

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Based Upon the Short Story [Accidental Introduction to Animal Sex](#) by Susan N.

Hi. My name is Hailey and I live in Connecticut. This story took place over the most recent holidays. Rock is my brother in law's dog. I had sex with him. My God, I just said that, didn't I?

My brother in law's name is Henry. My husband's name is Mike. Mike is two years younger than Henry, the oldest of the four Whitfield children. I'm 38, two years younger than my husband. Rock is six or seven, I don't know which.

"Hey, babe?"

"What?" I asked, carrying the laundry basket into the mudroom.

"It's Henry. He wants to know if we'll watch Rock over the holidays."

I made a face. "What kind of dog is Rock? Is he housebroken? Doesn't your brother have a kennel?"

Mike asked these questions over the phone while I stood in the mudroom doorway with the basket of laundry weighing me down.

"He's a Black Lab; yes, he's housebroken; yes he can put Rock in a kennel, but he'd rather leave him with family. Rock likes to be around people. He loves kids. He's a good guard dog."

"We don't need a guard dog," I pointed out. Mike was a policeman. I was a policeman's wife. I knew how to fire a gun. "But he's your brother, so it's your decision. I'm okay with it either way." And that's how Rock came to stay with us for a month over the holidays. And put his cock in me. And tried his doggy best to make me pregnant.

A week later, Henry drove up from Chelsea and dropped off Rock. I stood at the back door watching through the screen while Henry got Rock out the rear door of his Suburban and put him on a leash. I insisted on a leash, at least until Rock got acclimated to his surroundings. Just as I feared, he wanted to run free and get into everything. I love Henry, but I don't like dogs. I scowled whenever Henry wasn't looking my way. I closed the door and went upstairs to see about Kaylee.

Things were okay the first four days. We let Rock in the house and put a fence across the bottom of the stairs, which Rock respected. He didn't go near Kaylee or Christa without permission. Kaylee is six months old; Christa is six. Our two older children, Mark and Stephanie, the twins, live on campus. My biggest complaint was that Rock tended to bark at night for no reason and wake up the kids.

"I'm going to strangle that dog," I muttered the morning of the fifth day. Rock had awoken the kids not once, but three times. The object of my displeasure sat in the doorway of the mudroom, happily thumping his tail and panting. "You come near me and I'll kick you in the balls," I threatened.

Mike came into the kitchen. "You be good while I'm gone," he said.

"You be good while you're gone," I countered, giving him the evil eye. These yearly law enforcement seminars were bad enough without having them be in Atlantic City. Better than Las Vegas, I supposed, trying not to fume. Mike grinned at me, gave me a pat on my rear end and lugged his bags out the back door to his Explorer. How many clothes did you need for a three-day stay-over, anyway? This would leave me grumbling all day long. I always sulked when Mike went away, especially to someplace nice, like Atlantic City.

Mike left, and I got Kaylee up for breakfast and Christa dressed for school. The bus came, and I walked Christa down to the end of the driveway with Kaylee propped on my hip. I waved to the driver, nice old Mr. Strickland, and at all the kids waving out the windows. I threw a kiss to Christa, then carried Kaylee back to the house and put her in her high chair and fed her breakfast. Then I did laundry and cleaned the house, letting Rock follow me around. At eleven-thirty I put Kaylee down for her nap and put Rock outside on his 50' chain. I planned to take a bath, and I didn't want Rock moseying the house while Kaylee was asleep and I relaxed in the bathtub. I didn't trust Rock that much. I went upstairs to draw my bath.

I have a bad habit. Our house sits well back from the road and is surrounded by woods on all sides but the front. The closest house is five hundred some feet away; even during the winter I can't see it through the trees. At night, yes, when light from the windows makes its way across the intervening distance, but not during the day. The isolation gives me a false sense of privacy. I tend to not care about walking around in my underwear, sometimes topless, sometimes completely nude. I do this entirely too often; once or twice I've found myself being spotted by someone walking down the road or looking out their car window. Then I'm embarrassed. Then I won't do it again for a few weeks, until complacency sets in and I stop being cautious again. So it was, that I happened to be downstairs in the mudroom with no clothes on that noon.

What I was after was a towel. I'd done the wash and forgotten to take the towels upstairs. I had already folded half a dozen towels, was bending over to pull out another armful when a cold wet snout pressed between my thighs and buried itself in my defenseless crotch. I shrieked, leapt forward and slammed my head and right shoulder against the dryer and brained myself. I was conscious of, without actually recognizing it, that I had been licked with a harsh wet tongue, as well as being jabbed.

"What are you doing?" I screamed at the dog. I whirled around and jumped back against the washer, one foot atop the open door, the other pushing me up on my tiptoes. I slid my butt onto the top of the dryer and sat, looking down at him.

"I can't believe you just did that, dog!"

Despite my shock and horror, a somewhat hysterical giggle erupted from my mouth: a dog had just accosted me. I could feel the aftereffects of the long, raspy tongue on my labia. Rock sat there on his haunches, tongue lolling out, head cocked to the side, as though thinking: "That was nice. Can I do it again?"

"No!" I told him hotly. "You can not do it again!" I kicked at him with my foot, but was too far away. "Fucking pervert," I grumbled at him.

Daring him to move, I got down off the dryer, snatched up the already-folded towels and left the rest behind in the dryer drum. Those, I'd fold after my bath. When I had some clothes on. I was most of the way to the kitchen door when I stopped dead in my tracks.

I had put Rock out. I had put him on the 50' chain. He was back in the house and I hadn't let him in. Frightened, almost panicked, I backed against the kitchen wall just inside the door and held my breath, listening. Was somebody in my house? Was someone playing a joke? Had I left the back door unlocked? Of course it was unlocked. I always left it unlocked. During the summer, I left it standing wide open.

"H-hello?" I quietly called out. "Is anybody there?" Rock came to sit in the mudroom doorway,

eyeing me as he had in the mudroom. "Did somebody let you in?" I asked him. He didn't answer, only kept eyeing me with his big black eyes.

Selecting the biggest towel and dropping the others on the floor, I bundled myself as I would just out of the shower and silently crossed to the kitchen counter. From the knife rack I quietly slid out the butcher knife and the knife next biggest in size and brandished one in each hand. If there was an intruder, God help him. Moving silently again, I reentered the mudroom and checked the back door: it was ajar, open half an inch. Looking out the window, I traced the 50' chain to the end and saw the thick brown collar, still attached, the buckle still fastened. I looked down at Rock. No collar.

"You stupid dog," I muttered. "You frightened me half to death. What are you doing shimmying out of your collar?"

What are you doing snuffling my crotch, and licking me like that; I thought was a better question. I knew dogs did that, invaded people's crotches, but it was the first time Rock had ever done it to me. And he had to wait until I was naked and defenseless. Stupid dog.

Stupid housewife, wandering around naked.

I looked at the door, calling myself stupid again. I had left it open, and Rock had wormed his way past the half-sprung screen door I kept nagging Mike to fix.

Grabbing Rock by the ruff of the neck, I forced him outside, and made sure the door was closed this time. For good measure, I locked it. Then I returned to the kitchen, bent over and grabbed the stack of folded towels off the floor, popping mine loose in the process. I went upstairs naked and seething, to take my bath.

The bath was nice. I lay in the dark with a single candle lighting the room. The water was almost too hot to endure. I felt like a broiled lobster. A washcloth covered my face and I lay with my arms suspended in the water beside me. Water encircled my breasts, leaving the nipples tiny islands above the soap. It felt erotic, like it always did. That's why I like baths.

I fucked Henry, ten years ago. It happened right after my 28th birthday. Mike had the kids at his mom's house for the weekend; I was babysitting the house while the construction guys put on the rear addition, Mark and Stephanie's new rooms. I didn't worry about the guys, because Henry owned the company doing the work. He was there every day, and basically dared any of his guys to make a move on me. Instead, he made the move himself.

The kids were ten and Mike and I were a sedately married couple, eleven years into our marriage. The sex was good; there just wasn't enough of it. That certainly wasn't Mike's fault. But neither was it mine. I didn't ask for it to happen. But when it did, I didn't fight it very hard, either.

Unconsciously, I shifted in the water. Thinking about Henry always made me uncomfortable. I wasn't on the pill at the time, and Henry detested using a condom. He insisted on ejaculating inside me, which I was not about to let him do. Our compromise was this: He could fuck me all he wanted if he used a condom, and when he didn't use one, he could ride me bareback up my rear end. He could come inside me all he wanted to that way. It was my first anal sex, with any man, and it always hurt. But it was worth it because I got to have him inside of me afterward. His seed, I mean. The best part of sex is having seed inside you afterward, knowing the microscopic sperm are swimming around you in every possible direction. I knew it was fruitless for them, being inside my rectum, but I still enjoyed the concept of them being there. I sighed, smiling under the cover of the washcloth.

