

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

May 4

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

I ought to tell you a little about myself and my family first. My name is Angela Reeves and I'm 35 years old. My husband Tim and I came from the wrong side of the tracks, I guess you'd say. We were both lower-middle class when we met in high school, and we dated a while. It was nothing serious for either of us, but when he got me pregnant at the end of senior year we both decided to see if we could make a go of it and we got married.

I had sort of vague plans to go on to college for business, but it didn't break my heart when I had to get a job to support Tim and the baby, our son David, as Tim went to school. Tim was always more driven than I was and more intelligent (I'm not a dummy, and I'm really sharp with people, but Tim's very smart) and he had earned a partial academic scholarship to the University of Minnesota. So while he got his degree in architecture, I worked in a variety of more-or-less menial jobs and had another baby, a lovely girl we named Laurel. It all paid off when Tim got a great job at a prestigious firm right out of college and we moved into a beautiful house in Edina, an upscale suburb of Minneapolis.

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

After David was born I did put on a little weight but I worked hard to take it off and I managed it, except that my boobs got a cup bigger and didn't lose any size when I dropped the baby weight. The weight came off a little faster after Laurel, but my chest gained half a size then too, so by now I have a hell of an impressive pair of tits, if I do say so myself.

I'm not exactly one to show off most of the time (at least I wasn't until recently) but I do confess that with my tits has grown an affection for low-cut blouses and shirts that show plenty of cleavage. You know the saying: if ya got 'em, flaunt 'em before they hit your knees.

Tim has always been a fantastic man and a wonderful husband. He's handsome, smart, hard working, clever, and a good companion. He's always been there for me when I needed a shoulder to lean on or an ear to listen. He gives some of the best advice I've ever heard, but he doesn't do so casually like too many people do. He's always been eager to share his part of the burdens of parenthood, from changing diapers to working on school projects to attending soccer games. He's never been close with David (and in the past few years nobody could be) but he and Laurel have been inseparable since she came out of my womb. He's a great father.

Tim does his share around the house and does it willingly and well. He's driven professionally, and he's an up and coming architect who's developing both a great reputation and a very profitable business. He's a great provider, good enough that the family can live comfortably without me having

to have a job. What he isn't, at least for me, is a great lover. When we got together we were just kids, after all, and neither of us knew any better. Sure it seemed fun, but then everything like that does when you're 17.

We kept up a sort of intimacy for a couple of years after we were married, but it sort of sputtered out when I was pregnant with Laurel and it never really re-ignited. Oh, we'd still have sex occasionally, but there was never passion behind it. It was just another form of companionship, that was all. It's not that he's physically unattractive - he's tall and strong, fit as a fiddle (he runs marathons) and he has a face that I've always thought could have been on a Hollywood actor, not leading man good looking but with an incredible amount of strength, character, and kindness. His hair was always dark, dark brown but over the last year or so it's started to get shot with gray in a way that makes him look smarter and more distinguished even than he is.

There's something wonderful about his eyes, like he's always laughing inside even when things are bad. And damn, but his ass looks good! It's just that we didn't have a spark between us and I never really felt a lot of desire once I had the kids.

It was sort of a shame, really. When I had my first few boyfriends in high school I was positively voracious, and when I first started going out with Tim I used to fuck his brains out every chance I got. But when the passion between us died, my libido more or less died too. I got lost in raising the kids and keeping the house and being a good wife and mother and pretty much forgot my pussy even existed. Well... all right, not completely.

About eight years ago I had a three-week fling with a guy I met in a bookstore. I'm not proud of it, but it was passionate and vibrant and all the things that Tim isn't - with me - and maybe I needed it to remind me I was still alive from the waist down. Or maybe that's just a bullshit excuse. Anyway, I ended it when the guilt got bigger than the lust and I've lived with the secret ever since, until recently - and then I found out that Tim wasn't precisely faithful to me all the time we were married anyway. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

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

I tried to break him of that kind of thing but I never managed it, I only made him get better at covering it up. I guess, honestly, I blinded myself to how bad he was getting (a mother's love and all that). By the time he was eight or nine the other parents in the neighborhood were complaining of how David was acting around their children, either bullying them or serving as a poor role model.

When he was 11 I had to talk the school out of expelling him for doing something (I never did figure out quite what) that led to a girl a year younger than him being stripped of her pants in the hallway between classes; he claimed he had tripped and accidentally caught them on the way down - a lie, but I believed it at the time. When he was 13 he was arrested for being in a group of kids that vandalized the car of one of their former teachers, though David was released without charges (after Tim pulled some strings) because he didn't actually do any of the vandalism himself.

A year later a 16 year old girl claimed that he had gotten her pregnant, and while he didn't deny sleeping with the little tramp, the test proved that he wasn't the father. By the time he was 15 he was running with a very tough group of kids, most of whom were a couple of years older - but David

was both strong and smart and he had made themselves their leader. They weren't a gang, really, but they were bad kids who were up to no good, and it wasn't long before I banned them from the house.

Last year came a flurry of allegations, from beating up other kids to selling Ecstasy to joyriding, but none of them stuck... not to David, at least. A couple of times someone else from his group of friends took the fall, but David always had an excuse, an alibi, someone (usually a girl infatuated with his looks and his charm) who would swear he was somewhere else when everything went down.

I guess the point is that David was a bad kid, a terrible kid, a borderline sociopath, and by the time he was 17 I knew it. He had his father's smarts, a mixture of Tim's and my good looks, and the easy way I have of talking to people. At 6'2" he was an inch taller than Tim, with the kind of athletic build that drives girls (and women) absolutely crazy. His face was handsome in a way that was almost pretty, and when he put those big blue eyes on you he could talk you into almost anything.

His laugh was easy and infectious, and he knew from an early age how to get what he wanted with words. As he grew up and grew strong he also learned how to take what he wanted when words weren't enough. People always looked to him for leadership almost from instinct, and even after most people had learned what kind of person he was and drifted away, a few would always be there to do his bidding.

When everything started with the dog and all I learned he'd lost his virginity at 12 to the pretty female letter carrier we had at that time, and since then he'd slept with just about every female he wanted, including several teachers and half a dozen of the respectable housewives in the neighborhood. David always had an eye for older women, I guess. If he'd have just had a shred of decency or kindness in him, those traits could all have been put to good use, but he didn't and they weren't.

Laurel, in contrast, has always been the model child. Smart, perceptive, utterly kind and gentle, slow to anger and quick to forgive, caring and extremely girly, she was the daughter that any mother would have wanted. She was cute as a girl, with her father's light brown hair, but she got her height early and her face got the awkwardness that a lot of teen girls have, where she got the bone structure that would make her gorgeous as a woman but still lacked the fullness and texture that would make her anything but a gawky teen.

She got her boobs early, though, which helped with her popularity (boys will be boys, after all, and I can hardly blame them because she's 15 and her tits are already nearly as big as mine are after I had two kids!) and her winning personality took care of the rest. She's always been surrounded by friends - real friends, not minions like David has - and she's always gone from one activity to the next, almost effortlessly being a champion at dance, then horseback riding, then piano, then French, then archery... well, you get the picture. Whatever she tried, she was wonderful at.

She'd had boyfriends of one sort or another since she was 12, but she was never serious about any of them and kept her virginity until just recently. What I didn't realize before a few months ago was that there are other aspects to her personality, ones I really couldn't have guessed at. But, again, I'm getting ahead of the story.

There's one other member of the family that needs to be mentioned, because he started all this: Charlie, our three year old Weimaraner. We got him as a gift when he was just a puppy, and with me being home all the time I was able to train him well. I'd never had a dog before - never even been around them much - but when I got Charlie I found my first real passion outside of motherhood, maybe ever.

Right from the beginning I loved that dog almost as much as either of my children, and he bonded with me in a very special way. That's not to say that he doesn't love the rest of the family, because he does, but I'm his very best friend in the world. He hates to be more than a few feet away from me, so within a couple of weeks of getting him I was used to him following me from room to room, watching whatever I did, constantly wanting petting and play from me, sleeping on the bed curled up at my feet, and generally being the best companion I've ever had.

He was easy to train and eager to please, and even though he never learned more than a couple of tricks (he's too stubborn for that) he obeys me instantly... mostly. It got to the point where I couldn't imagine life without my big, playful, loving buddy. And he's an absolutely beautiful dog, big and powerful, and he's a longhair which is kind of rare for the breed. We didn't dock his tail (I think that's cruel) and so it's long and fluffy and, I admit, prone to knocking things off tables.

To get on with it, as I mentioned before I was just coming home from my daily run with Charlie. I love these runs because not only do they keep me in shape, they also give me a chance to let the dog do some running of his own, and like all Weimaraners he loves to run at every chance. It was the first week of May, but warmer than usual (for Minnesota).

If I remember right it was in the lower eighties and the sun was shining bright. Both Charlie and I had worked up quite a sweat, in my case despite the fact that I was wearing only Lycra running shorts and a cropped halter that left my tummy exposed (and, of course, a jogging bra to keep my girls from smacking me in the face).

We were walking by then, both of us strolling the last block and a half to cool down, when Charlie went absolutely gonzo. He jerked so hard at the leash that he nearly pulled me clean off my feet, and he strained hard to get onto the lawn of my neighbor from two doors down, a woman named Molly Anderson.

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

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

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

My words were cut off as Charlie crouched and, with one bound, cleared the fence that separated

him from Nosey. I let go of the leash just in time to avoid getting slammed into the chain link, but I did let out a loud yelp of surprise and pain. "CHARLIE!"

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

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

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

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

Charlie was a big, horny boy. I felt the world swirling around me, but I stepped forward like I was told and managed to grab my dog's leash. With both feet braced and against the fence and leaning with all my weight the other way as Molly dragged Nosey unwillingly away from the mating, I was able to keep Charlie from chasing. Barely. But I was red from the top of my head to my toenails.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's perfectly natural," Molly grinned as she trotted across the yard to me. "Once they get the smell they can't help themselves. Men are the same no matter what species. Here, give me the leash and I'll walk him around to the gate." I did, feeling strangely... abstracted, I suppose, as though I was

dreaming.

She walked away and I watched her go with Charlie, though all I really had eyes for was his heavy, dangling furry balls between his hind legs and the hard red bit of cock that was still showing. With a weird cross between numbness and utter vibrancy I went slowly around to the other side of the house, where Molly was just opening the gate. "Careful," she told me with a smile. "He tried to hump my leg a second ago."

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

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

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

I gasped, and instantly felt both conscious and a little ashamed for what I realized was happening. I was turned on by watching my dog almost fuck the neighbor dog! And I wasn't just aroused, I was on fire in a way that I hadn't been since my three-week affair eight years before... no, I corrected myself immediately, not even then had I been this hot.

The movement of my nipples inside my bra, slight as it was, was driving me insane, and I felt the absolute need to have something, anything, touch me between my thighs, a need that had never been nearly this intense before. I was so fucking horny that if I didn't cum soon, I was going to lose my mind.

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

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

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

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

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

I never even thought..."

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

"You," I whispered, still in awe of what I was feeling, what he had made me feel. "What was that? What did I do?" I was sitting with my legs splayed, naked, one hand still resting limply in my lap and the other moving slowly and gently against my left nipple even though I couldn't remember putting it there in the first place. But my nipples were still hard enough to cut glass and just the feel of my fingertips against one was sending shivers through me, pushing the afterglow aside and slowly, gradually, rebuilding the fires in my stomach and in my pussy.

I shifted the hand in my lap and was awed at how wet it was; it felt like I'd peed myself, but I knew from the smell that it was all my sex, the smell of me being a woman, and a horny one (horny like Nosey, my mind whispered, and I couldn't help but wonder how my scent was compared to hers). I didn't want to move much, but I did manage to lift my left foot enough to rub Charlie's neck with the toe of my shoe, and he pressed against the contact happily.

I had just had the best orgasm of my life, I realized, and I had had it because of Charlie, because of what he did and what I saw. The realization of it hit me at once, of course, because of the sheer abnormality of it, and I knew I should have felt guilty about getting so hot about watching a pair of dogs almost do the nasty. In fact, I did feel a tiny twinge of guilt way down, but I was too horny for it to last or for me to concentrate on it.

The guilt came later. Right then I was lost in a fugue of lust and desire and sheer sensation like I had never even suspected existed. And Charlie was the cause of it all.

Charlie. I stared at him through heavy, half-lidded eyes and felt something growing inside me that I'd never felt before and couldn't identify. It was hot and hard and needful, and it was centered in the pit of my stomach and the deepest parts of my sex, but it was in other places too, in my heart and throbbing in my head. It made me horny, yes, but it was much more than that too because it made me feel full and finished in a way that I never had.

It was like I was a jigsaw puzzle and I'd been walking around my whole life missing a piece without knowing it, and then suddenly that piece was clicked into place and I felt whole for the first time since the day I was born. And before I even realized it, my eyes had dropped closed again and my hand was moving against my pussy, stroking my wet lips and letting my palm and the heel of my hand gyrate ever so gently against my clit.

I was going to cum again, I knew, and this one wouldn't be as immediate or pressing as the last one but it would be harder and more... transformative. I knew that without even having to think about it.

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

With two fingers I pressed my lips open, and I gasped loudly at the way I felt. I've always loved the contrast of the sensation when I touch myself, the way my inner lips feel different from my outer lips and the way my wetness feels on different parts of my body. Part of me wanted to take my time and

make this last as long as I could make it last, but I knew that I wasn't capable of holding back that long. I had another orgasm in me and it was going to get out sooner rather than later.

I felt Charlie's tongue on my thigh. It was long and thick, strong but profoundly flexible, and it lapped at my juices about three inches below my pussy. I can't even tell you how it felt. You know that a dog's tongue is rougher than a person's and I'm sure you've have your face or your hand licked, but this wasn't like that. This was a broad, hard, certain swipe at some of the tendered skin I have and it made my whole body convulse with sudden pleasure. My eyes flew open just in time to see him take another lick, this one actually brushing against the pubic hair at my crotch, not even an inch from my cunt.

I squealed and I'm sure I said his name, but he ignored me. I was frozen in place except for the quivering that his tongue was making me do so that my hand was stuck right over my twat - and that meant that his next lick, which came a second later, caught mostly the back of my hand. But there was a little of it that struck my lips on either side of my hand, and when it did I felt like I would leap clear out of my skin.

I know a lot of people would have a real problem with a dog licking their privates. It's not like I sat around and plotted for how I could make this happen. It had never even occurred to me that it could happen. But once the sudden fact of Charlie's sexuality drove me into a frenzy, and once I felt that tongue on my twat, I could no more have stopped myself than I could have grown wings and flown. In fact, I did the only thing I could: I moved my hand and gave my dog unfettered, spread-legged, and completely eager access to my cunt.

Charlie's next few licks missed it completely - dogs are amazing lovers but they aren't the brightest creatures on God's green Earth - as he concentrated on cleaning up my thighs. But then came a lick that was absolutely, completely, dead-center on. I screamed. It wasn't even a little bit ladylike, I just howled with pleasure beyond anything I'd ever know before. And it wasn't just physical pleasure, because I don't think physical pleasure alone could have given me the reaction I had.

It was emotional and spiritual and psychic, and it was completely and utterly fulfilling in a way that no other sexual touch I'd ever had could even begin to match. When I felt that big, strong, flat tongue pushing my lips apart, when I felt that incredible power contained in something so flexible, when I felt the soft roughness and the heat of his breath on my clit, I felt like at long last, somehow, I had come home. Really, truly, it was as simple and as honest as that.

I felt the absolute and undeniable sense that this was where I belonged. And when that ragged gasp tore itself from my throat and I jerked my hips up into Charlie's snout so that his tongue slipped inside of me and I felt his teeth press against my lips, I felt sexually alive and completely understood for the first time in my whole life.

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

As perfect as it was, and it was perfect, there was something exquisitely maddening about it as well because Charlie was teasing me to the point where he was driving me crazy. He wasn't doing it deliberately, of course - he didn't know enough one way or another to do that - but every time he had me thinking my orgasm was coming, he would switch to doing something else. His tongue was

filling my cunt, and few things can fill a woman like a dog's tongue: hot, rough, soft, strong, twisting, moving, hitting every nerve I had including a lot of them I didn't even know I had. In and out, fast, hard, those teeth pressing against my outer lips and raising screams from my throat until I was on the edge of a climax that would be beyond words -

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

And that gave him perfect access to my ass, and that was an opportunity he didn't waste. His tongue was on the bud of my asshole instantly, and the shudders I had been experiencing were suddenly doubled. That big, warm, wonderful tongue that had felt so amazing inside my pussy a few moments before felt just as amazing now when it swiped across my little asshole, and my hips bucked hard against Charlie's mouth.

I know I was babbling something between moans and gasps but I don't think it amounted to words. I was feeling so much pleasure that I needed to vocalize it, and too much pleasure to make sense. That tongue hitting those incredibly sensitive nerve endings in my anus, making my pussy clench and making my stomach feel like it was on fire, it was more than I had ever dreamed of. But his second lick against my ass was harder, and the third harder still - he was pushing his tongue up into my asshole, assfucking me with that incredible piece of meat in his mouth, and I was adoring every second of it!

"Fu-fu-fu-fu-FUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!" I howled as my orgasm took me. I had known it was close but the feel of Charlie licking my ass so fervidly made it explode inside of me like a bomb - literally, because at that moment I felt like my whole body was coming apart. Every nerve ending seemed to be dancing on its own to the incomprehensible tune Charlie was calling with his mouth, and all I could do was let it wash over me.

I felt like I was lifting up off the couch and out of my body. My eyes were screwed shut so hard I was seeing fireworks. Every blood vessel from my scalp to my toes was coursing with rapture and release. I have no idea how long it lasted because it didn't really stop when he took his tongue out of my ass and filled my pussy again. It subsided a bit, enough so that I could remember who I was and what I was doing, but for delicious long minutes he dragged my orgasm out, or maybe he strung together a whole bunch of little orgasms into one long blissful release. I don't even have words to describe it except to say that I had never felt anything as powerful, or as perfectly right, in my whole life.

At one point he lifted his head and I could feel him stepping away from between my legs as if he'd had enough. Maybe he had, but I sure hadn't. "No no no God please keep licking me keep licking me fuck me with that tongue fuck me lover please fuck me," I babbled as, with eyes still closed, I reached down and found his head, pulling him back to my crotch. He didn't seem to need any coaxing because he went back to work instantly.

But it was that little break, that tiny interruption in his licking, that gave my body enough time to come down off its continuous orgasmic high. It broke the chain, I guess, and when he started licking again he was licking my thighs and my ass cheeks and the outside of my pussy. But I knew Charlie

could make me cum again. I knew it without a single doubt in the world. I knew that my body had a spectacular release in it yet, and as unfathomable as the last however many minutes had been, what Charlie had still to give me would be even better.

And so I spread my pussy lips with my fingers and Charlie filled my pussy again with his incredible tongue. It took the breath out of my lungs and it took me someplace I'd always longed to be without ever even knowing it existed. The hand that was holding me open was resting over my clit, and the pressure from the heel of my hand was exactly enough to stimulate that little bud perfectly. Turning, twisting, moving inside of me, that tongue, those teeth on my lips, his hot breath, the fur against my thighs, my hand on my clit, it was all too much.

I've had a lot of amazing orgasms since then, with dogs and people, but I honestly do not think I have ever felt as good as that since. It wasn't pleasure, it wasn't even ecstasy. It took me beyond words and beyond thought so some kind of ideal orgasm that I thought only existed in tawdry romance novels. I've tried to describe that climax since and I haven't been able to come close, but I'll try again.

It felt like lightning was striking me, but from the inside, from the deepest part of my pussy, and flowing outward, exploding, detonating, taking me apart. I could feel everything, every single bit of my body, every single piece distinctly reaching its own summit, all of them combining together to make one enormous whole that was just too much to contemplate.

There was more than that, though. Like I said above, there was something spiritual about it. I know that it sounds idiotic to say that coming from getting licked by a dog was spiritual, but I don't know any other word for it because I felt so whole and entire and complete, the way some people do when they have religious experiences.

In those moments what stuck with me even more than the pleasure was the knowledge that I had needed this all along, since I was a little girl. I needed to be one, sexually, with a dog, or with many dogs, and it was the fact that I had never had a dog when I was growing up, or even been around any, that had kept me from discovering it so much earlier. I could have spent my whole life feeling this way, I knew, but I hadn't; instead I was feeling it now and that was enough and more than enough. It was that joy that I felt as I passed out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I gritted my teeth. David, the little demon seed, was humiliating me, and he was going to enjoy it. That meant he was going to drag it out for as long as he could. So I pulled myself into a sitting position, thighs together, hunched forward, arms in front of my chest. I was showing less skin than I do in my swim suit, so that would do for a bit. "Look, this is the only time this ever happened and I -"

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

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

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

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

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

"Right," I muttered between clenched teeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I felt myself relax as he turned and headed for the door. I had expected worse, but if all he wanted was money then this wouldn't be that bad. Money could be replaced. But he paused as he got to the door. Looking over his shoulder at me, he said, "This has just begun, mom. I'm gonna have a lot of fun with this."

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

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## **Chapter Two**

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

And now was when the guilt really hit me. I felt sick with it. What I had done was wicked and wrong, an unnatural perversion. How in the world could I have gotten so excited by looking at my dog trying to mate? And even if I had, for whatever sick reason, how could I have done what I did? To let my dog lick me! To get so completely aroused and to be so moved by it! As excited and thrilled as I had been while it was happening, I now felt as disgusted and as miserable.

I was almost nauseous with the memory of Charlie's tongue on me - and my reaction! I was worse than a bitch in heat myself - a bitch in heat can't help her reaction, but I could certainly help mine. Well... I couldn't have, but I should have been able to, and the fact that I hadn't been able to just made me feel all the sicker and more disgusted with myself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Andersons."

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

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

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

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

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

I didn't but I nodded anyway. Deep inside of me there was a flicker of something, be it interest or excitement at the idea of learning something that seemed so alien and forbidden, but yet so wonderful. How did they stick together? Why? As soon as I thought it I knew the questions would be with me until I answered them - and just as quickly I felt ashamed for the unnatural interest and the wicked excitement I felt.

"They didn't even get together, we kept them apart. But he nearly ripped my arms out of the sockets dragging me to the fence, and then he jumped over it and just about threw me off my feet. Anyway, they're going to be breeding Nosey and if she's going to be in heat all the time we can't have him running over there."

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

"It could have." It was.

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

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

"Oh, well remember I told you Rachel Czapiewski was wearing all these goofy things to school all of a sudden? Well listen to this..." For the next 15 minutes Laurel regaled me with stories from her day and I tried to be interested, but my mind wouldn't stay put on the topic. I kept thinking about Charlie and everything that had happened, how excited he had made me and how hard and completely he had made me come, but mostly I was thinking about David and dreading what he was cooking up for me.

Still, I paid enough attention to make the right noises and ask the right questions until I heard Tim's car pulling into the garage. A couple of minutes later the back door opened and he came in with Charlie leading the way. To my very great relief he didn't sprint across the kitchen and shove his nose into my crotch, instead preferring to sniff the floor for food that may have been dropped and then force his head into my hand for a good petting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Open it and find out."

With considerable trepidation I took the bag and opened it, but what I saw wasn't what I expected: female shave gel, a lady's razor, and a tube of aloe vera cream. I looked up at him and saw the shit



eating grin on his face, but I didn't understand why. "OK," I asked, "what's the idea?"

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

I was dumbstruck. "What?"

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

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

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

"Tough."

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

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

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

"Oh the hell you are!"

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

Tim came back down after spending an hour with Laurel and settled down in front of the TV to watch "CSI" reruns and do some paperwork from the office. I spent 45 minutes with him, doing some talking but mostly mulling miserably over my options... and then I excused myself and went into the bathroom to do what my son had told me to do.

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

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

I stood naked in front of the full length mirror, looking at myself and thinking how I suddenly looked ten years old again. It was ridiculous. Why would a man want to see me like this? And more than that, why would my SON want to see me like this? Obviously David had some sort of sick thing going

on about me, I understood that, and if he wanted to check to see if I'd shaved, well, he'd already seen me naked today (and getting my pussy licked by a dog, my mind helpfully reminded me) and so I didn't suppose another look, no matter how unnatural, would really matter much one way or another.

I tried not to think of him touching himself to the film he'd taken of me earlier, because that made me more than a little sick to my stomach.

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

May 5

The next day began normally enough. I got out of bed a few minutes after Tim did, and when he was in the shower I let Charlie out to do his business while I made breakfast - pancakes that day, as it happened. Everybody came to eat, even David - that was unusual because he rarely ate meals with the family anymore, but I guessed that pancakes could soften the hardest heart.

Tim bustled out the door a few minutes later and then Laurel ran off to catch her bus (she goes to the same school David does but she'd rather have walked three miles there and back than ride in his car with him) leaving me and my son alone, except for Charlie, who was on the floor watching David eat with the intensity that only a dog or a starving person can bring to that act. I didn't say anything to him, I just cleared the table and went about cleaning up.

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

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

"So?"

"Did you?"

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

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

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

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

"What are you talking about?" I hissed, but then I knew exactly what he was talking about: he was pulling up my nightgown. I stiffened, but the way he had me pressed up against the counter, there wasn't much I could do to stop him. Besides, I reasoned, what difference did it really make if I was

the one to pull up my gown or he was? I just closed my eyes and prayed it would soon be over.

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

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

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

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

"Mmm-hmmm," he said, his soft exhalation ruffling my hair. He kept the fingertip that was inside me still and began to move his palm and the heel of his hand against the skin that was freshly shaved. I gasped, partly in shock... and partly because it felt good.

Even though it was my son doing it and even though I most definitely didn't want it, that stimulation of the newly bared skin felt very, very nice. It might have been different if he'd have been clumsy or careless, but he wasn't. It was obvious from how he was touching me that he knew what to do with a woman's pussy, and it was equally obvious that he was doing this with the definite aim of getting me aroused.

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

"I understand it," he replied with a nod as his finger slipped into me to the second knuckle and began to pump gently in and out. Damn him, but he knew what he was about, and like it or not, I knew it wasn't going to be all that long before my body started to respond to that kind of expert treatment.

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

I tried to wriggle away, and I had both my hands pressing against his chest in a futile effort to get some space between me and him. I may as well have been pressing a mountain for all the good it did. I think the worst moment, even worse than what came a few minutes later, was when I realized I could feel his erection through his pants. My son's cock was hard, and it was hard because of me, and he was pressing it against my belly so that I would have to realize and confront that fact.

I guess it wasn't until then that I truly realized that David might have something more in mind for me than some brief humiliation and monetary extortion. I didn't yet have any idea how far he would take me and the entire family, but I was starting to get a clue that his intentions weren't as simple as

I'd believed.

It was when he shifted his hand just so and the meaty part just below the thumb began to press the hood of my clit against the little nub beneath that I gasped. I didn't want to, but I didn't really have any choice because the sensation made my pussy spasm around his finger and made my knees quiver.

He was good enough that even if I hadn't shaved the night before it would have felt wonderful, but with the nerves awakened by the razor I had no chance whatsoever of resisting it. I closed my eyes again - I couldn't keep them open to watch his face as he did this to me - but that was a token protest. I was wet and hot, and if I knew it then my son definitely knew it.

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

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

His response to that was to push his middle finger into me as far as it would go and wiggle it as he brought his lips down to my neck and began to kiss the tender skin right where it meets the shoulder. "Part of you likes it..." "Fuck you," I snapped, humiliated at my body's reaction but unable to resist the skilled touch.

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

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

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

I didn't thrust back against his hand - I managed to keep that much dignity - and I was pretty sure I was too distressed for him to make me come, but that was all I could do. I was breathing heavily, my nipples were hard against his chest, and I was wet enough that his fingers were making loud squishing noises as he fucked me with them. I could feel my juices wetting the insides of my thighs. I hated it, but my son was getting me hot!

I'd stopped protesting because he wasn't listening and I felt like my pleading was getting him off, but I knew the protesting would start again if he tried to make me touch him or do anything to that hard young cock I felt pressing against me so firmly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

David kept tugging my gown up and I lifted my arms and let him pull it away. He'd already seen me naked, just like he'd already seen me get licked, so nothing here was new for him. If he had done this before feeling me up I'd have fought him, but I was way too hot now to do more than mutter some token and meaningless protests that all three of us ignored.

Charlie put his snout against my sex and began to lick those juices that he loved so much, and it was everything I could do to keep my knees from giving way. I stood, my legs inching apart of their own volition, and when Charlie finally got the angle to press his teeth against me and fill my shaved twat with his tongue I screamed like a wanton slut and braced myself against the sink so the dog could get a better position.

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

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

After a few minutes, David did something I didn't at all expect: he leaned in and covered my moaning, gasping mouth with his. At that point I couldn't do anything but take it as he slipped his tongue past my lips and gave me a long, gentle, and sensuous kiss. It was shocking, to be kissed that way by my son, but I was in such a state that it felt utterly amazing.

The surprise of it was too much to let me kiss back during the twenty or so seconds that he held the kiss, but I have to admit, to my shame, that if he'd have kept it up for five more seconds I'd have been sucking his tongue like it was a cock. Instead, though, he broke away and gave me a smile that

was loving, lustful, domineering and wicked. "I have to go to school," he told me, stroking my face with his fingertips, "but you stay here and enjoy yourself."

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

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

How to describe a dog's kiss? It's definitely not a human kiss, that's for sure. The tongue completely fills the mouth, or at least it feels that way, and Charlie was licking the inside of my mouth even as I was sucking and kissing his tongue. It felt like he was kissing my tonsils, for heaven sake.

I put my weak, shaky hands up to either side of his head and held him there for a long moment, savoring the way it felt and the way it tasted, a combination of dog and me that drove me nuts. My eyes were closed and I wasn't thinking about David or the trouble I was in or anything else except Charlie, and me with him and him with me. I love that dog so very much; I was only now figuring out how much.

Neither of us were satisfied to stay there for long, though, and when I uncurled myself and gave Charlie access to my naked, hairless twat, he dived in after it. I don't know how many orgasms I had because after a while it seemed like one big ongoing orgasm that had peaks and valleys, lulls and punctuations of frenetic action. I laid on my back with my knees pulled up to my chest.

I got on my knees with my ass in the air so he could treat my asshole the same way. I balanced on my shoulders and the balls of my feet so I could serve my cunt to him on a platter. And Charlie licked and licked and licked. I felt no shame, no self-consciousness, not even any awareness that there was anything other than this moment and the two of us in it. It was bliss beyond bliss.

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

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

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

Of course, eventually I had to get going. I finished washing the dishes without putting my gown back on, then let Charlie outside to romp in the back yard while I took a shower. It was a long, luxurious shower and I reveled in the way the water felt as it prickled into my skin. When I washed my pussy I was struck again at how amazing it felt to be shaved there.

I had only done it under blackmail, yes, but now that I experienced life without pubic hair I realized that I wanted to keep it this way. It was simply too wonderful to do anything else. And so I shaved again, and did my legs while I was at it, and by the time I was done I felt clean and free and better than I had in a long time.

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

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

And then I went to XXXFantasy Gifts & Lingerie at the corner of Franklin and 22nd. I was absolutely miserable about it because I did NOT want to do it. For one thing, Tim was bound to notice this and ask questions. Shaving my kitty was one thing because he barely ever looked at me naked anymore, and even if he noticed I could just say I'd tried it and decided I'd liked it. But to get rid of all my old, sensible undies and replace them with God knew what "slutty" things... well, Tim was going to notice that. And what could I tell him?

"Good Lord, he's going to think I'm having an affair!" I muttered as I dressed in the least sexy clothes I could think of: a baggy, shapeless sweatshirt, loose nylon sweatpants that didn't even hint at a female figure beneath, and an old pair of tennis shoes. I felt freakish as I drove to the store, because it had been a long time since I'd gone commando and the feeling of cool nylon on my fresh-shaved pussy was distracting at best.

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

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

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

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

“Can I help you?”

“Hi,” I said, feeling incredibly awkward. “I... um, I’m supposed to ask for Brandy?”

It may have been a knowing look that passed over her face then, but the smile didn’t waver. She told me to have a look around while she went into the back, and a few moments later the door to the storeroom opened up and a stunning young woman came through. She was a redhead - natural, I knew at once - with the sort of features that ought to have been on a Grecian statue. She was tall and graceful, with long legs and delicate, long fingers, and something in the way she moved made me think of a panther.

She was wearing a red and navy blue plaid schoolgirl skirt that barely covered her goodies, a little white tie-front top that drew the eye to her perky boobs and her bare, flat tummy, and a pair of sexy white maryjanes that put a wiggle in her walk. She might have been all of 19, but she knew how to use what she had. In fact she looked like a teenage boy’s wet dream, and I couldn’t help but wonder exactly what my son had done with her. “Hi, you’re Angela?” she asked. Even her voice was sexy. “David told me to expect you. I’m Brandy.”

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

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

Left alone in the dressing room, I could only feel a sense of impending doom as I slowly and unwillingly removed the clothes I was wearing. I felt even more vulnerable than before now that I was naked. Somehow my new lack of pubic hair played into that, like I’d lost a layer of protection or something, and I tried to keep from looking in the mirror on the back of the door as I waited for Brandy to return. In those moments I had to wonder again why David even cared what kind of underwear I was wearing... unless, that is, he intended to see me in it. And if he intended to see me in it, the odds were he intended to see me out of it too.

Well he’d already done that so there was no harm, even if it was weird; but what if he wanted to go further? This morning he’d treated me very indecently and he practically had me begging for more by the time he was done. Was my own son planning to make a habit of that? Did he want to... do more things to me? Even then I couldn’t quite bring myself to conceptualize that he might want to have sex with me - it was just so wicked and unnatural. Surely, I reasoned, it couldn’t be that? He was just tormenting me a little with his newfound power, that was all.

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

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

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

“Uhhhhmmmm... quite a while,” I said, feeling a flood of relief that he hadn’t told her that I was his mother.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brandy was thoroughly enjoying the whole thing. She was watching my body like a particularly hungry hawk and it was difficult not to notice that her nipples were hard and that she kept licking her lips. More than once she took the opportunity to... um... help me adjust my clothing, and her fingers were getting friendlier and friendlier as we went.

I was too intimidated to stop her, even when she squeezed my breasts as she took a bra off of me, even when she pressed against me from behind and squeezed both bare ass cheeks as I tried on a thong. I tried to ignore it the best I could, but I could tell that she was getting off on me pretending it wasn't happening, and she was going to get bolder and bolder until I drew the line... or I didn't.

I was trying on a very sexy little pushup bra when Brandy frowned. "You know, I don't like that," she said. "Take it off and let me try something." I did as I was told, but what she did was a little surprising: she took my breasts, one in each hand, and leaned forward. Her lips encircled my right

nipple and she suckled it gently, drawing it into her mouth with easy pressure and making the nipple hard just about instantly - couldn't help it, it felt good. She flicked at the end of my nipple, teasing it with her tongue until it was as hard as it was going to get, and then she moved to the other breast and repeated the procedure.

I stared down at her, her thick, gorgeous red lips sucking my breasts, and I was too stunned to do anything to stop her. This was the first time I had ever in my whole life been touched sexually by another woman, and it felt good in spite of how awkward and uncomfortable I felt. When both nipples were achingly hard and teased into life, she straightened up and locked eyes with me. "See how the bra looks now."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You like being kissed by a girl?"

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

"Like... like me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

put them on you.”

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

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

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

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

“I think I look... slutty.”

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

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

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

I felt my sex clench.

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

My first kiss with a woman was a pretty damned good one. Brandy sighed and melted into me and I sighed and melted into her. Our lips parted and our tongues met in the middle, just the tips, moving against each other in a slow, gentle, soft dance that was so thoroughly erotic that I knew I needed more of it from the instant I felt it. Her hands moved down and took my ass again, squeezing the cheeks and pulling them apart, kneading them and then, wonderfully, slipping a long, clever finger underneath the strap of the leather G-string and caressing the delicate, ever so sensitive skin of my asshole.

I moaned into her mouth and dropped my hands from her face to her shoulders. I knew, though, that the feel of cloth under my fingers wasn’t enough – I wanted skin, I needed skin, I had to feel her without the skimpy little shirt in the way. I let my hands move down to the front of her top, to the place between her breasts where it was tied closed. A single, simple tug was all it took and her breasts were in my hands, soft, warm, nipples pert and digging into my palms. I loved it.

Brandy seemed to like it too, because now it was her turn to moan, and she stabbed her tongue into my mouth like a cock fucking a pussy. Her grip tightened on my ass and she pulled me closer,

grinding her pelvis against mine. Out lips were mashed together, our eyes were closed, our breath hot on each other's cheeks. I squeezed her nipples, both at the same time, and I marveled at the shudder that went through her in response.

It was a strange but incredible feeling of power, to be able to make another woman react that way. I won't lie to you and say that I'd never even considered what it would be like to kiss and touch another woman - I think everyone, male and female, has fantasies about their own sex - but I'd never really been tempted to act on them. Now, though, I didn't think I could have stopped if Tim himself had come through the door and caught me red-handed, sucking Brandy's tongue and playing with her tits as she teased my ass.

Brandy's shirt hit the floor right about the same time my bra did, and our bare breasts pressed together. We were pretty much the same height, though she was a little taller with her heels on; still, she managed to make our nipples meet and tease each other, something that thrilled me to no end. It was amazing that I was doing this, and even more amazing that I didn't want it to stop. It wasn't precisely that it was a natural thing for me to be doing, not like it had been with Charlie when it had felt like something I'd always needed and never had.

No, this was distinctly something I wouldn't normally do, but somehow that made it hotter. This was me crossing a boundary inside me, partially being dragged across it and partially of my own volition, and I was doing it because I was horny and because, right here and right now, I wanted Brandy. The odds were that an hour from now I'd be baffled at the erotic fugue that had driven me to this, but I didn't care. Brandy had made me want her and now I was going to have her.

I sucked on her tongue like my life depended on it, and then I sucked on her lips. I breathed deeply and took in the scent of the air she breathed onto my cheek and the smell of her arousal and mine. I took her hard, tight nipples between my fingers and squeezed, tugged, rolled. I moaned like a whore as she moved one hand around to my front and slipped it up inside the leather panties I was wearing, and I pushed against her fingers as she began to stroke my slit.

My hands were moving down, over the micro-skirt she was wearing and then up underneath; I squeezed her cheeks, firm and lovely, and then I hooked my fingers into the waistband of her thong and began to work it down over her perfect, generous hips - she had my pussy in her hand and I was going to return the favor.

Brandy slipped three fingers up inside me. I almost screamed into her mouth. It stretched me, yes, but it felt amazing too, and I was so wet they went in without resistance. At the same instant the other hand was teasing my asshole, then dipping down to my perineum to gather a bit of my moisture. Then, as she began to fuck me good and hard with her hand, a finger slipped into my ass and began to fuck me there too.

I'd never, ever done anything with the ass (except had Charlie's wonderful, thrilling, perfect, amazing tongue) and feeling Brandy push a fingertip into me there was incredible. I began to fuck back, rocking my hips, pushing first onto the fingers slamming my cunt and then pulling back off of those and pushing back into the one in my ass; Brandy caught my rhythm almost instantly and started working her hands in time.

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

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

The pussy in front of me was enough for the moment, however. I explored her lips, so much like a flower's petals, so soft and so fragrant. I felt how her wetness coated my hand almost instantly, and I wondered how she would taste. I felt her heat as her sex swallowed two of my fingers, sucking them in and squeezing them.

Her clit was hard against the heel of my hand and I moved against it like I liked to have a hand move against mine; her body told me to give it more pressure by the way she ground her hips into me, and so I put my other hand there as well, leaning into her to support myself as I fucked her with two, then three fingers of my left hand and rubbed her clit with the middle two fingers of my right.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He wants you walking out of here looking good," Brandy said simply, and then she was gone. I

spent the next few minutes checking out the other things David had selected, and I had to admit that he had good taste. There were a couple of garter belts, eight or nine different sets of very sexy hosiery like Cuban heel thigh-highs and fishnets, a really lovely black and pink boned bustier with garters, a couple of lacy camisoles, a perfectly sheer red babydoll, and three pairs of gloves: black fishnet arm warmers that came almost to the shoulder, an elbow-length red lace set, and a cute pair of white wrist-length things.

"Jesus," I said to myself, looking over the assembled lingerie, "This is gonna cost a bundle. How am I going to keep Tim from asking about it?"

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

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

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

"He does?" I asked, surprised.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She licked her full lips and nodded. "Come in early. We open at 10 and Brandy can cover the store

for a hour or so.”

Trying to figure out whether to spend an hour alone with Petra kept me busy while she and Brandy picked out my evening wear. The other outfit was a simple red dress with long ruffled sleeves. It came down a couple of inches past my butt, which was good - I wouldn't be able to wear panties with this either, and it wasn't so liable to show off my kitty as the other skirt was. However, the neckline took a dive to an inch above my belly button, and the only thing keeping my tits from spilling out was a rhinestone clasp in front. It felt scandalous enough before they matched it up with shoes: black leather five inch pumps with locking ankle cuffs.

I honestly doubted I'd be able to wear this out on the town without my son, but then I also didn't think I'd be able to wear the day outfit either. Petra and Brandy were most insistent, however (they even confiscated the sweats I'd worn in so I had no choice in the matter) and so they sent me out into the world in hooker shoes, a top that showed more than it concealed, and a skirt that pretty much showed my pussy with every step I took.

Honestly, the way it rode up when I walked made modestly basically impossible, and with both hands full of lingerie I couldn't keep pulling the damned thing down so after a few steps I just set my shoulders and pretended I didn't notice the head-jerking looks of passersby as I walked around the block to my car.

On the drive home, the whole scene in the lingerie shop began to seem strange and unreal. My lust had faded to the point where I couldn't quite figure out why or how Brandy had turned me on so much. She was... well, she was a girl, and I didn't go for girls at all.

All I could think was that the events of yesterday and this morning had left me a little out of my mind and I had simply lost myself for a bit. It just so happened that I lost myself when I was in the dressing room with Brandy. Regardless, I was myself again, feeling ridiculous in a new outfit that made me look like a prostitute, ashamed for having done what I did with Brandy, and aghast that I had made a date with Petra (which of course I now had no intention of keeping).

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

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

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

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Chapter Three

May 9

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

The first couple of days I didn't wear any of the new underwear, I didn't let Charlie so much as sniff my butt, and I didn't even look at David when I didn't need to. I guess I thought I could bring things back to normal, with normal being the way things were before I let Charlie lick me. All of the things that Brandy had told me about David wanting me seemed strange and unreal, and by Thursday my scene with Brandy seemed equally unreal.

I remembered it, of course, in exquisite detail and I even found the recollection erotic, but it seemed as though it was the memory of a movie rather than something that had happened to me. I guess I was divorcing myself from those events, or at least trying to get back into the comfortable little shell where I'd spent my adult life.

One thing that didn't seem remote or unreal was Charlie. I tried not to think about his tongue and the orgasms he'd given me, but I found that recollections sneaked in at odd times and made me painfully, achingly horny in an instant. It happened several times a day, sometimes when I was alone in the house, sometimes when I was out running or doing errands, once during the family dinner, once when I was in bed chatting with Tim before we went to sleep.

Each of those times it was such a vivid recollection that it felt like I was there, like I could close my eyes and feel Charlie's tongue filling my sex or lapping my ass; I could feel his heat and his fur, smell his breath and my own arousal, and I knew that if I touched myself just a little I would cum wildly. I managed to control myself each time, except for when I was in the shower on Thursday after my run. I was shaving my pussy and the memory hit me, and before I even knew it I was stroking myself; I came screaming in a few seconds, then came again a few minutes later.

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

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

Wednesday and Thursday I didn't wear any of the scandalous underwear David had forced me to buy. It sat, folded and neat, in my drawer next to the new, sensible things I had always preferred. Every time I opened that drawer I glanced at it, took some of my preferred underwear, and then closed the drawer again and didn't give it another thought. I guess I just wanted to act like it wasn't there, like I hadn't gotten myself into the fix I was in, and for a couple of days anyway I managed it.

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

new look.”

For a moment I was honestly puzzled. “What is?”

He bobbed his head at my crotch and grinned. “Baldy.”

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

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

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

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

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

After my shower I went into my bedroom and pulled out the outfit I was going to wear to see my mom: a modest spring blouse and a pair of jeans (it was just cool enough that I didn’t want to wear shorts that day). I opened my underwear drawer and took a sensible bra and pair of panties and then stopped.

Slowly, cautiously, I took another look at the sexy things my son had made me purchase. I hadn’t worn any of them, except when I modeled the outfits for him, and it suddenly struck me as a little absurd that all these perfectly good clothes were just sitting there going to waste. After all there was nothing wrong with a grown woman wearing them... and besides, who would know? And so I picked up a sheer, lacy black bra that felt wonderful against the skin, and a pair of black satin panties that had a crotch that tied closed. Deliberately I slipped them on and looked at myself in the mirror.

Honestly, I can’t tell you I disliked what I saw. It looked so much sexier than what I normally wore, and that made me feel sexier too. I thought once more of Brandy and what we’d done in the changing room the first time I saw these articles, and I felt my pussy give a little twinge. I thought of Petra expecting me on the coming Tuesday and my nipples hardened inside my bra.

Sure, I still had no intention of going through with our “date,” but I had a few not unpleasant moments wondering what she would look like if I peeled her out of her clothes and contemplating whether she might use her mouth on me... or whether I’d use mine on her. It was all a harmless fantasy, of course; I wouldn’t actually go back there and meet her.

I have to say, it was oddly thrilling to have lunch with my mom while wearing those scanty underclothes. My mom has always been a modest woman and she raised me to dress modestly too, and it didn’t matter if the clothes were the ones people saw or the ones next to your skin. If she’d have known that I was wearing a see-through bra over hard nipples and crotchless panties over a

freshly shaven twat she'd have turned purple; if she'd have even suspected what I did with Brandy, or Charlie, or God forbid David, she'd have exploded.

But she didn't know, and somehow having those scandalous secrets suddenly felt very good. I didn't even realize I was smirking until she asked me why I was smiling like the cat that ate the canary; for a moment I had the terrible, wonderful thought of what her face would look like if I asked her if she'd ever let her pussy get licked by a dog, and that made my smile all the bigger. Instead, of course, I just told her how proud I was of Laurel and everything she was doing in school. I don't know that she believed it, but she accepted it.

I have to say at this point that both my parents are truly wonderful people. They're very salt of the earth types, very blue collar, just like the neighborhood I grew up in and they still lived in. My mom is a sweetie who was raised by a conservative Christian family, and even though she dropped the religious beliefs as soon as she was old enough to make her own decisions, she still believes in a certain sense of decorum and proper behavior. She was always a pretty, petite little thing, just an inch over five feet, and I think she can still fit into the same Size 0 dress she wore to her senior prom. I got my blonde hair from her.

She never once discussed sex with me or my brothers and sister when we were growing up; in fact, we were the only evidence that she ever thought about the subject at all. Well, that's not quite true: when we were kids, my sister Sue and I snooped in her closet and found a vibrator that looked as though it had been used a fair bit; still, in spite of the evidence in front of us, Sue and I couldn't quite imagine our mom writhing in sexual ecstasy, and I think we both silently resolved never to think of the topic again.

My dad has spent his life working in the rail yards in St. Paul and he has the scars and hard, muscular body to prove it. He's a simple enough guy who likes a beer after work and a football game on the weekend. He was never demonstrative when I was growing up but he always worked very hard to support me and my brothers and my sister and I always knew that he would be there for me; he didn't even yell at me when I got knocked up in my senior year of high school.

