn't have to settle for "if only". The utility Vice President already seemed inclined to assist with orders, if the man could provide a product at a good price. Nick told them he would spend the weekend working up some ideas. Gamble one.

At the same time, he was hearing gossip around the office about his own firm. He was apparently spending so much time on the road that he was surprised when he heard talk of trouble with the partner. There seemed to be some kind of fraud investigation that Nick was completely in the dark about. There was talk of criminal charges and that the NM partner was separating into a different company to protect himself. Additionally, some of his manufacturing companies had also gotten wind of trouble, not to mention some complaints from customers. Gamble two.

He could get fired because he was violating his contract by assisting another company. He could be violating the trust of one of his manufacturers who was also trying to enter that market, but had been unsuccessful because of their high overhead costs. And, he couldn't accept commission from the man's company because that would be in complete violation of his contract with the agency.

Despite all that, he let his overriding desire to help the man lead his action, all the while assuming that it would work out for him in the end. He was a firm believer in the philosophy that good things happen to good people ... as long as they covered all their bases. Or, at least as many of them that can be covered.

When the dust settled, finally, Nick found himself with the opportunity to open his own agency, which he did and moved it to Tucson. He always knew he would be back there some day. On top of that, he moved into his first ever home at the same time. The elderly man and his wife wanted to live the next years travelling the country and world. They had no need for their home and made Nick an offer he would be a fool to reject. The taxes might be steep, but the purchase was a steal. Ironically, the house was located in the residential community surrounding the Arizona National Golf Club, the same club where he first met the man.

That was two years ago. It took him six months to feel that his agency business was for real before he sought out the office space he dreamed he would grow into. His manufacturing clients universally agreed to gamble with him, largely from the recommendation of that utility Vice President. Now it was two years later and he was ready, probably past ready, to hire two more people for the office.

The office was run by a very efficient flirt of a woman, Janice Beck. Janice took care of everything that wasn't outside sales or field work. Dan Mansfield took care of the field work. Nick learned early on that customers were constantly in need of someone in the field or at the site to hold their hands and few agencies or manufacturers were inclined to do that. He received more repeat business and

quotation consideration simply because of the number of times he and Dan eased customers out of problems.

Nick was rigid about hiring the most qualified person for the job, forget about gender, orientation, age, size, or quirkiness. It could all be managed if you had people who were as devoted to the idea of success and fun as he was. When Nick met Janice, that philosophy fit her perfectly. Janice was 46 at the time and, in her words, "curvy". She was a bit overweight, average height, shoulder length brown hair, and a personality that shined out of her. She was widowed seven years by the time Nick met her. Her husband died of cancer after several years of very difficult treatments. When he died, she was left with nothing after the medical expenses and no income for years. She had three grown kids (2 daughters and a son) who provided some support but all lived with their families in distant states. She was on her own and was looking for a new life she could sink her teeth into. She found it with Nick who gave her the inner workings of the office. Initially, Nick closed his eyes and prayed while he focused on the customers and sales. Now, he understood the reason the office ran as well as it did was because of her. The surprising, and completely disarming, thing about her is her playful flirting, which she restricts to Nick.

If Janice is a little overweight, Dan is well beyond that. He is 53 years old and, despite his weight, has the energy of two normal men. He retired from a utility in Idaho and moved to Arizona for the warmer weather and golf. He was familiar with the products sold by the agency and was a natural fit for working in the field with the customers.

Nick's preoccupied was broken by a disturbance in the force, as Dan would describe it. Of course, he would mostly blame that disturbance on Janice. Even as he turned in his chair to face his doorway, a slight smile creased his mouth at the thought of them. Indeed, the disturbance was real and it was both of them.

"How long have you two been standing there not making me money?" When he played the boss role, it was mostly playful.

Janice, of course, had the sharp response, "Not nearly as long as you haven't making money for us."

They came in and took chairs on the opposite side of his desk. Then Janice got up from her chair, placed her hands on the desktop, and leaned over the desk. This was Janice. She was still an attractive woman and usually, like today, left several buttons of her blouse unbuttoned, all part of her flirty persona. It didn't matter who you were, you were going to look and that was the idea. She knew that her well-endowed boobs would take attention from any problem, even if just for the moment.

Nick must have reacted because Dan threw in a wise-crack. "I know ... it's like looking over the edge into the Grand Canyon ..." Nick couldn't help smiling ... not a bad analogy ... she was definitely "curvy" in the right places. Then it was as if he remembered that this was Janice and quickly looked up into her face, her eyes smiling back him. But the image hadn't left his mind and the image was more intriguing than normal. There was no sign of a bra in the view he had, but as an engineer, he knew those boobs needed some good structural support.

Satisfied that she had pulled him back from his funk, she sat back down. "What's the problem, boss?" Now that she had his attention, she might get an answer. "The resumes?"

"Yeah, one is a problem. I need to figure out how to respond. It's a little delicate."

They both just stared at him. He was a wizard with words and reading people, how could this be a problem for him? It must be delicate if he wasn't going to share more. Janice looked at the funny

little clock on his desk. They had laughed at the story of his mom giving it to him.

Janice, "Nick, go home. Take the file with you and think about it with a Jack Daniels on the patio by the pool. You need some quiet time."

He wanted to argue, but knew her idea was perfect. They got up and left. He looked at the document on his PC before shutting it down and pulling the laptop from the docking station. This was perfect for the sales position, except for one thing: the recruiter/investigator had found sexual improprieties between her and several of the male employees at her former agency. He put the laptop and paper files into his backpack, turned out the light to his office, and walked down to the parking lot. He attached the back pack to the passenger seat support, put his helmet on, turned the key to his year-old Harley 1200 Custom in Charcoal Pearl.

The bike was one of his more brilliant ideas. When he rode it, his mind seemed to clear as he had to focus extra hard on the road, drivers, and everything else on the road and nearby. He hoped he would have clarity by the time he pulled into the driveway. Before starting off, he shook his head and muttered to himself, "Mother ... mother ... what's going on?"

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### **CHAPTER THREE: SAMANTHA JAMESON**

Wichita, Kansas, isn't a bad city for the plain states of the US. But, it isn't a great city, either. A single (divorced), middle-aged woman was going to have a difficult time finding another good job. The job I had was gone and no fault of mine. At least, I didn't think so. I had worked hard through the years, working in a wide variety of offices, picking up skills in each one that led me to better positions and responsibilities. I became adept enough on computers and business software, phones and faxes, printers and copiers, and working with customers and bosses to begin to think that I could adapt to anything and survive. But, maybe I had focused too much on surviving and not enough on what it meant to live and grow.

My last job disappeared when the company disappeared. The last few years had been the best ... and the worst. It started out as an inside sales position for a manufacturer's representative agency in Wichita. I used to wonder if my seeking that type of work had anything to do with the knowledge that my son, Nick, was doing the same thing in Arizona. Initially, it had been great and I advanced to assisting sales outside the office while maintaining responsibilities for inside sales. It increased my work, but I was hourly and it worked out to be good pay and, since I was divorced, I didn't have a lot of conflicts for my time. Then, things in the office relationships went to hell ... again. It seemed men were all the same, no matter which town or city I moved to, they were all the same. At least the men I seemed to come into contact with. Maybe, I needed to choose better men.

After the agency closed, I closed myself up inside my little apartment for the first week. The only excursion outside was a daily trip to the gym, which I moved to the same time as if I was going to a job. Instinctively, it felt important to maintain some scheduling discipline. But, after that week of feeling sorry for myself and generally feeling lost, I made up my mind to change my life. This time, I promised myself, it would be for the better. This time, I would break the miserable cycle that I called a life. This time the decisions I made would lead to better results. This time ...

During that week that I holed up in my apartment, I didn't specifically think about work or another job. I read books, read articles on the internet, and I listened to YouTube videos on how to find another job. And, in particular, how to find the job I was meant to have. I committed to the effort and I stuck to it, but I was also realistic with myself that I would be happy with a mediocre job if I could

have a life I could be happy with.

It meant a lot of work, much more than I believe it would be, but work that I maybe should have done a long time ago with a counselor or therapist. The material that seemed to make the most sense to me, also meant the most effort. But, if I was going to make a dramatic change for the better, I had to do something different. The old saying, 'the definition of INSANITY is doing the things over and over expecting a different result'. I had to do something different, significantly different. My son, Nick, had been preaching that to me for years and he had no idea how bad things really were with me. I prayed he would never find out and that was a big motivator to me to make the effort, and finally, this time, make the decisions that would lead me out. I wanted to spend more time with him, he had been begging me to come visit in Arizona, but I needed to feel better about myself. So, I put the work in and looked at myself as critically as I could, identifying my strengths, talents, weakness, and failings. What were the things that took me off course, the things that derailed my progress, the things that I could do well, and the things that motivated me? And, I punched it all into Word with headings and subheadings so I could find it easily, add to it, or edit it as new thoughts, ideas, or clarity came to me.

I was a 44-year-old woman and mother to a 30-year-old, very successful man. I was what I considered to be an average height for a woman, 5 foot - 6 inches tall in by stocking feet. Critically, I could stand to lose a few pounds, but anyone could say that, too. I was still trim at 44 through a regimen of a good diet and regular exercise. My hair is longish, falling down to my shoulder blades, and is a golden blonde color that still holds. My eyes are bluish grey and they sparkle when I am happy. That hasn't been often over the years, but now as I look to a more hopeful future and finally making changes that would make Nick happy, I see the sparkle more and more.

Most of my problems have been my own doing, one way or another. This exercise in critical self-evaluation has convinced me of that. I could always blame someone or some group for my problems and the direction my life took. Self-recognition is the first step, the books said.

I was only 14 years old when I gave birth to Nick. I thought of abortion. I messed up and my life could be ruined. But, I lived in a small town in west Kansas. It sometimes seemed that the only thing that ever got out of Skutt City, Kansas, was the constantly blowing plains wind. As it turned out, giving birth to Nick was one of the only miracles I had anything to do with in my life. I didn't know it at the time. I didn't know it for several years, in fact. I was a kid, a stupid kid who discovered that sex with an older boy was the most amazing thing that could be experienced. Or, so I thought. So I thought for a long time.

I had to drop out of my 9th grade year for the pregnancy. The school didn't want a pregnant girl in class, especially in 9th grade. Not in Skutt City. My mother took care of Nick while I was in school, then I went directly home and learned how to care for a baby, toddler, and infant. I did graduate, at 19, one year behind. No real high school experience except for classes and a degree. No sports, no prom, no dating, and very few friends. Parents didn't feel I would be a good friend for their daughters. And, mom made sure there were no more boys. My self-esteem started out at a low point.

At 20, I married a man named Foley. He was a decent man, hard working. He even adopted Nick. He was a long-haul trucker and was gone for days, even a week, at a time. We were still in Skutt City, but at least I was on my own ... in a sense. He died in an accident somewhere in Colorado on his way out to Washington. That was three years after we married and Nick and I were on our own, again.

I married a man named Jameson two years after that. I should have been worried when he wouldn't adopt Nick. I managed to divorce him after nine long years. Somehow I managed to shelter it from

Nick, but those nine years were full of abuse and subjugation. But giving into him was the only way I knew to spare Nick from seeing and feeling what was happening. All of my life I was tentative, even timid, in making my own decisions and taking action. The only thing for years that I seemed to excel at was loving Nick, being a mother and protecting him. I lacked any outward confidence, especially with men. But, the odd thing was that professionally I could manage very well. Socially, however, I seemed to constantly fall prey to men. Men seemed to pick up on something and take control. There was something because it seemed to happen too often.

It was the recognition of that cycle with men that made me believe I had to break further away, find a job in another state, and create a new opportunity. I did my work. Then, I scoured the job searches. I made contact with agencies and sales people on LinkedIn, I used my contacts and customers. Then, I found a wonderful sounding opportunity in Arizona that was listed only by a recruiter. It was an unusual posting. It didn't list the company name or city. It only listed the job title, that it was a manufacturer's representative agency, that it dealt in sales to utilities, contractors, and maintenance/service companies. It identified it as a small agency, an ideal situation for someone to get in at the beginning, an opportunity for someone who wanted to influence the growth of a company, and that it was a close, casual, but a highly professional team of people. It sounded perfect for me, even getting me out of Kansas.

I got an interview by the recruiter; it was long and hard, but I really did feel I did well. He said that this employer was eliminating bias from hiring, he only wanted to talk to those candidates that passed the initial interview and reference checks. He would weed out the candidates without knowing names, sex, orientation, marital status, race, or ethnicity. I told him that sounded impossible. He agreed, but that was what he was being paid for. He said that once the employer made his selections, then he would be given names and more personal data, and the results of a more in-depth reference check. Then, and only then, would company interviews start.

That was two weeks ago and I was thinking it might be time to follow-up, if nothing else but to show my continued interest. Thursday, 5:45 PM my time. I didn't get the chance to call, my cell phone buzzed and vibrated on the kitchen table.

I looked down at the screen, "NICK". I smiled, picked it up. "Nick! What a lovely surprise, dear. Isn't it still office time in Arizona?"

"Mom, we need to talk." Both ends were dead silent. He didn't even say 'hi', something must be wrong, what could be wrong, was he hurt ... "Mom, I'm sorry ... that was awful. I didn't mean to be so abrupt. Not to you, never you ... I ... I just ... something we need to talk about ... I want you to come out here for a while, several days, maybe a week, maybe more. Can you, please?"

"Nick, is everything okay? You're scaring me ... are you okay?"

"Yes, mom, I am good. Everything is good, my business, my home, my life ... everything. I want you to see it, you'll love it. You've never come to see my home. I want you to come tomorrow ... I need to see you ... and talk to you."

"Nick, I can't just ..."

"Mom, I know you are out of work. You live in that small apartment, no pets, nothing to keep you there that can't happen here. Bring your laptop and you can job hunt from here just as well. Bring lots of clothes, it is warming up but the nights can still be chilly. Come, Mom. I won't take a 'no' this time."

"What do you mean you know I am out of work?"

"Mom, you applied for a job at my company. I have your resume, references, and background check right here in front of me. The agency you worked at closed due to ... shall we call it dubious management control?"

"You're serious ..."

"There will be a ticket waiting at the American ticket counter tomorrow morning. The 11:25 AM flight through Dallas-Fort Worth, arriving Tucson at 2:08 PM. I just pressed the button, now you have to come."

"You're nuts; you know that? Yes, thank you, meet me at the baggage claim. I love you, dear. Thank you!"

I spent the rest of the night doing laundry and packing. I was going to Arizona. I was going to see Nick. It felt like a weight was lifted off me, maybe in person I could talk to him through the shame, maybe I could talk to him like we used to ... back when it was just us ... back when there was nothing I couldn't tell him ...

The flight was uneventful. I checked a large roller bag, I had a carry-on roller and a backpack containing my personal items (Kindle, laptop, phone, and music player) and purse. Technically, I met the carry-on requirements as long as the backpack went under the seat in front of me. The layover in Dallas was relatively short and I didn't have to change concourses, a rare treat. Flying into Tucson was exciting. The mountains, the wide desert, and the city. The sun was gleaming. It was so much different than Kansas.

When the plane stopped at the gate, everyone moved like it was some kind of ballet of cattle, reacting and moving with the numb movements and expressions modern air travel has programmed us all for. Standing awkwardly because there is no room, retrieving items from under seats and overhead storage. Then wait. The move down the narrow aisle, bumping into seats and arm rests along the way. Nobody complained, it just was what it was. Entering the concourse was an automatic deep breath of relief, enjoy the conditioned air, stop somewhere to organize the carry-on and follow the rest of the herd towards the next flight or baggage claim.

I was simply keeping within my space as the group moved toward baggage claim through the security area, I wasn't expecting to pay attention to anything until then. I heard a man shout "Mom!", but still not expecting it to me until I felt someone take my elbow. I turned and was pulled into an embrace, the rest of the herd simply flowing around us. I just held onto him, much longer than would be normal. Now that I was here, holding him in my arms, I felt such hope and anticipation. I didn't want to set my expectation too high, he was my son, not a therapist, but maybe my son could be the best therapist I could ever hope for. He always listened so well and offered only gentle suggestions and ideas, never intrusive, but always positive and strong with confidence and caring.

We talked above all the din of the airport, the announcements, and racket of bags, people, and other peoples' greetings. He pulled my luggage, only allowing me to carry the backpack, which I insisted on or he would have been my pack mule. By the time we were out of the airport property it was almost 3:00 PM ... the bags were slow and mine was one of the last. We were still talking, now more comfortably in the controlled space of the car as he took us through town, heading generally north. He pointed to a mountain to the north and indicated that was generally the location of his house. The mountains were much different than Colorado, but provided relief to the landscape. For him it provided a playground and I listened with attention and wonder as he brought me up to speed on all the ways he enjoys the area, and the mountains provide a good location for his hiking, running, and

biking.

Coming up to his residential area, my mouth dropped and he laughed. He had talked about his new home, but I must not have heard all the words. The sign said Arizona National Golf Club and Community. He wound his way through the curving streets before pulling into a cul-de-sac. There were a group of kids playing basketball at a hoop set just off the rounded part of the cul-de-sac and he slowed as he approached and pulled into the driveway next to the hoop. He stopped, half in the driveway, and buzzed his window down.

"Hi, Nick! Ready to get beat in horse?" That from a pre-teen boy. The group was made up of six kids, all pre-teen, four boys and two girls.

"In your dreams, kiddo!" He laughed with the kids. Clearly, they were all familiar. "No school today?"

A freckle-faced girl with wild, red hair announced very commandingly, "Some kind of teacher thing, we got out early." She leaned over and looked through the window at me, "Who's that?"

"I'll introduce her later." They tried to enquire further, but he was already moving and buzzing his window back up. He pulled into the garage, popped the trunk, and waved to the kids.

I put my hand on his arm, "Your playmates, Nick?" He laughed.

The house was lovely. It was a single story, kind of ranch-style house with the double garage on the left side, the front entrance in the middle of the house portion. From the garage, we entered into a laundry area with two doors, a mechanical room and a large multi-purpose storage closet. Through the laundry room it opened into an open format with a family room to the left (the back of the house) and the dining room to the right. A wall separated it from the entrance/foyer and another wall beyond it and a hallway straight ahead. There was a wall separating the foyer from the kitchen and dinette area. The family room and kitchen/dinette were open to each other.

He led me across the foyer and down the hallway. There were three doors on the right and only one on the left. The doors on the right were a small room which was probably originally a bedroom but was now a home office filled with references, computer, desk, and a couple chairs. The next was a full bathroom, guessing it was the guest bathroom. The final door was the guest bedroom, which is where he pulled my bags. He put the big one on the queen bed and rolled the carry-on bag to the foot.

Before I could react, he took my hand and led me back out, stopped at the lone door on the other side and pushed it open. It was a huge master bedroom, king bed, two walk-in closets and a separate bathroom with twin sinks and a large shower/tub. The east wall had a large patio door, the same as the one in the family room, emptying onto the patio. He took me through it and stopped. There was no lawn, just rock and sand where there weren't patio pavers. The pool seemed huge for a back yard, but the back yard was large. The was on the curve of the cul-de-sac so his yard was a wedge shape, the back being much larger than the front. The back was completely enclosed by privacy walls that were seven feet tall. I could just see the roofs of the adjacent houses, but no windows were evident. A gate in the back wall led to the golf course. He said he was on the fourth fairway just short of a dog-leg to the left, which was protected by out-of-bounds and two large oak trees.

Just then, a movement and whine came from my left. A dog, apparently sleeping under the cover outside the family room, came running to us. Nick simply put up a hand and the dog nearly skidded to a stop in front of us. I was impressed. The dog sat, twitching with anticipation, his tail wagging furiously. This seemed to be a ritual and ended when Nick bent down and was 'attacked' with love



and adoration. He was a white German Shepherd. He looked every bit like the German Shepherds I was used to, except he was completely white. Nick said it was a particular gene and it was not an albino mutation. He was about 75 to 80 pounds and appeared to be complete muscle.

I knelt down next to Nick and the dog came to me, immediately. Nick laughed, "He has a good sense about people. His name is Harley, which I changed from Nemo, the fish cartoon character. It was the name he had when I got him from the shelter. He has a love for water, which apparently was the motivation for naming him, but 'Nemo' just seemed like a goofy name for a German Shephard. Wait until you see him in the pool, though. The kids just love to play with him in the pool."

"Those kids? Their families don't have pools? A community like this?"

He laughed, again. I loved how much he laughed, how freely and openly he enjoyed things. "Yes, they do. I get teased by the parents. Apparently, the kids have said that I am more fun than their parents. They are here rarely and only when their parents have check with me first."

We had a beer on the patio, his hand hanging down onto Harley's head, aimlessly scratching his ear. Then we went for a walk down the street. Leaving the house, he stopped at seeing the kids still playing and the parents standing talking in one of the driveways.

He turned to me, "When I introduce you, it will be as someone I have known all my life and I have FINALLY talked into coming for a visit."

"Not as your mother? Are you ..."

"No, definitely not. But, I think you will enjoy your stay much better that way. They will think of you as my friend and equal, not as a parent who they might treat differently. Is that okay?"

I just smiled, kissed him on the cheek, took his hand, and led him down the sidewalk. The kids all rushed over and the parents crossed the cul-de-sac. Apparently, the kids had gone home to announce that Nick had brought home someone. He did as he said, introducing me as someone he has known all his life from Kansas. He left everything else as a mystery. He smiled each time it occurred and it did occur several more times. It was clear my boy was someone people got to know easily and I wasn't too surprised. He was self-confident, positive, and sure of himself. All the things I was not.

We had a quiet meal alone that night and I crashed early, feeling a little guilty until he reminded me of the time zone change and my travels. The next morning, I found him on the patio with Harley, sipping his coffee and reading the morning paper. He greeted me with a kiss on the lips. It was a just a peck, but it caught me by surprise. He seated me at the wrought iron table and poured me some coffee, went into the house and came out with a selection of croissants and muffins. We were lazy that morning, then asked if I brought a swim suit. I said it hadn't crossed my mind since it was not warm in Kansas. With that we spent a few hours looking, me modelling, before purchasing two suits for me. One was somewhat conservative two-piece and the other was a bikini at his insistence. I gave in, but I wasn't sure I would ever have the nerve to wear anything like that.

That night we went to the club for dinner. The club is very nice and the formal dining room was exquisite, the service wonderful, and the food divine. I also met more of his friends including one of the couples from yesterday with kids. We joined them for a drink on the balcony, overlooking the darkened golf course. When the men left us for another round of drinks, my last I insisted, the woman, Jane, pulled me in tight and whispered conspiratorially, "I don't think I have ever seen Nick look so happy and relaxed. You seem to be good for him. Besides ..." and she leaned into my ear so I would be the only one to hear, "... the single ladies here are watching you with envy."

I casually looked around as though looking for Nick and seeing the surroundings. I was his mother, not his girl-friend, yet, they didn't see it that way, at all. Nick was right, I am being seen by these people differently than if I was his mother. I was also seeing things about him and how people saw him that I might not otherwise have the chance to see.

The next day, Sunday, after another lazy morning, he told me to wear jeans and bring a jacket. He wanted to take me to see his office, then walk me around the U of A campus that he attended. Why a jacket, I wondered.

He was waiting for me outside the garage. The kids were hanging around, again. He had a motorcycle waiting. The kids stood next to the drive waiting, they too had envy in their eyes as I approached. I was given a helmet and he secured it on my head. He pressed the button to lower the garage door, climbed on, started the beastly bike, and indicated for me to get on behind him. I had never been on any kind of motorcycle, much less a Harley Davidson. It roared when it started and the kids whooped and yelled in response. I climbed onto the back, my purse going around my neck. As he released the kickstand, I wrapped my arms around his chest and closed my eyes, the kids laughed and pointed at me. I was terrified for the first several turns, stops, and miles on the road. Then I relaxed gradually, becoming very aware of the man in front of me, the hardness of his body, the smooth and confident manner with which he handled the bike. After a few more miles, I had loosened my death-grip on him, was leaning into his back and talking into his ear. He in turn indicated one way or another and gave me a verbal dialogue on sights along the way.

I was duly impressed with his office and listened intently to every word as he described the luck, gamble, and trust that led to his own agency. His description of the two people working for him (with him, as he put it) made me understand why he felt so confident of their future. If he felt this way about them, I could imagine how they felt about him. We sat in his office at the little table he had for small conferences. We each had a Diet Coke and my eyes took in the office as we chatted. Then, I saw it. When he followed my eyes, he got embarrassed. I looked at him and tears came to my eyes. I knew, or hoped, that he thought about me, but ... there just over the middle of his two computer monitors was a nice framed picture of me.

That night, over a simple dinner of grilled burgers and fixings, he seemed preoccupied and deep in thought about something. He had been completely about me this weekend, making me comfortable, introducing me to the life he had created, and renewing our old, tight bond that we shared until he left to pursue his life. Now, after such a wonderful weekend, he was preoccupied and tight, bothered and deeply inside himself. I found myself in that moment of uncertainty: do I approach him about it openly; or, do I let it be, my insecurity feeling that I might somehow be the source of this change.

We had just finished the dishes, hardly a word spoken as he washed while I dried the pots, serving dishes and other things that he didn't put in the dishwasher. He took my hand and led me into the family room, both of us side-by-side on the sofa. He reminded me of the comment he made when he called me just days ago, that he needed to see me, but that he also needed to talk to me. He reminded me of my own reaction, concern that something might be wrong with him or his life. He had shown me these past days how good his life was, which set my mind racing to a conclusion that what he had always wanted to talk to me about was about me. My mind instantly categorized a list of things it could be about and narrowed it down to a short list that could cause such concern. A very short list. My mind wasn't understanding how, though, I had worked to keep that part of me away from him, not to trouble or bother him, to allow him to grow on his own, to not be encumbered by my problems.

He reminded me of how the recruiter had described Nick's unusual recruiting and vetting process. Once he had narrowed the field to the four best candidates with superficial reference checks, the

recruiter took those four and vetted thoroughly, passing all discovered information to Nick for final decision and interviewing.

"All information discovered", he said, "good and bad was forwarded to me in a report covering each candidate. Most candidates might be four or five pages of notes of reference checks, comments from co-workers, and a superficial check of social media." He was opening his laptop and turning it on as he talked. He pulled up a file and opened up the resume ... mine. Then he opened a Word document on the recruiter's letterhead and moved the laptop between us. "Mom, yours was nine pages." He put his hand on top of mine, squeezing it. He scrolled down past introductory information, comments on the resume fitting the requirements, and moved on to references, recommendations, and comments solicited from others. "I purposely ignore for the first reading the first page which contains names, age, etc. I want to see the person before I might be influenced by things like name, gender, race, orientation, or age. When I read through this, I was putting it in my mind as a leading candidate. The recommendation from clients and customers were some of the highest I have seen. The references were good to stellar. That took the customary three pages and I remember wondering what the rest of the pages could contain." He looked at me with the kind of tenderness, but grave concern that told me he was deeply troubled, but on my side.

He scrolled to the next pages. The recruiter searched for and contacted twice as many people than he would normally. Nick explained that the firm felt an obligation to vet the information they were getting in case it was a few vindictive people.

"One of your co-workers ... a Henry Ordman ... assassinated your personality and morality."

"Oh no ..." Of the few names I never wanted to ever hear, again. I pulled my hand away and walked out of the family room into the back. Tears were already streaming down my face within the moment that it took Nick to be behind me, his arms wrapped around my middle and shoulders, his face in my neck. He didn't say anything at first, he just held me tightly, refusing to let me leave. He finally allowed enough space for me to turn around in his arms and I buried myself into him without the nerve to look into his eyes. I could only whisper, "I'm so sorry, Nick. I never wanted you to find out."

He didn't ask me if it was true or admonish me with a 'how could you'. He just held me. Through my shame and tears and abhorrence of my very being, I also felt coming into me his caring and love, and the guilt, disgust, shame, and humiliation slowly melted away in his arms. There was no recrimination, judgement, or accusation. He hadn't felt the need to talk to me about this out of a desire or need for condemnation, but because he wanted to help and protect me.

He led me back to the sofa and got both of us a strong bourbon, which we sipped in relative silence. Then, he began his inquiry to understand, but with the same sense of gentleness and concern. He asked me to just talk and I did. I went way back, to my earliest years, to becoming pregnant with him. I talked about my insecurity and feelings of low self-worth. I talked about my recognition of sexual pleasure and what it felt like and how my body and mind responded. I talked about how, even at an early age, that the sexual feeling seemed addictive.

He asked about Foley, his adoptive father. He was a good man, not particularly loving, but good. For Nick's early years, I held it together, just focusing my being on taking care of him. It was after, alone without a diversionary purpose to consume me that my life began falling apart, again. Jameson, my second husband, was abusive and controlling. His only decency was to keep it away from Nick. When I said that, Nick got angry, this time at himself for not seeing it and maybe being able to do something about. I told him that was crazy, he was just a kid, and it was me who kept it away from him. I didn't want him to have the kind of growing-up experience that would limit and control his future with misery and anger. While Nick was at home, Jameson restricted his abuse and control to

himself, but occasionally brought a friend to fuck me, too. When Nick left home for college, it became worst. I was the center of frequent humiliation for his friends and some he didn't even know. He would occasionally share me with a friend if they had enough to drink and I was handy.

By the time Nick left home for college, I had slid into a depression with feelings of worthlessness and self-loathing, a state-of-mind fueled by my natural lack of confidence. I sank into a black hole, a darkness filled with dismal hopelessness. He asked about it, the depression, not questioning or judging, but wanting to understand, if that was possible for someone who had never questioned his worth, value, or competence. I described it as a never-ending black hole. I sometimes felt like I was climbing out, but the hole was thick and weighed me down inside it. I could see reality and I wanted it, but the gravity of the blackness seemed to increase in strength, sucking me back inside. I knew I needed help. I knew I needed to be stronger, but every time, the black hole would swallow me, leaving me with a feeling of not knowing if it was worth fighting for my life any longer. Sometimes, it felt like light would never again penetrate down to me, deep inside the blackness.

Jameson took advantage of it, as did men later after I freed myself of him in a momentary period of strength. But men seemed to be able to identify my weakness, my inclination to submit to their demands and manipulation, sensing that I was tired of the struggle.

"And Henry Ordman?"

I gave him a weak smile. It was a smile somewhere between complete defeat and irrational hope. "It wasn't just him, there were others in the office and outside. I never knew for sure, but I had the feeling that it was Jameson's final abuse on me that he found where I ended up and confided in the sleaziest of my co-workers." I started crying, again. Sobbing, my body wracked in sobs. Nick pulled me to him, stroked my opposite arm, whispered in hair that he loved me and we would get through it. I straightened myself and finished it. I recounted how I was doing better than I had in years and with my success in the job I was feeling like I was on my way to being whole. Then ... I was out with some of the guys, I had just two beers, nothing more than that ... but they must have done something, added something. My awareness returned slowly and I found myself in a hotel room with them, three of them, and I was naked and one guy was pumping into me between my legs and another into my mouth. A couple days later they showed me a video they made. It went on for a year and a half. Then, when I was disgusted enough with myself, I climbed out of that blackness on my own. I didn't know how long it would last before I fell into its gravitation hold, again. I called a meeting of the four of us in the office. When they saw it was just the four of us, they got both sneering and nervous. In that moment of strength, I told them to fuck off, it was over, and I didn't care what they did with the video. They threatened, of course. But, I held firm to my momentary strength. One of them attacked me outside the office and with the marks on my face and body, I went to the managing partner in charge of employee relations. One of the men was my senior. Everything imploded on the men, the company, and me. The guilt trips started, that I was ruining other people's lives if the company went under, but this was my moment of strength and I had to hold on for my own good.

I looked at Nick, my eyes dry, my body at ease, and my hand once again in his. "I felt sorry for the other people, but I had to stick up for myself ... for once, I had to stand up for myself." He pulled me into his side and held me, strong and loving, just holding me and stroking my arm. I was exhausted from the telling and reliving, exhausted from the fear of Nick's reaction, and with the awareness of his understanding, acceptance, and faith, my body and mind sunk beyond exhaustion. But, not back into the blackness, not falling into that hole. I had an anchor holding me, keeping me safe and secure.

I woke up the next morning. I could hear Nick in the kitchen bumping around. This was a work day

for him. I wished it wasn't, not after last night, but I understood and rolled out of bed. I was dressed only in my panties and bra. I took off the bra and put on a t-shirt. I caught him as he was heading out the door, the motorcycle already waiting on the driveway. I ran out to catch him.

He smiled and my heart jumped. "Wow, what are the neighbors going to think, mom?"

I kissed his cheek, "Your neighbors don't know I am your mom." I gazed into his eyes, searching for any sign of hesitation, reluctance, anything. "We need to talk more after last night."

"That's fine. You need to know that I feel good that I understand what happened and that you are fighting against it. You were strong last night. You didn't waver and give into fears and insecurity. We'll build on that. That's my promise."

"We?"

"Like you said, we'll talk more." He kissed me this time. He took me into his arms and on the driveway kissed me on the lips, holding me tightly, and I was sure the t-shirt rode up over my panties as I put my arms around his neck.

I watched him turn the bike and roar off down the street. We. His kiss. His body against mine. My heart leapt like it just received a shot of adrenaline. I turned and saw the mother across the street on the stoop getting the paper. I know I blushed and I put my hand to my mouth. She smiled and gave me a thumbs-up sign. I smiled, waved back, and scampered into the house.

It took us two more nights to talk it through to get to the crux of what we were both not admitting to. But, on that night, I was sure of my feelings and sure of his. I blurted it out.

"I want you to make love to me, Nick."

"I want that, too. More than almost anything right now. Almost ..."

I looked at him confused and felt myself sinking back that I had misread all this and created a mess. He took my chin in his fingers and lifted it up so our eyes were gazing into each other.

His eyes were a deep pool of tenderness, clear and welcoming. "I want that. But, I don't want a single night of wonderful sex or even a few days before you leave. I want more, much more."

My mouth almost wasn't working, but I tried. "More? What ... more ... me?"

He nodded slowly, holding my eyes with his. "You have nothing to go back to, mom. No job, a small apartment, and memories you don't need reminders of. I want more for you."

"I won't guess at this, Nick. What more? What do you want for me, for you?"