Henry and I fucked six times in three days. He had me the first time Friday night, and finished up with me on Sunday morning. We fucked every possible chance we got after that, breaking every rule, making every encounter count. Once he fucked me against the wall in the basement of his mother and dad's house, putting it to me with a condom on and coming inside the condom while he held a hand over my mouth to keep me from screaming, telling the whole family what was going on. This was at Thanksgiving, and everyone else was outside playing touch football. Unbelievable. Unbelievable that I let him.

Another time, the condom came off as he was fucking me with my legs jammed against my chest, really putting the meat to me, as he jokingly called it. (There was no joke about the size of his cock; it always made me want to scream, going in.) I froze solid, realizing that hot sperm was gushing into me instead of into the end of a condom. It was a horrible three weeks, waiting for my period. I never let him fuck me again. God, how I missed being fucked by Henry.

I used my left toes to open the hot water spigot. Scalding water poured into the tub. I moved my foot out of the way to keep it from getting burned, waiting for the temperature of the surrounding water to rise to its previous level of discomfort. I shut the water off when it did. My nipples were no longer tiny islands, but submerged like the rest of my breasts. I floated, thinking about Henry.

Mike, for all his faults, is a gentle, considerate lover. He strives to please me, makes sure that I get my orgasm as well as his own, keeps me wrapped in his arms and legs afterward to make sure I know he loves me. Henry is a brute. Henry put bruises all over me. Henry held my hair while he is rode me up my ass, making me feel like a horse, no worse, like a dog. He put me on my knees and then held my head while he fucked my mouth. He gagged me purposely, sometimes made me vomit down my front or onto the floor at his feet. He forced me to deep throat him, which is something I'd never done with a man. He had the biggest cock I've ever had in my mouth. Luckily, Henry considered my mouth exercise for the real purpose of his cock: coming in my ass or inside my vagina in a condom. And still, if I went more than a month without being manhandled like a cheap whore, I suffered serious emotional damage. Henry hadn't fucked me in two years. I was so miserable.

The phone rang in the bedroom and I cocked my ear to hear any message. I heard myself invite the caller to have his say, but he or she declined, letting the line go dead. Probably a sales call anyway, I thought. I hated sales calls. Then Kaylee cried out and, cursing the invention of the telephone, I rose out of the tub, stepped over the side, wrapped myself in a bath towel and tiptoed across the hall to peek in the nursery. Kaylee waved her arms a few times, mewled pitifully, and went back to sleep. Wouldn't you figure?

Returning to the bedroom I toweled dry my hair. In the bathroom I pulled up the drain lever, and let the hot water run down the drain. I finished drying myself, and dropped the towel on the floor. I didn't feel like dressing. I felt like sprinkling myself with talcum powder and rubbing the silky powder all over my breasts and on my tummy and legs. I felt like being smooth and silky to the touch. I wanted Henry to fuck me, in the ass, in my mouth, in my ear if he wanted to: I just wanted to be fucked. Sighing, I wandered over to the dressing table, picked up the bottle of Johnson's Baby Powder and sprinkled it all over my chest. Three minutes later, I was on the bed, my favorite vibrator between my legs.

"Here Rocky. Here doggy, doggy, doggy," I teased myself. Giggling, I imagined the big Lab jumping up between my legs and snatching the vibrator from my hand. I would shriek in surprise, yell at him in mock indignation, struggle helplessly as he forced me back to my lying position, and then moan in misery with the back of my hand over my eyes as he ravished me with his tongue. The mental image of it made me erupt in laughter.

"If that happened," I told myself, "you'd shoot right through the ceiling and out the roof like a rocket ship." And, of course, I would. I had earlier, hadn't I? Then I sensed, rather than heard Rock pad into the room and I sat bolt upright.

"How did you get in?" I stared at the open door, Rock, the open door again. I had locked him out. I had thumbed the lock clockwise to make sure it was locked. Fear stabbed me like a dagger and I leapt off the bed. Kaylee. "Oh, my God," I whispered.

Grabbing yesterday's discarded sweats, I jammed both legs in at one time. I struggled them up and over my hips, not caring that they were on backwards. I grabbed the sweatshirt off the floor also. I yanked it down over my head crossing the hall and Kaylee asleep. Silently, I stole down the end of the hall to the stairs and hung over the banister, listening. I heard nothing. I listened some more. I still heard nothing. I turned my head to stare at Rock, sitting in the hallway outside my bedroom door. I slipped downstairs to investigate. This time, Rock had wormed his way in the front door. I hadn't locked it either. It stood wide open, the screen door slightly ajar.

"I'll be damned," I said disgustedly. "I did it again." As punishment, I made myself stand in the open doorway, strip off my sweatshirt and push the sweatpants down around my ankles. I then stood there through the count of five hundred, mentally chalking the words "I will not leave the front door open anymore" on my mental blackboard. A car passed, and then another, but neither driver, both of them on cell phones, bothered to look.

"Your loss," I said, closing the front door and locking it. Even then, I knew I would have sex with Rock.

I lay on the bed with my legs spread wide. They were overly wide, invitingly wide. The tip of the buzzing vibrator sat on my clitoris. The middle two fingers of my right hand were inserted deep inside my vagina. I moaned, softly, mindful of Kaylee across the hall. Rock sat in the doorway of my room, watching with his head cocked to one side, his tongue lolling. His tongue was so long. I knew how rough it was. My nipples ached, but I had only two hands and both were occupied. My nipples were like fingertips pointing at the ceiling. My clitoris felt like it was doing likewise. I was burning up inside.

I won't invite him, I thought to myself. If he wants to come up and join me, that's okay, but I won't invite him up. I wondered what his nose made of the smell I was giving off. Was it confusing to him? Repulsive? Did he like the way that human females smelled? I was experienced enough to know that women having sex with dogs was not unheard of. On the Internet there were websites devoted to women and their dogs, women and their horses, women and their ... whatever. It didn't bear thinking about. I had enough trouble with dogs.

Rock stood up and padded across the carpet to stand at the foot of the bed. He was watching my face, locking eyes with me, as though trying to discern my exact intentions. I imagined they were written pretty clearly across my face: Here puppy, come up and fuck me. I closed my eyes and groaned at the image of Rock taking me doggie-style. An instant later he was on the bed, having jumped from his position to a place between my legs. I froze, everything but my heart, which thundered like a runaway locomotive. Shuddering, I cracked open one eye and observed Rock closely studying my spread legs. His nose bobbed up and down, which told me he was sniffing me. Slowly, so as not to scare him away or startle him into a bite, I moved my hands away and exposed myself. He took an audible sniff, bobbed his snout several more times, and then purposefully, questioningly bumped me with his cold nose. I couldn't help it. Jerking spasmodically, I let out a

strangled squeak and closed my legs. And then Rock was licking between my legs like I was made out of chocolate and I opened them again.

“Oh! Oh, no-no-no-no!” I protested. My legs involuntarily widened, rose off bed and spread like butterfly wings. My hands, one in possession of my still buzzing vibrator, the other slick with my own juice, faltered alongside my shoulders, unknowing what to do with themselves. My pelvis rotated in anticipation of a tremendous fucking. What it got instead was a furious licking. Rock abraded me like a sanding belt. I made noises that have no written equivalent. Being licked by a dog has no written equivalent.

“Oh! No-no-no-no!” I protested again. I was squirming in every direction at once, creeping up the bed in a desperate attempt to escape that scorching tongue, jamming a pillow in my mouth to keep from screaming and waking Kaylee. An explosion I didn’t immediately identify as an orgasm made me bite down on the pillow hard enough to make my teeth and jaw muscles groan. It was impossible to be propelled into orgasm that fast. Impossible. And yet, there I was, living, writhing proof that nothing is impossible. I sucked in air through my clenched teeth and my nostrils, felt my chest expanding to the point it should burst-how in the name of God could a dog do this to me-and then I jammed the pillow over my head as I began to scream. Shocked and alarmed, Rock jumped back and barked.

“Nooooooooooooo!” I screamed into the pillow. “You get back here!”

Throwing the pillow aside, I rose up and reached forward and grabbed Rock by the ears and jammed him back between my legs. “Don’t you dare stop now! You get that tongue working again!”

Obediently, Rock went back to work eating his chocolate sundae while I rocketed back into my orgasm again. I couldn’t scream out-how fucking unfair that was-and had to keep my jaws and throat clenched to keep myself silenced. Even then, I didn’t do a good job of it. Across the hall, Kaylee began to whoop in her crib.

“See what you’re done!” I screamed the dog. “You’ve woken her up and now I have to stop this shit!” Only, the shit was unstoppable and I made no effort to free myself of Rock’s ears and tongue as he blasted my brain apart. Every neuron in my body was firing spasmodically. I thought I might shake apart into my individual components: a Hailey torso; a Hailey head, brain short-circuiting regardless of not being attached to its clitoris anymore; two madly gesticulating Hailey arms; Hailey legs beating themselves remorselessly against the bedclothes in confusion. If I couldn’t hold him there any longer, would he continue to lick me?