He's in his 50s, yes, but he still has the rugged good looks that made him the masturbatory fantasy of more than one of my girlfriends when I was growing up, and it's only been accentuated by his silvering hair. He's the one I got my body from, I think, with my solid build and my height. Where my mom was prim and proper, dad was profane and even jovial when he'd had a few.

Anyway I had a very nice lunch with my mom and as we ate that naughty part of my mind kept telling me about what I'd done in the last few days, just a little whisper in the back of my head that kept me a tiny bit aroused. On the way home I was squirming in my seat just a little bit when a big semi pulled up alongside and held its position.

After a few moments I looked up and saw a kid in the passenger seat - I'd guess he was maybe 21 or so, and he was nothing special to look at. All I really remember about him is that he had kind of an embarrassing straggly teenage beard and a big smile as he leaned out the window. I couldn't hear a word he said, of course, because my window was rolled up; still, I didn't need to hear to read his lips: SHOW ME YOUR TITS!

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

So I did.

That makes it sound a lot simpler and less amazing, for me, than it was. Like I say, I've been subject to that kind of thing plenty of times, just like any other woman, and I've never, ever in my whole life done anything about it except either smile or scowl (as the mood hit) and drive on.

I was about to do the same here when something stopped me. I wasn't sure what it was except that I was feeling frisky and more attractive than I had, well, maybe ever before this week. And the fact is that I didn't really think about it because I was unbuttoning my blouse before I even knew my hand was moving. When I did realize it I could have stopped, but I realized that I just didn't want to. It was like it had been with Brandy. Suddenly I just wanted to do something that was completely unlike me, and so I did it.

I opened my blouse, and, as the kid watched and hooted gleefully, pulled it aside to show the left cup of my sheer black bra. Then, feeling quite giddy with sudden excitement and horniness, I pulled down the cup and popped my boob out. I looked up at the kid and he was leaning out the window, smiling like an ape and pounding the side of the truck with both hands. I grinned back at him, gave my hard nipple a long, luxurious, thrilling tug, and then hit the accelerator. The BMW left the truck far behind, and I was laughing with wonder and disbelief as I tucked myself back in. I felt like I was 18 again.

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

Or at least, I told myself that I was glad. But the thing was, even then, I was still wearing the underwear David had made me buy, and I was loving it as much as I loved my shaved pussy. David hadn't forced me to make out with Brandy, he wasn't even there. And certainly nobody but me had anything to do with the flashing incident on the highway.

And as for Charlie, well, not even in my hopes could I so much as pretend that being sexual with him didn't answer some deep and soul-seated need inside of me, or that I would be able to stop doing it even if David never brought it up again. It wasn't as though I laid all that out for myself as Laurel and David walked through the door, but I was aware, on some level, that my wishes for a return to the way things were was a lie.

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

I wouldn't have been surprised at further lewd advances and I was honestly expecting him to grope me again, but I didn't believe it was out of lust for me. I figured it was just his way of being a shithead. But after all, I'd gotten used to him being a shithead, and I could survive a groping even if it was from my own son. Besides, I'd gotten a shaved pussy and some new underwear out of the deal.

Anyway, David barely said a word to me when he and Laurel came in, he just grunted his usual non-greeting, grabbed the leash, and took Charlie for a walk. That wasn't all that unusual, and Charlie

always enjoyed going out as often as anyone is willing to take him. Laurel watched him go as she shucked her backpack and, when the door was closed, gave an exasperated sigh. "I know you keep telling me I'm supposed to love him because he's my brother," she said, "but he's, like, a complete butthead."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah but you knew George Washington when he had dark hair," my daughter deadpanned, and I punched her in the shoulder. We both laughed. "But you know what I mean. I mean, if she was like

just out of college it would be one thing but she's got like three kids and a husband and she's old enough to be his mother."

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

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

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

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

I couldn't help but grin. Matt Kushner, whom Tim and I known since high school, and his wife Sharon always throw a big party the second Saturday in May and invite all the old high school buddies and their families. Tim and I love it because it gives us a chance to reconnect with old friends, and Laurel loves it because there are several cute boys there around her age and she's always had a crush on them.

The biggest crush was on Tony Sullivan, who is the son of Pete Sullivan and his wife Marites, whom he met in the Philippines when he was in the Navy. Tony is a gorgeous kid with the build of a dancer (which he is), big eyes, and skin warm and brown and lovely. He's as sweet as the day is long, but, well, he bats from the other side of the plate, if you follow me. "I'm sure he can't wait to see you too."

She brightened. "You really think so?"

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

"MOOO-O-O-OM!"

"What?" I asked innocently.

"Tony is not gay!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thanks mom."

"Who will ask to borrow your blouse."

"Now you're just being mean."

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

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

"Word is?"

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

"Which means it was him."

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

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

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

"I don't know."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, just... wondering."

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

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

Fuck. Fuckity fuck fuck. It's not that I don't complain about Tom to people I confide in, but I always try to do it when I'm alone with them out of the house to keep prying ears from overhearing. The only exception, ever, was sometimes with my sister Sue. Sue and I have always been best friends and sometimes where we get going on the phone I suddenly find that I've been complaining about my husband (or other things) for half an hour without knowing who in the house might have heard what.

It was mostly just stuff that any married mother would complain about, no more and no less, but I could understand how that might sound worse than it was to a teenage girl. "No honey, there's nothing wrong," I assured her, giving her hand a squeeze. "It's just there will always be problems when two people are married. A good marriage is about working through the problems when they come up."

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

"I think we do, sure."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It was just... you said to Aunt Sue... that you sometimes looked at other guys," she whispered, eyes downcast, and suddenly I remembered the conversation she had overheard. I had knocked back half a bottle of wine after dinner about four months ago, something I almost never do, and I had watched "An Officer and a Gentleman" and I was so horny that I could feel my fingernails wanting to cum. Most other women could just have gone to their husbands and demanded a good, hard fuck followed by a lengthy wordless cuddle and sleep, but not me. Oh, I could have gotten the cuddle from Tim but without the fuck there wasn't going to be sleep. And so I called Sue and vented. I thought I was alone downstairs, but I guess I was wrong.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh no. "You were?"

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

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

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

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

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

"An outlet?"

"Yeah."

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

"Oh oh oh, oh wow, that's enough," Laurel said hastily, holding up both hands in surrender. "I guess I don't need to know specifics. It's just you... you wear that stuff and it... gets you... and then you..." I nodded and she looked baffled. "So... wait, that's all it takes? You just wear a sheer bra and you... you know... have to... you know..."

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

She waited and then finally asked, "What?"

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

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

"Well I don't think I ought to..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She nodded, but the mischievous look remained. That should have been a tip-off for what happened later, but I was so relieved when she changed the subject a second later that I willed myself not to think about it anymore. We started talking about her school clothes and her perennial campaign for nicer shoes, and then we were off on a very pleasant conversation that moved, as conversations do, from friends to distant relations to food to where we were going for this summer's vacation to a dozen more topics.

We were still talking an hour later when Tim walked through the door and I realized I'd completely

forgotten to start dinner. Laurel was off the couch in a flash giving her usual affectionate hug, and he still had his arm around her waist when he came over and gave me my usual kiss on the cheek. Heaven forbid I got some tongue from him occasionally. "How was your day?" he asked, and Laurel shot me a knowing look as I said, "Oh fine, but I got so carried away talking with our little chatterbox here that I spaced making anything to eat."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

David brought Charlie back a few minutes before Tim got back from the Chinese place. My son was

grinning wickedly and I feared the worst, but I didn't know what he could have gotten up to with the dog keeping him company. Charlie seemed pooped and went and laid down on his bed as David tossed a much-chewed Frisbee into the closet. "What's for dinner?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then my son grabbed me by the upper arm and slammed me against the fridge. It wasn't hard enough to knock the breath out of my body but I was so shocked that I was immobilized as he pressed his hard young body to mine and slipped his other hand down my front and started to open the crotch of my panties. "I say when we're done, mom," he told me, his voice a whispered threat.

"Not you, not anybody else but me. If I want to see your underwear or your body, you show it to me." His deft fingers slipped inside my panties and touched my cleft, lightly and teasingly stroking up and down. "And when I want to touch you... I touch you."

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

whispered. "Your sister is just upstairs and your father will be back any minute."

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

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

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

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

"You're such a little shit," I told him venomously as his mouth covered mine, but after that I couldn't talk with a mouth full of his tongue. I didn't kiss him back, not yet, because I had that much self-respect and control at the moment, but I could feel my restraint slipping with every motion of his hand on my sex or his tongue in my mouth. I was praying silently that Tim would get back soon and scare my son off... but even as I was praying my legs were shifting a bit further apart to give him easier access. I'm not proud of myself, but I couldn't stop them... and with the way he was making me feel, I can't say for sure that I would have stopped them if I could.

All I know is that my son took my movement as the invitation it was and adjusted his hand so his thumb was on my cilt and two wonderful, amazing, skilled fingers were pumping my cunt. I'm not sure who I hated more at that moment, him for making me feel this way or me for loving it so much. My gasps weren't fully muffled by his mouth and they were obvious enough, and so was the fact that I was now leaning with most of my weight against the fridge so I wouldn't lose the strength of my knees and drop to the floor.

David must have realized that I wasn't going anywhere because after a moment he took his hand off my arm and moved it to my tits, pulling down the cups of my bra to bare my nipples to his touch. I could have run then - there was nothing physically preventing it - but honestly, I never even considered it. I was caught and we both knew it.

The sensations were wonderful. In fact, they were breathtaking. I had always loved to be touched by my boyfriends before I married Tim, but when Tim's interest in me died I sort of had to let that part of me die too, or rather atrophy. Needing to be touched and having no one to do it would drive anyone insane; or, I guess, having a husband who wasn't willing to do it would, at the very least, shatter your self-esteem. But the part of me that craved contact and sex and intimacy never really died.

It was always there, under the surface - and not too far under the surface. Charlie had woken that part of me up again with his tongue, and now that it was awake I was finding it hard to control it. So when my son, my own son, put his fingers inside me and ground the heel of his hand into my clit, my body caught fire and I had no means to put it out.

His fingers in my sex and on my nipples, his tongue in my mouth kissing me so masterfully and possessively, the way I'd always longed to be kissed, his hard young body against me and his hard young cock stretching his pants... I didn't have a defense that could stand up to that. He was giving me what I'd needed for so long that I was like a desert coming to bloom with the spring rains. How

could I hold myself back?

And so, after several long, horrible, delicious minutes of being kissed and touched, I felt my tongue moving against David's. When I realized that I was kissing him back I felt a jolt in my stomach, a surge of something that might have been sickness, and I knew I ought to stop because it was a sign that I was giving in to him and I really, really needed not to give in to him then... but I did give in to him, and I didn't stop kissing him. In fact, I kissed him harder, sucked his tongue, pressed my lips into his so hard they hurt, so hard that our breath was one breath and our heat was one heat.

Before I knew it my tongue was in his mouth and he was sucking it as I had done his, and there was no way I could deny my reaction now, no way to disown my body's own urges. He wasn't kissing me any longer - I was kissing him, with my daughter and his sister right upstairs and my husband and his father due to come back at any moment. I was kissing him and I was loving it the same as I'd loved it with Brandy, or even more because of how filthy it made me feel inside. The kiss wasn't as good as Charlie's - nothing is as good as Charlie - but at that moment I wanted it not to end, ever.

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

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

I touched him back.

I felt his cock pressing against my stomach. He wanted me to feel it, of course. He pushed it against me, a rock-hard thing in his pants, unavoidable and inescapable. At that point a memory flashed across my mind like a shooting star, of when he was born and I saw him for the first time, naked and mine. He was so tiny then... tiny everywhere. He wasn't tiny now and he wanted me to know it. He wanted me to feel his erection and know that he had gotten that way from me, from touching me, from taking me against my will with my back to the refrigerator in my own damned kitchen, where we might be caught at any moment. He wanted me to know that he was thinking of putting that hard cock into me, and at that moment I did know it, beyond a shadow of a doubt.

I knew he would certainly fuck me if I let him, and he would almost certainly fuck me anyway if I didn't let him. It was a measure of how far gone I was, of how excited and throbbing my whole body had become at his touch, that I didn't find the prospect repulsive, and my pussy even spasmed a bit around his fingers as I thought of that hot, hard young cock battering me.

I've always loved cock. I love the way they look, that arm of flesh that goes from limp to erect, from futile and slightly silly-looking to potent and powerful and just a little threatening. I've always loved the way they felt in the hand, hard but soft, like an iron rod sheathed in velvet, pulsing and alive and

hot, with a lover's heartbeat in my palm.

I've always loved the way they tasted... well, not so much the cock itself, because with a circumcised cock you might as well be licking his wrist (uncut cocks are different, of course, something I know well now but didn't have any idea of them) but the way the salty, tangy drop of precum sends flavor across the tongue and the way that sperm feels and tastes in my mouth when I do a wonderful job of sucking it out of heavy, dangling, cum-filled balls. I've loved every cock I've ever seen hard, whether I touched it or not.

I've loved the small ones and the big ones, the curved and the straight, the pale and the dark. I love the thick - I'm not a size queen when it comes to length but I am when it comes to thickness; thick is definitely better than thin; there's nothing in the world like being stretched around a fat cock, like having your nerves suddenly awakened and made to dance by the presence of a hard, thrusting penis.

I always loved Tim's cock (when he would actually get it hard for me) but if I had a complaint about it, it was just a bit too thin for my liking. And so when I felt my son's hardness against me and felt it twitch in his jeans, I wondered if it was like his father's, if it was straight and long with a thick helmet that would turn purple right before he came. I wondered if my son's balls were heavy with seed or whether he had spent it in some slut earlier that day. I wondered, God help me, if my son was as good with that cock as he was with his fingers, and with his kisses. I wondered... and I touched.

I sometimes tell myself that I didn't mean to touch him but I know that isn't true. In that moment, as hot as I was and with all those thoughts racing through my head, I meant to touch him. I wanted to touch him so badly I could feel my fingertips itching with the prospect. And when my mind told my hand to move, I felt no hesitation whatsoever: up it went, between our bodies, between his legs, against warm denim.

I touched his balls first and felt them against my hand, full and heavy and big, and I groaned into his mouth again; I've always loved big balls. I squeezed them gently and got a moan in return, and I loved the way it sounded, so deep and masculine, so pure. And then I moved up and took the tab of his fly between my fingers and, with a single motion, had it down. He shifted just a bit to give me easier access and he sucked my tongue frantically, like he had sucked my nipples when I nursed him as a baby. As sick as it is, at that moment that comparison thrilled me beyond words. I put my hand inside and found that my son wore no underwear. Flesh of me on flesh of my flesh, hard, pulsing, my heat joining with his.

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

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and felt the veins, thick and throbbing. Thick... thick. My god, thick! In length he seemed about like his father, perhaps seven inches or a touch more, but his was so different from Tim's cock! It felt hard as iron in my hand but the skin was as soft as a baby's, and as my fingers curled around it I gave a startled and, yes, delighted gasp at the sheer girth of it.

My fingers barely met on the other side of it! It felt as thick as my wrist, and I shuddered at the thought of what a cock like this could do to me if it were between the legs of a man who knew how

to use it. I didn't yet know if my son was that man, but I knew that my baby boy had the cock of my dreams. Slowly, luxuriously, I began to stroke it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Let him." He sounded completely unconcerned, a fact which sent shivers down my spine. I knew at that moment that he would be perfectly content to let us be caught in flagrante delicto by Tim and that if I was going to get out of this I had to do it myself. And so I did. I'm not sure how, but I suppose stark fear gave me the strength to shove him a step back. Or maybe he had been cruelly teasing me about not minding being caught and let himself be pushed, I don't know. When he went his fingers went with him and I bolted like a fawn, pulling up my jeans as I raced to the bathroom. I had another scare on the way as I heard Laurel's feet thundering down the stairs, but I made it just in time, slamming the door behind me, locking it, and putting my back to it firmly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Be there in a bit." And I was, though I made a stop in my bedroom and quickly put on the most sensible pair of bikini panties I owned. I had to do that much just to restore some sense of self control. As I came to the table my husband and children were gathered around it and the white food containers were in the middle. Charlie was on the floor at Laurel's feet, watching avidly as she ate (the dog definitely knows where his interests lie, since Laurel has always been the most likely to sneak him people food).

I honestly expected some sort of taunt from David, even if it was just a leer or a wink or some other nonverbal cue, but all he did was glance up at me when I walked in and then returned his attention to his plate again like I wasn't even worth his notice. I felt relieved, yes, but I also couldn't help but feel a bit irrationally insulted. Was I that unimportant to him? Was what we had just done so trivial? I took my chair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laurel rolled her eyes and returned to her food.

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

"DA-A-A-ADDY!" Laurel wailed, and the rest of us couldn't help but laugh. Laurel picked up a piece of rice off her plate and threw it playfully at Tim, and when it hit the floor Charlie was on it in a

flash. Everyone knew better than to get between him and food that was on the ground.

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

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

I froze a second, then continued eating as casually as I could. "I'm fine. Why?"

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

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

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

After a moment, Tim asked, "So, David, how's school going?"

"School's school," he replied with a shrug. "Same BS, different day."

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

"Eh, probably Bs and Cs."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I glanced at David to warn him off of a fighting answer, but my words froze in my mouth. As soon as he saw me looking at him, he popped the middle finger of his right hand into his mouth and began to

suck it, looking me squarely in the eye. I instantly realized that it was one of the fingers he had just had inside of me, and my throat clenched tight. "Mmmm, this sweet and sour is really good," he said, savoring my flavor.

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

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

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

I held my eyes to my plate for the rest of the meal and didn't say a word. I hoped that would be the end of the taunting from my son for the night, but I was wrong. As the dinner wound down the other three conversed more or less nicely, to the point that even Laurel and David got along. It wasn't as though they always fought, after all, but they didn't care much for each other and David liked to push Laurel's buttons; Laurel, on the other hand, has never been one to stand idly by while her buttons got pushed, and she would strike back when he did it.

But if David could keep his sociopathy in check, then they got along well enough, and he did for the rest of the meal. They talked about neighbors, sports, and the weather. David told an amusing story about how, when he had been playing Frisbee with Charlie in the park that afternoon, he had throw the disc and Charlie has, uncharacteristically, missed it; the Frisbee had sailed on and hit a jogger in the side of the head; the jogger had turned out to be an off-duty cop who didn't enjoy getting a dog-slobber-covered Frisbee upside the noggin, and David had had a few tense moments explaining that it had been an accident. I was too rattled by David's promise to be getting a lot more of me from now on to do anything more than nod.

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

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

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

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

"Did you like it?"

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

"Not even a little?" David asked.

No, not even a little," I said.

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

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

"Pfft, idiot," Laurel muttered, then turned to go outside and play catch with her father. As soon as the door closed behind her and I was alone with my son, I whirled to face him. "All right," I

demanded sharply, "what did she say about me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stop it!" I said, pushing him away from me as hard as I could. He let himself be pushed, and I yanked up my panties and jeans. "Yes, fine, I liked it with Brandy. I kissed her, I fingered her, I made her cum and I came when she did me. Is that what you wanted to hear? Will you leave me alone

now?"

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

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

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## Chapter Four

May 10

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

It was that last one that was the real problem. Erotic dreams are great in my book, but when I dreamed about fucking David - and woke up horny - I knew I had a real crisis. What had been happening in my life, and what he was doing to me, was absolutely horrible. I needed to find a way to make it stop, not dream about more of it. I woke up feeling guilty, dirty, and nasty - and somehow, those feelings only made me hornier, at least on some level.

That, of course, just made me more disgusted with myself so that a few minutes after I woke up I felt like I wanted to puke. I threw the covers back and Charlie raised his head, looking at me expectantly.

"Yep, let's go outside," I whispered, and he was off the bed in a flash and at the bedroom door, and a few seconds later racing down the stairs ahead of me. He was prancing around by the time I got to the back door, and when I opened it he took off like a flash to explore the yard. It's not like we've got a big yard or anything, but Charlie definitely sees it as his domain and he likes to keep tabs on it. And God help the squirrel he catches.

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

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

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

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

He was my lover.

The thought brought me up short, but only a little. Maybe I was getting used to it by now, I don't know. Yes it was still a little shocking, but it was also so damned right, like nothing I'd ever felt before, and it was so obviously something that I needed, and had always needed, that I knew I wouldn't be able to stop him from touching me again... and when I closed my eyes and thought about that red, slick-looking cock he had, I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself from touching him, either.

I let my mind drift back to that image, the way his heavy balls swung and the way his cock was pointed and hard and glistening, and I wondered what it would feel like in my hand. Would it be hot? Would it be slippery? Could I feel his heartbeat through it the way I could through a man's cock (like David's, my mind reminded me)? Could I put my lips around it, take it into my mouth and give him the same pleasure he gave me? What would his cum taste like?

Would he fuck me?

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She smiled as she took her seat, and in a moment we were dining magnificently on Whole Grain Cheerios with strawberries and toast. She was excited about the party this afternoon and it showed, because it was just about her first topic of conversation. "So what are we going to make for tonight?"

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

"The white one or the yellow one?"

"The white one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh Lord, what I found.

The first thing that came up was a picture of a woman on all fours, naked, a look of absolute passion on her face. Atop her was a beautiful brown German shepherd, and even though the picture was taken from the front, there was no doubt that the dog was fucking her. I stared at it, eyes wide, mouth open, frozen in place.

The dog's fur was an incredible contrast to the woman's skin - dark where she was pale, hairy where

she was smooth - and the way his forelegs were wrapped around her waist and his tongue was hanging from his mouth was erotic enough to make me as wet as the Mississippi between my legs. But it was the expression on the pretty woman's face that transfixed me.

I stared at it for an endless moment, seeing her eyes tightly scrunched, her mouth open wide in a silent cry of ecstasy, her whole expression one of lust and abandon. \*She knows,\* my mind told me. \*She knows what it feels like to have a dog inside her. She knows what I want to know, and what I need to find out.\*

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

It was a wonderland. There were photos, stories, movies - MOVIES! - all dedicated to women and dogs. All dedicated to what I wanted and needed. I clicked on the photos page and was treated to a series of pictures of a cute, chubby blonde being mounted and rutted by a golden retriever. As I opened the first one my hand was between my legs and inside my shorts, and I was coming by the time I got to the third picture. My orgasm continued in waves as I saw more pictures, as I downloaded and scanned a couple of stories, as I watched a movie of a woman sucking a magnificent, hugely thick, scarlet cock of a big black dog.

I remember distinctly my first clear sight of an erect, unsheathed dog cock: it looked enormous, powerful, and so utterly masculine that I almost swooned from looking at it. But it was the knot that held me transfixed; I had never suspected the existence of such a thing, and for a long moment I could look at nothing else but that mammoth bulge. At first I wondered what it was for, but then I remembered Laurel's casual mention of dogs getting stuck together, and then, all at once, I knew. My heart slammed into my breastbone so hard that I almost passed out at the implication: dogs would mate with human women, and if that knot would get stuck in another dog, then it might get stuck in a woman too.

Charlie's knot might get stuck in me.

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

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

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

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

"You OK?" she called up.

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

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

"Quiet, you!" I said, forcing a laugh as I stood up. My shorts had soaked through from the crotch down onto my ass! I was unsteady on my feet and felt dizzy, but I forced myself into my bathroom, washed up, put on some perfume to cover the lingering smell of my sex, and changed clothes. I don't think I completely pulled myself together because Laurel kept asking if I was OK, and I know I was a little...out of it as we mixed up the potato salad and the bean salad. Several times she had to say something more than once because I didn't hear it the first time, and I know some of my answers didn't make much sense. I kept seeing the images from the website flashing in front of my eyes and I was incredibly horny in spite of an hour and a quarter spent in continuous orgasm.

My daughter thought I was sick, and when Tim got home at quarter to two, he thought the same thing. Both of them made me go upstairs to lie down, which I did on unsteady legs and with the most amazing thoughts of Charlie running through my brain. The fact that he followed with me and curled up on the bed at my feet didn't make it any easier to control myself!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

me this way?"

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

I felt tears start, and I hated myself for it. This was a confrontation that I needed to have in order to stop the madness I was sliding into, and to cry my way through it would do nothing but cut the ground out from under myself. It was just that, terrible as he was, David was still my son and I still loved him. I had absolutely no illusions about him (especially not after the last few days) but he was the flesh of my flesh. I had felt him growing inside my womb. I had given birth to him. I had nursed him. I had tended his scrapes and held him when he was scared.

I had sent him off to his first day of school and felt that mixture of pride and heartbreak that every parent knows on that day. I had answered questions about dinosaurs and spaceships and other kids. He was my boy, my baby boy, and even though I knew precisely what kind of person he was, it was still a knife in the heart to have him treat me like one of his whores. "Why?" I managed to ask without blubbing. "What did I ever do to make you do this to me? What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why not?"

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

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

I knew he was trying to shock me with coarse language and I tried not to be shocked, but it didn't completely work - and even if I could ignore the language, the images it invoked were ones that were bound to be shocking, even to someone who'd been felt up by her son and felt him up in return. I was feeling helpless again, like a leaf before the storm that was my son, but I couldn't just give up and let him pull me along.

I had to fight him, and I would fight him. I pulled my hand away from his and drew my knees up to my chest, wrapping my arms around them. "I need you to listen to me, David," I said as calmly as I could. "What you want is wrong. It will destroy me and it will destroy our family. If you really feel about me the way you say you do, then you can't want that. You just can't."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He laughed, this time with no hint of malice in it. "I don't believe that, not for a second, and I know

you don't believe it either. It's something you want but you feel like you have to fight against it. When you're with me, you don't have to fight."

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

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

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

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

"Oh..." I whispered, my eyes huge and my mind a whirl of images. I was so stunned, and so aroused, that I didn't even think of pulling away when David put his lips on mine and slipped his tongue into my mouth. I kissed him back almost automatically as his fingers toyed idly with the blonde curls on the back of my head. I kissed him, yes, and I even unconsciously arched my back into his hand when he began playing with my breasts, but my mind wasn't on him at all. My mind was on Charlie, and on the needful thing that was suddenly, amazingly within my grasp. And so I let him kiss me and fondle me, which was nothing that he hadn't done before anyway, and when he pulled his mouth from mine I had a single question for him: "Do you mean it? You'll help me... and Charlie?"

He nodded. "I will."

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

"Not unless you want to."

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

He smiled and kissed me again, this time on the forehead, and then left me alone with my thoughts. And what a miserable collection of thoughts they were! If I stayed home tonight then Charlie and I could - would - have sex. But I wasn't thinking of it as just sex, and not even just sex with a dog, which would be a huge and probably distasteful thing to most people; I was thinking of it as a summation, as a step I needed to take, as the fulfillment of a need that was so overwhelming and all-encompassing that I could feel it in my bones.

I knew that I had always had the need, but that I hadn't known I'd had it made it all the more pressing now that I did know it - I don't even know if that makes sense, but it's the way I felt. I wanted Charlie inside me, wanted it as much or more than I'd ever wanted anything, and all I had to do was stay home from the party and it would happen.

But what else would happen? David was expecting something or planning something, that much was obvious - he didn't have a generous bone in his body and he wouldn't go an inch out of his way to help me fill this aberrant need unless he stood to gain by it somehow. And it was pretty clear to me how he thought he'd gain. He had the ability to make me lose control, and we both knew it.

When he touched me like nobody else ever had, my self control disappeared and all thoughts of propriety went right out of my head. We'd do nothing we hadn't done before, he'd said, unless I wanted it - and that was the problem: he'd make me want it, and then when we did whatever we did, it would be on me and I wouldn't even be able to blame him for it or dodge responsibility. If I stayed home tonight, I would be taking a terrible chance that I would take us both over a line that needed not to be crossed, tonight or ever, and that I would regret it deeply and forever.

But the payoff...

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll live, I guess."

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

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

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

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

"But Angela -"

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

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

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

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



you're staying home just to punish me with her."

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

"You're mean."

"I have a mean side, yes."

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

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

A few minutes later Tim came and showered. He stood unselfconsciously naked in front of me, the way a husband does in front of his longtime wife, and I watched him as he dressed. He has an amazing body, even now; it's firm and taut and muscular in an athletic way, not with big gym rat bulges but with the lean, long lines of a runner. He's beautiful, and I wanted to be sick at the thought of what I would be doing with the son he and I had created together as soon as he left.

I felt sick, yes, but I could also feel a twitter of excitement in the pit of my belly and in the innermost part of my sex - the part where Charlie would be putting his cum, with David's help, very soon. I wanted Tim to stay and save me from the consequences of my own choices, and I wanted him to hurry up and leave so I could get on with what the evening held in store. It's amazing, really, that the human mind can hold such contradictory thoughts with such force and not snap.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Luce? That's my favorite restaurant."

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

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

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

"A present?" I asked warily.

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

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

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

I had put myself on this path and now I had no choice but to obey. So I did, climbing into the shower and cleaning myself. I felt detached, sort of surreal, as though this whole thing were happening to some else and I was just along for the ride with no sense of responsibility or personal attachment. I shaved my pits and my legs and my pussy.

I washed my hair and dried it - my hair has a little curl in it so I don't usually need to do much with the iron but I added a few extra curls just because. I wrapped a towel around myself and looked at myself in the mirror, knowing that tonight would see changes for me, and in me, that would be profound and last for the rest of my life. If I didn't need some of those changes so much I wouldn't put up with the others, but in for a penny...

I stepped out of the bathroom and saw, laid out on the bed, a slinky little white cocktail dress, and I mean slinky and little. It was semi-sheer and it would cling to every curve. It had a cowl neckline that tied behind the neck, a back that dropped to below the shoulder blades and had, down the middle, a series of rings that came down to the top of the butt, and a hemline that would cover my goodies and nothing else whatsoever. Next to it was a pair of silver sandals with rhinestone straps and four inch heels.

I picked up the dress and looked at it - it was absolutely lovely, sexy as hell, and impossible for me to wear. Most men don't know this, and I'm sure my son didn't, but women who are over about 20 really can't wear tight white things. Tight black things, sure, and red looks fantastic on a lot of people, but white is brutally unforgiving. It shows every bump and bulge and ripple, every bit of cellulite and every ounce of fat. In this dress, I would look like a bag of dumplings. I appreciated the thought on David's part, but putting this thing on would be suicidal.

And then, suddenly, it struck me that looking like a bag of dumplings might not be such a bad thing. Yes, it would be crushing to my vanity and damaging to my ego, and no woman likes to look BAD, but in this case...well, it could be worse. Seeing me like this, in all my 35-year-old glory, David might just realize what he was putting himself in for. He might just decide he didn't want me after all. He might just back off and leave me alone, and the doom I had hanging over my head would go away just that fast!

I can't say I was smiling when I put on the dress, but I was at least relaxed in a way that I hadn't been since this whole insane ride started. I didn't put on panties - they'd show through the dress, and by now David had seen and touched everything I had so there was no point in modesty. I had to admit the shoes looked very cute on me, though. I put on a little makeup, not much, and then went out to let my son be disappointed in me.

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

I followed my nose into the kitchen and found the table set with our best white tablecloth and our finest china and crystal. A bottle of wine was open on the table, and there was food that I loved: *insalata mista*, *ravioli con zucca*, *nodino di maiale*. The smell alone was enough to make my knees wobble and my stomach demand to be fed. David was there too, dressed in a suit that made him look five years older, setting a single red rose in a crystal vase in the middle of the table.

He looked up at me and smiled automatically, but his smile froze and his eyes grew wide. He uttered a single, soft word: "Wow."

I stood in the doorway and shifted uncomfortably, knowing I looked awful in white and knowing my son was judging me harshly. It was going to be a kick to the ego, yes, but it needed to happen. I knew as much. Still, now that I knew he was staring at me and thinking how awful I looked, I felt myself shifting uncomfortably in my pumps.

Nobody ever likes to look bad, and a woman tottering on the cusp of middle age is especially vulnerable to knowledge of her decline. Added to that was the simple but terribly powerful fact that I had spent my adult life feeling unattractive and unwanted; it was only in the last week that I had felt pretty and desirable, and that feeling was a small and fragile thing yet. Knowing how my son was regarding me was crushing that feeling, but it was a price I needed to pay. After a while - not nearly as long as it seemed to me, I'm sure - the silence got uncomfortable, so I lifted out my arms in something of a helpless gesture and said, "So?"

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

I blushed hotly and looked down at the floor. "You're making fun of me," I whispered.

"What?" He sounded baffled. "Why would I do that?"

"I look terrible," I replied.

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

"I look like a bag of flour in this dress...don't I?"

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

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

And then my son's strong arms were around me, pulling me close against his tall, powerful body. I couldn't resist - I needed the hug too badly. I put my arms around his broad back and buried my face in his chest and felt like an idiot for crying, but I couldn't stop. "Mom," he said softly, "I've never

seen anyone more beautiful than you are right now.”

“Y-you’re just saying that...”

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

“I look lumpy...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“An old woman.”

“No, not an old woman, mom,” he told me, his eyes locking onto the reflection of mine and keeping them locked. He had huge, beautiful eyes, and I couldn’t look away. “You’re perfect. And no, don’t say a word. Just listen to me. Don’t say anything until I tell you to, all right?” I nodded, and he went on. “You think you’re old because you’re not 17 anymore, but you need to listen to me and you need to hear me: I would take you over any 17 year old, 18 year old, 20 year old, any time, any day. You’re a woman, mom. A WOMAN. You’re some silly, stupid little girl with a head full of foolish ideas and a bony body. You’re a mother - MY mother.

“You’ve lived, you had life inside you, you know what it’s like to win and to lose, to have

disappointments and victories. You can talk about something other than makeup and dancing. You say there are lines around your eyes? I remember what put those lines there. I remember you laughing, I remember you smiling, and I remember you crying too. Do you think those lines are there because of your age? They're not. They're there because you've lived. You've lived more than any idiot girl ever could have. They're there because you're wise and you're strong, wiser and stronger than any 18 year old I've ever known."

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

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

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

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

I remembered him suckling my breasts as an infant - even now I remembered it as clearly as though it had just happened - but this was different now. Now his hands were large and confident and making me aroused. He knew how to make me aroused, more than anyone ever had, with a touch or a word. I knew I should fight it - I knew I had to fight it - but right now I couldn't. I didn't have the strength... and I found, to a mixture of dismay and satisfaction, that I didn't have the desire. He had taken that desire away from me and was beginning to replace it with desire of another sort. His hands drifted down and began to move up under my dress, between my legs, and I wanted him to continue and touch me in the way he knew how to touch me... but I stopped him.

I placed my hands on his wrists and stilled them, then slowly let them go and turned in his arms so I was facing him, my breasts bare against his chest, his cock hard against my belly. I looked up into his eyes, because the question I needed answered had to be answered honestly and he was such a smooth liar that the only way I could be reasonably sure I was getting the truth was by reading his face. "David," I said softly and hesitantly, "Do you think I'm disgusting? Because of what I want to do with Charlie?"

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

"Really?"

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

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

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

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

"Besides me?"

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

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

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

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

I paused. "What do you mean?"

"All my life I've had a hole that I couldn't fill," he told me. "A piece of me that was missing. You. But the difference is I knew what I wanted, I just couldn't get it, ever. I saw you every single day and I wanted you, I hurt for you. At night I'd lie in bed wide awake and think about what it would be like with you and knowing I'd never be happy unless I had you...and I'd never have you. Think about it, mom. Think about if you had discovered how you felt about Charlie but you couldn't do anything about it, not last Monday, not today, not ever. Think about if you saw him every day and spent time with him and wanted him so bad that most times you couldn't think of anything else at all...but you could never, ever have him. How would that make you feel?"

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

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

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

He did, his lips settling on mine, his exhalation on my cheek. I kissed him back immediately, unhesitatingly, our tongues moving together. It wasn't a passionate kiss, though there was passion there - on both sides. Instead it was a kiss of recognition, of two people who knew each other so well

but who at last saw each other for what they were and what they needed, and who each knew that they alone held the key to the other's satisfaction. A thought of David taking me in his arms and carrying me upstairs to his bed flitted through my mind, and for the first time I didn't recoil from it.

It occurred to me, at last, that it might not be a terrible thing, or an utter perversity - or at least that his perversion was no greater than my own. The thought tumbled through my mind for a few moments as the kiss drew on, and then I pushed it away. It didn't revolt me as it had before, but I wasn't ready for that yet. I wasn't nearly ready, in fact, and I couldn't say for sure that I ever would be. I was still his mother, and I always would be, no matter that he wanted me to be his lover too. Some bonds can't be broken.

The kiss ended and he smiled at me, then he took my hand and led me to the dining room where the food I loved awaited. As I sat down I tucked my breasts back into my dress - despite a disappointed sound from my son - and we ate together. It was a wonderful, charming, and, yes, very romantic meal. David was blessed with immense charm that he could turn on whenever he wanted it, and he wanted it that evening. He had me laughing, he had me leaning into him to hear his words, he had me playing footsie with him under the table.

I felt comfortable with him, really and truly, more comfortable than I had felt around him for many years, and it was a very good feeling. I felt I understood him more than I ever had, perhaps more than I had ever understood any man; the fact that we each had a taboo desire known to the other seemed to bring down the barriers that experience had placed between us.

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

Charlie was there for the whole meal, of course. When food is eaten, Charlie is there, my own furry Hoover. We each gave him a little food from our plates, and he licked our hands when we did; it was impossible for me, as that astonishing tongue curled around my fingers, to think of anything but what the two of us had done together, and what we would do tonight, with David's assistance. It was very... odd, when I thought of it - my son and I were having a romantic and occasionally sexual dinner preparatory to him helping me fuck our dog.

A week ago I would have been astonished at the thought, but now that I was in it, it was as though we were building our own little world together, just the three of us, a world where we each might get what we needed, or enough of what we needed to make us happy. David watched as I leaned in and let Charlie kiss me again, his tongue filling my mouth the way it does, and when I was done he told me that it was the most erotic thing he had ever seen. I blushed and looked down at my plate with a shy smile, but I was delighted that my son thought that seeing it was good. Not only had I found my passion, I had found someone I could share it with.

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

I confess I had no idea what to expect. Yes I had seen the videos on the site that David had signed me up for, but those were edited, their dogs were trained to mate with humans, and they had a

whole experienced crew there ready to assist. This was just the three of us, and none of us had ever done anything like this before. I was nervous, wondering if it would work, if Charlie could be coaxed to climb atop me and put his cock inside me and take me like he'd take a bitch dog or if it wouldn't work at all and I would finish the night more frustrated than I was at the beginning. The thought of the first possibility was intoxicating, but the chance of the second kept me from getting too excited as I finished tidying up the kitchen and dining room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

The smile on his face was so very much like it had been when he was little and he saw the presents spread under the tree on Christmas morning. It just melted my heart. At that moment I loved my son as much as I ever had. He shed his suit coat, draping it over the back of an easy chair, and loosened and removed his tie with an elegant gesture that made me giggle even as I was gasping on Charlie's tongue.

He unbuttoned his shirt, cuffs first and then his body, and I watched avidly as his powerful young chest and flat tummy came into view. He was gorgeous, and as he removed his shirt and tossed it to the side I watched the strong muscles ripple beneath his skin and I understood how he was able to make the local housewives crumble; for a neglected woman on the wrong side of 30 to have a young Adonis like that hot for her? Yes, he could get into almost any housewife's panties that he wanted.

As David bent over to untie his shoes, Charlie stopped licking me and went over to see what was going on - as I've said, dogs are great lovers but stupid - and my efforts to call him back by patting my ass and pussy were fruitless. So I simply stood up, hands on insolently tilted hips, feet apart, giving my son something to look at as he undressed. And look he did as he took off one shoe and then the other, his eyes paying special attention to the bare little cleft between my legs.

I didn't hide it - far from it, in fact, because at this moment, feeling what I felt, I loved that he was looking and I loved that I was making him hard. It seemed, I thought, the least I could do for what he was about to do for me. And I had no intention of just settling for doing the least, not anymore.

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

When David unzipped his pants and let them fall, my breath caught in my throat. He was standing before me in just his underwear, navy blue boxer briefs that hugged his ass and his groin. He turned, showing me that hard, beautiful backside as he tossed his pants across the chair back, and I almost felt dizzy that such perfection had come out of my body. At that moment it didn't even occur to me that Tim had the same perfect body, that in fact from the neck down, cock excepted, David was almost a carbon copy of what his father had been at that age.

In fact, from this point on I don't think Tim entered my mind once until we had finished. I know that sounds monstrous, that I could do what we did without ever once thinking of my husband, but it was easier that way - much easier. Tim had been dead to me sexually for so long that it was almost impossible for me to think of him that way then, and David and Charlie had grounded me so much in the moment that I don't think I could have thought of anything but the three of us if I had tried. And honestly, I didn't try.

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

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

His shorts hit the floor and he stood for a moment, him watching me stare at his perfect nakedness. I couldn't take my eyes off of him and I didn't want to. I wanted to drink him in and keep the image of him just this way, naked, aroused, seen for the first time. After a long moment of me devouring him with my eyes, though, he shifted a bit uncomfortably and asked, in an adorably uncertain voice, "Well? Am I OK?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

picking up the shopping bag and holding it out.

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

"But?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Darn, and here I was thinking I'd wear them to church tomorrow."

His grin was salacious. "Now that's an image worth thinking about: you with your pussy hanging out in church. But the point is that he'll associate these clothes with sex, and so once we get him trained he'll know that when you're wearing them, you want him to mount you and fuck you like the dirty little bitch you are." I gasped at his crude language, but it wasn't a gasp of shock; in fact, a ripple of illicit pleasure shot through me at my son speaking to me that way.

"And even more important," he went on, "he'll learn that when you're not wearing these clothes, you don't want to. That way you won't have to worry about him knocking you down and tying with you when you have grandma over. That's why I picked a shirt with a big, bold pattern on it - he's colorblind, but that's such a recognizable pattern than he'll learn pretty quickly."

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

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

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

"Oh, do tell..."

I laughed. "Nope, that's my surprise. So I'll put on these clothes..." And I did, dressing in the ridiculous outfit as David spread out the old sheet. He explained that dogs cum so much that they make a huge mess, so having a floor covering would make cleanup easier. It all seemed more than a bit surreal, being here with my naked son, dressed in "dog fucking clothes" and getting ready to mate with my beautiful family pet - in fact, now that we were on the edge of it, events seemed to be moving both too fast to understand and too slow to tolerate.

I wanted to be on all fours immediately with Charlie's cock lodged in my body and experiencing the blissful orgasms I knew I would have, but part of me also screamed out to stop, to take a breath, to put a halt to this whole crazy parade until I could get hold of it and make sense of everything that had happened.

But I couldn't stop now, not when I was so close to something that promised such fulfillment - and beside that, a small voice inside me told me that it was impossible to stop anymore; I had placed myself in a stream that was moving faster and faster and all I could do as hope to hold on and keep my head above water while that stream took me to wherever it would go. I was no longer my own master and I knew it.

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

It struck me then, and not for the first time, what marvelous creatures dogs really are. Charlie had no concept of future or past, no idea of the passage of time, no worries for tomorrow or regrets for yesterday. He was of the moment, purely and simply, and physically THERE in a way that few men could ever be. And truly, I reflected, one wouldn't want a man (or a woman, for that matter) to be so grounded in the present instant and in his own body. To be human was to have knowledge, to realize that there's something beyond the now.

In giving myself to Charlie this way I was surrendering that part of myself, at least temporarily. I was giving up on consequences and the future, sacrificing all of it for a moment of communion with a fellow creature that was so different from me. Different, yes, but no less. As I looked into Charlie's loving eyes I knew that I was finding a soul mate just as surely as anyone ever had. I was going where I needed to go, where my body and my mind and my soul all commanded me. There was a part of me that only Charlie, or maybe only any beautiful and perfect dog, could truly reach, a need in me that only he could fill. With him, I was going home.

I looked down along his belly and saw his sheath. Just the very tip of his red cock was poking out, much less than an inch, and I felt the same giddy thrill that I had before when he had gone after Nosey, the same giddy thrill that had started all this. But this was different. Now I was going to have that red cock inside me. Now I was going to take that giddy thrill to a whole new place. I watched his face as I reached between his forelegs and took his sheath in my hand. It felt so warm, so perfectly soft, and underneath it I could feel hardness. David was watching me with a smile on his

face, but I didn't mind.

In fact, I loved that there was someone to share this moment with - someone, that is, besides Charlie. After all, I couldn't very well talk this over with Charlie when I was done; and he would keep my secret, true, but because he had no choice. There would be something wonderful about sharing this secret with my son, just as we shared the secret of his desire for me - or so I thought at the time. That I turned out to be wrong doesn't make the feeling I had then any less profound.

And so I began to stroke Charlie's sheath and I watched his eyes get big with surprise and pleasure. I could feel the skin sliding over the hardness underneath, and I was amazed and thrilled at how different it all felt from a human cock. When a man is soft, he's soft all the way through, not just on the outside. His junk flops, it bends, and generally it's inoffensive when it isn't erect.

With Charlie, though - and, I've since learned, with all dogs - there was hardness beneath the softness, and even though it felt pencil-thin inside his sheath I knew from the pictures and the movies I saw that it would get bigger, thicker, longer... and I knew that there was a thick bulge part way down, a magnificent knot that would get him stuck inside of me, gloriously stuck inside of my body while he loaded me endlessly with his cum. I almost swooned. And it didn't take long for Charlie to begin to respond; as I watched more and more of his cock appeared, bit by bit, until nearly two inches of red, slick, amazing dog cock was showing.

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

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

"Very naughty and?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

look so hot like that I'm tempted to fuck you myself!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ohhh fuck baby yes...yes that's what I want... I want it so bad..."

"Your cunt will be a dog's cunt, your body a fucktoy for a big horny dog..."

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

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

"Yes!" I cried, biting my lip.

"And from now on you're gonna give him this hot little bitch cunt whenever he wants it, however he wants it, all the time..."

"YES!"

"He's gonna pump you full of cum and keep you full of cum with that big fucking knot and his big fucking cock and you're going to have a belly full of dog sperm..."

"YES! YES!" And I came, hard, shivering, pushing back into my son's hand and picturing his words, picturing Charlie's semen spraying into me, filling me, trying to find my eggs. I screamed in sheer rapture, and I'm glad I was already on my hands and knees with my tits on the floor because if I'd have been standing when that orgasm took me I'd have pitched over onto my face.

And that was when Charlie mounted me.

Now, as I've mentioned before, dogs fuck like nothing else on earth but they are, frankly, dumb as bag of hammers. Charlie had been taken by my scent, by the passion he smelled and saw and heard, by my touch of him and by the cries I gave, and so he finally climbed atop me and started to hump. Unfortunately, he mounted from the front, putting his forelegs around my shoulder and pumping his sheathed cock into my hair. I looked up, surprised, and all I could see was heavy doggy balls waving back and forth a few inches from my face.

"Ok, well at least he has the idea," David chuckled as he disentangled Charlie from around my body and put all four feet back on the floor. Charlie immediately tried to hop up again but David was ready; he caught him and steered him to my backside. I made sure I was in the right position, legs splayed, pussy canted and dripping and ready, chest low and breath held. I was still buzzing from the orgasm David had given me and I knew that it would swell and explode again once I felt Charlie inside me.

I knew that I was about to have an amazing experience. David patiently guided Charlie so he was behind me and for the first time I felt his weight settle on my hips and back, felt his fur brush against my waiting ass, and felt the thrill beyond words of that hot, hard red cock brush across the lips of my eager, needy pussy. I drew air into my mouth in a hot gasp and waited.

And Charlie hopped off and wagged his tail.

I moaned again, this time in pure frustration. Even David seemed a little surprised, but he tried to coax Charlie back by patting my ass. Charlie mounted me again, this time from the side; I'd have needed a colostomy to have a hole where he tried to get inside me.