"Promise me something, that for now on, we will be fully-honest with each other. Not just the words we say, but we don't hide things for fear of acceptance or understanding." I nodded and promised. "Why haven't you found a good man for yourself? Why haven't you sought out that man who would be your protector and confider?"

"Guilt ... I always felt ..." I stopped and looked at him. "I will, but you tell me why you haven't found that special woman. I know you have met plenty of good women. Why haven't you found that one?"

He smiled. "Okay ... probably fair given everything you have confided to me. It was a mystery to me for a long time why all these nice, smart, attractive women didn't last with me. I had my own

moment of insight when I got the report on you and I sat in my office staring at your picture. It was you. You were always the reason and always have been. No girl or woman measured up to you. There, I said it. Does that scare you away?"

I flung myself against him and crushed his mouth with mine. We didn't separate for minutes; he was as involved in it as I was. When we did break and I chuckled. "You, too. I felt so guilty. My mother's conservative religious teachings haunted me, convincing me that I needed to be punished, that I needed to suffer for such wicked and sinful thoughts. It fed my depression, created the blackness that almost seemed a solitude from the guilt. I wanted to call you for help, for understanding so many times ... but, I was afraid of that one last great rejection."

"Never."

"Then make love to me, let me feel what real love feels like."

He held me tight but said, no. Not that he didn't want to, but to be sure. He asked that we spend one more night and the following day until he returned home. At that time, he would accept my answer.

"I don't want your response in any way to be motivated by high emotion of the moment. I would be devastated if you felt sorry later on." That comment alone might have been enough to seal my decision. But I knew what he wanted. He wanted for us, me in particular, to literally sleep on it and live the day with the idea. I got up off the sofa, put our glasses in the sink, and returned to give him a kiss.

"Where are you going?"

"To bed. The time will pass faster if I can sleep." I smiled a wicked smile at him, turned and shook my ass at him. Yes, I was getting frisky with him. He told me he wanted this. I knew I wanted this. We just had hours to kill now.

I did sleep, a wonderful sleep, with wonderful dreams. I dreamt of being loved, of being held, and being secure and supported. I woke in the morning refreshed and energized. Nick was gone, the house quiet, but for Harley sitting at the patio door, his tail wagging at my appearance. Nick had the yard setup for him. A shaded spot next to the garage and a swinging door in the wall for the hot days. Inside the garage was a spot that was cooler, even on the hottest days. One corner of the back was raked sand for Harley to do his business, which he actually used. Restricted to one area, it was easy to keep picked up and clean.

I let him into the house and he sat alongside me as I had something to eat for breakfast with my coffee. After putting on shorts, a tank top, and running shoes, I grabbed the leash for a walk with Harley. Along the way, I met Mrs. Thomas, a woman in her 70's down the street. She and her husband were just one of the many older couples of the neighborhood and the club community at large. I had a nice talk with her and she was quite nosy about us. She knew Nick well, as everyone seemed to. She said he was very helpful and wonderful with the kids. She said she noticed I had been there for a few days (the Neighborhood Watch is on duty, it seemed). She asked if we were lovers and I could honestly say we were not. She surprised me by winking and asking if we will be. I looked around conspiratorially and said we are figuring that out.

I went for a swim and lay myself out under the sun. It felt wonderful and I thought about this as a life. The weather, the house, my Nick, the care and love, the neighbors, and I knew my decision couldn't possibly change. I got up, checked the time, saw that I had plenty of time being just after noon. I showered, dressed, grabbed the car keys and headed for a nice boutique I spotted earlier. I could verbally give him my answer tonight, but I wanted to show him. I wanted him to know

instantly and to see his reaction at that moment.

I had had high hopes that a new job and maybe a move would give me the strength and determination to finally climb out of that black hole I had spent so much of my life in. But, it wasn't until being with Nick this week that I felt in my heart that I was a part of a good, strong life, that my attitude and self-worth could be mine. All I needed was strong support and direction, someone to lead me with strength, respect, and love. I knew where I could find all those things. I knew who could lead me out of the blackness. And, I knew how I was going to give him my answer.

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CHAPTER FOUR: DECISIONS

The decision about my future was easy to make. It had been decided the night before, but Nick had insisted that a decision like this, with the ramifications and implications this entailed, could not be made under the potential influence of a moment. His wish for me was to be the happiest he could make me, but his greatest fear was that his obvious desire to make me happy might unduly influence me. This decision had to be mine and it had to be made in the harsh light of day, away from the impulse and sway of our contact.

His insistency of how and when the decision should be delayed and made, had little effect on what I wanted. I was sure of my desire last night. Taking away the emotional element of that moment and forcing the consideration in the light of day didn't change the end result. We had professed our love. Regardless of how society might look upon that profession, a mother and son in love beyond our natural relationship and into that of lovers, it was true in my heart. Nick was someone I could truly give myself to, unconditionally and unwaveringly. Nick was that strong and confident man I could trust to lead, challenge, and care for me.

I was dressed in a sundress with a full skirt and thin shoulder straps. The top was fitted for support, eliminating the need for a separate bra. Besides my low heels, my only other clothing item was a pair of bikini panties. It was just afternoon and it was already warm enough for this dress and it was still early spring. After Kansas, this was like paradise.

I backed the car out of the garage, then walked to check the mail for Nick. On the way to the cul-de-sac and the mailbox, I heard Jane Mathers calling. Jane and Tom lived across the cul-de-sac and had three of the kids in the neighborhood. I walked into the middle of the circle to meet Jane.

"Hi, Jane. Do you have the day off or are you lucky enough to stay home with the kids?"

Jane chuckled with her response, "I like the way you put that, 'lucky enough'. I did work for a while but it became such a hassle when the kids came." She chuckled, again. "So, yeah ... I guess I am lucky enough ..."

"Jane, maybe you can help me. I saw a little boutique that seemed to be a shop for intimate wear. But, I am not sure where I saw it, but it seemed to be down on the main drag."

Her eyes sparkled. "You mean, Sharon's Boutique? That's a wonderful shop ..." She looked at me intently and took another step closer as though there might be anyone to over hear us. "Are you two getting ..."

I smiled at her. "It's complicated. You know we go way back. You might say we always knew each other deeper than romantically. We've stayed connected, though. He thought ... maybe ... we should."

"And ..."

"And ... I want him to understand how I feel about it." This time I looked around. "I thought if I met him at the door tonight in one of those gowns ... well, there wouldn't be any doubt in his mind."

She surprised me by taking me into a tight hug in the middle of the cul-de-sac. "Good." She looked me in the eye, her whole face smiling. "Good!"

I felt like I had just gotten the official approval from the neighborhood welcome committee. If they only knew ... I guess Nick's insistence that I not be boxed in by the 'mom' title was going to pay off.

I found my way to the main entrance to the community with only having to turn around once. These curving streets and cul-de-sacs made getting around confusing unless you knew where you were going. Residents didn't have a problem and outsiders struggled.

I found the boutique right where Jane said I would. A small upscale strip mall on the north side of E. Snyder Road. It was at the far end of the strip and the windows and door were discreetly and tastefully covered with frosted glass patterns. The name above the door identified the shop as Sharon's Boutique and advertised as 'Apparel for Your Intimate Times'. It left little question in my mind. The hours were marked on the door, otherwise it might be difficult to tell if the Boutique was even open.

I pulled the door and it opened into a sizeable boutique. It was deceiving from the outside. The inside encompassed more of the building than it appeared from the outside. Straight ahead of me was a wall about seven feet tall and extending about half the width of the store, but centered in the store width-wise. In front of that wall was the check-out stations and counters for smaller items. The front half of the store was devoted to lingerie that was not completely risque, dresses to be worn in public, and miscellaneous accessory items like hosiery, underwear, and shoes. I was a little disappointed. I had planned on finding something that would be much more obvious and daring.

I moved to the right side and wound my way through racks of items, making my way to what would be in the back of the store. Maybe the store was divided this way to allow more discretion for the racier items. Along the way, I was met by an attractive middle aged woman. She introduced herself as Sharon, informed me that she was the owner and that the handsome younger man hanging new inventory was her son, John. She asked if there was anything she could assist with. I hesitated and quite possibly blushed as well. I had a plan, but did I really want to explain it to a stranger? But, I found myself doing just that, explaining how I was looking for a nightgown that would set an image of sophistication while still being enticing and obvious. This was to be a special night and I wanted to set a very special mood from the first moment he laid eyes on me after work.

There were three other women looking around this section and she steered me to an area, asking me questions: lust or love, love; long-term or fling, definitely long-term, a commitment; encourage sex or just arousal, definitely sex; blatant or erotic, I thought about that and settled on erotic.

She said it was largely in the presentation of the entire ensemble. She showed me some sheer baby dolls and showed how they would have to be worn with panties because of their short length if it wasn't to be blatant, but it could still be sophisticated with thigh-high stockings and heels. She showed me some floor length gowns that had a single closure, also sheer, but somewhat covered the body until you walked.

It was then that a young woman walked up to us. Sharon smiled at her and introduced us. The woman's name was Helen Hawkins and seemed to know Sharon very well. Helen indicated that she couldn't help but overhear and wondered if I could use an outside recommendation. I agreed. She

led us over to a rack of floor length gowns, pulled various ones off and held them up to me until she was satisfied she had the right size. She asked about color, but she recommended white. With a wicked smile, she said, "A virginal color and very enticing."

She selected the right one, gave it to me, and said, "Go try it on." She pointed to the changing room not 10 feet away. My reaction was to be shocked, but she was so casual about it. My feet moved to the changing room but my brain was in neutral. I unzipped the dress and pulled it over my head. I stood in the tight room with the narrow mirror in my low heels and panties. I put on the gown, looked for the closures and only found one, a tie just under my breasts. I stood in front of the mirror and looked at myself. The bodice was made of lace, but I could still make out my nipples in the sheer lace material. The rest of the gown was a sheer material that seemed virtually transparent. The folds of the material provided some distortion, but what was underneath was visible.

From outside the room, I heard Helen, "You are coming out to show us, aren't you?"

"No!"

"Yes! How else are we able to help you? You're going to display it for your lover ..."

"Well, you aren't my lover ..."

I heard a mumble, "Yeah, well ... maybe that could change ..."

Then I heard Sharon admonishing her, "Helen, behave! You'll scare her off."

I took a deep breath and opened the louvered door slightly and peeked out, "It is safe to come out?" I received assurance that it was. I opened the door and stepped out. Helen stood with her hands on her hips and ordered me to take the panties off. I did, almost without thinking about it. I was standing in a strange shop in a sheer nightgown, completely naked underneath. Standing still in front the large mirror on the wall, the gown closed in front. Although it was sheer, it provided the sense of coverage. Helen then took my hand and led me about 15 feet into the store. I couldn't believe I was doing this, nearly naked and being led deeper into the store. Then she turned me around and I was still facing the mirror. She instructed me to walk to the mirror. It seemed like a simple request, but the image was amazing. Standing still, the gown gave the illusion of coverage, but walking, the gown separated and one leg, then the other was fully exposed as the gown gave way with only the closure at my breast. But, more important visually, was that my pussy was fully exposed as I walked. I stopped in front of the mirror and saw it again close around me. I studied the image in front of me and thought about tonight if I wore this gown, how it would part and fully expose me below my breasts unless I purposely closed it around me. What an enticing image it would present to Nick during dinner.

"I'll take it."

Sharon smiled, "Anything else you might need?"

I smiled into the mirror as I gazed at my image and then at Helen and Sharon behind me in the mirror, "We'll be back. When he sees me in this ... oh, yes, he'll definitely want to come back." There were understanding looks from everyone, an immediate understanding of the desires of men.

Back home ... wow, this is going to be 'home' ... I run inside to get the arrangements started for dinner. I got the meal started, baked chicken, rice, and green beans. I had a nice white wine for the dinner. Then I went to the master bedroom to shower and get ready. It was larger, a nicer shower, bigger mirror, and room to judge my preparations. I cleaned the hair from my legs, underarms, and

pubic area. I felt as smooth as I could get it. It felt so good and I couldn't wait for Nick to feel the same thing when he stroked me for the first time as a lover. I paid special attention to my hair and nails, both fingers and toes, then lay out the gown, heels, and the necklace. The only items I would be wearing when he arrived and all through dinner. I got goose bumps just imagining it happening for real. The closer the time came, the more exciting it became. It was one thing to imagine and plan something like this, but entirely different and more exciting as the actual time approached.

I couldn't have been more energized and excited about this next step, however. Part of my reaction was simply because it had been my imagination and desire to do this crazy thing. He had only asked that we give ourselves a 24 hour cooling off period to think about this big step. A simple, 'Yes, let's go out for dinner and talk about it' would have been sufficient and, probably, expected. Instead, I have a nice dinner ready, wine, the dining room set formally for us to enjoy. Then, I took the step to take away any doubt about the sincerity of my answer. I was going to meet him dressed only in a nearly see-through, floor length, fly-away white nightgown. It tied at a single point just below my breasts. The bodice was sheer lace and close examination showed my nipples. Close examination wasn't required to see anything about me below the bodice. And when I moved, the front opened, gapping from my breasts to the floor. I wore a string of fake pearls around my neck, hanging invitingly between my breasts. The only other thing was a pair of white 4 inch heels. I never felt so naked while still wearing something. It took some talking to myself not to put on the white lace thong that came with the gown.

That young woman in the shop was so confident and sure of herself. What was her name? Helen ... Helen Hawkins ... she insisted that the best way to wear this gown was without the thong. She had said it was her favorite way. She seemed so young and innocent, but clearly she had experience.

The other aspect of my excitement, though, was the ramifications for my future and, hopefully, Nick's. For me it was like a new opportunity at life, a new beginning to make my life what Nick says I should always have had. To me, it was like a chance at rebirth, a chance to re-enter this world with a new hope, outlook, and anticipation. It was as if he was giving me the chance at rebirth into a new life of love, caring, protection, and understanding. Things I have never really felt or been given throughout my life. Except for Nick. Even when he was a kid, he was the one looking out for me, encouraging me, telling me how much I could give someone, if I just found the right someone.

Now I have found the right someone ... and, it is the same person who has been there for me all this time. He is the one someone who I believe can truly set me free, to allow me to grow and expand my being into what I am. He is the one who can show me what that is, what I can be. And he will do it while protecting me, caring for me, but even more, loving me. Now, I was about to ...

I heard the garage door motor start and pull the door up. I checked the dinner one last time. Everything was ready and would stay warm for a while longer. I picked up the two drink glasses, put two ice cubes in each, and splashed a double shot into each of his favorite bourbon. Then, I stepped to the edge of the kitchen area where he would see me as he came in through the laundry room from the garage.

When he stepped in, he was about to call out to me when he saw me standing there, nearly naked in that gown and heels, a drink held in each hand. He dropped his backpack on the floor and came up to me, standing only inches from me. From a distance, he could have looked at me, devoured my nakedness with his eyes. But, he came to look deeply into my eyes. He didn't even take one of the drinks, he put his hands on my shoulders ... and looked into my eyes, a smile slowly forming on his mouth.

"This is your answer?" His smile growing at the realization of what this meant.

I think I might have been blushing. I felt like I was. "Do you have any question about my answer, Nick darling? Yes, this is my answer. I want to be your lover. But, even more, I want to be your partner in life. I want to love you that way and I want you to love me that way. Can you have me that way, Nick?"

"Yes!! Oh, God, YES!" There was no hesitation in his answer or his reaction. From the moment he saw me standing in front of him, waiting for my answer to be understood, his reaction was obvious. But, I need to hear him say it. "Yes, I want you in those ways and every way we can come up with. Mom, you don't know how I have thought about this, guilt ridden at the very thought, but the thought never left me."

He took me in his arms, my arms held out to the side, still holding our drinks. Then he took one of the drinks from me, freeing one of my hands. He put his free hand behind my head and pulled me into a kiss. My free hand went behind him, pulling his body into mine. God, how I wanted to feel him against me, not as a mother, but a love crazed, lusty woman.

He released me after what had to have been a full minute long kiss. Doesn't seem long? Try it!

He took a step back. Just far enough to look at me, but not so far that our hands weren't still together. And look at me he did. From top to bottom. He was definitely close enough to see my nipples between the lace. He dropped my hand and parted my gown in front, gazing at my nakedness underneath. He looked between my legs and a thin smile formed. He looked up at my eyes and I give him credit for that. He took my hand, again, and led me into the family room and we sat on the sofa side by side. He kissed me, again. His hand went inside my gown and stroked my naked side and hip.

He removed his hand and presented his glass for a toast. "To our new life." We clinked glasses and took a sip. We talked about our days and mostly I listened to what happened in his day. And that made me very happy.

I stood, took his empty glass, and told him to sit at the dining room table. I brought the food to the table, but his eyes weren't on the food I had spent hours preparing. His eyes followed my body as I moved back and forth from the kitchen to the table until everything was in place. I poured each of us some wine. As I stood next to him, pouring wine into his glass, his hand parted my gown again and slid up my bare thigh to my ass and up to my lower back. My breath caught in my throat and a soft shudder went through my body, and a sigh escaping my mouth.

"You're beautiful, mom! I love his look." I bent over and kissed him lightly on the lips and his hand found its way around my thigh and touched my pussy lips. I shuddered harder this time, but straightened up and moved to my side of the table, his hand sliding down my thigh as I turned away. His eyes followed me and as I sat down, adjusting the gown over my legs for the faintest bit of modesty, his face was a lusty smile. "Is this a one-time thing because of the answer to my proposal? Or, might I be able to experience this again sometime?"

I could feel the blush spread over my face, neck, and upper chest. I wanted him to have me any way he wanted me. I wanted him to tell me what he expected, what he wanted from me. I wanted him to expect that any want or desire of his would be immediately and willingly complied by me. I wanted to be his and for him to know it and believe it. But, that might take some time to develop, his concern now was me, making sure I was loved, safe, and supported. The rest would come, I hoped.

"Nick, you asked for my answer and I have given it to you. You know that I want this completely, I want to love you with all my soul. I will ask this only this one time and then I will trust you until you

tell me otherwise. I need to hear that you also want this, that you want me even though I am older and ... and your mother."

He smiled the softest, sweetest smile I have seen. His eyes focused only on mine. "Remember, I am the one who suggested this, who asked for this. You have been my ideal. You are the woman I want; the woman I need. Your age has nothing to do with us and nobody else seems to have considered it since you have been here. As for you being my mother and me your son ... well, we will have to be careful around others, but I like the idea of my mother, my lover, and my partner with me at all times. Any more concerns?"

"Yes, just one ... I wonder if you would mind terribly if we ate our meal cold?"

He must have had the same concern. This would have been a very difficult meal the way I was feeling. He pushed his chair back, came to me, and took my hand. I rose from my chair and he engulfed me into his arms, his lips on mine, his tongue tracing along my lips until I hungrily parted them to suck his tongue into my mouth. His hands went inside my gown and he stroked my back and butt, pulling me into his groin. I could feel his hardness pressing back into me and I groaned as I pressed back against him. My head spun and I held onto him tightly. This really was real! I was going to feel his body naked against mine, feel his hard body against mine, and feel him inside me. As if it was bringing us full circle in our lives. He was inside me at his birth into this world and that birth had changed me at such a tender young age. Now, after all my trials, mistakes, poor decisions, and problems, him inside me again was going to be another birth of sorts, but this time a rebirth, this time for me to begin anew, this time with real love, without the mistakes, trials, and poor decisions. Now, he would be here to lead me, to guide me, and to protect me. Was it too much to want? No, it was only what he offered to me, what he asked to be able to provide to me because he wanted me to experience freely and safely what could be mine ... and his. I got dizzy for a moment. A swoon? Did I actually swoon in his arms at the very thought of what my life was going to become? He felt it too, because he bent over, slipping an arm behind my knees, he lifted me, my arms still around his neck. He carried me out of the dining room and down the hallway as if I weighed nothing at all, as if it were the most natural thing to be doing. He was carrying me to his bed ... carrying his lover to his bed.

Entering his room, I put my lips to his, sealing the moment in a kiss I wanted to remember forever. What might have been was broken, however. What might have been a tremendously romantic moment became nearly comical. My kiss blinded him, now moving on instinct and memory of the repetitive times he has enter this room in the light, in the dark, and quite drunk. This time, however, his foot caught the rug at the foot of the bed, his balance thrown, and my weight in his arms aiding in magnifying the power of gravity. It was as if he gave up trying to stop the fall and instead he rotated so he was backing into the bed, falling with me on top of him. We bounce slightly, but not as much as might have been truly comical. I was laid out on top of him, his arms now around me and my legs on either side of him. For the briefest of moments, my face registered the stunned surprise that I felt. I looked down at him, about to ask if he was alright when he burst in embarrassed laughter.

He quickly stopped laughing and gazed up at me, his breathing still quick from the rush of the fall. "So much for a romantic entrance." His eyes shifted from my smile, down my body, and stopped where I was sitting on him. My eyes followed his and I saw, remembered, that the gown had flown open, parting at my breasts and my bare groin spread over his mid-section. When I looked back up, he was looking into my face with wonder. "God, you're beautiful! Tell me, again, that this is for real. I don't want this to be just the most wonderful dream I could possibly have ..."

I put two fingers to his lips. "This is real. If it is a dream, we are both having the same dream and I

don't ever want to wake up. I am really here with you, to love you, to be whatever you want me to be; I am here for you to love."

I didn't move. But, I tugged his polo shirt from his Dockers and wrestled it up his body and over his head. I leaned over and kiss first his nipples, then his lips. I felt like I couldn't get enough of him on my lips, his lips, his body, his ... anything.

I slid down his body and knelt at his feet. When he started to sit up, I pushed him back down. My fingers opened his belt, then his pants, and unzipped his fly. My lips went to the outside of his underwear, finding and rubbing his cock, pleased that it was hard and ready. I shifted to his shoes and socks, removing each and tossing them behind me. My hands moved up his thighs, to his crotch, stoking his hard cock from the outside before moving to the top of his pants and underwear. I leaned forward to kiss his bare stomach. I felt the muscles of his stomach. I put out my tongue as I start pulling his remaining clothes off. He raises his hips to assist and as his clothes moved smoothly from his body, my tongue traced the path, touching each new bareness as it is exposed to me. I don't even notice that I am holding my breath as my tongue traces more and more bare skin of my son's body. When the head of his cock comes into view, standing hard and proud before my eyes, my lips go it without a moment's hesitation. After kissing the head, I open my mouth to take it in and only then realize my shortness of breath as I suck in a long gasp of air with his cock. I pull back with his cock in my mouth, pulling his cock vertical, then releasing it with a slap against his abdomen.

As I pull his pants and underwear from his legs and feet, my gaze remains on his beautiful cock. All day, knowing what my decision was always going to be, I have wondered what his cock would look like, how it would feel, how it would taste. I admit to being surprised at the sight. Not that it is huge but nice, it is probably seven or eight inches in its straining size now, but he is hairless ... like me. The thought makes me smile as I move up to again engulf him in my mouth.

I feel a tugging on head and hear a plead, "I want to be inside you, really inside you ..."

I pump my mouth down and up on his cock several more times, then reluctantly raise my head and allow his cock to slip out of my mouth. I look down at it, wet with my saliva, it is moving on its own, flexing and twitching, I can see his need in the way his cock is straining, jerking. I move up his body, my legs on either side of him as I climb onto the bed over him. My fingers work the tie below my breast and I open it, shrugging it off my shoulders and down my arms. I sit over his cock, my wet pussy in contact with his glistening manhood and I feel it jerking under me. I use my hands to cup my breasts, lifting them while looking into his eyes.

"Yes, you can have me the way you want me. But, someday, sometime soon ... you WILL cum in my mouth."

He mutters, "Oh my god, yes!" Then he takes my shoulders and turns me over, rolling me off him and onto my back. He is fully on the bed and between my legs that have splayed open as I was rolled over. He leans over me, his chest barely touching my nipples, his eyes looking deeply into mine. "But now ... right now ... right this instant ..." and he moves forward only inches, but those few inches penetrate my pussy with the head of his cock. "But now we will make love. I want you to know what a man can give to a woman when they are truly in love and care only for each other." And, with a shift in his weight, he slid the rest of his cock deeply into me in a long, smooth stroke.

My mouth opened wide into a scream of ecstasy that never made it out. My head rolled back and my eyes rolled into my head. When I felt his groin mash into mine, when I felt him as deeply into me as I believed he could possibly be, a moan slowly crawled out of my mouth from deep inside my throat and soul. Forget all the times I had been taken and fucked, forget all the times of abuse and use,

forget it all; I was being loved, he was giving me his love and devotion and I was wanting it and responding in kind with my own.

And, that's all there was; my mouth opened wide, again, my eyes flashed open and stared into his eyes, and I cried out. "I'm CUMMMMM ... mmmminnnnnngggg!!" I thought he was desperately in need as I sucked him ... it was me in desperate need and I didn't realize it. With only those few bits of contact, my body erupted ... exploded. I could feel him inside me as if he had grown immensely, simply from the intense contractions of my pussy around him, convulsing around him as my body was racked by jolts of pleasure colliding through me.

I hadn't realized that he had slowed his movements to a bare crawl as my body was rocked by my orgasm. As my focus returned and my mind became aware of what had happened, he was still above me, his weight supported by his arms and knees as he moved gently and smoothly in and out of my still contracting pussy. He leaned down and kissed my lips, smiling with his eyes to mine. I gave him my response; I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his hips and clamped my ankles together, raising my body to his. His eyes shifted from the gentle smiling to intense and I could see the loving lust he held for me and I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling his head to me, crushing our mouths together in a kiss I wanted to last. In the next instant, he pulled his cock back, nearly outside of me, then rammed it to the hilt back into me. I gasped into his mouth and knew I would be having another intense orgasm soon. This time, I prayed he would be joining me, that this time it would be the two of us joined together in a wondrous climax.

That's exactly how it happened. As I was trying to divert my mind, trying to imagine my body holding off my orgasm, I felt him jerk inside me and it seemed that he swelled, then the first shot of his cumming ... I felt him cumming inside me, adding to the wetness. And, my pussy clamped down hard around him in response, the signal of my own release. I cried out into his shoulder, gasping as jolt after jolt of orgasmic pleasure ripped through my body, all the while feeling his cock empty his seed into me, again and again.

My eyes flitted open to eventually come to focus on the ceiling fan slowly turning above me. My right shoulder felt pinned to the bed. I turned my head, cobwebs still making my brain fuzzy. My eyes came to rest on Nick's eyes watching me, a welcome smile across his face and in his eyes. I smiled back to him without an effort on my part. His head was resting on my right shoulder, the fingers of his right hand toying with my left nipple. His fingers traced a ticklish path to my right nipple.

"I hope you don't mind ... my touching you, I mean. I'm going to want to spend a lot of time becoming very familiar with every part of your body."

My answer was simple, I rolled into him, my lips taking his, my left leg draping over his hip, pulling us together. I could have easily remained right there, in bed, in his arms, tightly holding him. But, I also some other ideas for tonight ...

I untangled us and slid off the bed, pulling him by the hand as I did. I led him naked out the bedroom and down the hall. Once at the entry, I pointed to the dining room and instructed him to turn the light off and to light the candles. I got two towels from the closet and covered our chairs, then took up the serving dishes, placing each in the microwave for a few minutes each to warm them. He was refilling the wine glasses as I returned.

I looked at the dining room window a little nervously. "I think we need either heavier sheers or a second layer of sheers for times like this."

His glass was nearly to his lips when he stopped and pulled the glass away. "Then ... you're thinking

there could be more meals like this?"

"Well ..." I smiled devilishly at him over my own wine glass. "Both of us naked would be up to you, but ... if you liked me greeting you like I did tonight ..."

He put his glass out toward me and we clinked our glasses. I took that as approval.

A semi-formal dinner naked was an interesting experience. We ate, we talked, we laughed, but our eyes frequently moved from the face across from us to other parts of the body. Our talk became comfortable and casual quickly, but there was a definite undercurrent of mutual expectation for more sharing of our bodies later.

I looked up towards the end of dinner. He was just watching me. His plate was cleaned and he was watching me, his elbows on the table, as I finished the last bits of the meal. I didn't know if I was slower or that I had talked more. His gaze was mostly on my eyes and mouth, but every now and then drifted down to my breasts. It felt like I blushed at the unabashed attention he gave me. But, I like that he liked what was before him. It did cause me to become self-conscious and quiet, though.

Then, he became serious. From lightness to serious. "Do me one favor, mom. Promise me that we will always be fully and completely honest with each other. I don't mean that we tell each other everything unfiltered. All human interaction requires thoughtful consideration before expression. But, what I mean is that we share our desires, our wishes, our hopes, and our expectations. That we are honest about things that happen to us and that we want to have happen to us."

"Like when I told you I want to have you cum in my mouth."

"Yes! And, so you know, I want to make you cum with mine, too." He reached out for my hand and I gave it to him. "I feel like we will be moving fast, maybe making up for lost time, but I don't want us to assume when a simple question or comment would have clear up intentions."

"Then, here's what I would like to have happen: we clear the table, put the leftovers in the refrigerator, dump the dirty dishes in the sink, and you take me back to your bed to do whatever you want with me."

"Our bed. From now on, this is your house, that is your bedroom and bed. The day after tomorrow you are scheduled to fly back. I want to reschedule a few things, schedule a couple days off, and fly back with you. We'll pack your belongs with a U-Haul and bring you home."

I stood up and walked around the table to meet him as he stood. I went into his arms and melted into his body. "That would be the answer to my dreams."

He did take me back to bed, our bed, and we both lasted longer this time. Is the first time always the best? Somewhere I heard or read that. The first time of making love with your love is always the best. I can attest that it isn't true.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE: GUILTY PLEASURE**

The next morning started out early. I heard the alarm sound and get smacked quiet almost immediately. I rolled to my right, which should have put me up against Nick, but he wasn't there. I reached out with my arm thinking I might have wandered further away in the night on the king-sized bed. It was dark in the room and my hand found his bare back as he sat on the edge of the bed. He

turned to me, pulled the light covers up to my chin, kissed my lips and forehead, and told me to go back to sleep. He needed to get an early start if he was going to be able to take a few days off to join me on the flight the next day and spend the next four days spanning the weekend to move me. He kissed me, again. Then, he just sat there looking at my face. His hand came to my face as looked up at him and it smoothed some strands of hair from my face.

"I love you, mom. I am very happy this happened. Now sleep some more. Tonight we plan the next several days."

He ran his hand down my body as I turned onto my left side and I felt the bed give as he stood up as his hand slid over my hip. I sighed and slipped back into sleep. I didn't hear him as he got ready and left. The morning was light when my eyes opened, again. I stretched my body out, pushing the covers down, and exposing my breasts and upper body in the process. With the memories of the night before, my hands moved to those same breasts and nipples, sliding down my stomach, and stroking my pussy as I remembered the wonderful sensations of making love to my son. My son who is to be my lover who is to be my partner in life. Stretched my body one last time and swung my legs over the side. I rummaged through his drawers until I found the one with his t-shirts. I pulled it over my head, stopped at the full-length mirror, and was satisfied that it would cover my ass, at least while I was standing.

I got a pot of coffee started, then went to the front door and peered outside, checking to see if there was any movement visible. I could see the paper in its plastic bag covering on the driveway near the cul-de-sac. It was late enough that the kids should all be off to school and there was no evidence of anyone else outside. I walked out and walked quickly to the paper. The t-shirt was so short on me that there was no 'proper' way to get down to retrieve the paper, so I looked around and bent over to pick it up as quickly as possible and return back to the house. I had just turned and started up the drive when I heard Jane Mathers calling me from the other side of the cul-de-sac. I stopped, pulled the shirt down more, despite the fact that it had no further to go down. She chatted and asked about how the 'big night' went. I forgot I had mentioned to her about Sharon's Boutique. I blushed and she got the right impression immediately, even if that wasn't my intention. I just knew our 'big night' was going to make it around the neighborhood by the end of the day. Oh well, I was moving in ... everyone would have the idea soon enough.

I made of toast with marmalade to go with my coffee and took it all out to the patio to be enjoyed in the morning sun. I tore off a few pieces of toast for Harley. We had become fast friends between the treats I snuck him and the walks that had become a big part of our days together. I read the paper and drank coffee. I absently scratched Harley's ears and head as he continued to come to me, resting his head in my lap, sometimes from under the wrought iron table on my knees. He seemed quite interested in me this morning and, with Nick gone and the expectations for the coming days, I welcomed this new attention.

I still hadn't showered and those two things didn't connect in my mind as being connect: with a dog's refined sense of smell, the remnants of our amorous activities the night before would be obvious. The day was already proving to be a warmer day for this time of year, so I decided to dress in shorts for a long walk with Harley. Maybe, if the course wasn't crowded, I could cut across the fairway and walk the neighborhood on the other side.

It initially worked, but on the return, the course was crowded. Men's league play had started, which seemed interesting to me that they would have league play starting at mid-morning, but I kept forgetting how many retired people lived in the area and how many people in this community had retired early, still in their mid to late 50's. So, by the time we were back at the house I was hot and sweaty and poor Harley was panting. I committed to getting a water bottle that would be easy to

carry, maybe one with a strap, to hydrate both Harley and me.

I walked Harley out to the patio to give him fresh and cool water. Then, the warm sun provided the temptation that I had resisted during my stay so far. I scanned the walls around the patio and backyard, verifying what Nick had said about the walls providing completely privacy. The walls being seven feet tall and solid masonry, I could see neighboring roofs, but no hint of a window. I wasn't sure if he had made a point of telling me that for this reason, but the temptation was finally too much. I removed my running shoes and socks, pulled my t-shirt over my head, and pushed my shorts down my legs. For no reason other than paranoia about being naked outside, I looked around the perimeter of the yard one last time, then reached my hands behind my back to release the hooks to my bra. I shrugged it off my arms and pushed my panties down over my hips and down my legs to join my shorts on the patio pavers. I walked over to the storage cabinet against the house and took out a large pool towel, draped it over one of the lounges and lay myself on it, facing into the sun. Within moments, I dozed into a deep restive state.

I was vaguely aware of my surroundings, though. It was unusual for me to be naked outside, especially so casually. The sun shone on me, I could hear sounds of birds and distant traffic on the street, and an occasional sounds and talk from the golf course on the other side of the back wall. But, after several reactions to the sounds, I settled peacefully, if not completely asleep.