Kaylee wailed while I wailed in my head. I let this go on an unconscionable fifteen seconds longer, and then I released Rock’s ears and twisted onto my side, locking my knees together. I shook for ten seconds longer, and then somehow managed to croak out “I’m coming dear. Mommy is coming” before rolling off the bed and hobbling hunch-backed around the bottom of the bed and out the bedroom door. On the bed, panting heatedly, Rock gave me the most sorrowful, hangdog look. Rock wanted more from me than a tasty treat. Rock wanted to fuck me. And God please forgive me, I wanted to fuck him just as badly.

It was three hours later. Kaylee was down for her afternoon nap and I was distractedly cleaning the kitchen and thinking about Rock. I was thinking about how, had Kaylee not woken up, I might have offered myself to him. I’d been called a bitch before, but never like that.

Would I fuck a dog? In hindsight, alone in the kitchen with my baby asleep upstairs, Rock safely

outside with the doors locked, the answer was no. It was hard enough to believe I'd let him between my legs.

No, I thought wryly, it was hard to believe what an orgasm I'd experienced. Not even heavy-handed Henry, with his penchant for yanking my hair out by the roots while he devastated my asshole and rectum, not even Henry did that to me. Mike? Forget it, I thought, laughing.

Looking out the window, I spotted Rock worrying a rawhide bone. What had started out the size of a large ham-hock had been whittled down to no more than the size of my own fist. I looked at my fist, thinking I should punch myself in the head. Cavorting with a dog, I swear.

I wondered, rather uncomfortably, what diseases a dog's tongue might impart to my chocolate bar. The term, invented only this morning at the hands-pardon me, the tongue-of a wild beast, made me grin. I was incorrigible. I was also, incredibly horny. I began to think about the bed again, Rock's insistent tongue, biting my pillow, that incredible orgasm. Of its own accord, my left hand released the two buttons necessary to allow it access to my breasts, while my right hand stole down the front on my sweats, inside my panties, and found my clitoris. I bowed forward, thighs spreading, knees bending, heartbeat increasing. I started to imagine Rock not only licking me, but butting me with his snout, goading me into a sitting position as I tried to understand his intent, realizing with something like horror that he wanted me on my hands and knees, in mounting position, and me being unable to stop myself. I moaned, opening my eyes to discover my forehead pressed against the inside of the windowpane. Outside, Rock was no longer worrying the rawhide bone, but standing, facing me, his bearing one of intense concentration as he watched me masturbate through the window. And even as I watched, Rock moved toward the back door and I moved to let him in.

I was naked again. I sat at the edge of the mattress, hands on my knees, every part of my body shaking. Rock sat a few feet away, watching with his huge black eyes, panting, his tongue ready. I could barely breath I was so scared. What didn't help was the 8" long cock sticking up from between his legs. It was slickly, sickeningly wet, a starburst of angry red capillaries covering an otherwise thick, gray protrusion. It was not like any cock I'd ever seen before, certainly not like a man's. There was no head; rather, a cup-like hollow at the end with a hole in the middle. The thing had grown out of a black sheath. There was a frightening large knot at the base, the size of a baseball, a vivid, garish, dangerous red. It was the cock that had me shaking in fear. And what I might do to it.

I licked my lips, looked from Rock to the bedroom door. My daughter slept across the hall while her mother considered fucking a dog. What kind of mother was I to even think such a thing? What kind of a woman? The words deviant, perverted and depraved came to mind. Why was I thinking this? And why was I dropping to the floor for a better look?

As soon as I hit my knees, Rock moved forward. My shaking was uncontrollable and so was the chattering of my teeth. Before I could do anything, Rock surprised me by leaning forward and licking, first the nipple of my left breast, and then my right, one after the other. The shock elicited a strangled moan followed by an eruption of gooseflesh. I unconsciously crossed my arms over my chest and hunched my shoulders. My nipples, now wet and hard, tingled from the contact. Where in the name of God had he learned to do that?

"Have you done this before?" I croaked.

Panting, Rock cocked his head to the side and seemed to shake it in denial. I laughed explosively, feeling my nipples harden to achy little points and gooseflesh explode all over my upper body. My

shaking doubled in intensity. I said in denial: "You didn't just shake your head."

Though Rock gave no indication that he had understood the question, my shaking didn't lessen. I felt like a runaway surrounded by a renegade biker gang about to perform gang rape. The part of my brain in charge of my arms didn't seem to work, as I couldn't pry my crossed arms off my chest. With his previous targets covered, Rock leaned forward and licked my mouth.

"Oh, God," I moaned, shuddering. My eyes closed. I ran my own tongue across my lips. Though wet, they had no distinctive, canine taste. If they had, I would have just died. Instead, I licked them again and parted my eyelids far enough to let me see Rock lean forward to lick my mouth again. Of their own accord, my arms dropped away and Rock turned his attention to my aching nipples instead.

"Oh, God, Rock," I moaned. How could having my nipples licked send me into such a state of total discombobulation? My arms hung limply at my side, hands uselessly on the carpet. My head I held erect in case Rock wanted to lick my lips again. He did, sensing, I'm sure, that I wanted it. Every muscle in my body shook double-time; the muscles in my groin spasmed. I felt the lubricant being excreted in my vagina. I felt disgustingly, sopping wet. I wanted his cock so badly I wanted to die.

There was no in between. One moment, I was sitting on my calves having my breasts and mouth attended to, the next I was bent over on my hands and knees, head beneath Rock's body with my mouth wrapped around the end of his cock. I sucked it greedily, clumsily, inexpertly, feeling the lubricant factory between my legs push into high gear in preparation of receiving that magnificent tube of flesh. Not that my insides needed excess lubrication. The surface of Rock's cock was covered with the most marvelously slick and slimy and horrid tasting lubricant imaginable. The instant it came into contact with my taste buds, my rear end rose, my legs splayed, and I wanted Rock's twin brother fucking me, rutting me just as his master had done so often. No wonder Henry called me his bitch.

"Mnnnnnnnnn," I moaned around the cock. A stream of fluid was spurting into my mouth. It wasn't cum, I didn't think, but some kind of seminal fluid. God, I hoped it wasn't pee because I was swallowing it as fast as Rock was putting it in my mouth. Or trying to, anyway; as much fluid as went down my throat escaped out the corner of my mouth and ran disgustingly down my cheek and into my ear and hair. I shivered at the revoltingly delightful intensity of it. I began to move my mouth up and down his cock. Rock began to whine alarmingly, raise and lower all four legs and shake them anxiously. He butted my ribs with his snout. I sank closer to the ground until finally my nipples were brushing the carpet and my right cheek was in danger of getting carpet burns. All the while, Rock thrust forward into my mouth convulsively, making it impossible to find a rhythm. I didn't care. I wanted his cock in my mouth, my cheek grinding against the carpet, my neck twisted almost to the breaking point, and my ass cocked in the air like a target for a heat-seeking missile. Rock's heat seeking missile. I wanted him in me so badly that I almost considered releasing him from my mouth. Almost. And then Rock came.

It was not like the orgasm of a man. There was no "Oh my God I'm gonna cum!" no going rigid in anticipation, no clutching me to him as the first spurts of hot jizm barreled down his cock and into my vagina-asshole-mouth. It was a change of pitch in his whining and an alteration in his manic sidestepping, a change in the viscosity and texture of his output. Suddenly it was sperm pumping into my mouth rather than seminal fluid. It took a moment for reality to catch up, and then I was answering with an orgasm of my own, powerful, unattended as my hands were planted firmly on the floor supporting me. An orgasm raucous, commanding, authoritative and a dozen other words that fail to describe the intensity. I could feel, though nothing was in them yet, a huge cock exploding sperm into my vagina and asshole, could feel the thrusting, demanding presence of them, knew that no human cock could imitate the phantom presence of Rock filling my cavities with cum. Mentally, if

not physically, Rock had performed the impossible task of making his bitch airtight.

And then it was over.

Ten minutes later, I lay collapsed on the bedroom floor. Rock was across the room by the bedroom door, licking himself quietly, waiting to be let out. I hadn't the strength. I hadn't the strength to lift my head. I hadn't the strength to close my legs, though I had no objection to Rock returning and having some fun there. But he seemed no more interested in me than any other lover after orgasm. I felt discarded, though wonderfully so. I wondered what it would be like, next time, when I had him mount me. In the room across the hall, Kaylee cried out for her mommy. I still couldn't get up. And then finally, I did.

Crawling toward the door, I was vaguely aware of Rock rising to his feet and moving aside to let me pass. I had just made it into the hallway when his snout came up between my thighs, pressed into my sopping lips and buried itself there while that delightful tongue made its reacquaintance with my clit. I was still there half an hour later, making the most incredible noise as my baby girl added her own wail to the chorus.

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## **Rock and Mark**

It was two days later. (Wednesday, December 14) Mike was still in Atlantic City. I sat at my desk, browsing the Internet on my laptop. I had found a website called Kristen's Collection that featured stories about women and dogs. I was pop-eyed at all the stories written by women who claimed to fuck their dogs. Though many were poorly written chunks of pure pornography, obviously written by men, enough had the ring of truth to make me believe that I was merely the tip of the iceberg.