"This should be natural!" I wailed. "How do dogs ever manage to make puppies, anyway?"

David was laughing now, which only pissed me off. There's nothing so irritating as someone laughing at your intense frustration, and when you're frustrated at the edge of getting something that you need as bad as I needed Charlie at that moment, it's even worse. Still, he guided Charlie back to my ass, lifted him up and wrapped his legs around my waist again. Charlie looked at him amiably, wagged his tail and tried to dismount; but David held him on. I heard my son mumble, "Trying to figure this out here..."

"It's not going to work, is it?" I asked despairingly.

"Sure it is," David replied confidently. "We just need to teach him what's what, that's all. Let's see..." I felt his hand go under, between me and Charlie, and from the motion I thought he was jacking Charlie to get him excited. Before I could ask what was going on, though, I felt Charlie start to hump. And oh my Lord, did he hump, fast and hard, slamming his furry legs into the backs of my hips. David pulled his hand away and I felt the hard, pointed tip of Charlie's cock poking at my thighs. I gasped hard and braced myself for the penetration I was certain was coming -

He climbed off of me again.

"Oh for the love of... dammit!" I snapped, looking over my shoulder to see my dog, my lovely, desired lover, wagging his tail and grinning as though he was inordinately pleased at himself for what he'd accomplished. "This is the most... frustrating thing!"

David didn't laugh this time, which kept me from killing him, but he was smiling when he took Charlie by the collar and guided him back. This time, though, David positioned himself behind Charlie so he could keep him from dismounting. Once more my dog settled onto my back and clutched at my waist with a hard grip; it's amazing how strong his skinny little forelegs are! Immediately he tried to hop off but David was there and stopped it, and this time I reached one hand back and grabbed his leg too - he wasn't getting off until we both did, so to speak.

"This time definitely, mom," David whispered as he reached underneath and started to jack Charlie again; Charlie immediately started to hump.

"I want him so bad, baby," I whispered.

"I know, mom," my son assured me gently. He guided Charlie forward a couple of inches.

I felt his cock hit my labia. Not much, just the tip and only for a second, but it sent a jolt through me like I'd stuck my tongue in an electrical socket. It was one of the most thrilling things I had ever felt, and it was repeated an instant later, and again and again. He was so close! "Just... just a little to the..."

And then it went in.

How can I explain that moment? It wasn't as though I had been thinking about it my whole life, because the first I had ever seen Charlie as a sexual creature was less than a week ago and I hadn't really started to wonder whether I could make this happen until just this morning. It wasn't as though a childhood dream had been realized. And yet...and yet. Like I've explained, there was an aching, painful gap inside of me and had been since I was young. It was a void that I hadn't even known about, but it was so profound that it had made me unhappy without my even knowing it all my days.



The first instant when I felt Charlie penetrate me and I knew that there was a canine penis inside my vagina was the most transcendent moment I have ever experienced. That void I had borne all these years was suddenly not a void any more. The empty spot in my soul had been filled. I've heard people talk about religious experiences; I've never had one myself and I never understood what they meant by being completed by a force outside of yourself, being swept up and carried to a new place you never could have gotten to on your own. But now, in this instant, I understood. It was more than physical, it was more than emotional. It was spiritual. I really, truly, honestly believe that and I always will.

The moment seemed endless but really it was only an instant that hung in my mind because of the way it made me feel. Charlie certainly didn't pause to give me time to contemplate, though. He pushed into me, and what I felt, the actual physical sensation I mean, wasn't thrilling. It felt like a pencil being pushed into me, honestly - it was thin and short, and if I'd had the time to mentally compare it with the pictures and movies I'd seen of those meaty dog cocks I'm sure I'd have been disappointed. But he didn't give me time.

He hammered me hard and fast, harder than any man ever had and faster than any man ever could. I think the physical feeling that struck me the most was the way his sheath felt as it pushed against my sex; it was warm and furry, such a strange feeling like I'd never had before there, and I remember distinctly to this day (in spite of all the many, many times and many dogs I've had since) how it felt that first time.

Now that he was inside me, though, things started to happen fast. Charlie pumped me swiftly and with each thrust he seemed to grow inside me. Every time he humped me he pushed in deeper, and on every backstroke it seemed as though the cock he was pulling back was thicker than the one that had gone in. I heard him panting, a strange sound that I've since come to adore; it's a mixture of heavy breathing and whining, and now that I know it's the sound of canine pleasure it's music to me, but then I do recall a passing thought flicking across my brain that wondered if he was all right. All right or not, though, he wasn't stopping.

I had spent the afternoon wondering what this moment would be like for me and I had imagined myself participating more, pushing back onto him as he fucked me or wiggling my hips or something, but he really didn't give me the chance. The fact is that dogs fuck so beautifully hard and fast that once one is inside you, all you can do is brace yourself and hold on. And having no other option, that was exactly what I did: I pushed my arms into a position that would stop him pressing me forward with every thrust and I just took what he gave me.

Now, that's not to say that I was a silent partner in all this - far from it. The instant I first felt him inside me I gave a sound that was something like a cross between a squeal and a wail. It wasn't something I'd planned and in fact it was sort of an embarrassing noise but... well, I was being screwed by a dog, for God sake. You can't really be responsible for the sounds you make when that happens. I fell into his rhythm, or rather he forced me into his rhythm by battering my little cunt with everything he had, and with every thrust he wrenched a squeaky little gasp from me.

They came so fast, one after another, that I was almost hyperventilating. I just couldn't catch a breath between them! And then suddenly I was coming, not so much from the physical sensations (Charlie's cock was still a bit on the tiny side when my orgasm hit me) but because of what I was doing. Charlie, my dog, my love, was inside me. I had what I needed and my body simply responded the only way that made sense to it - it threw itself over the edge into pure, rapturous bliss. My staccato gasps turned into a long, guttural throbbing moan.

Usually when I orgasm, especially when the orgasm is as profound as that one, I sort of lose track of

time; hell, I've been known to lose consciousness. But I remember every bit of this one, every single second, every movement, every breath, every smell and every sound. I remember how Charlie kept pounding me at that incredible, impossible rate.

I remember the first moment I knew his knot was in me, swelling and growing, and I remember the first instant it got big enough that it began to stretch me from the inside. Lord, that sensation! It was unlike anything I'd ever felt, inflating, expanding, but still moving, still hammering deeper, harder, faster; at each instant the knot felt so big that I couldn't believe it could get bigger, but the next instant it was bigger still.

Nerves I had no idea I possessed flared into life and I knew that I wouldn't be satisfied with them going back to sleep again; I had tasted this ambrosia and I would have to keep tasting it, now and forever - simply, I was addicted to a dog's cock. I remember the first touch of the end of his cock against my cervix, pushing it open; it wasn't pleasurable or even comfortable, but knowing that Charlie was deeper in me than any cock had ever been was an unspeakable thrill.

But most of all I remember the feeling of his cum - or at least I thought it was his cum, though now I've learned the difference between a dog's cum and the lube he squirts before he comes. The body of a dog is a few degrees warmer than a human's; you can feel it when you run your hand along his skin. Normally it's just a pleasant but unremarkable fact - but when a dog's cock is inside of you it feels like fire, like the sweetest fire imaginable. And once he gets hard, a dog will squirt his pre-cum, more than one squirt a second in what seems like an impossible and endless amount.

I have no idea how a dog can produce that much stuff, but he does, and when his cock is buried in the deepest part of your cunt you can feel each and every squirt. Each and every squirt. I wish I had the words in my vocabulary to tell you how that feels, but I don't. I've tried many times and I've never come close, but I'll try again. It feels like lava, like molten steel, but it's the best sensation in the world. It keeps flowing and flowing and flowing and you can feel yourself filling up with it.

There comes a point where you feel full, where you think that your pussy simply can't hold another drop and it must explode out of you - but his knot keeps you bottled up tight. Certainly, a few drops escape to flow down the insides of your thighs or drip to the floor, but that's nothing compared to the amount his balls pour into you. You're already stretched out around a cock that fills you like no human cock ever could and then you stretch some more, and more, and more, and you keep stretching. And if that sounds painful then you're wrong - it's exquisite. It's divine. It's like reaching out your hand and touching the face of God. It's like coming home. And that doesn't even begin to describe it.

So there I was on my hands and knees, impaled on Charlie's cock and coming like a banshee. I came so hard I felt like my skin was moving on my body, like my heart was going to explode, like my lungs were filled with fire. I wanted nothing more than for my sweet dog to keep pounding me like that forever...but he didn't. In fact, he only humped me that way for a couple of minutes or maybe even less; at any rate it wasn't long at all, even though it felt much longer as I came around him.

My orgasm could have continued but when he stopped fucking and fell motionless my orgasm slowed and stopped too; it didn't completely subside, but it dropped into sort of a pre-orgasmic sweet, sticky flow, like my insides were filled with warm milk, and I knew I could - and would - come again, and soon. Charlie was straddling me, motionless and panting, his sides heaving, his breath loud.

I knew from the labored sound of his breathing that his tongue was out, and after a few moments I felt a wet spot growing between my shoulders: he was drooling on me, and for an instant I wished

fervidly that wasn't wearing this ridiculous tee shirt so that I could feel his spit on my skin. I wanted all of him, from his cum in my cunt to his fur on my ass to his drool on my back and in my hair. I loved him, pure and simple.

David might have been speaking before that, but I didn't hear him. The first I realized he was talking to me was when he whispered, "So how does it feel, mom?"

I had laid my head on my crossed arms, and I turned it to look at him. I gave him a dreamy smile and said, "Baby, it's the best thing I've ever felt."

"Honest?"

"Honest. Thank you so much for giving this to me. I never could have done this alone."

He smiled and stroked my hair, wet as it was with sweat and dog drool. "You look beautiful, you know? Stuck to him that way, his for as long as it takes to finish filling your womb with his cum."

"Mmmmm," I purred. "I feel beautiful. I can feel him coming inside me. He's so hot and there's so much of it..."

"Just lie there and feel it, mom," David urged me quietly. "He's going to be stuck this way for a long time."

"How long?"

"Well I guess every dog is different, but...well, ten minutes to half an hour."

"Oh my God," I whispered. That was the sexiest thing I had ever heard, being impaled on Charlie's knot and tied to him for thirty minutes, helpless to move until his cock got soft enough to come out on its own. "I want to cum again..."

"Put your hand on your clit and make yourself cum then," he smiled.

I smiled back. "Why don't you do it for me, baby?"

He looked like I'd just given him the best gift he'd ever had. He smiled hugely and his beautiful face lit up like Christmas morning. "I'd love to," he told me, "but I've got one hand on Charlie's ass and the other on his leg. I'm holding him in. I really don't think you'd like it if he tried to pull out right now with his knot stuck in you this way."

"Mmmm, well I owe you a chance to rub my clit then," I chuckled.

"I'll take a rain check," he chuckled with me, "and you'd better believe I'll collect on it too."

"I want you to, David," I told him as I shifted enough to slide a hand back along my belly and one finger on either side of my clit. "I think I'll want you to do it for me a lot from now on."

I touched myself then, and the warm feeling I had in my tummy quickly flared up again and turned into another climax, a rolling sort of climax that had peaks and valleys but didn't stop for a long time. When I started to cum again and my insides spasmed around Charlie's cock, he began to move again, fucking me just for a bit and pushing his shaft and his knot even deeper into me. It was a heavenly, perfect experience, and the fact that I was sharing it with my son made it all the better. He was still coming inside me and I could feel that mass of sperm in my abdomen, like I had suddenly developed a pot belly; to know that I was so loaded with my dog's cum that I was actually showing

the effects was an aphrodisiac like none other. I kept that orgasm going for as long as I could until the pleasure began to fade and the sensations became too much, and then I pulled my hand away and rested my chin on my arms as before and simply enjoyed being tied to my lover.

I stayed that way for eighteen minutes. Eighteen. Just there, on my hands and knees, my dog inside me the way I had always craved. It was eighteen minutes of simple wordlessness, eighteen minutes of feeling and experiencing and marking everything to memory so that, no matter what would come in the future, I would always have this moment. I started to ache after a few minutes, because the position was unnatural, the wood floor beneath me was not cushioned by the bedsheet, and 75 lbs. of Charlie on my back wasn't exactly comfortable after a few minutes.

But I didn't complain; the pain as part of the experience, and in my lingering afterglow it felt like something I needed to have, not quite as penance for the pleasure he'd given me so much as just a way to ground me and make the whole thing feel real and honest. Of course the ache kept growing such that by the end I was in a hell of a lot of hurt, but that was still all right. I'd correct it next time, with cushions or maybe a low padded stool to rest my chest on, but for now it was all right just to be tied and feeling what my dog was giving me.

After a while, of course, he stopped coming, but his cock didn't start to shrink immediately.

It remained hard and lodged deep inside me, giving me a wonderful still fullness that seemed not ready to end now or any time in the near future. In fact my afterglow wore off to the point that I was just considering reaching back and rubbing out another climax when he tried to pull out of me. Now, he was maybe a little bit softer than he had been at his hardest, but... yikes. It felt like he was trying to yank my pelvis out through my coochie! My whole body rocked backward with the effort and I gave a startled yelp of surprise and pain (bad pain, not the good kind of him on my back); it was only David's hand that held him on.

"What's wrong?" David asked anxiously. "Did that hurt?"

"Owwie, owwie, owwie," was my reply. "He's still way too big inside me to get out without tearing me wide open!"

"OK, just relax," my boy counseled me. "I've got him by the butt and by the leg so he won't go anywhere I don't let him. All right?"

"All right, I'm fine," I replied. "It was just surprising, I guess."

We were quiet for a bit, and then David told me something very surprising: "Mom, I'm really proud of you."

I turned my head to look at him and cocked an eyebrow. "Because I fucked a dog?"

"Yes," he nodded.

I couldn't help but laugh, and laughing felt good right then. "That's a heck of a reason to be proud of someone, kiddo."

He didn't laugh back. "You don't understand, mom. It's not because you did it, exactly. It's because you did something that you needed to do. It was unknown, a little scary. It was hard and it was taboo. Like you said, most people wouldn't understand this. But you had the courage to do it because you needed it. That took some guts."

My expression had turned from puzzlement to love, and I felt myself melting inside for my son. "Baby, that's...that's a beautiful thing to say to me."

"I mean it, mom."

"I know you do."

We shared a smile. He stroked my hair. Charlie got smaller inside of me and a few minutes later he was fidgeting like he wanted to get off. "You can let him off me," I told David. "I think he's OK."

"Are you sure?"

"No," I laughed, "but we'll just see how it goes."

David took his hands away and I braced myself, and within a few seconds Charlie gave a tug. It was a hard tug still, and I felt my opening stretching in a way I hadn't felt since Laurel had come out of there 15 years before. I pushed back and tried to relax but there was only so much I could do. There was a bright flash of pain and a loud, sloppy noise, and then he was out of me.

I've always loved the feeling I got when a man pulled out of me after a fuck. That feeling of being stretched, of my pussy having accommodated itself to his size and shape, of simply being open. But I had never felt anything remotely like this. I was spread wider than I had ever been after sex, and deeper, and it felt like there was a marvelous vacancy all the way up to my lungs. But more than that, much more, was the flood of juices that came out of me when Charlie took his cock away. It was a gush, a sloppy wet mess that exploded delightfully out of me and splattered across the backs of my legs and onto the bed sheet beneath me.

Had I known, of course, that there had been a hell of a lot of cum inside me - I'd felt every drop - but I still hadn't been prepared for this. I squealed in thrilled amazement as it flowed out and kept flowing out, as my body emptied of my juices and his and the marvelous mixture they had made. It was almost enough by itself to give me another orgasm, and if I hadn't been so shocked by it I could have bought myself off with the barest touch.

"Holy... fuck," David said in awe. "That's the hottest fucking thing I have ever seen in my life..."

I opened my mouth to reply but my words were drowned out by a gasp of pleasure as Charlie put his tongue up inside me again. And began to lick. He was seeking the rich blend we had created together, but at the time the sensation was so unexpected and so overwhelming that I had no chance of thinking about it even remotely rationally. I got my last orgasm of the night then and I didn't have to do a thing except sit there and feel that superb canine tongue licking me inside and out. I screamed my release and kept screaming until it was done.

"God damn it mom," David said softly and delightedly when Charlie pulled away and walked over to the corner to lie down, lick his cock, and fall asleep. Ah, typical male, no conversation afterward...

I just grinned up at my son. "Help me up," I told him, and he did, guiding me slowly to my feet and keeping his hands on my arms for the few seconds it took my legs to stop wobbling.

"How do you feel?" he asked, hands still stroking the skin of my forearms. His eyes were glowing with love and lust, satisfaction and need, and I adored the way he looked at that moment.

"I feel fantastic," I told him. "I feel like I've finally gotten what I've always needed. I feel fucked out and used hard and I love it." I paused, then added, "And I feel like I want to be naked. Undress me?"

His grin was all the answer I got or needed, and in a moment he had my shirt up over my head and off. He crouched in front of me and opened my crotchless jeans, pulling them down over my hips and letting me put a hand on his shoulder to steady myself as I stepped out of them. At this point, any hint of modesty in front of my son would have been ludicrous, so I didn't bother. I stood in front of him, bare as the day I was born, my shaved and well-fucked cunt gaping and dripping dog cum three inches in front of his nose, and I watched his horny face as he drank me in.

He was going to say something, but I cut him off. "Now, I think you deserve a thank you for tonight, and for understanding."

"Mom, it's nothing to..."

"Shhhh," I whispered, putting a finger across his lips. "Stand up." He did so, his eyes sparkling. I'm pretty sure he knew what was coming. At any rate he definitely figured it out when I locked eyes with him, wrapped my hand around his cock, and slowly sank to me knees in front of him.

"Mom," he said delightedly, cradling the side of my head in his big, sure hand. "What in the world do you have in mind?"

"Mmmm, don't you know?" I asked, looking up at him with wide eyes and casually stroking him.

"No, I'm really confused," he told me guilelessly, his eyes wide. "Why don't you tell me?"

I extended my tongue and flicked it lightly across the very head of his cock, just a quick touch, barely a caress. But his cock leaped in my hand, something that made me very happy. "Well... I think I'm going to suck this beautiful cock of yours," I told him, never taking my eyes off his face. "I'm going to put my mouth on you and suck you until you cum for me. And if you want to grab me by the hair and fuck my face like a cunt, you can do that too."

His smile got huge at the invitation to treat me a little rough, and I knew I was in for a face-fucking. The very idea was thrilling, my own son using my mouth for his pleasure! I wasn't ready yet to have him inside my sex, but I was more than ready for this. He stroked my face and asked, "And where do you want me to cum?"

"Where do you want to cum?"

His grin got very naughty indeed. "How about your pussy?"

I responded by putting the tip of my tongue at the base of his shaft, immediately above his balls, and running it right up the big vein on the underside until I came to the head; I flicked my tongue underneath it teasingly and said, "Now be good. If you want to cum on my tits, you can. If you want to cover my face with it, you can. If you cum in my mouth I'll swallow every drop you give me, I promise."

"God damn," David sighed, looking down at me. "Do you have any idea how many times I've imagined you like this? Naked, on your knees, my cock in your hand and getting ready to suck it?"

"Tell me how often," I whispered back as I placed the flat of my tongue on the base of his cock and began to swirl it around the thick, meaty rod. I wanted to hear his words when I sucked him because I knew they would be lewd, sensuous, crude, and that was what I wanted. I wanted to revel in this moment and let my son revel in it too, and to do that I wanted to strip away every bit of artificiality and gentility. I wanted it to be raw, urgent, needful, just the way Charlie had been for me - because just like David had helped me fill my need with Charlie, now I was filling one of David's needs; I

wanted it to be honest for him, and to be as unforgettable as my own experience was.

I felt his hand curl in my hair. He wasn't controlling me, not yet, but he was sending me a signal that he would take control and use me when the moment struck him. I loved it, and I loved it too when he growled, "I've thought about this every day. Every single day for years. I've wanted you this way, wanted you ready to please me. I've wanted you to want to please me. I've wanted you on your knees begging for my cock."

I arched an eyebrow. "Begging?"

"Begging."

My smile was salacious and my eyes were fiery as I took my hand away and laid it on my knee. He had earned this, and if he wanted me to beg for the chance to suck him then I would beg. I made my eyes wide and desperate and said, "Please, baby. Please let mommy suck your big, fat cock. I want it so bad!"

I was just playing a role for him, of course, but the look on his face made it more than worth it. There was such bliss there that I almost thought he would cum without me touching him again, but after a moment something else came into his eyes, something hard and masterful that made me shiver...and not entirely in a good way, though I only thought of that later. He wrapped a hand around the base of his shaft and held it out to me, and I obediently opened wide and stuck out my tongue. I expected him to put it in my mouth, but he surprised me by putting it against my cheek.

I kept my mouth open, uncertain about what he was doing, but he didn't put it there; instead he began to rub it over my cheeks, first left and then right. He dragged it across my nose, across my chin, up onto my forehead. I felt that thick, warm piece of meat move across my skin, leaving a trail of precum on my face to dry cool. I could smell his arousal, the masculine smell of his semen, and couldn't help but wonder if his tasted different from Tim's. I closed my eyes and let him do what he wanted, but it wasn't until we were finished and I was in bed that I realized what he had been doing then.

He was marking his territory.

"Open your eyes," he ordered me, his voice sharp and strong, and I did as he told me. He towered above me, and our eyes were locked in lust. I waited, hungry to take him, and he made me wait for a handful of heartbeats. And then, firmly, he said, "Suck my cock, slut."

I did. Without hesitation I put my lips around the end of him and hollowed my cheeks, caressing him with my lips and flicking him with my tongue. My hands came up, one moving around to cup his ass and the other cradling his heavy, pendulous balls in a gentle caress. For a long, sweet moment I savored the feel of him in my mouth, savored his heat and the texture of his skin, and then I began to take him deeper into my throat, inch by slow inch.

I have to say here that I was hardly an expert cocksucker then. I've developed much more skill since then, of course, because I've practiced on a lot of different cocks in a lot of different circumstances, but then I had little enough skill and what skill I had was rusted from disuse. But what I lacked in technique I tried to make up for in enthusiasm and willingness, because I wanted this to be a wonderful thing for my son. I kept my lips tight around him and let my tongue dance, flicking and dashing along every bit of him I could reach. I made the tip hard and pointed and ran it up under the crown. I caressed the big vein and I reveled in the feel of every ripple and whorl of skin. I felt his heartbeat against my tongue.

I delighted in his warmth. I took him in as slowly as I could, building gradually, wanting him to last a long time so that his orgasm, when it finally came, would take the legs out from under him. He grunted as I hollowed my cheeks against him, and he gasped when I teased his balls with my fingertips. I wasn't skilled enough then to keep from gagging when I took the whole thing in my mouth, so I choked a little as my lips took the last couple of inches inside and held them there, snug against his body and my nose buried in his pubic hair. I drew back...

And then he started to take me. His hand locked firmly in my hair and held me in place and he began to rock his hips into me, pumping his cock in and out of my mouth. I knew he was going to do this - I had almost told him to - so it came as no surprise. And besides, at first he was gentle enough. He fucked my mouth long and slow, letting my work on him with my tongue on the in and on the out.

I kept my eyes on his face, watching him to see what he liked and what he didn't, but to tell the truth I think he was so enthralled at finally having me this way that the finer points were lost on him. I tried to keep my hand on his balls but as his pace picked up I couldn't, not without hurting him anyway, so I put both hands on his ass, squeezed his cheeks, and let him screw my mouth.

And that was exactly what he did. He may have started out slow and easy but he didn't stay that way for long. Within a few moments he was thrusting harder, pushing himself into the back of my throat with every plunge. I couldn't do much to please him that way except keep my lips tight and try to make sure my tongue was out of his way, but he didn't seem to mind. He didn't even mind when a particularly hard thrust made me gag a bit - in fact, I think he liked the fact that he was making his mom gag on his cock and I was doing nothing to stop him.

To tell the truth, I liked it too.

He didn't last long, certainly not as long as he would have liked, but then when you're realizing a life's ambition you're inclined to get a little excited. His pace was fast, his hand holding me motionless and his balls slapping against my chin, and I could see by the look on his face that he was fighting to hold back his orgasm - and losing the fight. I wondered where he would cum, whether he would put it in my mouth or pull it out and spray it onto me; either way would be a delight for both of us.

I squeezed his ass cheeks, trying to tell him that he was doing fine - I'm not sure whether the message got through or not, but his thrusts got faster and harder, his breath coming in ragged little gasping moans as he sucked air past his clenched teeth. "Fuck mom," he snarled, "this feels so fucking good! I've wanted this for so fucking long!"

"Mmmppphhh," was all I could say with a mouth full of incestuous cock, so that was what I said, and I swirled my tongue in my mouth in an effort to give him more sensation; I doubt that I succeeded, but it was the thought that counted.

"Oh God oh God oh God," he muttered softly over and over as he screwed his eyes shut tight. His chest was heaving, he sounded like a steam train with his staccato breathing, and his hand was so tight in my hair that it hurt, but I didn't mind a bit. My son was going to cum for me and I loved it. "I'm gonna...I'm gonna...oh fuck mom..."

"Mmmmmppphhh!" I moaned emphatically, hollowing my cheeks to suck him hard.

"Gonna...gonna cum..." And then he did. The mystery of what he would do with it was solved when he pushed deep into my mouth and held himself there for one heartbeat, two, three. I tried not to breathe so I wouldn't retch at the intruder in my throat. He sucked in a deep breath and held it. His cock leaped in my mouth, twitched and spasmed. He moaned deep and hard and gutturally...



His cum exploded into my mouth. And I do mean it exploded. There was a blast of it that doused my throat, its salty tang inundating my senses with its sheer power. \*Different from Tim,\* my mind told me, and in an instant I amended it: \*Better...\* He was delicious. He drew his cock back enough that I could swallow what he was giving me, but there was so much of it, it was so thick and rich, and it came so fast that I almost had it overflow my lips and dribble down my chin.

But swallow I did, as rapidly as I could, and after what seemed like an endless number of spasms and squirts, my boy stopped orgasming and I could start sucking him again. I had told him I wanted every drop he had and I meant it. My tongue and lips and cheeks started working again, and now he was too spent to do more than stand there on wobbly legs and take it. He kept his eyes closed as I milked the last of his seed out of him, but a satisfied smile crept across his face. He licked his lips and said, softly and adoringly, "You dirty little whore... you sweet little cocksucking whore..."

Before David, no man had ever really talked dirty to me before. I was discovering, though, that I like it...a lot, in fact. I gave a delighted laugh around his cock and kept sucking until there was no more sperm to be had, then leaned back on my haunches and gave him a self-satisfied smile. He opened his eyes and looked down at me, and I up at him, and we stayed that way for a happy heartbeat until I asked, wide eyed and innocent, "Did you like that, baby?"

"Oh Lord..." was all he managed to say, and we both laughed. It was an amazing moment in time - I had my dog's sperm drizzling out of my cunt and my son's sperm in my belly and I had fulfilled at least some of the dreams of two people. The taboo of what we had just done didn't even enter my mind. I was as happy as I had ever been, right then and right there. It was the perfect instant.

And then David's distracted, dreamy smile slowly changed into something very, very different, and I recognized it as the smile he wore when he was about to do, or had done, something terrible. My own smile froze on my face and I wondered at his expression.

And then he calmly walked across the living room to a shelf on the opposite wall. It was a shelf where I kept knick-knacks and gewgaws like a crystal bird and a couple of books that were there for show and not reading. I didn't even have time to wonder what he was playing at before he reached up and took something small and inconspicuous from behind the bird. He turned and held it out to me, and when I recognized what it was, my blood froze inside me and all the good feelings I had about the night vanished in a single second.

It was a spy camera.

"Amazing things, these little gadgets," he said cheerfully. "They give a great quality picture, rigged up to send wireless to a DVR."

My eyes got enormous. "You!"

He laughed at me. "Got the whole thing too. You stayed framed in the shot just perfect, I'm sure."

"God damn you, David!"

"If I thought he existed, I'd be worried," he grinned, tossing the camera up and catching it on the way down. "But if I were you, I'd be more worried about me."

I felt like I'd been punched in the gut. "David...how COULD you?" I demanded, trying to keep the tears at bay. "Why would you do that when we did what we just did?"

"For posterity," was his cheerful, evil answer. "Oh, and for insurance. Now that you've gotten what

you wanted, well, I thought you might not be so eager to give me what I want. And I can't have that."

"You...MOTHERFUCKER!" I howled, leaping to my feet. I was still wearing those damned stilettos though, and I nearly pitched over onto my face.

"Not yet," he said calmly. "But I will be."

The profanities I hurled at him as he walked laughingly up the stairs aren't really fit for print, and to tell the truth I'm not sure they even made much sense. Pure, unadulterated betrayal and rage can make a person incoherent. But he ignored me like I wasn't even there...

And suddenly I had to puke. I clamped my hand over my mouth and sprinted to the bathroom, leaving a trail of dog jizz all the way. I made it to the toilet just in time to lose all my son's cum and the wonderful dinner we'd shared. I stayed over the toilet for a long, long time, crying and trying not to completely lose my shit. I am ashamed to report I failed in that.

But panic only lasts for so long, and when it was over I had a mess to clean up. I heard David come down the stairs and slam the door behind him as he left, and the sound of the door closing jarred some sense into me. Tim and Laurel were going to be home soon and I couldn't let them find the living room the way it was, or me the way I was. I cleaned myself off with a towel and then used it to wipe up the dog sperm that had wound up anywhere but the old sheet.

My "dog fucking outfit", the slinky little white dress, and David's suit and underwear wound up wrapped in that sheet, which I ran upstairs and shoved deep beneath my bed until I could figure out what to do with it. The shoes joined it, and in a flash I was in the shower, letting the scaldingly hot water wash over me and trying to rinse and spit the taste of humiliation out of my mouth.

I was in bed when, at hour and a half later, Tim and Laurel got home. I heard the door close downstairs behind them and I heard their laughter. I heard Tim's footsteps on the stairs as he came up to check on me. He poked his head into the darkened room and said, "Honey?" but I pretended to be asleep, just like I pretended to be asleep a couple of hours after that when he came to bed. He drifted off quickly, his faint snore familiar and comforting next to me, his body warm beneath the sheets of our marriage bed.

I didn't sleep a wink that night.

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Chapter Five

May 11

I couldn't stay in bed without sleeping, but I couldn't risk seeing David again. He came home about two in the morning - any question of a curfew for him had long since fallen by the wayside - and a few minutes later I heard him tramping up the stairs and into his bedroom. I wanted an hour to be sure he was asleep, then climbed out of bed, pulled on a fluffy robe, and Charlie and I went down to the den to read a book. The book didn't last long - I couldn't concentrate on a thing - so after another half an hour we turned on the TV and stared at some strange old English movie on TCM. I was exhausted but every time my eyes fluttered closed I saw the evil smirk on David's face and I was instantly awake and miserable again.

I still couldn't believe what he had done. He had coaxed me into giving him even more blackmail material and I, like an idiot, had gone blithely along with it. Go into the living room, he had told me,

and so I did, putting myself right in front of the camera. Talk nice and loud, he had said, and so I had, making it clear that I wasn't resisting or being coerced with what was happening.

He had made me feel good and comfortable and safe, loved, adored even, and so I let Charlie take me and I fellated my own son (I begged for the opportunity to fellate my own son, in fact) and now David had something on me that was so much more damning than a cell phone movie of me getting licked. The first movie he had of me would have been deeply embarrassing, socially ruinous, possibly fatal to my marriage; the second movie would send me to jail for child molestation and bestiality. If I had been afraid of what he could do to me before, I was terrified now.

But it wasn't just that I was afraid; I was enraged too. He had seduced me. He had opened his heart - or so I thought - and showed me something wonderful, and I had felt it and loved it and given him what he wanted, willingly and gladly. And he had taken that love and that trust and betrayed it, thrown it and me away like so much trash. What had he told me that was the truth? Anything? Had it all been an elaborate lie just to get me to expose and incriminate myself?

With any normal person, the answer would have been no, of course; no normal person could have been so monstrous as that. But David was abnormal, wicked, as deformed in spirit as he was perfect in body, and he had led me down the path and then thrown me into a cesspool.

Of course it wasn't just David I was angry at: I was angry at myself too, and maybe even more so. I knew what kind of person David was. I'd known it for years. He was a sociopath, the sort of person who causes pain simply because he can. I had known better that to trust him or anything he said, and yet I had done so anyway. He had suggested that I damn myself and so I had, of my own free will. It would have been easier for me if he had simply raped me; at least that way I wouldn't have been responsible for it no matter what happened. But instead he had caressed me and whispered to me and made me trust and cherish him. He made me beg him to help me fuck Charlie and beg him to allow me to suck his cock. He made me want him. He made me crave him. And, damn him, he made me feel grateful for the opportunity to debase myself in front of him.

And then he had thrown it in my face and laughed.

I had breakfast going again when Tim came down, and once more he was surprised to see me. "OK, two days in a row," he said. "This is turning into a habit. Couldn't sleep again?"

"No, I couldn't. Too much sleep yesterday I guess."

He took a piece of bacon fresh from the pan and asked, "How are you feeling?"

"Not so good," I told him. That, at least, was the truth.

"You look like you're going to hock any second," he said concernedly.

"Sweet talker."

He laughed and hugged me. "You know what I mean. Why don't you go up and lie down? I can cook my own breakfast."

It was pleasant for a moment to imagine that I could be comfortable in my husband's arms, that his embrace could make the bad things go away and erase what I had done yesterday and over the past week. But it couldn't, of course, and so I let him hug me while I remained miserable. Arm around my waist and head on my shoulder, he took the fork out of my hand and began to flip the bacon. After a moment of resting against him I asked, "How was the party last night?"

"It was fun," he told me noncommittally, and I knew he was trying to keep me from being jealous that I'd missed it.

"How did Laurel make out with Tony?"

Tim laughed quietly; I felt it through his body more than heard it. "Poor Laurel. Tony showed up with his new boyfriend, and a very handsome couple they make too."

"Oh no!" I laughed. "I'll bet she was crushed."

"Like a bug underneath a bulldozer. I felt terrible for her. She had her cleavage working overtime and it didn't even get paid."

I reached behind him and pinched his ass. "And why are you noticing your daughter's cleavage?"

"Honey, everyone noticed it," he replied cheerily. "There wasn't a straight male eye in the place that wasn't on her chest all night. Our little girl ain't so little any more."

"No she's not," I agreed. "I had to keep her from dressing even more provocatively than she did."

"She was dressed provocatively enough. She spent the whole night dancing with every boy in the place and more than a couple of grown men."

"Good Lord, she's only 15," I muttered. This was making me feel old, and old isn't what I wanted to feel right now on top of everything else.

"I know," he nodded. "She hasn't even become a woman yet. Look at her face, she still looks like a little girl."

"But nobody was looking at her face."

"Nope, nobody was."

I was quiet for a moment, listening to bacon sizzle and feeling Tim's heartbeat against my back as he held me close. I was ruminating, which was a bad thing to do, and so after a bit I took a teasing tone and asked, "And how about you and Steph? How far did you get with her?"

Now it was my turn to get my ass pinched, and I jumped and squeaked. "I'm glad you weren't there," he told me. "She showed up buzzed and by an hour in she was sloppy drunk. She grabbed me in the living room right in front of everybody."

"Grabbed you?"

"By the crotch," he explained sourly. "She was babbling about taking me into one of the bedrooms. She was laughing, but she wasn't joking, you know?"

"How...awful," I nodded. There was nothing worse than a drunken pass in front of friends. "I hope you let her down in no uncertain terms."

"She let herself down a few minutes later," he replied. "Passed out cold. We laid her out in the spare bedroom and she was still sawing logs when Laurel and I left."

"Somebody ought to do an intervention," I said softly, not really thinking about Steph Hentzel at all, but instead thinking intently of what I had been doing while all that occurred.

"We talked about it," Tim told me. "It's getting pretty bad."

Another pause and unpleasant reflections, and then I laughed and asked, "And how did basketball go?"

"I didn't play."

I turned in his arms so he could see my surprised expression. "You didn't play?"

"No, I did not," he said adamantly, a surreptitious smile dancing faintly on his lips. "And don't let Laurel or anyone else tell you differently. I didn't play, and I most definitely didn't let Judy Rourke score 40 points on me in 15 minutes."

I laughed again, this time genuinely. "You did?"

"No I didn't," he replied adamantly, but he was smiling openly by now. "And that's my story and I'm sticking to it."

I turned in his arms completely now so I was facing him and looked into his eyes. "I love you, Tim," I said softly and honestly. "Do you know that?"

"I know," he told me soberly. "Do you know I love you too?"

"I know." I put my head under his chin and buried my nose in his neck, smelling his masculine scent and feeling his warm strength. Oh, Tim. If only you could make me happy.

"OK, you go upstairs now, and I don't want you down here for at least two hours, all right?" he ordered me. "Laurel will bring you some food up to bed and you can console her for her loss of Tony."

I nodded and smiled. "Let Charlie in before you go to the club," I told him, stepping away and heading for the stairs. He said he would, and I went back to bed. To my surprise I actually dozed off, because Laurel woke me up when she brought a tray in with milk, two bowls of cereal, toast, juice and fruit. Charlie was with her; my heart skipped a beat when he sniffed under the bed where I'd stashed the evidence the night before, but food was a stronger imperative and soon he hopped up and joined us for breakfast.

"I was just...I couldn't believe it," Laurel said as we ate. "Tony has a boyfriend! I totally got dressed for nothing."

I cocked an eyebrow and grinned. "Not for nothing, the way I hear tell it," I teased. "Dad said you were the most popular girl there."

She rolled her eyes. "My God, show some chest cleft and all the boys start to drool."

I laughed. "Sometimes it's a good thing, believe me. But didn't you have a good time? Dad said you danced with everyone."

"I did, but, like, I had to keep from...exploding out of that blouse," she chuckled. "I was bouncing around pretty good. If I'd have known I was going to be that active I'd have worn something with a little more support instead of the bra I borrowed from you."

"Laurel!" I scolded. "I told you not to take one of those bras!"

"I knoooooow," she said, staring into her cereal bowl. "I just wanted to look good for Tony, that was all. I didn't mean any harm. I was just hoping..."

"Hoping he wasn't gay?"

"Yeah, darn it," she muttered. "Why are all the good ones gay?"

"Not all of them," I corrected, "just the really cute ones. And besides, you know you shouldn't have taken the bra when I told you not to."

"I know," she sulked.

I thought it over for a bit, then said, "I want you to do the dishes and wash the kitchen floor today. That will be your punishment."

She nodded and didn't protest; she's a good kid. We chatted for a few more minutes and then, out of the blue, she said, "Mom? I was thinking about what you told me...about how you...you know, how you like, show yourself? In pubic?"

"Yes," I said warily.

"Well...can I see you do it sometime?"

I froze with my juice glass at my lips. Carefully I set it down and asked, "Why do you want to see that, honey?" I pleased myself by not hyperventilating.

"I dunno, it just seems...really hot," she said with an adorable blush. "Like...I mean, I really want to see the looks on people's faces when you do it."

I felt a tad dizzy. "I don't think it's really appropriate for you to see that, sweetie."

"Why not? I mean...I just want to see what people do," she pressed. "I'll bet their eyes just pop out of their heads!"

"Maybe they do," I said unwillingly, "but that's not the point. The point is you really shouldn't see something like that."

She grinned at me impishly. "Well it wasn't appropriate for you to tell me about it either, but you did."

"And I shouldn't have."

"But now I know, so would it really be so bad to see it?"

"Yes it would," I insisted.

"Why?"

I didn't have a particularly good answer for that, especially because I'd largely fabricated the story about me being an exhibitionist in the first place, but eventually I stammered, "Well...some things you're just not old enough for."

"That's a lousy excuse."

"No it isn't."

"And you use it too much," she added, sticking her tongue out playfully. "But I'm serious. I just want to see how people react. I think it's awesome you do it and I want to just, like, witness it."

"And I'm serious when I say no," I replied, focusing on my cereal.

"Will you still say no if I bug you all the time?" she inquired cheerfully.

"For God sake, Laurel. Will you please drop it?"

"Nope," was her happy reply.

"Laurel," I said in a warning tone.

"All right, all right, I'll drop it," she said, and after a moment added, "for now. But you know I'll keep asking."

I sighed. She would keep asking, because she was nothing if not persistent when it came to getting something she wanted, but I would just need to be firm. I changed the subject and we finished eating, and then she took away the tray and went to clean to kitchen.

I did nothing the whole day, but that doesn't mean I enjoyed it. I read and watched television and pattered around in the garden, but every few minutes I would remember what had happened the night before and I would get dizzy and nauseous. I still couldn't believe what my son had done to me, but more than that I couldn't believe the position I had put myself in. I had been beyond gullible, I had been an idiot, and now I was going to pay. David had me where he wanted me, and I knew he wouldn't be long in calling in the bill.

It didn't help that the lies I had told to Laurel were now coming back to haunt me as well. I had been stupid then too, concocting a foolish story that had unexpectedly and unaccountably captured my daughter's attention. As if having my demon-seed son pressuring me into doing deeply immoral things wasn't bad enough, I now had my wonderful daughter doing the same from a different direction. And a week ago my life had been so simple.

Charlie, ever faithful, was never more than a few feet from my side the whole day. He sniffed my butt a few times, but I was so far away from being horny that even the memory of the bliss we had given each other the night before wasn't enough to make me even a little aroused, so he behaved himself.

Tim got home in the middle of the afternoon - another working lunch, he said - and grilled hamburgers for dinner. He was cheerful, saying that the big project was going well, and he was very attentive of my health. I don't get sick often, and he was just certain I must be feeling absolutely terrible if I had missed the party and was still claiming illness today. I was feeling terrible, but I thanked every god I could think of that my husband didn't know why.

The only saving grace of the whole day was that I didn't see David all day long. I happened to be in the bathtub when he finally rolled out of bed and he left almost immediately. He got back just as I was heading up to bed, but he didn't say more than hello and good night to me. I shied away from him like he was carrying the plague and hurried upstairs to my bedroom. I honestly didn't think I'd sleep that night either, but I was so exhausted that my body gave out on me. I know I dreamed of wicked, sinful, and delightful things, but I don't remember any of it.

May 12

Monday dawned cloudy and gloomy. I could smell rain on the breeze and the air felt charged and electric. A storm was coming – and double meaning of the phrase wasn't lost on me.

When I woke up, the first thing I realized was that it had been one week since my life had turned onto the path where I now was. One week, but so much had happened, and so much was going to keep happening. One week that felt like a hundred years. I lay in bed thinking ugly thoughts about David, but even that couldn't keep me from having more pleasant thoughts about Charlie, and about Brandy too...and Petra.

I had scheduled a date with Petra for tomorrow, and even though I had no intention of keeping it, I couldn't help but wonder what I would be like if I did. What would she do to me? Would it be fingers like with Brandy, or would it be something else? Would she fuck me with a strap-on? Would she put her mouth on me? Would I put mine on her?

I'd be lying if I said that the thought wasn't appealing, which surprised me to no end. I'd just assumed that my tryst with Brandy had been an aberration, a sort of side effect of having a dormant sexuality suddenly awakened. It had been pleasurable, sure, but once the immediate thrill of it wore off I didn't think I would ever try it again. Now, though, as I lay in bed and stared at the ceiling, it seemed to me that there could be things much, much worse than feeling Petra's soft, curvy body against mine, tasting and being tasted, making another girl cum...

I was horny when I finally got up a few minutes later and went downstairs to get the family out the door.

Tim had to stop and pick up some doughnuts for a morning meeting, which entailed a detour on his way to work (doughnut shops are slightly less common than hen's teeth in the Twin Cities) and so he barely had time to kiss me on the cheek before he dashed off, coffee in hand and looking at his watch.

Laurel and I had a pleasant few minutes until she brought up the exhibitionist thing again; I was still a little tingly from my thoughts of Petra and so my head was somewhat clouded, but I didn't find the idea as unpalatable as I had the day before. I still shot it down with complete firmness, though, and sent her off to school with a hug and wishes for a good day.

And that just left David. He came downstairs just as Laurel was leaving, already dressed for school and they exchanged snippy remarks as they passed. Laurel left and my son came into the kitchen to grab a Pop Tart. I didn't even look at him. I could feel his eyes on me, though, and after a moment he asked, with infuriating casualness, "You're not still pissed about the other night, are you?"

I whirled on him and glared. He was smiling smugly as he pushed the pastry into the toaster, something which just made me angrier. "You are...you are the worst human being I have ever met!" I spat. "How could you do that to me?"

His grin got shit-eating. "Man, the look on your face was fucking priceless when I pulled out the camera! You should have seen it!"

"And that's all you have to say?" I demanded fiercely. "I trusted you, David! Don't you see that? I let you see me in that position because I trusted you, and because I trusted you I did... the other thing."

"You sucked my cock and swallowed my cum," he said calmly, looking me in the eyes.

I couldn't hold the eye contact, not under those circumstances, and I looked at the floor angrily. "Yes, I did that. I did that because I thought we were sharing something, David."

"We were sharing something. We shared dinner, and we shared what came after."

"And then you betrayed me!"

He laughed. "And you're surprised at that? How fucking stupid are you, anyway?"

I recoiled. "I didn't think..."

"No, I guess you didn't," he agreed amiably. "I don't even understand how you can be surprised at this. Fuck, I mean I already filmed you once. Don't you remember how all his started?"

"I remember," I muttered.

"Then why were you surprised?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't answer. Instead I lifted my eyes to him and looked him in the face. "So it was all a lie?" I asked softly. "Everything you said, everything you told me when we were standing in front of the mirror? Everything about you..."

He met my gaze unflinchingly. "About me loving you? About me always loving you and needing you and wishing you were mine?"

"Yes," I breathed. I was trembling. "That."

"No," he said, shaking his head. "That wasn't a lie. I meant every word of that. Every single word."

I felt my tears start. I hated myself for crying, but I had no choice in the matter. "Then why? If you really feel that way, why would you do something that hurt me so much?"

He cocked his head and reached out a big, sure hand to caress my cheek. I felt him take a tear onto his finger. "Mom," he sighed gently. "Because I could."

I looked at him uncomprehendingly, but before I could say anything else his Pop Tart reappeared. He took it, said a cheerful "Goodbye," and turned and walked out the door.

I spent the morning in a fog. I was stunned, hurt, and bewildered, yes, but this was also the first time I'd had the house to myself since Sunday night, and the first time I had a chance to really decompress and relax. I was scheduled to have lunch with a couple of friends, Patty and Tammy, but I was in no mood and so I called and canceled shortly after David left. I tidied up, took a long shower, and made a list for the grocery store. Groceries were a Monday routine and right then I felt like I needed a good, solid dose of routine.

It was a little after 9:30 when I pulled into the lot at the supermarket and climbed out of the car. I had managed to stop thinking of the insanity my life had become and had nothing more on my mind than making sure I got the purple plums and not the red ones that Tim doesn't like - but it was then I looked up and saw a woman about my age going in to the pet store that was next to the supermarket.

She looked nothing like me - she looked like she was Italian, or Mediterranean anyhow; she was probably five inches shorter than me but probably outweighed me by ten pounds - she was plump and cheerful looking, dressed casually. I doubt I would have noticed her at all except for the fact that

she had, on a leash, an absolutely gorgeous German shepherd.

My eyes immediately dropped to its belly and saw the sheath there, and the swinging balls between his powerful hind legs. He was glossy and dark brown on his back with light brown chest and haunches; his ears were perked up and his tail was wagging. He looked strong, fit, and so completely sexual that it almost staggered me just to look at him. *Does he fuck his mistress?* The thought came unbidden, but once it hit me the image came with it of the dark-haired, plump housewife on all fours, tied to her rutting, magnificent pet, her full Mediterranean lips open in a cry of passion.