I was fully awakened, though, by an odd sensation. I was aware of a sensation that was everything like my pussy being licked. At first my confused mind insisted that it was a dream response to the feelings of last night, but as my mind became more and more aware of my surroundings, it was becoming very obvious that these sensations were very real and physical. At the same time, as my mind was working to recognize what was happening, there was another part of me that was recognizing how wonderfully pleasurable these sensations were. And, as I came to understand that I was being licked, at a remote part of my brain, the licking was like nothing I had ever experience before. Whatever these licks were started at the bottom of my pussy slit and continued in a single motion over the entire length of my pussy and over my rapidly engorging clit. I moaned as two parts of me were fighting for recognition of what was happening. One part trying to fully understand what was happening; the other just trying to appreciate the intense pleasure. It was like nothing any man had ever ...

OH, MY GOD!! "Harley! NO!" I pulled my legs together and sat up straight, scrambled to the side, and slid off the lounge. I was crouched with my arms wrapped around my knees, my body pressed into my thighs. Harley had jumped backwards at my reaction and stood shaking, his shoulders were dropped, his hind end rotated under, with his tail tucked between his legs. My reaction had scared him. He was such a lover that my reaction was the last thing he would want from me. I released my arms and knelt on the ground, opening my arms to him, calling his name. He slunk to me and I felt miserable. I talked to him, explaining my reaction, how I had been so surprised. As I talked to him, explaining myself and expressing how I wasn't mad at him, the memory of the feelings, the sensations, the pleasure I felt came rushing back to me.

My brain was telling me to go into the house and take a shower ... maybe a cold shower. My body, though, hugging Harley to me, his strong, furry body pressed against my nakedness, was telling me something entirely different. My body was definitely winning but could I really give my body to the dog to enjoy or, at least, give me enjoyment? It felt so wrong, so wicked, and so depraved. But, I also knew how wonderful it had felt and that seemed to make it feel very right. My body was winning over my brain, partly because of the night before still fresh in my mind; partly because of the heat from the sun and being naked outside making me not only hot, but 'hot'; and, partly because it had felt so very good and I couldn't ignore the curiosity to know how much better it might feel with more.

So I put my hands on both sides of his head, turned it to face me directly, and I whispered that I wanted more of it, too. I hugged his head to my chest as an act of yearning only to be surprised when his tongue flashing out to my breast, then my nipple. I held his head steady as he continued to lick, flicking his tongue out and continuously striking my nipple, which was quickly turned rigid and hard. I pulled his snout up to my face, "Ohhhhh ... you horny, naughty, wonderful dog. Did you know you could make a woman feel so good?"

I moved back to the lounge, putting my feet on either side of the cushion, which opened me up perfectly. Harley must of have thought so, too. He didn't waste a moment in any thought or reaction to my change in behavior, he just took advantage of it. I was sitting up with my legs spread and I watched as my son's dog put his front paws onto the cushion between my legs and moved his body up until his snout was again at the junction of my thighs. I watched as his snout pushed into my pussy and his tongue came out for an exploratory lick. He looked up at me, as if expecting to be reprimanded, again. But, I didn't. I scratched his ears and lean back against the angled back of the lounge and sighed as his tongue game me another lick, then another, and a steady repetition of his tongue licking along my pussy.

It took almost no time before I was softly moaning my pleasure, my hips rising off the cushion, and mumbling encouragement to the dog. This felt so unbelievably wonderful, but every time I opened my eyes and looked down at the tongue and mouth pleasuring so well, the sight of the dog caused another jolt of arousal to course through my mind and body. First, it was incest, wonderful and delicious incestuous pleasure with my son; now, it is bestiality, also wonderful and delicious with my son's dog. My son was my savior, saving me from the depths of despair and darkness, wanting to open me to safely explore my life without threat or abuse. Already, I have tasted two of society's taboos.

I didn't care, though. At least not at the moment. Harley's tongue felt amazing as he lapped at my pussy with all the eagerness of a dog at a tasty scent. I lifted my butt off the cushion and spread my knees to give him better access to my pussy. I was pressing down with my forearms to hold my butt in the air while my breathing became faster and erratic. This was wonderful in itself, but then an amazing thing happened when it felt like his tongue had entered my pussy and curled inside me. Nick had tongued me and it was nice, but his tongue is shorter. This tongue seemed to reach impossibly into me and I cried out, my butt rising higher into the air, and I orgasmed.

Harley wouldn't stop. He continued to lick and it occurred to me that my orgasm was producing more juice escaping my body and he continued to take it up with his tongue as it came out and the more he took up, the more I would climax. It was a series of uncontrolled orgasms, the first being strong, and the subsequent ones with minor peaks of pleasure as he continued to lick, his tongue finding my insides and my clit in the process.

I dropped my butt to the cushion and pulled my legs together and up into my chest, curled into a tight ball in protection against his insistent tongue. I would never have guessed that I could be licked too much!

I rolled off the lounge and ran into the house naked, leaving my discarded clothes on the patio floor by the lounge. I went straight into the shower and turned the water on hot and soaked my body for many minutes before even beginning to wash away the sweat and grime from my run. I found myself washing intently and diligently between my legs and stopped, letting the water cascade off my head and shoulders, running down my body. I thought. I wondered. Why did I let that happen? Why did I re-ignite the contact with Harley after I had stopped it initially? Why did I knowingly, willingly, and eagerly go into a bestial activity with the dog? Why did I do it? Why did I violate the trust Nick had in me? Why would I jeopardize our new relationship for some simple pleasure?

All these questions plagued me for the rest of the day. We had just pledged to each other that we would always be fully honest and open with each other. I had to confess this to him. He had to know what I Harley had done ... what I had allowed Harley to do.

By the time it was getting close to Nick arriving back, I had convinced myself that Nick was going to be very disappointed, if not hurt and angry. I was beating myself up for being so selfish and singularly focused on my immediate pleasure. I didn't know how I would tell him, but I knew that I had to and that it might be best to just blurt it out and take his displeasure. I prayed that our new relationship wasn't already ruined by my stepping into this obscene and taboo act. It was a terrible situation; the last thing I wanted to do was to tell him about this, but the only thing I also wanted was to get it over with.

When I heard the garage door rise, Harley reacted at the same sound. He was at the door to the garage waiting for his master and I remembered who I was worrying about. Nick wasn't one of those guys from before. Nick was different, his motives were different, his reasons for being with me and wanting to be with me were different. He loved me and cared about me. He told me he wanted me to be both free to experience and safe to experience. I took a deep breath as I heard the door to the garage open and Harley go nuts, his tail banging into the dryer as he wiggled in for more pets until Nick finally dropped his backpack to use both hands. It happened every night the same way.

He pushed his way past Harley, dropping his backpack at the wall leading to the hallway and carrying the bag of Chinese he said he would bring home for dinner. He put the bag of food on the kitchen table and I took his hands, leading him into the family room, sitting him down on the couch as I took a chair opposite him. Harley sat between us, picking up on my tension and feeling confused. Nick's arrival was usually a raucous time and this time it was quiet and I wasn't sitting with him. Even Harley knew something was off.

Nick proved as smart as the dog. He stood up and took my hand, leading me to the couch next to him. He put my hand in his two, looking into my eyes, "Somethings wrong. Nothing will ever be so bad that you can't be sitting next to me. Tell me."

I looked at Harley who now seemed happier and relaxed. Damn, dog. It's because of you that I am in this mess. But ... maybe I should be as smart as the dog and recognize that Nick only loves me. I couldn't look into his eyes, though, even with him holding my hand in his. But I did tell him the whole story from waking up to the first licks, my retreat from Harley, to my decision to enjoy more. When I was done, I sat there, worried and tense. He didn't say anything, but his hand had become tighter around mine and I took that to indicate tension and anger. Nothing would get me to look at him now. And, he still didn't say anything.

"I'm sorry, Nick. You have every right to think I am disgusting to encourage Harley to lick me like that." I reacted internally to that. I hadn't said 'to let Harley lick me'. I had sheltered Harley unconsciously. I put my free hand out to Harley and he came to me. I pet him. I could look into his face. "Be mad at me, Nick, but not at Harley. Don't be mad at Harley." His grip got a little tighter and I flinched at what that meant. "Nick, I wish this never happened. We agreed to never keep secrets and to be fully honest. I wish this could just be forgotten, but ... you must think I am disgusting."

He released his left hand and he used it to force my chin up until we were finally looking at each other. "There is no way I can forget that this happened. It happened, there's no taking that away."

"Oh, Nick, please ... I'm sorry ..."

"Sorry? Mom, you misunderstand ... I am not mad." He leaned into me and kissed my lips, softly and lovingly. With his lips mere inches from mine, his eyes inches from mine, he asked a question that shook me. "Did you have an orgasm? Did you find it thrilling? Did Harley's tongue give you an orgasm like you hoped?"

I pulled my head away to clearly look into his face, to judge not just his eyes, but his face and mouth. "You're not mad?" He took my hand and placed it over his crotch. Through his pants it was obvious how hard he was. "Oh, my god! You're not mad! OH YES! Yes, yes, it was a wonderful orgasm!"

He was in full smile now, the tension completely gone. "You would do it, again? Knowing how I feel, you'd like to do it, again?" I nodded, that seemed to be the safest. I wasn't sure my mouth would even work at that point, I was so excited by the turn of events. "Good, I have an idea."

He stood up and pulled me up with him. He led me out onto the patio. He pointed at the lounge where I had mistakenly forgotten my clothes from earlier. I blushed and nodded. He took the bottom of my t-shirt and pulled it over my head, then started taking his own clothes off. I quickly stripped out of the rest of my clothes and stood next to him waiting, wondering what was in his mind. I thought he might have wanted to watch me be licked by Harley again, but he was also getting undressed.

He lay on the lounge and motioned for me to join him, but with my back to his chest. There was no problem with skipping foreplay this time, we were both more than ready. I crouch over his hips and he held his cock straight up. I settle down over it, easing myself down until my ass was on his hips and thighs. He moved my legs over the arms of the lounge, opening me more than I had been earlier. He pulled me back against his chest, squeezing my breasts, and rotating his hips to slide his cock in and out of my pussy. Then he called Harley.

If I thought what I had done earlier with Harley was obscene, Nick surpassed me in my mind, and I immediately comfortable and assured that whatever I might come up with in my mind, he would be a willing participant or supporter. With Nick's cock slowly moving inside me, restricted as we were, Harley licked for the first time along our union. I felt his tongue on my pussy above the cock inside me, then over my already engorged clit. From Nick's reaction, I knew that the lick had started further below, somewhere on the base of his cock or even his balls. I once again used my forearms on the lounge arm rests to lift my body slightly, taking some of my weight off him, and he took the opportunity to drive his cock into me deeper than he had been able to before, then pulling it out before driving it back in. All the while with Harley licking with a vengeance at our mating, hitting Nick's cock when it was nearly out, my pussy, my clit, Nick's balls, and anywhere his tongue found to touch.

I closed my eyes. I was supporting my hips in the air so my two lovers could have better access to drive me wild with desire and ecstasy. The combination of my son fucking me, my son's dog licking the both of us, and my relief at how my life was changing sent me into the most powerful orgasm I had experienced. It was only later that I wondered if my crying out in release might have been too vocal, but Nick never reacted.

It wasn't just that my life situation was changing. My life was changing in a way that gave me a completely new perspective, new opportunities, new options, and new confidence to move deliberately forward. All because Nick pulled me away. But, not just away, he pulled me toward something more hopeful and promising ... him.

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CHAPTER SIX: THE MOVE

True to his word, as if I could have or would have ever doubted it, Nick cleared several days off from his schedule to accompany me on my return back to Wichita. The difference between now and a week ago, though, was that I was not returning home after a nice visit with my son. Now, we were on a mission to move my belongings to my home in Tucson. He not only was able to get on the same flights as my ticketed itinerary return flights, but on each flight he was able to talk another passenger to switch seats so we could sit next to each other, even if that meant he had a middle seat.

Along the way, I learned what his plan was for getting me packed and leaving in only a matter of days. He reserved a U-Haul truck, packing boxes and tape, and a tow dolly for my little Toyota Prius. He would begin packing my things at the apartment while I went around to the bank, Post Office, and the apartment manager. He wanted to be gone within two days to allow for a two day drive back in the U-Haul truck. It sounded like a lot of work to make happen, but I didn't care if I had to work all night.

I felt like nothing could dampen my mood or outlook for my life after last night. He had not only accepted what I thought of as a transgression of our relationship, but he endorsed it and immediately pulled it into a part of our mutual experience. I couldn't help but wonder what might be next as a new experience for us. There was no question in mind, if there had been since we made the conscious decision to share our lives, that my life and his were changed forever. And, neither of us had a real understanding of how far this new life and experience would lead us. I was anxious to experience this new life, though, to the fullest, and the next step was to fully join him in our physical existence together. The sooner we were on the road leaving Wichita behind, the happier and renewed I would feel.

But I wasn't the only one emotionally and psychologically damaged by the recent past.

"You wanted to know if she returned ... well, she has. I just saw her car parked in front of her apartment."

Henry Ordman was desperate. His life had been ruined. He had potential legal problems that the County District Attorney was still looking into; he had lost his job, and worse, the entire agency he had worked for closed; his former co-workers all blamed him; his wife had filed divorce papers, and if his wife and daughter even looked at him, it was with disgust and revulsion. And in his mind, there was only one person to blame, that stupid, woman that had been so easy to manipulate. If she hadn't been so vulnerable, it might never have gone to the extent it did. Of course, the other guys involved were to blame, too. But it was easier to put it on that woman than the other guys. He knew that was weak, but it was real and easy. So, he had acted tough about doing something about it, 'he'd show her', but she had suddenly disappeared.

Now she was back? And, these guys had taken him seriously? He was too far gone, now; whatever image he had left for saving was only in the eyes of these two guys, all the result of drunken bitching and macho talk at bars. What little pride he had left, he bundled into a tight little package of rage, "Meet me on the street at her place in 20 minutes. Bring Todd."

"Todd's gone. Nobody has seen him. The word is he gave his wife the divorce she demanded. He didn't even discuss it or get a lawyer. Gave her 75% of everything. He just left."

"Forget him! Be there in 20 minutes, we'll make sure she doesn't pursue charges, any further." The

other guy was sure Ordman had lost it, jumped right off the tracks, and lost all control. But, Ordman always had the control over them. He didn't know why, but he resolved to himself that this would be the last time he had anything to do with Ordman.

They met at the apartment building and Ordman had the red gym bag. The guy knew what that would mean and he told himself, again, that this was the last time.

They climbed to the second floor and stood outside her door.

Inside, Samantha and Nick were busy making and filling boxes, taping together hangers of clothes, and identifying what should go directly to Goodwill rather than moving. At the sound of the knock on the door, Samantha froze and Nick noticed the reaction. The last thing she wanted was to have to interact with anyone except the young mother across the hall and the landlord.

Nick moved to go to the door, but I stopped him with my hand on his arm. I move to the peep-hole and quickly turn my back to the door, then just as quickly, turned to put the security chain in place.

That set off an alarm in Nick's head and he came up behind me, "What's wrong?"

"It's Ordman ..."

"Call the woman across the hall, have her check out her peep-hole and tell you what she sees."

There was a more insistent knock, and I respond to wait a minute, I was in the bathroom and my hair was wet. I called Holly across the hall and ask her to do what Nick suggested. She came back immediately that there were two men, one standing against the wall holding a red gym bag, the other in front of my door. I repeated it quietly to Nick and told me what to have her do.

"Holly, I'm afraid this might be trouble. Can you be ready to call 911, if anything happens?" She agreed and I ended the call. In the other apartment, Holly punched in 911 and returns to the peep-hole, ready to press the little green phone symbol to place the call.

I return my eye to the peep-hole only to be met with a rough knocking at the same time. "Who is it?"

"Open the damn door!"

"Go away! I have the door locked and chained."

"Damn you!"

Nick moved me into the corner by the door and moved several filled boxes in front of me as we can hear something ramming the door, probably a shoulder. Apparently, it is harder to break in a door than it appears on TV, at least based on the cussing from the other side. I see that Nick has taken up position about a foot from the wall on the side of the door with the hinges. There is another pounding and I hope that Holly is calling 911 right now.

The door opens on the right side. When it bursts open, Nick has his foot firmly planted on the floor keeping it from fully flying open, then he rams into it with his full body weight, slamming the door back into Ordman and pinning him against the door jam. He screams in pain, but Nick is already on top of him, pulling the door open, grabbing him by the front of his jacket, and flinging him 10 feet into the apartment where he lands with a crash against the small coffee table, which shatters when

he and it crashes into the couch on the other side of the small room. Meanwhile, the other guy is coming in, but partially confused at the sudden turn of events. Nick spins on the ball of his left foot while bringing his right up at the guy entering, catching him between his legs and driving his foot viciously up into his scrotum. The guy hardly makes a sound, but falls to his knees, his hands now defenselessly holding himself between the legs. I caught a glimpse of Nick's eyes and was surprised at the calm and concentration displayed there. But, he was still moving, as if he had somewhere been trained to do just this kind of thing. He leapt into the air, his right arm going high above his head. As he came back down, he brought his elbow down faster; the combined forces of motion resulting in a devastating blow as it landed at the base of the guy's neck. He slumped to the floor in the open doorway.

Nick looked back at me, my eyes were wide in shock and fear; then he moved to Ordman, who was just now struggling to his feet. Outside, I could hear the sirens of several police or sheriff cars getting closer. As Ordman got to his knees, he put his hand up as if to tell us that he had had enough. Nick planted his left foot and pivoted around, landing a solid kick with his right into the side of Ordman's head.

Seeing no further movement from either of the two men, Nick turned to me and surprised me with his calm, "Maybe I should have tried out for the field goal kicker."

The stress of the moment or the relief that we were okay? But, I couldn't help myself, I laughed and he joined me, giving me his hands and pulling me up just as the police charged into the door opening, guns pointed everywhere, including at us.

It took a few hours to sort out, but it helped that Holly opened her door, holding her little girl, and identified herself as the one who called 911. She gave an account of the break-in as she witnessed it through the peep-hole that confirmed what we had stated in our separate accounts.

We had planned to be leaving early the next morning, but we were delayed until a little after noon to complete the police reports and interviews in between packing and loading. The connection was made to the sexual abuse case still pending to which Nick offered up the website of the videos the agent had found about me. The County Assistant Prosecutor offered a smile that indicated her case just got a lot stronger against Ordman and the other two.

The lead detective questioned Nick pretty intensely about the pro-active violence he had used. Nick eventually chuckled, which caused him to stop and consider him. "Detective, do you have a mother you love? Do you have a mother that you thank God for every time you think of her? Do you have a mother that you know sacrificed her goals and plans to make your future the best it could be? That's the kind of mother I have. That's the way I feel about her. So, tell me ... if you have a mother like that, how would you have reacted? With that kind of mother at risk, would you bother to measure the appropriate level of violence? Would you stand by and wait to see what action those two might bring before acting? Or, would you just bring all the violence you could to bear on them before they could do any harm?"

Whatever issue the detective might have had, that response eliminated it. He nodded his head, stood up, and shook Nick's hand. We gave them Nick's address, our e-mail accounts, and phone numbers in case they needed us for anything more. But, they didn't think they would need to bother us any more about it. The Prosecutor's office believed that any reasonable attorney would recommend a plea deal and it wouldn't ever make it to court. That was a relief to me.

By the time we were ready to leave Wichita, it was a little later than our original plan, but not significantly. I said my goodbye to Holly and thanked her again for her assistance at the break-in.

Then, with my car secured on the towing dolly, Nick steered the truck out of Wichita. We would take turns driving. The U-Haul was automatic transmission and the worst part of the driving was remembering that my car was being towed behind and cornering was wider than normal. We agree on taking I-35 South out of Wichita to Oklahoma City, then I-40 West to Albuquerque to I-25 South to I-10 West to Tucson. It was going to be about an hour longer than other routes, but it would be easier, with fewer towns to worry about, and ... it got us out of Kansas the fastest. Maybe it was unfair to Kansas, but I never wanted to go back there.

We had planned to stop for the night in Albuquerque, NM for the night, but with the late start we changed that to stopping in Amarillo, TX. It would be 11 hours the next day, but we'd do it.

Nick pulled me into discussion. I had been quiet, even withdrawn for the first several hours of travel. I admitted to a feeling of regret and guilt for bringing these problems onto him. He let me talk for a long time, which was therapeutic in itself. The more I talked about what had just happened, the more critically I looked at the events and my past life. The more I looked, the angrier I became. Initially, my anger was inward directed, something I was very good at doing, aiming everything that was wrong at myself as though I had supreme power over everything that happened. He was very patient and tolerant in listening. He would only add a word or two at critical moments in my monolog, critical words like 'why', 'who', 'you caused that?', or something similar. They were simple diversions that led me to recognize that more of my past was things done to me than things I had created or invited. We talked a long time, but we had a long time available to us to talk.

When I was able to admit that my anger was really at those two men and all the men before them, I saw him smiling.

"What do you find so amusing?"

"Sorry, but I was just thinking ... then, it must have felt really good when I beat the snot out of those two ..."

I turned to look at him in surprise and he glanced at me with a big smile on his face. I knew he wasn't a violent person by nature and I remembered how he described his motivation to the detective. And, I smiled ... then laughed.

"Yes ... yes, it felt really, really good." And, it was broken just like that.

That night we stopped at a cheaper hotel along the Interstate that gave us plenty of room for the length of our truck and trailer. We had a large burger and several beers at a bar & grill near the hotel and he took me to bed. There was no awkward period of 'what's on TV'. When the door closed behind us, he pulled me into him and started taking my clothes off. I returned the effort, working on his belt and shirt. I remembered the movies making this look so smooth with hardly any interruption in the passion. It wasn't that way for us, we were clumsy and struggling, but when we were both completely naked, he pulled the covers down on the bed and guided me into the center. I parted my legs for him and he crawled between my legs, his body lightly on top of me, his mouth over mine. Then, with his hands still holding my head, his weight mostly supported on his elbows, I felt his cock head lightly probing at my groin, finding my pussy, and sliding up and down with just enough pressure that when it found my hole, he slid into my wet and ready pussy. I gasped into his mouth.

He breathed into mine, "I love you ... more than I thought I could ever love a woman in this way. I think you were always the one. I just couldn't do anything about it. Until now. Now, I will never let you go."

And, we made love. But, not simply and not quickly. It was as if he was wanting to savor this moment

as some kind of exclamation to the newness of our coming life together. He started out with me on my back in the missionary position we found ourselves, but he changed that by rolling us so he was on his back and I was riding him in a 'cow-girl' position. I put my hands on his chest and my fingers found his nipples; I tweaked them like he had done to me before, all the while I was raising and lowering my hips, my pussy moving up and down on his cock. Then, I would lean in to kiss him and he held me tightly to him, my breasts flattened into his chest, but my hips continued to move up and down or backward and forward, but all the time moving.

Then he rolled us, again. I moaned and complained as I rolled away from him, completely removing him from me. I was so close to my orgasm and I desperately wanted to feel him cum inside me, once more. He rolled me onto my stomach and pulled me to the edge of the bed until my knees fell to the floor with my upper body on the bed. He then got behind me and I opened my knees wide as he probed to re-enter me. And he did, smoothly and deeply, completely and fully. I cried out in pleasure and satisfaction at being filled with him. He leaned over me and I could feel his bare stomach and chest on my bare back as his hips pressed into me and pulled away only to press back.

He put his lips close to my right ear and whispered, "You liked it when Harley licked you, didn't you?" I nodded. "And, when you let Harley lick you more, you came on his tongue." I nodded. "And when he licked us while we fucked later, you licked that even more."

"Oh, god, yes!"

"You have enjoyed Harley so much from so little interaction, have you been thinking about Harley and loving you? Have you thought about those experiences and wondered about doing more of it?" I nodded enthusiastically, but I also know I was blushing profusely, even while being fucked, I was blushing from admitting that I thought about Harley. "Good, I am glad you have been." He moved his mouth to my left ear. "I am glad you have been thinking more about my dog and you." He kissed my shoulder and my cheek. I was pushing back against him as he pumped into me. I so wanted to cum and to feel him cum inside me. I wanted it now, more than before, he talking about Harley was driving me to new heights and I felt like I might explode at any moment.

Then he whispered the words that changed me. I had been actively pushing back when he whispered, "You know what this position is called, right?"

I was focused on my mounting orgasm when his whispered words sunk into my brain and I went rigid. One moment I was moving into his pumping hips and the next I was frozen. But, my mouth gasped out what my brain registered.

"Oh! My! God!! Doggie" But the words never finished. Instead my body erupted in orgasm, a mind-numbing, body shaking, pussy spasming orgasm. I felt my body ripple in jolting sensations from my pussy, through my clit, and through my body to my nipples, only to rebound like a wave hitting a wall and moving back to its original source. All the while I felt his cock inside intimately as the walls of my pussy clenched and spasmed around his throbbing and twitching member. Then he too was jerking, his body and his cock, sending spurt after spurt of his seed into my body.

When our bodies started recovering, we moved under the covers and he turned out the lights. He was on his back and I wiggled into his side, my left arm across his chest and my left leg draped over his. I kissed his mouth, then his shoulder and I nestled in comfortably. As sleep was pulling me under, that exchange was played over in my mind. I guess I needn't worry about coming up with kinky ideas. He just asked me about being mounted by his dog...

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## CHAPTER SEVEN: AM I SUBMISSIVE?

Funny how perception can be so misleading. Both Wichita and Tucson are in the Southeastern quadrants of their respective states and between the two states is only three other states and just the narrow panhandle section of Texas, at that. But, this is a big country and the total trip driving was about 17 and a half hours. With our late start the previous day due to finishing up with the police, we still had almost 11 hours of driving from Amarillo, TX to finally reaching home (hmmmm ... what a lovely sound) on the northern edge of Tucson. It would provide even more time to talk and explore ourselves and our present expectations and our future hopes and desires.

With the new day, I was antsy to know more about Nick's comment, suggestion, insinuation of the night before. But, how to even bring something like that up, again. You don't exactly start the day off over breakfast with a question like, 'So, you want me to fuck your dog?' Or ... do you? No, I don't think I could do that. But, somewhere within an 11 hours of driving in a less-than-easy riding U-Haul truck, it might just happen.

It took quite a while as it turned out. The entire morning and part of the afternoon was easily concentrated around our new lives, mundane things like money and finances and what do we tell people about us. Nick had a good job and being the owner of the firm meant that he ended up with a very good salary when times were good as they currently were as evidenced by the need to expand the employees of the firm. He was convinced, and I largely agreed, that the cost of two people in the house were only marginally different than one person. I wasn't used to extravagance and didn't foresee my needs or style changing. In fact, in the warmer climate, I could see my clothing needs reducing, but that would partially depend on if I wanted to work or not. We eventually settled on agreeing that my desire to work should be my desire and need to be doing something more than taking care of the house. Taking care of the house and Nick, though, felt like a wonderful thing for me, at the moment. I had worked much of my life, though, and could see the benefit of having a casual, low-stress activity that was part-time. It wouldn't be like what I had been doing, but something to augment our finances with some minor extras. He left that up to me, convinced that the finances would be sufficient without my working at all. That was another example of the relationship, he didn't demand, push, or strongly suggest. He gave options and allowed that I could and would make the reasonable decision for my needs and preference.

We stopped for lunch at a truck stop along the way and I dozed off afterwards. I hadn't intended to sleep long, but when I woke up he was stopping in a rest stop. That gave me the opportunity to wake fully with a short walk, washing my face, and the rest room. The whole issue of demands, pushing, and strong-arming to have things done and how that related to my life previously somehow all entwined into a discussion whose seriousness in his approach indicated that he had been thinking about me and the way I relate to relationships seriously and deliberately.

Initially, it seemed odd that he was spending time as we headed down the Interstate on my past. I wondered why he wanted to go back over all that, again. But, I reminded myself that Nick never did anything thoughtlessly or selfishly, at least with me. If he was reviewing these events and times of my past, it must have something to do with a thought process forming in his mind, something he was working out or wanted to understand better, or to eliminate a potential of misunderstanding or assumption. Then, he got quiet. I looked over at him and saw his face seemed to be a reflection of thought and concentration. There was something going on inside him but his attitude did not reflect tension or nervousness. I could live with quiet around him. There was one thing I had learned as a result of my time with Nick, there didn't need to be noise or conversation or something to distract the senses. At first, it was a surprise. He could be very quiet while reading, playing with Harley, occupied around the house, the yard, or the garage. It wasn't always about me and him, he wanted me in his life but that meant his life and his life wasn't about doting on me constantly. I

found that I like that and it was comfortable and reassuring that he was perfectly comfortable just having near but not needing to always be in dialog. It was a big change for me. A change that I like, though. I like when we were separately occupied and I could just look up and see him comfortable, sometimes looking at me at the same moment and that always drew a smile from both of us.

That's what this was, just quiet but comfortable and relaxed. Then, he started up, again, and I knew he truly had been working on something in his head.

"I've done a little research ..." and he chuckled, "... and there is nothing worse than someone who has done 'a little research'." He turned to me with a smile that let me know that what he was going to discuss now might have some holes in it. He was admitting that he was possibly in over his head. "Based on what we've been talking about, let me give you this description and see what you think." I nodded. We were still talking about me and he was working something out in his head. "Okay ... this is off the top of my head as I remember it ... having a tendency to yield to the will or authority of others, often a stronger, more dominant personality." He looked at me.

I hesitated. That was me. That was how I have always responded. Professionally, I could handle customers, but otherwise I seemed to always yield to someone else or look for someone to lead. He kept turning to look at me, the road ahead, and back to me. "That's me. That's what you guessed, isn't it?"

"Yes. That is the medical definition of a submissive."

"Submissive. You mean like ..."

He interrupted me. "I don't mean like anything. That's the definition of a submissive personality. It merely indicates how that type of person might respond in relational situations."

"It seems to fit, Nick. You saw it, too. Even before you did your 'little research' (we both smiled at my reference to his joke) you wondered. I want to be led, told what I should do and when."

"But not always. Or, at least not as much. In your professional handling of customers and situations, you have been an independent thinker and developed your action plans. It is your social side where you don't seem to give in. Maybe, professionally, you go outside yourself, much like an introvert can be a good salesman but for limited periods of time because it is outside his personality. Could it be that professionally, you worked hard to be independent, but you could manage that effort only so long? So, in your private time, you relaxed, having to for your energy needs, and you gave in to your tendencies? But, your selection of men to rely on were dominant, which might have been what you were looking for because you needed that someone who could take charge. Dominants have their own issues, especially with submissives."

"What do you mean by that? I've always seen in stories that a submissive is controlled by a dominant." Even as I said the words, they almost caught in my throat. Control was such a restrictive term. Not that it hasn't been applicable to me past. Perhaps that is what has been going on in my life. Men have controlled me and, as such, dictated how and when I do things and with whom. But, is the alternative to simply have to fight against my personality in all situations? So, where was he heading with this? So, I probed a little more directly. "If I am a submissive by nature, wouldn't I want a dominant to control me?"

He looked at me for a long time, or at least it seemed like a long time because his eyes were off the road ahead for that length of time. "Yes, in stories ... submissives in stories seem to be controlled in every aspect by their dominant, right?" I nodded. "You might have also read about a submissive having a contract detailing what is to happen, identifying what limits will apply, what things are off

limits that are to occur. Whatever is not specifically restricted is fair game, so to speak." I nodded, again. He looked at me probingly, "Almost seems like a slave, doesn't it?"

I looked away from him and out the side window. Is that where I was headed? Is that why things got so out of control? That was what they told me and reinforced it with references from websites. I was a submissive and they were dominants. I did what they said, when they said it, and exactly how they said I should do it. Nick was right, that's almost like being someone's slave.

I turned back to him and saw he continued to look over at me in between attention to the road. I turned in the seat to face more directly at him. "Okay ... where are you going?"

He took a deep breath. "Again, off the top of my head ... I found a study performed many years ago, I think it was at Stanford University, on the premise of people in dominant roles. To me, it illustrated the dangers I always felt inherent with put another person over someone else and, especially, someone who would be psychologically predisposed to a tendency to yield to the will of another. As I remember the exercise, a psychology professor selected students to play prisoners or guards in a mock jail in a campus basement. They all understood it was to study behavior patterns in their roles. Within only a few days, the students acting as guards were spraying prisoners with fire extinguishers, keeping them naked, and locking them in closets. The experiment was supposed to last two weeks, but the abuse became so severe that the professor ended it after six days. I was reading a summary of this experiment contained in a larger dissertation on the subject of submissive and dominant roles. The summary essentially stated that the Stanford Experiment remained a milestone and recognized proof of the concept that power corrupts."

"So ... what you are saying, if I can summarize for my understanding, even though the students knew they were being monitored for behavior reactions in their assigned roles, those acting as guards sunk into abusive actions despite being watched." He nodded. "If you are saying that 'submissive' truly is a medically recognized psychological personality, how does that personality ... oh, hell, I'm just going to use me since that is what we are really talking about. How do I act or interact so it's not always requiring me acting outside myself? We've agreed that my actions and history demonstrate that the definition is me. I am inclined to yield to a man's strong control. According to that study, power over another has a tendency to corrupt. That just seems like the story of my life, doesn't it?"

"Agreed."

"So? What are we talking about?" If he had challenged me, I would have admitted to being frustrated and approaching angry. Instead, he put his right hand out and stroked my thigh and pressed down on it. Slowly, my tension eased away and I put my hand on his. "Okay, so what are we talking about?"

"I have an idea. Maybe it's crazy, but hear me out. It seems that you truly are most comfortable with someone leading you, giving you the idea of what to do. The problem in your life has been the men you gave that control to. And, maybe even the word control is too much. Power corrupts when the critical element is having the power. What if power isn't the primary driver? What if love is? And, what if it isn't a matter of having power, but accepting the power?"

"Nick, I would gladly give you that over me. I would have wanted to eventually, anyway."

"No ... I'm not telling this right. I don't want control over you, or power over you. I don't want you to be submissive to me in that way. BUT ... but I think you will have that inclination. I think it will come out in ways and those ways may be confusing or may cause anxious moments for one or both of us. I

don't want you to be submissive to me, but I could help you by providing a strong lead for you in our lives. I can suggest things, recommend things, present my ideas and desires. But, you would have the approval control, I would require you to have approval, the final acceptance. You would know that I have your interests in mind at all times, but I would extend your comfort boundaries, challenge you into new experiences, and always be there for you, to protect and watch over you."