Of the real stories, the ones that affected me most were those where, like myself, the woman blundered into sex with her dog, whether by chance, or by very bad luck. Both had happened to me.

"Jesus," I muttered in disbelief. I had just read where an 18-year-old named Stacy had sex with eight dogs. This happened over a weekend when her parents and both sisters were away. The dogs gang-banged the poor girl. To my horror, I was more turned on by her story than appalled.

Of course, the story was fiction. No girl, no matter how stupid, gets gang-banged by eight dogs. It was the absurdness that made it so arousing. No true story could have raised my blood pressure ten points, made my heart beat erratically, soaked the crotch of my panties or make me want to rip off my clothes. As it was, I had my sweater pushed up over my breasts, my bra undone, and the front of my jeans unzipped. I could smell myself and it wasn't pleasant. I dreaded the moment Kaylee would wake up and force me away from the computer.

Poor Kaylee. What a terrible mother I was. Two days before, I had listened to her squall for half an hour while I let a dog mount me in the upstairs hallway. I had debased myself and became the property of a dog: rutted, scratched all over the backs of my calves, my thighs, the sides of my ribcage and even my belly and torso where Rock had gripped me with his forepaws. And God help me I had loved it. Loved it enough to not care if my 6 month old lay squalling in the next room, wanting her mother. Thank God I didn't let the dog knot me. I didn't know what the knot was for, or I might have. I knew what it was for now, though.

I looked over at the bedroom door where Rock lay on his belly, watching me. I knew what he wanted. I'd known what he'd wanted ever since the middle of Monday afternoon: More of Hailey. More of Mrs. Whitfield. More of that thing between her legs, both for his abrasive tongue, and for his huge, disgusting dog-cock. Shuddering, I looked away.

"I'm not doing it," I muttered. This was the litany I'd recited for two days running. I'm not doing it. So far, I hadn't. I could feel myself loosing resolve, though, growing closer to the moment or the circumstance that would put me on my knees and invite him into my mouth, crouched beneath him while he rutted me with his dog-cock. Either way, I wanted it. To a lesser degree I wanted him between my legs with that incredible tongue of his, making me moan and writhe crazily. That would come first. Sucking would come later. Then I'd offer myself to be mounted just as he so obviously wanted me to and become his bitch. I knew it was almost time when I started thinking of myself as his bitch.

"I'm not doing it," I muttered again. I said this even as I wiggled my panties and jeans off my hips, down my thighs past my knees and kicked out of them. I grabbed my panties off the floor and tossed them across the room to land right in front of Rock's nose. He jerked back, and then leaned forward again for a sniff. His ears instantly lay back against the sides of his head. I watched his fur ruffle and his back arch. I watched him prod the panties with his nose, snuffle them loudly, and whine. It was the same whine he'd made when I first bent low and put my mouth around his cock. He began to shiver expectantly. My hands went between my legs; the fingers of my left hand spreading the hood of my clitoris while the tip of my middle finger located its head. It didn't take long to start panting. My heartbeat jumped and my blood pressure went through the ceiling. I breathed through my open mouth and could feel my nostrils flaring wide. I prayed Kaylee wouldn't wake up, that Rock wouldn't do anything to awaken her. I slid forward on the seat of the chair. Through half-open eyes I looked at him and said, "I'm doing it, Rock. Come and get me."

It was wrong. To do this was perverted. To do this was illegal in 27 states. It was not illegal in Connecticut. I know because I looked it up. It was one of the first things I looked up. It wouldn't have stopped me anyway, even if it were. It's nobodies business what I do in my own home. I wasn't hurting Rock. Myself, yes, my family, yes, but not Rock. The laws are aimed at protecting animals, not people. I could hurt myself all I wanted.

Rock arose, picked up my panties and approached. Stopping a foot from the juncture of my thighs, he watched intently what my fingers were doing to me. His snout ticked back in forth, seemingly in rhythm with my middle finger. My panties swayed gently back and forth between his teeth. His sides went in and out with each of his breaths and his tail twitched anxiously. He looked almost like he planned to take a bite out of me. I hoped that wasn't his plan, as I had no intention of slowing or stopping my middle finger. I wouldn't stop until he dropped my panties and moved forward to lick me. He dropped my panties.

"Oh, God," I moaned. His tongue, as rough as a washcloth, lapped upward to well above the crest of my labia. I shuddered convulsively and grabbed the sides of the chair. I slid forward so that my bottom hung over the end of the seat cushion, spreading my legs as wide as the arms of the chair would allow them. It was plenty wide enough. On his next lick, Rock pushed between my lips and dragged through the opening of my vagina and over the unprotected nub of my clit. It made me suck in breath convulsively and gasp, much too loudly. I listened; sure I had awoken Kaylee.

"Please don't let her wake up," I moaned. "Please." I drew out the word, as a desperate prayer. I listened, but Kaylee remained quiet. I did something that I hadn't done before. I put my fingertips between my legs and spread myself wide open for Rock's tongue. On the next pass, he licked deep inside my vagina and made me almost rocket out of the chair when he abraded my exposed clitoris. I

groaned loud enough to wake Kaylee up in the next county. She didn't wake up. Rock licked me again and made me moan even louder. I tried to pull my fingers away, tried to protect myself against the assault on my unprotected tissues, but my fingers wouldn't obey. They spread me further apart. They allowed a deeper, more damaging assault to take place. They exposed me to the maximum wrath of his tongue.

At some point, my legs pulled of their own accord, pressing against my breasts. This allowed Rock to lick the long divide between my cheeks, including my asshole in his assault, licking my entirety. There was no more he could lick and he licked it all thoroughly. I thought I would die. I thought I would liquefy. I felt like a living orgasm. Rock loved my taste or he faked it admirably. I thought he would lick me all afternoon long. Suddenly he sat down.

"Whaaaat?" I demanded. I couldn't get my breath. I couldn't make my mind function. I wasn't even shivering I was so far gone. I looked through half-opened lids and saw two Rocks sitting there. "Whaaat?" I repeated. Rock snorted and shook his head.

Imagine, being rejected by a dog. "What? You've had enough of me?" I asked in a croaking, strangled voice. Rock didn't answer, only snorted lightly and licked his snout. I realized then that I had been licked until nothing was left of me to taste. It would be like me licking my arm, or the palm of my hand for hours. All my savoriness was gone.

Looking at the screen of my laptop, I was shocked to see that it was 3:30 p.m. Rock had licked me for forty-five minutes straight. No wonder he was tired. No wonder I was tasteless. No wonder I could no longer feel myself.

Gingerly, I released myself. I honestly couldn't feel the folds of my labia anymore or the presence of my clitoris. Moving my legs made me gasp in pain. I moved them away from my chest and coaxed them to the floor like the legs of an 80-year-old arthritic. What had I done to my back? What had I done to my hips joints? What had I done to my sanity?

I shuddered with the force of an 8.0 earthquake and almost fell out of the chair. A moment later, I did fall out of the chair. Crying out, I hit the floor with a thud.

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"Miss Grace," I muttered to myself. I stood at the side of Kaylee's crib, watching her sleep. I rubbed my right butt cheek, which had landed squarely atop of one of the five wheel-spokes of the chair. It ached like a bitch. It could have been worse, I supposed: I could have landed between my cheeks.

"Ouch," I said, grimacing. There'd be a bruise, and a big one. To go along with the numerous other bruises and scratches Monday and Wednesday had inflicted upon me. Not to mention a chocolate bar so sore to the touch it made me gasp. Forty-five minutes ... what was I thinking?

I grinned, thinking how I'd hobbled into Kaylee's room, not to check on her, but for Vaseline to anoint myself. I deserved to hurt.

"You deserve to hurt," I whispered in agreement. Reaching down, I ran my fingertips through Kaylee's light brown hair and then bent to kiss her on the temple. I couldn't believe she'd slept so long. I couldn't believe she'd slept through my devouring. What was the matter with this child?

What was the matter with her mother?

Still walking like a cowgirl, I returned to my bedroom and reclaimed my panties from the floor. After

depositing them in the dirty clothes, I reconsidered it a moment, retrieved them, and with a stab of disgusted arousal put them on again ... dog spittle and all. I grinned, stupidly and completely. I blushed a bright pink, blushing even stronger when I caught myself in the mirror. Continuing to blush, I yanked my sweater over my head, unclasped and shrugged out of my brassiere and went downstairs to make myself a cup of coffee.

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It was ten minutes later. I leaned against the counter by the sink, sipping my coffee. Since my back was to the window, I didn't see Mark come out of the garage, skirt the rear end of his Toyota and head for the back door. I didn't see the snap of his head when he glanced at the kitchen window and saw my bare back and shoulders. I didn't see him falter in his steps, stop for fifteen seconds pondering what to do, before continuing on toward the back door and his topless mother.

There was a knock on the doorjamb. "Mom?"