I could have cum without touching myself. The image was that erotic, so erotic that I could do nothing but stand for a long moment while I regained my balance. Once I did, I went into the store just as the first raindrops of the day's storms were beginning to fall.

It was a memorable shopping trip. I had been coming to that store on the same day every week for years, and I knew everyone who worked there and even some of the other regular shoppers. I would say hello, share a pleasantry, even look at baby pictures. Today, though... today was very, very different. Today when Rita, the smiling Hispanic checkout girl, greeted me with a nod as I entered, I wondered what she would look like sucking a cock - David's cock, to be precise.

When Tom the produce stocker cheerfully told me that the New Zealand peaches were good today, I visualized him putting me on my back on the floor next to the apples, flipping up my summer dress, and pounding me for half an hour before coming inside me. Dave the butcher recommended the boneless pork loin and I visualized how his creased, rugged face would look distorted by the pleasures of orgasm. I imagined Gina, the gal who checked my groceries out, on her hands and knees being taken by Charlie, hard and rough, as I fed her my pussy. I was so hot when I got out of there that I physically ached.

I drove home in a driving rain, doing my level best to focus on nothing but the trip. I was hot, yes, but I was starting to realize that when I got horny, especially as horny as I was now, I tended to do things I regretted later on. And so I tried, as hard as I could, to think of the present, my body in the car, the car on the road, the rain on the windshield. I tried to ground myself in the moment. And I couldn't do it.

I could feel my pussy empty and I hated the emptiness. I could feel my nipples hard inside my depressingly sensible bra and I hated that there was no mouth on them, no hands. I felt my tongue sitting still in my mouth and I hated that it wasn't moving against a tongue, or a cock... or a pussy.

Yes, in that moment I thought about Petra, naked, eager, wet, about how she would smell and how she would sound, and how she would taste when I put my mouth on her. I tried to push thoughts of it away but it they wouldn't go. At that moment, I wanted sex so badly that even the thought of having it with a woman, and one who was basically a stranger, was staggeringly erotic. I almost turned the car around right then and headed for the lingerie store...

But I didn't. I stayed strong... strong enough, anyway, that I made it home without going lust-crazy. I hauled in the groceries (Charlie was thrilled to see me), put away the things that needed to be refrigerated or frozen, and then headed for my bedroom as fast as my legs could carry me.

Charlie got excited when I pulled the bundle out from under the bed - the bundle that contained my dog fucking clothes that still reeked of his seed. He pranced and hopped and twirled, and his red tip poked from its sheath. "I know, boy," I told him, petting his head. "I want it too. I want you, and I hope like hell that you learned what to do from the other night."

We went down to the living room, the bundle in my arms and Charlie weaving against my legs so eagerly that I almost fell on the stairs. I dropped the bundle on the living room floor and Charlie began to tug at it with his teeth as I checked the place for hidden cameras - call me paranoid if you want. I looked everywhere I could think of, then I looked again...and then I got undressed.

My dog fucking clothes were a mess. There was dog hair all over the outrageous tee shirt, and the crotchless jeans had cum stains all down the backs of the legs. I couldn't have cared less. I got into them like they were a satin prom dress and I was going with the star quarterback.

Charlie tried to mount my leg as I was getting into the jeans and we went down together in a heap, him licking my face and me laughing - I was sure now that he remembered, sure now that I wouldn't need my wicked son's wicked help to achieve what Charlie and I both so desperately needed. He tried to mount me again as I spread out the old bedsheet. At the last moment I emptied the sofa of throw pillows, tucking them underneath the sheet to provide cushioning for my knees and elbows. Charlie was frantic, he couldn't wait, and when I finally assumed the position he instantly hopped up upon me...

And what followed was the single most frustrating hour of my entire life. He hopped up on me, yes, but from the side with his cock in my ribs. I pushed him off and tried to guide him, and the next time he mounted my hips and tried to stick his dick in the pocket of the jeans.

Then from the front, then from the side again, then backing off and licking himself. At first I was gentle, coaxing, sure that he would remember if I just struck the proper pose and gave him the chance. But he didn't remember - oh, he remembered that he had fucked me all right, and he obviously wanted to do it again, but the how of it... that eluded him.

Only once did I even get his tip inside me, and for a brief and wonderful moment I was certain that he would bury himself in me gloriously as he had before... but then he was off me again and nothing I did could I get him to repeat it. I tried until I was crying tears of sheer exasperation, and when I finally gave up and threw the clothes and the old bed sheet into the washer, I added tears of despair to the mix. Not because I didn't get fucked - well, partially that, I admit - but mostly because it was clear and irrefutable evidence that I still needed David's help to achieve this thing that I needed so badly. David's help never came without a price.

That was what was particularly galling. David had humiliated me, betrayed my confidence and manipulated me to get what he wanted. He had shown me a sweet, seductive face and when I crumbled in front of it he used my vulnerability to get me deeper into trouble and give himself more blackmail ammunition. Truly, the way I felt then, the thought of never seeing my son again would have been delightful. But instead he had done something worse than all of that and he had made himself indispensable for me to get the one thing I truly needed more than anything else - Charlie. He was my flesh and blood, fruit of my womb, as it were, and I still hated him for that.

But even then I knew, deep down, that David wasn't the one who was responsible. I was the one who had given in to the lust I felt and let Charlie lick me. I was the one who had stayed home Saturday night, knowing full well what that would mean, and I was the one who fell for the soft words and caresses of a young man I knew to be the worst and most manipulative sort of liar. If he had used me, and he had, then I had been willing to be used, and that was the hardest thing to swallow... so to speak.

I tried to go on with my day but my mood went from black to blacker. My dog fucking clothes and the bed sheet were carefully folded and put into a box that contained my old school papers - one place I was pretty sure Laurel, who loved to go through my closets, wouldn't look. I cleaned the

house from top to bottom and tried to focus on making dinner - anything to haul myself out of the funk I was in. It didn't work. I spent the day getting angrier at myself.

And at more than myself. My rage at David grew along with the knowledge that I was dependent on him for my satisfaction. That alone would have been bad enough, given that every time I opened myself to him in that way I gave him more things to blackmail me with. But more than that, he had his own designs on me and every time he did something for me he was going to go a little farther, take a little more.

I already didn't have any idea how I could keep my son from fucking me if he wanted to, and the fact that I relied on him was just making it harder on me. And it wasn't just blackmail. The little sociopath knew the words to say to make me give in, and he knew the way to touch me to make me so hot that I couldn't think straight. As much as I hated him - and I did hate him - I was realizing that I didn't have what it took to resist him. When he wanted me, he would make me want him, and when I wanted him, I didn't know how to keep from letting him take me. I just wasn't strong enough, and that realization added anger to my anger.

Before long even Charlie could sense my rage and stayed well away from me, eyeing me cautiously as he laid curled into a defensive little ball on the floor. I would never hurt Charlie, of course - I'd sooner hurt myself - but dogs are exquisitely sensitive to their masters' moods, and my mood was a big red flaring neon sign over my head. I don't even know what was stormier: me or the thunder outside. I even had to order him to the leash so we could go on our run, and the cold rain did absolutely nothing to cool me off.

David came home at his regular time, an hour before Laurel got out of practice, and he was shaking the rain off and laughing good naturedly as he stepped through the door. "Man, it's storming like hell out there!" he said cheerfully. "It's good to be in where it's warm and dry!"

I looked up from the dusting I was doing, shot him an absolutely withering, hateful glance, and went back to work.

"O...K..." he chuckled, not much abashed. "Maybe it isn't so warm in here after all. Still mad at me?"

"No, I'm just fucking tickled pink you set up a spy cam and made me the star of a goddamned PORN MOVIE, you little fucker!" I was screaming without even knowing it, yelling so loud and harshly that Charlie whimpered, tucked his tail between his legs, and beat a hasty retreat into the next room.

My darling baby boy was not so intimidated. He just looked me up and down as I stood before him with my hands on my hips and my stance wide as though gearing up for a fight, and then grinned enragingly, bent over, and began to take off his shoes. "Well if you aren't used to it by now, you'll have a chance to get used to it. Since I can't always have you, movies of you are the next best thing."

"I AM DONE!" I shouted, jabbing a finger in the air toward him. "You are NEVER using me again, do you hear me young man?"

He looked at me with tolerant amusement, a little twinkle in his eye that made me all the madder. "'Young man?' Wow, you must really be pissed, you only break that one out when you want to kill me." He laughed then, cheerful and merry, and if steam can shoot out of human ears then it shot out of mine at that moment. "You're puffing yourself up and flying around like you have a choice in this, mom. Get real, bitch - you have no choice."

"I AM NOT PLAYING ALONG WITH YOU ANY MORE!"

He cocked his head. "Wait a second, you think you're serious about this, don't you?"

"I AM serious, god damn it!" I was screeching now, an unpleasant habit when I get as angry as I ever get, which thankfully isn't often. Honestly, I'm usually pretty cheerful. Just now, though...well, David was lucky I didn't have a gun. "I am sick and tired of playing your disgusting little games. You think I'm one of your sluts, someone you can just use and throw away?"

"If I felt like throwing you away, which I doubt I will," he replied with a shrug. "What are you going to do about it, go to jail for fucking a dog and statutory rape of your own under-aged son instead?"

It was that statement that pushed me over the edge. Yes I knew I was in no position to issue threats or demands and yes I knew David held all the cards, but when he so casually referred to the fact, well, it was more than I could take. I gave a sound, something that was midway between a screech and a grunt, a sound composed of pure frustration and anger, and turned to stomp from the room.

Apparently, though, David wasn't done with our little talk. He closed the gap between me and him in three steps, grabbed me by the arm and spun me around -

And that was when I hit him. He had hold of my good right arm but my left came up hard and fast and laid a lick on his cheek. It was a hard, solid shot, and although I didn't mean to claw him, I did have my nails folded underneath my palm and I opened a nasty, obvious two inch scratch below his eye. His expression was pure shock... and then he hit back. Well, he didn't hit me so much as shove me, throwing his shoulder into me like he was on a football field. I have to say, my son hits a whole lot harder than I do.

I flew back and slammed into the wall hard enough to make me see stars, and then he was on me again. I was too dazed to do a thing to oppose him as he shook me by my shoulders like I was some sort of rag doll, then hurled me across the room where I sprawled face-first into an easy chair. I bounced off and landed on my ass on the floor, sprawled helplessly.

And he was on top of me, straddling my stomach, one hand locked around my throat at he glared into my face. I felt his fingers tighten on my neck and for a terrifying, delirious instant I thought he was going to kill me. But he tightened just enough to hold me in place while, with the other hand, he reached up and touched the scratch I had left on his face. His fingertips came away bloody, and he held them in front of my eyes. "Look at this!" he shouted. "What the fuck do you think you're doing, bitch? WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? You fucking claw my face? WHAT THE FUCK?"

By this point I had recovered enough to grab hold of the wrist that was holding me by my neck and try to pull it away, but I may as well have saved the effort - he was too strong for me even when he wasn't enraged, and now he was plenty enraged. He flexed his fingers against my throat and that was enough to get me to stop struggling. I know my eyes were wide and terrified as I looked up at him, and his expression was pure malice.

"Never hit me again," he hissed. "Never even fucking think about it. Do you think I've done the worst I can do to you? Do you really fucking think that? Because I haven't, not by a long fucking way, and if you piss me off once more, just once fucking more, I will make you regret it and regret it hard. Do you hear me?"

I didn't answer, and his hand left my neck in a flash and grabbed my hair. He lifted my head up and slammed it down again on the floor, just hard enough to give me a headache and send the message that he was not kidding around. "DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME, BITCH?"

"I hear you!" I gasped.

He let loose of my hair, put his hand back on my throat, and held his bloody fingers in front of my eyes again. His lips curled back in a snarl as he said, "I ought to make you bleed for this, cunt."

If he was expecting me to beg, I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. I was terrified, yes, but I was too angry and too damned proud to think of giving in to him. I just stared back with sheer hostility and stayed silent.

"You could have put out my fucking eye," he fumed, and then he rubbed the sticky blood on my face. I closed my eyes and felt it on my skin, but my expression stayed hard and angry. He huffed again... and then he grabbed a fist full of the front of my tee shirt and pulled, hard. My body lifted up with it but his hand around my neck held me down, and I was sure I was going to choke - but then he gave a hard yank and I heard cloth tear, and suddenly the shirt was a rag in his hand. He hurled it to the side, then put his hand on my bra. Another tug and the fasteners popped; he ripped me out of it and left me naked from the waist up beneath him.

By now I knew he wasn't going to kill me, which was what the look on his face threatened at first, and I was pretty sure he wasn't even going to hurt me badly, except incidentally, because if that was what he'd wanted to do he'd have done it in the first flush of rage after I clawed him. However, it was just about this time that I started thinking he was going to rape me.

This wasn't like Saturday night, when he'd made me so horny and so loving for him that if he'd have taken me to bed I'd have only put up token resistance; I was still sexually worked up from the day and my failure with Charlie, yes, but that had been brushed to the side by my fury. Now if he'd have tried to take me I'd have fought him tooth and nail, and one or the other of us would end up in the hospital or dead. So I just opened my eyes and let him see the contempt there as he looked down at my naked breasts.

With his free hand he took my right nipple between his fingers, gave it a gentle tug - and then a hard twist that sent a ripple of pain through me. I didn't yell out; I didn't even wince. Instead I just loathed him. "Why do you do this, mom?" he asked me disgustedly. "Why do you make me put you in your place? Don't you realize what I can do to you? Don't you know that you belong to me now?"

"You're shit," I hissed.

His lips tightened into a crease, but he didn't hit me; I confess I was half expecting a slap across the face at least for that. Instead he reached down and opened my jeans. I didn't bother to fight him because there was no point; besides, I had to save myself for when he tried to take me. He had to let go of my throat to pull my jeans down over my hips, and I suppose I could have tried to get away then, but he wouldn't have let me so I didn't bother. I let him strip my jeans off, and though I aimed a hard kick at his head he grabbed my ankle, forced my leg down and cocked his fist like he was going to hit me.

I flinched - he's strong and his hands are huge - but he didn't follow through with the punch. Instead he took my panties in his hands (I was wearing one of the new pair, a red thong) and ripped the string holding them onto my right hip. A second tug and the string broke over the left hip, and he yanked them away with a single sharp movement. Then he was over me again, face inches from mine, and I could feel his erection against my thigh, hard in his pants. I kept my legs firmly shut; if he wanted them open he would need to pry them. I wasn't giving him a thing.

"I'm sick of this shit, mom," he told me, his voice calm but dangerous. "I'm sick of you putting up a fight when I try to take what's mine. I'm sick of you acting like you somehow don't know the score.

You're a smart woman. That's one of the reasons I love you --"

"Ha!"

He ignored my outburst. "It's one of the reasons I love you, and I don't want you to resist this. I want you to take hold of it and make it yours. You wonder how I can treat you like one of my sluts? Don't you understand that I want you to *want* to be one of my sluts?"

"Get used to disappointment," I snapped.

He shook his head like I had just said something remarkably foolish and short sighted. "I can give you things you've never had. I can give you things you've always wanted and needed. All you have to do is give yourself to me and I can make you happy like you've never been happy before."

"You just want to use me, David, so cut the shit."

He shook his head again and then, unexpectedly, climbed off of me and stood. "Get up," he said tiredly, waving his arm in a vague gesture. "Laurel will be home pretty soon. Get your ass up and get dressed." With that he turned and headed for the bathroom to bandage his face.

I laid there for a moment, naked and trembling with rage. I hated him so very much at that moment, and I hated myself because I knew that what he told me at the end was true. He had made me feel like no one else ever had. He had made me feel sexy and beautiful and desired. And more than that, he had accepted and embraced a deep, dark secret I couldn't tell anyone else, and he had helped me explore that secret. I knew he hadn't done it for unselfish reasons, but still he had done it and I knew he would do it again if I let him. The reason I hated myself is that there was a tiny part of me, deep down, that wanted to let him. I felt as shitty as he was.

Laurel got home at her regular time, but I was in too black a mood to do more than pass some perfunctory chitchat. I guess she figured I was still sick because she offered to make dinner, and I let her do just that. I took her suggestion and went to lie down; I hoped it would clear my head before Tim got home, but instead the frustrations of the situation just kept getting to me more and more, and I was edgy, miserable, and very touchy by the time my husband came up to check on me. He was very solicitous, but I was in no mood and my answers were brief and curt.

The four of us gathered for the dinner Laurel cooked (well, the five of us if you count Charlie). She had done a very nice job on some cod fillets and rosemary potatoes with a green salad, but she and Tim were mostly focused at first on the enormous band aid that covered David's cheek. I'd really done a number on him, and I immediately felt a pang of guilt in spite of everything (which just made me angrier). "What the heck happened to you?" Laurel asked. "You didn't have that in school today."

David glanced at me and then shrugged. "I was playing with Charlie and he scratched my face. I think we need to get his claws clipped."

"I'll take him in to the vet later in the week," I said quickly.

Laurel looked up at me and made a scissor motion with her fingers. "Gonna get him...?"

I blushed furiously and shot a glance at David. David hid his smirk by looking down at his plate. I was sure that the truth was written all over my face, but I tried to keep cool. "Nnnnooooo, I think we'll let him be a while. We may want to let him breed."

"As long as he doesn't get at Nosey," Tim said, apparently oblivious to my discomfort (and thankfully

so). "I'd hate to have their prize dog knocked up with a litter of mongrels."

"Oh, I know," David piped up cheerfully, and I felt the dread settle into my bones. "How about we have a bitch around the house to keep him occupied? If he's all worn out from that, he won't go chasing down the street."

I thought perhaps I might die.

"Well we'd like to breed him maybe once or twice," Tim explained to our son, "but we wouldn't want all the puppies that would come from having a bitch here. We don't want to be breeders, necessarily."

David turned his smile on me. "What do you think, mom? Maybe if we had a bitch that couldn't have puppies?"

I stared at him in pretty much exactly the same way that a bug stares at the scientist who's just pinned him to an index card. My throat was bone dry and my tongue felt like a fish in my mouth, but before I could make a sound Laurel jumped in. "That's stupid," she replied authoritatively. "Everybody knows that female dogs only do it when they're in heat, and if you get them fixed then they don't go into heat and they won't do it. No puppies, no doing it. Doofus."

"Honey, don't call your brother a doofus," Tim interjected. "We all have to respect each other."

"It's all right, Dad," David said happily. "Maybe we can find another solution for Charlie's problems. Maybe we can -"

"Can we PLEASE change the subject?" I interjected so forcefully that everyone looked at me; only my son's look was knowing. After a moment I added, a bit lamely, "I just don't think this is appropriate conversation for the dinner table. Um...Tim, how was your day?"

I barely listened to the resulting discussion. Few things make a person madder than being embarrassed, and I was hideously embarrassed. In other words, by the time dinner ended I was pissed off like I seldom had been in my entire life. Betrayed, frustrated, mortified - it was a hell of a mix. David took off before I had a chance to berate him, but he did manage to give me a smirk that enraged me even more. Afterward Tim and Laurel went to work on her homework and I stayed downstairs and cleaned and baked.

I should explain: my mother always told me that the two best ways for a woman to calm down and work out anger were cooking and cleaning. I've found it to be pretty true, most of the time anyway, and so I made a pan of brownies, cleaned the kitchen until it glowed in the dark, and then went down the basement and did all the wash. Unfortunately, this time my home remedy failed entirely. I was just as upset when I headed up to bed as I had been at the end of dinner.

Tim was already in bed when I got upstairs. He was marking up some papers for work when I walked in and began to undress. I was wearing some of the sexiest underwear David had made me buy - a frilly black see-through bra and lacy thong - and it was so different from what I normally wore (and so much more provocative) that I thought I had a right to a reaction from my husband, or at least a comment, but he didn't even look up from his work. I even paraded around the room a bit, trying to get him to notice, but no dice. By the time I put on my nightgown I was ready to explode.

Now, I have to explain something. Tim and I had never really argued about sex, or rather the lack of it. His interest in me had never been all that high and after Laurel was born it was pretty much zero, but aside from a few failed passes back then I had just let it be. I was absorbed in raising the kids

and I guess...well, to be honest, I assumed I wasn't all that attractive anymore. I knew I wasn't attractive to my husband, and aside from my brief affair I didn't feel attractive to anyone until a week before this night.

But then everything changed. I got on this terrifying roller coaster and for all that I was in a spot I didn't want to be in, at least I no longer felt unattractive. My gorgeous teenaged son wanted to fuck my brains out. A teenaged girl had practically molested me in a changing room and another girl only slightly older wanted to screw me silly tomorrow; yes I still wasn't planning to do it, but I knew I could and that fact made me feel very sexy. I felt like I should be desirable, and if Tim didn't desire me then I knew, for maybe the first time, that it wasn't my fault - it was his. It was his fault he didn't want me every damned night like I deserved.

I wasn't just a sexless mom the way I had thought of myself for most of my adult life. I was a woman, damn it, and I had needs that my husband was most definitely not fulfilling; the fact that he wasn't Charlie (or, God forbid, David) and therefore didn't have what it took to fulfill me didn't even enter my mind at the moment.

On most days, that thought would have gotten me a bit irritated but I would have simply talked to Tim about it in a rational way (or at least I hope that's what would have happened). But tonight I was so angry, so frustrated, and so easily upset that being ignored as I displayed myself was all it took to send me over the edge. I'm not proud of the fact, God knows, but in simple truth, I lost it. I rounded on Tim, hands on my hips, and demanded, "What's wrong with me?"

The tone of my voice was so angry and my question was so unexpected that Tim gave me a baffled look as he lifted his eyes to me. "What?"

"What. Is. Wrong. With. Me?" I demanded again, lifting my arms up like a mannequin. "Am I ugly?"

Poor Tim. He had no clue what had prompted this and even less how to react. He was holding his papers in his hands and looking so adorably at sea that at any other time I would have just laughed and gone in for a cuddle. This was not any other time, though, and instead I glared daggers. All he could say was, "Um..."

In all honesty, nothing he said at that moment could have mollified me, but a monosyllabic bit of nothingness certainly wasn't going to calm me down. "Answer me!" I snarled like a wildcat. "What is wrong with me, Tim?"

His eyes were wide, like I was a tornado that dropped out of a clear blue sky. "I...don't know what you mean, honey..."

"No, you don't know what I mean! Of course not! Why would you?" He didn't answer, which was maybe the wisest thing, so I roared on. "Something is obviously wrong with me! I mean I must be just completely horrible!"

Charlie whimpered, put his ears back, and climbed off the bed to huddle by the door. They say animals can sense disasters before they happen.

Tim shifted very uneasily. "I'm not sure what you mean..."

I reached behind me and undid my bra - or at least I tried to. I was going for a grand gesture, something elegant and muscular and cinematic, but the goddamned clasp caught, or else my fingers were fumbly with rage. Either way I struggled with it for several long, painful seconds that increased my embarrassment and anger, even as Tim watched uncomprehendingly. Finally I got it undone,

ripped off the bra and hurled it into Tim's chest. He looked down at it in complete mystification, then back up at me as I spread my arms. Fiercely I demanded, "Are my tits ugly?"

He blinked and stammered, "I - I never said they were..."

"No! No you never did! Do you want to say it now?"

"No!"

"But you don't want to touch them!" I yelled triumphantly, as though he had just proven my point. "You don't want aaaaaaanything to do with them, do you? You don't even look up when I'm parading them around in front of you! You have no reaction at all!"

"Look, honey..."

I shucked out of my thong and hurled it across the room, standing naked in front of my husband, hands on my hips in a belligerent posture. "And here's something else you don't want! No, don't want anything to do with this pussy, do you?"

Poor Tim was starting to look like an overmatched prizefighter who realizes too late that he doesn't have the skills to deal with his opponent and he's in for a brutal beating (hey, I love boxing and especially MMA - I think it's sexy as hell to watch two mostly-naked, sweaty guys beat the crap out of each other, so sue me). "Angela..."

"Don't Angela me! Don't you dare Angela me!" I snapped, pointing my finger at him like a weapon. "I shaved my cunt and what reaction do I get? Do you give me a good, rowdy fuck? Do you put your mouth on me? Do you even *touch* it?"

"I—"

"NO YOU DO NOT!" I yelled, and I knew I could be heard all over the house. I didn't give a damn. "Any other husband in the world would have shown a little interest. Any other husband in the world would have PRETENDED to have a little interest! But not you! Not my Tim! So there's obviously something terribly wrong with me! I must be ugly! I must smell funny! What is it, Tim? Why do I make your skin crawl!"

"Now wait just a second!" he shouted, finally losing his temper a bit. He's a marvelous, patient man, but anyone can be pushed too far. "You don't make my skin crawl! That's not it at all! I just have a lower drive than you, that's all."

"A lower drive? Are you fucking KIDDING ME?" I was screechy again now and I heard Charlie whimper again. "You have NO DRIVE! YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK!"

"Will you keep it down!"

"NO! I WILL NOT KEEP IT DOWN!" I shouted even louder, pitching my voice so it could be heard by the neighbors. Now, it was right about here that I started to think that maybe, just maybe, I had become a tiny bit irrational - not that it stopped me. No, the possibility just made me angrier. "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK ME, TIM? WHAT"

He dropped his papers and climbed out of bed, undoubtedly in an effort to calm me, but I was not in a mood to be calmed. "Honey, please, we can talk about this..."

"Oh you're all talk, Tim, you're all fucking talk and NO FUCKING!" I stepped back when he came close. "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?"

"There's nothing wrong with you!" he told me. "You're beautiful and sexy and I love you! I just...don't want to...have sex, that's all."

I put my hands to my face and choked off a sound of frustration, then shouldered past him, grabbed his papers off the bed in crumpled handfuls, and hurled them at him. "Get out of here, Tim! GET OUT!"

"Angela!"

"SHUT UP!" I howled, wadding the last of his work papers and bouncing them off his chest. "If you aren't going to fuck me then shut up and sleep in the goddamned guest room! I mean it, Tim! GO!"

He glared at me with a look that told me I was being as unreasonable as I suspected I was, then bent and picked up his papers. "Unbelievable," he muttered, and I commend his restraint that he said nothing more. He took his work and left the room, slamming the door so hard behind him that Charlie yelped and the walls shook.

It was at that moment that I made up my mind to go to XXXFantasy the next morning. I was going to go there and I was going to fuck Petra's brains out, and I wasn't going to leave there until she satisfied me.

That night I slept curled up with Charlie, who was deeply worried about me, and I cried myself to sleep.

May 13

To say that breakfast on Wednesday was tense would be an understatement. Tim wouldn't even look at me, and both David and Laurel had heard my rant last night. Laurel was mortified at knowing so much about her parents' (lack of) sex life, and to his credit, even David seemed embarrassed. They all left for their various daily tasks...and I got ready to have sex with a woman for the first time in my life.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous, but I was excited too. So much of my frustration over the last couple of days was sexual, especially after my failed attempt with Charlie yesterday, and I needed someone to release it. I could have made myself come, or even had Charlie lick me, but it wouldn't have been the same. I needed touch, I needed contact, I needed reciprocation; I've always gotten much more satisfaction from my own orgasms when I'm giving them to others at the same time. So even though I wasn't sure about being with a woman I did know that I wanted to be with someone who wanted to be with me, and Petra wanted to be with me. I would give myself to her, and take her in return.

I spent the early morning primping. It's funny how much time I spent getting myself to look good for Petra as opposed to how little I spent for David. Something about getting ready to be with a woman made me want to look the best I could - I guess specifically it made me want to look as good as she did, to be more accurate. Jealousy? Competition? I don't know, I just know that no woman ever wants to look bad for a lover, and when that lover is a beautiful woman, it puts that much more pressure on. And so I showered and shaved (all over) and I powdered, and I fussed with my makeup and my hair.

I spent half an hour picking out my clothes. The only really sexy clothes I had were the ones I bought

the week before with Brandy and Petra, and I couldn't wear those (they'd already seen me in the slinky little skirt and top, and the dress was evening wear). I tried a whole bunch of combinations before I came up with one I liked, and it wasn't what I was expecting when I started: a prim white blouse that buttoned to the neck, a plain black skirt that came down to an inch above the knee, and a proper and completely inconspicuous black jacket with white pinstripes. When I pinned up my hair it made me look like a school teacher... but it was what Petra would find when she stripped it off of me that made me smile: black thigh-highs with a Cuban heel, a thong that barely even existed, and a sexy little black bra that pushed up my girls and made them dance with every step I took.

I finished it off with the sexiest shoes I owned: a pair of black pumps with a 4' heel. I couldn't do much walking in them without getting sore, but then I wasn't planning on doing much to begin with. I smiled at my reflection. I felt sexy and desirable, and if I was nervous, well, there was no cure for that but experience.

I got to the store at 10:12 and parked around back. I checked myself over and I liked what I saw: I was dressed like a proper MILF. I was anxious about what I was doing, yes, but I was also horny and needful. More than that, I was eager to explore something that I had never even considered in a serious way before all this madness began. Really I think it was that more than lust that drove me forward; I had spent my life having nothing, and now I suddenly realized I didn't need to spend the rest of my life that way too. I could try things, and if I didn't like them I didn't have to do them again. And if I did like them...well, I'd cross that bridge when I came to it.

When I walked into the lingerie store, I saw Petra talking to another customer - a kind of emaciated looking girl with bad teeth, like you see on the anti-meth billboards - and she looked up and smiled hugely when she saw me. Petra was wearing a red halter top that tied behind the neck and accentuated those enviable boobs of hers, and a shortish black skirt. I felt my throat tighten and my pussy spasm when I saw her - was I really going to go through with this? I pushed the thought aside as soon as it occurred to me, though; yes, I was going through with this. I had to.

Brandy was behind the counter when I walked in, and she called out, "Angela! Glad you could make it!" She crossed the room in just a few steps and hugged me in a purely friendly way... but a clothes rack was between me and the meth-head customer, so the woman couldn't see that Brandy had her hand on my pussy and was squeezing it through my skirt. I giggled and hugged her back, and with one hand gave her crotch a squeeze through the clingy hipbudders she was wearing. "Pet, I'll take over," she called. "You can have that meeting with Angela."

"Fantastic, I've been looking forward to it!" Petra replied. "Come on into the back room, Angela. We can get set up there." I followed along, smiling like the cat that ate the canary and watching Petra's luscious, ample ass sway in her little skirt. Behind me I heard Brandy explaining to the customer that I was a new designer the store was considering working with, and I couldn't help but chuckle. Oh, I had designs, all right!

The place where Petra took me was a combination of store room and office - there were boxes of merchandise along two walls, a work table, a desk with a computer, a few cabinets, a fridge, a microwave, and a little bathroom. It was basically like every other store back room I had ever seen... except this was the place where I would have sex with a woman for the first time.

I didn't really have time to dwell on it, because no sooner had Petra closed the door behind us than her hands were on my ass and she was pulling me close. Her breasts flattened against my ribs (she's half a foot shorter than me) and she looked up into my eyes and whispered, "I didn't think you were going to come."

"Neither did I," I admitted with a smile. I had to tell my hands to move - it wasn't a natural response for me to touch a woman this way - but once I had them moving across her perfectly feminine hips and around to her back, I confess I did like the feeling. David, and Tim, and men in general are hard and angular, all planes and muscles. Petra, though, was like Brandy only more so - she was feminine, soft, warm, curving, yielding to the touch. She was a woman. Even Brandy hadn't felt this way under my hands - Brandy was a gorgeous girl, but she was a girl. There was no doubt that Petra was a woman through and through.

"I'm glad you did," she said as she squeezed my butt and pulled my body to hers. "I spent a lot of time this last week thinking about you and being jealous that Brandy got to play with you and I didn't. She said she was the first girl you ever played with."

"She was," I nodded, filling my hands with Petra's ass. We were moving together, swaying very softly, as though we were dancing to music neither of us was conscious of hearing. "She made it easy though."

Her lips found my neck and I tilted my head back to give her access (I adore having my neck nibbled and nuzzled and kissed) and she murmured, "I kind of got the impression you were mostly doing it for your boyfriend."

It took a monumental effort on my part to keep me from correcting her that I had been doing it for my son, but I managed it just in time. "I was...then. But I'm not doing this for him. I'm doing this for me. I want you to show me what it's like, Petra. Will you do that?"

She looked up at me, eyebrow quirked, and asked, "How far do you want to go?"

My eyes were locked with hers as I replied, "All the way. I want your hands on me. I want your mouth on me. I want my hands and my mouth on you. I'll do whatever you tell me to do so long as you promise me it will feel good for both of us. I don't want to walk out of here wishing I'd done something I didn't do."

Her smile managed to be gentle and avaricious at once, and she undid the belt that held my skirt in place, then quickly lowered the zipper on the back. "Have you imagined this a lot? Being with a woman?"

I thought, then shook my head. "No, not really. I mean, sometimes. Everyone does sometimes. But no, mostly I'm straight, I think."

"But you're still here now."

"Yes. I'm still here and I'm not going anywhere before I make you come as many times as I can."

My skirt dropped to the floor. She stepped back to look at me, and her eyes gleamed. "All kindergarten teacher on the outside and slut underneath. I like that."

I giggled again, feeling less like a school teacher and more like a school girl having her first sexual experience. I pinched the fabric of her skirt and asked, "And what do you have under here?"

"You want to know, you're just gonna have to find out." So that was exactly what I did. I found the clasp on her skirt and opened it, and in an instant she was naked from the waist down. What I discovered thrilled me: she didn't have a thing on underneath. Her muscular thighs rose up to a lovely pussy, even darker than the rest of her skin, with the inner lips just barely visible between the puffy outer ones. It was shaved bare except for a thin landing strip of curly black pubic hair. I wasn't

even aware that I licked my lips until she chuckled. "Looks good to you?"

I nodded, my eyes wide. That was going to be the first pussy I ever sucked. I didn't know whether to be lustful or intimidated, so I was a bit of both. "You're...you're really pretty."

Her big, dark eyes flashed again, and she brought a hand down on my ass in a soft little slap. "And you're a hot little bitch. Now get out of that top before I put you over my knee."

Her dominant side came out so suddenly that I gasped, but I didn't even think of saying no to her commands. I needed to explore this, it was true, but having someone in charge would make it so much easier. Without hesitation I stepped back and opened my jacket, tossing it on the desk. My black bra was plainly visible through the white blouse, a fact which thrilled me with its small naughtiness. I didn't pause there though, and in another few moments I had unbuttoned the blouse with swift fingers and dropped it on the desk. I was there in my underwear and pumps now, and I looked up at Petra with half-lidded eyes to see what she wanted next.

Petra stood with her hands on her tilted hips, naked from the waist down and looking like a princess. She pursed her lovely full lips and made a twisty motion with her fingers. "Get rid of the rest of it, except for the stockings and shoes. I want my horny little sluts naked."

I shivered at the tone of command in her voice and hurried to obey. The bra went first, my breasts bobbling free and showing my hard nipples (I hadn't even been aware that my nipples were hard, but they were, as hard as rubies), and the thong came off next. I tossed my underwear to an unseen and unheeded corner - I didn't even care where it went at that moment. Petra wanted me naked, and I wanted it too, and so I stood before her with a shy sort of pride and watched her look at me. That she liked what she saw was obvious from the way her eyes ate me up and the smile that crooked her mouth. "You're a hot cunt, you know that?" she asked me. "I bet you make all the little girls' pussies wet."

"I...I don't know," I stammered. Laurel had plenty of friends, but I had never even considered that any of them - the female ones especially - would be horny for me. The thought seemed utterly bizarre.

She laughed. "Well maybe you ought to find out. You got kids, right?"

"Yes," I nodded. "A son who's 17 and 15 year old daughter."

"Either of them ever bring girls over to the house?" she asked, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Like your daughter ever have sleepovers?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well next time all those 15 and 16 year old girls come through your house, you watch them. I bet at least one of them will be watching you too."

"I don't know..."

"I do," Petra replied with utter certainty. "You're too fucking gorgeous not to have some girls want your mouth on their pussies. Maybe when you notice it, you'll do something about it now."

I had no idea what to say about that. The thought of having sex with one of Laurel's girlfriends was overwhelming. I can't say I found the idea as compelling and sexually immediate as, say, the idea of having sex with some hard-bodied high school football player, but there was something to it that was

powerful anyway.

It's hard to explain, and I know I didn't understand it then, but the idea of seducing a young girl - or being seduced by one - was incredibly erotic to me on a level very different from an imagined encounter with a teenage boy. Teenage boys, after all, will pretty much stick their dicks into anything that doesn't move fast enough to get away, so having a boy want to fuck me was no accomplishment. But a girl - a fresh young teenage girl - now that was something else entirely, and a feeling of sexual power rippled through me as I imagined one or another of Laurel's friends looking up at me with her mouth buried in my snatch.

Petra didn't give me much time to revel in the thought though, because she quickly ordered me into action: "Get over here and take my top off."

I've mentioned that I'm proud of my tits, but when I took off Pet's blouse and saw hers for the first time I felt undeniable envy. They had looked gorgeous through her clothes, but being clothed didn't do Petra justice. The woman was born to be naked, and her breasts were a case in point. Bigger than mine, round and full, perfectly proportioned, taut and perky in the way that mine just couldn't be any more at my age, with big round nipples so dark that they looked like ebony - to cover those ladies up was a crime.

She put her hands on me, on my bare skin, and for the first time in my life I marveled at the amazing, thrilling contrast between white and black skin. I'm a Nordic blonde, pale even when I'm tanned (and I wasn't tanned on my belly because I hadn't worn a two-piece bathing suit since before I got pregnant with David) and Pet is as dark-skinned as anyone I've ever seen.

Even beyond the fact that I was being touched intimately by a woman, and by a black person for the first time, there was something aesthetically very appealing about her skin on mine. It took almost no imagination to make the leap of visualizing my naked pink pussy being spread by a thick black cock...

And then I had no time for imagination, because Pet put me in motion. She surrounded me with her arms and pushed me back with her body. Two steps and I felt the table against the back of my thighs; I put my butt on it and she followed, pressing me over onto my back as she straddled me. In just a few moments I was lying down with my legs over the end of the table and she was above me, knees on either side of my waist, her perfect breasts hanging down almost to mine as she leaned in to kiss me. And this time when I felt a woman's lips on mine I didn't even think of wavering - this was what I was here for, and I was going to revel in every second of it.

Our tongues met between our lips, and the kiss started out soft and easy because that was the way Petra wanted it. Tip on tip, our tongues moved together slowly, and after a moment I found myself sighing into her mouth. This was it - for the first time since my brief affair years before, I was with someone other than my husband because I wanted to be, of my own volition; and whereas I had felt years of guilt from that previous dalliance, I knew I would feel no guilt whatever from this one. Tim was still my husband and I still loved him, but he had no further claim on my body. From now on when I wanted someone else, man or woman - or maybe even dog - I would take them. It was that simple.

I remember when she lowered herself onto me and we lay, length on length, warmth on warmth, mouth on mouth. Her hands were on my flanks, caressing my ribs and my hips, and after a moment I moved my hands as well. At first they came to rest on the backs of her shoulders, my touch gentle, but it didn't take long for them to begin to drift down across her curved back to her tiny waist and then further, onto her ass. Oh God, Pet has an ass to kill for.

I'm not ashamed of mine, especially for being in my middle 30s, but Pet's... Pet's ass is one for the ages. Her figure is the sort that you can't have once gravity starts to get hold of you - broad shoulders, big firm tits, a waist you could almost encircle with two hands, and a big, bodacious ass that any man would love to hold onto while taking her from behind. It was the sort of ass that would look good in a skirt or pants that were tight or loose, clothed or naked. It was firm and hot and I loved the way it felt when I squeezed it and pulled her pelvis down against mine.

Quickly enough our kissing stopped being soft and exploratory and became something altogether more urgent. I don't think either one of us was in the mood to pussyfoot around for long, pardon the bad pun - she was hotter for me than I was for her, and I was plenty hot. Her lips were on mine hard and I was taking the air right out of her lungs, just like she was taking mine. Our nipples were hard, mine against hers, and my hand crept over her ass and stroked her shaved lips at almost the exact same moment that hers went between our bodies and found mine.

I could feel her grin through her kiss as she slipped her middle finger deep into me, and I followed her lead. It was the third pussy I had ever fingered, my own included, and it was getting so that I was getting used to the feel. I didn't think I'd ever love it as deeply and instinctively as I loved putting my fingers around a hard, thick cock, but there was no doubt in my mind that I could get to like it easily enough.

It didn't take long for us to start fucking each other pretty good, pumping each other nice and deep. Her pussy was tight and wet and it clasped hard on me as I pushed into it, and sucked hard at me as I pulled back, and the feeling was addictive. It was no wonder, I thought, that men went bananas for pussy if they were all as nice as Petra's and Brandy's; it was soft and yielding, warm and moist and inviting, a pleasure to touch just as Brandy's was. It felt smooth on the inside and yet gently rippled, and I knew that those little dips and variations of flesh that felt so innocuous as I pumped my fingers - two of them now - in and out of her body were what kept men drooling to get their cocks into women.

I know it sounds terribly mundane, as though I was amazed to discover that the sun is bright, but there's a difference between intellectually knowing a fact like that and having visceral experience with it. I didn't have a cock and I could never know what wonders they gave to men, but now I could imagine the tremble in David's limbs as he pushed himself into some neighborhood housewife and thought of me -

I stopped myself from thinking about David. I was still fiercely pissed at him - he had betrayed me and been unapologetic, telling me that I had been a fool to trust him. And I HAD been, I knew... but I had wanted to trust him, after what he had said and how he had made me feel. I had wanted to give myself to him. I had wanted to cross that enormous boundary and violate a taboo that was even bigger, to me, than fucking a dog. I had eagerly sucked his cock, and if he had just left things there then I would have eagerly sucked his cock the next day and the day after, and I wouldn't have put up a fight when he finally took me to bed and shattered the last taboo. But he had thrown that away, deliberately and cold bloodedly, and now he was going to have to pay the price for that by having to drag me kicking and screaming every step of the way from now on. That he would do so I had no doubt, but I would leave scars.

But fuck David. Fuck him all to hell. He wasn't here and I what I was doing now had nothing whatsoever to do with him. I was doing this because it was something I hadn't allowed myself to even want in the past, and because I deserved to push back all the boundaries that had kept me a hemmed-in little hausfrau all these years. I was doing it to break free.

And suddenly I wanted to suck pussy. I mean I honestly, truly wanted to suck pussy, not just for the

fact of knocking down a barrier but because I knew it would taste good and feel good on my mouth, and because I wanted to make Petra cum on my tongue, writhing and gasping and moaning my name. I wanted sex with her for the sake of sex with her, not because it would mean anything but simply because it would feel good. And so I pulled my mouth away from hers (with some difficulty) and whispered, "I want to lick you, Petra..."

She smiled like a tiger and whispered back, "You do?"

"Yes, I do. I really do."

"Well maybe I want to do the same to you first." She put a kiss on my nose and ran her tongue along my cheek. "What do you think about that?"

"Will you make me cum?"

"I'll make you scream."

I swallowed hard. "Please make me scream, Petra."

Her mouth was around my right nipple then, sucking it in and rolling her tongue over it. I noted in an abstract sort of way that her technique was different from Brandy's; Brandy was soft and gentle, even when she used her teeth on my breasts. Pet wasn't. Pet was hard, driving, and even though what she did to me felt amazing and perfect, I knew immediately that she would push me to my limits. She would make me dance the line between pain and pleasure and teach me how much of one I could take before it became the other. In normal times the idea might have at least intimidated me, but now I surrendered myself to it completely. I would go where Pet took me.

She didn't linger all that long on my breasts; she was too eager to get between my legs. And so when she began to kiss her way down my stomach I just braced myself and spread my thighs, my eyes closed and my hands ready to grip the sides of the table. I still remember the instant I first felt a woman's breath hot and close on the wet folds of my sex and knew that her lips would soon follow. It occurred to me then that I was leaving something inside me behind here, that I would be changed by this just as certainly as I had been changed by the evening with Charlie and David, but I knew instinctively that I couldn't both stay what I was and become what I had to be. Something had to give, the old skin had to peel away, the old me had to die before the new me could be born. What would the new me be like? There was only one way to find out.

Her mouth settled on my pussy and I let out a breath, something between a gasp and a moan, not because of the sensation so much, though it was very pleasant, as much as what it represented. And when her lips began to move on me and her tongue went inside I felt something profound and deep and wonderful happen in the heart of me. Sex because I wanted it, with a person I wanted to be with, was a revelation.

Pet knows how to go down on a girl. Her mouth immediately began doing things to me that I had never even imagined to be possible, not even in my most feverish sex fantasies after reading some tawdry romance novel. I won't say she was as good at licking me as Charlie, but then she didn't have a foot-long tongue or whatever my lovely lover has. What she did have that Charlie didn't, though, was lips...and oh my, what a difference lips do make!

I should mention at this point that in addition to being a generally indifferent lover, Tim was never a big fan of eating me out. Oh back when we used to have sex, he'd do it if I asked, but his lack of enthusiasm and lack of anything remotely approaching skill made it unenjoyable, and it wasn't long before I stopped asking. And so it's not surprising, really, that I never really thought I liked it.

How wrong I was. Once Petra started to lick me in earnest I knew that I not only liked getting head, I loved it...and I'd want it plenty from now on. Her tongue was constantly in motion, the tip flicking my clit one second and the next burying itself deep inside me. Her lips moved on me too, kissing and caressing even as her tongue probed and dived. I opened my eyes - not deliberately, it was a reaction to the sensations - and lifted my head to watch her pretty, dark face between my pale legs. Her big brown eyes were on mine and there was a smile in them as she opened her jaw wide, plastered my cunt in an enormous kiss, and started tongue-fucking me like a pro. "Oh FUCK Petra!" I hissed, "you're so fucking good at that!"

She mumbled something pleased but incomprehensible and redoubled her efforts, and it wasn't long before she had my chest heaving for breath and a delicious liquid fire circulating through my veins. Could she make me cum? Could I orgasm on the tongue of a woman? If I had doubted it, I had no doubts now. Pet was going to give me a climax and make me howl.

It was then she started using her teeth on me. Now, I can't exactly recommend that for the beginner because if you do it wrong you can really ruin an impending orgasm. But Petra did it right. The first I knew she was going to do it was when I felt her teeth on my clit, and I nearly flew apart right then and there because it was so unexpected. One instant her tongue was on my little bud, flicking and dancing and moving, soft and deft and flexible - and the next instant there were hard teeth on it, scraping against the raw nerves.

Now that makes it sound really painful, but it wasn't at all - there was pain, because like I said Petra loves to dance the line between pleasure and pain - but it was a wonderful pain and there was so much pleasure with it that I screamed and my whole body lifted off the table and shook against her mouth. It was like nothing I had ever felt before and it set me quivering like a bell after its rung. And then she did it again, and this time it hurt more and felt better and I was crying. My thighs clamped hard on her head, both hands grabbed her curls and I slammed my cunt fiercely into her face.

I knew she loved my reaction from the way she ground into me even harder, and within a few seconds we were pushing against each other, my cunt into her face and her face into my cunt; I felt her lips, her tongue, her teeth, her cheeks spreading me open wide as she licked me as deeply as she possibly could, taking me higher, faster, hotter...and then I came. And when I came I screamed, just like she promised I would. I screamed her name and I screamed for her to keep sucking me and I screamed a stream of profanity that I blush to remember, and then I just screamed, and came, and came, and came.