I looked at him coyly, "Like having Harley mount me? Ideas like that?"

He laughed, "Yea, like that. I was wondering how that might come up, again." He squeezed my hand. "But, yes, just like that. Think about it, though. It would be a natural progression, but would you have ever gone to that idea on your own? How would you suggest it to me? This can take that off you, let you only respond, knowing that if I bring it up that I am already okay with it. You just have to decide if you want to do it, be a part of it, or whatever. Wouldn't that be freeing? For me it would be. We make it into outrageous playfulness and I am not thinking about 'controlling' the woman I love. I can just love you and help you have the most fun you can have."

"You're serious, aren't you?"

"Yes. This isn't about talking about it, but understanding it, accepting it openly with each other. We aren't wondering if I am assuming too much in the relationship or you wondering how to give more control, possibly being frustrated when I don't step up to assume that control and it is because I don't want it."

"So, you tell me to do something, or suggest to me to do something, and if I don't want to, I just say no."

"Maybe. Maybe you tell me 'no way ... in your dreams', or maybe you say 'not yet, let me work up to that'. That tells me you aren't totally against it but we need time. But, I would hope there aren't too many times you tell me no, I hope I will have a better understanding of you than that."

I watched him closely for several minutes. I marveled at how confident he was. My watching him didn't make him at all nervous, he just patiently waited. "What you are saying is that I get to be submissive to you, but I don't give up ultimate control over what affect me. Chances are you will suggest things that might make me uncomfortable, but will probably excite me. And, all the while I know your primary concern is me, my safety."

"Yes. And, I hope they do excite you. That would be the idea, anyway. We've already established that you are very sexual with submissive tendencies. If you feel safe and respected and comfortable, you will enjoy it more and accept challenges more. And, for me, I will also benefit."

I smiled wide at the thought. If he challenges me to expand my experiences, it has to be in ways that he has never been to before, too. We both gain and that is the best kind of experience possible in a relationship. I lean over and kiss his cheek, my hand stroking the other one, falling down onto his chest and slide down to his lap. I could feel what the discussion had done for him. "I love it! And, so you know just how much I love the idea, I can't imagine you challenging me in a way that I wouldn't trust your judgement. So, what's going on inside your brain right now? There is no way you've been thinking about this and not having ideas already bouncing around in there."

He smiled at me, a brilliant smile that I loved. "As a matter of fact, there are a few." He winked and smiled. "If we're going to be kinky lovers, we can't also let anyone get wind that we are also mother and son. You'll always be my mom, you know that, but I am also love Samantha."

"Agreed. And, I am quite fond of Nick, also."



He winked, again. "You should, you gave it to me."

I loosened the shoulder strap and leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. "That was easy, but I am already getting excited just thinking about how this works."

"Good, because the next one might not be quite so easy. Strip off your clothes and ride naked."

"What?"

"Already? I'll give you warning before I take an exit or the rest stop, but I may have another request at that point." He looked at me with a wide smile and I knew that he already had a thought about then, but first was this request.

No, not 'already'. No way was that happening. As he said, he would add excitement. I was even nervous in the privacy of his enclosed backyard. I took a breath and I unbuttoned my blouse to my waist, pulled it out from my jeans, finished with the buttons and slid it off. I looked in the large side mirror but didn't see anything but a truck further behind us. We were cruising at a good speed for the U-Haul and dolly, staying in the right lane because our good speed was slower than most of the Interstate traffic where it seemed the speed limit was considered a guideline or suggestion. My biggest exposure would be if he passed someone and that hadn't happened too often. I leaned forward, reached behind my back and undid the two hooks of my bra. I was now bare from the waist up. The only way to do the rest was to release the seatbelt. I undid my belt, snap, and zipper on my jeans. Then I remembered my shoes. I reached down to untie my running shoes and removed the socks. His hand reached over and cupped my breast as it hung just above my thigh. I gasped but instantly wanted his touch, that was what all this was really about, excitement and enjoying it. I leaned back into the seat and raised my hips, pushing my jeans and panties over my hips and down my legs. I pushed them off my feet and into a bundle on the floor of the truck. I refastened the seatbelt and became more aware than ever how the shoulder strap went between my breasts.

I was incredibly self-conscious. He was fully dressed and I was fully naked. Cars, mostly, zipped past us on the Interstate roadway and every time, I was sure they could see me. Nick suggested I just relax and act as though everything was normal and that only the occasional semi-trucker would be high enough to see me in the passenger seat and even they would have to look at just the right time. His words were only slightly helpful. I remained very conscious of my surroundings, as evidenced by the tight nubs of my nipples and moistening between my legs.

Nick was right. Soon, I was just talking and watching the scenery as we made our way down the highway, just a part of the rushing vehicles moving in the same direction for the time being. I found that my arms rose to cover my breasts less and less often until it wasn't occurring at all. When I was deep in concentration to explain a thought to Nick, I sensed something along my window and found a semi-truck coming down the on-ramp alongside us. Traffic in the left lane didn't allow Nick to move over, so for a short while the trucker moved closer and closer alongside me, the entire time he was watching my window closely as he also adjusted his speed to merge into the traffic flow. By the time it occurred to me that he had clearly seen me sitting at the window naked, he was dropping back and merging into our lane behind us. Our speed seemed to satisfy him because I could see in the side mirror that he created some space between us and his speed matched ours. Then, I saw his through the windshield move his hand to his mouth and I saw a cord dangling to the dashboard to the side of him. I watched him for a moment longer and saw him moved the object to the dash.

I was still looking behind us through the side mirror when I asked Nick, "Do you know if truckers still use radio to talk with each other?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. I would think it would be more modern than the old CB technology, but I would guess they do. Why?"

"Hmmm ... just wondering."

Shortly after that, Nick commented, "Have you noticed how many semis have been passing us lately? And they all seem to pull into our lane and move ahead but never as far ahead as their passing speed would seem to indicate."

I hadn't noticed as I grew more comfortable being naked, but after his comment I did take notice. After a twenty trucks passed us and formed a long line of just trucks in the right lane, that line of trucks seemed to slow down, not dramatically but enough that we were now slowly catching up to them. Nick looked over at me, at the line of trucks ahead, and back to me.

"Why did you ask about the radios?"

"That truck that was merging alongside us a few miles back ... when I looked in the mirror, I thought I saw him talking into something in his hand and not a cell phone."

Nick chuckled, "I think he was putting the word out that he was following a U-Haul truck with a naked woman in the passenger seat, or something like that. Look how they are lined up and ready. They organized a long line before they slowed down for us to pass."

"Are you going to? Pass all of them, I mean?"

"Hell, yes. How can we disappoint the hard working men and women of America?" I looked at the line of trucks we were approaching as Nick changed into the left lane and I thought, 'yea, easy for you to say'. But, then he came out with more. "Okay, my submissive love ... take your seatbelt off and turn in your seat on your knees." He said that as he buzzed my window down. "No reflection off the glass to block their view. And ... blow each one of them a kiss as we pass."

I turned my head to look at him in some disbelief, but I was already on my knees facing the window, so it was clear I was going to comply. When our eyes met, we both had big smiles. I couldn't quite believe he was having me do this or that I was doing it so easily. But, it also showed me a glimpse of what was ahead for us and I was very excited by the prospect.

The first two truckers found me sitting on my heels, my upper body fully displayed to them and I blew each a kiss as they were even with me. Then I felt Nick pressing against my shoulder blades with one hand, leaning me closer to the window until my elbows were on the open window. The driver got an even better look at me. Then I felt a finger slip between my legs and flinched forward, my head moving halfway out the window. I turned and loudly said against the wind rushing past my head, "Two hands on the wheel, buster! This is dangerous enough." He laughed, but complied.

After passing the last truck and we moved back into the right lane, we heard a chorus of truck horns blowing behind us. I put my hands to my face, laughing, but blushing intensely. Many of the trucks repassed us, each giving us another blast of their horn and enthusiastic waves. I had to admit, it was a thrill. My pussy was wet and all I did was expose myself. All? I've never done anything like that before! But, I knew I would be, again.

About an hour later, we were approaching a rest stop and I told Nick I really needed to use it. I released my seatbelt and was reaching down for my clothes, when Nick stopped me with, "I don't want you to put your clothes on."

"I can't walk into the building naked!"

He smiled devilishly at me, "No ... I will give you one of my t-shirts, you can wear that." I knew it was another challenge, this one an extension of the last one. He was building on experiences to take me a little further each time. If this kept up, he just might have me walking around naked in public. I shivered, but knew in my heart that if he did he would be sure to do it somewhere that was pretty safe.

I refastened my seatbelt and sat back, closing my eyes for a moment to gather myself. When we would be pulling into the rest stop, we would be moving increasingly slower. I trusted he would come to a stop away from other trucks and cars. And, when he did exit from the Interstate, that was exactly what he did. Towing the car behind us, we qualified as a truck and he pulled into the parking lot for semi and trailers. He coasted down the parking area to the very end, which was empty for many spots between us and the building. He patted my thigh, got out, and I heard him unlatch the back of the truck, open the door and reclose it.

I watched in the side mirror and saw him turning around the back corner of the truck carrying one of his black rock band t-shirts. He handed to me and I saw it was Black Sabbath, even though I had never heard the music played in the house. I slid it over my head and stepped down from the truck, slipping my shoes on. The t-shirt was big on me and seemed to cover my butt, but I wasn't sure by how much. I gave him a look that I hope told him firmly, 'If I wasn't also your lover, young man, you'd be in so much trouble.' But, as I stepped past him, he raised the back and patted my bare butt, reinforcing for me to keep it held against my body.

I managed to come out of the building without outright flashing anyone, although I received a lot of question stares wondering what I had on underneath. A couple young men nearly fought over holding the door for me coming out and I had to smile as my gait provided a little extra swing to my ass. Having young 20-somethings making a fuss over you is good for any 44 year old's ego. After giving a thankful smile to my gallant gentlemen, I saw four guys clustered just to the right of the main sidewalk, in the general direction of the U-Haul. Nick was among them and, if I guess right, the other three were drivers I had exposed myself to.

I walked up to them, pretending to be innocent and calm, and Nick introduced them to me. And, yes, they were three of the semi drivers we had passed. I was very impressed. I developed a much higher regard for drivers on that encounter. None of the three even made reference to what happened on the road and maintained good eye contact while we talked. They did giggle though when Nick suggested we get back on the road. Then, the comments came about putting on another show somewhere down the road and making more fans.

A State Trooper pulled into the rest stop and the truckers said it was a good time to get back on the road, themselves. I asked what the connection was. If the trooper was in here, the road was probably clean of radar for a while. They smiled, waved, and thanked me for the entertainment.

As we turned to make our way to the U-Haul, Nick pointed out that the State Trooper was slowly approaching our rig. There was nothing to do but continue on to our truck. The trooper stopped in the adjacent slot, got out of the car, and stretched. It was a woman with a long pony-tail. She put her 'Smokey Bear' hat on, spotted us walking that way and waited between the two vehicles.

"Are you folks driving this rig?", she asked.

Nick took the lead and stepped slight between us. "Yes, ma'am. Anything wrong with it? U-Haul assured me it was good for all the states we'd be going through."

"No, it's fine." She looked at me, then at Nick, and took a step closer as if there was a need to avoid others hearing the conversation that would follow, despite the fact that we were well away from the rest of the travelers and the Interstate traffic presented a loud roar. "I just wanted to say ... well, there has been a lot of trucker radio noise about a U-Haul pulling a car that has a naked woman in the passenger seat." She looked us in the eyes and I tried not to panic, or at least not let her see my panic. She took her hat off and pulled some stray hair behind her ear and smiled. "I like having fun as much as the next person, I hope. I just hate to have my highway messed up with an accident." She winked directly at me and looked down my body, noting the bareness of skin showing below the t-shirt and my hands against my sides holding it tight to me. She reached out for a handshake and I had to return it, just hoping the gusts of wind wouldn't decide to come just then. She smiled, again, at my nervousness. "You folks have a good day ... and a safe trip."

She got back into her car and left. I fell into Nick, laughing partly out of the scene we just played through and partly out of relief that it had ended well. As I was reaching for the passenger door, though, Nick had another 'request', that I take off the t-shirt BEFORE getting into the truck. What the heck, I had already done so much. I looked around to make sure there were no families nearby, then pulled the shirt over my head and climbed into the truck.

Five miles down the road Nick pointed at an overpass. There on the overpass was a State Trooper standing at the railing aiming a handheld radar. As we approached, she pointed her finger at us and waved. The sun was shining in the windshield making me very visible from outside.

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CHAPTER EIGHT: AN AWKWARD FIRST TIME

Nick's house ... hmmm, our house ... was already well furnished before we moved my things from Kansas. That slowed the unpacking down considerably. We unloaded the truck into one of the bays of the garage, effectively trapping his motorcycle behind everything. My little car being left outside wasn't a problem for me, that's what it was used to. After emptying the truck, we were just able to return it to the U-Haul center nearby before they closed. We then picked up a large 'everything on it' pizza and a 6-pack of beer and collapsed for the night. We were both exhausted.

Harley was very glad to see, though, and followed us everywhere. The neighbor kids across the cul-de-sac took care of him while we were gone. It was his standard go-to arrangement when he was gone for a few days. Their parents were great about checking up behind them and making sure the gates were reclosed and locked.

The next morning, I woke at the same time he did with the alarm. He said I could stay in bed, but that wasn't the lifestyle I was intending for us. I was going to do for him as much as he was doing for me. Not as a mother after her son, but a lover and partner for her lover and partner. I rolled out of bed, still a little fuzzy in the head from the long trip the past couple days, the excitement in the apartment, and the little sleep. I went to grab the t-shirt I had been wearing in the truck and stopped me.

"Have I mentioned how much I like you naked?" His eyes gazing into mine.

Silly, but I blushed. I had just spent much of the drive yesterday naked in the truck cab and here in our bedroom I blushed. "Yes, you have mentioned that a few times."

"It isn't that I am saying you should always be naked, but ... I do like to see you, to touch you, and to make love to you. You being naked can be an enticing part of that."

I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, pressing my naked self into him. "How could I ever complain about that?" I smiled as I bent over to pick up the same t-shirt, anyway. I received a pat on my butt as he walked into the bathroom. I quickly determined that being naked around the house and backyard might be fine, but I would need something I could throw on quickly if need be.

I went to the kitchen to make the coffee and a light breakfast. I still had things to learn about schedules and preferences. When he came out to the kitchen, I had his breakfast waiting for him and poured him some coffee, then sat down across the kitchenette table from him. I watched him eat and caught him glancing at my breasts as he did. He looked up at me, seeing that I was watching him and he got embarrassed. I reached across the table and squeezed his hand.

"I like that you want to look at me. You don't need to pretend that you aren't. It is exciting me."

He smiled. "So, what are your plans for today?"

"You mean besides moving my stuff out of the garage and figuring out what of the rest is excess? I think that will occupy me." The truth was, that I needed to make room for my clothes and move all that into the bedroom and closet he emptied for me. That would take some organizing and sorting. I knew I wouldn't need much of the heavy winter clothes, but it would be good to have some into storage for vacations and travel, at least. Then, there was the furniture, kitchen stuff, small appliances, rugs, and bedding. The Salvation Army was going to be receiving a major donation over the next week, just of things that weren't going to fit into the house.

I slipped on the t-shirt and followed him out into the garage, walking down the drive for the paper as he backed the car out on his way to work. When he reached my location at the end of the drive, he stopped for yet another kiss before leaving. I glanced at a movement and spotted Jane retrieving their morning paper, too. Once again we met in the middle of the cul-de-sac where she had questions of our weekend and the move. I filled her in on parts of the adventure, leaving out the parts about the fight in the apartment, the police, the nakedness, and encounters with the truckers and State Trooper. All of which would make a great story, but not until I felt more comfortable.

I spent the most part of the day naked, thinking I was staying in agreement with Nick's preferences and coming to like the feel of it. The t-shirt was always handy just in case. I closed the garage door to allow me to make trips into the garage for items and walk back and forth without concern of being seen. It didn't occur to me until quite a while later that moving from the garage to the bedroom meant I had to pass through the foyer and possibly exposed to anyone coming to the front door. With my arms full, it would be difficult and awkward to recover except to turn to face the door and hope the load I was carrying would cover me enough.

Within only a few days, the garage was basically cleaned out. My things were incorporated into the house and what didn't work was hauled to the Salvation Army for them to recycle.

Then, Nick brought up me loving Harley, again. As the days passed, that had increasingly been in the back of my mind. It had been brought up, very deliberately by Nick, and mentioned again in the truck on the way back. If Nick had his way, that was going to happen, which isn't to say that he would force me, but we both knew that the idea had a strong attraction to me, as well.

He approached me about it one night not long after I was fully moved into his house and sharing his life with increasing confidence and comfort. He asked me if I had thought any more about Harley and me, about having Harley become more of a lover than licking me to orgasm. I was honest with him, as was our agreement, that the idea was on my mind during the days, especially when I encountered him in the backyard or while on walks. Harley only had that one day's encounter with

me and then us, it had not set an expectation with him, yet. He had not since approached me, but I had also not approached him or put myself into a similar situation as before.

Although both of us were excited about the idea of Harley mounting me, of me having the feeling of fucking an animal, neither of us had any idea what to expect. I had seen Harley's penis tip peeking out from the sheath that day and it was quite foreign looking compared to any man's penis I had ever seen. It seemed that there could be a lot of differences in the act, not just the shape of the penis. Nick suggested that we do some porn searching to help us learn. It seemed strange to be sitting at the kitchen table side-by-side with his laptop while search the web for information on dog mating, dog penis, and dog mating. It turned out to be a very good thing that we did. Personally, I had no idea. The idea of being fucked by Harley was a tremendous turn on because Nick was interested, I had experienced Harley's tongue and easily orgasmed, and the whole thing was so taboo. The actual mechanics of dog mating was quite different. Maybe I was just clueless about dogs or never saw an aroused one or one that was not 'fixed'. But, I had no idea about the knot and that it could lock the male and female dogs together, that the purpose was to hold in the semen longer for a higher probability of fertilization. He wasn't going to impregnate me, but the idea of a part of the dog's penis growing into a ball that would be pushed into me, then inflate even bigger, then hold us together until he relaxed and the knot deflated ... I am glad I learned that before.

After discovering all this, Nick made the decision to slow this idea down for a few days. Even though I wasn't objecting or backing away, he sensed this was more than I had naively expected. That it was more than we had naively expected. He wanted me to have time to process it all and really want to do this, not only because he wanted me to, but because I was comfortable in doing it and aware of what was going to happen.

We found a website that had video, messaging, stories, and forums specifically for each state. We registered as "AZCPLMS". Nick asked me what they meant. I said it was Arizona Couple Mother and Son. He looked aghast at first, but then noted that someone might Arizona and Couple, but would never come up with Mother and Son. It would just be out little inside joke when it was used.

We found discussion about being mounted by a dog, stories about the experience, both fictional and purported to be true. Videos and photo series were helpful in see the process in what to expect, although, I truly felt there was no 'knowing what to expect' until it happened.

I was satisfied or maybe just too curious to wait any longer. While Nick was at work I went to a pet store and found a black, patent leather dog collar. I then had a name tag made in the machine in the store with my shortened name on it, "Sam".

That night I had used some leftover chicken in a chilled pasta salad. I had the dining room table set up with some white wine chilling in the frig. When I heard the garage door open, I put the collar around my neck. Naked, completely except for the collar, I knelt in front of the door to the laundry/storage room leading to the garage, sitting back on my calves, my hands behind my back. We had talked and he knew how I didn't like the whole slave impression, and he thought even less of it. I was sure he wouldn't misinterpret my presentation. I was merely indicating my desire to be mounted tonight.

It couldn't have worked out better. He opened the door and froze at the sight of me. He put down his backpack at the door, stroked my hair, put the fingers of his left hand under my chin and raised it. He lifted the name tag and smiled. He put out his hands and helped me to my feet and took me into his arms. He found my face and we kissed. He broke the kiss and smiling stated what I had hoped would be the obvious.

"You're ready tonight. Good, I am excited ... maybe not quite as excited as you are, but excited."

I put my hands on the sides of his face and kissed him. "Put your stuff away and we can eat."

He reached behind him and patted my butt on his way to his office. "And, I get to look at you naked all dinner?" I smiled.

The dinner discussion started by centering around Nick's day, but it was clear by the frequently looks from Nick at my body and my body's reaction, that we didn't really care that much that night. We let the discussion morph to how we should handle my first time with Harley, where, and how.

"I think we should do it on the patio. Maybe use one of the lounge cushions for my hands and knees." I looked up at him and I know I blushed. "And, it will be easier to clean up. The videos show a lot of semen escaping when the knot finally comes out." I looked into the family room. "We should think about an old blanket that we don't mind it getting messy." I looked back at Nick who was smiling.

After dinner, Nick took my hand and led me out onto the patio. Harley came to us. Nick knelt down in front of him and ruffed his head, "Boy, are you in for a treat tonight. I can vouch for her, so I know you are going to enjoy this."

Actually, I was hoping for the same thing. Nick told me he would open up my life and experiences. Boy, was he right about that!

While Nick occupied Harley, I took a cushion off one of the lounges and spread it out on the patio pavers. I supposed that I could have tried kneeling on the lounge itself and have Harley mount me there, but I felt this was going to be enough of a challenge the first few time without having to contend with a balancing act on top of it.

Nick let Harley go and he looked at me questioningly. I don't think he still understood what was about to happen. And, frankly, I didn't feel that sure myself. I looked at Nick with that same thought going through my head.

"Do I just get on my hands and knees and let him take over? The video made it all seem rather awkward and chaotic."

"Try it. See what happens? I bet he licks you first like he did last time. You might have to pat your ass to encourage him like in some of those videos."

This was so weird, erotic, perverse, and hot ... all at the same time. I moved to kneel on the cushion and then moved to my hands and knees, and looked up at Nick who was smiling. I was trying to be mated by a dog for the first time and I had an audience. But, Nick was right. Harley walked around me, probably wondering what this crazy human female was up to now, and then came up behind me. I felt the cushion sag as he stepped up behind me, then his breath on my bare ass as he sniffed, before his wet nose made contact with between my cheeks. I flinched just a bit, but reached back to pet the side of Harley's head to encourage him and to let him know it was okay. He poked his snout between my legs and I was again rewarded by the feel of his tongue as he lapped at my moistening pussy.

I was rock solid now, I didn't dare move too much for fear of making him nervous or scaring him away. The only thing about me that moved was my eyes closing at the first touch, my mouth opening into a silent 'O', and my chest moving erratically as my breath came in starts and stops. I was again lost in the wonder of his tongue as it licked the length of my pussy, starting at my clit as it engorged

and sliding along me to my asshole. When I opened my eyes, Nick had moved to the ground and was eye level with me, watching me, smiling, and delighting in my obvious pleasure. And it was all just beginning.

That reminded me that this was supposed to be our pleasure this time, not just my pleasure, again. I put a hand behind me, nudging his snout and at the same time wiggling my ass to break his tongue contact with me ... reluctantly. Instead, I patted my ass and gave him some verbal encouragement. He seemed to hesitate and I saw Nick move as if to get up, but I stopped him. I had the sense that Harley was going to get this worked out. He was still intact, I felt he must still have all the urges.

I reached back with one hand, again, and lightly tugged on his collar, which reminded me of the one I was wearing and a surge of lust shot through me. That caused me to tug on him a little harder and that did the trick. He hopped with his front legs and came down on my back, his legs going around me for balance and his hind legs walked forward until we were in contact. Then he started humping. I remembered this from the videos, seeing how the dog humped and probed with cock, seeking the hole blindly. I could understand the advantage of a man who could hold it and aim, or at least, lean back and see where he was putting it to align his cock with the pussy. The dog, Harley in this case, was blindly poking with his cock, hoping to find the hole and the reward once found.

I was about to move away; it was beginning to hurt as he continued to probe. Then it was in! One moment it was blindly poking and the next it was inside me. Then, he started to frantically thrust into me. It was overwhelming and so unlike anything else I had experienced. Then he was out, again. God! He was in me, then he wasn't. I knew it was that frantic pumping and he wasn't long enough yet. I remembered reading and seeing how much bigger the dog's cock became once it was inside and fucking. It just had to be inside long enough to get to that point.

He poked at me, again. Then, he seemed to get frustrated and released me, pulling away and walking around me. He came in front of me and licked my face and I sat back and hugged him. It felt sooooo good when he was inside and I knew it was going to be wonderful for both of us. We just had to be joined long enough for us to stay connected.

Harley returned to my rear and gave me several more licks, as if that might be the problem. He didn't need to lick me, I was ready. He was the one. But, with that thought he was back on my back, probing at me, again. I wiggled my ass to try to assist him. When he hit my right cheek, I moved that way, but he was probing and humping so fast that I couldn't do any good to help. I gave up and resigned myself to waiting for him to find my hole on his own. And he did. This time, though, Nick was waiting and held Harley against me as he began his frantic humping. There had to be a better way, but for now this was going to work. I could already feel how wonderful it was going to be and now I just hoped that a human's pussy would be as pleasurable for Harley as a dog bitch.

A bitch. Was that what I was going to be for him? Was I going to be his bitch? The idea wasn't offensive. Not in the least, in fact. But, that wouldn't be the I felt as long as it was so difficult. Practice? Was that all it was? There had to be something more, something I needed to learn, yet. Then, and only then, would I become his bitch; when I could make it easy on him.

But, for now, with Nick's assistance, I could feel why this was said to be so different, why it was such an intense experience. He was such a powerful fucker. I don't know if I could call it loving even. It was fucking, pure and simple. But, not like the meanness I had experience before from men, not brutal and abusive. This was powerful, relentless, and consuming in its energy and enthusiasm. This was animalistic, all consuming animalistic mating. This was fucking for the purpose of breeding, simple and pure. This wasn't like loving and tenderness that I usually experienced with Nick. This wasn't the abusive domination that I had experienced with the others. In combination with Nick's

loving tenderness, this was an exclamation point in our activities. I already knew this was going to be a wonderful addition.

As Harley pumped into me, relentlessly, driven, and frenetic, I could feel the change in his cock inside me. The information we found described it as a growing in both length and circumference. It was true, that was exactly what was happening and it was so different and intense. I hung my head as my pussy was assaulted and it only when I caught a movement to the side that I realized that Nick was not only still with us but was no longer assisting. He was merely an observer at this point.

Then I felt the lips of my pussy being assaulted from the outside. I knew what that was and I was thankful for the information about the knot, its size and purpose. I knew that ball of flesh and muscle was going inside me, that Harley wouldn't be content and fully satisfied in the process until we were tied and locked together. Then, he would be ready to give me his seed. It was part of his genetic code, his innate behavior dictated by generations of practice and expectation. His knot was forming and it was demanding entrance. I felt Harley press urgently at me, trying to pump the knot inside. I sighed deeply and moaned as I felt my pussy lips stretching at the pressure and my head hung further. I raised my head as I pressed back into Harley, onto his cock and the knot at the base. At the same moment, I made I contact with Nick whose eyes were riveted on the scene before him. He was naked, his cock was rigid and hard, and he was lightly stroking it as he watched. He smiled back to me and blew me a kiss. My heart and soul leapt at the sign of his love as his dog was in the process of mating me, fucking me, and preparing to seed me, to breed me if it was possible.

I squared my position on the cushion, spreading my knees just slight more, bracing my arms, and pushed back against the pressure from Harley. My mouth opened wide but nothing came out. I could feel my pussy widening, stretching, opening at the insistent pressure from behind. I gasped and sighed and moaned and groaned as Harley and I found our rhythm to work at getting the knot inside me. And, when it popped in, for that was exactly the sensation I had, I cried out softly, but a smile crossed my entire face that I had finally, truly, completely been joined to our dog.

I could feel and remember all the little details of the experience. He released his grip around my waist, shifted forward just slightly as he was now inches deeper inside me, and he gripped me tightly for more fucking. This time, though, the strokes were constricted and I was confused momentarily at the change. But, of course, I could feel him drive into me and then feel my pussy being pulled outward by the knot as he prepared to plow back into me. It didn't take long now. I could feel him growing even larger and knot swelling inside me like a balloon that would never come back out. All the sensations, all the stimulus, and experiences. I came! I came hard! My orgasm rocked me so intensely, I almost didn't feel his cock inside me jerk, but then I focused on him. I wanted to feel him, feel him cumming. It was also amazing! My body was being racked by wave after wave of pleasure and charges running through my body, from my pussy to my nipples. My arms shook until I dropped to the cushion, my ass stuck up in the air as I felt him cumming. He came in strong jets of cum, spurting into me, blasting off the walls of my pussy.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. I pulled my body up onto my arms and found Nick kneeling front of me, his cock hard and obviously desperate. Harley was still in the final throes of his cum leaking into me when I opened my mouth and devoured Nick's cock. I sucked and gulped as much of him as I could and swore right there that I would someday be able to deep throat him. He was harder that I could remember at my first touch. This really was good for him as well and that made me even more dedicated and intent to make him cum in my mouth. I could feel Harley occasionally testing the knot the held us together, but it was in the back of my consciousness. My intention now was on Nick's cock. And it didn't take long. He was too charged up watching us to last very long. I felt his cock throb and twitch in my mouth. I felt him tense even more before the spurt hit the back of my mouth and slid down my throat. I gulp and sucked on his semen as he gave it to me, greedily, willingly,

hungrily, and wantonly. I loved this new life he was giving me. I loved that I had the seed of both of my males in me at the same time. I loved that I had two hard cocks filling my mouth and pussy.

And ... just then ... Harley pulled out of me. I collapsed to the cushion. I could feel a puddle of cum forming underneath my pussy, which I was sure was gaping open.

I kind of remember being helped up and carried to bed. I kind of remember wrapping myself around Nick, my left arm over his chest, my left leg across his leg. I kind of remember soft words being whispered, "I love you, Mom." "I love you, Samantha." "I love you, Sam." "That was amazing, the hottest thing I have ever seen." "I am so glad it was so good for you." "You can't know how much I love you ..." I didn't respond to any of them. I couldn't. I barely heard them. But, each one had me hugging him to me a little tighter ... a little tighter ... and, a little tighter.

My sleep was deep and sound ... and I might have had a smile on my face the entire night...

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## **CHAPTER NINE: 'AZ-SENIOR'**

The experience of being mated by Harley turned out to be amazing, but the early part seemed more awkward, difficult, and frustrating than it should have been. Surely, there is a better approach to mating with your dog. They had to be.

I remembered the videos we watched from that beast site, which drew me back to it. I went into the office and logged into the site, found the videos and watched several we had seen before and a couple knew ones. Some women seemed to have less trouble with the dog probing and losing penetration, but it seemed that the penetration, loss of penetration, and trying again and again was a part of it. Was it really?

I roamed the site in search of an area to ask some basic questions. The site seemed populated with expert beast lovers, but I quickly determined that not to be the case. It also became obvious that many of the people responding were looking for a conversation, at least, with someone willing to talk about sexual encounters. Some of the contact information about people didn't even list a gender. I figured I was just looking for information and not a meeting, so I would give it a try. It took a couple days for me to realize that generally, my questions about 'how' and 'technique' would be met with reply comments like 'practice makes perfect and tell us about your trying' or 'I have led many women into successful sex with dogs and would be available to meet you'. No, I was looking for real help, not to turn someone on.

I eventually decided on a part of the site that was for each state. I posted a comment in there, "I am a newbie and looking for help. I only want serious assistance and responses to my questions and concerns. Please PM me back, if you can patiently help."

I got some typical responses quickly and throughout the day that were just more of the same. Then, later in the afternoon, I received a PM from 'AZ-SENIOR'. This finally seemed hopeful. Anyone honest enough to identify as a senior might be genuine. She identified herself as a widower who had been active with dogs, but that ended about eight years, ago. She admitted to not being sure why she continued on the site except for nostalgic reasons and the occasional story that hit on a good memory of when she was active. I sounded so sincere, she said, that she would love to provide any assistance she could. I PM'd her right back with a list of questions that had shot through my mind that time with Harley. Primarily, though, was the issues that there must be a better way of getting him into me without all that painful and frustrating poking; and, that if he was more erect sooner, that he might not have a tendency to pull out in the early stage of mating.

We PM'd back and forth for about an hour and I could almost see her laughing on the other end by my comments and statements. She asked for details of what I was talking about, my experience so far. I immediately got nervous that this might be another ruse, just a better disguised one. I hesitated and then walked away from the computer. It was time to get dinner going and I needed time to think. After about half an hour, when the major preparation was done and the meatloaf was in the oven, I returned to the computer. I still hadn't come to a decision, however, on who this person might really be. I was surprised and then delighted to see another PM from the person. She apologized, saying that she hoped her excitement to be of some assistance didn't scare me away, that perhaps we should slow it down, and she would be available if I wanted to PM her, again.

I decided to hold off and discuss it with Nick. During dinner, we did just that. I told him about my effort to learn more and to discover how mating with Harley could be easier and more enjoyable for all of us. Nick admitted that watching it was difficult for him and was the reason he stepped in to assist. He agreed that it should be easy enough that assistance wouldn't be required and there might be something to 'practice makes perfect', but he applauded my efforts to find out what others have experienced.

Later that night, I PM'd AZ-SENIOR once more. This time I apologized, but admitted some fear and nervousness of who was on the other end of these discussions. It was about 45 minutes before there was a reply, but I was doing some other work on the computer and saw the arrival of a new message. We started going back and forth and soon I had detailed my one and only mating experience with Harley. There was a pause of about 10 minutes and I could image her thinking, considering her next approach. Then, it came.

AZ-SENIOR: 'Dear, I am feeling like I am getting to know you. You are one of the true real people I have encountered. A few more questions, though. Has your Harley licked you besides the time you mated? You felt that if he was more aroused, he would stay inside you easier? Besides the poking at you, that's the gist of your concern or need?'

Me: 'I feel like I am getting to know you, too. I must be (smile/blush), I can't imagine relating these details to a stranger. Yes, you have it right. And, oh my god, YES! He brought me to orgasm with his tongue days before. My partner then let Harley lick the two of us as we fucked, me on top of him with my front to Harley. It was obscenely delicious. I can't believe I am telling you all these things, but my partner is in agreement if it help me.'