I jerked bolt upright. "Mark? Is that you?" My heart trip-hammered as I thought about where I was, what I was wearing, what I'd just done, and where the dog was now. I looked frantically around the kitchen and didn't see Rock.

"Don't you come in here! I don't have anything on!" I darted for the safety of the kitchen door, covering my breasts to keep him from seeing me naked. "What are you doing home?" I demanded. "Is Stephie with you? Are you alone? How long have you been here?" This last question I asked with panic in my voice, disguised, I hoped by my present state of undress.

Mark answered: "I'm alone. I came home to get me and Stephie's sleeping bags, the tent, the Coleman lantern, stuff like that. We're camping out this weekend and we need the equipment.

Reaching the stairs, I paused and digested this information. "You could have called," I griped.

"I wanted to surprise you," he said, his voice closer and filled with obvious embarrassment. I surmised that he had seen me through the kitchen window.

"Well, you did that. Did you find all your stuff?"

"It's in the car," he said. His voice was no closer, sounding about the middle of the kitchen. I heard the refrigerator door open. I heard glass bottles clink.

"No drinking and driving," I admonished. I wondered why I was standing at the bottom of the stairs in just my panties with my son in the kitchen. I didn't like the answer I was getting. I climbed the first half-dozen risers and said: "Give me five minutes to put something on and I'll be down."

"Okay. I'm making a sandwich. Want one?"

"Turkey and cheese," I told him, ascending the next half-dozen steps. "With mayo and mustard, please." I realized the clinking bottle I'd heard was the jar of Hellman's Real Mayonnaise. I didn't feel bad or embarrassed, only motherly. Children need to be admonished. Mothers do too. At the top of the stairs I had to fight with myself not to descend them again and return to the kitchen.

What would he do, I wondered? I knew he was interested in me. I'd known he was interested in me seven years ago. I'd caught him looking at me the first time just after his 11th birthday. I'd been very careful after that, never going without a bra, never wearing a robe with nothing on underneath it, staying away from things like revealing pajamas and nightshirts. Despite that, I'd still felt his

constant, acute interest. Six months ago, just after he'd turned 18, he'd walked in on me in my bedroom, completely nude. I was nude, that is. He was in his pajama bottoms. I'd almost died.

"Uh ... well ... this is embarrassing," he'd muttered as he'd averted his eyes, put a hand up across his face, turned his head and made the rest of his body follow suit.

"Jesus Christ, Mark!" I had hissed at him. I had just turned around from my underwear drawer and had my bra and panties in my hand. Worse, I had just shaven myself in the shower on the expectation of being in a bikini that day; I was completely bare between my legs. I knew he had seen everything before I jerked sideways and covered up.

"Do you know how to knock?" I grabbed my robe off the chair and flung it around myself.

"Do you know how to close your door?" he snapped back belligerently.

This of course, angered me and I snapped in return: "The door was closed. I didn't think I had to lock it to keep out my son."

I could feel the anger boil off him in waves. Justifiable anger, because I had left the door cracked open, and I had neglected to warn him that I might be naked in my room. I usually warned him when the two of us were alone. I hadn't that morning. I also hadn't shut the door all the way. The question was, had I done this purposely?

"Wait," I said. "Let's not escalate this." I belted the robe and turned back toward him. "I'm sorry. Maybe I did leave the door open. I apologize if I did. I only got mad because I was embarrassed."

"Me too," he admitted grudgingly. He chanced a look, and then turned to face me. "I shouldn't have walked in without knocking. I know better than that," he admitted. The redness of his face and the look upon it made me laugh.

"I guess you must feel pretty disgusted right now," I said, "seeing your old ma naked." I smiled, knowing it was crooked.

He startled me by looking startled and nonplussed. "Why would I think that?" he said blinking. Realizing what he'd said made him only blush deeper, and conversely, myself as well. I became so hot I had to look away, cursing myself for my stupidity. So much for 7 years of caution, I thought. Gone in a sentence.

Neither of us spoke. After ten seconds of anxious silence I asked: "You wanted something, Mark?"

"Oh, yeah. Stephie and I would like to..."

Six months later, he'd again seen me naked, from behind at least, and under very similar circumstances. He knew I wandered around nude in the house. He hadn't called home beforehand. He wanted to surprise me. I wondered how much of a surprise he'd expected.

Descending back down the stairs, I forced my arms down from my chest, took a deep, calming breath, and walked silently to the kitchen doorway, where I stood, waiting for him to notice me there. When he did, and while he stood riveted to the spot with turkey slices in one hand, and the mustard jar in the other, I slid my panties down to my knees, let them fall around my ankles and then stepped out of them. Like six months ago, I was clean-shaven between my legs, though for a different reason this time. I was also raw as liver and almost the same color, but I accepted that. He didn't have to know the truth. I would tell him I was raw from masturbation. He could believe or not;

I didn't care. I just wanted him to fuck me. I hoped Stephie wasn't in the car.

"Where's Stephie?" I asked.

"At ... at the dorm," he said in strangled voice. I had to grin at the effort he put into staring at my face. His eyes fought to go up and down. He breathed through his open mouth. A muscle twitched below his right eye. He had no erection, but I didn't really expect him to. He was too shocked. I was too shocked.

I said: "I feel like a complete fool, right now. I really do. I'm standing in front of my son, completely naked."

His voice was still strangled. All he got out was the word "Mom" making me laugh. I smiled the same crooked smile I'd smiled six months before. My heart was beating a thousand times a minute. I thought I'd faint at any moment. Finally, he forced out the words, stilted as they were: "I saw you outside. Through the kitchen window. I could tell you weren't wearing anything up top. I didn't know about below, or whether you had something on that just made you look topless standing there. That's why I knocked before coming in."

"Well, thank you for that. I guess one of us was being considerate." His look of puzzlement made me laugh again. I went on: "I'm letting you see all of me you want. Would you like me to turn around, model for you?" I spun and looked back over my shoulder, Betty Grable style, hands on my hips. "Excuse the big ass. It's unavoidable at my age."

I knew, once spoken, the words would make his eyes flick down to my derriere. They did, and then continued down the length of my legs to the floor, and then slowly back up until they re-fixed on my eyes. He was breathing hard. I could see him struggle not to lick his lips. I wondered what an 18 year old could possibly see attractive in a 38 year old's worn out body. Everything, my breasts, my buttocks, my middle, the fleshy parts of my biceps sagged pitifully. I felt like a satirical birthday-card version of the 1940's pinup babe. And somehow, I felt aroused and tempted and wanted despite all that. And hideous. I not only wanted my dog to fuck me, but now my son. I came right out and asked him.

"Would you like to fuck me, Mark?" I turned around, confronting him with my front side again. I wanted his decision informed; let him see what he lusted after.

"Mom-" he strangled out.

"I'm yours if you want me. I've been thinking about this moment since that day in my bedroom."

"You have?" he responded, doubtfully.

"I have," I lied. I'd really been smothering thoughts of this moment. As any mother would, sane until now. "When are you going back?"

He blinked and furrowed his brow, thinking hard. "Um, not until ... I don't have ... Stephie's not expecting me back until ... I could..."

"Stay until tomorrow?" I suggested.

"Yes. I could do that," he acknowledged.

"Would you like to?" I prodded.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head slowly. "I'd like that very much."

I crossed the intervening distance and stopped just inside his personal space. He shivered at my naked proximity, making me shiver in return. My shoulders were back and my breasts, saggy as they were, thrust out proudly. I breathed through my nose with my teeth clamped tight. They wanted to chatter. My whole body wanted to shake itself apart. I felt like I might detonate at the first touch of his fingertips. Please, I thought. Do something. I almost said it aloud.

Slowly, his right hand came up. I watched it peripherally, never letting my eyes leave his. I steeled myself for the palm and fingers heading toward my left breast, and even as they made contact and formed a gentle cup around my flesh, I leaned forward and kissed him. I saw his eyes closing as I closed mine. Carefully, letting my fingertips rest on his hip for a moment, giving him time to adjust to my touch, I glided them down his jeans to seek out the tab of his zipper. Even as I opened my mouth and let his tongue slide between my lips, Mark shuddered. His hips tightened and drew back. I let him break contact with my fingertips, held them motionless until he was ready for me again, and then continued lowering his zipper when he returned. He shivered very hard and moaned as my hand slipped inside his jeans and cupped around his genitals.

"Oh, my God," he moaned into my mouth. He drew me to him, not crushing me, as his uncle would have done, but far more forcefully than his gentle father. I responded instantly, wrapping my left arm around his neck and taking command of his tongue while my right hand slipped in through the front of his boxer shorts and grasped his rapidly hardening penis. Not surprisingly, he was somewhere between the size of his father and his Uncle Henry; the perfect size for me. My vagina would sing hymns when entered by this cock. My vagina would fit this cock like a fine leather racing glove. My vagina was already gushing lubricant in anticipation.

"Take me upstairs," I begged him.