When I opened my eyes she was above me again, smiling down at me like a saint. Her dark-skinned face was shining with my juices and her eyes were shining with triumph. She was watching my face for a sign of how I felt about the whole thing, and she got it when I put my arms around her neck and pulled her face down to mine.

I know she thought I was going to kiss her because she opened her lips for me, but that wasn't where I went at first. My tongue found her cheek, her cheek that was wet with the juices from my sex, and I licked myself off her face. I don't even remember what it tasted like, only that I was buzzing hard from an afterglow that had me feeling mellow and very, very sexy, and that it was a thrill to be licking my pussy from the cheeks of a woman. Petra let me lick to my heart's content, and when I finally put my mouth on hers and I savored myself there, I knew that I was on the way to becoming whatever it was I had decided I needed to be.

She broke the kiss with a grin and looked into my eyes. "Bitch," she whispered, "I want my pussy sucked."

"I want to suck it."

"You're gonna make me cum."

"I am."

"You're gonna put that pretty white face in my dripping black snatch and lick me until I get what I want."

"Yes."

"What do you think your husband would say if he saw you now?"

I laughed. "Who cares? He doesn't want what I have anyway."

"And what do you think if your boyfriend saw you?"

A smile this time. "David would love it. He'd jerk off while he watched."

"Think he'd fuck you while you ate me?"

"He'd sure want to. He'd want to fuck you too."

"Tough for him. I only like girls. You better be ready because I want to cum."

"I want to make you."

She rolled off of me and onto her back as I stood. She lay with her ass on the edge of the table, her compact and utterly feminine form displayed before me. Her pussy was so dark it was almost black, but the lips were spread open just a bit to reveal a slash of pink inside. It was glistening wet all across her puffy labia and down onto her perineum. It was beautiful, and I stood still and looked at it as she ran a hand idly over her tummy (her belly button was pierced and her fingers were twittering on the blue glass gem in her navel). She watched my face as I looked at her, and I guess I must have displayed some emotion or other because she chuckled at me and asked, "You like the way it looks, huh?"

"Yeah...yeah I do. A week ago I'd never even thought about it, but now..."

"Now you want your face in it."

"Yeah. I do."

"Then make me cum, baby. I love it when straight girls lick my pussy, it makes me cum so hard..."

I was trembling as I knelt between her legs; part of it was fear, yes, and part was apprehension at something unknown, but a lot of it was simply excitement. She had made me want to do the unthinkable (for me) and now I was about to do it. I put my hands on her thighs and felt her. Her skin was soft, like silk is soft, and I could feel her heat and her strength and the blood in her veins coursing beneath my fingertip. It was a good feeling, a lover's feeling. I loved being a lover.

"Do it, baby," she whispered, eyes on my face. "Put your mouth on me."

I leaned forward, my nose just an inch from her sex. I could smell her now, smell her fragrance. A woman's pussy isn't perfume, that's for sure. It's a biological smell, a living smell, a smell of heat

and wetness contained in a vibrant and breathing body. But at the same time I didn't find it a bad smell, not at all. It was a living smell, the smell of the place we had all come from, and it was rich and heady and seductive. It was a sex smell but it had nothing whatsoever to do with men or things masculine; it was feminine, as purely and completely feminine as anything could ever be.

I know most men don't like to think about how... well, not to gross you out, I'll just use the word biological again - how biological women's bodies, and especially our genitals, can be. That one little area is used for a lot of different things and sees a lot of traffic, and it produces a lot of different aromas and, um, fluids. To a man it's a hole to fuck, but as I was looking between Petra's legs I saw what I had, the same thing but in a different color (and younger than mine, to be sure) and it was a very powerful experience to know that I was about to give pleasure to the same sorts of nerves as I had.

I put my mouth on her. Her skin was soft and smooth, obviously freshly shaved or waxed. Her labia yielded to the pressure of my lips and I felt her inner folds against my mouth. It was official: I was going down on a woman. I let my mouth rest against her for a second, just feeling it, experiencing it, lips closed, breathing her in and rolling over the sensation of a pussy against my face. And then, gently, I parted my lips, put out my tongue, and began to lick her. Her lips parted before even the softest of pressure and I tasted, for the first time, another woman's sex.

I guess the easiest thing it to say it tasted like it smelled, but that's not a fair description. I immediately knew it wasn't a taste I would ever love in the same deep, vibrant way I loved semen, but I also knew that it wasn't offensive in the least. Even if I wouldn't long for it, I knew that I could, and would, get used to it with very little effort.

I knew that I could, and would, put my mouth on another woman if the mood struck me or the woman bewitched me, and I wouldn't hesitate a moment to do so. Women... and, as I recalled the idea Pet had put in my head of Laurel's friends, maybe girls too. It was a savory taste, strong but not unpleasant, female like nothing else could ever be, perhaps just a little tangy and salty and maybe even just a hint of metallic at the very edge of my taste buds. It was a human taste, not similar to a man's taste in any way but, at the same time, identical to it: it was the taste of arousal, of desire, of need, and soon enough it would be the taste of a lover's release, earned as it flowed over my tongue.

"Mmm, that's it girl," Petra told me. "Just slow and easy. Take your time and don't rush."

I did as I was told and licked her in one long, slow swipe from the very base of her twat where she opened into her vagina and up, between her lips, tasting her and feeling her and smelling her, until I came to her clit. It was hard and peering out from its little hood, perfect and pink and as sweet and innocent looking as a little girl in pigtails. I was gentle as I put my lips on it, surrounding it, and gave it a soft kiss. My lips parted and my tongue flicked over it, just for an instant, just the tip.

"Slow, girl, slow," she whispered. "Lick my pussy for a while..."

I was more than willing to take guidance, not just because this was my first time doing this but also because I wanted Petra to cum like she'd made me cum. I knew I couldn't do with my teeth what she'd done (I was so inexperienced I'd draw blood if I tried) and I didn't have enough experience with getting my pussy licked to know exactly what I liked, so anything she could tell me was welcome. I lowered my mouth to her opening and put my lips on it; I could feel her vagina open before me like it wanted me inside it. My tongue moved inside tentatively and instantly I was in a world of Petra's flavor, of her juices, of her sex.

I didn't really think then, I just started to do what felt natural to me: I began to lick, pushing my

tongue in as deeply as it could go and then pulling back, up and down, in and out. She was wet when I began but she rapidly got wetter and in a few moments she was flowing into my mouth.

I was enough of a naïf that I didn't realize yet how different women get wet in different amounts and that Petra was a flooder; all I knew was that there was more juice than I could lick up, and with every lick I made more. The oddness and unfamiliarity of it faded almost immediately and I became comfortable with what I was doing, just licking deep, feeling her pelvis hard against my cheeks and my chin, her softness and fragrance wonderful to me.

I looked up and saw her smiling down at me, and I smiled with my eyes. "God you look good eating pussy, slut," she told me, running a hand along my hair. "Your pretty white face stuck in my black cunt! I wish your boyfriend was watching us - no, fuck that, I wish your husband was watching us so he could see what a good cuntlicker his wife is!"

I laughed into her body. Tim's skull would pop if he saw me this way, naked and on my knees, eating out a young black woman in the back room of a sleazy lingerie store! Then again, I thought, maybe it would finally stir his cock into life. Who knew? And at this point, who cared? He didn't want me for the sex I needed, so I would get it somewhere else. And right now I was getting it from Petra. What could be complicated about that?

"All right, now lick up to my clit. Be slow...be gentle..." She sighed as I did just what she told me. "That's it. Put your fingers into me. Two at first, get me loosened up, and then give me three. Yeah... yeah that's it... suck my clit real gentle, real soft... mmmm... pump my pussy..yeah... yeah that's it..."

She was clamping down on my fingers, squeezing them as I fucked her hot little hole, and she was lifting her clit against my mouth. I didn't know much about making women happy at this point but I knew enough to know I was doing it for her, and I knew enough to know I was going to make her cum. I felt absolutely fantastic, strong and powerful and clever. I loved that feeling.

"Harder now... fuck me good, fuck me nice and hard...squeeze on my clit a little with your lips, not too much... tongue it..."

She was humping against my face and my hand now, her pussy spasming on my hand, and I knew the signs of an impending orgasm when I saw one. I didn't fool myself into thinking it was my consummate skill at cunnilingus that had brought her to this place so much as the fact that she had a straight suburban Suzy Homemaker worshipping her cunt, but I was doing my best and learning with every motion of my fingers and every lap of my tongue.

"I'm almost there, honey," she told me. We had found each other's rhythm (it took me a bit, honestly, because I was still clumsy, but I finally got it) and she was fucking my fingers just as much as they were fucking her, just as she was rubbing her clit on my lips and tongue just as much as I was sucking it. But that's how good sex always is, isn't it? I watched her face, her big eyes scrunched tightly shut and her lower lip caught between her teeth, and I loved the passion, the need, and the rapture I had put there. I loved making love to her. "Gonna cum... keep going... gonna cum... gonna ...gonna..."

And then she did. I didn't make her scream my name the way I wanted to, but I did make her suck in air and gasp adorably at the same time like she was springing a leak (a very sweet, lovable sound), I made her whole body shake (her tits vibrated mesmerizingly, quaking and rolling with every quiver in her body) and I made her thrust her pussy into my face and yank me into her by my hair (I admit I panicked a bit at the sudden, hard movement and the pain from my scalp, but I kept doing what I was doing so it worked out in the end). I mouth-rode that clit and pumped her cunt as she held

herself stiff against me - and then she dropped, limp and spent, to the table, smiling and panting and sweaty.

I had done it. I had made a woman cum with my mouth. I felt like the Queen of America.

After a few moments she pulled me up into her arms and we lay together on the table, naked, skin on skin and earned sweat on earned sweat, tangled up with each other. I was grinning, and she looked at me knowingly. I was a little shy as I asked, "Did I do OK for a first time?"

"Oh hell yeah," she laughed and put a kiss on my lips. "You made me pop, and that's what it's about."

"I didn't really know what I was doing. I don't have a lot of experience even on the receiving end..."

"Do you want more?"

I nodded. "I do... receiving and giving. I liked it."

"I can take you places," Petra told me, looking into my eyes to gauge my reaction. "Places where they don't let me in the door, where they don't even let women in the door unless they're looking to fuck other women. Do you want to go to places like that?"

I paused. "Like...in front of everyone?"

She laughed. "WITH everyone."

"Oh...I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet," I told her. "I mean I like the idea, but I want to... get more comfortable with it, I guess."

"More one on one?" she asked. I nodded, and she smiled. "Well whenever you want, I'll get with you. If you don't mind letting Brandy come, we could have lots of fun together."

I smiled back, surprised at how shy I was feeling. "I think Brandy would be all right. I know her and...and I want to do to her what I did to you. I think it would be good."

"I know she'll like it," Pet told me, and that was the last we talked for a while. We lay in each other's arms, cuddling and kissing and looking into each other's eyes, stroking each other's skin, moving our limbs against each other. I was just about to suggest Round 2 when there came a knock on the door and Brandy poked her head in. She grinned huge when she was us tangled up like we were and said, "Hey Pet, I hate to interrupt but I'm swamped. Can you help out?"

"Be there in a minute," Petra said, then looked back at me and said ruefully, "Duty calls, or some shit like that."

I chuckled and smacked her ass. "Well you leave me wanting more, and that's a good thing. I'll help you get dressed."

I did, and after a session in the bathroom to adjust my makeup and hair I joined the other customers out front. I picked up some more clothes - more underwear, a couple more skirts and dresses, a few cute tops, all very sexy and ranging from sort of classy to outright trashy. Pet and Brandy copped feels off me when they could do so without getting noticed and I did the same to them, giggling as I did. I felt playfully naughty, like a schoolgirl secretly acting up in class and half-hoping she got spotted by the cute boy. I didn't have time to get either Petra or Brandy alone, but I did get both

their phone numbers before I left.

I walked out of there with my head held high, feeling strong and confident and smart.

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## **Chapter Six**

May 13

When I walked out of the lingerie store I was on a cloud. I felt strong, confident, sexy, like I could do anything I put my mind to and like I had a right to have anything I wanted. On the way home I was struck by an irresistible craving for French fries.

Normally I don't like greasy food, but at that moment deep fat fried anything sounded absolutely delicious. I swung by a McDonalds, thinking I'd get a small fry, but when I opened my mouth at the drive through microphone, what came out was, "I'd like a 10 piece nugget meal, please." 10 Chicken McNuggets! AND a bunch of French fries! God, I'd be working this off my ass for the next month. I thought of canceling the order, but I pushed the thought away. I wanted this. I deserved this. And I was really, really hungry for this.

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

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

When I got home, Charlie was very happy to see me and he greeted me with the enthusiasm that only a canine can muster when he's convinced he'd been left forever alone and then his best buddy comes. I took him out for our daily run, and I added six blocks to it as penance for my indulgence at the Golden Arches.

The run cleared my mind and I got into the zone you sometimes get into when you're exercising really good, where you don't think of anything at all except the air in your lungs and the way your muscles are moving smoothly and efficiently but you feel so incredibly good, like the best drug ever.

I handled the extra mile or so easily enough, but it kicked Charlie's furry butt, and the poor dear just collapsed in a panting heap in front of the floor fan when we got in the door. I got on my knees and petted him for a good fifteen minutes, something we both loved, then let him out the back to investigate the yard and sit in the breeze while I took a shower.

I felt perfect when I stepped into the shower; I was thinking about what I had done with Petra, and how sexy and empowered it made me feel, and those thoughts really put me on a high. But when I was rinsing the conditioner out of my hair I suddenly started thinking about my wedding, and how I had pledged to honor and be faithful to Tim, and I suddenly felt incredibly, massively guilty. Regardless of the fact that he and I had no sex life whatsoever, I was still married to him and I still loved him very, very much. He deserved better from me than to be sneaking off to sleazy adult stores to have sex with women -

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

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

When I was done crying, I felt a little better. I still had some twinges of guilt, but not nearly as bad, and I covered myself in jeans and a floppy shirt so I wouldn't have to look at my gross body. I settled down in the kitchen and called Tammy, one of the few of my friends who is a stay at home mom like me. Her kids are younger than mine – she has an eight year old, a six year old, and a two year old – but her oldest, Ken, reminds me a lot of Laurel in terms of personality, while her two year Laine is a little hellion like David was at that age, though hopefully not as downright evil. The six year old, Martin, has fairly severe autism unfortunately, and so Tammy has to stay home to take care of him.

I hustled around the kitchen, preparing the ingredients for the night's dinner (nothing fancy, just lasagna with a salad and some Italian bread) and talking to my friend while she cleaned. I was hoping talking to her would make me feel better, but it had the opposite effect because I was harboring secrets I didn't dare share with her, or with anyone I knew – except David, of course. David would find out what I did with Petra, and that would only give him more ammunition to use against me. The realization sent me into a miserable spiral and by the time I hung up I was ready to cry again. I fussed around a bit, doing a little cleaning, then wrote out a few bills while Charlie laid on my feet and kept them warm. Charlie, my sweet love.

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

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

Dinner that night was fun, or at least that's how I remember it. Initially the kids were very leery, given what I'd yelled to Tim the night before, but Tim and I were jokey and flirty and very comfortable so that by the end everyone loosened up and had a good time. David made some veiled cracks about Charlie but I didn't let it get to me – right then, in fact, it felt like nothing could get to me at all. I felt invulnerable. So I did the logical thing which, was when he made a snarky comment, I laughed and pelted him with garlic bread (which Charlie ate when it hit the floor).

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

May 17

I won't bore you with the story of the next few days. I spent most of the days in tears and hating myself for being fat, ugly, old, faithless, feckless, lustful, perverted and useless. Everyone except



Charlie learned to steer clear of me by Wednesday afternoon. Even David learned the lesson when he came into the kitchen to get a soda when I was fixing dinner and I, for no reason whatsoever, spent the next ten minutes screaming at him about... well, nothing, actually. Just screaming.

I was so angry and irrational that Laurel, of all people, came downstairs and stepped between us. Similarly I spent most of the nights awake, miserable and aching in every joint in my body. I wasn't horny in the slightest - even when Charlie tried to lick me as I changed clothes I shooed him away. The thought of sex, of feeling pleasure, seemed bizarre and alien and undeserved.

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

Furthermore, my PMS symptoms usually weren't that bad. Oh I'd bloat and ache and get a little moody, but nothing like this time. This time was some kind of a record for me. Stress, I suppose, coupled with the sudden increase in sexual hormones I'd been producing... or something. I don't know, I'm not a doctor. I've heard plenty of men complain that the workings of women's bodies, and especially menstruation, are a mystery to them. The fact is, they're a mystery to a lot of women too.

Sometimes you barely bleed; other times you think your heart is pumping every drop of crimson straight out through your cooch. Sometimes you have such mild PMS symptoms you don't even notice; other times, like this time, you're so miserable and volatile that you're impossible to be around. Sometimes you're early; sometimes you're late; sometimes you skip. Sometimes the power of your fertility and fecundity strikes you in a sublime, almost spiritual way and you're awed at the majesty of your own body; other times you think it's a huge pain in the ass and you wish you were born without a uterus.

This was a bad one. Not only the PMS was bad, but the period itself. Oh the bleeding wasn't dramatically worse than usual (maybe a little) but the side effect...damn. OK, there's really no beating around the bush here: when I'm through with PMS and actually in my period, I get horny. No, cancel that, I get HORNY. Even when my life was sexless, I'd spend a few days with an itch between my legs that always felt like it needed to be scratched. This time, with the awakening I'd had, I went into heat.

It's a vulgar way to say it, sure, but it's also accurate. I woke up Saturday morning at about 3:00 AM \*needing\* to come like I've seldom needed it before. I lay there for a few minutes thinking fiercely sexual thoughts about Charlie and David, Petra and Brandy, and then I went into my bathroom and fingered myself to a pair of shuddering orgasms in what must have been record time. Even that didn't do more than take the edge off though, because I barely got back to sleep before the erotic dreams came... and my, were the erotic. The one I remember best was set in David's second grade class.

It was Show and Tell and David brought me. Everyone in the room was a second-grader except for me, David, and the teacher. I was wearing a tiny little flirt skirt that showed my ass, a see-through mesh tank top, no underwear, red fishnet thigh-highs and these crazy stripper shoes, and I was sitting on David's lap. We were making out in the middle of class, kissing fiercely while he fingered me and I stroked his cock; nobody noticed. When it came time for him to present, he carried me up to the teacher's desk, set me there, dropped his pants and started fucking me long, deep and hard with his lovely cock. He kept whispering into my ear that if I wanted him to get an A, we'd have to put on a really good show...

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

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

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

"Good. Got my period."

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

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

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

"You did not!"

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

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

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

"Oh? Where are you going?"

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

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

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

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

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

I felt a flutter of panic in my breast at the idea of spending the rest of the morning and the early afternoon alone with David (I had a date with some girlfriends in the afternoon myself), but I pushed it aside. I had to deal with him sooner or later so it might as well be sooner. Laurel was gone before I was done with breakfast and so I was left alone with my thoughts.

And what thoughts. I was so horny my fingernails hurt. I was ashamed of myself for the way I'd

acted over the past week. I was ashamed of myself for getting myself in the fix with David. Charlie kept rubbing against my legs and when he did all I could think about was his cock locked inside of me and the way it felt when he pulled out and all his cum exploded from me.

I was frightened of what David would do when he finally got out of bed. I kept thinking about David's cock and the way his cum tasted. I wanted to run. I wanted to fuck. I wanted...I guess I wanted something to happen, something to break the tension, something to move me one way or the other because I didn't know which direction to go.

Nothing happened during breakfast, naturally enough, or when I took Charlie out in the back yard so he could romp. It was a clammy day, cool and humid and overcast. Larry, my next door neighbor, was out mowing his lawn and I waved to him as I smelled the fresh-cut grass and watched my dog romp. I brought Charlie back inside.

David still wasn't up, but I wasn't going to wait around for him. I went upstairs and took a nice long shower; I tried to keep from thinking naughty thoughts but the shower has always been an erotic place for me and it wasn't long before I had the shower wand spraying one particular place and I had my fourth orgasm in about seven and a half hours. I was still ragingly horny when I got out of the bathroom.

I have to say at this point that this level of sexual desire wasn't normal for me, even when I was having my period. This was something phenomenal, something wholly other, and I didn't know how to handle it. I was craving orgasms, craving them the same way I craved screwy things like chocolate-covered sauerkraut when I was pregnant; it was bone-deep, all the way through me, always in my mind even when I was thinking about something else. And having an orgasm didn't seem to diminish my want for more.

My skin was tingling and wanting to be touched, my nipples were hard and tender, I was almost panting like a dog. I knew, in my head, that this was nothing more than my hormones out of whack, nothing more than a mid- 30s clock-is-ticking thing. I knew it wasn't regular, and I knew it wasn't right.

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

My horniness explains what I did when I got out of the shower. I went to get dressed, and initially I grabbed an entirely sensible outfit of long shorts and a summer blouse - and then I stopped. The last time I went to XXXFantasy, I had gotten a bunch of naughty clothes. Well... not naughty, just sexy. A little revealing, a little flirtatious, a little hot. Whatever.

They had made me feel attractive when I was trying them on in the store, and right now I wanted, very much, to feel attractive. And that was why, when I went downstairs, I was wearing a tight green top that exposed a hell of a lot of cleavage, a push-up bra that showed my girls to advantage, a tight little black skirt that came halfway down to my knees, a tiny black thong that was more an insinuation of underwear than an actual garment, and a pair of black pumps that put a shimmy in my ass when I walked. At that moment, I loved the way I looked and I wanted to get looked at; I dressed accordingly.

The only person likely to look at me for the next few hours was David...but I could live with that. I wouldn't like it, but I could live with it.

Charlie followed me down the stairs, and when we got to the bottom he shoved his head up under my skirt and gave me a sniff. I ruffed his ears and laughed, saying, "What's the matter, boy? You know I'm horny, huh? Can't hide anything from your nose, can I?" His answer was simple but

perfectly eloquent: he forced his nose between my thighs and licked along my slit, right through my panties, and he didn't stop at one lick either.

And suddenly I knew just exactly what I wanted to do: I wanted to come on my dog's tongue. A few seconds later I was seated on the sofa, exactly where I was the first time he licked me. My skirt was up around my waist, my panties were around my right ankle, and Charlie was going to town on me with utter abandon. I didn't know if he'd lick my tampon out and I didn't care.

I should explain at this point that another way that dogs are better than men is that they have hesitation whatsoever about going down on you when you're in your period. In fact, they seem to love it - I guess there's more flavor for them or more smell or something, but whatever it is, dogs love the taste of menstruating pussy. At any rate I was writhing grinding against him, gasping, moaning, loving every second -

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

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

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

"I won't," I gasped, spreading my legs wider and tilting my hips to give Charlie a better angle at my ass. In fact, I barely spared David any thought; I was focused on Charlie, and if David wanted to watch, he could watch. And watch was what he did, first from across the room, and then, a few moments later, from the couch where he sat down next to me for a closer look. I didn't try to hide anything, and I didn't try to keep quiet when I came. I moaned loud and long, swore a bit, trembled and stiffened, and all the while he just watch with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Charlie licked me for a while after my orgasm, but before I could come again he lost interest and thrust his head into David's hand for a petting. For a little while I sat, wordlessly after-glowing, not caring to cover myself while David petted the dog and looked at my pussy; eventually, though, I closed my thighs, pulled down my skirt, and looked at my son challengingly, as if daring him to say something.

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't understand why you did it," I said suddenly, the anger flaring up in me. "Why did you film us? And why did you throw it in my face like that? And don't give me that 'Because I could' crap because that isn't any kind of answer. I was doing what you wanted. I was doing what we wanted. I thought we had shared something really wonderful, like I had never shared with anyone before, and when you pulled that camera out -" I stopped then because I could feel tears coming, and even though they were tears of rage, not tears of weakness, I didn't want him to misinterpret anything. So I swallowed, got a grip, and went on while trying to stay calmer. "When you did that, you killed what had been growing between us. I hope you understand that."

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

"I don't believe you."

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

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

"Yeah I do."

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

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

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

"But now I will."

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

"I understand."

"So why? Why did you do it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What you don't understand is me."

"I guess I don't."

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

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

"You need another pair of hands."

"Yeah. That I do."

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

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

"No price."

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

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

"I wouldn't want you to."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We'll see," he laughed back. And I'd be lying if I said it didn't feel good to laugh with my son. I didn't want it to, but he's my son - and he had made me feel like no other man ever had or, I was starting to think, ever could. He knew me and accepted me. He'd stabbed me in the back, yes, but I knew that he didn't condemn me for anything I'd done, and I knew that he would support whatever I did along those lines in the future. He'd use them against me, of course, but he wouldn't think I was a pervert, and he'd almost certainly help me if he could.

"To someone who'd spent so much of her life denying who she was and what she wanted, that was a very, very powerful thing. "Anyway," he went on, "the offer is open and it will stay open. Whenever you want, I'll help you and Charlie. I'll try to get him used to it so he doesn't need my help - so you don't need my help. And I won't ask for a thing in return. Just think about it."

I nodded slowly. "I will."

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

"What's her name?"

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

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

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

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

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

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

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

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

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

"You knew I was PMSing?"

"Well of course."

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

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

I paused. "We are?"

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

"Where do you think we're going?"

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

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

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

"I have a good fake ID," he replied with a laugh, and I didn't doubt him for a second. "Also, the maître d' owes me big time. Don't ask what for. I want you to wear the slinky little red dress you got, OK?"

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

"Friday night."

"OK."

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

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

It was Stacey that spoke first. Stacey is a lawyer who works in the office of the Dean of the Law School at Hamline University. She's on her third husband (it's not that she's not a devoted wife, it's



just she has terrible taste in men). She was so surprised she dropped her cigarette (she'd just taken up smoking again after a three year cold turkey period) and said, "Um...who are you and what have you done with Angela?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Who is he?" April asked.

"Who's who?"

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

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

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

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

"So what prompts this?" Tammy asked.

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

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

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

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

"You are woman, hear you roar," added Tammy.

April chuckled, but the little glance she shot at me told me she knew there was something more than I was telling. April is nothing if not ridiculously insightful, which has helped her career as a

counselor and intimidated a lot of men over the years; she was still unmarried, and pretty much convinced she would always be so. She's had plenty of relationships, of course, but there's always something about her that chases men off eventually. "So...no big news?"

I opened my mouth to speak, and when I did I planned to say, "No," but at that moment the waiter came. He was this really cute dark-haired, dark skinned boy who looked like he hopped right out of a Greek fantasy; he couldn't have been a day over 19. He brought me a glass of water and stopped to see if we were ready to order, and when his eyes locked with mine... well, sparks flew.

I knew it, he knew it... and the girls knew it too. I knew they were exchanging knowing looks, but I didn't care. I looked sexy, I felt sexy, and this was something I was reveling in. I took a quick look at the menu and got a chicken Caesar salad and a glass of white wine; as I did, the waiter stood over my shoulder checking me out, and I made sure to give him the best view I could. Once he'd gotten the order and we were alone again, the other five girls burst out laughing.

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

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

"So," April repeated, "no big news?"

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

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

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

"Well...when? How?" Tammy demanded.

"And why?" Stacey asked.

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

"Well OK, it went like this..." I told the story exactly as it happened, except I left Charlie and David's part in it, I made shopping for lingerie my idea, I combined the encounters with Brandy and Petra

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

Patty was first. "Angela...did you like it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Pat, you know what I'm going to say because I've been telling you this for years," Tammy said. "But

if you're doing your best in your marriage the your husband - or your wife, let's be fair - just flat out refuses to take care of your bare needs, then you have every right to go outside and get it taken care of there. You don't stop being human just because you say I Do."

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

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

It was Tammy and Patty I was worried about, because they were both in the dumps and had been for a long time. For Tammy the cause was the same as it always had been: she's the mother of a severely autistic child. It wasn't simply that, of course, because she adores Martin, but caring for him is a 24-hour a day job that leaves time for very little else, and on top of that she has two other children, a husband, and a house to take care of. As much as I empathize with her (and I do, my God I do) I know I can't understand what she's going through.

She's never come out and said it in these terms, but there comes a time in most everyone's life when you realize that the dreams you held as a teenager and young adult, of you lighting the world on fire and writing your name across the sky, simply aren't going to come true. For most of us that means getting smaller dreams, setting achievable goals that you can fulfill and be fulfilled by as you grow older in the life you've made for yourself.

For Tammy though, and for other parents in her situation, the dreams died and there was nothing to replace them because the defining fact of her life, now and until the day either she or Martin died, was the fact of Martin's autism. She was and had to be the mother of an autistic child first and foremost, before everything. Martin was almost as helpless as an infant and required constant care, but unlike an infant there was no chance of him ever growing out of it. He was what he would be, and Tammy was what she would be, and the realization of that had been weighing on her more and more since Martin was diagnosed.

I know that if she was given the chance to go back in time and abort her pregnancy with him she wouldn't even think about it - she loves him as much as she loves herself, if not more - but the fact is that his care is all she will accomplish for the rest of her life and she knows it. Every other dream has not only been deferred but canceled, and it's a lot to carry.

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

Conversation kept drifting back to me and my sexual encounter with a woman, of course. I steadfastly refused to provide any details of who or where. Jen seemed curious, Tammy and Stacey kept making jokes about it, and April looked smug every time it was brought up. Only Patty seemed quiet about the whole thing. The biggest question was if and when I was planning a repeat performance, and whether it would be with the same gal or a different one.

I just kept saying I was keeping my mind open to possibilities, which of course provoked speculation on the possibility, which I, of course, loved. For the first time since I got knocked up with Laurel, my sex life was the topic of conversation for something I'd done rather than not done, and I was eating it up.

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

May 19

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

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

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

Monday morning I fixed breakfast for Laurel and Tim, but my mind wasn't on it. I was thinking of sex, of every kind and variation. I was flushed, my nipples were hard inside my bra, my panties were soaked. By the time Tim left, David still hadn't stirred out of his room, so I went up to... check on him. I didn't knock before I opened his door - I just went right in.

He was standing in the middle of his bedroom in his underwear and socks and nothing else, preparing to pull up his jeans. He could see on his face that he bit back a sharp response when the door opened, instead saying, "Yeah, I'm running late, sorry. I overslept."

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

"I am?" he asked, plainly puzzled.

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

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

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

"Mom?" he said before I got there, and I turned. He met me as I did, his arms around me, pulling me to his warm, bare skin. I barely had time to tilt my head back before his lips were on mine. His tongue passed my lips and found mine, and in spite of myself I felt myself kissing back. I didn't want to give up that control to him, but he left me no choice whatsoever. He kissed me and I crumbled

into him, and that was that.

As soon as he knew I wasn't going to pull away, his hands were sliding under the waistband of my shorts to cup my bare ass in his hands, and before I knew it my arms were around his neck, holding him to me. The kiss lasted a long time, and before it was finished I was weak in the knees from the feel of his strength and his erection against my tummy.

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

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

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

Charlie fucked me twice that day, the first time just 10 minutes after Laurel left for school. He got excited when I put on my dog fucking outfit, prancing and hopping with the tip of his thrilling red cock poking out from his furry sheath. David hovered close the first time, keeping Charlie where he was supposed to be, and this time Charlie hit his mark in just a few moments, sliding into me and beginning to fuck me in the hard, savage, perfectly animalistic way that only a dog can.

It was blissful, wondrous, better than I remembered it being - and I remembered it being transcendent. This time I thought to use enough cushions and support that I was comfortable throughout the whole thing, and because I knew what to expect this time I enjoyed my first orgasm when the hammering started and then played with my clit for two more as soon as he settled down to fill me with his come. This time, with both of us more relaxed, he stayed tied with me for over 20 minutes.

David was as good as his word - no cameras, no touching. I could see how badly he wanted to touch me, and how badly he wanted to be touched, but that wasn't what I wanted now. Wait, I have to correct myself because in all honestly I did want it. I remembered what his cock felt like in my hands, so thick and hard and alive; I remembered how it felt in my mouth, with his pulse against my tongue as he fucked my face like the slutty whore he had made me want to be; I remembered the taste and feel of his cum in my mouth as I swallowed it all and how delicious it was. I did want it.

I even wanted him to fuck my mouth while Charlie was taking my bitch pussy, knowing that the feel of my canine lover's cock in one end and my son's cock in the other would give me an orgasm without my even touching myself. But I didn't do it. It was hard, but I stayed strong and made him keep his clothes on. I think I needed to do that to see if I could trust him after all, to see if he had really learned anything from his mistake. The way he treated me, adoringly and respectfully and lovingly, made me believe that he had.

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

He smiled back and kissed me on my perspiration-dappled brow. I suppose I was still pretty naïve, or maybe the mind-blowing doggy-fuck I'd just experienced had left me unable to think clearly, but I was expecting him to head up to his bedroom to relieve himself, or at least to the bathroom. In the

light of day I can't quite imagine why I thought that, and he certainly didn't. Instead he pulled his shirt up over his head as he walked to the sofa, and with a quick motion shed his shorts and underwear. Before I knew quite what was happening he was perfectly naked and perfect, leaning back on the sofa with his ass on the edge of the cushion and his ideal cock hard and erect, proud in his hand.

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

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

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

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

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

I don't know how I kept from touching myself as he masturbated. Even though I had just been thoroughly and savagely fucked by Charlie, I was already so horny again that it took everything I had to keep from putting my hand between my thighs and making myself come right alongside my son. I rubbed my thighs together as I watched and felt my sore, used, stretched pussy rub against itself, felt drizzles of dog cum oozing out and wetting my already-wet thighs. I wanted it, I wanted his cock in my hand, my pussy in my hand, my climax hitting me.

I wanted to pull every last drop of David's cum out of his balls, watch it arc in the sunlight as he came, watch it spatter and spray on his belly, my hand, his cock, my arm, his thighs, my face. I wanted to smell his release as his semen flowed from him. I wanted to feel his need grow and grow under my touch - and then suddenly be fulfilled, his young, hard body tensing for a blissful instant before relaxing, spent with the rapture I had given him.

And David, of course, watched my face and read my desires there just as surely as if I was shouting them out. He knew what he was doing to me. He knew that I was feeling every stroke of his cock just as much as he did. He knew he was making me hungry for him, and all the hungrier because I had denied him to myself to show how much in control of the situation I was. He watched me and he saw that I wasn't in control of a damned thing, and I saw it too, and I couldn't stop. I couldn't take my eyes off of him as his strokes became faster, harder, as his cock got even stiffer and bigger.

When he clenched his teeth and hissed, "I'm gonna cum, mom. I'm thinking about how hot you

looked getting fucked by Charlie and it's gonna make me cum," I felt his words in the marrow of my bones. I saw the head of his cock go from pink to red to crimson to purple. I saw his fist fly. I heard his breath get ragged and gasping and short. I saw his eyes flutter closed. I saw his sweet, lovely balls clench against his teasing finger...

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

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

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

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

I spent the rest of the morning with David. There was nothing sexual about it. I took a shower and changed clothes (into something skimpy so he'd have something to look at - all right, there was a little bit sexual about it) and he helped me rearrange the den like I'd been wanting to do. We watched a little morning TV and we played a game of cribbage.

We talked and laughed and teased. He made casual, lighthearted reference to me fucking Charlie and I made casual, lighthearted reference to him jerking off. Once he surprised me by kissing me when I wasn't expecting it and I simply melted into his arms and let him kiss me as his hands and mine roamed over each other's bodies. It was comfortable. It was easy. I was as at home with him as I could be with anyone in the entire world, and he was the closest thing I had to a human male lover.

I know, and I knew then, that such familiarity was dangerous for both of us, because he would assume it would be permanent and it made my boundaries, the ones that I needed to keep, weaker and less certain. But I had never in my adult years had a lover I could simply relax and spend time with (my earlier indiscretion years before had been sex only, little talk) and it was a very, very seductive thing to relax with a lover and simply enjoy the intimacy that can only be earned through the openness and honesty of sex. It was wrong and stupid, I know, but it felt too good for me to deny myself.

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

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

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



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

"I know."

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

"I know."

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

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

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

"Yeah."

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

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

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

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

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

"Upper or lower body?"

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

"And how do you feel about it now?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I will."

"Good luck, Patty."

"Thanks Angela. For everything."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Let's see how much he's learned," David said as he watched me dress. "After all, you don't want to

have me around all the time when you're doing this."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's a lot of jerking off."

"You're a lot sexy."

"You're a flatterer."

"Is my flattery working?"

"You know it is."

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

Once more I thrilled to his vulgar and demeaning words. It was so strange! I wanted and needed his respect and (because he was my son) his obedience. I needed him to understand and acknowledge that I was the parent, the authority, the power. And yet when he spoke to me in that way, his voice low and rough and erotic, his words coarse and crude, sexual and humiliating, I crumbled inside. My knees got weak and my pussy spasmed. It was like an injection of pure sexual desire into my veins. I did exactly as I was told. I couldn't do anything else.

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

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

was becoming wonderful and natural for both of us.

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

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

When it was done and I had laid for a long while luxuriating in the afterglow, I took off my clothes and asked David to wash them and the old bed sheet while I got cleaned up (there is no way you can just go about your business after getting fucked by a dog - you're grimy with sweat, saliva, fur, his and your juices, and you smell like a monkey house, to put it bluntly).

After my shower I simply strolled around the house naked until almost the time that Laurel was due to come home. I didn't usually do that, but it felt right at the moment - and besides, I knew David would like it. It was a sign of the fact that trust was growing between us again, and he knew that without being told. He also knew it when I told him that it was all right if he took off his clothes as well, and he did with a loving smile that made both the mother and the woman in me happy.

We cuddled together for a while on the sofa in the den, watching TV and feeling our skin touching. I told him to keep his hands in a respectable place and he did, draping his arm around my shoulder in a way that would have been perfectly acceptable in public, but it was still a quiet and lovely moment for both of us.

David was up in his bedroom and I was wearing a frumpy tee shirt and an ordinary pair of shorts when Laurel got home. She took one look at me and broke into an enormous grin. "Mom! You look crazy happy! Did you have a good day?"

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

May 22

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

Of course, Charlie and I didn't see a day go past without him taking me. He knew now what the hideous shirt and crotchless jeans meant - and he knew that I kept them on the top shelf of the closet in my bedroom. When he was horny he would do the most adorable thing: he would try to coax me into the bedroom, and then he would sit by the closet door looking up and whining. It was just

about the sweetest thing I could imagine, and even if I had wanted to resist him it would have melted my heart. Of course, I had no desire at all to resist him!

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

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

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

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

"And you said?"

"I said I thought I could see myself having a relationship with her. I mean, the average woman, no, but her? Yeah. Definitely."

"And she said?"

"She asked me to dinner on Saturday."

"Her place?"

"No, that's moving a little too fast. We're going to Luce."

"My favorite place. It's very romantic."

"Yeah, I know. This...this feels weird, Angela. But it feels good too. I'm thinking about it constantly. I'm thinking about her constantly. I'm trying not to get too excited but this feels so right to me."

"Do you think it will feel right in a month or two?"

"How should I know?"

"Good point. Going to tell Dumpface?"

"What? Like...now? That I'm going on a date?"

"Yeah, with a woman that is a much better person than he is?"

"Christ no. Are you crazy?"

I laughed. "I was only partly kidding. Can you imagine the look on his face?"

"Ugh. I'd rather not."

"I know. So, go and have a great time. Do you have a cover story if you end up staying the night at her place?"

"Well...I was hoping you could be it."

"Sure, I'm terribly sick and I need my good friend Patty here by my side. It's not like Dumpface will even notice you're gone, he'll be out drinking all night and he'll sleep until three Sunday afternoon."

She laughed. "You're right about that. I...I'm nervous. What if I don't like sex with her?"

"Do you like her?"

"Oh my God yes."

"Then you'll like sex with her. Just relax, Patty. If it happens it happens. When it does, you'll know what to do. Just follow your heart."

"What's it like? With women?"

"Well speaking from my vast reservoir of a single experience, I'd say it's good. I mean it's an orgasm. Orgasms feel good."

"If you say so. I can't remember, myself."

"Well trust me on this one. She'll know what she's doing and she'll make you feel wonderful. I mean, there are other...well, physical aspects, like penetration, but there are appliances that can give you that same sensation."

"No, I know that, but...I mean, what's it like?"

I paused for a moment before speaking, then said, "It's a body, a human body. It's someone with skin and sweat and nerves that can feel good. It's someone who breathes, who cries, who hopes. And if it's someone you love - really, really love and who wants to be with you for you, because they love you and want you to feel good as much as you want them to feel good - then it will be wonderful."

"I know I don't have that with Thomas. I know that's why our sex was terrible before we stopped having it. But you have that bond with Tim. You two adore each other. Why isn't your sex good?"

"Ok, that's not all that's involved," I admitted. "You have to have that spark that you talked about. Let me ask you a question, and I need you to be honest. When you see Maria, do you think about jumping her bones?"

She laughed. "I think about jumping her bones, her cartilage, her soft fleshy parts..."

"Especially the soft fleshy parts."

"Oh yeah."

"And when you think about it, does it turn you on?"

"Yeah...it does. I mean when I think about doing...you know, putting..."

"Eating pussy?"

"Yeah, that. When I think about that with just any woman, even like Angelina Jolie or someone who's just gorgeous, it doesn't do anything for me. It turns me on about as much as licking an envelope. But when I think about it with Maria...God. It makes my mouth water."

"Because it's her."

"Yeah, because it's her."

"Then I think Saturday night, you're gonna have the best sex you've ever had."

"Really?"

"She's going to go nuts pleasing you and you're gonna go nuts pleasing her and yeah, it'll make steam shoot out of your ears."

"It's not my ears I want steam to shoot out of."

"It'll make steam shoot out of there too."

We talked for another half an hour, mostly about her date, what she should wear, how she should act, all the stuff that when you're a teenager you just assume will get easier but never does, and by the time we were done she was calmer and more eager. I told her to call me sometime Sunday and tell me how it went; I didn't tell her, but I had a feeling that she might just be calling with a whole new perspective. The prospect of that made me incredibly happy - Patty is an absolute sweetheart who deserves so much better than the worthless husband she'd been saddled with, and if this was her finding someone who would treat her as well as she deserved then I was 100% for it.

David found me later that evening when I was in the basement straightening things up. It was just him and I down there (Tim was upstairs in Laurel's room helping her with her homework as usual) and the stairs were notoriously creaky so there was no danger of us being surprised when he came up to me and pulled me in for a deep kiss.

I let him kiss me (and it was a damned good kiss because he's a damned good kisser) but it didn't carry me away the way it would have just a day before because my period was done and my hormone levels were back to something approaching normalcy. I even managed to stop his hands when they got busy on my breasts; he laughed at me when I did and I know he thought I was being silly, but he let me have my way...for the moment.

"So, ready for our big date tomorrow?" he asked, whispering the words into my neck as he kissed me there.

"I guess," I said a little nervously. Now that I was thinking straight I was once again focusing on the dangers of this familiarity with my son rather than the benefits. Nothing had changed about him being able to force me to his will, but I knew now that he didn't want me that way - he wanted me to come to him willingly and change into the kind of woman he wanted. I suppose I could have put my foot down and told him I didn't want to go and he probably would have let me get by with it. But this was him being nice, and given that I had experienced both him nice and him pissed off, I didn't want to piss him off.

Besides, there were worse things in the world than dinner and dancing...even if the dinner and dancing were both very romantic and with your son who wanted to screw your brains out. He knew my walls were up and I knew he was determined to get through them. I didn't even doubt that he'd eventually succeed in one way or another unless something happened in the mean time to redirect

him. It was just a lot nicer, and a lot safer, having him slowly burrowing under those walls than ramming his way through them.

"You guess? Mmm, such enthusiasm," he chuckled, brushing my hair off my face. "I have reservations for eight o'clock."

"You know, I think your father might raise some questions about you and me leaving dressed up for a night on the town...especially in that dress you want me to wear. That thing exposes a lot more than it covers."

He shrugged. "Let him."

I shook my head firmly, but my voice was more pleading than I meant it to be when I said, "No, now don't be that way. He's your father and my husband and I love him very, very much."

"In spite of the fact that he doesn't give you what you need?"

"Yes, in spite of that." I took a fistful of his shirt and squeezed. "Please, David."

I looked for a long heartbeat into my eyes, and once more I could see the cruelty there of the cat playing with the mouse and I feared he would say no - but then he broke into a broad smile and laughed. "Come on mom, you didn't really think I'd have dad see us like that, did you?" I managed a smile in return, but it was shaky, and he went on. "No, I have it figured out. I'll dress at a friend's house. You'll leave here about seven, dressed normal, and say you're going out with a couple of the gals."

"In that slinky little red thing? He won't believe that."

"The slinky little red thing is already in the trunk of your car," he told me, kissing my nose with a smugness that was both charming and infuriating. "You'll find a place to change and meet me in the lot of the park and ride at Louisiana and 394 a little after 7:30. Dad and Laurel will probably be in bed by the time we get home, but just to be sure I'll get back an hour after you do. Satisfied?"

I was, but I frowned. He'd put a lot of thought into this...and that meant he had something planned, which in turn meant I needed to be worried. "Seems like you think of everything."

"I just want me and my girl to have a good time, that's all."

I sighed. I could feel the control I'd had earlier, or thought I'd had, ebbing fast. Once more he was carrying me away faster than I could cope with the changes and it was scaring me. "You know I'm not your girl, no matter what. I'm always going to be your mother."

He chuckled softly and kissed me on the forehead, then pulled me close. "You're both," he told me, his voice a soft basso rumble in his chest. "You just don't know it yet."

I pulled away and muttered something about needing to do something upstairs. As I was hurrying for the staircase, David said, "And mom? Don't wear any panties underneath that dress, OK?"

I sighed, but I nodded.

May 23

Friday passed in a fog. For the first time in days I didn't wake up needfully horny, and for the first time in days poor Charlie didn't get any pussy. I was worried when I got out of bed, and I was even



more worried by the time David gave me a surreptitious wink as he headed out the door. I kept busy all day long with various chores and errands, but my mind was barely on what I was doing.

The thing is, what David had planned for me tonight, whatever it was, was an enormous step for us. I was sure he was planning to try to take us to some new physical level, and yes I was worried about that, but that was only a small part of it. I'd gotten used to him pushing me that way, just like I'd gotten accustomed to the idea that he would eventually get me in bed unless I figured some way to stop him (OK, somewhat accustomed to the idea). But this was different - this was public.

It wasn't just that there was the chance that someone we knew might see us, although that chance existed; the Twin Cities have almost three million people in them and the odds of anyone you know being at a particular place across town at the same time you are remote. If someone did spot us, it would be...awkward, to say the least, but as long as he kept his hands from being really busy in public then it wouldn't be catastrophic. No, the thing was that this was David's way of pushing me from being his mother to being his girlfriend, or his lover, or whatever he thought of me as.

See, up until now everything we'd done had been in the privacy of our own home. Yes he'd recorded some of it but as far as I knew he'd kept those recordings to himself. But this would be taking it out into the wider world, with him treating me not as his mother but as a date, as a woman he wanted to sleep with and doing so in a way that would push us toward that. Brandy said he liked to show his women off, and I knew that in that tiny dress with no underwear on, he would be showing me off indeed - and that would make me even more "his woman" than I already was, at least in his mind. The more of this kind of thing we did, the harder it would be to find a way to stop him going that last step with me and taking me to bed - if stopping him was even possible at this point, which I wasn't sure of.

And besides that, there was another aspect of all this to consider. David had toyed with me more than once about doing something to me in such a way, or at such a time and place, that Tim would find out; there was a bare chance of me explaining my involvement with Charlie to my husband, but if he found out what I had done, and was still doing, with our son... well... it wouldn't be pretty. So far David had been refrained from that and even passed it off as teasing, but I knew that he wasn't actually teasing.