AZ-SENIOR: 'Oh Dear Lady, I love your openness and reservation being expressed at the same time. It is very charming and honest, and I feel honored if I am able to assist you. I have two suggestions and I hope you aren't offended by them. They are techniques that I employed and the other two women in my group, also used. First, you are correct about the dog needing to be more aroused, more exposed from the sheath, before mating starts. Certainly, it can be done otherwise, but as you found, it can be frustrating when he pulls out while fucking (oh dear, is it okay that I use graphic language?). The easiest way to assure that is to ... well, to return the favor to him like he did to you. Use your mouth. Suck him, lick him, drink his pre-cum. Do you enjoy sucking your partner's cock? I suppose I should have asked that first. Oh well (smiles). Get him good and hard and well of his sheath, then when he is in you, he will stay there without your partner holding him. Second, getting him into you ... use your hand. Sounds so simple now that I say it, right? Slip your hand between your legs when he mounts you, form a hollow with your fingers and palm, and let his cock slide onto your hand and into your vagina (or is pussy better? More smiles.) The hand move might take a little practice, but give it a try. I would love to hear how it cums for you ...'

I called Nick over to read the response, his hands on my shoulders as he read over my head. As he read, his hands slid down my front. I wasn't wearing a bra, of course, so his hands and fingers on my

breasts soon had my nipples poking through the thin t-shirt material. I leaned my head back into his stomach and sighed. He finished reading and continued fondling me. When I opened my eyes, his were on my face, his face holding a big smile.

"You're really turned-on." He tweaked my nipples and I moaned.

"Yes ... I am."

He leaned over and kissed my mouth upside down like that classic upside down kiss in Spiderman. He had a habit of doing things that brought memories into play and small things like that kiss felt like so much more.

"And, it is not what my hands and fingers are doing. It's what this woman was telling you, the potential of what her suggestions might mean for you, for Harley, for us." I just moaned out my agreement. He took a half step back, turned the chair around to face him, pulled me out of it, pulled the bottom of my t-shirt up over my breasts and over my head. He touched my bare breasts, then his hands slid down my sides to my shorts, unsnapped the front, unzipped them, and kissed me as he pushed them over my hips. I stood in his arms, naked, my shorts in a puddle at my feet. "Go to Harley." It wasn't a command, it was encouragement, support. I kissed him in thanks and padded out of the room. As I turned at the hallway, I saw him sitting down at my computer.

When I opened the patio sliding door and stepped out, it got the attention of Harley who rose and padded over to me. Did my nudity have anything to do with that? Was he that fast of a learner to make the connection of my nudity and having me? Did it matter to him if it his tongue or cock? I suspected that one was okay, but the other was much better. I was intent on finding out just how much better I could make it for him.

Then, a thought came to me. It was dark and the patio, by design, had very subdued lighting. I wanted to see what I was going to be doing. This was going to be my first REALLY close examination of his cock and I wanted to see it all. I went back to the door and called Harley into the family room. In the laundry room closet were some old blankets we thought could be used for picnics and beach use. They can work for Harley and me, too. I spread one out on the family room floor as Nick walked in and smiled. He diverted to the kitchen, poured himself a double bourbon straight up, and settled into the couch in front of the blanket where I was getting Harley to lay down on his side.

I had Harley done quietly and I sat back onto my heels, looking up at my young lover, my son. "You're getting comfortable to watch?"

"If it's okay with you. I loved see you being taken by Harley the other night. I am thinking that it will be even better if you figure this out." I smiled and turned my attention to Harley. I didn't mind at all. In fact, I like the idea of him enjoying this, it meant he truly was good with Harley and me joining.

Harley seemed calm and I stroked his side and belly, wanting to keep him that way. Although he had licked me a couple times and mated me once, it would be the first time that I would suck him. I was concerned that the intimate contact to his penis might disconcerting at first. I was stroking his belly almost exclusively now and moving my hand closer and closer to his penis, covered by his sheath. But as my hand stroked close, the tip of his penis emerged. Just the tip, but it was there and I was glad I made the decision to move this activity into the house. I had seen images of dog cock on the internet, but this was Harley and it was more interesting to explore in detail than images on the computer. I stroked along the sides of his sheath and onto his sheath, still avoiding actual direct contact with the slowly emerging penis. I had read that the protected skin of a dog's penis can be sensitive to touch unless a lubrication was used.

I leaned over to Harley's head and kissed him on the face, the snout, and nuzzled his ears with my face, softly whispering to him as I did. The words weren't significant or important, it was reassurance and gentleness that I was after. As my face was buried in his neck, my hand surrounded his sheath and aggressively stroked it back and forth. He flinched at the more aggressive touch, but my reassurance seemed to appease him. He was trusting me as much as he had Nick and expected that our changing relationship would increase that trust even more.

I raised my head and looked down his body. His penis was several inches extended from the sheath and decided it was time for the next move. This was as big a move for me as it would be for him. Although I have enjoyed sucking Nick's cock, an understatement, it was already obvious that dog cock was very different. I moved my head to Harley's belly, kissing it and moving toward my goal, which was pointing right at me, six inches from my face. The couple of inches of penis showing is reddish in color, the tip is somewhat pointed, and the it enlarges from the tip. This is unlike a man's penis that has a head and then generally holds its shape to the base. I put my tongue to the tip and taste the pre-cum already forming on the tip. As I take my head slightly away, I see that more pre-cum is already forming at the tip. I put my lips to the tip and gently suck, taking more of the pre-cum into my mouth. It is not unpleasant at all and I suck harder, taking more of his fluid, but also bringing more of his penis into my mouth.

Harley twitches and I feel the tip hit my tongue inside my mouth. Something hard. The tip looks soft, but then I remember the clinic description I found on the internet. Normally for dogs, at the time of penetration, the dog's penis is not erect, and can only penetrate the female because it includes a narrow bone, a feature of most placental mammals, humans being an exception. Unlike human sexual intercourse, where the male penis commonly becomes erect before entering the female, canine mating involves the male first penetrating the female, after which swelling of the penis to erection occurs. I was intent on changing that natural and instinctive process for Harley. At least with me, if he was ever lucky enough to get ahold of a real bitch, he may be confused.

His penis was now even further out of the sheath and the shape was getting more interesting. I lowered my head and mouth to the penis to take it back into and sucked. I pushed my mouth down over the cock until I came into contact the fur of the sheath. I felt his hind legs twitch and jerk in reflexive action to stimulation that was entirely unfamiliar, but he was not moving away from me. I had to smile, even with a cock in my mouth. I was doing good.

When I pulled my head back to see exactly how good I was doing, I saw another thing different about a dog's penis. After the narrow tip, it expands dramatically before again reducing somewhat in circumference. It felt different in my mouth, not at all like a man's, but not so different as to be a problem with my enjoyment of it, especially given that Haley seemed to also be enjoying it. That wasn't only evidenced by his actions, the twitching of his hind legs, the slight humps of his rear, but also the increasing amount of pre-cum leaking from it and the increase in size. The canine penis might not normally become erect until it has penetrated a female, but the mouth of a woman seemed to be just as effective to create the same response.

I now had 3.5 to 4 inches of his cock exposed from the sheath. I looked up at Nick and saw he was still watching intently. He nodded and my attention returned immediately to Harley. I kissed the tip of his cock one last time, then his snout before I went to my hands and knees with my ass pointed at him, and slapped my ass cheek. The slap got his attention and the sight of my ass, my knees spread wide enough to display my pussy well to him, and he scrambled to his feet. His wet nose made contact with my pussy and ass as he sniffed at my scent. I pushed back at him and his tongue shot out, licking in one swipe the entire length of my pussy from my clit over my moist lips and up to my asshole. I shivered at the touch and gasped at the sensations that touch provided me.

I slapped my ass cheek, again, signaling him that more was wanted. He responded. His front landed on my back, feeling his weight landing on me and the fur of his chest on my back. He moved his rear to mine and I quickly put my hand between my legs, opened it to form a channel, and immediately felt his cock slide across my finger and palm, bumping right into my pussy. A slight shift to the side and he was inside me. It seemed to surprise him as much as it surprised me. It really worked. And he was deep inside me on the very next thrust. In fact, he was deep enough that I felt him loosen his grip around my waist and move slightly forward before tightly holding me, again. And, I still felt it. Despite having sucked his cock to about 4 inches out of the sheath, his cock was continuing to grow now that it was inside my pussy. And, it grew steadily. My mouth was good; my pussy apparently was better. I gasped and moaned at the penetration and feeling emanating from my pussy, from the cock inside my pussy.

Harley was pumping at me hard, again. Like last time, he was thrust like a crazed beast but I would come to accept that this was the way of dogs. The difference this time, though, was that he never came close to pulling himself out of my wet hole. The pre-cum that continued to leak from his cock tip added to the secretions that I was naturally giving off, making this fucking a wild ride. My mouth had fallen open, trying to take in the sheer animalistic feel of our mating. My head rose, barely aware of the action, but I notice a movement in front of me and my eyes focused, seeking out what had changed. Nick ... his legs were bare ... then I saw it ... he was still on the couch, but had stripped out of his clothes and was sitting, stroking his rigid cock, his drink sitting on the end table, abandoned with his rapt focus on us.

Once again, Harley had me right on the edge of cumming so fast. When I felt the knot pushing against my lips on the outside, I groaned and pushed back onto the cock in me. Harley pushed and I pushed. I felt my lips spreading and stretching. This time I knew, I knew the knot would go in and it would be okay. There was no fear or tensing this time, wondering if the knot might be too big. I knew it wouldn't be and I pushed back at him ever harder. When it passed, pushed through my lips and into my pussy to join his cock, I exploded at the same moment I cried out in joy, release, and satisfaction. But Harley was done. I felt like I was holding on by a thread to a mind that didn't want to cooperate. My body shook and shuddered as my orgasm crashed over me, my arms started shaking and release them, allowing my chest and face to press into the blanket on the floor. With my upper body on the floor and my ass sticking up in the air, Harley continued to pummel my pussy. Then he tensed, he pushed in one final time, and held me tightly with his front legs as he pressed his hind legs into me. I felt him ... I felt his cock twitch and jerk, then the cum spurting out of his cock, coating insides with his seed. Once again, I felt like a bitch being seeded, being bred by this male. But, this time I really felt like his bitch. We had done it, without assistance or struggle or frustration. We had mated and he seed me. I honestly felt like I was his.

Harley and I stayed like that for minutes. I didn't know how many, Nick didn't think to check. It would be interesting to know. While we were tied, Harley did turn so we were ass-to-ass. Nick would tell me how obscene it looked when Harley would test the tie, my pussy being pulled away. When the knot had shrunk enough, Harley pulled and the knot and cock came out with a long stream of cum flowing behind it. I collapse the ground. Nick pulled some of the blanket over me and left me to recover while he returned to the kitchen to refresh his drink and to pour one for me.

The next thing I knew I was being encouraged to get up. I must have dozed in those few moments. As I stood to move the few feet to the couch, I saw that he had also placed a large bath towel over the couch seat. I knew from last time that I would likely be dripping dog cum for a while. The thought put a renewed glow in me as I settled onto the couch next to my Nick, almost on top of him he pulled me in so tight. With one arm around my shoulder, he handed me my drink, then took up his and held it out as if for a toast. And, it was.

"You are a quick study, my Dear. Your on-line friend will be pleased."

I touched my glass to his. "To the making of a real dog-bitch, huh?"

"Are you having second thoughts or regrets?"

I turned my face to him and reached up. He leaned in and kissed me. "Not on your life! It is amazing, Nick. Do you have any regrets about starting this?"

He chuckled, "No ... I think Harley and I can share you just fine. Does the idea of being his bitch excite you? Is that what you would like, to also be Harley's when he wants you?"

"Yes, it excites me. The feeling is addictive. And, I think yes to the rest, too. But, exactly what do you mean?"

He blushed at having to express it. He stroked my shoulder and down my arm, grazing my breast in the process. "We make love a lot. I love it, I love you, and you seem to enjoy it, too. You are always ready and eager. Do you want to be that way with Harley, too? I sure wouldn't object."

"You mean when we are here, without you around, we could still ... You wouldn't see that as behind your back?"

"It's sexy as hell! Then, you're his bitch. That too will evolve into what that actually means between you two." He kissed me and we finished our drinks. He took our glasses to the kitchen and helped me up. I knelt down and kissed Harley square on the lips, then Nick put him outside and locked the sliding door. He took me to bed. "You've had enough for one night."

That wasn't close to being true, though. But, our sex was slow and loving and gentle. I sucked him to a raging hardness, then rode him to a nice mutual climax.

In the morning, I slept through his alarm, getting ready, and leaving. But, I felt wonderful. My body tingled and felt alive. I had pleased both of the males in the house last night and both were wonderful in their unique ways: one, animalistic and powerful; the other, loving and reassuring of my place in his heart.

I was anxious to communicate with AZ-SENIOR and did that right after the basics of morning, including a shower. I stayed naked, though, as I fired up the laptop, logged into the site, and started a message to the woman I had quickly considered to be my doggy mentor. My message was brief, giving her the gist of my latest encounter with Harley, but stressing the point that it was a complete success. I then put on some running shorts, the shortest and tightest ones I had, and a sports bra. I grabbed the leash from the laundry room closet. Harley was instantly excited when he saw the leash. My selection of clothes was an obvious reaction to the way my body and mind were feeling after last night. I felt sensual and wanted and there can't be anything more stimulating for a woman than to feel she is sensual and to know that she is wanted that way.

We returned from what became a long, energetic walk. I picked a skimpy outfit because I wanted to feel the air on my body in public and my bra selection did not provide the best support. That was also a feeling I wanted, to know and feel my breasts moving in my aggressive steps. I was feeling like I had good exercise, even if it was a walk, and I was feeling aroused from the feelings, mental imagery, and the looks I received with an occasional honk from a passing car.

I checked the computer and found a reply. I sat down and opened it.

"Dear, I am so excited for you! I am so pleased that my suggestion helped. You sound very excited about your future relationships, both with Harley and your partner. Can we meet? Some place neutral and public. Coffee, ice tea ... I would love to hear your voice describing what happened."

Should I be worried about this request? She's been so helpful and open to me. I called Nick at the office and relayed the request from her without my thoughts. He thought for a moment, weighing the same issues, and came back with that same response. Meet her, publicly. She has already been so helpful it would be a nice way to thank her. Then, he hesitated, "I feel so positive about this myself, I wish I could also thank her, but ... I think you should do it."

I messaged her back agreeing to a meet and received a reply in minutes. She gave her name as Abby Jorgenson, 67 years old, widowed for five years, and living in Green Valley, which was a retirement community 25 to 30 miles south of Tucson. Given that we were on the far north side of Tucson; she was probably a good 45 minutes away. I said I would meet her in Green Valley. She wanted to meet soon, today if it could work out. It was Friday and I knew Nick was planning on leaving the office a little early to get a start on the weekend. Nothing like starting a sexual relationship with the dog to make two free days seem full of exciting, new potential.

I met Abby at a little coffee shop in a strip mall that backed up to a golf course. The golf course wasn't important to us except that it provided a grassy area for us to be and away from overhearing ears. As we walked from the shop to the back where a couple picnic tables were available, I got a physical impression of her. Her hair was short and a shiny auburn color. She was only 67, but a lot of people in their 50's and 60's are beginning to lose their bodies. That didn't appear to be the case with her. Her body was trim and her legs were strong, showing firmness and muscle. My guess was either a lot of walking or biking or both. It could be that after caring for her husband those years, she became obsessive with being healthy. How is it that some people seem to become almost instant friends? In this case, it might have had something to do with the shared intimacies of our lives, but there was something more to Abby that allowed me to open even more to her. We finished our chilled coffees as I was finishing with the description of the previous evening. I left her on the bench and got refills for us.

She seemed lost in thought when I returned. I handed her the new drink and asked if she were okay. For a moment it was as if she didn't even hear me. Then, she sighed deeply, "My life has changed so much. I'm not really such an old woman, am I?"

I looked at her confused. In five minutes of absence, her attitude had changed so much. She was looking inward, examining where her life was after discussing so openly and energetically what my life was becoming with her help. Then, she started relating her past. I asked a few questions along the way and it poured out. She was 67 years old. She was widowed five years ago after her husband of forever finally succumbed to years of fighting illness that ended up consuming his body and mind. They had moved to Green Valley, not entirely for the retirement aspect, but because they could get into a community that had graduated care available. Despite her good health, her husband was going to need increased care, if the doctors were correct in their diagnosis. The community they joined offered the full range, even hospice care. At the end, she was able to be living independent, but near enough to him to be with him as often as she could.

I asked when this had started. She smiled and patted my hand. She was sitting straight on the bench while I was sitting at an angle to better face her. Everything had changed about 8 years ago. She chuckled, almost like it was an internal discussion and I wasn't there.

"Eight years. My goodness, I was 59. Can you imagine people that age carrying on the way we were?"



She was quiet, again. I thought maybe it might be best to just let the conversation die, that it might just bring back memories she would just as soon leave behind. But, her face changed into an odd mix of emotions. Her entire face turned into a smile, her eyes bright and shiny, but tears also formed in them, occasionally spilling over, dropping to her high, prominent cheekbones and trickling down her face. With her gaze still on the far distance, she continued.

"It all stopped when our dog died about 8 years ago. It was about the same time that John became seriously ill. It came on so suddenly, but of course, it didn't really. We were just so busy with living and experiencing that we ignored some signs. The doctors all said it wouldn't have mattered. I never wanted to question that, fearing that maybe they were just trying to make us feel better."

She wiped the tears away, patted my hand, and apologized, saying that I didn't need to hear all that. I insisted. Perhaps she has been holding this in for so long and it needed to come out. She admitted that she had never talked about it before, but took a deep breath, then spilled it in a long, uninterrupted monologue. They had happened upon two couples who were also sexually active. It started out as playful flirting and teasing while out dancing and dinners together, but it soon spread to much more. The three couples found themselves discussing their most intimate and tender moments as couples and realized they shared a previously guarded secret desire for more. They were all nervous of potential dangers and complications that could arise from including others in their sexual lives. That led to an understanding and commitment among them that if they took that step, they would remain committed to staying within the little group and any deviation would be reported. Disease was a real concern for them.

At that point my eyes opened wide and my attention was lost. Suddenly, my past life past in front of me with terror. She noticed and I confided to her that my past sexual life wasn't nearly so thought out and safe. The strange men my partners had brought into parties with me as the center could have ... She hugged me and gave me the affirmation I was already thinking, thank goodness for Nick taking me away from all that.

The group was strictly sharing. Some of the time it was swapping after dinner and dancing, wives going off with a different husband for the night. Only one of the couples had a child, so it was always arranged around their ability to protect her. Other times, it would be all of them together, having sex among each other, switching as the mood came, focusing on a few individuals sometimes. It was wonderful and intense.

I asked about dogs. She laughed. She suggested we walk, so we meandered along the edge of the golf course. The dog was later. She and John were the only ones who ever had a dog. And, luck had it that he was intact, which wasn't a popular way to get a dog, but he was always under control in the yard or on a leash. One day, much like what happened to me, one thing led to another and ... John saw no harm in it. Frankly, he was turned on by it, much like Nick was. But, they kept that part a secret from the others. A secret, that is, until one day when the ladies were at Abby's as they sometimes did during the day for some girl-on-girl fun, and the dog put his snout right up the skirt of one of the other ladies. She had to confide in them about the dog and, eventually, that led to a demonstration, which also led to each of them trying it. Of course, they all agreed they had to tell their husbands and agreed to do it that very night so all would find out at the same time. The husbands called each other like some kind of cold war hot-line and agreed it was just another kink to their fun. After that, the dog was an occasional participant, but not a regular part of their fun. The dog was old and fragile by age and arthritis about the time John was diagnosed. She hasn't been active since ... in any way. She still has contact with the couples and they are no longer active outside their partners, either.

She sighed, "Maybe we did get too old."

I laughed and she looked at me, maybe a little offended. I hugged her from the side and kissed her cheek. "Abby, you're wonderful! You are definitely not old! Life just got in the way and I would bet that the others had the same thing happen. When one of you dropped out of the group, it would naturally lose some momentum. It's only natural."

We were quiet for a while. Then she said, "Thank you, Dear, for listening to me. I should let you go back, though."

I turned to her with an inspiration. "Come up with me. Meet Harley and Nick." She fought it but I could tell it was to not inconvenience us. I called Nick and he agreed. It was settled, she just had to come to the same conclusion. We dropped her car at her cottage and we went back to Tucson.

On the drive back, she suddenly blurts out, "There's something else I meant to warn you about and I got wrapped up in my own stuff. Remember what my dog did to the other women? You need to train your dog not to approach other women. Can you imagine your next door neighbor coming over and your dog pushes his snout under her skirt or between her legs?"

"Train him, how?"

"I didn't discover this until later. There is a kennel somewhere south of Phoenix that specializes in dogs for women. One of the techniques they stress is training the dog to leave any woman, include you, alone if she is dressed. If you have a 'clothing optional' pool party, that might be a problem, otherwise, it works. You should think about training him not to approach you unless you are naked and I mean completely naked. A friend in a thong may not want a dog's tongue on her butt."

I laughed. She thought I was agreeing with her and I was, but I was also thinking about which of the neighbor women might be at our house in a thong. Hmmm, Jane, across the cul-de-sac might with the right encouragement. But, that was different matter.

"Thank you, Abby. You're a lifesaver!"

Fridays are often a little more casual for Nick, so when he arrived home on his motorcycle, I introduced him to Abby, gave him the plate of burgers, and told him the grill was heating up. We finished the potato salad and fixings for the burgers, grabbed some beers and joined Nick. Somewhere in dinner and after, the conversation became more risqué and open. Nick finally suggested, Abby agreed, and I was soon moving Harley into position to display my newfound skill at mating a dog. It all happened so fast, but was so intoxicating. I found that I really wanted to display for Abby how much her assistance had helped us and she was so eager to see it. She said her days of sexual freedom and experimentation might be over, but it would bring fond memories to relive.

I took Nick hand and led him to the side. "I think all this is bringing back feeling she hasn't felt in a very long time. She might be accepting of being seduced if you are willing." He smiled at me and smacked my ass.

I spread out the blanket on the family room floor as Nick got her a glass of wine. They settled on the couch as I put Harley on his side. I was naked now and I position my ass to be pointed at them. I wiggled it from side to side as I approached Harley cock, just let them know I was teasing them, too.

When I shifted position and Harley leapt onto my back, my hand going between my legs and my opening with a sigh as he quickly penetrated me, I heard Abby comment, "She's beautiful, Nick. I haven't met anyone like her in ... a long time."

They were quiet and I glanced up and saw them kissing. But, Harley was demanding and with a

smile that Abby might find some satisfaction, I turned my attention to Harley and let whatever happened between them happen.

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"You're beautiful, too. Abby, you became instantly special to us; and your help with Harley has been freeing for Sam." With that he put a couple finger under her chin and turned her face to his. He looked into her eyes, and seeing no resistance he leaned in for a tentative kiss on the lips. When he pulled back, she slowly opened her eyes and gazed into his, then turned to Sam with Harley.

"Sam?"

"We talked about the possibility. Actually, she mentioned the possibility to me. She would want it."

She turned to him and they kissed, again. This time the kiss was more intense and longer. When they broke the kiss, she buried her head in his shoulder and shuddered. "Nick, I ... it has been so long ..." He put a finger to her lips, drew her into him and smothered her with kisses. Her arms went around his neck and they kissed for minutes. When, finally, they broke, she looked deeply into his eyes and smiled. She was searching for signs of teasing or sympathy, but there was none. He showed only interest in her, her as a woman with his partner now being mated by their dog.

They kissed again, this time his hand went to her blouse and worked the top buttons loose. She tensed and clutched at him. He held her, kissing her shoulder and neck, whispering into her ear, "Only if you want to, Abby. We know it has been quite a while, but we can do this and I think you want to do this, to experience this, again. This is for you, Abby." He pulled partially aware to look her in the eyes, "I have a lovely, sexy woman in my Sam. This isn't for me; Sam is plenty for me. But, I do want to do this for you."

She shuddered in his arms and she sighed out one word, "Yes."

He returned his mouth to hers, their tongues finally coming into play. His fingers opening more buttons until he pulled the blouse from her shorts and unbuttoned the rest. He spread open her blouse, pushing it off her shoulders. She leaned forward so he could push the garment off her shoulders and down her arms. She turned to him with a smile and tugged his pullover shirt out of his khakis, up his body, and over his head. When they kissed, again, he pulled her into him and worked on the three clasps of her bra. Removing it, he pulled her into him, her bare breasts pressing into his bare chest. Both had hands roaming over the other's back and sides.

They heard a cry from the floor in front of them and glance to Sam and Harley indicated that she had taken the knot. Sam was oblivious to anything else happening around her. Her eyes were shut loosely with her head raised with her mouth open, release quiet sighs, gasps, and moans as the dog continued to pump into her with the knot now restricting his movements. Abby remembered the feeling well, though, and recognized the signs.

But, on the couch, Nick moved both of his hands to the snap of her shorts. He undid the snap and opened the zipper. He moved to kneel on the floor in front her, holding the waist of her shorts and looking up into her eyes. He glanced down to her breasts and noted the sagging that nature brings with age, but was also quite impressed with her body. He raised his eyes to hers, still holding the waist of her shorts.

"Still okay, Abby?" She didn't respond directly, simply raised her butt off the couch. As he pulled the shorts, he also snagged the top of her panties and brought both down her legs at the same time. Her pubic hair was sparse but natural. Intermixed with brown were hairs of grey, belying the auburn

color of her head.

He ran his hands up her thighs while holding her gaze. His hands went up and down her thighs over the top, then moved to the inside at her knees and with consistent pressure, slid his hands slowly up the inside, causing her to consciously or unconsciously open her legs. He moved his hands repeatedly from her knees up to her vee, each time touching closer and closer to her vagina. Any questions he might still have had about her were eliminated when she put her head back against the couch and slid her butt to the edge of the seat. He stroked alongside her lips, not yet touching her lips or pussy directly. He looked up at her and her eyes were closed, her mouth open, and her upper body arching out from the couch, her body supported by her butt and head.

He kissed her knees, one and then the other, then inches up, then more inches, slowly working his way up her thighs, kissing on top, then the insides. As he got to within inches of her pussy, she was gasping in anticipation, expectation, and desire. He put her legs on his shoulders and pulled her toward him so her shoulders were on the seat cushions and her hips slightly raised to him. He looked into her face and her eyes were glued to his, her mouth soundlessly open, her breath catching in her throat as his kisses touched to the side of her pussy. He used his thumbs to pull the lips apart and pushed his tongue into her, then licking in a long swipe up her pussy to flic her clit. She convulsed, her hands going to his head, not pushing him away, but holding his face against her pussy. She was already cumming, so he sucked hard on her exposed clit and she cried out, even getting the attention of Sam who was now coming down from her own orgasm and waiting to be released by Harley's knot. She smiled as she looked up at her lover-son bring her new friend to orgasm.

Abby's hands went to her face, breathing hard and gasping. "Oh ... my ... god, Nick! I'm sorry I came so fast ... I ..."

Nick kissed her stomach, working his way up her body, each breast and nipple, before smothering her with kisses on the mouth, nose, and eyes. "Hmmm ... you're apologizing for cumming? Having an orgasm fast just means you get more orgasms."

"Oh my god ..." but she was laughing. She grabbed his face and smothered him with kisses in return. Just then, another pair of hands were on her and Nick was arching away from her while remaining in kissing. A mouth was now on her left nipple, sucking pleasantly. Abby and Nick looked to the side at a smiling Samantha.

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"I'm going to jump in the shower quick and clean out, just in case one of you might like to lick my pussy, too." I kissed Nick on the cheek, "I will meet you two in bed."

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CHAPTER TEN: THE GOLF COURSE

Abby Jorgenson had given me a wonderful gift with her advice in handling Harley. And, she saved Nick and I from real potential embarrassment with her recommendation to train him to somehow to not approach other women. That seemed almost impossible after I started thinking about how I would go about doing that training. Calling and emailing became almost a daily way for us to communicate and we sprinkled in a lunch or coffee if she was in Tucson or I wanted to get away for a few hours. She admitted that she had never done that training with her dog and there were a few times when it became awkward when the dog stuffed his nose into the crotch of a woman. It was generally put off as the crudity of animals and no lasting curiosity came of it from any of the women.

In our case, though, Harley was already such a popular dog in the neighborhood, that a change in his attitude and how he approached other women would be seen differently. Also, I had to consider the impact it might have on the Mather's pre-teen across the cul-de-sac. She might feel like dying of embarrassment.

Nick and I were talking one night on the patio. We had been swimming in the pool and were lounging in the still warm air of the coming night when Harley came up to me and licked the water from my thigh and move to the inside until I unconsciously opened my legs for him to continue. Nick pointed out what had just happened. It was an unconscious reaction for me because Nick had essentially suggested that I should be available to Harley like I naturally had been to him. I was transitioning very well, obviously. Harley and I generally mated at least once during the day when Nick was working, so I was getting fucked once or twice a day easy. And, I was loving it!

Nick's point, though, in pointing out what had just happened wasn't just that I had made my pussy available to Harley, but that I was in the position to be able to. After I moved in, the pool became a 'no swimsuit zone' when it was just us. I spent more time naked, anyway, but in the pool it became a rule. I had the sense that there might be more of those 'rules' as time went on. Currently, I met Nick at night in a sheer nightgown, stockings, and heels occasionally, but he found that he really enjoyed coming home to me like that. Back to his point, though, was that nudity seemed to be a trigger to Harley, already. He suggested the training should just be built around that. When I was naked, Harley could expect to approach me without recrimination. He might not get what he wants every time, but I would consider it okay to approach. If I, or any other woman, were dressed it would be a signal that he could not approach. It was further discussed and agreed that the clothing training should be any clothing, panties, thong, dress, t-shirt, anything. That way, if we had a pool party and some women ended up removing their tops and only having on skimpy bikini bottoms, they would still be safe. If we ever had a nude pool part ... maybe Harley would have to be in the garage.

It all progressed very well. In fact, it progressed exceptionally well. Harley was a very smart and trainable dog. Nick always talked about Harley that way, but I was anticipating more complexity in dealing with this particular training than it ended up being. In short order, I could be getting licked by Harley after a swim, go into the house and come back out in only a thong and Harley would sit and watch me move around the back yard. There were times that he actually had a look of dejection or frustration, but he did was the training required. We felt safe with Harley having casual and frequent access to me for mating or licking and other women guest would be safe. Thank god for Abby Jorgenson!

Nick told me he would challenge me and push me to take new steps and experience new things. I didn't quite think of it happening so fast, though. It seemed I was just getting into a routine of with Harley and Nick, training Harley and developing my skills in satisfying my two males and Nick added a new twist.

We had frequently enjoyed a walk around the neighborhood and community, following the sidewalks as the evening sank into darkness. One night, he appeared with Harley's leash and one of his large tank tops. I looked at him questioningly, but he simply held the top out to me. Not knowing what he had in mind, but trusting him regardless, I stripped off my shorts, panties, and top and put on the top he handed me. It was typical of the ones he likes me to wear when teasing me with exhibitionism. It fell just below my butt and the arm holes are so large that from the sides my breasts can be seen if I raise my arms. It was already dark and he was taking us out into the golf course, following the cart tails. He propped the back gate so it looked like it was closed, but it didn't latch. I was amazed at how dark it was. On the golf course, the only light was stray light from people's homes and backyard lights. It was just sufficient for walking on the concrete cart path. Going off the path and you could just as easily walk into a bush or maybe fall into a sand trap.

That night he held the leash to Harley and held my hand as we walk for quite a while on the cart path. Returning he led me across the fairways, around some greens and tee boxes toward our home. In the dark, we did get turned around a couple times, but he seemed to have a basic bearing of direction from the many times he has played the course, the houses, the shape of the greens and sand traps, and the shape of the fairways. That was how he knew he did something wrong when thinking we were walking down a fairway that was straight, but it made a dogleg to the left.

We were out for well over an hour and never saw another person or seemed to attract much attention from any of the houses, despite a few dogs barking as we passed. I asked him and he assured me that it was perfectly acceptable for residents to use the cart paths for walking when it didn't interfere with golfers. The fact that we walked down some fairways might be a minor transgression, but being barefoot couldn't possibly damage the grass as much as carts, cleats, and bad golf swings.

A couple nights later the same thing happened. I had just mated with Harley. When I looked up after being released from the knot, Nick was missing from the couch from where he had been watching. I had hoped to enjoy him and him enjoy me, but he instead appeared holding the leash and top. It was a peculiar sight to see Nick attach the leash to Harley and for him to jump up, all excited about the walk, and his cock still somewhat engorged, swaying back and forth as he moved about the room until I was ready.

When I say I had just mated with Harley, I had JUST mated with Harley. Nick appeared as the knot came out of my pussy. As I walked beside Nick, I could feel Harley's seed oozing from my pussy and dribbling down my thighs. The darkness would probably still keep that fact unknown if anyone might also be out walking, but I really hoped if we encountered anyone that they didn't also have a male dog with them. I felt sure, however, that another dog wasn't getting too close to me, especially in the dark. I have noticed how differently Harley reacts to encounters depending on if he is with me or with Nick. When I am present, he is much warier and protective about being approached by another dog or situation he senses as dangerous. With Nick, he seems to defer to his abilities to handle the situation. So, I wasn't expecting to be surprised with Harley with us.

Nick led us down the fairway away from the club house, our usual route. The part that varied was how far and when we got off the cart path. We didn't go nearly as far, though, when he led us onto the fairway. I sensed something different as he peered intently all around us as we walked. There were houses on either side of this fairway and his eyes were scanning the line of houses on each side. The cart path was only on one side, but he watched the other side just as carefully.

He was walking down the middle of the fairway and closer and closer to the green. He normally avoided the greens by a wide margin because the greens surfaces were more delicate and they were often surrounded by irregular ground formations and sand traps. This time was different. I was still expecting him to move to the side, when he walked onto the green, stopped, and looked around us a full 360. Apparently satisfied, he took the flag stick out of the hole, inserted it through the hand loop in Harley leash, returned the stick into the hole, and had Harley 'sit'.