Picking me up effortlessly, cradling me against his surprisingly hard chest, surprising me with his powerful biceps, Mark carried me out of the kitchen, through the dining room and past the living room to the central staircase. He was halfway up the stairs, giving me what I thought a rather smugly Oedipal smile, when the toe of his right foot slipped off the riser, dumping us both headlong onto the carpeted but nonetheless hard and unforgiving stairs. Stunned, we broke into laughter as I sought to untangle and right myself, while at the same time determine if anything was broken.

"Ouch," I complained, gingerly rubbing a spot on my left buttock. "That's gonna bruise."

I didn't care that he'd dropped me, though obviously he did. I thought it was cute. Red-faced and shame-faced, he mumbled "Sorry" and helped me into a sitting position on the step. I continued to laugh. When I kissed him on the cheek and caressed him there with my right hand, he began to laugh again also. He sobered somewhat after a moment, asking me the question that I had dreaded.

"How did you get so bruised and scratched up?"

He was referring, of course, to the multitude of scratches and abrasions inflicted upon me by Rock Monday afternoon. Maintaining as straight a face as I could, I lied: "I was working in the garage. I made the mistake of wearing shorts. I should have never done that when I'm such a klutz."

He looked dubiously at the spots rubbed raw on my sides and belly. No altercation with detritus had caused them. Besides, he'd just been in the garage. He'd seen no evidence of Spring Cleaning. I changed the subject. "Are you going to help me up?"

Silently offering his hand, he helped me to my feet. I found myself standing on the step above his.

Our eyes were almost at the same level. As it always did, being nose to nose with my impending conqueror made me all quivery inside. My nipples instantly hardened and gooseflesh erupted across my upper body. It occurred to me that this hadn't happened in the kitchen. I was aroused in an entirely different fashion here, not better, only different, more intense. My belly crunched like it had whenever I knew Henry was about to enter me. I'd stood like this with Henry before, on these steps, in this very same position. I'd been dressed one time, another time completely nude, as I was now. Both times Henry was fully clothed, as Mark was now. For a reason I didn't understand, being nude with a fully dressed man made my insides vibrate like Jell-O. I could easily experience an orgasm, just standing there.

I put my arms around Mark's neck, turned my head to the side and opened my mouth. Our tongues made contact before our lips. Mark crushed me against him almost as hard as Henry was want to do, drove his tongue deep into my mouth, banished my own tongue from his mouth, and grabbed me by the backside with both hands. I knew what he wanted and obediently raised my legs and wrapped them around his waist as he held me positioned in his hands. For the first time, he ground my raw genitals into the front of his jeans, forcing a moan from my chest so deep that it could have originated in Mississippi. I tried to strangle him with my arms, sever him with my scissored legs; I locked my ankles together behind his back and tried to fuse them together. I made noises to embarrass myself for the rest of my life. All this on the stairs, precariously balanced with both of us looking at a broken back should we fall.

Mark turned me to the wall and flattened me against it. I didn't know that he was out of his pants until I felt the length of his cock pressing like a hot dog into my bun. I instantly began to orgasm and tried to shove my tongue down his throat even as my arms tried to unscrew his head from his shoulders. I crunched myself up as he lifted me and did what I knew was necessary to impale myself as he lowered me again. His cock slid into my sopping vagina without so much as a spasm of protestation. He fit me like a finally machined piston. I fit him like a finely machined cylinder. The fit was so perfect that we had no need for rings, only lubricant, and I provided plenty of that. Not even Henry had taken me on the stairs.

"Mom!" he gasped.

"Mark!" I gasped back.

"I'm not wearing a condom!"

I began to laugh. I continued to laugh as he drove his cock inside me and pulled it out, drove it back inside me again. It hurt now. Boy did it hurt. I had forgotten what it felt like being rammed by a cock. I began to fight him and fight to be hurt by him, to position myself so the hurt would be even more intense. I wanted him driving my cervix halfway to Wisconsin. I wanted my vagina stretched to twice its length, to feel like I'd been fucked by Secretariat. I wanted him to drive me right into the face of the drywall, leave my impression there like an impression in clay. I wanted him to mold me, shape me, make me his receptacle. I wanted his hot sperm gushing into me and inundating my cervix with millions of tiny Mark and Markettes. I wanted to worry the next two weeks about being pregnant. That drove me over the edge.

"Oh ... God ... Mark ... I'm ... cummingggggggggggggggg!" I howled. Even as I did so, I heard Kaylee awake with a howl, felt the vise-grip of Mark's body preparing to detonate, felt the air rush into my lungs and back out again, felt my vaginal muscles clamp down as hard as possible on the suddenly motionless cock, my anal muscles do likewise on the cock they wished were inside me there, my arms tighten their strangle hold around Mark's neck, and then...

“Oh ... my ... God!”

I remained motionless as Mark drove me into and up the stairway wall. I felt the unmistakable rigidity of Mark standing on his tip-toes, driving as high and deep inside me as possible, felt the first immense contraction of his balls and the answering burst of hot liquid inside me. I buried my head into the hollow of his shoulder and neck and tried not to shred every muscle in my body. My lungs stopped as a second, a third, a fourth and a fifth burst of liquid exploded inside me, they stayed locked as I resolutely counted the full outpouring of his sperm factory into my vagina. I had never counted before, and was not surprised to reach the count of sixteen before his ejaculations degenerated into pitiful spasms and muscle twitches.

“Unghhhhh,” he groaned weakly.

“Unghhhhh,” I groaned in return. I could feel the tremors in his legs and the slippage of my back down the wall. I wondered abstractly if the drywall had burned my skin.

“I can’t hold you up,” he grunted.

“Put me down then,” I grunted back. Inexorably, like a run of molasses, I crept down the wall until Mark was on his knees, at which point he lowered me onto the step, soaked with the overspill of his ejaculate. I didn’t mind sitting in his ejaculate. I would gladly have taken a bath in his ejaculate. I would love to have his ejaculate in my every orifice of my body.

“I’ve never done it before on a stair,” I panted.

“I’ve never done it with my mother,” he panted back.

“I’ve never done it with my son, on a stair,” I rejoined.

He panted, his head nestled in the hollow between my neck and shoulder. He was covered in perspiration. His shirt was soaked. His hair stuck out in crazy directions. I could imagine my own hair. I wondered what my back looked like. I wondered if I could walk. I wondered if I could walk without telling the world I’d just been fucked senseless. I wondered if I would be pregnant in just a little while. I tried, not quite successfully, to count back to my last period. I thought I was in trouble.

“Can I tell you something without it going to your head?” I muttered.

He shook his head.

“I’ll tell you anyway. You are the best fuck I’ve had in the last fifteen years, Mark. Honestly.”

We continued to pant in each other’s ears.

“Better than Uncle Henry?” he huffed.

Mark always had been sharper than his father. I wondered if Stephe knew also. I asked him. He nodded his head. “For a long time, now. We were surprised when you stopped. How come you did, anyway?”

I thought about that for a time. I had no good answer. I told him about Henry coming in me after losing the condom. I told him about enforcing a no-fly zone after that. I told him I wasn’t really sure why I’d quit.

“You just let me come in you,” he pointed out.

"I know." I told him about the number of days I'd mentally counted since my last period.

"That's not good," he said anxiously. "Could you be...?"

I acknowledged that I could. I acknowledged that it was a very good possibility, as a matter of fact.

"What are we going to do?"

"Right now? I'm gonna go check on your baby sister."

With his help, I managed to gain my feet and climb the rest of the stairs on wobbly legs. Kaylee had quieted after her initial startled outburst, but I worried that she'd reawaken any minute and begin bawling again. I didn't want her being neglected twice in a week. She deserved better than that. She deserved better than me, anyway. But Kaylee was happily sucking away on her pacifier and dreaming baby dreams. Reassured, I took Mark into my bedroom and gave him the best blowjob I'd ever given anyone in my life. I let him come in my mouth. What kind of mother does that?

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Rock Again

The next morning, I pushed Mark out the door early. He didn't want to go, but I didn't want him in my hair. I was tired and sore and cranky from being up the whole night; it's amazing the energy level of an 18 year old. It's amazing the energy level he could generate in a 38 year old.

We had fucked six times, not counting the madness on the stairs, or my initial blowjob in the bedroom. Keep in mind this was with Christa in the house, a very energetic and inquisitive 6 year old who refused to be put down before 11 o'clock at night. Between midnight and 7 AM then, when I drove him out of my bedroom, Mark and I had enjoyed a non-stop sexual adventure. There was no position my son didn't take me in, no orifice he left untouched. Unlike his Uncle Henry or even his father, Mark seemed scientifically designed to fit my rear end as well as my vagina. I had never enjoyed anal the way I enjoyed it with him. Even the humiliation of being placed atop a stack of pillows, to have myself plugged tight and then thoroughly Roto-Rootered like a stubborn drain hadn't diminished my enjoyment. Not even the balled up socks in my mouth could do that. (In fact, I had rather enjoyed being blindfolded and gagged; having my wrists bound behind my back with my brassiere and later, hogtied by a number of my own pantyhose, helpless and thoroughly ravished. I even enjoyed having my throat Roto-Rootered as his uncle used to do. Mark was aggressive. Mark was relentless. Mark was inexhaustible. Mark was gone by 8 AM.