He did want Tim to find out, at least on some level. I knew it thrilled David to no end to realize that he could bring me to levels that his father, my husband, never even approached, and I knew that he would love to rub Tim's face in it - even if it meant the end of our family. Sometimes I thought he would love to do it even if it meant the end of me. Taking me out on dates, romancing me, doing things with me besides coercing me into sex - these were all things that would, to David, make me more his woman and less my husband's. And nothing whatsoever good could come of that.

So...what? I could pretend to be sick, but I knew David wouldn't believe that, and it would only be postponing the inevitable. He had his head set that he was going to take me out on a date and show me off and so he would; at least this was it was something that I would, theoretically, enjoy. If I defied him or tried to wriggle out of it he might well decide to take me someplace I'd hate and truly humiliate me there, or worse. Yes there was the kernel of trust growing between us but I wasn't fool enough to believe that he could be reasonable - not when my hormones weren't raging, that is. He was playing nice because I was playing along; if I pissed him off then he'd drag me kicking and screaming.

So. I checked the trunk of my car and sure enough the dress and a pair of red hooker heels were there, just like he'd said. I hadn't actually looked at it since almost right after I bought it, and when I saw it again I was shocked at how tiny it was. It had long, full sleeves, but that was the only modest

thing about it. It was cut to cling to the body in the same way paint clings to a house. Down below it would come down to maybe, maybe five inches below my ass, such that I was going to need to be extremely careful when I moved or I would show the whole world my lady bits. But worse than that was the top - it had a huge plunging oval neckline that would, I hoped, cover my nipples, but there was no way it covered much more than that.

To add insult to injury, the neckline was a sort of halter thing that was held closed by a metal oval, and below it was another oval cutout that would come down below my navel - and incidentally show the sides and bottoms of my tits. A flat-chested girl wouldn't look so conspicuous in it, but I'd stand out a mile... so to speak. And any sudden movement and I'd pop out of it like a stripper out of a cake.

He was definitely planning to show me off.

As the day wore on I kept getting more and more nervous so that by the time Laurel came home I was a wreck. She asked me what was going on and I gave her some babble about Patty being in trouble in her marriage, which was true but irrelevant. Tim got home a bit later than usual, especially for a Friday, but he kissed me on the cheek and told me to have a good time, assuring me that he and Laurel could entertain each other while I was out. Part of me wanted him to irrationally forbid me to go out that night, but of course it didn't happen, and I went out just as my son planned.

I changed my clothes in the bathroom of a McDonalds and did my makeup in the mirror there. I did make myself look as good as I could, but I was nervous enough that I wasn't sure how good I actually wound up looking. I was trembling as I headed for the meeting with David and so distracted I very nearly sideswiped a minivan; it heeled over hard to get out of my way and the driver, a woman about my age, made a very rude gesture that I deserved. By the time I got to the parking lot where I was meeting David, I was a wreck.

His car was there, and I pulled up next to him. My hands were shaking as I turned off the ignition, but by then David was at my door. He was wearing a suit - a new one, not one that I'd even seen before - that made him look at least 23 or 24 years old...and not only that, made him look devilishly handsome. It was dark gray and cut immaculately, and he had a white handkerchief in the coat pocket. His black shoes were shined like onyx.

He was wearing a sharply pressed robin's egg blue shirt and a white and black tie that looked fabulous. He opened my door like a gentleman and offered me his hand with a smile on his face. I just stared at him, too shaken to rise, but after a moment he gently took my hand and guided me to my feet. "Well," he said softly, looking at me with adoring eyes, "You look... amazing, mom. You really do. You're gorgeous."

"Th-thank you," I stammered. "Um...so are you..."

He laughed. "Oh, you like the suit? It's Armani."

I goggled. "Where did you get the money for an Armani suit?"

His smile was conspiratorial. "The money wouldn't have been a problem - it was on sale - but I didn't buy it. Grandpa Sievertsen did."

My goggle got gogglier. "My FATHER bought you that suit?"

He laughed as my astonishment. "I told him I needed some advice on wooing a slightly older woman of refinement and taste."

"I can't believe this."

"And he said that I needed to dress sharp if I wanted to get the attention of such a woman. He took me shopping and bought me this suit."

I felt my world spinning and demanded, "My FATHER bought my SON a suit to help my SON seduce his MOTHER, my FATHER's DAUGHTER?"

David's smirk would have been infuriating if I hadn't been so dizzy. "That's the size of it, yes."

I made a couple of incomprehensible sounds, then asked, "Did you tell him who your date was with?"

"Somehow that slipped my mind," David replied dryly. "He was all for me trying to bang a 35 year old woman, but I think he wouldn't have liked it so much if he knew it was you."

"I don't believe this. I just don't believe this."

David leaned in and whispered, "He also gave me some great advice on how to get you in the mood."

My eyes clenched tightly shut and I hoped the ground would split open and drop me into a deep, dark place. Instead, what happened was David gently took my keys from me, guided me around to the passenger side and seated me, then climbed behind the wheel. In moments we were heading toward downtown Minneapolis, its tall towers glittering in the late-evening sun. The silence seemed oppressive to me, though my son didn't seem bothered by it in the least. After a few minutes he said, "It's going to be a beautiful night. Warm, clear, a little breeze..."

"Good," I returned, my voice tight and clipped. At least that way I wouldn't freeze in this ludicrously revealing dress. That was something.

He smiled and took my hand in his. "Mom, relax. This is dinner and dancing. That's it. We're just going to go have a good time. How fresh can I get in a crowded nightclub?"

"I don't know. How fresh can you get in a crowded nightclub?"

He laughed. "Well I guess we'll find out, won't we? But I want you to have a good time, all right?"

"All right." It wasn't.

We crossed the Mississippi and turned into the area just across the river from downtown. It's always been an intriguing area for me because it's a mix of so many different things: business and professional, upscale and poor, art galleries and dive bars, neighborhood places that had been there for 50 years and dance clubs that had just sprung up in the last month to cater to students at the nearby University of Minnesota. It had always seemed to me the sort of place where anything might happen...and now, tonight, something would. I just didn't know what."

We pulled up in front of Sophie's. It had a huge silver awning and it looked exactly like something out of a 1930s movie about glamorous people in New York doing glamorous things. The red-suited valet opened my door (and got a major league eyeful when I navigated my way out of the car in that dress - well you try keeping your pussy covered when you're not wearing panties under a tiny skirt!) and in a moment I was walking into the place on David's arm, looking for all the world like a hot to trot sugar momma and her new boy toy.

It was like walking into an old film. The big black wooden doors opened before us and suddenly we

were in a world of elegance and sophistication like I'd never seen. There were men in suits and tuxedos, women in evening gowns and pearls, tables with white cloths down to the floor, and a band in white tuxedos playing "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." A small dance floor was in front of the band, one that could fit two couples comfortably and three with difficulty; at the moment there were two couples there, one in their thirties and another silver-haired pair in their 60s that looked like they belonged in a Viagra commercial - a fit, dashing man and an elegant, laughing lady.

I loved the place in an instant.

The Maitre d' was at the front, and he grinned when he saw David. "Hey Dave, how ya doing?"

I arched an eyebrow - David hated being called "Dave." But my son didn't seem to mind this time, as he pumped the man's hand and said, "Good, Ron, good. Thanks for getting us in tonight."

"No problem," Ron replied, turning to me with a smile. "And this must be the lady you talked about. Dave, you're a liar. You said she was gorgeous, but you underestimated."

I blushed a bit and laughed. "Well, it's good to know he speaks highly of me, anyway."

"Not as highly as you deserve, Angela," Ron replied. Apparently my son had mentioned my first name...I just hoped he hadn't mentioned my last. "And we have the best table in the whole place set aside for you - close to the dance floor, romantically isolated. I think you'll love it. Enjoy your dinner."

Ron passed us off to a 30-ish waiter who was very pretty and very gay. The waiter led us across the room, me still on my son's arm and feeling my head still spinning. I noticed more than a few eyes on me, but I didn't flatter myself that it was because I was the most gorgeous creature in the room. No, it was because of the dress I was almost wearing. It was the skimpiest thing any woman in the place had on.

It wouldn't have raised an eyebrow in, say, one of the dance clubs in the middle of downtown, but this was the sort of place that tended toward gowns. I was as red as a beet by the time we got to our table and the waiter seated us. At least Ron had been right about the table being romantic and isolated - we were by a wall, maybe six steps from the dance floor, and almost concealed behind a couple of tall plants. Back here, we could do everything but fuck and nobody would notice a thing. Undoubtedly David had been very specific about which table he wanted.

David looked around with a smile. "Wow! This is quite a place. I keep expecting to see Cary Grant popping around the corner."

"It's pretty amazing, yes," I admitted. The waiter asked if we wanted to start off with a drink and David asked for champagne - actually he asked specifically for a 1996 Bollinger Grande Annee Rose. When the waiter had gone, I said, "Well that sounded impressive. Is that a good wine?"

David shot me a grin. "That's what Ron told me to get. He said it would knock your socks off."

I doubted it was my socks that David wanted to knock off - and what he wanted would be easier to get because of the champagne, because champagne goes straight to my head like nothing else in the world. I'm not a drinker as a rule and so I'm a terrible lightweight, but even so champagne does things to be. I get a solid buzz on after half a glass... so I'd need to be careful. "Well, I like champagne, so if it's good I'll love it, I'm sure. But I still don't think you ought to be drinking."

David just shook his head; his smile didn't budge. "Don't fight the small fights, mom. Did you know

that even Laurel gets drunk once in a while?"

I gaped. "She does not!"

"Well, I exaggerate," he admitted. "But I have it on good authority that she was plenty tipsy off wine coolers at that sleepover she did at Melissa Hardy's house last month."

"Really?"

"Truly."

"I...didn't know that."

"There's probably a lot you don't know about her," David laughed. "And about me too. But tonight I don't want to talk about anything that would put a frown on your face. Tonight is about you having a great time. OK?"

I nodded, but I was still very tense. "I...um... I didn't know you danced. Like this, I mean."

"Well, I've been taking lessons. A gal I know is a dance instructor at the University, she's been teaching me."

"Uh huh. And how have you been paying for your lessons?"

His grin got devilish again. He leaned in conspiratorially and whispered, "With my Christmas money."

I had to laugh at that. "I assumed it was... oh, a barter arrangement."

"Mmm, no, I offered but she told me she can't spend that and she needs to make her rent every month," he replied with a laugh. "I gotta say, it stung my pride." Just then the band ended the song and David asked, "Would you like to dance?"

I blushed again. "I don't think I can in this, David. I mean... I'm one sudden movement away from being naked."

"I tell you what," he said. "We'll wait for a slow number...one without a lot of sudden movements...and then we'll get up there. I'm proud of my dancing, and I know you're proud of yours. I bet we wow them."

"There will be wows when my tits pop out of this dress," I muttered. But I knew that he wanted to dance with me tonight and I also knew that he would eventually get me up there so I simply resigned myself to the fact and looked around at all the pretty people in their pretty outfits.

The band started up with "Brazil," and I was instantly glad I wasn't up there dancing to that. The way my hips would move to it, my hemline would be up over my ass in no time. We made some idle and (for me at least) uncomfortable chitchat for a few minutes until the waiter returned with our champagne. I admit I don't know much about wines, but the label made this one look expensive.

My mind wet over, once again, the various unpleasant means by which my son might be getting the money to afford all of this, but I had to let that thought go - it was too damned depressing. The cork popped and in a moment David was holding up his glass in a toast. "To us," he said, "and to tonight, and the wonderful time we're going to have."

I lifted my glass and clinked it against his, though I wasn't sure I was going to have a wonderful time. I sipped the champagne...and it was like nothing else I'd ever tasted. It exploded into my mouth with a taste of rose petals, but by the time I swallowed that first sip there was a sharp nutty flavor; a few seconds later I was tasting tart fruitiness. I'm not a wine connoisseur and I usually laugh when people talk about all the different flavors in a mouthful of wine...but this was spectacular. It was like candy, and before I knew it I had a second, larger taste of it.

"This is good, isn't it?" David asked after a sip of his own.

"Yes it is," I replied, and I couldn't help but smile. I already felt the first of my buzz coming on; it was going to be a losing fight to stay sober. "I know I'm going to regret asking this, but what do you usually drink?"

"I'm not a big drinker, really. I mean at a party I'll have a beer or a couple of shots, but I'm not out there leading the pack and getting stinking drunk. I like to stay in control."

The giddiness of the champagne was hitting me now, just around the edges, and I couldn't help but quirk an eyebrow. "I'll bet you do," I said, and it came out more teasing than I wanted it to. "What about... other things?"

"Other things?" He laughed. "Oh, you heard the rumors. Laurel told you, I suppose."

"About you selling? Yes."

"I do sell some," he admitted. "I figure if I don't someone else will, so why shouldn't the suckers' money be on my hip? But the only thing I ever take is Ecstasy, when I'm at a dance or something. And I don't even usually do that. I think I'm a lot soberer than you think I am."

"Maybe. But I wish you wouldn't do it. Any of it. You're my son and I worry about you, even though..."

"Even though I'm a shithead?" he supplied.

"Even though you're a shithead," I agreed.

He locked eyes with me and asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

"Of course I do."

"Then ask me."

There was electricity between us, and it was growing with every heartbeat. I looked at his face and wondered if those angel-eyes could be trusted to keep any promise they made. He had lied before and would, I was sure, lie again. But this was also an important moment, something that could, if he kept his word, turn him from an awful, dangerous, and unproductive path and onto one that was much better for him. And so, eyes still on his, I said, softly, "David, I want you to stop selling drugs. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes," he said without hesitation and without flinching. "I love you. I'll do that for you."

I smiled, and he smiled, and suddenly I felt very close to him. Whether he would keep that promise or not I didn't know, but he had made it and he gave me the chance to hope. Even if it turned out to be a lie, it was a chance worth taking.

It was around then that the waiter brought our menus, and just like any good French restaurant, I gained weight just by reading what they served. In the end (over a little more champagne) I decided to go with the coq au vin (much to David's amusement at my "wanting cock") while David ordered grilled salmon. As the waiter went away with our orders, the band was just finishing with a song and David made significant eyes at the dance floor. "Well?"

The champagne had lubricated me just enough that I could face the possibility without quailing and I nodded. "Fine, but let's go up there and ask for a slow number."

He nodded and smiled as he stood and took my hand. I followed him onto the floor just as the other couples were leaving (the floor was small enough that nobody was staying for more than one or two dances). I know that there were eyes on me because of my dress, and I felt myself blushing a bit, but I did my best to ignore them. I didn't want to get embarrassed and screw up, which would make me more embarrassed, etc., so I tried to relax as David whispered a few words I didn't hear to the bandleader. The man nodded, and David got back to me just as we were joined by another couple.

"What did you ask him for?" I asked, but at that moment the music began and answered my question. It was "Stardust."

I have to tell you now that, for my money, "Stardust" is the most romantic song ever written. When I was a little girl I remember sitting up in my grandparents' attic with their old record player, playing 78s of old songs. Sometimes Sue and I would dance to them - we didn't know what we were doing, just aping old movies, but those times imbued me with a love of big band music that has lasted to this day. And back then my favorite record of all was a Harry James version of "Stardust."

I used to play it over and over and wish that someone, sometime, would feel that kind of undying love for me. It inspired ten thousand foolish schoolgirl fantasies, and even today when I hear it I get weak in the knees. Tim knew that, of course, but the look on my face was one of amazement as I slid into David's arms and began to move very slowly to the music. Softly I whispered, "How did you know?"

His reply was to smile lovingly, place his mouth next to my ear, and begin to sing:

"And now the purple dusk of twilight time

"Steals across the meadows of my mind

"High up in the sky the little stars climb

"Reminding me that we're apart..."

He didn't just know my favorite song - he knew the lyrics. I melted in his arms like butter, and from that moment any resistance that I might have put up that night was brushed aside. It was one of the most perfectly romantic things that has ever happened to me. David's singing voice is best forgotten, but here, whispered softly, it was like an angel. I'd have stood a better chance of resisting an avalanche than my son at that point.

Yes the booze had something to do with it, but this was the sort of completely loving gesture I had longed for since I was a little girl, and now I was getting it in the arms of my own son. A glamorous nightclub, fine wine, dancing to my favorite song, being sung to while in the arms of a strong, handsome young man...what more could I have asked for?

"Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely nights

"Dreaming of a song

"The melody haunts my reverie

"And I am once again with you..."

I hadn't danced this way nearly as much as I wanted to, but the steps came back to me as David led. I don't know if my feet touched the floor or not, as clichéd as that is to say. I felt like I was dancing in the sky far above. And David led me perfectly, taking me where I needed to go. I placed my head against his chest and beamed a satisfied, contented smile that the whole place saw. This was what I'd always wanted and finally I was getting it. For tonight I didn't need to think why I was getting it, or from whom. Tonight I could just be glad...as long as I kept it from going too far.

"Though I dream in vain

"In my heart you will remain

"My stardust melody

"A memory of love's refrain."

The last chord was still hanging in the air when I lifted my mouth to David's, there on the dance floor, and gave him a long, deep kiss. I knew that we were being watched. I knew everyone there was seeing me suck my son's tongue and press my barely-clad body into his, but I didn't give a damn. To me they weren't even there. This was my dream come true and David had made it happen. The only people in the whole place were the two of us, and I kissed him that way. My arms were around his neck, my body melded to his, our breath one breath. Even if the evening had ended then and there, it would have been worth it.

Back at our table a moment later, I had his hands in mine and I was glowing. "David, that was... that was amazing. Really it was. Thank you so much."

"You like it?"

"I loved it. Honestly."

"Do I get another kiss?"

He did, and this time he slipped his hand inside my dress and rolled my left nipple between his fingers. The table was secluded behind plants so nobody saw it, but at that instant I doubt I would have stopped him if we had an audience. It felt fantastic, my hard nipple sending marvelous sensations through me, and I sucked his tongue like a cock. I had a little more champagne - more than a little more - and two songs later we were back out on the floor to "You Are My Lucky Star," my head nestled shamelessly into David's shoulder and his hands two inches north of my ass.

Midway through the dance his cock began to stir against my belly, getting semi-hard, and I just smiled and pressed myself closer to him. I realized that I was more than a little drunk by this point - I'd had two glasses of champagne on an empty stomach - and I knew that my son was seducing me, but there was no fight in me right now, not anymore. I was too busy enjoying myself - and I was too drunk.

Shortly after we got back to the table our food arrived. I welcomed it because I needed to get some food into my stomach before I pitched over face first. Plus, it was amazing food. David was in a



wonderful mood and so was I; we were laughing and joking, both of us relaxed and happy. He “Mmmmed” when he tried his salmon, then cut off a piece and held it out to me on his fork for me to try; I locked eyes with him as I took it into my mouth, and as the moment hung there I realized that the fish wasn’t the only thing of his I’d be putting in my mouth tonight.

I was horny, he was horny, we were having a fantastic time...and hell, I’d already sucked his cock and loved it, so why shouldn’t I do it again? Yes I know there were a million reasons why not, but I was too drunk and too carried away to think much about them.

I know this all must make me look like a complete wishy-washy ditz. First I don’t want it, then I do. I’m fighting to keep him out of my panties and then I’m thinking how nice it would be to get him in. I’m miserable about going on a public date with him and then I’m having a great time. All I can say is that if it seems that way to you, have pity on me because it was a thousand times worse living it than reading it.

When I was calm, sober and not hormonally supercharged I knew - I KNEW - that I needed to stop this ride, to keep this from going too far, to control David and defuse the situation in a way that would keep him from destroying me and my family. I knew it. It wasn’t a question, there was no debate. I worried about it, I thought about it constantly, I lost sleep over it. I didn’t want to do anything with him. I wanted things back the way they had been before he caught me with Charlie. I wanted him as a son and nothing else.

The problem was that David knew that. He was completely aware that I felt that way, and more than that he was aware of what he needed to do to get past it. He knew to wait for my period when I was too horny to say no. He knew how to use words and emotions to twist me like a blade of grass between his fingers. He knew to take me on the most romantic date of my life, fulfill my girlhood dreams and get me drunk. He knew me.

That was it, really. He knew me better than I knew myself. He had spent his whole life studying me, thinking about me, fantasizing how he would make me his. When he got the chance he already knew what to say, how to act, what to do. How many times had he masturbated thinking about this date since he was 10 years old? How many little signs had he picked up from me that told him what I wanted and needed? He was a student and I was his topic - and he’d learned very, very well.

I, on the other hand, had spent my whole adult life avoiding learning anything about myself. I had buried myself in a marriage that left me physically dead. I had pretended I didn’t need sex, didn’t need passion or love or the thrill of connecting with someone at a soul-deep level. I had pretended I wasn’t a human being with human needs, and for a long time I had gotten away with it.

But David knew better. David always knew better, and he never stopped thinking about it, planning and wondering and observing. And so now, when I found out how wrong I had been the whole time, David was there ahead of me. He knew that I was like a child, unformed clay, and he knew that he had the chance to form me into the woman he wanted me to be.

All I knew was that I had to fight him, but I had no idea how. It was never a fair fight. And so when he wasn’t there, when I was level and “me” I didn’t want him; as soon as he started to punch my buttons then all that levelheadedness and logic fell away. It’s not a good explanation for everything that had happened so far and everything that would happen in the future, but it was the only one I had.

Also, I was pretty drunk.

And so I ate off his fork and he ate off of mine and we shared a magnificent dinner. We talked and

we laughed, we leaned in to whisper to each other and we smiled at the growing desire in each other's eyes. He ogled my cleavage (to be fair, that dress didn't show cleavage, it showed canyon) and I positioned myself to give him a good view. We played footsie under the table and I ran my foot up much farther than any mother ought to with her son... all the way up, in fact, so that my toes teased his raging erection. He gave me a devilish and delighted grin when he felt that, and shifted in his chair so I could stroke his length with my foot.

"Like what you feel?" he asked.

I did my best to look innocent. "What do you mean?"

His hand went beneath the table and unzipped, and then I felt the warm, smooth flesh of his magnificent cock against my foot. "Now do you like what you feel?"

I giggled. "Oh, that. Yes, I like it very much."

"Well thanks, I'm fond of it too."

I took another bite of my food. It had been delicious, but I was getting full and so now I was mostly pushing the food around the plate. "I'll bet you are. It's something to be proud of."

"If you keep playing with it, you just might make a mess."

"Oh no," I replied, eyes wide. "Well maybe I should stop."

"I didn't say that."

"No you didn't, did you? Hmm...you know, I think I have a solution to this dilemma."

"Really?" he asked, arching an eyebrow. "Do tell."

I didn't tell. Instead I took one last look around to make sure that the table was as secluded as I thought it was and, finding that it was so, I "accidentally" dropped my napkin on the floor and bent to retrieve it. Except I kept bending right out of the chair and onto my hands and knees. The tablecloth was elegantly long and concealed me nicely as I slipped beneath it.

"Mom," he said delightedly. "You naughty little whore!"

I giggled again and crawled to him. My hands were on his thighs, stroking them, and his cock was enormous and right in front of my face. It had been a while since I had seen it this close and once more I was thrilled with how perfectly it matched my ideal of the male member: very thick, a little longer than average, straight, velvety smooth and utterly gorgeous to look at. "Mmmmm," I said as I wrapped my fingers around it and felt its solidity and heat, "tell me again what kind of girl I am..."

"You're a slut," he said softly as he eased back in his chair a little more and slipped a hand beneath the tablecloth to stroke my cheek. "You're a cocksucking cumwhore who's about to take her son's prick in her mouth in the middle of a restaurant and you love it."

"Mmm-hmmmm," I agreed as I stuck my tongue out and ran it along the length of his shaft from the base to the tip. Hearing him demean me like that while doing something so crazy and wrong sent shivers into my pussy. I had never done anything even remotely like this, not even when I was an irresponsible kid. And yet here I was, on my hands and knees under a table for my own flesh and blood - and he was right because I did love it.

At that moment I loved it more than anything else I could imagine. \*The only thing that could make it better,\* I thought as I slipped my lips around the head and sucked gently, hollowing my cheeks and running my tongue over the tip, \*is if Charlie were here fucking me while I did it.\*

David groaned softly and cradled the back of my head. Unlike last time he wouldn't be able to fuck my mouth. This time I was in control, completely and utterly, and it was up to me to give him the best blowjob I could manage. I figured I was up to the task, and to prove it I took four inches of his cock into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it and tasting the salty, wonderful precum that oozed out.

"God yes you slut, you whore, you fucking dirty little cunt," David hissed emphatically. "Suck your son's cock like the good little tramp you are. Suck the cum right out of my balls!"

His words made me as hot as a blast furnace and I swallowed him to the root, taking him in to that he hit the back of my throat. Once more I gagged a bit at the feeling but that didn't stop me or even slow me down. My tongue was swirling, whirling, dancing along his shaft and I could feel how hot I was making him. His hand was trembling as he grabbed a handful of my hair and clenched tight and I knew this would be a situation so erotic that he wouldn't last long. I sucked him as deep as I could take him, held him there while my cheeks caressed and my tongue moved, and then slowly, slowly let him back out again until just the tip was in my mouth and I could run the point of my tongue up underneath it.

What, I wondered, would all of the finely-dressed people in this club say if they knew the blonde cougar in the tiny red dress was underneath her table sucking her boy-toy's cock? They probably wouldn't have been surprised, I thought. But what would they say if they knew that the blonde mom in the tiny red dress was under the table slurping her 17 year old son's cock like it was a popsicle on a hot day? Hmm...they'd almost certainly call the cops.

And that was when I discovered, from the shiver of delight that started at my hairline and ran through my body like current from a live wire, that the danger of it made me hot. I didn't expect that. I'd never done anything in public and never been on the edge of getting caught, and so I'd never experienced anything but safe (in that sense, anyway) sex.

But this was nothing like safe. This was crazy. This was right on the edge. This could get me arrested. This could ruin my life. This made me so hot that I couldn't help but slip my hand down, tug up the tiny skirt, and put my finger on my clit. My pussy was so wet it was dripping, my moisture running down my thighs. I could be caught! I could be exposed! I could come so damned easily.

"Fuck yeah, that's it you dirty cunt, you hot little fuckhole! Suck it! Suck it like a cheap whore!"

My head was bobbing faster and faster, my tongue flying. I could feel his cock quivering in my mouth and I knew he was on the edge, right on the edge of blowing his sweet load right down my throat -

"And how is everything tonight?" came the waiter's voice. I felt a spasm of something that wasn't quite panic go through me (it was then I learned the difference between wanting to be caught and actually being caught!) but I pulled it back and kept bobbing my head on my son's thick rod. I wasn't going to ruin this moment. I was going to suck the cum right out of David's balls, just like he'd ordered me. That's what dirty little whores do, after all.

"Everything's great," I heard David reply, his voice surprisingly calm and level given what was happening below the table.

"And was everything all right for the lady?" the waiter asked.

Now I'm not sure what possessed me to do what I did next. With all the misgivings I'd had at the beginning of the date and all the excellent and perfectly valid reasons for not doing what I was doing, I had every cause in the world to keep this a secret. But I didn't. Instead I stuck my hand out from under the tablecloth, my fingers curled in an OK sign.

There was a moment of silence, and then the waiter started to laugh the most embarrassed laugh I've ever heard. It was a titter, high-pitched and very uncomfortable, and it made me smile around the cock that was filling my mouth. "Oh! Oh my...oh dear!" the waiter managed. "I...I'll just leave you two alone then..."

"Thanks," David told him, and a moment later he added, in a quiet hiss meant just for me, "I'm gonna cum, you bitch. Take my cum you filthy cunt! Take it!" I buried my face in his groin and took him into my throat just as I felt his cock jump in my mouth and I felt the first huge wad of his seed flow down it. That was enough for me, and with one more wiggle of my finger on my clit I was coming, and coming hard. David came straight down my throat, blowing long and hard, and I swallowed it like my life depended on it.

He came and came, his body first stiffening and then suddenly relaxing, but I kept him in my mouth long after his orgasm was done. I suckled him gently, softly, drawing out every drop of his sperm and savoring the taste and the feel of it, just like I savored the way he felt in my mouth, softening but still firm and big. His hand was stroking my face idly and his breathing was deep and satisfied. After almost a minute of this, he managed a, "God damn, mom..."

I grinned hugely as I took my mouth off of him and gently tucked him back into his pants. A second later I crawled out from underneath the table and back into my chair, a rosy glow on my cheeks and an impish twinkle in my eye. "Now that was what I call a dessert!"

David was slumped in his chair and looking positively wrung out, but very, very happy. He beamed at me, licked his lips and said, "Mom...you're amazing. That was amazing."

I grinned smugly and felt incredibly proud of myself. "How about a dance? Something a little faster this time?"

"Christ, give me a second!" he laughed, waving his hands in surrender. In fact I gave him about five minutes and then we were out on the floor to "In the Mood;" I love it when music has irony. We danced vigorously to that and "Sugar Foot Stomp," and even though my dress stayed where it was supposed to much better than I expected it to (thank God for clingy knits), I shot the band a major beaver when David dipped me unexpectedly. Lubricated by champagne, good food, romance, and the taste of my son's cum, I wasn't nearly as mortified by it as I would have been at the beginning of the night...and the band seemed to like it.

As I mentioned, the floor was too small to stay out there for more than a couple of dances in a row and so we made way for others and went back to our table. A few minutes later the waiter showed up and tried to act inconspicuous as he asked us if we wanted dessert. He recommended the chocolate crepe, so that was what we went with, and as he walked away David leaned over with a huge grin and said, "Man, he is so jealous of me!"

I laughed and patted him on the hand. "He's jealous all right honey, but he's jealous of me, not you, because I'm the one who got to suck a cock."

David looked after the retreating waiter in surprise. "Really?"

“Very.”

“Damn,” he muttered. “I gotta get my gaydar fixed.”

“Well he’s jealous of one of us and that’s the important thing...but if he saw your cock, he’d be very jealous.”

David beamed. “Do you have any idea how hot it is that my mom likes my cock?”

“Nope. Tell me.”

He searched for words for a moment, then shrugged and said, “It’s pretty hot, is what it is.” We locked eyes, and then we both laughed. It felt wonderful, natural, easy and simple. For the moment my son was my boyfriend, and for the moment that was all right.

We made easy and very enjoyable small talk until the crepe came. When we put the fork to it, chocolate oozed out like lava. I like chocolate, and this was fantastic chocolate. If God gave out candy for Halloween, he’d give out this chocolate. We mmmm’d our way through dessert and then hit the dance floor again. We shared another ten or a dozen dances, only giving way when someone else wanted the floor and getting back on as soon as we could. There were several fast numbers and we did a passable swing mishmash dance.

My dress held up and covered my modesty a lot better than I expected it would – my girls threatened to pop out a few times but never actually did, and I’d learned to keep my legs together when being dipped. There were several slow dances where I draped myself off my son and let him move me with his strength and sureness, listening to his heart beat against my ear as I pressed it to his broad chest. Twice more we kissed on the dance floor, more romantically than passionately, and we got some applause from spectators – more for the smooching and the dress than the dancing, but still.

Eventually we decided to leave so as not to tie up their table all night, settling for one last dance. I was hoping that it would be something incredibly romantic and apropos, like “The Way You Look Tonight” or “The Last Dance,” but what we got was a funny old song called “Save the Bones for Henry Jones” that I remembered well from a Johnny Mercer recording in my grandparents’ attic. Ah well, I mused as I swung around the floor in David’s strong arms once more, one doesn’t always get the fairy tale ending.

Davie left the waiter a very generous tip (I didn’t ask him where he got the money – I figured I knew, and anyway he’d promised to stop the activity and I wanted to give him a chance to keep his word) and we headed out into the May night. After working up a bit of a sweat dancing, the night breeze off the river seemed a bit chilly (especially given my lack of clothing) but I’d barely registered the sensation before David settled his suit jacket over my shoulders and drew me in with one arm; I beamed up at him like a proud schoolgirl when the handsomest boy in class takes her out, and we walked to the curb.

I mentioned that the area the club was in is eclectic and interesting, and it’s especially so on pleasant evenings. Several bars have outside tables and the activity tends to spill out onto the street, with little groups of young people talking and laughing and drinking beer right in the middle of the road. On the other side is the Mississippi, black and without memory at night, and across it the lights of downtown Minneapolis throwing their reflections onto the water.

It was the perfect place for a walk at night, and as I stepped out onto the street I realized I didn’t want the night to end yet. It had been romantic, gentle, erotic, funny, bright and so very, very fun that all I could think was that I wanted it to continue for a while. So when David turned toward the

valet I stopped him and tugged on his hand. "Let's walk for a little bit," I told him with a smile. "It's beautiful tonight."

David's handsome face lit up with a quiet joy as his eyes rested on me. "Yeah...yeah you are beautiful tonight. Come on."

We walked then, me nestled into the crook of his shoulder, feeling the breeze, hearing laughter and music from the bars and the distant rumble of traffic. As we walked I watched the lights of downtown shimmer and sparkle on the water that would flow the breadth of a continent and I felt purely and simply content. I don't even really remember what I thought as we walked, my body against my son's. I know we made small talk, pleasant chitchat that was only meaningful for the feelings of completeness it gave us.

We passed a few bars - one where a band was playing some loud Lynyrd Skynyrd cover, another that was blaring some top 40 song I didn't know, another that gave forth the sounds of soulful blues - and finally we came to a spot where there were a few stone and concrete benches and a little overlook that gave a perfect view of downtown.

A young couple was already sitting on one of the benches and I wanted to give them their privacy so I drew David over to the wall by the river and leaned on the stones, gazing out at the Mississippi's flow. David gently brushed my hair back from my face and I smiled. Neither one of us spoke for a while, until finally I said, "Thank you. This was a magical night, David. I'll never forget it."

"I'm glad you liked it, and I'm glad you came."

"I'm glad you made me come."

His arm settled around my waist. "I thought you were going to turn me down for a while," he admitted, his hand playing along my side. "I hoped you wouldn't, but..."

I stood up and faced him, laying a hand on his chest and looking into his eyes. Softly, I whispered, "It was a good first date."

"First? Does that mean there will be a second?"

I put my forehead into his chest. "Oh, David. I've never been treated like this in my life. I thought nights like this just happened in old movies and silly novels. It's crazy that it took my son to give me a night like this, but...but I don't know if anyone else could have. I don't think anyone knows me as well as you do - nobody who'd care to do this, anyway. You made me feel so special. You made me feel so loved."

"I do love you, mom."

"I know, baby. I love you."

"Kiss me?"

My answer was a kiss. There, in the dark, by the river, with the scent of night flowers on the May breeze and the sound of laughter in the air, I kissed my son without reservation or hesitation. There was passion in the kiss, but there was so much more than that too. There was respect, love, adoration, gratefulness, happiness, all of it swirling together to make one wonderful emotion I didn't have a name for but which I wanted again and again, endlessly. And when the kiss was done, David stood smiling down at me and said, "Mom, I want to make you come."

"I would like that, David," I said instantly and without a trace of shame. "I'd like that very much. Come on, let's go back to the car."

"No. Here."

I laughed and looked around. The young couple was 15 feet away and lost in their own whispered conversation but there was no way they'd miss us fooling around. And beside that, we were right by an active street with a stream of pedestrians and cars, and there were several knots of people in plain sight. "Here? That's silly, David."

"So I'm silly," he replied with a throaty chuckle, maneuvering me so my back was to the low stone wall and his hands were under the jacket, on my breasts. "I want to sit you right up on this wall and put my mouth on you. I want to suck you and lick you and put my fingers in you until you come screaming."

"David," I whispered, a hand on his arm as he reached down and began to pull up the hem of my dress, "this is crazy. Let's go someplace more private."

"I don't want it private," he told me, putting his hands on my ass and lifting me up to sit on the wall. I didn't fight him. "I want it right here, right in front of everyone. I want people to see how much I love you. I want people to see that I can make you feel wonderful. I want you to open yourself to me, mom. I want you to open yourself to this. I want you to want it."

"David..."

"I want you to want it, mom. Do you want it?"

I paused for what felt like a lifetime but must only have been a couple of seconds, and then breathed a single word: "Yes."

My son didn't give me time to reconsider. He was there, arms around me, lips on my neck and then further down. I tilted my head back to let him do what he would to me and closed my eyes. I knew that what he was about to do to me might well draw a crowd. I'd be lying if I said I didn't find the idea suddenly and perversely appealing: a crowd of strangers watching me being pleased in public by a handsome young man - even if they didn't know it was my son - was curiously and unexpectedly thrilling.

But the part of me that liked the idea was overwhelmed, for the moment at least, by the part of me that didn't have the courage to watch the crowd gather... or watch David do what he was about to do, for that matter. Yes, I wanted an orgasm, and yes I wanted David to give it to me, but this was giving him permission to touch me in a deeper, more intimate way than I had allowed so far. It was yet another of my lines that he was stepping across, with my help. It was yet more danger.

My breasts came free of my dress with a tug of fabric and then his mouth was on them. I gasped as he closed his teeth around my right nipple, biting it softly even as his fingers twisted and danced over my left. Once again David wasn't merely my son, but also a tremendously skilled and talented young man who knew how to make a woman - even his mother - tremble with delight. I arched my back and pushed my breasts to him and he did what he was so very good at. His tongue caressed, his lips sucked, his fingers pinched and tugged.

He went from my right breast to my left and back, kissing, suckling, making me moan and clutch at his back with shaking hands. When his mouth was on my nipple it was warm, wet, glowing with sensation like an ember from a fire - and when his mouth would leave to go to the other, the gentle

night breeze would cool it like a sudden application of ice, sending the most delightful shivers down my spine.

"I love your tits," David murmured, and his adoration brought a lascivious grin to my face. I knew it was wrong for my son to love me this way (and touch me this way) but it felt so good to have a man, any man, think of me as the sexy, hot, fuckable woman he saw in me! He made me feel attractive, like I deserved to have men want me, and I couldn't help but love him for it. It was just so damned flattering, even if it was perverted and sick.

He pushed toward me and I shifted my weight, sensing what he was about to do. My legs came open of their own accord and he was there, his trim hips between my thighs...and then he was moving down. He left my breasts exposed and it didn't even occur to me to cover them as he began to kiss and lick his way down, down, over the swath of stomach left bare by my miniscule dress. His tongue felt like it was electrified, because everyplace it touched tingled and shivered even after his tongue moved on.

By the time he reached my navel I was almost weeping with lust. What he was doing felt so incredibly good! I had no idea if we had drawn a crowd (I still had my eyes closed as tight as I could get them) but just the chance that we could was adding spice to what we were doing. Were there people watching? Did they see how eager I was for what was coming? Did they see how eager David was to do it? The possibilities swirled in my lust-fogged brain and made me wetter and needier than I already was.

And then there was what David was doing to my belly button. I'd never considered the navel an erogenous zone before; it was just a birth relic, a funny little pucker that I almost never thought about at all. But when my boy's mouth found it, I learned that I had been very, very naïve. He closed his lips around it, and the sensation was so unexpected and startling that I gave a loud gasp and stiffened my fingers in his shirt. Then came his tongue, a soft intruder like none I had ever felt there. He licked and I moaned; he suckled and I ground my ass onto the top of the wall in need. He was French kissing my damned belly button, of all things, and he still hadn't even laid a finger on my pussy - but already I was on the edge of an orgasm!

My boy, I realized, was going to be a hell of a lover when he finally got me.

My dress was pushed up over the tops of my thighs as he moved slower, and I tilted back as much as I could to let him do what he would to me. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the little voice of reason and sanity telling me not to get too into this, not to let him carry me away the way he could...but I told that voice to go fuck itself and it went away. I knew how dangerous this was for us long term, just allowing him to put his mouth on me, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit that if he'd have shoved his magnificent, thick cock into me at that moment I'd have fucked him like a two dollar whore and begged for more. But he didn't: he just kept kissing lower and lower...

"God David, please lick me," I whimpered at last, unable to contain myself anymore. "I need it baby, please!"

His shoulders were between my thighs, pushing them wider.

From somewhere not far away I heard a young man say, "Fuck yeah, look at that!"

I felt David's hot breath on my bare, dripping slit as he leaned in.

With one hand on the wall to brace me, I put the other behind my son's head and felt his hair, neat and short, and beneath it his warm skin.



My left leg moved on its own, coming up and draping over his shoulder, my ankle on the small of his back.

“Damn he’s a cutie,” a girl said from close by.

David’s mouth pressed softly but assuredly against my pussy.

I moaned. This was it, what I needed. What I wanted. What my own son would give me.

His tongue began to caress me, first broad and flat and licking the outer lips, and then suddenly firm and moving right down the middle, pushing my lips aside and touching flesh so sensitive that my whole body lit up like the Fourth of July. I grabbed his head and yanked him into me, or at least tried, but he moved at his own pace...and his pace was wonderful.

I knew that there were voices from nearby, people watching me give my cunt to my son, but I couldn’t have told you a thing they were saying. They barely existed for me, just shadows and forms beyond the thundering of the blood rushing in my ears and the rasp of my own breath in my throat.

David was as good with his mouth as with his hands – and he was the best ever with his hands. He opened me with his cheeks, pressing forward so that his whole face seemed to be buried in me. I felt the breath from his nostrils on my clit, and somehow he knew that my clit was too sensitive to be touched directly during this – his breath was the perfect amount of sensation. His lips suckled at my opening, his teeth grazed membranes that danced and sang at their passage...and his tongue.

My God, my son’s tongue. His tongue did things in me I can’t even describe. It moved but it didn’t seem to move at all. It probed deep, seeking my juices. It twisted and writhed, hitting nerves that even Petra had missed with her expert attentions. It fucked in and out like a miniature cock, making the walls of my sex clutch at it in a vain attempt to keep it inside me. It moved like Rudolph Nureyev, like Savion Glover, like Fred Astaire, making its own choreography as it went and each step was better and more perfect than the last.

“It feels so good, baby. It feels so fucking good!” My voice was low and urgent, hissing out between clenched teeth as he worked his magic on my sex. I tried to lift my hips and grind against him but honestly my perch on that wall was precarious enough that I was on the edge of going over backward as it was, and if I did it was a 40-foot fall down a wooded cliff into the Mississippi, so I back off of it and just pulled him in tighter. He caught my urgency and pressed his face into me hard, hard enough that I could feel his teeth behind his lips. It felt wonderful, so very wonderful that I when the little kernel of heat lit in the depths of my body, I knew that little kernel would grow into a magnificent, screaming orgasm of the kind I’d been unknowingly craving for years. This time my craving would be satisfied – and satisfied by my son, my beautiful, clever, romantic son who had just given me the best evening of my life and now was about to give me an orgasm that would rip off the top of my skull and send my brain into orbit.

David knew exactly what he was doing. He knew by how I was reacting to him that I wanted penetration; I’d barely started to form the words when I felt a pair of nimble fingers slide into me and start fucking my sloppy-wet cunt; the words changed into a loud and delighted moan in my mouth. I was squeezing on those fingers just like I’d squeezed Charlie’s cock...just like I’d some day soon squeeze David’s. And damn him if he didn’t make me want that day to be sooner than later.

My orgasm was growing inside me. I could feel it uncoiling in my belly like a serpent, like a thing of living fire, slowly getting hotter and brighter until it filled all the space behind my closed eyelids and seemed to shut out everything else in the whole world. “FUCK!” I cried, knowing I was loud and knowing that the tone of my voice could be nothing but passionate – knowing and not caring. “Fuck

baby you're going to make me come! You're going to make me come, David!"

David knew it. I could feel his lips smile against my pussy. He pumped me harder, his fingers driving in, making a delicious wet sound. His tongue was busily working away at the delicate flesh between my opening and my clit, and somehow he managed to lick the clit hood with the tip of his tongue without hitting the raw little nub itself. I don't remember for sure, but I think it was that sensation that sent me screaming - and I do mean screaming - over the edge and into my climax.

I clamped both my thighs hard around his head - and given that my main form of exercise is running four or five miles a day, that can't have been comfortable for him. But he didn't break his rhythm one bit. He fingers and licked and sucked while I exploded from the inside like a bomb, while I howled like a banshee, while I clawed his back through his shirt and writhed my ass on the stone wall.

It was a hurtling sort of orgasm, all hard and breathtaking and swift, lifting me up uncountable miles and then dropping me down just as fast into my body again where I felt myself curled around David, his face still between my legs. I was panting and sucking air like I'd just sprinted and my whole body felt tingling and alive in a way that it hadn't in a long time. I think it was the breeze that did it, the sensation of cool air on superheated skin, but whatever it was it put a slow and luxurious smile on my face as I opened my eyes...

We'd attracted a crowd. There were ten or a dozen people around us, mostly college kids but a couple of guys a few years older than me. Everyone was grinning at me like I had just won the lottery, and I stared back at them with, I'm afraid, a rather stupid expression on my face.

I had just received oral sex. In public. In front of an audience. From my son.

I know I should have felt embarrassed, and I suppose I did, or at least I felt a little self-conscious about my body. I pulled the jacket over my bare breasts at least, and slipped my hands inside to adjust my dress.

A girl in back clapped and "Wooo'd", which was taken up by a few of the others. I know the thought crossed my mind that these strangers would call me "slut" or "whore," and I didn't relish it from their lips like I did from David's. But if I expected to see sneers or condemnation, I was surprised because the faces were happy, grinning at me like we shared a secret (which, I suppose, we did). David was standing next to me and he helped me to my feet; I snugged down the dress again to cover my well-licked naughty parts and looked around at all the unknown faces, feeling like some kind of minor and vaguely shameful celebrity...a Survivor contestant, maybe.

David put his arm around me and I looked up into his sweet, handsome face. I could see it gleamed still with my juices, and that gave me an odd and completely unexpected feeling of closeness with him. We had shared something here, something wonderful, a beautiful secret that we would both always remember. It was like a gift we had given each other.

A couple of the guys (drunken frat types) slapped David on the shoulder, and a couple of the gals eyed me enviously, but we didn't talk to any of them. In fact we didn't talk at all as David steered me on my wobbly legs, his arm around my waist, back out onto the road and toward the club where the valet would fetch our car. We walked together, me in his coat and feeling mellow and contented and him with his arm around me, strong and powerful.

I loved him so much right then that I didn't have words for it. I still don't.

After about a block, he asked, "So?"

“So?”

“So...did you like it?”

My tone was teasing as I said, “Oh, it wasn’t bad.”

“Oh, not bad huh?”

“Nope.”

He mulled that over for a moment, then replied, “Well I guess I don’t have to do it again if you didn’t like it.”

“I didn’t say I didn’t like it,” I said innocently. “I mean, you’re no Charlie...”

He laughed then, a good-natured sound that echoed off the darkened buildings lining the street and came back to us. “Well, I don’t have an eight-inch tongue.”

“No you don’t.” I paused, then added mischievously, “You’ve got an eight-inch something else, though.”

He laughed again and snugged me into the crook of his shoulder. We didn’t speak again until we got back to the valet and were waiting for my car. Then I heard the strain of music drifting from inside the club and the whole evening came back to me in a beautiful rush. I squeezed my son’s hand and said, simply, “Thank you.”

He beamed. “You’re welcome, mom. Thank you.”

The drive back to the park and ride where David had left his car went quickly and wonderfully. We didn’t say much, as I think both of us were lost in our own thoughts, but what we did say was quiet and comfortable and natural. I felt no shame for what had happened, either for what I’d done or for what I’d let David do to me. It had been the perfect night, and I was incapable of regretting a single thing about it.

David parked next to his car and waited while I quickly changed back into the clothes I’d left the house in. He grinned at my nudity, and it struck me that I didn’t feel self-conscious in the least about stripping in what was, after all, a public place. Yes there was no one around and no one saw me, but still...public place. A few weeks before I’d have been mortified; now I didn’t think twice.