He then turned to me and I knew this night was another change in what could be expected in our routine. He was smiling as he stepped directly in front of me. It was only the moonlight and stray lights from the backs of houses to give the faint indication of his smile, but with his nearness, it was plain to me. His hands went to the sides of my face and we kissed. It started gentle, almost teasing, then it became more passionate without stopping in between. As we kissed, my body and mind reacting his attention, I felt his hands moving to my shoulders from my face and I put mine on this to hold us together. His hands didn't stop at my shoulders or arms, though, they continued to move, over the swell of my breast, and to my sides, which were fully exposed to his touch with my arms

now around his neck. As his hands moved to my hips, they gathered the t-shirt into them, pulling it up with his fingers until the bottom was in his hands, and I groaned into his mouth as I anticipated what was coming tonight.

I pulled my head back from his mouth just enough to look into his eyes as the shirt was being pulled up my body. I didn't move away or move my arms to hinder him, I just looked at him and gasped, "Are you sure? Here? Out in the open?"

He didn't even answer. Not a verbal response or a nod of his head. He just pulled the shirt up, now over my breasts, and my arms went straight up into the air, allowing him to remove it completely from me. He tossed the shirt toward Harley and took me back into his arms. I was naked. I was naked on the 7th green. As he held me, I shivered slightly in his arms. It wasn't cold, not even a bit chilly. This was so exciting. He said he wanted to challenge me and lead me to new and different sexual experiences and he was. He was upping the ante, steadily upping it, and there was never a doubt in my mind that I wouldn't follow what he wanted me to do.

Standing in front of him, I pulled his rock band t-shirt up his body and over his head. I unsnapped his shorts, unzipped them, and pushed them over his hips. He was commando. I smiled and moved my hand directly to his semi-erect penis, sliding it down to cup his balls. Holding his cock in my hand, I kissed him, then moved my kisses to his chest, sinking to his stomach, and knelt in front of him. On the 7th green, I kissed the head of his cock before taking it into my mouth. It didn't take long for him to be rigid and hard, partially due to the same stimulus I was feeling, this activity in an open environment that is normally occupied by others playing a public game.

I knew my body was ready. The last few minutes would have been sufficient, much less that I had just been mated by Harley. My pussy would have returned to normal after the loss of the knot and my pussy would be more than lubricated for his easy penetration. I gave his cock one last long suck and kiss, then holding his hand I moved down onto the surface of the green, bring him down with me.

I lay on my back, opening my legs, and pulling him down between them. I figured good, ole missionary was as good as any position to start in. He didn't hesitate much beyond kissing and nipping each of my breasts as he leaned over me, his cock placed at the entrance to my pussy, and he eased in smoothly until he was deep inside me on the first slow stroke in. I sighed as he achieved full depth on the that first stroke and he just looked down at me smiling as he began pulling back, then pushing back in.

My mouth opened as a moan escaped, I managed to ask him, "What, my crazy lover?"

"Your pussy ... after Harley has cum inside you ...", he thrust a few more times, "... I slide into your ravenous pussy so easy and smooth, my cock surrounded by fluids ... yours ... his ... and soon, mine, too."

With that, he hooked his arms under my knees and lifted them over his shoulders and pressed forward until I was nearly doubled over, my pussy pointing up into the starry night sky, he down thrusting into me vertically. I could hear, literally hear, the sound of his cock driving into me ... a squishing sound as the cum and juice inside me made way for his driving cock.

I came hard, the pressure of this new angle impacting my clitoris with each stroke. That and every sound and new shadow shifting around us, the sound of a squirrel or owl in the surrounding trees, a dog somewhere barking at something beyond the yard, a cloud moving over the moon, the trees shifting in the breeze, all reminders in the back of the mind that this was happening outside in a

public space. Everything heightening the sensations of risk with physical stimulation.

Nick slowed his thrusts while my body moved and shook in orgasm, but as soon as I settled a little, he moved us, again. He dropped my legs from his shoulders, hugged me, and rolled us over so I was now on top of him, his cock still deep inside me through the entire movement.

He smiled up at me with the moonlight on his face, "No reason I should do all the work ..."

I smiled right back at him, leaning forward to smother him with kisses filled with my passion, lust, and love. My lips moved against his, "No, Sir ... not with me here ..."

As he achieved his climax, he brought me to another, sharing the final part of this public adventure. After, we lay on the smooth grass surface of the green, hands intertwined or softly caressing each other. We looked up into the dark sky of the night, the moon having moved behind some trees, the stars above us brilliant. When he gave me a hand to stand up, he grabbed my tank top and Harley's leash. I guess I was walking back to the house naked. Somehow, it didn't quite have the same intimidation that it might have earlier. Little by little, he was chipping away the edges of 'proper' behavior when we were expressing our love for each other and exploring opportunities to enjoy.

I found myself anticipating what he might come up with next. Several nights came and went with our walks at night on the golf course being just walks. Sometimes, he would pull me to him, kiss me, maybe fondle me, but never more. Then ... he did.

It was a night like many. We were cuddled on the couch in the family, each with our Kindles reading. Harley was inside curled on a big round bed-cushion on the floor by the patio door. Nick was in shorts and a t-shirt. I was naked, his arm around me, occasionally toying with my arm or breast. We each had a nearly empty glass of wine near us. I felt his hand move up my arm and I looked up at him, my cheek pressed to his shoulder. His other hand moved under my chin encouraging me to look up further. He kissed me ... as soon as I was in position ... he kissed me. He had a glint in his eyes and I knew.

"You're thinking about something for me, aren't you?"

"And how does that make you feel?"

"Horny."

"Not scared? Not apprehensive, nervous?"

I put my head onto his chest and kissed it. "Never again scared. Maybe a little nervous, wondering, anticipating ... but that is part of excitement. That's the difference you give me, Nick ... Love ... Son. You give me safety, protection, and freedom."

"Good, we're going for a walk." I moved to get a tank top and he stopped me. "No, if needed, I'll give you mine." I looked at him questioning. He looked right back at me as if expecting me to object, to reject, or to negotiate a compromise. He wanted me to walk away from the house completely naked. If we were surprised along the way, there wouldn't be time for him to take off his to give to me in time to be covered. If he was willing to take the risk, I was, too. I picked up the leash and Harley jumped up, eager to be out with the two of us.

This time it wasn't the 7th green. It wasn't any of the greens. This time he led us further into the course to one of the locations where two fairways ran parallel in opposite directions and separated by a line of trees and shrubs. This time he was taking us to a location even further from any house or

cart path. He attached Harley's leash to a shrub, not really sufficient to hold him, he lay me on the grass, still warm from the day's heat from the sun. We made wonderful love and it truly was making love in every way. We spent nearly as much kissing, licking, and sucking each other as fucking. When I came, I was desperate for it. He was inside me and I wanted to feel him cum inside me, to share the moment completely with him. I tried diverting my mind in many ways to hold off my imminent orgasm until I felt him twitch and jerk inside, felt him tension above, and felt him thrust deeply into me. Then I came. My body exploded, my pussy clenched around him, my pussy exploded in fluid, and he came, he spurted over and over into me. I hugged him tightly to me, a feeling of never wanting to let go of this man. I didn't let him go, not for a while. He stayed inside me, slowly softening. But, in the meantime, he whispered into my ear; making me blush by describing the feeling of being inside me, my wetness, the heat he felt, and the way my pussy clenched around him; he made me giggle as his fingers moved slowly up my side; but, mostly, he held me like I held him.

When he moved, he instructed me to get into position. Position? Then, I saw him move to Harley and I understood. I didn't immediately believe, but I understood. Harley was a private thing. Sure, we had shared it with Abby Jorgenson, but it was still in the privacy of our home. This ... making love with Nick was one thing, but mating with a dog was another. But, of course, that was why he had chosen a location that was more private and isolated. And, I knew immediately that he expected a complete mating, knot and all.

No objection from me, though. I rolled to my knees and lowered myself to my hands. Nick brought Harley in front of me and like a good bitch I gave myself over to him. I lowered my head as Nick held Harley in front of me and my mouth sought out Harley's penis. There was about an inch of the tip outside the sheath. I licked the tip and took the pre-cum off it before putting my lips around the tip and sucking out more. I continued to suck and use my tongue on the tip inside my mouth. The penis grew and extended, slowly growing in mouth, growing into a cock that could properly use my pussy properly, the way Harley can. Harley and Nick. I do like their cocks, differently, but I do enjoy their feel and style. I wondered as I work the cock in my mouth ... was there a way to have both inside me at the same time?

I sensed Nick crouching down and checking on my progress. God, that made me hot! Whether it was that controlling or not, it felt like it. It was as if he was checking to see if I had done a good enough job of getting his dog ready to fuck me. I felt like I was theirs, the two of them, the two males I was meant to please and satisfy. I was on fire by the time Nick pulled Harley away from my greedy mouth to my ass. I moaned as Harley jumped onto my back. Before I even felt his cock against me, I moaned just to have him on me, knowing all the feelings and wonders I would again be experiencing. The mind can be as powerful as the physical.

My reaction to Harley mounting me has already become automatic. A hand slips between my legs and assists his cock into my hungry pussy. He thrusts into me deeply or my pussy devours his cock completely ... one way or the other. After feeling Harley securely inside me, I look up to see Nick settling down in front of him. I lift my hands for him to move underneath me and I drop to my elbows as Harley is into a rhythm of pumping into me. I put my mouth and tongue to Nick soft penis. I began licking our mixed juices from it, feeling him grow ever so slightly under my touch. And, the thought came to me that he didn't utter a sound, request, or instruction; he simply moved underneath me and I dutifully began cleaning and loving his cock. What was he turning me into? I didn't know if he was purposely doing anything or not ... but, whatever was happening to me, to us, I was loving it.

Just like the first time Nick and I did it on the green, the location of this mating added much to the effect on me. Between a shrub and tree alongside a fairway I was being fucked by Harley and mouthing Nick's cock in the process. After already having been fucked by Nick, the mental and

physical aspects of being with Harley had me at a high level almost immediately. As I tried to concentrate on Nick's cock at my mouth, I nearly lost track of what Harley was doing behind me. Yes, I felt his thrusting cock driving deep into my hungry pussy. What opened my eyes and mouth, though, was feeling his knot hitting the outside of my pussy. I was made aware that I was not only outside, mounted by a dog, but I would soon be knotted and immobile, unable to escape or move if anyone should by chance come down one of these two fairways. It sent a shiver through my body and an increased thrill at the same time.

Nick's cock was in my mouth, alternating between sucking and sliding up and down it, when I felt a more urgent pressure at the opening to my pussy. Instinctively, already instinctively, I pressed back into it and felt my body adjusting to the pressure to open my slippery pussy lips and hole. As the knot had me stretched wide and at the brink of pushing into me, my mouth opened as I pressed back with increased concentration and determination. Nick's cock didn't leave my mouth, but it hung just inside, only my bottom lip in contact. As the knot finally punched inside me, Harley's hips pressing into me firmly from behind, my mouth was pushed down Nick's cock and then off as I groaned at the feeling of fullness in my pussy. There was a slight pressure on my head, pressing it down, until my mouth again had a cock inside it.

I couldn't focus on Nick, though. What Harley was doing to me was too much for me to multi-task around. My mouth would come off Nick as I arched my back into Harley, then raise my head in a series of long moans, gasps, and groans. Then, I would remember Nick and find him holding his cock straight up for me to again engulf. It wouldn't last long before I again lost it and only reacting to Harley's consuming fucking. I was very near another orgasm and I could feel that Harley was swollen inside me, both his cock and knot, and I knew he would be seeding me very soon. That was what I was holding off for, but I was losing the battle.

My body shook with explosive release. My arms shook and my stomach muscles quivered. I came and as I did my pussy clenched down hard around Harley's cock and knot, making the feel even bigger and more filling than ever. Then, perhaps because of my orgasm, I felt Harley jerk inside me, his body tensing as he pushed deep into me, holding me even tighter with his front legs as he pressed desperately to get deeper. Then, I felt his cum, spurt after spurt sent into my pussy. What wasn't filled with cock and knot was now filled with his seed.

I was breathing hard when I realized my face on Nick's thigh. I wearily pressed up to my hands, my ass firmly locked to Harley who had turned and watching behind us. I looked to Nick and gave him a weak smile and sighed my satisfaction as Harley tested the tie. Nick held my head and leaned forward, kissing me firmly, passionately, but lovingly.

I then looked him in the eyes, not seeing much in the darkness, but seeing the gentleness, tenderness, and love in his attitude. "Is this what it is going to be like ... my new life with you ... is this what I can expect it to be like?"

He smiled, reached forward and pinched a nipple causing me to flinch slightly, then the other with the same reaction. He applied pressure to the back of my head until I had again engulfed his cock. He leaned his head above mine and whispered with kisses into my hair, "Yes ... yes it is."

I pulled my head up, replacing my hand over his cock, stroking up and down where my mouth had been. I reached up, kissed him, and sighed. "Good."

I returned my mouth to his cock and became dedicated to making him cum for the second time. Harley had released me from the tie by the time Nick filled my mouth with his seed.

I crawled up his body, pressing him back onto the ground, content to be against him. We both dozed, awakened by Harley moving around us. My heart leapt, but it was only a night bird of some kind in the tree above us. This time, Nick joined me in walking back to the house naked. Along the way, my mind went to what I had just so willingly done. Loving Nick outside was one thing; mating with Harley was somehow different. But, not really a bad different. At home, being with Harley caused me to muse about being his bitch, this night made that feeling even more powerful ... what would Nick come up with for me next? I had a sudden feeling and looked over at him as we neared the house. He was focused on the back gate, but I had a sense, a belief, a feeling that he had done nothing to express, that he was going to continue pressing, extending my willingness to be a bitch...

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## **CHAPTER ELEVEN: I AM SUCH A BITCH**

Isn't it funny how sometimes you think about something and in your mind you use certain words to frame the thought and you're not sure why that word might have sprung into your mind? Then, sometime later, that reference seems like a premonition? That's what happened to me. Walking back to the house after being fucked on the golf course by both Nick and Harley, my thought was curiously marveling at the way things were progressing and I thought, 'that he was going to continue pressing, extending my willingness to be a bitch ...'

In my frame of reference, my only thought was how he might come up with new ways for Harley and I to mate. That was my only frame of reference. The only variable I saw was were, when, and how. But, always with Harley.

I was wrong ...

We went out onto the golf course frequently at night. Nick continued to vary the experience, keeping me from being able to predict any night's activity when we did. Some nights were simple walks when I was wearing a t-shirt or tank top. That might be all, but I would be wearing something, at least. Other times, I would be naked, either with Nick carrying my shirt or with a promise that he would take his off. Yeah, like that was going to work ... We might walk much of the course and stop someplace, often different each time, to neck on a bench at one of the tee-boxes. Of course, there were times when either he or Harley or both would love me. He even got to the point of having Harley take me on a green. He did select one that was more isolated, but still ... the greens are very exposed.

On a Friday night, it changed and I knew there was going to be something different about this night before we even left the backyard. We were reading on the couch together and my mind was drifting with the stirrings in my body. We hadn't made love the night before because he had been out of town for the night. I was trying to read since he seemed absorbed in his book, but it was working. I was itching to touch him and for him to touch me. As a result, I was rubbing into him, touching his thigh with the fingers of my right hand.

I noticed him checking his watch several times, which seemed odd because the weekends were normally our 'pay no attention to time' days. He put his hand on my fingers teasing his thigh, squeezed them, and stood up.

"Let's go for a walk."

I nearly jumped from a sitting position, if such a thing is even possible. My mind said, Excellent! Exactly what I needed. He left the family room and I presumed that he went to get Harley's leash. When he returned, I did a double take. He did have Harley's leash, but he also had a second leash. I

wasn't even aware of a second leash. The second one was shiny, black leather and he was also holding something else ... the shiny, black dog collar I bought for myself to indicate to Nick that I was good with mating with Harley. He stood in front of me and held out the dog collar. I looked up into his eyes, at the collar, and back to him. I took it from him without questioning. He wanted me to wear it, that was enough. He then told me to take off my shorts and shirt. I took a deep breath because I thought I saw where this was going and it cause me to shiver.

Nick clipped the new leash to my collar with the shiny tag that said 'Sam' on it. I stood in the family room, naked with a dog leash hanging from a dog collar around my neck, while Nick bent down to put the leash on Harley who was very excited. The nights when I went out naked were sometimes rewarding for him, too.

Nick opened the gate in the back wall and did his usual check each way along the cart path that passed alongside the back property of the houses on our street. Satisfied, he held the gate for me to pass. He held the leashes with Harley on his right and me on the left. I was naked like numerous times before, but this time it felt much different. A simple thing like having a collar on and a leash connected to it made for an interesting effect on the psyche. I felt more vulnerable, even though I wasn't. I felt more exposed, even though I wasn't. I felt more controlled, and that might have been true, at least to some degree.

That wasn't all going through my mind at the moment, though. This was a clear stepping up of challenges for me and the psychological effects of Nick's latest challenge approach was indeed significant. But, there was more that made me curious. Exactly what was he up to? What was the significance of using the collar, which had been forgotten by me since that first and only time I used it? And, the leash, what was the intention of introducing that? Merely a play on my psyche to be treated similarly as Harley? Well, if so, it was working. My pussy was already lubricated and, as I walked, I could feel wetness on the outside as well. With all that, or perhaps despite all that, my reaction to him was also intriguing to me. I never hesitating to comply. Not a second or fraction of a second. He came to me with the collar and handed it to me and I only looked up at him before putting it on, even to the care of making sure 'my name tag' was centered between my collar bones. I stood patiently as he attached the leash and dropped it between my breasts. I think I appeared calm in my acceptance, even though my heart was racing like I had just been given a charge of adrenalin. And, here I was, quietly, even if anxiously, walking alongside him on the cart path past the back fences of our neighbors.

Suddenly, a tug on my hand by Nick, pulling me into the fairway and moving me to his opposite side, brought me to awareness of my surroundings and saw that Harley was focused on something down the cart path. I followed his attention as Nick led us quickly out into the fairway. With the moonlight shining on the whiteness of the concrete path, I was able to discern a large man walking slowly down the path.

"Nick, is that you?"

Nick squeezed my hand as he moved me behind him. "Jack, hi. Yes, we are out for our walk. Didn't know you walked the course, though. Haven't seen you out here at night before."

"No, and with my poor night vision I probably won't be. Thought I would give it a try, but I think I better stick to the sidewalks under the streetlights." He was stopped now and peering out toward us. "Sam and Harley with you?"

"Hi, Jack." Jack was a retired man about 70 who lived around the corner, the opposite direction we were now headed.

"It is a nice night for a walk. Enjoy it."

He turned his attention to the path and I breathed a sigh of relief. Nick laughed and I playfully slapped his arm. "So much for you giving me your shirt, huh?"

We walked quite a way, taking us around other residential groupings, until I wasn't confident Nick knew where we were going, so I challenged him.

"Thanks for the confidence. That's where we are going." In the dark except for the full moon overhead, all I could see was nearly nothing. There was a line of trees ahead but then I couldn't discern anything familiar. "This is the northern most point on the course as it borders the mountains. There are no residences along these fairways."

"Why did we come all the way up here?"

He reached out and hugged my shoulders. "You'll see. Do you trust me, Dear?"

"Of course! You know that by now. I may not always be sure what you have in store for me, but I have been willing, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have and I love that. I've had to adjust to doing this for you, but you have been wonderfully accepting and willing. And, it has been fun."

Just then I stopped. Up ahead, visible in the light of the full moon, I could see two people standing near what appeared to be a bench, which were common at tee-boxes. "There are people over there."

"Yes, all part of the evening. Just following my lead." All part of the evening? So, he planned on these people being here. Whatever he had in mind for this night would somehow involve them and I was naked with a leash, being held by Nick, exactly the same as Harley.

I thought there was a large shrub behind the two people until I saw it move away from the shadows behind it. It had the shape of a small, skinny horse. The animal was intriguing, but the presence of the people caused me the most concern and nervousness. I decided to take Nick's advice to heart and play along with whatever he initiated, hoping that would alleviate my active interaction with them while finding the role he intended for me. As we got closer, I was able to identify more about them in the indistinct light of the moon.

The two people were a man and woman. Both were perhaps in their 60's and overweight, not grossly so, but they were heavy. I was surprised that the skinny horse didn't occur to me sooner ... it was a Great Dane. It must have been between 2.5 and 3 feet at the shoulders. I had a sudden premonition of what this night could have in store for me and I took an involuntary step back.

Nick stepped up to them and extended his hand to the man. "Ben, I am glad you could make out tonight." He turned to the woman and introduced himself and she back to him. Her name was Sarah. No last name or other information was exchanged.

Ben released some of the leash so there was slack in the lead. The dog sniffed the air and came to me. Harley moved in front of the much larger dog and growled to protect me. Nick called Harley back, but he first looked up at me before sitting between Nick and me. The big dog moved right up to me and continued sniffing, his snout lowering to my crotch. Ben pulled the dog back.

"By the way, this big fellow is Duke." He looked down at Harley who was having trouble staying in his position with the large dog so near me. I had noticed before how much more protective he was

when I was present. Ben stepped closer to me and put out his hand to turn my tag in the light. "Sam." He turned to Nick, "This is the bitch? Your dog seems to be protective enough about her. Is she experienced?"

'Bitch'?!? Did he just refer to me as a bitch? My hand was being squeezed by Nick across Harley's head. I looked to him and saw a wink. If Ben and Sarah were paying attention, they would have seen it, too. So, this was the part about following his lead.

Nick handed my leash to Ben and I lowered my eyes but waited. When I felt a tug on the leash, I stepped up to him and Sarah. She now inspected my tag. She touched my neck softly, "That's a lovely tag, Sam. You must be very special to these two." I glanced to her face and saw she was fighting to control a big smile from covering her face. She was obviously attempting to play the game, but her husband was better at it than she was.

Then, I heard Nick's response to Ben's question, "Harley is indeed very protective of her. He enjoys her very much, so you can imagine that he would be protective. The two of them are very active, almost as active as she and I are with each other."

Ben was now touching me, feeling my breasts, running his hand down to my hip. "Duke has never been mated. Do you really think she can handle him?" His hand was still on my hip.

Nick stroked my back from my neck to my ass, up and down. "I have no doubt about that. Sam is very talented with cocks. And, almost always ready for some." He gently turned me to face Ben directly. "Feel for yourself if she isn't ready ..."

My mouth dropped open, I couldn't help it. Nick just invited Ben to feel my pussy. But, I recovered as best I could, shifted my weight, and spread my feet an extra foot or so. His hand moved around my hip and I held my breath as this strange man to me slipped his fingers between my legs and touched my pussy lips. He slid a finger over the length, but refrained from penetrating me. I knew then that this was not meant to induce any sense of violation of me by him. The game was not him and me. My eyes focused on the Great Dane. So, the game is between you and me, I thought out to him.

Ben leaned into me and whispered into my ear, "So my dear. I couldn't help myself. I didn't mean to offend you."

I put my hand on his arm, "My Nick gave you the opportunity ..." I smiled at him and the tension he felt dissolved.

He turned to Nick. "Since Duke has never done this, how do you suggest this happen?"

Nick turned to me. "Well, Ben and Sarah, my suggestion would be to direct that to Harley's bitch." He smiled at me and that I don't think the others could see. He was really enjoying this whole game of me being a bitch for breeding. So, I followed his lead ...

"Well ... I have only had Harley, sir. I think ... if Duke's ... member ... is at all proportional to him, that I would like to be loosened up by Harley, first."

"You want to be mated by two dogs tonight ... like a real bitch in heat?"

I blushed. I know I did. Not that anyone else could see it, but I did. I was playing along with Nick and sounding exactly like a bitch in heat. I had the option of fucking only one dog and I suggested fucking both of them.

Sarah gasped behind me, "Oh, my! This is more than I hoped for!"

Nick moved back out of the way and the other two followed him, standing five feet away from me. I unclipped my leash and handed it to Nick. I then unclipped Harley's and handed it to Nick. The rest happened quite naturally for Harley and me. I think Harley had a few moments of audience awareness, but after my lips made contact with the tip of his cock, he relaxed and raised his leg for my access. I heard a soft running commentary behind me of Nick talking the other two through my process. There was some discussion and I heard Sarah say, "Oh, well, that's certainly different. It makes sense, though." And that made me think there was still more to all of this than what I knew so far. But, right now I had Harley to care for, then Duke.

It seemed to be of interest to Sarah as I sucked Harley hard and long. And, it seemed to be equally interesting to her when Harley mounted me. I heard her through the haze of my mind say something about, "that was so clean and simple". She has some experience, at least visually.

After catching my breath, but still knotted to Harley, I asked Ben to bring Duke to me and lay him down. He seemed uncertain about what I wanted to have happen or how to do it. Nick spoke into his ear and they both moved to get the big dog into position. As it was, I still had to move Harley about half a foot, pulling him behind me by the shear strength of the knotted connection holding us together. But, once Duke was on the ground and I was in a better position, I touched his belly slowly to gauge his reaction before slowly moving closer to his sheath protected penis. He did flinch as I approached his penis, but the tip also peeked out quickly, indicating to me that this might work, even if he hadn't been mated before.

Harley pulling to dislodge his knot from the confines of my pussy caused me to raise my mouth from Duke's cock and release a sharp gasp as it passed outside of me. I dropped my head down onto the ground, the top of my head brushing against the exposed cock I had been nurturing into erection. I raised my head and looked the cock I had been working on but with an only partially attentive mind given the knot working to escape me. Now, with more attention to what was in front of me or in store for me, I muttered to myself, but apparently loud enough that the others heard, "My, you are a big boy!" Chuckles came from the others standing to my side.

I could still feel Harley's cum escaping me whenever I moved, so I was sure that as I moved into position with my ass pointed at Duke, that there should be enough enticement for him to investigate.

I overheard Nick, "Now we'll see how much Duke's natural instincts come into play and how much Sam will need to help him."

I was aware that on my knees would not be appropriate for Duke to mate with me. He was much too tall, but I wanted to see if he was interesting enough to lick me. And, he was. The fresh cum leaking from my pussy drew him right onto my ass and pussy with his snout to sniff and followed by his tongue. I obviously didn't need any more preparation to take him and I was recharging for the next experience while still tied to Harley. The idea of two dogs, one after the other, and one being a Great Dane kept me excited to discover what this was going to be like. So, I let him lick me for a few minutes before struggling to my feet to get away from him enough to look around me for an acceptable means to assist in being mounted by this giant.

The bench. I moved over to the bench and like the horny male he was, he followed close behind. I heard murmurs from the couple, but ignored them. Whatever their comments might have been, my attention was now on this new dog. His cock was larger than Harley's and I suspected that was also indicative of what I could expect of the knot attached to it. I was more than a little curious to discover for myself what it would feel like.

I was no sooner at the bench, bent over the back of it with my hands on the bench seat when Duke was again at my pussy and ass. It wasn't only his body and cock that was larger, his tongue was, too. As he lapped at me, it felt like his tongue had to fold in order to fit between my thighs. And, it was driving me crazy.

"Oh, Duke, your ... oh ... your tongue ..."

Sarah's voice, "Look at him lick her! Do you suppose he is after the cum from your dog?"

I didn't think she was addressing that to me, but I wasn't about to consider a response, not with that tongue lapping away at my pussy. It started deep underneath, sometime at my clit, and dragged up over my pussy lips, my puckered asshole, and up over my backside. Over and over ...

"You might be right, Sarah." Nick voice. "Harley has spent time licking her and it seems he is most interested when she cums or I have previously cum inside her. I suspect Duke is intrigued by the scent and taste left behind by Harley, not to mention Sam's own orgasm."

Let them talk ... I was enjoying this too much to care what this must look like to be loving dogs in front of an audience. If I felt like I was a bitch for mating willingly and freely with Harley, this new experience was cementing the feeling for me. But, if I should care, I didn't. I didn't care if I thought of myself as a bitch to Harley, I didn't care if Nick had the same thought, and now I didn't even care if these strangers had the same thought about me. I was released in the sensations of being made available to these two dogs tonight.

I straightened up and called out to the dog enjoying the taste of my pussy, "Enough! Oh, god, enough ... I want more ... I want it now." I bent over again and patted my ass. He went right back to licking me. I pushed his snout away in frustration, I wanted to be mounted. I patted my ass and wiggled it to try to entice him to jump up onto me. He was getting it and started licking me, again.

"No ... damn, no ...", my head was hung down, my hair hiding me as it fell forward. From underneath, my voiced called out, "Nick ... Ben ... help him ... ohhhhhhh, yesssssss ... that does feel goooooooodddd ... but ... but, I want him inside me ... pleaseeeeeease ... I want to feel his ... his big cock inside me."

Sarah's gasp was reassuring to me, "My god, that must be such an amazing feeling! It's so hot just to watch."

I saw Nick's sandals next to me, then felt him struggling with the dog. But, it only took him physically encouraging the beast for him to jump up and land on my back. I grunted in response, but my hand was instantly between my open legs, reaching, searching for the big cock, and guiding it to my loosened pussy. But, even loosened by Harley's knot, the sudden and deep penetration of this cock brought a loud, guttural grunt from me.

This cock filled me like no other I had ever had in me. I wondered how the knot was ever going to fit, but I knew it would. He and I might have to work harder at it and the tie at the end might last longer, but I knew it would out ... or in and out.

I was surprised, even if I shouldn't have been. Despite his size, Duke fucked with the same wild abandon that I was familiar with Harley. His cock was leaking pre-cum and mixing in with the cum from Harley and my own, making this pounding just as smooth as I was used to with Harley. The size was amazing, but the longer he pumped into me, the more I realized this couldn't be a regular activity for me. I had little option but to maintain my position on my hands to hold him at the right height for comfortable fucking ... comfortable for him. If I sagged or lowered myself too much, the



angle got weird and he was almost driving downward through my pussy and almost slipped out, making me hold my position firmly.

Ben and Sarah said Duke hadn't been mated before to their knowledge and now I was sure of it. His cock was swelling inside me rapidly with each stroke into my wet pussy. In moments I felt the knot forming and pushing against my lips on the outside. At this point, it was just a knot, an obstruction trying to enter me with the rest of the cock, like Harley and I had done so many times before. I started pushing back against the knot, pressing with a firmness of body and intention to aid in taking the ball of canine flesh and muscle. As Duke pressed into me, I pressed back onto him, both of us working to achieve a tie and complete our mating. As the knot pressed into me, stretching my pussy lips and entrance, I got an indication of the size of the knot. I groaned, moaned, gasped, and sighed as I worked back against the ball trying to enter me. I could feel sweat forming on my forehead as I worked, pressing back. My sounds changed from moans to grunts, gasps to cries as my pussy worked to open for this knot to pass through. It felt like a grape fruit being pushed into me. But, slowly and surely my lips and hole opened, stretched and stretched to what was seeming to be an incredible amount.

Behind me I heard Sarah exclaim, "Can she take the knot? Look at the size of it!"

The next comment gave me the courage and confidence I needed. Nick was calm and reassuring in his confidence, "Sam will take it. She'll have to. You don't understand something about her. It isn't a matter of being bigger than Harley. It could be a horse and she'd figure a way to take it. I have realized that she just loves cock and fucking. It's something she doesn't understand. I've just accepted it and will provide her with the opportunities to satisfy her. Right now, in this moment in time, it isn't even a mindful thing, her body has taken over and is completely, singularly focused on this act. Her body and soul is made for this, the experience of pleasure. She's the most amazing woman I could hope to ever encounter, much less have as my lover and partner!"

At that moment, I hoped he had a horse waiting in the trees nearby. I knew he didn't, but for him I would gladly finish Duke and move over to molest the horse. Hearing Nick say that ignited something in me. It sent a charge of energy, determination, and lust through my body. But, at the same time, it was like a switch was flipped inside me somewhere. He put into words what had always been a mystery to even me. His words not only defined what I had struggled with all my life, but released me. Under his love and care, he now released me to accept myself and my needs and to go where he sent me and my being yearned to experience.

In the next moment, I pressed back with brutal force and pushed the knot in. I screamed. I moaned. I groaned. And, I pleaded with this dog, "Fuck me!" I screamed it. There was no thought to how well my cries might carry. "Fill me with your seed!" His cock and knot were pulsing inside me and I knew he was close and I was beside myself with need to explode. I was making a spectacle of myself in front of strangers with a monster of a dog I had never seen before this night and I was begging it to fill me with its seed.

All it took was feeling the first spurt of cum being shot into my pussy to send me into a richly deserved orgasm. This was a truly earth shaking orgasm. No offense to Harley, but the witnesses and the effort in taking the knot added to the level of climax pleasure I felt. My arms failed me and I was bent over the back of the bench, Duke holding me tightly, his cock deep inside me, the final leakage of semen coming from his cock.

How my legs stayed locked in position while being tied, I had no idea. Nick appeared on the bench to offer support to my upper body, gently stroking my face and covering me with kisses.

When the knot finally popped out of me, Nick was ready to catch me. He scrambled around the bench and helped me to the ground where I lay, unmoving and unfeeling. I wasn't sure how long I was like that, but when I felt like moving, Ben, Sarah, and Duke were gone. I felt a presence on both sides. I looked to my left and received a swipe from a wet tongue, Harley. I received a heart filled kiss on the other side from Nick. He pulled me to him and I felt Harley move with me. He continued to lick my back as I went into Nick's arms, receiving kisses from him, too.

"I heard what you said to Sarah. Is that how you really feel?"

"Yes! You're the most amazing woman I could ever know."

"And, you're the only man who cared to try to understand me. In fact, I think you might understand me better I understand myself." We lay on the grass just holding each other. And, yes, receiving frequent licks from my other lover. I shared with him the thoughts, the revelations, I had upon hearing his words, the release and freedom to discover, accept, and experience. He held me tightly and rolled me on top of him. I put my face down onto his chest and felt the warm, secure feeling of his arms ... and his love.

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Nick called home from the office early afternoon. We were going to dinner at the club and he wanted to catch me before I might start organizing dinner. We would be having dinner with Abby Jorgenson. That was delightful. I knew she wasn't a member since she lived in Green Valley so this was something Nick must have arranged for me knowing how much I appreciated Abby's company. Her help and encouragement had opened a wonderful door of experiences for us and I would be forever grateful to her. I had often wish there was more I could do to express my gratitude than our occasional meetings.