"I don't have to leave," he pleaded.

"Oh, yes you do." I pushed him toward the front door with a hand in the middle of his back.

"My first class isn't until after lunch."

"Use the time to study, Mark."

"I'm all caught up."

"You're never that caught up. Help out your sister. I'm sure Stephe could use a hand."

"Stephe's already in class. Or headed there, anyway." He looked at his watch, calculating. "It's only an hour drive back to campus. I could leave here at 11, and be there in time for lunch. Once

Christa's gone to school-

He turned around at the door and I pushed him against it with a hand in the middle of his chest. In a very soft voice, almost nose to nose with him, I said, "Mark. I can't do it anymore. It's daytime now, and I have daytime responsibilities. You remember, right, that I didn't get any sleep last night?" I raised my eyebrows and waited for him to shrug. "Mark, I'm not 18. I can't fuck until I have a complete physical melt down. I'm close to that right now, and even the thought of touching you again, or having you touch me..." In defiance of my own words I took his right hand and placed it between my breasts, held it there with my two hands covering it. "As much as I want to, and I want to very much, more than just about anything, Mark-I'm incapable anymore. You have fucked me, literally, to death."

He liked that. He smiled, blushing. "Is that really true?" he asked sheepishly.

"That's really true," I confirmed. "Now you have to get out of here before I turn into a complete idiot and fuck you again." I leaned in and kissed him on the lips, just once, lightly, drawing away again to stand at a safe distance. Christa had followed our voices into the kitchen and was prattling on happily.

"We go on a field trip today, Mark. Mrs. Sanders says the dinosaurs actually move around and talk to you. Did you know mom and dad might take me to Avatar? My birthday is coming up, are you going to get me anything?"

"You're birthday's in September, Christa," Mark said irritably. I could see he wanted little sister out of the room, out of the house, off the damned planet if possible. He wanted everyone off the planet but the two of us.

"Don't be mean to your little sister." I took him by the shoulders, turned him around and pushed him toward the door. Grumbling, he spun open the deadbolt, thumbed the knob-button from vertical to horizontal, and pulled open the door.

"When can I see you again?" he asked softly.

I wanted to laugh. Getting the boy out of xxxxxx and home on weekends and holidays was a task second only to beating the Taliban. Put a little pussy on his plate, and he couldn't wait to rush home. I chided myself for my cynicism. The pussy in question had engorged itself on him all night long, mercilessly, relentlessly; who was I to criticize?

I pushed him out the door and onto the back stoop. I closed the door so Christa wouldn't hear us. I said, "Your father's due back tomorrow afternoon. Very likely, he's gonna be as horny as you are right now, and I'll have a hard enough time explaining my physical condition to him as it is. I am sacrosanct until next week. Don't even think about it. The good thing is, he's taking Rock down to your uncle's on Tuesday and plans to stay a couple of days, visiting your gram and grandpa. If things work out-and I'm not saying that's possible, okay? You can't just expect to spirit in here any time you want and put it to your old ma. I'm-

"Mom!" he objected, wincing. "Don't say that!"

"I'm just saying, is all."

"You make me sound like-

"-the horn dog that you are," I finished for him, laughing. Against my better judgment I raised a

hand to his face and caressed his cheek. I wanted so badly to take him by the hand, lead him back inside, take him up to my bedroom and bury myself under the covers with him. Truth be told, I could fuck him a dozen more times, every time better than the last. "Go," I said, regretfully. "Call me over the weekend and we'll talk about it."

He winced at that, and I wondered how much he'd cool and come to his senses in the next few days. By the weekend he could be in an Oedipal panic. I wondered how badly I'd panic. I felt a little panicky right now, and every time I stopped to consider my condition. We hadn't used a condom all night. We had given his sperm every possible opportunity to impregnate me. I'd been invested with millions and millions of his little swimmers. How many, even now, were swimming madly up and down my uterus, searching, craving, demanding an egg to mate with? I wondered how close to menopause I was, and laughed. I had a few more years to worry about that.

With Mark gone, I put Christa on the bus and returned to the house. I entertained Kaylee until 10 o'clock, when I got her down for her morning nap. Blessedly, the little thing fell asleep almost immediately. Right there by the crib, ten minutes later, after sneaking in to check on her, I pulled my sweatshirt up over my head, unsnapped my bra one-handed and let both fall to the floor at my feet. I felt like a zombie, but a horny one. Catching the cuff of my right pant-leg beneath the heel of my leg foot, I worked my sweats down over my hips, switched feet and finished pulling them down unhandedly. I was left standing in my panties, which required hands to get lowered. I refused to, looking around the nursery for some means to de-panty myself. I was truly, extraordinarily horny.

I managed to get them off using the hardware on Kaylee's crib, an outcropping on the changing table, and a strategically placed wire coat hanger. Triumphant, I walked out of the room naked and crossed the hall to my bedroom. Rock was outside, safely behind locked doors. I had no intentions of repeating myself with the dog.

I didn't make it to the bath. I found myself staring out my bedroom window into the side yard, trying to locate Rock. I could see his chain, but I couldn't see him. I visualized myself on all fours, craning beneath him, his cock in my mouth, my mouth sliding up and down his horridly swollen shaft, the thing tasting filthily good. I imagined seminal fluid squirting across my tongue, swallowing it greedily, wanting the nectar of his balls, wanting it between my legs, filling my pussy. I wanted his claws all over my body.

"No," I moaned. "Please don't do this again."

As I had yesterday morning, I opened my eyes to find myself with forehead against the windowpane, breath fogging the glass. Rock was square in the middle of the side yard, on his haunches, staring up at me. His gaze was impenetrable, his intensity unnerving. He commanded me to come down and let him in. "I'm coming," I told him in a little girl voice. "I'll be right there."

Arms folded across my chest, head down, shoulders hunched, I hurried from the room and downstairs to the back door. Rock was not there. Rock was twenty feet away, almost to the garage. I blinked at him, confused.

"Don't you want to come in?" I asked. I felt stung by his rejection. It made my eyes sting. I blinked furiously, refusing to let his obstinacy bring me to tears. I felt the helpless expression on my face.

"I can't come out and get you," I said. "I don't have any clothes on."

To my bewilderment, Rock lowered himself to the ground and settled himself comfortably. He continued to stare at me, panting. I was at a loss. I didn't know what to do. Confused, I called out: "Do you want me to come out and get you?"

I expected him to nod his head. He merely continued to stare and pant with his tongue lolling out. I remembered the eerie feeling I'd experienced Monday, thinking he understood me. I had that eerie feeling again. He understood me all right, but deigned not to acknowledge it. It made my nipples hard as rock and gooseflesh explode all over my upper body, even before I opened the door to the cold air. Trembling fiercely, I stole out onto the concrete stoop, stumbled down the three concrete steps and raced across the freezing cold grass to where Rock awaited me. I dared not look toward the street. Instead, I fumbled open his collar and stood back, arms clamped across my chest, teeth chattering, legs trembling fiercely. My nipples ached. My gooseflesh had spread. I bounced up and down like a six year old needing to pee.

"Can we go in?" I pleaded. "I'm freezing and I'm naked."

Rock continued to stare at me, unmoving.

"Please?" I begged again. "Someone could drive by at any moment."

To my horror, Rock turned his head slowly to the left and deliberately looked at the road. I heard a car go by, right to left, and continue up the street, speed consistent. I couldn't turn my own head out of fright, but did let my eyes dart quickly after the following car, fearful of brake lights, a sure sign a stunned driver was gawking in the rear view mirror. The taillights remained dark, the Volvo continuing at an unabated speed to the top of the street, rounding the curve beyond the Morrison's house and out of sight.

"Please," I begged Rock again. "Take me inside."

Shaking himself, Rock rose slowly to his feet, shook himself again, and sat back on his haunches to lick himself. Even as I watched, spirits sinking, hope dwindling, desperation mounting, the tip of his cock protruded from the black sheath, growing longer and thicker as it extruded, until all 8" of him glistened in the December sunlight.

"No," I moaned, looking at him in despair. I felt my shoulders hunch, my knees clamp together and bend, my arms attempt to protect me ineffectively, felt myself sinking to the height of a ten year old, knowing what I must do, what was expected of me.

"Please," I begged again. "Take me in the house and I'll do anything you want. I'll suck you all you want. I'll let you mount me and fuck me all afternoon if you want to. I'll even do it in Kaylee's room-you'd have an audience. You can fuck me up the ass, even. Just please-" I sobbed miserably. "-please don't make me do it out here."