David stepped up to me when I had changed and put his arms around me. We shared one last kiss for the night, a long, lingering, sweet, loving kiss in the starlight. It didn’t need words and none were spoken. I brushed my fingertips over his cheek, got in my car and drove home.

The house was dark when I got there; it was after midnight and no doubt both my husband and daughter were long in bed. Charlie, faithful companion, was there at the door to greet me by stuffing his nose into my crotch and smelling the remains of my arousal. I petted him in the dark and let him sniff me, then took him out and let him run in the yard before we both headed up to bed.

Tim was asleep when I opened the door. I needed a shower but I was quiet so as not to wake him. Ten minutes later I was in an oversized sleeping tee; I suddenly felt exhausted, but it was the sort of happy exhaustion that can only come from great things. As I lay down next to my sleeping husband I had a smile on my face. My whole body was still tingling with the joy of the evening, and even the cynic in me had to admit that David hadn’t just shown me a good time, he had shown me a wonderful

time.

The last thought I remember before drifting off to sleep was that maybe, just maybe, David had really turned over a new leaf. Maybe he had realized that he didn't need to be harsh and cruel to get what he wanted, and not just with me. Maybe he had actually become a better person. Once more I was allowing myself to think of him taking me to bed without finding it repulsive or even objectionable. I was even starting to think of ways that an affair with my own son could actually be good for both of us instead of poisonous to me and to the household.

Less than a week later David coldly and deliberately did something that threatened to destroy my family as completely as anything ever could.

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Chapter Seven

May 24 I woke up with a smile on my face that would have made the Cheshire Cat look dour. I felt amazing - and I do mean amazing. I was still buzzing over my date with David; it had been the single best evening of my whole life and my body was still tingling. I laid alone in bed for a while (Tim was long gone to the club and his regular Saturday working lunch) and replayed the whole night in my mind, grinning and feeling wonderful, appreciated and loved. My son had swept me off my feet the night before and he hadn't set me back down yet. In those soft, secret moments by myself, I found myself hoping, just a little, that he never would.

But nature called, as nature always does, and I had to take another longer, better shower than the one I'd allowed myself the night before. I took a luxurious shower and washed my hair, shaved what needed shaving, and when I got out I slipped into a comfortable old denim skirt and baggy, faded tee that knew me like an old friend. I smiled at my reflection in the mirror; this was the best I'd felt in a long time. And I had David to thank.

Charlie had heard me bumping around in the bedroom and he was there to greet me when I opened the door, his tail whapping hard against the wall and his head seeking my hands for a good petting. I informed him with great seriousness that he was "a good boy oh yes you is aren't you yes you is such a good boy oh yes oh yes oh yes!" and he seemed to agree with the assessment, prancing and hopping around with delight at my baby talk and then racing to the head of the stairs, only pausing to look over his shoulder to make sure I was following him.

I was, but along the way I decided I'd poke my head in David's room and see if he was awake. If he was, he deserved a real, grateful thank you for what he had done to me. I knocked softly and, when I got no answer, I eased the door open a crack and peeked inside. His bed was empty (and unmade, but don't get me started). Downstairs I found Laurel in the living room playing Xbox. "Hey mom," she called out without looking up when she heard me on the stairs. "Have fun last night?"

"Mmm-hmmm, had a great time," I chirped. "How about you?"

"Oh yeah, daddy and I watched a movie and ate popcorn."

"What did you watch?"

"Pirates of the Caribbean 2."

I grinned. "I guess you picked the movie, huh?"

"Yeah, it was my turn. It was great."

"Cool. Where's your brother?"

"Dunno, his car isn't here. I don't think he came home last night." I frowned. He had told me he would be home an hour after me. Yes, occasionally he stayed out all night (against the rules, of course, but he never cared much about rules), but I didn't expect it last night. I felt a nibble of mother-worry (what if he'd gotten in an accident, for God sake?) but I tried to calm myself as I walked into the kitchen. I picked up the phone and listened to make sure Laurel was still playing, then dialed David's cell number. He picked it up on the second ring. "Where are you?" I asked, my voice sounding surprisingly peevisish. "You didn't come home last night."

"No, something came up," he said. I heard a radio playing and the sound of traffic going by, and I realized he was in his car. "I'll be home in a few hours, don't worry about me, all right?" My frown deepened, and I realized with a pang that I was jealous. I didn't know that he was with another girl and I damned sure wasn't going to ask, but my mind went right there, much to my shock. I had never liked the idea of David slumming around with trashy girls, but now there was something more to it, something more personal, and I didn't know how to handle it. After a moment I said, "All right, David. I'll see you then."

"Take care mom. Love you."

That put a smile on my face in spite of myself. "Love you too, David." I took Charlie outside for a few minutes, ate some lunch and cleaned the kitchen. By then Laurel had gone off with a gaggle of her friends to the mall, so I slipped out of my thong (I never wore my respectable panties anymore) and let Charlie lick me to an orgasm. He was wonderful, as always, and he never seemed to mind giving me a lick and getting nothing back...but it was starting to strike me that it was pretty unfair.

He got nothing out of it, after all. I would have loved to fuck his brains out, of course, but I had learned that to do that you needed to set aside at least an hour and a half to get dressed, get him stimulated, have sex, and then clean up afterward. I just didn't have the time... And then it occurred to me that, if he used his mouth on me, then I might be able to return the favor. There were pictures and movies on the website that David had signed me up for of women eagerly fellating dogs that had made my mouth water, but I'd never done it for my beloved Charlie. In fact I'd forgotten about it in the excitement of everything that had gone on. But it was possible...and it was appealing to me as I thought about it.

I considered dropping to my knees and giving him a sloppy-wet blowjob right then and there, but I thought better of it. After all I didn't know if Tim might come back early, and I also suspected that, like with most things involving dogs and sex, it wasn't going to be as easy as it looked at first. There would probably be some trick to it; however, I figured that there would be plenty of advice on the internet on how to do it right.

One thing David had taught me is that pretty much everything was on the internet. So it was with a smile of anticipation that I leaned forward, rubbed Charlie's ears vigorously and told him, "Oh mommy's gonna suck your cock isn't she yes she is she's gonna suck your big hard doggie cock so good oh yes she is oh yes!"

He didn't understand a word of it, but he was glad to hear it if the way his whole back end wagged is anything to go by. And so it was that a few minutes later I found myself on the laptop Googling "oral sex dog." God bless Google. Within a few moments I was reading some excellent advice on the hows, dos and don- nots of giving a dog a blow job. Charlie was at my feet and whining softly because he

could smell how turned on the descriptions were making me and he wanted a crack at... well, my crack.

I just smiled and petted his head as I read about how delicate a dog's cock is, how under no circumstances should you ever use teeth on it, and how some dogs (even ones who will eagerly screw you silly and lick you for hours) just don't like a mouth on their privates. It was fascinating and extremely erotic, especially since I occasionally took a break to watch a video of a woman actually doing what I was reading about.

The idea of swallowing that endless stream of precum and cum almost made me swoon... I just had time to clear the browser history and turn off the computer when I heard Tim come home. Charlie met him at the door and I followed a few moments later. He was in a great mood, bouncy and bubbly, and we had a nice, pleasant conversation in the living room for half an hour before David pulled up in front of the house. "Is he just getting home from last night?" Tim asked with a frown.

"I didn't see his car when I left this morning." "Yes, I think he is," I said, trying to sound appropriately casually concerned.

"I guess I'd better have a talk with him. As long as he's living here, he'll obey our rules."

"Let me. We've been getting along pretty well lately." That was an understatement. "I think I might be able to have a more productive conversation with him than you can. You two usually end up sparring." "That's true enough. OK, he's all yours."

David came in looking a little the worse for wear - unshaven and in his school clothes from Friday - but he had a smile on his face when he saw Tim and me sitting. "Hi guys," he said cheerily. "What's up?" "I think we need to have a talk, kiddo," I said seriously... or as seriously as I could. I mean...god, he'd sucked my pussy in public less than 24 hours before so it was kind of a challenge to scold him about breaking curfew.

His face got appropriately contrite and he said, "OK, sure mom." Tim got up and excused himself to go to the restroom. I watched him go, and as soon as he was out of earshot I said, "OK, where were you?" He gave me a look I couldn't read, but it wasn't snide or even teasing. If I hadn't known better, I'd have said it was worried. "After I dropped you off last night I got a call from a friend who asked me to come over because his girlfriend was having a bad trip. And no, I didn't sell him the stuff. So I went over there, and by the time everything was under control I was too tired to drive back so I stayed over. We had lunch today and here I am." I cocked an eyebrow.

Something in his demeanor told me he was lying, and I congratulated myself on getting good enough at spotting his BS that I didn't buy it. "Is that the truth, David?" He looked at me for a long moment, and this time his expression was definitely worried, or at least concerned. "No," he admitted reluctantly, "but I can't tell you what I was doing. It's legal," he added hastily, "and no, there wasn't another girl involved." "I didn't ask that."

"You didn't need to, I heard it in your voice." The little prick was still better at reading me than I was at reading him. "I just...look, something's going on. And it's nothing to worry about, it's just something I can't tell you about quite yet."

"And now I am worried. What's going on, David?" He looked in the direction Tim had disappeared and whispered, "Please just trust me on this one, OK? I'll tell you as soon as I can."

"David..."

"Mom, please. Trust me."

I frowned. "What's with all the secrecy?"

"I'm telling you what I can right now."

"And you're not in any kind of trouble?"

He shook his head vigorously. "No, it doesn't even have anything to do with me."

"OK, now you're being mysterious for the sake of being mysterious!" He chuckled and kissed my forehead. "Well, maybe. But please trust me. Can you do that?"

I thought about the way he had been with me the night before and I nodded. "I can, David."

He beamed at me. "Thanks, mom. I had a wonderful time last night."

I beamed back. "Me too."

Tim came back shortly thereafter and so that was the end of the conversation. The rest of the day was spent bustling around - Tim and I did some more yard work, then when Laurel got home we took her over to visit Tim's parents. His mom is a lovely, cheerful perfectly round woman and his father is one of those older guys who always seems to be smiling (in spite of the fact that he's been on a walker for the past three years since he broke several bones falling down the stairs).

We've always gotten along like gangbusters and they've always spoiled Laurel; they used to spoil David too before they realized what he was. We had a great time over there, then dropped off Laurel at a friend's house for the evening and went out to dinner at Dominguez, a place we must have been twenty times. It was a perfectly pleasant dinner. The food was terrific Mexican, as always, and Tim's conversation was easy and pleasant, as always, and we had a very nice time, as always.

And I don't think I went two minutes without thinking about David. When Tim was talking about the new tile we'd planned to put down in the kitchen, I was thinking about David singing in my ear as we swayed together to "Stardust"; when he talked about the softball league he was thinking of joining, I could think of nothing but the way my son's cock felt in my mouth when he came; when he talked about fixing the brakes on his car, there wasn't a thing in my mind except the way that David had made me long to let him put his mouth on me and make me come in front of a gaggle of strangers.

I knew it was wrong to be thinking those thoughts, and I knew it was wrong to be relishing them so much - especially when I was with my husband. I knew it was wrong, but I didn't care. The memory, like the act, was so wonderful that I had no desire whatsoever to avoid it. I loved Tim dearly but he couldn't, or wouldn't give me what David could - and I had gone without for too long.

And so I listened to Tim, and I talked with Tim, and I thought about David, and I went to bed with a smile.

May 25 The smile was still on my face when I woke up Sunday. Tim had long ago left for his working lunch, but the surprise I had was that David wasn't in his bedroom - again. I heard music coming from Laurel's room so I knocked and we chitchatted for a bit before I asked, "Did David not come home last night?"

"Nope, he was here. He left early."

I blinked in surprise. David NEVER got up early. "He did? How early?"

"I dunno, not long after daddy I think."

"Huh. OK. Did he say where he was going?"

"Nope and I didn't ask. Hey, can you take me to the Mall of America today?"

I laughed. "You spent all day there yesterday!" "I know, but I saw some super cute things and I was hoping you could maybe buy them for me a little bit?"

"A little bit?"

"Or a lot. Whichever works for you."

"Yeah. And how much does super cute cost these days?"

"It's super cheap. And I saw a pair of shoes I KNOW you'd look great in."

"Oh damn you kiddo, you know just how to get what you want, don't you?" She grinned innocently, like an angel. "I just thought maybe you'd want a new pair of shoes, that's all."

"Fine, we'll wait for your dad to get back and if he doesn't have anything he wants to do, we can go then." I wouldn't mind a new pair of shoes... Most of the morning was spent in delicious sloth. I ate some oatmeal, read the paper while drinking a cup of strong coffee and sitting in the sun, and had Charlie out to romp in the yard. My sloth ended at a little before eleven, when Patty called with news of her date. I took the phone, secluded myself in a chair in the middle of the lawn, and demanded details.

Details I got, bubbling forth in an excited, happy torrent. They had shared a wonderful, romantic dinner at Luce (where they had also shared a lubricating bottle of expensive wine). When it was done and dusk was settling they went for a walk along the tree-lined campus of St. Catherine's College, hand in hand. It was almost dark when Maria put Patty's back against a big oak tree and kissed her, and this time Patty didn't stop her when she put her hand up Patty's dress. Patty came "a wow kind of orgasm," as she said, and before she knew it they were in Maria's bed. They stayed there until morning, making love three times.

Patty thought she was in love. I thought so too, and I couldn't have been happier for her than I was. If ever there was a woman who deserved to be loved, it was Patty.

"When are you going to tell Thomas?" I asked.

"I don't care," Patty replied casually, and then laughed. "Can you believe it? I really don't care. This is the first time since before I married that load that I don't care what he thinks." "Well, how fast do you want to go with Maria?"

Another laugh. "She told me a joke last night. What does a lesbian bring to a second date? A U-Haul."

I laughed too. "Is that how fast you want to go?"

"Well I thought we'd give it a couple of months and see how it goes."

But Angela... Angela, I can't even tell you how it felt. To be loved.

To be cherished. To be treated as someone who was worth being wooed.

I can't even tell you."

I thought back to my date with David and figured I knew. "Patty, that's fantastic. Congratulations. What did Thomas say when you got home?"

"Ha. He's still not awake, the drunk prick."

"If things go well... I'd give anything to see the look on his face when you tell him you're leaving him for a woman!"

"I should film it. For posterity's sake."

We talked for another half an hour, and by the time we were done I was intoxicated with her excitement. Maria had truly swept her off her feet, and Patty was almost dizzy with the possibilities. I did bring up the fact that being in a relationship with a woman would likely be very different from being in one with a man, and she acknowledged it, but I don't think she really understood the point.

Still, I didn't belabor it - she was in the first throes of love and I wasn't going to be the one to rain on her parade. She had another date with Maria this coming week and I wished her all the best with it. I made lunch for Laurel and I - soup and a salad - and we ate it together outside. We had just sat down when the penny dropped. "Mom," she said casually, "can I borrow something of yours for the mall today?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, I dunno, I thought maybe we could look through your stuff and find something cute."

"Cute? Or revealing?"

She grinned and blushed a little, but only a little. "Well nothing too revealing...for me anyway."

My eyebrow arched. "Meaning?"

She looked up at me with an impish gleam in her eyes. "Well, you have all that sexy underwear, it's a shame to waste it..." "Who says I'm wasting it?" I replied with an impish gleam of my own. "Oooh, you're wearing it around? Tell me!"

"No. Now eat your lunch."

"I'll bet people have some wild reactions when you show yourself..." "Some do," I admitted. I wasn't sure how much I liked where the conversation was going.

"Well...I was thinking that you should wear some." "Uh huh. I could maybe accidentally on purpose show somebody too much." She hadn't given up her intention to get me to show off with her in the audience, but this was the first time she'd brought it up in a while...and the first time she'd brought it up since my date with David. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the first thing I thought was how thrilled David would be if Laurel and I did this and I told him about it... "Well, yeah," she nodded. "I mean I'd love to see it! I think it's so cool. I'd love to see the expression on people's faces!"

I tried to be strong in spite of how appealing this idea was to me at the moment. I'd loved the couple of times I'd shown myself in public before, and when David had gone down on me in front of the

crowd of strangers... wow. It would be thrilling to walk into the Mall of America in a skimpy little outfit and tease random passersby with glimpses of my goodies... but Laurel would be there. Yes she wanted to see it but she had no business wanting to see that from me and if I let her then it would be just another thing I shouldn't do with my kids that I did in spite of knowing how damned wrong it was.

I'd already crossed enough of those lines with David that I had no realistic hope of ever going back to propriety with him, but Laurel wasn't a lost cause yet. I knew I had to be firm with her, and with myself, but the idea was seductive and exciting, and it wouldn't leave my mind. Still, I shook my head and said, "Nope, we can't do that. Child Protection would haul you off to a foster home if they found out." "Well I won't tell them!" Laurel laughed, leaning over and slugging my shoulder playfully.

"Laurel...no. Come on now, eat your salad." My voice wasn't nearly as certain as it needed to be, and I know she noticed. "Well can I at least borrow some of your things?"

"Well...OK, fine, but nothing too revealing."

"I don't like revealing on me. I just like cute." We were dawdling over the last of our ice tea when Tim came rolling up around one. He was in a great mood, bouncy and cheerful, and he told us to have an awesome time at the mall. And that was how, a few minutes later, I found myself with my daughter in my bedroom, poring over clothes. She found something easily - a flowy blue and green cotton dress I'd bought the summer before, light and airy without showing anything remotely inappropriate for a 15 year old girl, even one as well endowed as my daughter.

My own outfit, however, was more of a challenge. The first thing I grabbed was pair of mid-thigh shorts and a conservative yellow top with a slightly scooped neckline and sleeves. Laurel, however, took one look and made a face. "Ugh! You aren't wearing that!" "Why not?"

"You'll totally cramp my style!"

I laughed. "You aren't old enough to have a style."

"Come on, I'm your daughter. I was born with style."

"Oh I get it, flattery."

"Is it working?"

"Yes. How about this?" I held up a rather demure sundress. It was a sleeveless flower print with a high neckline, very light and comfortable.

"Mmmm...I dunno, I think you need to wear something...let's see..." She rummaged through my closet and came out with some of the cute things I'd picked up at XXXFantasy - a red and black corset with some lace and a black miniskirt. "How about this?"

"Yeah, right," I smirked. "I told you I'm not flashing anybody, so give it up."

"Hmmmph, fine, let's see..." She put the corset back and looked for a few moments more then pulled out a sleeveless purple top with dangerous cleavage, a pleat below the bust and a crocheted back. She held it up next to the miniskirt with a hopeful look. "You've got to be kidding me," I told her, crossing my arms. "Keep looking."

"Well you have to wear one of these, the top or the skirt."

My eyebrow arched. "Oh I do, huh? Says who?"

"Me. Giving peeks or not, I still want you to look hot. So which is it?" I couldn't help but grin. My incredibly cute 15 year old daughter thought I was hot - how flattering was that? And the skirt wasn't that bad... "OK, fine, put the top back."

Her smile was huge, and she did as she was told. A moment later she had a red sleeveless number with a major V-neck and a clingy, midriff-baring tummy. "Yyyeah," I said, "you're getting colder." "Fussy. How about this?" She produced a very cute blue sleeveless V-neck top with ribbed sides that were really form-fitting and flattering. I paused - it would show cleavage, yes, but not a huge amount. And besides, it would look good.

"Ok, fine, that will work," I said. I knew that the clothes my daughter had selected for me were skimpy enough that I'd be showing off whether I wanted to or not, but honestly I didn't mind that much. I was happy, I was carefree, I felt sexy and loved and even a little silly with the hangover of my date with my son. And besides, the idea of people looking at me - at me when I walked beside my gorgeous daughter - was very seductive. So if Laurel wanted to see me dress sexy, to hell with it, I'd let her see me dress sexy. "Let's get changed."

We began to undress. Laurel and I have never had a problem undressing around each other, though this would be the first time she saw me after I shaved my kitty. I knew she'd ask about it - as I mentioned, I'd always been loudly against it - but I didn't mind. In fact, it put a little twitter of excitement in my belly to know that my daughter would see what my son had made me do... Laurel pulled off her shirt, revealing a very ordinary and chaste white bra made entirely for support and not for looks. She was about to drop her shorts, but she stopped and looked up. "Mind if I borrow one of your bras? Something cute?"

"Hmmm...I think I have something..." I opened my drawer and rummaged around a bit before I found what I was looking for: a lacy white thing with scalloped edges, lots of lift and lots see-through. "Here, try this."

She took it with a laugh. "I said cute, not sexy!" I shrugged. "That dress doesn't show anything anyway. You'll be the only one who knows you have it on. It will be your naughty little secret."

"You mean our naughty little secret," she replied with a wink, and I laughed and nodded. Then she slipped out of her bra and took my breath away.

I have to explain that I've seen Laurel naked a million times, just like she's seen me. Like I said, we've never been shy about changing together, and she's always been very open in asking me questions about her body. It's never been a big deal... but today it was different. Honestly I didn't know why, and I still don't. Maybe it was because this was the first time I'd seen her like this since my encounters with Brandy and Petra - maybe it was because now I looked at women as potential objects of sexual desire. Maybe, but I don't think so; I didn't want to jump my daughter's bones. Maybe it was because I was more aware of my own body and my own needs, sexual and otherwise.

Maybe it was because all of her teasing about showing me off had made me aware of the similarities and differences in our bodies. I'm really not sure. But when Laurel slipped out of her bra, I was just entranced by her tits. They were, to sum it up in a word, magnificent. Another word would be perfect. Yes another word, or perhaps two, would be mouth-watering. Envious. Luscious. Delightful. Succulent. However you describe them, my daughter has a rack that makes wet dreams.

Laurel had always had a lot of questions about her boobs. She started developing early - by the time she was eight she was growing a chest - and she just kept developing, slowly but surely. She'd had all the normal questions: "Are mine normal?" "Why are they so big?" "What kinds of bras are best?" "What's the deal with these things anyway?" So I knew her breasts and I knew she was comfortable with them, just like I knew mine and was comfortable with them. But mine had never been like hers. I was a decent size when I was 15, but hers were VERY big, bigger than mine were until I had her.

And not only that but they were perfectly firm, the way tits can only be when you're young and gravity hasn't started having its wicked way with you yet. When my tits were that firm, they weren't that big; when my tits were that big, they weren't that firm. Hers were an absolute ideal, the kind of tits that gave men whiplash when they turned their heads to watch her pass by, the kind that made women green with envy. I need to say again that I didn't want to jump Laurel; I wasn't turned on by her.

What I was, was awed. My daughter, the little girl I'd given birth to and nursed, played dollies and tea party with, watched as she grew from child to young woman, was gorgeous. She still had a little girl face and the awkwardness of a teenager, but when I looked at her I could really see, for the first time ever, the hot chick she'd be at 19, the confident hottie she'd be at 25, the lovely and confident and poised woman she would be when she was my age. I could see how she would develop and fill out, how she'd lose her leanness and gain curves, how she would become far prettier than I was. I was awestruck. With Tim, I had made her. I had made her. I was so proud I'd have popped like a balloon if she'd have stuck me with a pin.

She put on the bra I gave her and looked up to see my opinion, and then she stopped and gave me a strange look. "Um...OK, why are you looking at me like that?"

I smiled hugely, I just beamed, and she was smiling back as I took her in my arms and hugged her very tight. "I'm so proud of you, sweetie. I love you so much."

"I love you too, mom," she whispered, and when she pulled away she kissed my cheek and smiled. "Thanks for taking me today." "I wouldn't have missed it for the world, kiddo. Not for the world." She paused. "Really? Not for the world? No offense, but if someone offered me the world to skip this shopping trip, I'd totally take the world."

"You," I laughed, smacking her on the ass and making her jump and yelp. "Get your dress on."

She stripped out of her shorts - she was wearing a cute pair of pale blue boykinis - and then got into the dress; she looked better in it than I ever did. By the time she was done I was rooting through my underwear drawer. I picked out a pair of very sensible underwear -after all, I knew she was planning on trying to show me off - but her hands were on my wrists before I straightened up. "Uh uh," she said with a firm shake of her head. "Try again."

I paused for a moment. Surely I should just wear what I wanted to wear, regardless of what my daughter said. I mean... I'm the parent, right? But even as the thought was occurring to me, I was putting the sensible panties down and looking for something else. I wasn't sure why, except that, at the moment, Laurel was being firm and demanding and telling me to do what she wanted, and it felt good and right to do what she said.

I know it was odd, but the oddest thing was it didn't seem odd at all at the time. It just felt natural. I found a dark purple thong, and without even realizing it I held them up for my daughter's approval. Well, that's not exactly true, I mean I held them up to look at them myself, but when Laurel shook her head very firmly in the negative, I dropped them without complaint. I was looking for something

that didn't show everything I had when Laurel reached in and produced a pair of red and black crotchless panties - and not the kind with a tie-close crotch, I mean the kind with no crotch whatsoever. "Here," she said, holding them out to me. "These are the ones I want you to wear."

I raised an eyebrow. "Laurel..."

"These are the ones I want you to wear," she repeated firmly, like I was the child and she was the mother. It was a very strange moment -

I felt a queer little rush as I accepted her demand and took the panties from her. At the time I just chalked it up to the growing erotic charge of the situation, of me going out with the intention of flashing, but there was more to it than I realized at the time. She had just produced a pair of fuck me pumps when I peeled off my panties and her jaw dropped. "...mom? You...shaved!" "Well at least you noticed!" I laughed. "Your father didn't."

"I think it looks great! I love it. A lot of my friends shave." "Yep, so you've said," I replied, pulling up the crotchless panties and knowing exactly what was coming next.

"What do you think? I mean, would you complain if I did?" This was a road we'd been down before, and I'd always told her no. No matter what the fashion was, I had been against shaving. But now my mind was changed - David had changed it - and I just shrugged. "If you want. I can give you a few pointers if you're interested. And I am NOT wearing those shoes. I'll be on my feet for hours, so find me some sandal flats."

A few moments later we were both dressed, both looked fantastic, and were on our way out the door when David pulled up. I told Laurel to go wait by my car because I wanted to talk to David alone; she looked a little disappointed that she'd miss what she assumed would be an ass-chewing, but she did what she was told. I met David at the front door, and I immediately noticed he had a concerned look on his face. "Don't worry about it," he said when I asked him what was going on.

"It's...well, don't worry."

"David," I asked, taking him by the shoulders and looking into his eyes, "are you in trouble?"

"No," he shook his head emphatically. "This time it's not about me at all." "Then what's going on? I mean this is connected to yesterday when you didn't come home all night, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "But...look, please don't ask me any more."

"Why not?"

He sighed. "Because I can't tell you any more right now. I will when I can but if you make me tell you more right now I'll have to lie to you and I really don't want to lie to you any more. It's not about me and I'm not in any kind of trouble, but it is important and I'll tell you when I can. Can you trust me?"

I didn't even hesitate before I nodded. I could trust him. I couldn't before - he'd shown that - but he was changed now. Now I knew he was telling me the truth.

He smiled. "Thank you, mom. Now... where are you going all sexy looking?" I grinned naughtily. "To the mall with Laurel. And do you want to know a secret?"

"Sure."

Wordlessly I lifted my miniskirt and showed him my cooch hanging bare in my crotchless panties. He gaped, then broke into a huge grin. "It's Laurel's fault. She found my sexy clothes and she's been wanting to show me off. She was very insistent." "LAUREL does?"

"Yeah," I chuckled as I snugged my skirt back down. "I think she's more like you than either of you realize."

He shook his head in amazement. "Maybe so. Laurel...damn, I can't believe it." "Does it bother you that Laurel wants to make me flash all over the Mall of America?"

"Bother me? I love it!"

I reached down and playfully squeezed his crotch, and when I found his cock hard in his pants I smiled. "Mmmm, I guess you do love it, don't you?"

"Damn right," he grinned. "Do you think maybe we can be alone for a little while this evening? I'm hungry for what you've got." I pursed my lips, thinking of his mouth on me, and I was instantly wet. But I wasn't yet crazy enough to throw caution to the wind no matter how horny my wonderful son made me. "Maybe. We have to be careful. We can't let your sister or your father even so much as suspect a thing."

He nodded, looking a bit glum. "I know. But if we can...I'd really love it, mom."

I nodded, my eyes sparkling, and leaned in to whisper, "If we can be alone, would you like me to suck your cock while you lick my pussy?" "Oh...I think I could be persuaded." He reached a hand up my skirt and gave my bare pussy a little squeeze. "Now don't keep Laurel waiting...and I want to hear all about what you get up to when you get home, OK?"

"OK. I love you, David."

He locked eyes with me and nodded, a small, perfect smile on his face.

"I love you, mom."

I tried to keep the dopey, love struck smile off my face when I got to Laurel and the car, but I'm not sure how well I succeeded. She asked me what was up and I said something (I'm not even sure what) and we were on our way.

Laurel, of course, started bugging me about getting her license and maybe her own car, and we were still struggling with the problems associated with that particular parental nightmare when we pulled up into our parking space at the mall. Now, for those of you that don't know, the Mall of America is the largest shopping mall in the United States. It has over 500 stores, it's bigger than Rhode Island, it has its own weather pattern and people have gotten lost inside and never been seen again.

OK, I made the last three up, but the place is absurdly huge. It has three levels of shopping, an indoor amusement park complete with roller coasters and a water ride, an enormous aquarium, and the best people watching to be found in the whole state. Laurel adores it.

We hit Nordstrom first, and both of us could have spent the rest of the day there quite happily had Laurel not had several other stores she wanted to shop at. As it was we picked up a really cute pair of bright blue Sam Edelman flats that Laurel had spotted on sale the day before and that looked great on her. Then we drifted through the Abercrombie & Fitch, crossed the aisle to the Bare

Essentials boutique, and then went into Ben Bridge Jewelers. That was where Laurel showed me off for the first time. When we walked in, the first thing we saw was a gorgeous young sales guy talking to a rich-looking older woman. Laurel caught my eye and grinned, then leaned in and whispered, "You should give him something to look at."

I giggled. "You're so bad. I shouldn't listen to you, you're a bad influence." She leaned in and gave me a gentle shove with her shoulder. "Go on, I dare you."

"Oh you dare me, huh? What makes you think I'll fall for that?"

"Mom," she said, her voice low and urgent, "I want you to." My stomach did something weird, like I was at the top of a roller coaster and just plunging over the drop, and I nodded wordlessly. We drifted along one of the display cases near the cutie, and as soon as he was done with the other woman he turned to us and said, "Hello ladies, how are you today?"

I gave him my best sexy smile and said, "I'm lusting...after these earrings right here. Can you show them to me?"

He locked eyes with me for a moment and then smiled. "Sure, the sapphire hoops, those are beautiful."

Laurel stepped back, ostensibly to look at something in another case but really so he could watch the cutie's face when I gave him a little show. He reached into the case for the earrings...just as I leaned over with my elbows on the case, arms pressed just a bit together, giving him just as spectacular a view of my cleavage as I could. His eyes went right there like they were drawn by a magnet, and I shifted to let him look all the way down to my belly button. We made some small talk about the earrings and a few other pieces, but mostly he scoped me out and I gave him the best looks I could. I didn't buy anything, but I did have a very good time.

Laurel was leaning on me and fighting to hold back laughter as we walked out. "Oh my God, mom, you should have seen his face. I think he's in love."

I grinned. "Well then he has good taste in breasts."

"We need to get you out of that bra!"

"I wish your father said that once in a while," I mock-grumped, and we both laughed. "But really, you honestly want me to flash the girls?" "Nipples and all," Laurel said, a positively wicked smile on her face. "I want to see some lucky guy's face when he sees the best boobs in the whole Mall of America."

"I thought you were keeping your shirt on."

"Ha ha, I meant yours."

I shook my head. "You know, I have no business doing any of this with you around."

She laughed. "Oh you love it and you know it. I saw your face in there. You adore being looked at, don't you?"

"Well, fine, I do, but that doesn't mean I need to expose you to it."

"Pun intended?"

“Not entirely. But I’m serious, this isn’t exactly a normal mom-daughter day out.”

“You’re right,” she said with a nod as she squeezed my hand and shot me a glowing smile. “It’s tons better. Now come on, let’s go to the bathroom so you can get out of that bra.”

I shook my head, but I followed where she was leading. “You know, you owe me for this, kiddo.”

“I would except you like it as much as I do.”

I hunched, but she had to be dead to rights. I was loving this, and the fact that Laurel was the one pushing me to it made it more exciting. I supposed at the time that it was simply that it made it more forbidden and taboo to have her watching, and I do think that’s part of it, but not the whole reason. Not by a long shot. I stepped into the stall, and a minute later I was stepping back out braless, my girls resting comfortably in my revealing top...and my nipples obviously hard. I stashed the bra in Laurel’s shopping bag and followed her out.

We shopped for a while longer. I bought a cute pair of jeans and a vase, while Laurel picked up a cheap but cute watch, some leggings, and three tee shirts that were on sale. I know she was waiting for me to flash my boobs, but she didn’t say anything about it. I think she figured I would do it if I just had time to work up to it - and she figured right. After all, letting someone look down my cleavage with my daughter by my side was one thing, but setting the girls free with her there was quite another.

I knew she wanted me to do it, and honestly I found the idea very enticing, especially if it could be arranged so as to happen right in front of some cute boy half my age who would appreciate the view. But still, it was a very brazen thing to do, the kind of thing that might reasonably be said to be stupid. Was I going to be stupid?

Well, I thought I might.

It happened when we stopped at a little cart selling cheap silver jewelry, and I didn’t even intend it to happen then and there. The person at the cart was a girl who looked to be about 19, and she was wearing a cross on a necklace and had one of those irritating chastity rings on her finger (I’m a firm believer that waiting for your wedding night to have sex is idiotic - sex isn’t something you just know how to do, and if you want to be good for the person you love then you need to have some experience... at least that’s my opinion) so she was a good Christian girl.

I strongly doubt she was bi or that she wanted to see my chichis. But she held up a silver necklace that I asked about, and when I went to take it, it slipped off my fingers and fell to the floor. I bent over to pick it up without thinking -

And out popped my boobs. They spilled over the edge of the top as I bent, the right one a little more than the left, but both nipples were out. A million thoughts ran through my head in the half second it took me to reach the necklace, thoughts about how I ought to cover myself, tuck myself in, how I ought to be modest and sensible and not show anyone any more than I already had... and those thoughts passed right by without stopping.

I was in a naughty, risqué mood, a mood very much to flaunt what I had - and for Laurel to see it and know it was her doing - and so when my fingers found the necklace, I simply straightened up like I didn’t know anything was amiss. The girl’s jaw dropped and she turned a shade of red I normally associate with candied apples. A gaggle of teenage boys were passing by and in an instant I was the center of their attention, their appreciative expressions, and their whistles. A pair of tween girls stared with open mouths and laughed, and I knew they would be telling the story the next day at

school.

I loved it. I can't even tell you the pure sexual thrill I got from standing there with my breasts exposed, pretending I didn't have any idea why I was suddenly the center of everyone's attentions. I simply stood there with an innocent smile on my face, holding the necklace out to the cart salesgirl and secretly reveling in the sudden freedom I felt.

That was it, really - freedom. I know it sounds silly but I really did feel free at that moment, free to embrace my sexuality, free to accept what I was becoming, even free to embrace my son's love and the fact that I was in a deeply sexual kind of love with my own dog. Free, too, to be told to do just exactly this and to obey.

At that moment, with an innocent grin on my face and my chest on display for all to see, I felt like I really had the strength to own all the changes that were going on and to make them my own. I felt like I really was in control of the lightning I was riding. Within a few days, events would prove me wrong, but for a brief moment I felt like a queen.

And it was a brief moment. For all the reaction I'd earned, I think I stood there that way for less than two seconds. A woman about my age, pushing a baby carriage, boggled at me for a moment and then dashed to my defense, putting herself in front of me and held up a shopping bag to block the view. I managed to look confused, and then when I looked down and pretended to notice, I also managed to look embarrassed. I quickly tucked myself in and then Laurel had me by the arm and was dragging me away before the teenage boys could come over and talk to me.

"Oh my God, mom, oh my God!" Her voice was delighted and I saw a flush on her cheeks as she steered me across the crowded walkway and got us lost in the crowd. "Oh my God! That was so hot!" I was simply laughing, a free and confident laugh like I was on top of the world. "I didn't even mean to do it! They just...popped on out!" "Oh my God," she repeated, "it was perfect. You should have seen everyone's reactions! It was just...oh my God! I thought that girl was gonna have a stroke!"

"Yeah, she did look a little overwhelmed, the poor thing."

"And those boys! I bet they go home and jerk off thinking about you!"

"Language!"

"Well I bet they do! I mean...mom, you don't even realize how completely hot you are. I think you gave them a thrill they'll be talking about for months!"

"Oh come on Laurel, I'm not that attractive!" I protested, though I was glowing with pride that she thought so. "I'm just an old lady!" "Mom, if I look half as good at your age, I'll be happy."

"Really?"

"Really. I love that my mom is a babe!" She squeezed my arm. "And I love that people love to look at you. It really makes me proud of you. And it makes me glad I'm making you do this." "Well...it was pretty fun," I admitted. "Maybe I'll even mention it to your father, just to see if he actually reacts." "Ooh, I dare you!" Laurel laughed.

"Stop daring me!" I said, and we laughed together. Half an hour later we wound up in Macy's...and Laurel saw the shoe department. Casually she asked, "Don't you need some shoes?" "I always need shoes," I agreed.

“Do you think you need some help trying them on?” she asked, still casually.

“Well I guess I...oh, I get it.”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” she said, steering me into the ladies shoes department. I could feel her excitement as she guided me toward the nearest shoe salesman and gave me a shove... He was a youngster. If he was older than 17 I’ll eat the shoes he sold me. He was a normal-looking kid, a couple of acne spots and the thin build of a boy who’s gotten his height but not filled out yet.

He was average, the sort of kid you’d see by the dozen in any high school in the country. And I was going to give him a treat. I was going to give my daughter a treat too, the one she demanded. Laurel peeled away to take up a good watching position as I approached him. He smiled at me as I told him I was looking for a couple of different styles of pumps and wanted his assistant; I pretended not to notice when his eyes kept flicking down at my boobs.

It was cute... and he was going to be seeing a lot more than that pretty soon. I took my place on one of the fitting chairs as he went off to gather half a dozen pairs of shoes; Laurel hovered nearby, acting like she was looking at shoes but grinning like the cat that ate the canary. Me, I was just sitting with my legs crossed, acting very nonchalant.

The young fellow returned – his nametag said Zach – and set the boxes down in front of me. He was on his knees, in perfect position, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Laurel staring at him, waiting for his reaction. He took off one of my shoes and I uncrossed my legs for him to get the other. I had my ass right on the edge of the chair and my miniskirt hitched up just enough that there was no way I couldn’t shoot little Zach a beaver –

His eyes drifted between my legs and got huge. In fact, his whole face sort of went slack, his eyes got buggy, he turned beet red, and he immediately looked down at the black peep-toe pumps he was fitting on me.

Laurel looked like she was ready to burst with glee...and, I couldn’t help but notice, her nipples were as hard as diamonds and just about poking clean through the sundress. There was no mistaking the look on her face for anything but arousal. She was off to the side so she saw nothing but my legs and Zach’s reaction, so I know that she wasn’t getting hot by looking at my pussy.

She was getting hot because I was showing it... and because she was the one who had told me to show it. Maybe she had more in common with David than I’d realized. It’s a mark of how turned on I was that I didn’t stop the show right there, but the fact was that I liked showing myself – I was starting to think I liked it a lot – and it was easier for me to actually do it when I had someone pushing me. So, if Laurel wanted to flaunt me, she could for now.

And yes, I know precisely how messed up that is. Zach fumbled the other shoe on and I stood up, regarding myself in the mirror... and incidentally placing my ass in his face, so that all he had to do was look up and he’d see under my skirt. I watched his eyes in the mirror – he looked up. I grinned.

“Mmmm, they’re cute, but let’s see some others,” I said. The next pair was a pointed-toe black pump from Nine West, and I don’t usually care for pointed toe shoes... but this wasn’t about the shoes, was it? I sat back where good old Zach could look straight up my skirt and fixed him with an innocent look as I held out my foot for him. In fact I held it up nice and high so my skirt slid back a little more.

Zach tried to be a good boy, really he did, but the temptation was simply too much and he looked square at it for two seconds, then hurriedly looked away and finished fitting the shoes. He did manage to resist temptation for a couple of pairs, although I’m not sure how. He was red in the face,

hard in the pants and even sweating a little. It was so cute. Laurel, on the other hand, looked almost lost in an erotic fog. I knew the look on her face, the expression, because it was so similar to mine.

I knew how she was feeling, the pressing throb of arousal between her legs, and it made me quiver a bit to know that she was getting such a thrill out of exhibiting me this way. If my pussy hadn't already been soaked, I'm sure the sight of it would have made me at least a little wet. It was on the fifth pair - a very cute Anne Klein two-tone black and silver 3 1/2" heel pump that I absolutely had to have - that Zach finally simply broke down and took a good long look at what I was showing him.

He stared straight up my skirt for almost ten seconds, entranced, and then suddenly he jerked his eyes up to my face to see if I was angry. I was not; in fact, to judge by my expression, there was nothing remotely unusual going on. Innocently, I asked, "What do you think, Zach?"

"Um...it's...beautiful," he gulped.

I smiled. "Thank you, but I meant the shoes."

"Oh! I...oh..."

I shifted my legs farther apart; it was the most I could do to tell him to look without telling him to look, and he looked. He licked his lips and said, very softly, "The shoes are beautiful." "Thank you, Zach," I told him. "I like them too. I'll take them. Now let's look for something red."

Zach nodded and stood, taking away all the rejected pairs and going to look for red pumps in my size. He wasn't gone five seconds before Laurel was at my side. I didn't have to look to see if she was turned on - I could smell it, and the smell was thrilling. "Mom...oh my God..." "You keep saying that," was my amused reply. "Do you think he likes the show?" "I think he does!"

I looked up and met her eyes. She was looking a little stunned, like a fawn in the headlights...or like a girl who has told her mother to act like a slut and, against all odds, seen her mother do exactly as she was told. "And you?"

"God mom...it's so hot. Keep doing it." Her voice was barely audible, but it was as intense as I had ever heard her sound. Somehow I thought that this wouldn't be the last time we did this. As awful as it sounds, that was perfectly fine by me. I was having a great time. Laurel was back in her place when Zach returned; I couldn't help but notice he was carrying the stack of boxes low to cover his erection, the sweetie. My legs were nice and open when he settled in front of me again, and this time he made no pretense of looking anywhere other than at my bare pussy. And that was nice... but I wanted to up the ante a little.

We were secluded enough that nobody except Laurel was going to see what I was about to do, so as he settled the crimson open-toed BCBGirls pump on my left foot, I let my right hand fall into my lap. As he put on the right shoe, I was sliding my hand up underneath my skirt. He froze, my foot in his hand and my leg in the air, as I traced my fingertip along my hairless slit, teasing my lips with my nail and gathering my moisture. He couldn't have been more solidly frozen if I'd have doused him with liquid nitrogen. I withdrew my hand, watched him stare slack-jawed for a moment, and then said, "Zach? You can put my foot down now."

"Huh? Oh!" He did and shook his head like he was trying to clear cobwebs. I stood and checked how the shoes felt on my feet - I liked them. "I'll take these too. Let's find one more pair, something a little offbeat. How about something in a bright pattern?" "Yeah... sure, OK," he nodded, and I didn't even detect a trace of resentment that I'd made him bring ten boxes of red shoes out and then decided to buy the first pair I tried. He scampered away, and I could only giggle. I hadn't felt this

sexually powerful since... well, ever.

But the weird part was that I knew I wouldn't be doing this, at least not nearly so boldly, if Laurel wasn't making me. I felt sexually powerful, but only because I was doing what she told me to do. The implications of that were slow to dawn on me.

He came back with another stack of boxes, and I sounded very normal when I said, "I hope I'm not being a bother, trying on all these pairs and making you run to the storeroom all the time." "No!" he replied eagerly, settling down in front of me again.

"No...it's...um, really it's no problem at all."

"Well you're very good at your job," I told him, watching his face as he looked straight at my kitty. "Your hands are very gentle." He blushed so hard and so red that I thought he might pass out, and he squeaked, "Thanks..." At this point, I would have bet just about anything that my little Zach was a virgin, and that this was the closest he had ever come to a naked pussy. That made me love it all the more. I'd be in his erotic dreams for years to come, and the things he would do to me in his imagination... well, I found I very much liked thinking about that.

He put another half a dozen pairs on me and I don't think his eyes strayed from between my legs the whole time. I ended up with a very nice pair of open-toed 4" Nine Wests that were cream-colored with multicolored swatches on them.

Zach ended up with pants full of cum. I'm not sure when it happened because he didn't give any sort of sign, but he had the most adorable wet spot at his crotch when he stood up. What a little sweetie. Laurel joined me at the counter as I paid for my shoes. I was acting like there was nothing even remotely amiss, but Laurel was flustered to the point of speechlessness.

I wondered, as they rang up my card, whether my daughter had gotten her own orgasm from this. I didn't think she had - I didn't see her touching herself - but she was so befuddled that she certainly seemed afterglowy. Well, I wouldn't ask her. I just smiled naughtily, slung the bags over my arm, and led her out.

It was a little of an odd drive home. We talked more or less normally, and neither of us brought up what I'd done at the Mall. It was like we had silently agreed to keep the thing quiet, a secret between us, at least for the moment. But of course, I didn't feel like it was behind me, because I was still so horny that I was squirming in my seat. I dearly hoped David and I could find some time to be alone, because I kept imagining his mouth on my cunt and his cock in my mouth and it was driving me nuts.

Unfortunately, it pretty quickly became clear that it was not to be, not that night anyway. Tim had decided to try to make dinner and it... hadn't turned out well. Honestly, I'm not even sure what it was supposed to be. At least he was laughing about it. So Laurel and I combined to whip up some fish, a salad and asparagus - but Tim had made enough of a mess that cleanup took forever. Then Laurel was up and down the stairs all evening, meaning that there was no way David and I could have taken 25 minutes to pleasure each other in his bedroom. Dammit.

I was outside with Charlie, sitting on a chair on the patio, when David found me. "I was looking forward to taking you up on your offer," he said ruefully as he settled into the next chair over. "I was thinking about it all day long."

I smiled. "Me too, kiddo. When I got back from the Mall, I was so horny...and you wouldn't believe what happened there."

"You mean what Laurel made you do..."

"Well...she really didn't have to twist my arm all that much..." I told him about showing my cleavage, about Laurel making me take off my bra, about my tits popping free by accident. To say that he was amazed would be to understate things considerably. He kept shaking his head over the fact that Laurel, who seemed so innocent and straight-laced, got off so much on watching me show myself. He was even more amazed that she had more or less ordered me to do it, and I'd done what I was told. When I told him about what I did to Zach and the way Laurel looked afterward, he was completely astounded.

"Do you think she came from watching you?"

I shrugged and laughed. "She might have. She acted like it."

"Well," he mused, "my little sister is just full of surprises, isn't she?"

May 26

Charlie thought he was going to mate with me again when I got down my dog fucking clothes. And I admit, I was very tempted - having Charlie inside me was bliss, the closest to Heaven I expect to come in this life (or after it, truth be told). It would have been so easy to get down on all fours and let Charlie mount me - he had the method down now - and just be tied to him for 20 minutes while he pumped me full of his cum. He'd have loved that, and I'd have loved that...