The club was a rather formal establishment, which I assumed most were when they were private membership. They had either a formal or 'understood' dress code for most parts of the club or grounds. The golf course had its own, the dining room its own, the bar and patio another, and even the club pool and exercise facilities. As a result, I tended to dress more conservatively to dinner at the club. Oh, if they only knew what was happening on the course grounds late at night.

Nick let Abby know that she could find us in the bar before our dinner reservation. Nick spotted her first and I looked to the door. We had a table and I wondered why Nick chose one that could accommodate more than the three of us. She waved as recognition was made and I saw her say something over her shoulder at a man and woman who seemed to follow her through the crowd to us. The couple looked vaguely familiar but I could not place from where.

Nick and I both gave Abby a welcoming hug and I was aware that the couple had stopped right behind Abby. Nick reached past me and shook the man's hand and hug the woman. These must be people Nick knew from the club and I just saw them here, but then how would Abby know them. Everyone had big smiles on their faces, including Abby.

Nick stood behind me with his hands on my shoulders, "I guess you don't remember Ben and Sarah? Samantha, this is Ben and Sarah Adamly who were part of the group Abby told us about. You might now also remember them from ..."

"The golf course!!" I nearly shrieked it. It came out much louder and forcefully than people were used to in the club. It seemed that a large number of people around us were now looking at me. My hands shot up to my face in a futile attempt to hide. Much more quietly, "Oh my god ... you're the ones ... Duke ... oh my god ..." I felt an arm go around me. It was Abby. I peeked at them through my

fingers, "I thought ..."

Sarah joined Abby and me, "You thought you would never see us again. You thought that with strangers, that would be an experience you could appreciate without a confrontation of reaction from others?"

I nodded. Our table was ready. Nick had arranged a table in a corner to allow as much privacy as possible. After our evening with Abby, she had contacted Ben and Sarah who still lived in town. They reconnected and were inspired by the story about me and Harley and the night we shared with her. One thing led to another and Abby was encouraged to communicate with Nick. Their daughter had Duke, but was moving out of town. Everyone, including Nick, thought it would be interesting to see that meeting play out. Now, they were wondering if more might be possible, even if not with Duke.

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CHAPTER TWELVE: NOW A SLUT?

I found out, though, that the night on the golf course wasn't the last of the manipulations by Abby, Sarah, and Ben. Undoubtedly encouraged by Nick. Nick and I had talked about that event several times. He came to believe me that it was like something flipping a switch inside me. I had been made to do a lot of things in my past, a lot that I wasn't proud of, but what was happening now was completely different. Now, I was told to mate with two dogs in front of strangers and I had done it eagerly. And, with both dogs I had orgasmed hard and wonderfully. I now had a deep understanding, acceptance, and realization that I could enjoy whatever Nick put in front of me, but more than just enjoy, feel completely safe and protected in the process.

Nick came to me with the latest proposal to challenge and excite me. It was several weeks after the dinner we had with the three. They had contacted Nick with their idea and Nick was interested enough to bring it to me. The three of them had contacted the third couple from their original sharing group and re-ignited their mutual interest. Abby lived in a townhouse in Green Valley. It turned out that the Adamly's also lived in a townhouse but very near us. They were also members at this same club, explaining their familiarity with the course grounds. The third couple, Stan and Betty Grassley, owned a little acreage east of Tucson. They expressed a feeling of being tired with the hustle and bustle of the city after they retired. They found this property and it fit their desire of finding a bit of remote living while still being close enough to the city to enjoy it when they wanted. They had four acres east of the city in a valley between two mountains. They had three dogs they had rescued from bad situations and nursed back to health and vitality. The property gave them peace and the dogs plenty of room to roam and run as much as they wanted while also having a place to come back to. And, they always did.

Despite that they were all in their 60's, their first reunion ended up talking about the old days and the sex they had enjoyed. Every time they entered into memories and relating details, it would inevitably also highlight that Abby's husband was no longer with them. After a few shared tears and hugs, that too became accepted and they moved on. They had their first tentative sexual experience soon after. It was almost more than tentative; it was awkward and clumsy. Only the Grassley couple were active with each other and none of them looked the way they had before. There was a lot of self-consciousness even among these once close friends and lovers. They succeeded, however, in getting past those feelings and revitalizing their experience, ultimately sharing the entire night as a group, a free-flow of movement from one to the other, Abby moving among the couples.

It was after that successful experience that Abby and the Adamly's brought up their experience with Nick and me. Their imaginations and considerations of opportunities for all of us bloomed from

there. With the three dogs the Grassley's had, plus Harley, and the remoteness of the property, they presented the idea to Nick for a weekend adventure.

My expectation of challenges expanding my experience was nowhere near keeping up with the rapid way in which it was actually expanding. But, one thing remained true after that experience on the golf course with the Great Dane: I didn't doubt or question Nick. So, when he came to me with this latest idea, we had plenty to talk about, but little to really question.

I had an arousing day from the start. I woke up before Nick's alarm which seemed to happen about half the time now. I wasn't working so I was intent on making Nick's life and experience the very best possible. I used the bathroom and snuck out to the kitchen, naked, of course. I was about 15 minutes ahead of the alarm, which was enough time to have the coffee ready and a hot breakfast cooking for him. This morning I decided on French Toast and slices of fresh fruit. I was flipping the last of the slices of French Toast onto a plate when I felt a pair of hands grab my hips, his feet pushing my feet apart and his cock poking into my bottom. I turned off the burner, removed the pan, moved two feet to the left, and leaned over the counter with legs spread even wider. He entered me without any more preparation. It had started out to be a joke, but we both came to realize that it was more reality than we might have originally expected. I was nearly always ready for penetration. This morning was no different. Sex, with Nick or Harley, was such a delightful occurrence in my life that I was expecting it to happen if either of them were around. It was another reason why I seldom wore panties. One was for availability to them, but the other was that they were constantly wet with my juices.

He came inside me quickly, then holding me tightly in his arms, leaned against my back and kissed my neck. "Good morning, love."

"HMMMMM ... what a lovely way to say 'good morning'."

When Nick left, Harley picked up on the telltale scent and before it was even 8:00 AM, I had two loads of male seed inside my pussy.

Harley did me the honor of his cock later in the day, as well. I was on my knees, protected from the crushed rock by a foam pad, while attending to some plants in the back. I felt Harley behind me, then his nose sniffing at me before his tongue swiped the length of my pussy. I didn't hardly miss a beat, but dropped the tools I was using, spread my knees to the extent possible for the pad, and braced myself to be mounted. And I was. My hand going between my legs found not only his cock, but that it was already well out of the sheath. He must have been watching me and doing his own preparation. Do dogs do that?

At any rate, I was in a frame of mind to continue this day to the max. I used the shower to clean my pussy out. There was a handheld shower head that detached from the wall. By taking the shower head off, it left a rounded end that easily and comfortably could be inserted into my pussy. It did wonders for me, but also was excellent at cleaning me out and being fresh for a lover wishing to use his mouth on my pussy.

This day, I decided to dress special for Nick. I would find he would have special news for me. I dressed in a black, sheer baby-doll. It only came down to the middle of my butt and it tied about half way down my front. This meant that the front gapped at my breasts and at my pussy. I selected a black, sheer thong that barely covered me in front. The strings were so small that it all but disappeared. I wore sheer, lace thigh-high stockings and heels. Dinner was ready with candle-light and wine when Nick entered from the garage. I stopped him in his tracks. I love it when that happens!

He took in the sight of me, holding our two drinks, before coming to me for a kiss and quick feel of the bare body underneath the almost nothing gown. When his eyes met mine, I could see the lust already showing and knew this would be a good night. I settled him at the table and brought the food out, serving him each of the items rather than having him dish it up himself. This was another modification to ritual. As I dished up the food or poured the wine, his hands roamed my body. It seemed so blatant and obvious, but we both enjoyed it and I started doing it more and more at times like this. This night, like others when I have a short gown on, his hand didn't just move over bare skin, but his fingers found soft, moist hidden locations of my body. This night I was charged so much in anticipation of what I wanted and hope to give to him, that when his finger found my pussy opening, I placed the dish on the table edge and leaned down, supporting myself as my feet separated a little more. He moved first one finger, then a second into me, sawing in and out, before slipping out and caressing my clit. He then put his fingers up to me and I licked them clean for him. It was a final blatant display of lusty behavior before I moved to my own chair on somewhat shaky legs. As a final display of my arousal, though, he directed me to place my napkins on the chair to protect it. It interested me that I can be dressed to be fucked, fingered while serving him, but a comment like that can make me blush.

"I got a call from Abby, today." Abby seemed to be the official communicator with Nick about 'ideas'. She had several, but so far the Great Dane episode on the course was the only one to actually happen. I didn't know details, but she and Nick had conversations. Despite conversations I had with Abby, she held those discussions for just with Nick. She understood that my activities and challenges were vetted by Nick first.

I looked up at him, a small smile appearing on my face at the implication of that announcement. I knew they had conversations, but if he was bringing the fact up, it must mean that he was planning on seeing this one through.

"Their little group has finally become sexual, again. And, as things happen when one door is opened, other barriers drop very easily. They started making plans for themselves, but also discussed with fondness the experiences Abby, Sarah, and Ben had with you. After some drinks and mutual sharing, the ideas flowed. They wanted a weekend that would be unique and they all felt you could enhance that for them."

"And ... she described their idea?"

"She did. In some specifics." He stopped and looked at me, our eyes meeting. He watched me and I waited for him. I knew he was teasing me, making me anticipate what might be coming next, what I would be expected to do. "This weekend is free for us, as luck would have it." He smiled. A lusting, leering smile. He already has his mind made up and knows that I will accept it. The plans are established; he is just giving me the expectations. "They are meeting at the Grassley's Friday night. They will have their own fun that night, then we will come at noon on Saturday. The place is remote and seclude in the valley. We will bring Harley with us. We'll return Sunday afternoon."

Harley is coming with us and we are staying more than 24 hours. That means four dogs. That means three men and three women besides myself. I am not sure they necessarily have any consideration of me getting any sleep. I meet his eyes. There is softness and ease in them, but no question. He isn't really looking for an answer or acceptance. He holds my gaze and there is the opportunity for me to comment or object, but that is the only thing he's looking for, not acceptance but if I might object. He always said I would have the option to reject an experience so he wasn't expecting me to verbalize an acceptance, just giving me the opportunity to reject. And ... he didn't expect me to even do that, not really.

I returned my own nasty little smile. It was all the response he needed. It was the only response he expected. He smiled a smile that was a bit new. Something was going to happen. It was a feeling that came from my soul with certainty.

We were nearly done with dinner, close enough apparently, because he stood, took my hand and led me out of the dining room. He stopped in the kitchen for the bottle of bourbon and two glasses, then led me out onto the patio. We sat me in a chair and moved another directly in front of mine, not five feet away. It was different, sitting directly in front of each other this way. There was nowhere else to look but at each other. We sipped our drinks and spoke occasionally, but about nothing. Then, I realized what the thing was. He wasn't leading or directing or assisting the conversation. He was letting me take it or not. And, in the process, I felt the weight of the attention totally focused on me, whether it was my body exposed to him or any conversation I might try to generate. The effect had me flustered. My conversational attempts were futile and went nowhere, having little effect on diverting the increasing attention to my body. The attention on my body, and his attention was bold and obvious, had a high effect of turning me on. Then, he took it back out of my hands.

"Take off the thong." I put my glass down, raised my butt from the chair, and slid the almost nothing bit of material down my legs and off. He held out his hand and I placed the material into it. While looking me in the eyes as I sat back down, he raised it to his nose and inhaled deeply. His eyes were twinkling as I stared back at him.

He smiled. "We need another splash each of bourbon." I uncrossed my legs to stand up. Two things interesting: I wasn't aware that I had protectively crossed my legs; and, he didn't say I should pour the drinks, I just jumped to do it. He held his glass close, requiring me to come even closer. As I lowered the bottle to his glass, his hand went to the inside of my thigh. I gasped and shivered at his touch, forcing me to focus with increasing attention on pouring the amber liquid into his glass as his hand slowly moved up the inside of my thigh. He got more than a splash when his fingers reached my pussy and gently parted my outside lips.

I felt a finger slip inside and I gasped. He smiled up at me but my eyes were closed and I was holding onto the bottle with both hands, not trusting my grip with one under the circumstances. With his hand and fingers not moving, I looked down at him and saw his smiling eyes. I realized that I had spread my feet to allow him better access and was holding the bottle to my breast. I gave him an embarrassed smile, put the bottle back on the patio table and retook my seat in front of him. I started to cross my legs, but he stopped me.

"From now on, I want you to unlearn the discreet action of demurely crossing your legs when sitting. In public, you may keep your knees together ... unless I suggest otherwise." I shivered. 'Suggest'? He must know that his 'suggestion' is telling me. "But, at home or play with others like the couples, your knees are to be relaxed, naturally open." He watched my eyes and I gazed into his. I didn't flinch. "Do you understand? Is this next step a problem?"

I didn't hesitate, "I understand." I opened my knees until they hit the arm rests. "There is no problem." I looked down at myself, my breasts nearly outside the wispy gown, my pussy on display in the mixed light of the patio, his crotch in the Dockers he wore to work, and finally his face. "One thing, though ..."

He smiled, "Anything."

"I am sure I have said it before, but with each seeming new step I feel a need to reinforce it ..." His eyes dropped to my breasts and I realized that unconsciously I had taken a nipple in my fingers. I left it there and stared into his eyes. "Each new step is such a turn-on for me. You are giving me

what I always felt I needed and doing it so I will be safe and protected. I will do whatever you want, surely you already know that, I am just stating the obvious, but you might still need the reassurance of how I feel." I smiled at a thought for words to use. "Just 'suggest' whatever you want ... I'll give it to you." I was feeling completely flushed by his words and my words back to him. If his fingers were inside me now, they would come out wet with my juices.

He smiled. "Good. Then, move your knees over the arm rests and we'll finish our drinks." He was setting the tone for our future, not just this coming weekend, but beyond. He was setting a tone for more deviance and explicitness. As my knees went over the arms of the chair, fully opening my pussy to his view, it became impossible to keep my free hand from touch it. When two fingers dove into my hole, I froze and looked up as if I had gone too far.

"Excellent idea, I would love to watch you arouse yourself further. Until it is time for Harley to finish you off with his tongue." I didn't shiver that time, I shook. But, I continued. As two fingers dove in and out of my pussy, my thumb circled and rubbed my clit. My hips were flexing in this awkward position and I was ready to cum, I needed to cum, and only partly for myself, more importantly was to cum for Nick. But then I remembered his comment.

I didn't stop, but I looked up at him with eyes half closed with lust and need and gasped out a single name, "Harley ..."

He understood. He called him over and Harley needed no introduction. He understood very well what to do with a woman's pussy and his tongue lapped at me, his snout pushing my hand away in the process. His tongue seemed to go crazy to get at my juices and to stay with my bouncing hips. When I came, I had to cover my mouth after the first explosive cry. Thank goodness our neighbors were used to spending their nights inside.

I was antsy as the days went by. We had done things, but they were always at or near home and it was for just part of a night. This was different. We would be at someone's home and it was to be over night. Although I had an inkling of what might be in store for me, Nick didn't tell me any of the specifics. He decided to keep my mind firmly focused on sexual responses to magnify this new step, however. He brought me a toy; a vibrating egg. It was remote controlled, wireless with a small decorative chain that hung out the pussy. I was to insert it before he left for work on Friday and not take it out unless instructed by him, except if or when Harley wanted to mate with me. I was to have my phone nearby always and I would receive texts from him to control the level of the vibration. It was about five inches long and three inches in circumference. It had seven settings from a low steady vibration, into pulsing, and extreme steady. The packaging wasn't shy about the product's potential, "This toy rocks and is the best remote control vibe out there! This wireless, waterproof and 7 function bullet is discreet enough to take anywhere and powerful enough to deliver incredible sensations. With 7 patterns of vibration to choose from, the possibilities are endless! Tease your lover from across the room and control the fun!" I had to admit that holding this and thinking about the possibilities had me curious. I inserted it into my moist pussy, making sure the little chain with the heart at the end was outside. I set it at the '1' setting as I had been instructed, then waited for instructions. I didn't have long to wait. I received texts throughout the day at various times changing the settings continuously. I was drenching wet all day, not daring to put pants or shorts on even for a short while.

It had quite an effect on Harley, as well. Not directly, of course, but indirectly. Because I was always wet, my scent must have been continuous and inviting. He mated with me three times and I was tied to him when Nick came into the house, and not seeing me, found us on the patio. I was near

exhaustion and dinner wasn't even a thought. Besides the three times with Harley, the eggs brought me to two orgasms.

He said we were going to a nice restaurant for dinner. I showered quickly and found him waiting with my clothes for the evening. Laid out on the bed was one of the new basic little black dresses that is a mainstay for any enticing evening out. It had thin spaghetti straps and essentially backless, dropping down to my waist. The top was fitted, with a deep V-neck that went between my breasts. The hem was a mid-thigh and flared. The material was a soft rayon/nylon/spandex. This was one of his favorites. Not only because of how it looked on me, how it showed off my cleavage, back, and legs, but because the flared skirt could easily fly up if the wind caught it right.

I saw no nylons, which wasn't a surprise given the shortness of the dress. He prefers me in stay-up stockings if I wear them. I have tanned well since being here and spending time in the back completely naked and using lotion, my legs look good without stockings. On the floor by the bed was my 4 inch black heels. Otherwise, there was nothing. He had my jewelry chest open and was in the process of selecting an appropriate necklace. He liked something long and obvious to dangle between my breast, drawing attention to them. What I didn't see was underwear ... of any kind, no panties or thong. What was on the bed was the egg. I looked to him as he turned with his selection of a necklace and also saw him slip the remote into his pants pocket. I looked back at the bed and the egg, then back at him. Standing in front of him naked, my hair ready, my makeup ready, but naked looking at how he wanted me dressed tonight.

As he approached, he held the necklace up and I turned my back to him and pulled my hair up and out of the way so he could close the clasp. I turned around and he looked down at the necklace ... or my breasts ... I couldn't quite tell for sure. He handed me the matching dangly earrings. I went to the mirror and put them on, leaning into the mirror slightly, my butt sticking out to him. Too much temptation, apparently, as I felt his hands cup my buttocks and rub. I turned around and went into a model pose showing my jewelry.

"Mmmmm ... this would be a more tempting look for the evening, but ... we wouldn't want to be arrested before the big day."

I put my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Being arrested would not be fun. You need to find someplace we can be where this would be legal. Wait ..." I moved to the bed and stepped into my heels and turned around. "Okay ... now. This is how I should be dressed somewhere for dinner and dancing." The look in his eyes as he took me in told me he might search such a place out. But, if I knew Nick and I do, he would add stockings. I smiled. He just might find the place.

I slipped the dress over my head, walked up the mirror and did a twirl. The skirt flew up like I expected. I was going to have to be careful. When I turned around, he was holding the egg.

"You're serious?"

"Not much reason for me to have the remote if you don't have the egg inside you." He said it so matter-of-factly, like who could argue with that logic. I shook my head but took it from his hand and inserted it. Even as I held it, I felt it humming.

I was shocked that he wanted to take the motorcycle. He was dressed in a suit. The helmets were required by Nick. Arizona doesn't require them, but Nick won't ride without one. It was going to mash my hair, but my style is a bit wild and curly, anyway. He moved the bike out of the garage, closed the garage door and had me get on behind him. He coasted down the drive and we found Jane and Tom with the kids walking out onto the cul-de-sac. The kids were pointing and Jane had one

hand over her mouth and the other on Tom's arm. Tom was just looking at my exposed leg. I waved but as Nick started into gear, I grabbed him around the chest. And, I could feel the wind as we sped down the street ... and my skirt flying up behind me, but no way was I releasing my hold on him.

Needless to say, we had a lot of honks on our 20 minute cruise through town. I actually started to wonder if he took the long way. Several cars of teenage and college boys fought to stay close to us. Finally, Nick made a couple of turns to lose the ogles.

The ride with the egg made it interesting, too. The egg was set on low, but the motorcycle put off its own vibration that was at a different frequency. The combination was very nice, but I had the feeling I was going to be embarrassed when I got off the seat and saw the wet spot.

Dinner was wonderful. It was a nice restaurant and they had dancing in the lounge part that finished off our evening. Yes, he played with the settings on the egg through the night and several times at discreet moments moved the setting to maximum. I was holding onto the edge of the table tightly trying not to cry out, when the waitress returned unexpected, surprising both Nick and me. He fumbled for the remote and lowered it all the way to zero, but even then I couldn't answer her question about an after dinner drink. Nick ordered for both of us. He then reached over the table and suggested that I perhaps might like to go to the restroom and 'tidy up a little bit', as he put it.

Then, he couldn't control himself dancing, either. He spun me several times and dipped me on occasion. I wasn't sure about the dips, but I was pretty sure that the spins showed a lot more than I wanted to be shown. The question was if anyone knew I wasn't wearing a thong. I didn't dare look at any of the people to gauge the answer.

Once back home, I asked him a question that had been on my mind since about mid-day. If tomorrow was to be an intense day, why have me so excited and climaxing throughout the day and night?

"Simple, my love. I wanted you to understand what your beautiful body is not only capable of enjoying, but that it is made for doing just that."

We made love that night, too. He didn't push it; he might not have wanted to push it, given everything else I had experienced that day. But I did. I had to. The day wasn't going to be complete without him inside and to sleep with his seed filling me.

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## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN: PACK BITCH FUN**

They were congregated at the front of the small ranch-style house. The house was a 70's era brick and stucco construction, single story house set in the valley between Mica Mountain and Reiley Peak. The house is on the Mica Mountain slope that rises out of the valley where in the spring a nice running river is located. It dries up to a comparative trickle much of the rest of the year. Although nearly due east of Tucson, the roads require a drive southeast around the mountain before picking up the N. Casabel Road at the Benson exit off I-10.

The house sits at the end of a gravel drive that is barely more than two ruts going up the mountain side. The house itself is flanked by a detached double garage and an out-building that is used for the three dogs and other equipment, most of which has been reduced to a couple of ATV's for running around and over the mountains and desert. Once, it was a small ranch home, one of many that couldn't make it in the area. Now it is owned by Stan and Betty Grassley, known to Nick and Sam as 'the third couple'. In addition to those buildings, a newer stone building sits in back, slightly higher up the slope with windows exposing the entire front and sides, giving anyone inside views of the

valley below in all directions. The roof extends well over the walls giving the windows shade at all times except early morning, but even then the Reiley Peak is in the way. This is their hobby shack. Stan and Betty busy themselves with any number of retirement activities they never made time for previously. The isolation and remoteness in retirement was the exact reason for choosing the site.

The 'they' congregated at the front of the house at noon were, of course, Abby Jorgenson, Ben and Sarah Adamly, and Stan and Betty Grassley. They were all anticipating with great interest and speculation the next 24 hours plus. Upon hearing the excitedly delivered stories from Abby, Ben, and Sarah about this new couple they had met, the Grassley's accepted with anticipation the proposal to host a reunion weekend and 'exposition'. The reunion got started Friday night with the five of them re-acquainting themselves with each other intimately. It was awkward and clumsy at first, but then it was like old days of laughing and sharing, combined with intense pleasure. There was no joking or teasing that the two men made use of the blue pills, just relief that such things now existed to aid them all in their later years.

As the morning wore on, even Stan and Betty couldn't help to feel the anticipation of the arrival of Nick and Sam, even if they didn't know them. The genuine excitement and appreciation exuding from the others was undeniable and contagious. They were also immensely intrigued by this couple who so impressed and accepted the older group, not to mention her propensity for animal sex. And, that was how the rest of the weekend was developed, not really planned, just outlined. The Grassley's three dogs combined with them bringing their dog created an animal experience that none of the couples might have ever envisioned being played out in front of them. In years by-gone, they considered themselves way out of norm by occasionally experiencing one dog among them all. For one woman to be engaged with four ... the group was nervous, excited, awestruck, concerned, and thrilled. So, all five were very eager for the arrival of this couple; some to be with them again; others to meet them for the first time.

Ben, who knew the signs to look for, pointed down the slope at the rising plume of dust. "There ... that should be them." Even as he said it, it occurred to him that all of them were in their mid-to-later 60's and they were standing with excitement and concentration for the arrival, much like children waiting for a beloved grandparent. The reversal was striking.

The car came around the bend in the drive, one of many required to climb the slope, and it pulled alongside Ben's car. The trunk popped open, then the driver's door. The ones that knew him saw Nick stand up, then go to the back door and come around it with a white German Shepard in tow. They both went around to the passenger side and saw a woman's head come into view. The woman looked toward the people waiting and smiled, but the smile was nervous and tentative and it surprised Abby who knew them the best.

The man bent down, doing something now out of view. When he stood, they moved around the back of the car, the man first, opening the trunk fully and pulling a roller bag from the trunk before slamming it down. Then came the dog on a leash, a leash that wouldn't be needed there on the mountain; the dogs were safe exploring without neighbors to bother. Then, the woman came into view ...

Abby saw it first. Her hands went up to her mouth and she muttered, "Oh ... My ... God!"

Samantha came into view behind the dog and she was barefoot and naked except for a shiny black collar on her neck and a leash attached to it. The other end of the leash was being held by the dog! The dog was following behind Nick and Samantha was following behind the dog.

The five people looked at each with combined shock, bemusement, confusion, and excitement

passing through them at the same time.

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It was Nick's idea. I didn't think it would work, but he persisted and felt it would be a wonderful way to set the tone for the remainder of the weekend. It would establish my role for the weekend, both to me and to the others; it would eliminate any doubt or question in anyone's mind as to what we expected to occur and what my role was to be.

He had his suitcase packed and lying open on the bed as we prepared to leave. It was a smaller carryon case. Inside was only his stuff: clothes, shaving gear, etc. I could also see some things for Harley that took up the rest of the space. I could discern nothing of mine in the bag. But, I didn't have to ask anything. He handed me a T-shirt, "For the weekend. But, only for the car rides up and back."

The implication was clear: I wouldn't need anything else for the weekend. I was naked and available. He had asked me earlier if I would be okay if the other men would also like to fuck me. The question was one of the things leading up to the weekend that made it so intoxicatingly erotic. Since being with Nick, I had been mated by a strange dog, been exposed to others, and Nick and I had loved in amazing and wondrous ways. But, being with other men was a new step for us. He had the careful part covered, he assured me. The men were safe. He, of course, knew I would do it. The weekend was beyond experiences now: four dogs, three men, and three women. And, the time was now.

I slid the shirt over my head, realizing as the bag was put into the trunk that I didn't have anything personal with me; I didn't have cosmetics, hair brush, clothes ... anything.

Because of the mountain separating us from our destination, it took far longer than it should for the distance. It only took until we were out of the city limits and on the Interstate for Nick to 'suggest' that I take off the T-shirt. I knew I would now be naked except for the collar until about this same location on the way back on Sunday afternoon. I was already getting moist. Something must have shown on my face.

Nick was looking at me sitting naked in the passenger seat as he held the wheel with one hand. "You're getting excited, aren't you? I can see a flush across your breasts and chest."

I looked at him, then turned partially in the seat, at least as much as the seatbelt would allow. "I am! I know I am moistening in anticipation. Does that ... make me awful? A slut or something?"

It looked like he wanted to laugh, but he didn't. He stopped and considered me but with an immediate look of love and admiration. "This is us, Sam. This isn't just you. This is what WE are doing together. You are far from awful, you are amazing and I am so fortunate that we came together to enjoy these things together." He looked at me seriously and continued, "Slut? The term generally has such a nasty connotation to it; the accepted connection of the term is negative, derogatory. That doesn't fit you. There is a new connection coming into vogue in society, though, that says a slut is a person, of any gender, who has the courage to lead life according to the radical proposition that sex is nice and pleasure is good and a person who has taken control of sexuality. In that sense, yes; in that sense, you are a slut, but then it is a good thing."

I took his free hand and kissed the palm, then put it between my legs. He smiled as he felt my wetness. A bitch. A slut. And, most definitely horny.

The coup-de-gras of the build-up to this weekend for me was when we finally arrived at the house. I saw the people standing at the front of the house, just standing there waiting for us to arrive. As

Nick led me around the back of the car, or really as Harley led me since my leash was held by him, I heard a woman's voice, "Oh ... My ... God!" Nick's effect was established. As the Roman's said in the Coliseum, "Let the games begin."

Harley's ability to maintain focus on holding my leash didn't last very long, but it did last long enough to establish the affect. Nick picked up my leash as Harley dropped it and we walked to join the group. We were introduced by Abby to Stan and Betty. Handshakes and hugs were given. We were told that there was no reason for Harley to be on a leash unless we were worried about him running off. Nick then took both leashes off, Harley and me.

With a wink at everyone, Nick confided, "I don't THINK I have to worry about her running off." He got a mischievous glint in his eyes, "Unless there are some wild coyotes in the area she might chase after ..." The others laughed at the look of shock on my face. But, what was expected of me these next hours was again reinforced by that statement and everybody recognized it as I accepted the comment by sidling up against Nick, rubbing my side and breast into his arm, drawing more chuckling.

I stood there in front of the group, the only one completely naked, while they looked at one another. It was clear to me that they did not know how they should take the first step and Nick was not going to assist them. They had approached him about this event and he had agreed, but it was theirs to manage. He was here for me, only.

I was surprised when it was Betty who stepped forward and took my hand. The other women knew me at least a little, but Betty was a complete stranger. But, this was her property and home. She pulled me toward the side building. I was barefoot, besides naked, so I lagged behind her some as I picked by footing across the dirt drive and ground. Even the grassy parts weren't grass like we know it; it was wild, natural grasses of the desert and it was rough to walk on, too. On the far side of the shed was a large, fenced area with a door in the shed. As we approached it, three dogs ran out of the shed into the fenced area. I was to learn; this was where they secured the dogs when they were not home or other predators were known to be in the area.

In the side extending from the shed was a gate. She put her hand on the gate latch and turned to the others who followed us. She then turned to me and I knew, in my gut, that this was to be an abrupt start. She put her hand out to Nick who helped her with Harley. She let him into the area with the other dogs. I was a little concerned at first, but the other dogs were friendly and accepted Harley without conflict or aggression. They all sniffed one another and the entire group of humans relaxed, evidently I wasn't the only one who saw that as a potential issue.

She had closed the gate after Harley, but seeing the acceptance of all the dogs, she took my hand and led me to the gate, which she held open. She shocked me with her next comment, like Ben had on the golf course, "Now it is time for their bitch to get familiar with her mates." I knew Nick was at my side, even without looking. I looked at him and his smile was the reassurance that this was what we talked about, this was what it meant to be the bitch. I gave him a smile and nod, then broke role for a moment to hug him and kiss him on the lips. Then, as the gate was opened for me, I walked in on my own. And, the full impact of these next hours fell on top of me. Rather than intimidated, though, I knelt down into the hard dirt ground of the pen and received each dog as they clamored over me, seeking pets and strokes.

It was a chaotic mess of excited dogs at having attention. They were cared for but not pets like Harley was; I lavished them with attention and petting. I looked back to the fence and found Betty standing against the fence with Stan behind her, his hands on her shoulders, both looking expectantly at me in the midst of these dogs, like the rest of them.

"It would help to know, have these mated before?"

Stan and Betty looked at each other and shrugged. Stan responded, "We've never had a bitch here. All three of these were strays that showed up over time. Since they caused no trouble, got along, and minded us, we kept them. They largely run loose, so if they found a bitch, I suppose they may have. Or, maybe they did before they came here. But, otherwise, no." He looked at Betty and chuckled, "And, certainly not with a woman." He laughed harder but got an elbow in the ribs for the trouble. That brought a smile to me.

I might be taking their virginity, then.

Nobody behind me was moving. It appeared I was going to have an audience, at least initially. I decided the easiest way to begin, to get everyone accustomed to what was to happen, was to start with Harley and give him the full treatment. Dogs were generally smart and learned from others as much not. They saw cause and effect in the behavior of other dogs and Harley was a quick learner and comfortable with me and mating with a woman. I had confidence that the others would also come around.

No more being tentative. They wanted a bitch for the dogs? I'll give them one. They want a slut for themselves later? I'll give them that, too. And more if I can. This was a whole new me looking at a whole new life potential.

On my knees in the midst of the dogs, I called Harley and he came to me. I put him to the ground in the hard dirt with me. We were all going to be a mess, but that suddenly added more to the experience. I stroked Harley's side and onto his belly. The other dogs sat around us growing interested and curious. While watching the other dogs, I let my hand stroke over Harley's sheath and felt the tip of his cock already peeking out. I stroked the outside of the sheath and the dogs watched intently. I dipped my body to Harley and licked his cock tip, then took it into my mouth as more came out of the sheath. Of course, with Harley, knowing exactly what was coming (or cumming), he was quick to get excited and produce more erect cock for my mouth to suck. I didn't have long to wait after Harley relaxed and realized that this was for real despite the presence of other dogs and many people. I released his cock from my mouth and turned to present my ass to him so I was positioned with my side to the people watching at the fence. Harley wasted no time, partly because he knew what to do, he is a very good lover, and partly maybe to avoid letting another dog get to me.

Harley jumped onto my back, my hand went between my legs, I felt his cock slide along my palm and into me, and I heard a murmur outside the fence, "See! I told you. Did you see what she did with her hand. So much better!"

I groaned at the penetration. Maybe a little more than necessary for my audience, but the real feeling was just as real. Harley had fucked me so much the day before I wasn't sure how he would perform now, but he was the Harley I knew and loved. He pounded me with the same frenetic energy I came to expect from him every time. I have long since given up trying to match his rhythm in order to push back into him at just the right moment of his thrusts. He is too fast so I hold myself rigid, giving him a solid object to press into. Maybe other women do it different, but ... mmmmmmm ... this is what works for me ... mmmmmmm ... for us.

I felt his knot. The first time it bumped into me on the outside, almost pushing inside as it grew in size. But, it didn't. So, it pressed against me with each stroke, bumping me, pounding me on the inside with his cock and the outside with his knot. Then, like always, his movements turned to getting the knot inside me, to fully mate me, to seed me, and to breed me. Almost every time ... mmmmmmm ... the thought, the delicious and forbidden thought ... being bred by this dog ...

mmmmm ... to carry his puppies ... nearly every time ... mmmmmmm ... something I haven't even explained to Nick ...