For a long moment, the impenetrable eyes simply beheld me, then, with obvious annoyance and disappointment, Rock made a sighing sound, got to his paws and padded past me toward the house. "Oh, thank, God," I mumbled thankfully, following along behind. Another car appeared, again passing right to left, and this one I watched continue up the street. Halfway to the corner the brake lights flashed, and I saw a sudden snap of the driver's head looking in the mirror. In panic I bounded up the steps, rushed in the back door and slammed it shut. Rock watched as I locked and set the security chain. He followed as I rushed through the house to the front door to lock it also. Panting, winded by my frightening episode, I collapsed back against the door and tried to control my shaking. I'd been outside naked, in the bright sunlight, with a dog. Someone has seen me, though a quick peek through the curtains told me Ellen Donahoe hadn't dawdled, but taken her green Mercury around the corner and disappeared just as the Volvo had. Still, I couldn't stop shaking.

Striding forward, Rock planted his snout firmly in my crotch. Moaning, I spread my thighs and dipped, allowing him access, inviting him in. He forced his cold wet nose between my lips and began

to work it up and down my crack, from the apex of my labia to the mouth of my vagina and beyond. The more he labored, the more despairing I became, and the more aroused. Every thrust brought him in contact with my clitoris. Soon I was rigid against the door, my palms flat against the wood panel, my breathing labored, my body jerking and spasmodic. I yipped and yelped like the bitch I was.

He moved away and I knew what he wanted. Dropping to my hands and knees, I came in beneath him and slipped my mouth over his cock. I ran my lips up and down the shaft, greedily sucking him, making no attempt at caution, being just as noisy as I pleased. The noisier the better, I thought. The noisier, the hornier I got. I began to wag my tail back and forth, while at the same time forcing my nipples into contact with the cold tile floor. It sent shivers of delight up and down my spine. I deliberately spread my cheeks to expose my asshole and pussy. I imagined a huge cock, the size of a beer can destroying my asshole, making it bleed, stretching it beyond all human endurance. I imagined my asshole a black hole, a vortex devouring the rest of me. I imagined myself at the mercy of a pack of dogs, canine-gang-raped. I began to orgasm.

“Oh, Godddddd,” I moaned around the cock. I pushed my mouth down the shaft, forced my jaw and lips wide open and brought the knot into contact with my teeth. I tried, unsuccessfully, to join it to myself. The knot was too big, my bite too small. The best I could manage was my lips at the halfway point. I was at once frustrated, angry, disgusted and frantic. I wanted that knot, wanted it in my mouth as well as in my pussy. I wanted it in my ass. I wanted to know pain.

Dancing, anxious and frantic himself, Rock pulled out of my mouth, butted me on the shoulder and made me turn away from him. A moment later he was on my back, forepaws wrapped around my waist, in full rut mode with his cock thrusting and slapping against my thighs. He squirted juice everywhere, soaking me, my bare cunt, my thighs, shooting along the curve of my belly, even hitting the undersides of my breasts. It started me laughing from the sheer hilarity of it. And then I gasped.

“Oh my God! Oh-my-God, Oh-my-God, Oh-my-God!”

Rock had found his mark and was now banging in and out of my cunt with mindless ferocity. My eyes bugged out, my jaw flew open, my fingers scraped against the entrance tiles, my toes dug into the carpet. I crept forward under his powerful thrusting, stopping when my head hit the door. My body continued forward anyway, forcing my head down to hit the floor, to be twisted sideways against my right shoulder. My back arched and my body twisted and I found myself forced sideways toward the corner, and then forced into it, where I had nowhere left to go. Soon I found myself looking back at Rock’s trusting hindquarters from an impossible vantage point.

Monday hadn’t been like this. Monday had been Rock mounting me in the hallway and holding me still while he wrecked havoc on my calves and thighs and belly with his claws. He was repeating that now, but busting me like a bronco in the process, subduing me, breaking me, taming me. God, the horrible noise I was making. And then, as I watched, Rock adjusted his position atop me and brought his garish red and gray and bruised purple knot to bear. I watched it grow from its already frightening size to the size of a baseball. If he took me with that, I’d be crippled, I thought. I might rupture, bleed to death. I had no further whimsy of having that up my ass, or any other part of my anatomy.

“Rock, no!” I pleaded. The knot-red, hot, angry-punched against the flesh of my pussy. I shuddered, up my body and down again, violently. “Oh, please no,” I moaned as the knot drew back and took aim at me again. What was this self-control? Where was the desperate rutting and taming of me like a shrew? How was that thing supposed to fit inside of me? I shrieked when the shaft tore into me again, the knot swallowed by the walls of my vagina, my vagina shrieking in protest. Kaylee awoke

with a shriek and began to wail louder than her mother, frightened, disoriented, abandoned, while mom suffered searing pain and total humiliation. I watched as the knot disappeared inside me and ruled my life.

How long it went on, I don't know. I went away for a time. When I came back the pain was consumed, replaced by a sensation of a fist traveling up and down my vagina. A very angry, determined fist. And it felt good.

While Kaylee wailed upstairs her mom made a true spectacle of herself downstairs. I began to cheer Rock on, encouraging him, exhorting him, demanding that he fuck me harder and faster, deeper and meaner, wilder and with more abandon. The way I fucked him. And I did fuck him, make no mistake about that. I did everything but rip his cock off. I grabbed his hindquarters and humped him with everything I had, dragging myself up and down his knot, exploring the limits of my pain, seeing how much damage I could endure. I endured a lot. I wanted more. Rock was incapable of giving more, nor me of taking it. When he exploded in doggy-orgasm I exploded in girly-orgasm, milking him, robbing him, grabbing his sack in my hand and squeezing out the last gram of his jizm. And everything he put inside me stayed. The knot saw to that. The knot had me plugged like a cork in a champagne bottle.

"Oh, my, God," I groaned as the fluid packed me tight. Not a drop got out, nothing. I began to expand like an overfilled water bottle ... a dangerously overfilled water bottle. I could explode, just like a balloon. And then, finally, he was done.

I collapsed, utterly, finally, totally. My arms hit the floor; my chest was already there; my lungs collapsed. Sweat poured down my forehead into my hair. I was covered in sweat. Upstairs, Kaylee howled.

"I'm sorry, baby," I muttered against the floor. I couldn't move. Rock wouldn't let me move. I realized the truth. "You've got to be kidding me," I groaned. Rock had me trapped in the corner. I was solidly locked onto his knot. It was still just as hard and as big around as a baseball. Conversely, Rock couldn't move himself either. He was joined to me, trapped just as effectively as I was. And he wasn't completely exhausted. He was getting rather antsy.

"No!" I gasped, grabbing his hindquarters and holding him still, or trying to. "Please, Rock," I begged. "Hold still. You're scratching my legs." He was scratching my legs, my belly, anything that came into contact with his claws. He was also trying to dislodge his knot from the vise-grip of my vagina, and I wasn't having that. I didn't need to bleed to death. "Rock, please," I begged. "Hold still."

He did calm down, my constant dialog of pleading, cajoling, promising servitude, unlimited blow-jobs, all the poontang he wanted, my asshole for his unrestricted use ... after fifteen interminable minutes of anxiety, I felt his knot start to soften, loosen, release me.

"Oh, thank God," I sighed. A minute later, I released my grip on Rock's hindquarters and he backed out of me. The result was horrifying. Released, half a gallon of fluid spilled out of me onto the floor. It hit the carpet with a splat, flowed down my thighs, gushed out of me like an uncorked bottle. The sound of it was so disgusting. And I could smell it, smell myself in it. I felt like a deflated water bottle. But I could finally move, which I did, backing out of the corner, extending my limbs, shaking life back into them. Stiffly, awkwardly, away from the mess on the floor, I turned over and sat down. I leaned back against the wall, groaning. Rock, licking himself a few feet away, paid me no attention at all. His knot was barely larger than the base of the shaft now. Panting, I listened to the pitiful whine of my baby girl upstairs. I was such a good mother. I laughed bitterly and began to cry.

Mike came home Friday afternoon. I told him I had gotten into a free-for-all with Rock to explain all my scratches. I didn't let him see the incriminating ones, the inexplicable ones, the ones likely to end my marriage. We laughed about it, Mike shaking his head at my impulsiveness. "Kaylee enjoyed it," I lied to him.

It's been two weeks now. Mike has a training session scheduled Monday. He'll be away until Wednesday evening. I think he said it was in Boston. I'm not positive. I'm having a hard time concentrating lately. Mark has shown interest in spending more time at home, which only confounds me more. He's here for the weekend. I'm also bothered that Henry plans to take Rock back a week earlier than anticipated, the week after Christmas, so I only have a week left.

This morning, Mike took Christa into town for some late Christmas shopping. I don't expect he'll be back before 3 o'clock, maybe as late as five, because he intends to drop by one of his cop-buddies on the way home. I have five hours, possibly as many as seven. Rock and Mark are both giving me the eye. What should I do? Please them both? Please neither of them? Please myself? Are they willing to share me, I wonder? That would be interesting. Maybe I should find out.

I also keep having this insane idea that I can feel four limbs moving around inside me, although I'm months away from that. What really scares me is that I imagine I feel claws, at the end of those four limbs.

The End