In the back of my mind I know the people are still watching us, watch me. I hear the sound, the inflections more than the words, but this is me ... me and Harley ... then me and the rest of the dogs. The knot has me stretched wide, nearly inside me and I think a perverse thought ... I don't even know the names of these dogs ... they are just dogs, but no ... no, not just dogs ... not if they are going to be my mates ... I don't know their names ... I need ... mmmmmmmmmmmmm .... I need ...

Harley pushes his knot into me and I cry out! My cry is impassioned and lusty. I realize a difference in ... at home, I am constrained by neighbors when we are outside on the patio. Here I let it all out. I cry out my joy and acceptance. I release the bitch inside me completely. I cry out! "YESSSSSSSSSS!!!! I love your knot, Harley!!!!" I hang my head to the ground and exhale a deep breath. A small cloud of dirt flies into the air away from my mouth. "FUCK ME!!!! You wonderful beast! NOW, give me your seed. You own me, Harley, you know it, seed me, breed me!" And he does. I feel his cock twitch inside me, I feel him expand and swell and finally erupt inside me. I feel his cum shoot into me as my own body erupts into an orgasm. I fall to the ground, my ass in the air, but my upper body pressed into the hard dirt. I press my breast into the dirt, I can't be dirtier, I want to be dirtier. My body quakes and shakes as we cum together ... again ...

The right side of my face is pressed into the dirt. I didn't even have the forethought to put my arms under my face. I saw dog paws around me and remembered ... I was tied to Harley but there were three other dogs. The closest one to me ... I touch its leg and it lowered its head. I grabbed its collar and pulled it to me. I raised myself to my hands and maneuvered it onto the ground in front of me. Then I repeated the same process as with Harley. He was far less accepting of me than Harley was, but he made the connection. He saw what I did to Harley and what ended up happening. Okay, maybe that was a bit much, but it was something like that because he allowed me to manipulate him into position and to begin my touching. He was more nervous than my Harley, but maybe not any more than Harley was at first. I stroked him, his head, his chest, his belly, and closer to his crotch. I saw his sheath and his cock. Dogs are smart. He already understood and anticipated.

I looked back over my shoulder and found Nick. I smiled at him. He was already smiling at me. I turned my attention back to the new dog, dropped my face to his crotch and licked the tip of his cock. He flinched, which I expected. His head rose and looked down at me. He stirred and I felt a movement to my side and sensed it was Betty at the gate, but I held out my hand to stop her. I had this. In that moment, I knew it ... I had this, the dog was fine and the others would be also. If a bitch can't handle her males, what good is she ... The thought flashing through my mind made me shiver. My mouth found the tip of the cock and I sucked the pre-cum from it. The dog was agitated but controllable. Even if he mated before, he never ... ever ... had a mouth around his cock sucking the juice out of him.

A bitch and her males ... I was tied to one dog and sucking on the cock of another, a dog I hadn't laid eyes on before now. I shook. What was I? What was I capable of? How far would Nick take me to discover those answers?

I could feel my pussy opening, stretching to release Harley and making me available for this next dog to mount me. I sucked on the cock in my mouth and was rewarded with both lots of pre-cum that I took down my throat greedily and a cock well extended from its sheath.

My mouth opened as the knot pulled at my pussy lips, pulling them out from my body. I had no idea if the others could actually see it, but I knew what it was like, the moment just before the knot came out, how extended and distorted my pussy would look. When it came out, I cried out, again. How

could I not? Why wouldn't I?

I felt the stream of Harley's cum flowing out of my gaping pussy, but I immediately turned to present myself to the dog I had just prepared. He sniffed me, then licked me. All things normally good and fine, but not now. Now, I just wanted to be fucked. It wasn't thinking about getting through the number of dogs I had. It wasn't about the people watching. In my mind it was clear, crystal clear. I found myself in bitch mode ... I needed to be fucked and fucked ...

I pushed his snout away from my pussy. As nice as it is to be licked by a dog, I wanted his cock and knot. I wanted to be owned by another dog. I wanted to be made a bitch to this unknown dog. Bitch mode ...

He hesitated and I wonder, but then he was on the back the next moment. And, never was I so thankful for having learned the hand guiding technique. The dog was frantic from the start. His cock was poking me before my hand could get between my legs and present a guide for him. But, even with him, it worked and he was inside me. I gasped and braced myself. This was to be an experience after Harley and I considered that the rest might be the same. I had forgotten what Harley's first time was like, but I was reliving it now. In moments, though, I felt back in control. At least as in control as you can be with a dog. He was securely in me and we fucked. Or, I should say that he fucked. I was braced and steady, providing a stable hole for him to fuck into.

He tried to force his knot into me and it didn't work out. But, I worked with him as I have learned and when the knot pushed into me, I cried out just as loudly and uninhibitedly as before. Only moments after the knot violated me, I came. And, only moments after that, my pussy clenching and spasming around the cock and knot inside me, he came. Even with my pussy in contractions, I felt each spurt of his cum as he shot into me. My god! Is this what it is going to be like ... cumming every time with them? If my body can take it, I hope my mind can ...

And so it went ... with two dogs down, I was now in a rhythm that worked. I wasn't even aware of the people watching, if they still were. Tied to the second dog, I encouraged the next one to me and repeated the process. With each one, the comfort of the next was apparent. I knew that after this first time for them, they would be aggressive with me, seeking out what they wanted now that they had experienced it. That is what happened with Harley and he developed an understanding that he could comfortably be with me naked, that it wasn't a signal that he needed to have me right then, but that he could when he wanted. I would be with these that long. This will be an interesting time and I wondered as I prepared the third dog if I would ever get into the house.

After the fourth dog released me from the tie, I fell to the ground. Four straight fucks by energetic and strong dogs. Four straight quality orgasms in the process. I lay on the ground, my face turned away from the direction of where the others had been watching from. I wasn't interested in them, only the dogs. They had given me wonderful orgasms, each licking me after release, like this last one. Even flat on the ground, he was licking at my ass. It brought a smile to me and lazily rolled onto my back. I motioned him to come to me and he did to receive scratching at his ears. Another head appeared at my side and I saw that it was Harley. It was like he was watching over me as he gave me licks on my face. I opened my mouth and put out my tongue and we exchanged contact with each other, his tongue slipping inside mine.

Then, I realized it was just Harley and me. I raised myself to my elbows and saw the last dog walk into the shed. It was hot and the pen was largely in the sun. I got to my knees and Harley led the way into the shed where the other dogs had disappeared. As I followed, I looked to the side. The other people were gone, but Nick was standing there with a beer and he held it out to me. I smiled, got up onto my feet, and went to him.

I fell into him across the fence and he stroked my back, kissing my shoulder and neck. "Are you okay? It looked like you enjoyed it, but I don't want it to be too much."

I took the bottle and drained about half of it in a series of gulps and leaned back into him. "My man ... mmmmm ... you worrying about me?"

"Always ... and excited for you."

I raised my face to him and took his head in my free hand and kissed him deeply. I then saw the other sitting on lawn chairs further away under trees. Abby gave me a wave. I smiled at them and returned my attention to Nick.

"Worried and excited ... that's why this will work. You can make me into a bitch and your definition of slut and it will be good ... because of that ... because you are you and you love me so much. And, I love you." I kissed him, finished the beer and turned to the shed.

"Where ... you finished them ..."

"I'm their bitch, remember?" He smiled at me and I turned, walked to the little door and crawled inside. I heard him talk to the others, explaining what I was doing now. There was muffled talk, but I heard Abby's voice come through, "Wow! If only I knew her before."

The shed was deceptive. I barely fit through the dog opening, my hips almost touch both sides as I crawled in. It was darkish with light filtering in through vent slits at the top of the four walls. The walls were stone as I could tell from the outside, but the thickness of the walls must have held the cooler night air because the inside of the shed was definitely cooler than outside. Also, there was a drop of three steps inside, which was awkward for me crawling in head first. It was built into the slope. The shed stored a few machines and lots of tools. There were two ATV's, a motorbike for trails, at least two mountain bikes like Nick's, some motorized tillers, mowers, and other yard and gardening tools. But, a good corner that was deepest into the hill had hay piled as a massive bed for the dogs. That is where I found the other three dogs and Harley waiting for me at the edge.

After taking a quick survey of the rest of the shed and testing the large double door at the other end, I joined Harley with a soft touch on his head. He stepped into the hay and I followed him. I lay down along his body like I have done at home. It was itchy at first, but soon I joined the dogs for a quiet snooze.

I was vaguely aware of a sound and movement at the front of the shed and some of the other dogs must have noticed it, as well. I sensed movement, but not enough to completely bring me out of my nap. I would learn later that Stan brought Nick down to check on me, found me peaceful with the dogs and quietly left. There was just enough disturbance, though, to rouse me and I was soon stretching my body. Once awake, the itching became more noticeable, so I got up and nosed around the shed before opening one half of the double doors and stepped into the open. Harley was at my side and soon the other dogs were with me, too.

This felt tremendously freeing. At home, I could be naked in the privacy of our backyard or venture into the golf course in the dark at night. Here, though, it was remote and isolated. I envied Stan and Betty this setting, but also knew that I was more social and would miss other people to interact with. But, as I stepped away from the shed and wandered away from it, there was no compunction about being naked. The four dogs and I had just gotten around the shed toward the slope further up when I heard a voice calling out to me. Abby, Sarah, and Betty were chasing after me. They had a bottle of water and sunscreen.



They stood tentatively around me as I drank the water, almost half of it in a series of gulps, possibly too fast. I looked at the sunscreen, then into their faces. There was an unasked desire in their faces and I raised my arms out to the sides and smiled. Their faces lit up as they squeezed lotion into their hands and began rubbing it into my skin, touching every bit of me from my feet to my scalp. Although, my entire body was touched and rubbed with lotion, each one of them applied lotion to my breasts and pussy independently. My body reacted to their over-attentive application to my most sensitive parts and a moan escaped my mouth. They led me to a lounge chair that I hadn't noticed before under a tree. The back was laid flat, my arms off the chair on each side and my legs the same. I looked into each of their faces with increasing desire as their intention became obvious.

I decided to lay back and enjoy the attention. Sarah gave me an exploratory kiss, and finding me receptive, she continued. Betty was massaging and fondling my breasts and nipples, squeezing and pulling, twisting and rubbing. Abby, the most familiar with me after our night of sharing Nick, had her fingers inside me. Her fingers pulled my lips apart and called to the others to look. I knew they were seeing the runny cum of the dogs, but their fingers quickly resumed their play on my body. I couldn't decide if I should press with my back to raise my hips to the fingers going in and out of me, or to press my hips to raise my breasts to the attention they and my nipples were receiving. So, I alternated, enjoying all the attention.

Abby was curling her fingers inside me and was finding my g-spot regularly. I had an orgasm building quickly and I flung my arm up as my body tensed, my feet planted and raising my hips up to achieve more exposure and contact. I felt a breast under clothing, sought out the bottom of the shirt, jammed my hand underneath, then under the bra, and grabbed the breast underneath. I heard a female voice gasp, but she didn't move away or dislodge my hand.

I erupted into orgasm, three pairs of hands stroking me, caressing me, kneading my flesh. As they gently brought my trembling body to ease, each of the them gave me a kiss and final stroke of my pussy and breasts. Abby, the last, said loud enough for all to hear, "We are going to have so much fun with you tonight." I looked up at the three of them as they stood over me, my body spread out in front of them without any self-consciousness or concern about modesty. So, they did have plans for me themselves...

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN: MORE FUN AS SLUT & BITCH

The idea of being a slut, too, wasn't bad after getting Nick's new definition. Not that we were going to have it tattooed on my forehead or anything, but between us the idea of 'bitch' and 'slut' became categories of activity. In Nick's view, he sees me as having the courage to lead life according to the idea that sex is nice and pleasure is good and someone who has taken control of my sexuality. Most of that fits me and I like that way of considering the term. Control, though ... I am not sure I have taken control of my sexuality as much as I have given control to him. Either way, it has yielded the same effect; it has freed me, brought both of us immense pleasure, and opened up new options and potential for discovery and experience. This was one ... another new step ... group sex with me as the focal point.

Late afternoon, they found us (me and my mates) further up the mountain under a cluster of scrub trees on a ridge overlooking the valley. For the desert southwest, it was a wonderful view and completely exposed to the world for miles around me. In reality, I was no more exposed to anyone there than I was at the house, but the range of the uninterrupted space made it feel exposed. Not to mention being mounted by the dogs.

It was the men this time who ventured up the slope for me. I am sure they heard us, but they may also have just seen us from below. I was certainly not quiet and not hiding.

I was tied to the last dog, once again having been mounted by all four and again orgasming with each one. As the men crisscrossed their way up the slope, I gave Nick, who was in the lead, a weak smile. Should I have been embarrassed to be caught naked and tied to a dog in front of God and the world? Maybe if I was a normal woman, but I no longer was and I knew it and accepted it. I really was a bitch now, how and when it got exhibited and demonstrated was now up to my own and Nick's choices.

I made the purposeful decision to be as explicit and open with these men as I could be. I knew they had plans for me tonight and I wanted each of them to know I would accept anything. The men stood just down the slope from me as the knot was finally pulled from my overfilled pussy. I pushed myself back and sat with my back to the tree I had been underneath. My knees were bent and spread, Ben and Stan directly in front of me as Nick brought me another plastic bottle of water, the perspiration of the cold water forming on the warm outside. I took the bottle and opened it, winking at Nick as he glanced down between my legs, then at the other men and seeing them staring intently at my pussy. I smiled, a smile they were totally unaware of as they only saw my gaping pussy with dog cum leaking from it. A small puddle of cum was forming in the dirt underneath me until it was soaked up by the loose dirt.

When Ben finally raised his eyes to mine, I smiled at him and he looked properly embarrassed. I put my hand out to him and he helped me up. I put my free arm around his neck, kissed him as thanks, pressing my dirty and used body into his. I then put my other arm out to Stan and he stepped into it next to Ben. I kissed each of them and glanced behind me as Nick came up and touch my butt.

"Am I going to get the opportunity to properly thank you all tonight?"

Stan stammered out, "Thank us?!" He smiled and looked at Ben and Nick, "Whatever you want to call it, Samantha ..."

They led the way back down the slope to the house. Nick stayed back to assist me down the dirt and rocky path. My feet were taking a beating, but the experience was already way beyond my wildest expectation and most of our stay was still to come. Nick pinched my butt and said, "You seem to be enjoying yourself."

"Enjoying myself? Oh, Nick, honey ... it is far beyond that." I stopped and put my arms around him, kissing him deeply, putting my bare leg between his and pressing into him as we kissed, pleased when I felt him stirring in his shorts. "Thank you! Thank you for this! I don't know if you could ever top this weekend."

He stroked my cheek, staring into my eyes with the deepest tenderness a woman could hope for. "Be careful what you wish for."

I smiled at him, taking his hand to continue down the path after the two other men who had stopped to wait for us, but not wanting to interrupt. "HMMMMM ... I can't wait ..." He squeezed my hand and gave me support as I delicately stepped onto and over rocks down the path.

I was led by Betty to the main bathroom. I had a half hour to myself before dinner would be ready but I was told to take as much time as I needed. I took care of bathroom needs, then took a shower to wash the dirt and grime off me and my hair. Then I soaked in the tub, the water as hot as I could stand it. My pussy was a little tender from taking eight cocks and knots this afternoon, but it wasn't bad and was not going to slow me down, not after fully discovering more about myself in what I

could do.

She hadn't left a robe or clothes for me so I assumed I was to remain naked. That had been Nick's intention by not bringing any clothes for me and leaving my only T-shirt in the car. I exited the bathroom and followed the voices to the kitchen. The air conditioner was humming and the overhead fan spinning as I stood at the doorway with everyone sitting around the table. The six of them were crowded around the table with an empty spot for me. This was more awkward than when Nick and I ate dinner with me in a negligee. These were people I barely knew and we were now inside and acting civilized for dinner, yet I was the only one naked. And, it was apparent as all of them looked at my body as I entered and took my seat. Nick sat directly across from me and gave me another of his playful smiles.

Nick caught everybody's attention by telling me that I wasn't quite ready to sit down. I stood up at the table, not sure what he meant. By the looks on other people's faces, they weren't sure, either. The food was on the table and the glasses full of ice water. I looked at him and everyone else did the same. He raised his hips and reached into his left pocket and came out with the vibrating egg, which he placed on his plate. He rotated slightly and reached into his right pocket and came out with the remote. He hit the top button a couple times and the egg started vibrating on his plate. He then handed the remote to Sarah who was sitting to his right. He handed the egg to Betty who held it, feeling it vibrate and then looked at me.

Nick said, "Yes, just pass it down the table to Sam. She knows what to do with it, don't you, dear." It wasn't a question; it was stating a fact.

Sarah handed it to Ben who handed it to Abby. Each one holding it long enough to know the feeling before Abby handed it across the table to Stan who gave it to Betty before it came back to him.

Nick was smiling, "This was a toy she got and played with yesterday. Dear, how much did you play with it?"

I returned his look and glanced at the others, "All day." The women gasped almost in unison.

Abby asked what the others were probably wondering, "All day? You had this in you all day?"

"Well ... mostly ... Nick said I could take it out only when Harley mounted me. So, three times I took it out." Even the men gasped or whistled.

Nick saw that Stan was still holding the vibrating egg. "Stan, would you mind doing the honors?" He looked up at me a little shyly. I stepped a little closer to him and spread my legs. It might have been shyly, but he pushed it right into my pussy. Nick then surprised us all. "The table seems too crowded, especially this side with the three of you. Abby, you moved over to Sam's place. Sam, take your place setting back to the counter, then crawl under the table. We'll finger feed you from our plates. And ..." he looked around the table, "anyone who would like their cock or pussy sucked during the meal can push their shorts off." Almost in unison, they raised themselves up just enough to unfasten and remove their shorts.

I removed my setting and crawled under the table before Abby took that place. I started with Abby as she moved her chair to the table, pushing her knees apart and lapping at her pussy, which caused her to slide down the seat to give me better access. That became the way everyone else knew where I was.

I heard Nick then instruct, "The remote should continue randomly around the table and the settings changed frequently. She said it was the changes that made the movement most effective as opposed

to a single setting.”

That was how dinner went. Underneath the table I moved from pussy to cock to pussy and around the table. A hand would appear with a bit of food and I would take it from them with my mouth like Harley might if we did that. Along the way, the vibrations in my pussy increased and decreased, moved from steady to pulsing. I was instructed by Nick that nobody was to cum and it was up to me to pay close attention to the pussy or cock in my mouth. He didn't elaborate on what would be the ramification of someone cumming, but I also knew that everyone had more expected for after dinner.

After dinner, at least their dinner, I was to do the dishes. The women scraped off the dishes and bowls and brought them to me to wash. But, it didn't even pause with them and I had a feeling Nick was very much involved in that. Once the dishes were piled at the sink for me to wash, they came up to me one at a time. First it was Ben and I was unsure what to expect. He was naked now as I felt him press up against me. His hands came in front and cupped my breasts while I felt his erect cock pressing into my butt. One hand moved from my breast and I felt his cock being aimed into the crack of my legs so I spread my legs wide. His cock head slid along my slit and found my hole, slipping inside while his other fingers took my nipple and gently twisted and pulled it. He stroked his cock in and out smoothly, obstructed by the egg still inside me, as I tried to concentrate on the dishes. The combination of cock penetration with the vibrating egg also taking up space was very intense. And, I assumed for him.

Then he was gone. His cock pulling out and away from me. The next body was Stan and the same action except he was more direct and pushed his cock directly into me, then using both hands, he fondled a breast and rubbed my clit. Washing dishes was getting harder and harder. I had to stop frequently as my body reacted with increasing arousal.

I was about half way done with the dishes when the first woman came up behind me, also naked as I felt her breasts press into my back. The switching occurred as if timed to my body so I never crested over the edge to climax. This time it was fingers inside me. I felt the fingers moving the vibrating toy around inside me and then pressing it against me in front. When it hit the right spot, I cried out and held onto the edge of the sink as I came, the vibrations held directly against my g-spot. I had collapsed to my elbows onto the edge of the sink, my legs spread a little wider for her access. She pulled away as my legs and pussy continued to quake and contract, my juices leaking down the inside of my legs.

It continued until the dishes were done and at that point they all had played with me. As I rinsed the last bowl, the last one came behind me thrust himself into my pussy. There was no question who this was, even before I felt the hardness of his body, this one didn't handle me with any timidity or uncertainty. Nick pressed into me and forced the egg to slip and move out of the way or jam up into the top of my pussy or into my cervix, which happened several times. Without looking, my eyes were tightly shut, I knew we had an audience of the others and Nick was intent to cum inside me and to make me cum, again. And both happened and in the process told me how much room existed inside my pussy as he rammed into me, moving the egg one way and another. I felt the egg jump to an intense pulsing vibration and both of us exploded. Nick grabbed me by the waist and shoulders and held me tightly as he emptied into my pussy and my pussy in turn clamped around the cock and toy inside.

He led me to a mattress that had been placed on the floor and laid me down. The delicate, little chain with the heart attached to the end had been jammed up into my pussy by the fucking and fingering I had received. I was moved to 'face' (really, my pussy was facing) the people jammed together on the couch.

Nick flipped the remote to those on the couch, "Okay, Dear ..." he was kneeling at my head, his softened cock directly over my face as he leaned over me, "... since you let the chain get pushed into your hungry pussy, you can get it back out ... and get me hard, again." He gave me a smile as he placed his cock against my mouth, which I opened and sucked inside without using my hands. They were busy between my legs. Then, the egg leapt into action, again.

I managed to get the egg out by hooking a finger on the little heart jewel. I also managed to suck Nick hard at the same time. And, I managed to do both without cumming this time. When I looked to the couch with a sense of accomplishment, I found the men with raging, hard cocks being stroked by three women. Forget that they were 20 years older than even me, that is a hot sight. Nick, with his own hard cock, moved to my side when he saw that I wasn't changing my position. I was splayed out in front of these people and it appeared to be having a positive effect on them, so why not continue? I turned my head to take Nick's cock back into my mouth and my fingers became busy in my pussy and on my clit and nipples. I continued with increasing arousal and effect as I truly masturbated in front of someone other than Nick for the first time. Nick pulled his cock out of my mouth every now and then, not wanting to cum again too soon as I put on my show and lost myself in my self-pleasuring. I only opened my mouth instinctively when I felt his cock at my lips.

I cried out around his cock, muffled and softened, but just as urgent as another orgasm crashed over me. God, I thought we had played 'make Samantha cum' before, but nothing like this! When I look up at the couch, Sarah was sucking on Stan's cock, but mostly watching me. The other women were stroking Ben's cock, chest, and stomach. The room was quiet except for my heavy breathing, but they didn't take their eyes off my still clenching and relaxing pussy.

That night I moved from bed to bed to bed. I was given a single goal for the evening with each couple: enhance their sexual play. The two couples swapped spouses for the night and Nick was happy to again share the night with Abby. Nick had a genuine ability to focus on a woman and make her feel particularly special at the moment ... even if she was twice his age. I was starting in the bed shared by Ben and Betty, then moving to Stan and Sarah, and finally with my own man and Abby.

This was no longer about my orgasms, but to enhance theirs. The way Nick put it to the others, I was there not to make love to, but to stimulate and further arouse their own lovemaking. I may not have another cock inside me for the rest of the night. While I would be stimulated by stimulating them in their sexual play, I may well move from bed to bed without ever finding my own release. This was an interesting and devious twist Nick came up with for my experience after a day that seemed to be filled with one fucking and orgasm after another.

Ben wasn't sure how to incorporate another person if he was focused on Betty. We were standing in their bedroom for the night, all three of us naked. After the day and evening, there was no longer embarrassment or hesitancy among any of us. I asked if they were willing to go with my lead and they both readily agreed. I climbed onto the bed and lay on my back with my feet at the headboard. I told Betty to climb over me on her hands and knees with her pussy over my mouth. I licked and sucked on her for minutes while Ben stood and watch. I pushed Betty's hips up slightly and told him to bring me his cock. He put it under Betty's pussy and into my mouth as I tilted my head back to take him. He stroked into my mouth and the edge of my throat, occasionally scraping against my teeth, which I felt bad about but the angle wasn't ideal. I moved my face to the side so he came out and he knew instantly what he needed to do next. I watched from inches away as his cock slid across my forehead and into Betty's pussy. She gasped and pushed back against him, taking him deeper than his initial penetration. I smiled as my tongue reached up. They might be older, but these people were no strangers to sex.

My mouth went to their union. My tongue and lips worked over the cock and pussy separately and

together. I shifted slightly to take her clit between my lips and sucked softly, hard, nipping it with my teeth. I rotated my head back and sought out his balls as they crashed into my face on his thrusts. I used my hands on her breasts and nipples, stroking his ass and pulling him into her harder and more firmly. When they came directly over my face, I licked around the union of the cock in pussy. When he pulled out, I was ready to suck out any cum I could manage. I encouraged her to sit up as I continued to lick and suck. I then did something that even surprised me a little, I squirmed around and kissed Betty, pushing some of the cum into her mouth. Her eyes opened wide when she first realized what I was doing, then mashed her mouth over mine as we shared tongues.

I pushed them back onto the bed, smiling at them as they wondered what I was now up to. I returned the smile, "Before I leave to join Stan and Sarah, I want to get you ready for round two ..."

With that I crawled over Ben's legs and starting licking, sucking, and nibbling on his cock. Once I had some firmness started, one hand moved over to Betty and I played with her pussy and clit. When I left them, Betty was sitting on top of Ben. I smiled, you go cowgirl!

I knocked on the room with Stan and Sarah. I felt a little silly doing that given the reason I was there, but the door was closed. Sarah's voice told me to come in and I found them in a 69 with Sarah on top. She sat up and put her arms out to me and I hugged her as she continued to sit on Stan's mouth.

"Am I interrupting something?" as I chuckled.

Sarah got off Stan and sat next to him, his hand going around her and feeling her breast. "Dear, you're the hottest thing any of us have seen or experienced in decades. We were keeping ourselves warmed up while we waited for you."

I asked them what they wanted to do and they already had that worked out. Stan was going to fuck me on my back and Sarah would sit on my mouth. I protested that Nick wanted me to only enhance their experience. Sarah protested right back.

"Samantha, this is our experience and this is the experience we want. Don't worry, one way or another, he's going to fuck me tonight. But ... it has been a long time since I have had a good cum on a woman's mouth and I figure you'd be the one."

If that's what they wanted, why should I turn down another cock? I got onto my back and Sarah climbed over my face and I felt the bed shift as Stan climbed onto the bed between my legs. I lifted my knees and splayed them out to the sides and I know my pussy was gaping open at him. It had been one of those days

I was able to bring Sarah to a crashing orgasm and my mouth and face were wet with her juices. Stan came into me grunting and straining. I even had a small orgasm. However many orgasms I had today, might be getting close to my limit perhaps. I then helped Sarah get Stan hard before leaving them for my last couple of the night.

I walked right into the room being used by Nick and Abby. After all, it was Nick and Abby and the three of us had been together before. As I entered, I found Nick sprawled partially across Abby whose arms and legs were splayed wide, her head back, mouth open, and eyes closed. Without looking up, she said, "Thank god you're here! I think he is going to kill me ..."

"What?" I looked at Nick as he turned to me with a big smile on his face.

She moaned out, "I can see the headline now, 'Older woman dies at a remote location after being

fucked to death.’”

I climbed onto the bed and lay alongside her. I reached over her to Nick and stroked his arm up to his face and mouthed, ‘I love you’. He pulled me to lean on Abby and we kissed passionately.

She groaned, “Now they are squishing me!”

“Abby ... what?”

She laughed. “This man! That’s what. He’s made me cum twice, already. He came during my second orgasm, but now look, look ...” She pointed at his cock, which was again getting hard. I laughed and gave her a hug. But, despite all that drama, she did want to do it more. Nick came up with something different. He wanted me on my back, Abby lying on top of me with our pussies over each other. He told us to make-out while he fucked into each of us, alternating back and forth. Since he had just cum, this might be interesting.

I pulled Abby’s head to mine and we locked lips. We kissed like she may never have with a woman before ... me, too, for that matter. When Nick entered Abby first, I felt her gasp into my mouth. Then after setting up a rhythm, he pulled out and she gasped the loss of him. Then it was my turn. Back and forth. He proved to have incredible stamina and I decided then and there that sometime soon, I was going to make him cum twice in succession and then engage in a truly marathon fucking with him.

I fell asleep with them. Abby was between us, but I was holding Nick’s hand across her body. The thought I had as I drifted, was that I truly enjoy Abby and could easily spend much more time with her in our life. I will mention it to Nick.

I awoke to the first light of morning. The house was quiet. Abby was rolled partially over Nick, his arm around her. I gently got out of the bed and pulled the top sheet over them. I peeked out the door and tip-toed to the bathroom, then out the door. I slipped into the shed and quietly called for Harley. I heard a dog shift and move. I hoped it was mine. It was and the others seemed quiet. I hugged him at the door and pulled him out, closing the door behind us. I knelt on the ground and hugged him to me. It felt good to be with just him. I looked around and chose the far back corner of the house away from the bedrooms. He followed like he knew my intention. Maybe that’s how familiar we really have become.

Nick stirred as he started coming awake. He hugged the arm and shoulder on him, stroking down the back to the ass under the sheet. His eyes came open knowing something wasn’t right. Then, as he turned his head, it all came back to him, but he remembered that Sam had been in bed with them, but she wasn’t now. He could hear noises coming from the kitchen. He managed to extricate himself from under Abby, gave her a kiss on the cheek and smiled as she scrunched up her shoulder and smiled in her sleep. He moved to the bathroom, then ventured back into the bedroom for some shorts, then to the kitchen.

There at the stove was Betty stirring something while only wearing an apron. She turned at the sound of his entry, frowned and pointed the spatula at him, “Off with shorts young man.” She walked over to him, “This might be the last time I see a body like that in quite a while.” And she gave him a kiss on the lips. “This has been a wonder time, Nick. We all owe you and Sam a lot.”

“We’ve enjoyed it as much, I assure you. Especially Sam.” He looked in the other room without moving. “Speaking of which, I thought she might be here. She wasn’t in the bed.”

Betty giggled, pulled him to the back door and opened it slightly to lean out and look to the side. There, behind some lawn furniture, was Harley humping vigorously into Sam. He shook his head.

Betty handed him two mugs of coffee. "That is an amazing woman you have there, Nick, my boy. Hold onto her." She gave him another kiss. "She might need this when he is through with her."

He laughed and backed his way out the door, moved a chair around with his foot and sat down to watch them finish. They were already tied and the knot being tested when he sat down. He sipped from his coffee as he watched his wonderful woman soak up the love of her dog-lover, a quiet moment just the two of them.

Through my orgasm, I thought I heard something like scraping metal, but pushed it out of my mind as I enjoyed the ending of another good mating from Harley. He has evolved. I didn't doubt it anymore, not after the other dogs yesterday. I wouldn't call it tenderness in our mating, but there is a familiarity, a knowing and acceptance between us that I feel now with him and it was the reason I wanted to be with him first thing, to experience that with him.

The knot was almost out and I turned my head as we pulled at each other. I saw feet, bare feet, then bare legs and a bare Nick. He held up a second mug of coffee that showed rising steam. I weakly smiled at him and blew him a kiss; one he blew back.

I crawled over to him, my pussy leaking fresh cum from Harley. He just lay down and started licking his cock. I moved to Nick. He held his arms out for me to sit in his lap, which I did. He handed me the still hot mug of coffee and placed his now free arm around me, holding me tightly to him. I snuggled into him, managing to do it without spilling hot coffee on either of us.

He stroked my arm, cheek and hair. "Betty just told me I should hold onto you." I looked at him and he smiled, giving me a kiss. "Like anyone needs to tell me that."

We were interrupted by Sarah who called out to us, "Okay, you two, you can do all of that you want when you get home. Come in for some breakfast. We want to discuss something with Samantha."

I reluctantly got off his lap, but slipped my hand onto his soft penis. "Just so you know, I have plans for this big guy." I kissed his cheek and walked into the house.

Breakfast was a massive, old fashioned country affair with eggs, potatoes, pancakes, and sausage. And, lots more coffee. And, I couldn't stop smiling.

Abby finally stopped the conversation and asked me what was with the smiles. "You guys, this has been an amazing time for me. You can't know how much I appreciate your hospitality and generosity."

They all laughed. They were building up to saying the same thing to Nick and me. I looked around the table. All of us naked and comfortable. Most of them were heavier and saggy, but it meant nothing to us. We were not only comfortable, we were appreciative. Which led up to what they were truly building up to. With the remaining time today, would I lead each of the women into mating with the dogs. Three dogs and three women. These people were on the road, again. Back into sharing sex with each other and moving deeper into sex with dogs.

It was a wonderful time for me. Now helping them through mating. Where Abby had offered me advice theoretically, I gave them the practical application and confidence. Along the way, the women

were so well into the activity that the guys moved in front of the women while tied and offered them their cocks. And, they were rewarded with climaxes.

As Nick and I prepared to leave, Abby disappeared into the house and came jogging out. The others yelled for us to wait. Abby's sagging breast bounced and flopped as she jogged to the group, out of breath, she just handed a shirt to Sarah. She stepped up to me, holding it up so Nick and I could read it. "Bitches Have More Fun".

The weekend with Abby's old group was an amazing experience. But, not only for me. Nick also went on about what we had learned. The experience broke down any questions we might have had about what we were doing or our commitment to it. There was no question that I enjoyed dogs, men, and women. We talked about some of the comments that came out of my mouth during those days, and I assured him they were all sincere and how I continued to feel that way. I would take whatever steps he put in front of me.

But, life is a whole lot more than fun weekends filled with wild and outrageous sexual encounters. Life was just as much about the mundane: the clean house, the hot meal at night, the socializing with neighbors and friends, and work, especially for Nick.

So, it was back to normal living. It was something we laughed about, though. Normal. Yeah, right. Our normal would seem pretty outrageous to most people. But, we did return to it. But, I was also intent on making sure that our normal would never become mundane and ho-hum for Nick ... or me.

And ... there was no doubt in my mind that Nick wasn't already considering some new adventure and challenge to present to me ... our life was never going to be 'normal' ...