But I had something else in mind. I wanted to suck my dog's cock. He followed me down the stairs, eager and prancing, the tip of his cock already visible. He's so adorable when he gets excited - it's like he's a puppy again, completely focused and centered in the moment to the exclusion of everything else. He thought he was going to fuck my brains out, and so for him my pussy was the only thing in the world worth considering at that instant. Dogs are so pure, so sweet, and so guileless that I can't help but love them...and when they happen to be male, I can't help but let them love me.

I barely got into the living room, to our customary spot, when he thrust his snout between my legs right onto my exposed pussy and began to lick. I was wet and eager, and so I simply smiled and let him have his way. His tongue slithered and moved, a serpent, rough and soft and strong, and he pushed it into me in the way he knew I loved the best. He began caressing nerves and membranes and I was weak in the knees, and the fact that finally - finally - I would return his oral attentions made it all the sweeter.

I let him lick for a few moments, making me gasp and tremble, but the position was awkward and so I backed up slowly, with him following along and keeping his tongue inside me like the wonderful lover he is, until the backs of my knees met the edge of the sofa. Gently I lowered myself to it, spreading my legs and keeping my pussy right on the edge so he could get at it easily.

His tongue filled me up, so pliable and yet so powerful, so soft but yet so rough. I just threw my head back and moaned, unashamed and uninhibited, and let him lick me where and how he wanted to. And at first he licked everywhere, from ass to clit, from the place where my thighs met my pelvis to so deep inside me I could barely believe his tongue wasn't a cock.

I don't like to preach, but there is something I believe very strongly and I want to say it flat out: every single girl who reads this owes it to herself to let a dog lick her. I mean that. Even if you don't want to suck a dog's cock or let a dog fuck you, I promise you that you will never, ever experience anything in your life like a dog's tongue on your cunt and ass. You'll have an orgasm like you've

never had - not just from the physical sensation of it but from the fact that the one giving you that sensation isn't another person, male or female, and isn't even a plastic toy; it's another living, breathing creature, one who thinks and feels and loves and wants to please you, wants to give you an orgasm because it will make you happy. Try it just once and you'll never regret it, I promise you.

OK, enough of my soapbox preaching. Charlie was hitting my spots one after another, and he knew what I liked because he was getting used to this by now, getting used to licking me and making me quiver and moan and come. Dogs are incredibly sensitive creatures, and even if they aren't terribly bright (and they're not) they have excellent instincts. When they do something that feels good to you, they can sense it and they do it again. And that's how come Charlie knew to avoid my clit and to lick lower, seeking my openings, pushing his tongue into my body.

Now, I've never really been an anal girl, but I knew from the first time his tongue hit me today that it was going to be his licking my ass that made me cum. His tongue inside me, pushing open my lips, stretching my pussy, even flicking at my clit if he didn't hit it too directly, felt fantastic - but somehow, for some reason, it was the way he licked my ass that was sending shivers up my spine...and making those shivers get hot, and concentrate in the very depths of my pussy where my orgasms started. It wasn't that his tongue on, and in, my pussy didn't feel fantastic, because it did; it's just that today my ass was the thing that needed attention.

At first I shifted down and rolled my hips to bring my ass up, and that succeeded in focusing a little more of his attention there. His tongue, big and flat as it is, has the miraculous ability to fit into remarkably small spaces, and so it wasn't long before he pressed against my asshole - and I mean really pressed, so I could feel his teeth on that exquisitely sensitive ring of flesh - and pushed the tip of it inside me.

I screamed. I screamed like a banshee, I howled like a woman possessed, and my hips lurched up off the couch and pushed my ass into Charlie's snout in an effort to get his tongue deeper. That, of course, was a mistake - dog's are sensitive, yes, but they don't always know the difference between a "HARDER!" thrust of the hips and a "KNOCK IT OFF" thrust of the hips (and to be fair, plenty of people don't always know the difference either - sex is an inexact science) and so he backed off three steps and looked at me quizzically.

I couldn't help but laugh at the funny tilt of his head and the questioning in his huge brown eyes. "Good boy," I said encouragingly, "come on, come lick mommy..." And as I said it, I patted my pussy and he came right back, tail wagging, for more...but I had the very clever idea to leave my hand right there over my pussy and clit. He licked at it a bit when he came back, but then his tongue dropped down to just where I wanted it to be: my ass.

Oh my Lord. If there's anything more sensuous than getting your pussy licked by a dog, it's getting your ass reamed by one. He pushed his tongue right against my little pucker and began to lick, hard and fast, harder and faster, and as he did my hips slowly rose to meet him and my legs came back and further back until my knees were against my chest and I was offering him my ass like it was the greatest treat in the whole world.

I was moaning, writhing, screaming, gasping, crying, going out of my mind with the pleasure he was giving me. And each movement of his tongue seemed to open my ass more, each application of pressure made it yield to pressure more easily, each thrust made my ass want his tongue inside it with greater passion. I can't say for sure how deep his tongue got into my ass - not as deep as a cock would, of course, or even fingers, and not nearly as deep as it got when he licked my pussy. But it opened me in a way I was most emphatically not accustomed to being opened and it stimulated nerves that had never been stimulated, and it felt like his tongue was pushing my wide all the way

up to my liver. I was open for my lover, giving myself to him, and he was taking me, devouring me, making me his like no one ever had before -

I was coming before I knew it. I was lifting myself to him, curled up so that only my shoulders were on the sofa and my toes were behind my head pressing against the wall. It wasn't the sort of shattering orgasm that he gave me with his cock, but it was lovely and deep and rolled in waves, carrying me with it like a toy bobbing on the ocean until, finally, I uncoiled and let my body take a more normal position, slumped on the sofa with a big, satisfied smile on my face. Charlie wagged his tail at me, proud he had made me come. He was so adorable I could just have hugged him forever. Could have, that is, if I hadn't had my heart set on giving him as good as he was giving me.

It was a moment before I had gathered myself enough to slide off the sofa like a wet lasagna noodle, and by that time Charlie had curled up at my feet. He looked up expectantly when I got down on his level and leaped to his feet, sure we were either going to play or fuck and willing to accept either one. He crowded into me, his big, strong, furry body shouldering me in his exuberant manner. I had my arms around him and my face buried in his neck, laughing with sheer pleasure at his pure, simple, innocent joy.

But as I hugged him, my hand slipped beneath his body and found his sheath. It was warm and soft and furry, but as I squeezed it gently I felt, inside, the hardness of his penis bone (yes, dogs have them). His tip wasn't out anymore and he was still frisky, but as I began to stroke it slowly he quieted down as though I had ordered him to stillness, his tongue hanging out just a bit and his eyes just a little out of focus, as though he was looking at something far, far away. I smiled, knowing that I was giving him pleasure. He was my lover, and it made me feel good to make him feel good. I would make him feel wonderful.

I licked my lips, feeling a little knot of anxiety in my stomach. Would he like it? Some dogs didn't, I had read. Would I be any good at it? I wanted to be for him what he was for me, a lover who was present always, who would always be faithful, who would love with unquestioned passion - and who could make him feel wonderful with every part of my body. I didn't know the answers, but I needed to find out, for both our sakes.

Within a few strokes I could feel him hardening in his sheath, thickening, growing - and the red tip appeared. Since we began this I had seen it plenty, of course, but this was the closest I had ever really been to it and it mesmerized me. How different it was from a man's cock! It was barely thicker than a Bic pen and it was a pallid red, almost more a dark pink than actual red. It was pointed and slick-looking like it was wet. I licked my lips again and leaned in, extending my tongue... It tasted like dog. I don't mean that in a bad way - quite the opposite, in fact - but there's no other word for it, really. It tasted like Charlie.

Now, I can see people saying "It tastes like dog cock" as a way of saying they didn't like something, but those people don't have dogs as lovers. Charlie IS my lover, and I love him incredibly, and for something to taste like him - like him and nothing else in the world - was the greatest gift I could imagine being given at that moment. I touched my tongue to the very tip and felt it hard and stiff, and then I traced the inch and a half of pale red until my tongue hit the fur of his sheath, and then back. Charlie liked it.

My heart caught in my chest when I realized that. I had been worried that he wouldn't like having his penis touched in this way - the internet said lots of dogs don't and if you can't trust the internet what can you trust? - But he was holding himself as still as a statue while I licked him. He liked it. He liked it and that meant I had another way I could give him pleasure, another way I could make my lover feel good and loved and special. I was so happy I could have cried.

But I didn't - instead I concentrated on giving my dog the best blowjob any dog ever got, and while I didn't even come close to that, it was definitely the best I could do at the time and that was what mattered. I stroked his sheath, feeling him getting hard inside it, pushing it back so more of his cock extended from it. It was getting redder and thicker and longer -

And something came out. It was a colorless spray of liquid barely thicker than water, and it sprayed across my cheek and onto the old bed sheet. Precum, I realized immediately, it's his precum. It's what he shoots inside of me that feels so wonderful and makes me so wet and hot and fills me so completely. I was struck by a pang that I had missed the squirt, but less than a second later there was another...I missed that too. But when the third one came an instant later I had his cock in my mouth, careful to keep my teeth well away from his sensitive flesh, and I felt his hot precum splash across my tongue for the very first time.

I won't say it tasted good. In fact, it barely tasted anything at all. There was a bit of a copper taste like licking a penny, but honestly it was almost flavorless. But that didn't matter to me, not one bit. It was his, Charlie's, my lover's juice, and he was giving it to me, and I adored it like the finest champagne. And there was a lot of it - a hell of a lot. Each little squirt didn't amount to much but when they come three every two seconds...well, it wasn't long before it was running down my chin and making a mess of the fugly dog-fucking shirt I was wearing. Within a couple of minutes I had no choice but to stop worrying about it and just let it go where it would. I was still stroking him through his sheath, and he was definitely getting big.

He wasn't as big as he was going to get, of course, but he was getting bigger very quickly and I knew it wouldn't be long before he started thrusting - and when that happened, my friendly internet guides on fellating canines had informed me, I needed to be careful if I didn't want him to rip my throat out with his cock (which I didn't). So even though I was pushing my mouth down on him and taking every bit of him I could get past my lips, stroking him and caressing him with my tongue and doing everything I could think of to make him feel good, I was also watching carefully -

His first thrust caught me by surprise. It was an abortive thing, just a little hump of his hips and nothing like the fierce hammering he gives me when he screws me silly, but it scared the bejeezus out of me. It was just so sudden! I had visions of gagging as his knot got stuck behind my teeth and I pulled back like lightning. He gave a couple more halfhearted humps and then fell still in my hand...but I was starting to think I'd bitten off more than I could chew...um, metaphorically speaking, of course.

I even thought of stopping and fucking him instead...but no, I wanted this to work. I wanted to do this for him, to give Charlie this gift of myself. I would make it work... Then I remembered something, a video I saw where the dog was on his back and the woman was blowing him from above. He couldn't hump if he was lying down, could he? Well, to be honest I had no idea but I didn't think he could, so I patted the floor and said, "Lie down. Come on boy, lie down."

He looked at me quizzically - I had never asked him to lie down before when we played like this - but I repeated myself and eventually he complied, though I think he thought I was being silly. I rolled him over onto his back; he immediately tried to climb back to his feet. I think it was some sort of dominance thing, but maybe it was just a dog thing. I mean, dogs can be just as stubborn and headstrong as people. I had a bit of a struggle with him until I managed to put him firmly on his back and take his cock into my mouth again - that settled him down!

I worked him again, and this time I felt much more confident and in control. I don't know how he felt about it, but I knew I'd feel a lot more comfortable sucking his cock when he could hump if I had David here by my side to keep him from getting too excited. For now, this would just have to do... I

took his cock into my mouth as deep as I could get it while I stroked him through his sheath. He was getting bigger again, and fast - I guess I was doing something right! His precum was flooding my mouth and there was no way I could even start to swallow it all, so it was making a mess of his cock and sheath, my hand and his belly. I swallowed what I could but there was no end to the stuff - God, if a man came as much as a dog...

My tongue was dancing on his shaft, flicking up and down as fast as I could make it go. I loved the feel of his cock under my tongue - it was smooth and slick, but there were ripples too, ripples made by the veins that creased the surface. It had gotten darker as I sucked, going from pink to red to almost an angry purple, and I could feel his knot inside the sheath. It was small yet, but it was definitely a bulge in his cock...

Suddenly, it seemed to me that if I could get his knot out, then he might start to cum - actually cum, instead of just giving me all the precum I was getting. After all, I reasoned, it was when he got his knot out of his sheath and buried nice and deep inside me that he stopped thrusting and started coming, wasn't it? The knot seemed to be the key to the entire thing. He had way too much cock for me to take all of it into my mouth - and even if I could, I'd have to be Dizzy Gillespie to actually fit the knot past my lips - but maybe that didn't matter. Maybe all I had to do was get my fingers around it, stimulate it, hold it inside something warm, and that instinct that triggered his orgasm would kick in. Maybe I could give him a successful blowjob yet... Charlie was breathing heavy, his ribs rising and falling rapidly as he panted, his breath coming in something like a whine.

I knew what it was, of course - it was his sound of pleasure, his sound of joy, the sound he made when I made him feel good like only a lover could. He was hot, hot in my mouth, hot in my hand, hot beneath my body as I touched him - that's one of the many wonderful things about dogs, they're a few degrees warmer than people, so they feel wonderful to touch. When Charlie's cock is buried inside me, filling me so tight, it feels so wonderful to have that heat there, and his cum feels sooooo warm...and now, when his precum was flooding my mouth, it felt just as warm and just as good.

With every stroke of my hand on his sheath I could feel his knot getting a little more pronounced, and with every stroke I pushed his sheath a bit further back so more of his cock would show. Already it was getting to the point where I wasn't sure how much more I could take in my mouth without gagging, but I wasn't going to stop until my body made me.

I wanted to stimulate all of him, every last bit... When his knot came out of his sheath, I smiled around the dog cock filling my mouth. Now, at last, I could make him feel like I wanted him to feel! My fingers went around it, cradling it, stroking it lightly while I pushed my mouth down all the way. My gag reflex kicked in a couple of inches before my lips reached the knot but I kept going. It was hard to keep my teeth off of something so huge, but I somehow managed; and it just kept getting bigger, harder, longer, thicker.

His precum was flowing like a river, flowing so fast I thought it might drown me but willing to take the chance to make him feel as special and loved as he made me feel... I felt it and tasted it the instant he began to orgasm. The spray against my tongue the roof of my mouth, those endless little jets that had tasted of almost nothing and felt like warm water, suddenly got thicker. Not a lot thicker, not like a man's cum, but enough that I could immediately tell that my lovely lover was coming. And suddenly there was a taste! I honestly can't say it's a great taste, a dog's semen; it tasted like biting on a tinfoil, or like chewing a nail.

It's not like the flavor would ever be a Ben & Jerry's ice cream. But still, it was Charlie, it was HIS taste, it was HIS cum, and I swallowed it as fast as I could, not wanting to miss a drop. I wanted his cum flooding my mouth. I wanted it flowing down my throat. I wanted it in my belly. I wanted it

burbling past my lips and flowing down. I wanted its smell, its texture, its taste. I wanted every drop he could give me. I wanted to suck Charlie's big balls dry. I wanted him to love fucking my mouth as much as he loved fucking my cunt.

My head was a blur on his cock, sucking, licking, drinking him down. My hand caressed his knot gently, stimulating him, making him cum more and more and more, endlessly. It was then, as I wondered how long it would go on, that I really remembered how much he pumped into my pussy and how long he came. He could stay tied with me for 20 minutes! And while not all of that was taken up by orgasm, a pretty fair portion was. Well. I had a mouthful, didn't I?

The thought thrilled me as much as it daunted me. On the one hand my jaw was already getting tired, and he was in my throat so deep I gagged more than once; but on the other hand, how much pleasure was I giving him? How good was I making him feel?

I couldn't know the answers, of course, but I sucked like a maniac for as long as I could, and Charlie laid there with his tongue lolling out, his eyes half closed, panting and smiling and looking for all the world like he was as much in love with me as I was with him. I know I'm projecting, of course, but I do know he loves me, and I do know I love him, and I know I adored having that huge red cock between the lips of my mouth just as much as I adore having it between the lips of my cunt.

And Charlie? I don't think he was complaining.

I was a mess by the time Charlie's cock finally stopped spraying his seed into my throat. My jaw ached from being filled with dog, my body ached from being in a weird position, my stomach ached from swallowing roughly 5,000 gallons of dog spunk, and I smelled like Charlie had just sprayed his jizz all over me...which basically he had. And I felt absolutely, completely fantastic.

I got cleaned up, took Charlie out for his run, and got cleaned up again before the kids started coming home. David got back at his normal time, well before Laurel. My smile of greeting quickly turned to motherly concern, however, because his face was pinched and drawn and he looked a little gray. I pressed my hand to his forehead with a frown. He didn't have a fever, but he still looked sick. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm all right, I just have a bitch of a headache," he mumbled.

I knew he was sick when he lost his enunciation and started mumbling.

"I'm gonna go lie down, OK?"

"Do you want anything? Some tea? Or some soup? Aspirin?" He shook his head, but managed a smile as he cradled my cheek lovingly. "No, I'll be OK. I just need some rest. I love you, mom." "Love you, baby."

He went on up and I bustled around the house making sure everything was spic and span until Laurel came in. She bounced into the house with her typical smile, kissed me on the cheek and asked how my day was. I thought about the time spent with Charlie and smiled. "I had a wonderful day, kiddo. How was yours?"

"OK, I got an A on my history test. Oh, and Rachel Czapiewski wore a lime green pair of painter's pants with, like, a fuchsia short-sleeved jacket over a red, white and blue frilly blouse." I laughed. "So she's lost it?"

Laurel shrugged and laughed with me. "I think it's a cry for help." She paused, then added, "You

know, even when David isn't doing anything bad, he's still a pain in the neck."

I quirked my eyebrow and asked, "What do you mean?" "Well one of his loser friends came up to me today and asked him if I could fix him up with drugs."

"What? Why? What happened?"

Laurel shook her head. "This total washout called Kevin or Kendall or something, one of the guys David sells to? Well he came up to me today and told me that David said he stopped selling - so this idiot was asking me."

I was stopped in my tracks. "He said that? He said David stopped selling?" She shrugged. "Yeah, that's what he said. He said he asked David for some weed and David said he wasn't selling anymore. So he came to me! Like I'd have any!"

I talked to Laurel for another twenty minutes, listening to the details of her day, but my mind was whirling. I almost felt giddy with joy. I felt - and this is the crazy thing - I felt like a new bride. Suddenly I was filled with so much hope that I was almost lighter than air, and the future - David's future, of course - was so much brighter than it had been just a few days ago! And so it was that, when Laurel was done explaining her day and had gone up to change, I followed her upstairs and, when she had gone into her room, knocked softly on David's door.

"Yeah?" came his voice, sounding a little strained. I opened the door and slipped inside, closing it behind me. He was lying on the bed, still fully clothed, and he lifted his head up to look at me. He looked miserable, the poor dear. I crossed the room, put my hand on his chest and gave him a soft, sweet, gentle kiss on the lips. I held it for a long time, and even if there was nothing overtly sexual about it - no tongue, and I touched him nowhere but his chest - it was still an amazing kiss. I don't even know if he remembers it, to be honest, but I will never forget how profound the feeling was for me.

"Thank you," I said when I lifted my lips.

"For what?" he asked, puzzled.

"For keeping your promise. You stopped selling."

He blinked in surprise. "How did you know that?"

"I have my sources," I replied with a wink. "Can I get you anything? Tylenol?" "Nah, I'm OK. Feeling a little better." His hand slipped up my inner thigh and squeezed my pussy through my shorts.

"Well you sure are feeling something," I said dryly. "Go on and rest. I thought maybe we'd get some Italian takeout tonight from Genelli's."

"Oh, cool, I like their stromboli. They have great garlic bread too." I smiled again and kissed him, this time on the forehead, and left the room. That night all four of us sat down for the last normal meal we were to share for some time.

May 27 It began as a normal day. It was warm and muggy, with the threat of a storm that never materialized. I did my shopping in the morning and took Charlie out for his run at lunchtime, and I was thinking of going out and doing some gardening when my cell phone rang. The caller ID said it was David's cell.

"Mom," he said when I answered, "we need to talk."

"Um...OK, about what?"

"I can't tell you over the phone, but...well, can you call the school and tell them it's OK for me to leave now?"

"Why? You only have a couple of hours left anyway."

"I know, but..."

"But what?"

"This is about that thing I was telling you the other day. I mean, the thing I wasn't telling you. The thing I couldn't tell you." "All...right. Can you give me some hints?"

"No, I can't. Not over the phone."

"Well what's wrong with telling me over the phone?" "Because I have to prove it to you, and to prove it to you I have to show you, and to show you I have to do it before Laurel and dad get home."

"David..."

"Mom, please. Listen to me. I'm not just trying to get out of school early. I have something you tell you that's as important as anything I've ever told you. Please."

I bit my lip. Something in his voice told me that he was telling the truth. Yes he was a fantastic liar, but I was flattering myself that I knew enough about him now to know when he was pulling one on me. And so I said, "Fine, I'll call the office right now. This better be important, kiddo."

"It is."

I called the office and fifteen minutes later, David was walking in the door with his book bag over his shoulder and a deeply grim look on his face. "Hi mom," he said with almost exactly the same tone of voice as I would expect if he were attending a funeral. "You're welcome. Now what's all this about?"

"I have to show you something," he replied, heading for the stairs.

"Meet me in the den, OK?"

I frowned, but I went to the den as requested. I wasn't nervous -he'd told me that this big secret, whatever, it was, wasn't that he was in trouble. I assumed one of his friends was in some sort of jam and he needed my advice; what else could it be? So I was in full-on mother mode when I sat down on the old, comfy sofa in the den and waited for my son to come downstairs. I was even rehearsing all the old, hoary good advice I could think of... David came into the room with a DVD in his hand and a very worried look. He put it in the player, then came and sat next to me, remote control in hand.

"Um, mom...first I want to say that I'm really sorry about this. I wish to God I didn't have to show you this, but I do." I frowned. This sounded bad, but I still couldn't imagine it was anything really serious, at least not as far as David was concerned. Maybe one of his friends was really in deep trouble? "Well whatever it is, it can't be that bad. Just go ahead and show me."

David took a deep breath and pressed the play button. What came on the screen was not what I expected: it was Laurel's room. In the moment of pure surprise that followed I realized that the

picture I was seeing was from her trophy shelf above her desk, and pointed at her bed. It took me a moment to grapple with it, but when I finally understood, I was instantly angry. "David! You put a camera in your sister's room?"

"I had to, mom."

"Oh for God sake! You've been spying on your sister changing her clothes?"

"No! It's not like that!" he protested vehemently. "Just watch!" I was about to say something else when, on the TV, Laurel and Tim entered. I knew immediately that this was from several months ago at least, since Laurel was wearing a bulky winter sweater and still had the old haircut that she got changed in March. They came in and sat on the bed, making small talk about dinner and Laurel's homework -nothing that I hadn't seen a hundred times when I passed by Laurel's room after dinner.

As I've said, Tim going up to her bedroom to help her with her homework (and incidentally spend a lot of time chitchatting) is a tradition in our house. I watched for a couple of minutes, not even sure what I was supposed to be on the lookout for, and then turned to David. "OK, look, I don't see where this is going."

"There," he said, nodding at the television. His arms were crossed on his chest and he had a grim, deeply unhappy look on his face. "Just watch."

I turned back to the TV just in time to see Tim looking at Laurel's tits. She was still in her sweater so nothing was revealed, but there was no doubt whatsoever where he was looking. Laurel looked up and saw where he had his eyes...and she smiled.

I looked at David, but I didn't say a word. My eyes went back to the screen. There was an edit and suddenly Laurel was near the camera, obviously bending over her desk to find something. And obviously bending over. I looked at Tim's face as he watched his daughter's ass, and I felt my heart lurch in my chest. On my husband's face was an expression I hadn't seen in a long, long time: lust. I remembered when he used to look at me that way, 18 years ago, when we were dating, and I remembered how it used to make me so hot for him. And now he was looking at our little girl's butt the same way... exactly the same way.

"I found it, Daddy," she said, standing up and heading back toward him with a piece of paper in her hand. "It says we're supposed to take one of the inventions discussed in chapter 11 and describe how it changed American society." She sat down next to him...right next to him, thigh to thigh, side to side; his arm went around her shoulder to pull her in close, and her arm went around his waist. It was a casual, innocent gesture I'd seen them make since she was a little girl...but somehow it didn't seem casual or innocent anymore. "And what inventions does it list?" Tim asked. The open history book was in his lap.

Laurel looked down at the book. "Ummm...the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph."

"Want to do the telephone?"

"Sure."

"So, what effects did the invention of the telephone have on American society?" Laurel leaned in a little closer to the book (and his lap) and said, "The telephone enabled ordinary Americans to..."

"Hey, no fair reading it!"

Tim laughed, pulling the book away. Laurel followed playfully and sprawled across Tim's lap on her belly. She froze for a moment, a look of surprise on her face, and Tim instantly looked embarrassed. My eyes were huge. It didn't take a genius to figure out what she'd felt against her belly... but she didn't move. For a long moment they simply stayed there, Tim looking embarrassed and Laurel looking surprised, and then she slowly climbed off his lap and sat next to him again. There was a moment of awkward silence... and then her arm went around his waist again. A second later, his arm was around her shoulder. She looked down at his lap, at what she'd felt there, then looked up at him... And smiled.

"I'm sorry, pumpkin," he muttered. "I didn't mean to..." "Shhhh," she said softly, putting her finger across his lips and looking him square in the eye. "It doesn't matter. You're my Daddy and I love you."

They went back to talking about the telephone for a few seconds, but Tim's eyes kept moving back to her chest... My stomach had a sore, sour spot in it.

Another edit to a different day, and this time Laurel had on a button-down shirt that I'd bought her for Christmas, though she still had her old haircut. She was sitting cross-legged at the head of the bed, her geometry textbook in front of her, along with a calculator and a pad of paper. Tim was sitting in the middle of the bed, saying, "—but supplementary angles always add up to what?" "Ummmm... 90 degrees. No, 180 degrees. Ninety is complimentary." "Exactly! Good for you!" Tim said, and leaned over to put a kiss on her cheek.

She giggled and smiled. "I'm getting it, slowly. I know it's slowly, but I'm working it!"

"You're working that shirt, too," Tim said dryly, and Laurel giggled again and chucked her pencil at him. "Hey, I can't help it, you look fantastic!"

"Thanks Daddy," she beamed...and then thrust out her chest at him. "But I think it makes my boobs look too big."

"No, I think it looks great on you," Tim assured her, staring straight at the chest she was offering. "Really, it's very flattering." "Thank you Daddy," she said, leaning over and putting a kiss of her own on his cheek. "But you're biased. You always think I look great. It's a Daddy thing."

"I always think you look great because you do always look great," he insisted, reaching over and running his fingers through her long, light blonde hair. It was a gesture that I couldn't quite see as fatherly.

She tilted her head to his hand and closed her eyes. "I like that," she whispered, softly enough that even the good microphone on the spy camera could barely pick it up. "It feels good." Tim smiled and cradled the back of her head in his hand (exactly the way he used to do with me when we were dating) and drew her forward as he leaned in. For a sick, horrifying instant I thought they were going to kiss on the mouth, a passionate lovers' kiss... but he put his lips on her forehead instead and left them there for several seconds. I could see the look of happiness on her face. She looked up at him and smiled, and put a quick peck directly on his lips. They whispered something back and forth that I couldn't hear, and then Tim laughed. "Oh, I wouldn't say that!"

"I'm serious," she said, her voice dripping with fake distress.

"They're too big. Everyone says they are."

They locked eyes for a moment, and then Tim put a finger in the open collar of her shirt and tugged

it out a couple of inches, making a great show of peering down her cleavage while she giggled. "Well I can't tell in that shirt," he said, "but they don't look too big to me."

"Really?"

"Really really. I love your boobs."

Another giggle. "Daddy, you're just saying that." He put a playful look on his face and began to unbutton her shirt. I thought I was going to vomit. Laurel didn't pull back; instead she puffed out her chest proudly and let him unbutton the shirt all the way and pull it open to show a lavender bra. The way she was sitting showed her breasts to incredible advantage; Tim drank them in with wide eyes of a dirty old man, and she watched him with a shy kind of delight on her face. "No, honey, they...they aren't too big. Not at all. They're perfect."

"Do you really like them?" she asked, her voice almost that of a little girl...a teasing, wicked little girl.

"I love them. In fact, I want you to leave your shirt open like this so I can see them."

"Do you like looking at them, Daddy?"

"Yes honey, I do. I think they're gorgeous."

She smiled at him and left her shirt open as they resumed work on the geometry. I couldn't even look at David. The blood had drained from my face and my fingers felt like they were carved from ice. I felt a churning in my stomach that was trying to become a dozen emotions at once, none of them good, but not quite making it. I don't think I could have moved if I'd have tried.

Another edit. Laurel had her new haircut. She was walking casually across the room in her bra and a tight pair of jeans, her tits bouncing with every step while Tim sat on the bed. He was watching her like a hawk, and his erection was so obvious to me that I know Laurel had to have realized it was there.

"But then Mr. Bradtree gave Molly detention, which I totally didn't think was fair at all," Laurel said as she stepped up to her closet, her back to her father. "I mean, all she did was tell Eddy where it was, and Eddy did everything else."

"Mr. Bradtree is a jerk," he agreed. "It really seems to me like he just likes messing with kids."

"He does," Laurel agreed as she reached around behind her and began to unhook her bra. I felt my teeth grind together. She stopped and threw a coy, teasing look over her shoulder. "You aren't supposed to watch me, silly!"

"Why not?" Tim asked innocently. "A gorgeous girl is taking off her bra in front of me. I'd be an idiot to look anywhere else." Laurel grinned hugely and unhooked her bra, letting it fall to the floor. Her back was to her father, but I know he saw plenty when she leaned over and grabbed a tee shirt out of a drawer. She pulled it on fairly quickly, but the look on Tim's face said very plainly that he loved what he was seeing. When her tee shirt was in place she turned to face him and held out her arms. "Well, how do I look?" "You look good enough to eat, baby," he replied emphatically. "Turn around and let me see you from behind."

She complied willingly, an enormous smile on her face. She hasn't developed a very feminine butt yet, but Tim was practically drooling as he looked at it. I suddenly felt conscious of my own ass,

widened from age and giving birth twice and made muscular by all the running I do. I was suddenly certain that Tim hated my ass with a passion...more passion than he had shown toward me in years, in fact. Slowly she turned back around to face him, her eyes locked on his face. Tim was a mask of lust, and Laurel obviously saw it.

She looked at him like she wanted to push him right back on that bed and climb on top of him... But she didn't. She sat down next to him, their arms went around each other in the usual way, and they started talking about her spring sports schedule.

I felt like I was being punched in the gut repeatedly and brutally. That sour spot was rising up my throat until I felt like I was choking on my own bile. I wanted to run, to get the hell away from there, to be anywhere but in front of the TV seeing what I was seeing - but I couldn't move. I could barely even blink. I had no choice but to watch as I got sicker and sicker, angrier and angrier. Another edit.

Laurel in a tanktop - it must have been during the warm snap we had in April - and a pair of shorts, looking cute and fresh as she lay on her bed listening to her iPod and reading a Twilight novel. She looked up at a rap on the door and smiled as her father came in. "Hi Daddy," she said, setting the book aside and taking out her earpiece.

"Hi pumpkin," he said, sitting on her bed and resting his hand on her knee. "Your mom's gone shopping with Aunt Sue and David's out with his friends."

"Ohhh..." Laurel mused, sitting up and getting close to Tim. "So we're alone, huh?"

"Nobody here but us," he said with a grin.

She smiled, the kind of smile she gets when she's about to ask for something she knows she shouldn't have. "Well...since we're alone..." "Yes?"

"I was wondering if...we could practice kissing some more?" MORE?

Practice kissing SOME MORE? I could taste my own stomach. "Mmm, I don't see why not," he replied playfully, and he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

"No! Not like that, silly!" she laughed, putting her arms around his neck. "The way you kissed me in the car the other day." He smiled and brushed her face with his fingertips. "I've been thinking about it a lot since then."

"Me too, Daddy."

"Are you sorry I did it?"

"Uh uh," she shook her head. "If I were I wouldn't want it again. I like kissing you that way. It feels good...and it's good practice." "Well, I do want my little girl to be an expert..." Her replying giggle was cut off by Tim's mouth and they began to kiss. His hand was behind her head and hers around his neck, and they kissed like lovers. It was passionate, heated, the way Tim hadn't kissed me in so long I'd forgotten he could even do it.

I could see their tongues moving together, hear their breath whistling on each other's cheeks. I saw Laurel's cheeks hollow as she sucked her father's tongue into her mouth... Everything got blurry, and I realized there were tears in my eyes. I wiped them away angrily - I needed to see this. I needed to know what the little whore under my roof had done with my man. I needed to know what the perverted bastard I married had done with my innocent little girl. I needed to see and I needed

to KNOW.

"There's... there's like an hour of this," David said, sounding apologetic as he hit the button to skip the video along. "All they do is kiss though, they don't... well, they don't do anything else." I may have nodded. Frankly I was having a hard time feeling anything from my body at the moment.

Tim was sitting on Laurel's bed, and Laurel was on his lap, both legs hanging down from Tim's left side. She was wearing a plaid schoolgirl skirt she'd gotten for her birthday and a white blouse. Tim's arm was around her waist, the other hand running up and down her thigh from her knee to just under her skirt; he was wearing a shirt that wasn't two weeks old. This had just happened. She had a book open in her lap and she was reading from it:

"Beloved,

In what other lives or lands Have I known your lips Your Hands Your Laughter brave Irreverent. Those sweet excesses that I do adore. What surety is there That we will meet again, On other worlds some Future time undated. I defy my body's haste. Without the promise Of one more sweet encounter I will not deign to die" When she was finished, Tim exhaled softly. "That's beautiful, baby. It really is."

She smiled as she set the book aside. "I thought of you when we read it today in class."

"You did?"

"Mmmm-hmmm." They kissed then, another long and deep kiss, and this time it was obvious by the way they held it that they were well used to it now. His hands began to move, one running up under her skirt and the other moving up, up, to squeeze her breast through her shirt.

My daughter whimpered softly into her father's mouth and began to grind her flat little girl ass into his crotch. I knew she was grinding on his hard cock, on the hard cock the fucking pervert had denied me for years, and I knew that she was loving it, the little whore. She shifted on him then so she was straddling him, one leg on either side and her back to the camera, but she kept grinding against him, kept rubbing her filthy, horrible cunt all over my husband's crotch.

My sick, twisted son of a bitch of a husband was undoing my lovely little girl's blouse. One button, two, three, they came loose, and he pushed the shirt off her so that it fell to the floor. She had on a bra - she had on one of MY BRAS! It was black and frilly and lacy, and Tim wasted no time in undoing it.

She helped him slip it off her arms, and I saw his hands play over her bare back. She pressed her breasts into his chest as they kissed; with her back to the camera I couldn't see them kissing but I could hear it, hear the wet smacking sounds of tongue on tongue and lips on lips.

Her head tilted back and her hair made a dark blonde waterfall as Tim began to kiss down her body. I could see just a bit of his head as he took our daughter's right nipple into his mouth. "Oohhhhh Dadddddyyyy," Laurel moaned, still dry-humping him. "I love how that feels. You do it so good to me, Daddy. I love it, I really do..."

He shifted to her left nipple and I suddenly became aware that I was clenching my fists to tight I was gouging my fingernails into my palms. I didn't even feel the pain. Tim's hands moved down my sweet, innocent little girl's back and moved up under her skirt to clench her bony slut ass, one cheek in each disgusting hand. She had on a pair of white bikini panties and his hands moved underneath them to cup flesh as she drove herself onto his cock, separated only by a few layers of cloth.

I don't know how long it went on like that. Tim would suck her breasts for a while and then they would kiss hard and deep and lustfully. She ground herself on him remorselessly and I know she came at least once from the sounds of her moans; I wasn't sure if Tim came, but he probably did, the sick fucker. On and on it went. I stared at it like a zombie, like a dead cadaver propped onto the sofa, feeling horrified and enraged and terrified and disappointed and sick and completely numb and a thousand other emotions, all at the same time.

It could have been a few minutes that it continued or it could have been an hour, you couldn't prove anything by me either way. Suddenly, Tim stopped. His hands came out from under her skirt and his head came up from his daughter's tits. "We have to stop, honey," I heard him say. "If we don't..."

"No," she whimpered, putting her forehead on his shoulder; I could hear the bitter disappointment in her voice. "Please, can't we just stay here? Can't we keep doing this?"

"No, baby," he insisted softly. "If we keep doing this when we'll do more, and we can't do more."

"Why not?" she demanded petulantly. "I want to. I want you, Daddy. Please, just stay here and get into bed with me and -" "No, honey, we can't. We really can't."

"Why not? You get me so worked up when we do this! It's not fair that you stop!"

He sighed. "We just can't."

"How come we can do this and not more?"

He didn't have an answer for that. He just held her in his arms, and then slowly guided her to her feet. Her face was flushed, her nipples were hard and fiercely erect; his pants were tented and his face looked strained. "I'm going to go and put in the movie," he said, his voice shaky. "Come downstairs in a few minutes, OK?" She nodded sulkily. "I'm not putting my shirt on, Daddy. I like you seeing me like this."

He smiled and stroked her face gently. "All right, baby. What movie did you pick?"

"Pirates of the Caribbean 2."

The blood curdled in my veins. This was last Friday. While I was out with David, Laurel was seducing my husband. While I was out with David, Tim was corrupting my daughter. I felt like I was shrinking into the sofa, like I was losing parts of me, like atoms were flaking off and spinning away, diminishing me... David paused the playback.

There was a moment of silence that stretched long, then longer.

"Mom..."

"Don't. Don't... speak to me, David." My voice sounded strange and pressured in my ears, like I was on the verge of completely losing control of myself. Which was odd, because I felt as numb as a quadriplegic, and which wasn't odd at all because I felt like there was a maelstrom inside me, a tornado of emotions I couldn't even begin to grapple with but that were going to tear me apart with the next heartbeat. Somehow, both opposites were true at once. After another pause, David said, "There's more."

"I don't want to see it," I snapped, but of course that wasn't true.

Well, it was true - I didn't want to see it, but I needed to see it.

I needed to witness it, like I was identifying a body in the morgue.

Maybe the body would be my own.

After a moment, David pressed play. I saw Laurel follow Tim out of the room...and then there was another cut, this one to something completely different. It was a parking lot, and beyond it a low building. It took me a moment to figure out the place was one of the generic, sleazy motels you see along highways. This wasn't taken from a hidden camera, it was from a camcorder - there was a time and date stamp in the lower corner: this last Saturday morning, 10:12 AM. In another corner there was a glimpse of a car door. I understood: someone, probably David, sitting in his car, watching the motel with a camera.

After a few seconds, a very familiar SUV pulled into the parking lot. It was Tim's; I saw him in clear profile as David (or whoever was operating the camera) zoomed in. Tim parked in an open spot next to a slightly battered Toyota compact; even before Tim switched off his engine, the door on the Toyota opened and a girl leaped out -

Laurel. It was Laurel.

No...no, it couldn't have been. Laurel was still here with me in the house at that time on Saturday! The camera zoomed in closer on the girl as she ran into Tim's arms and he scooped her up with a deep kiss. She was built almost exactly like Laurel, though her legs were a little shorter, her butt was a little bigger and she was a tad thicker through the midsection - same boobs though. Her hair looked exactly like my daughter's, longer than shoulder length, dirty blonde, a little wavy. She was dressed in black lycra running shorts and a tube top with tennis shoes, and the way she threw herself at my husband left no doubt that this was not their first time.

Tim kissed her, holding her up off the ground, and then set her down, and when she turned a bit, I saw her face: she wasn't a dead ringer for our daughter, but she was close. She was very, very close. Tim said something and they both laughed; she fondled his crotch right there in public. He turned and trotted off to the office while she stayed outside, leaning against his SUV. The camera stayed on her the whole time, capturing her eager expression and her obvious excitement. How old was she? She was a little older than Laurel, but not much.

Under 18 for certain. And the resemblance was striking and sickening. It would take almost no imagination whatsoever for Tim to see Laurel in this girl.

A few moments later Tim came trotting back, waving a key; she met him halfway. They were both laughing, hands on each other's asses as they hurried for a motel door. She was pawing him with her grubby little hands as he opened the door, and they pushed each other inside. As he closed the door she was already eagerly sinking to her knees in front of him.

There was a cut - the time stamp said 12:36 - and the door opened again. The girl came out looking like she'd just had her brains fucked out; her hair was messed up, her face was flushed, and her tube top wasn't sitting quite right. Tim came out after, smiling, hand on her ass. They shared a throat-deep kiss by her Toyota, then she got in and drove away. He waved and watched her go, then turned to head back to the office.

Cut. The timestamp said it was the next day, Sunday, a little after 10. The Toyota was there in the same spot, and Tim drove in just like before. It was the same thing, except this time she was dressed like a masturbation fantasy schoolgirl, with a plaid skirt (like Laurel had worn while grinding on her

father's cock on Friday night), a white top tied beneath her breasts, white knee-length stockings and black high-heeled Mary Janes. They kissed in the parking lot.

I watched my husband feel up this tramp, this surrogate for our daughter; I watched him squeeze her breasts, squeeze her ass, reach under her skirt right in public and squeeze her pussy. I watched him run to the office and run back, and they went into a room together (a different room, my mind noted for some inexplicable reason). The timestamp said it was about 12:30 when they left the room, shared a kiss and a public fondle, and drove their separate ways.

David turned off the DVD player; the TV screen went blue. I felt like a deer that had been hung up by its heels and gutted but was somehow still alive. I was dizzy. I was enraged. I didn't believe a thing I'd seen and I knew it all was true. "That's it," David said.

That was it. Yes, that was it. That was it in so many more ways than I could comprehend at that moment. That was it. Tim and Laurel had done what they did. David did what he did. And now I did the only thing I could do.

I lost my mind.

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## **Chapter Eight**

I have to confess that what happened over the next few hours, and even the next few days, is kind of a blur. I'll do my best to give you an honest recollection of that occurred and how, but I can't promise that it's the God's honest truth. All I can tell you is that I'll tell it as I remember it, even when my memories don't make all that much sense.

One thing I do recall with perfect clarity is that when David turned off the DVD I sat next to him on the sofa for about thirty seconds. Neither one of us moved and neither one of us spoke. My mind was such a whirl of thoughts and emotions that it would be completely pointless even to try to explain it. In fact, it took me half a minute even to summon the ability to move -

And then I spun in my seat and slapped David across the face as hard as I could. I hit him so hard I felt it in my shoulder, and my palm stung from the force of the blow. I left a bright, angry red mark on his cheek - I remember him looking at me with wide, astonished eyes, his left cheek as red as a cherry - and then I leaped up and began screaming at the top of my lungs. "YOU LITTLE SHIT! YOU GOD DAMNED LYING PIECE OF SHIT!"

He was looking at me like I'd lost my mind (which I had), but it's to his credit that he reacted with a simple, "Wh-huh?" rather than hitting back.

"You liar! God damn you David! Tears were flowing down my cheeks, but I didn't realize I was crying. I didn't even realize my vision was blurry. "How could you DO that?"

"How could I do what?" he asked, completely bewildered.

"You made it up!" I cried, stamping my foot in rage. "You made all of it up!"

"What are you talking about?"

"You! You made all of that up, that whole damned thing to try to get me into bed, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU?"

“Mom...you saw the films—”

“And you REALLY think I believe it? Do you REALLY think I don’t know that you faked the whole thing?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You faked those movies!” Even as I said it, I knew I wasn’t making sense - my son was a teenage delinquent, not George Lucas - and I didn’t really believe that he’d fabricated what he’d shown me. But at the same instant I believed it absolutely and completely, without a doubt - because I had to believe it. The alternative was worse. And so I believed two mutually contradictory things at the same moment. Get used to it, you’ll be hearing it a lot from me in the near future.

“Mom, that’s...”

“ADMIT IT!”

He stood up, hands open and palms forward, trying to calm me down. “OK, listen I know this is hard for you...”

I shoved him with both hands on his chest and he went sprawling over backward onto the sofa again. Yes, I knew he was stronger than me and yes I knew he’d handled me easily before, but with the rage I was feeling now, I almost welcomed a rematch. I’d have clawed his eyes right out of their sockets with half an excuse. “Stop lying to me! Christ David, can’t you be honest for one fucking second of your miserable life?”

I don’t know what reaction he had expected from me when he showed me his DVD, but I seriously doubt he expected this. He looked positively helpless, like he was witness to a hurricane or a tornado and all he could do was hope to keep his head and survive it. “Mom, please, I didn’t make any of that up. I wouldn’t even know how!”

“So you just expect me to BELIEVE it? You expect me to believe that my HUSBAND is molesting my DAUGHTER and fucking some...some FLOOZY?”

“Well you saw it as well as I did.”

“Your father hates sex, David! If you were going to make up a lie, at least you could have made up a believable one!”

He sighed heavily, looking miserably sad. “Mom... it’s not that he doesn’t want sex. He just doesn’t want it with you. He’s been cheating on you for years.”

“Oh you are so full of shit, David! You are just-”

“Mom, will you listen to me?” he asked forcefully, rising from the sofa again. “Please!”

“How do you know, huh? How did you find this out? Did he come up to you and say, ‘Oh by the way I’m cheating on your mom with a girl who looks like Laurel, so don’t tell her.’ Huh?”

“You want to know? Fine, I’ll tell you exactly how I found out, if you’ll listen! Will you listen to me?”

I glared at him for a hard moment, then spread my hands and made a disgusted, “get on with it” noise.

"OK, look, this last winter I was at a party," he began. "Over at Denny Trigg's house." Denny Trigg was a little vandal that David ran with who had gotten arrested a month or so back for dealing marijuana. "There was this girl there who I thought looked familiar but I couldn't place her.

"She came with this older guy, about 30 or something, and she was about eleven and a half sheets to the wind when she got to the party. Seriously, you could have sold her blood in a liquor store at that point. She could barely even stand and this asshole dumps her off on the couch where I was sitting while he went to get her some more wine coolers. So I'm looking at her wondering where I know her from, and she looks at me and starts laughing and asks me the same question."

"I don't see where this is going, David," I snapped impatiently.

"Just listen, please! She thought she knew me and I thought I knew her and so we got to talking, trying to figure out where we knew each other from. And then all at once it hit me: she looks like Laurel."

"Uh huh," I said dubiously.

"And it was right about then that she asked me what my name was. I told her, and she started laughing and asked me if I knew Tim Reeves. I was like, yeah, he's my dad. And then she just starts roaring with laughter and she says, 'Dude, I'm fucking your dad!'"

I could feel my anger at David evaporating like dew on a hot summer morning. He was a better liar than this. If he were going to make up a story, he'd have made up a more probable one. He was telling the truth.

"And I was like, what, you know?" he pressed on. "And she just lays out the whole thing, how she ran into him in a T.J. Maxx and he bought her a couple of blouses, took her out to his car and fucked her right there in the parking lot."

I felt my stomach begin to twist inside of me, as though it had come alive and wanted out. I so very desperately wanted to believe my son was lying, but I knew he wasn't. This whole thing just explained too much about Tim for it not to be true. "How...how old was she?"

"Fifteen then. This was last fall so she's probably 16 now. Since then they've been meeting at least once a weekend at that motel, usually twice. Sometimes during the week, too."

I sat back down on the sofa. It was either that or fall on my butt because my legs decided not to support me anymore. "And she told you all this?" My voice sounded like a lost little girl's.

"Like I said, she was drunk as hell. She didn't know what she was saying. I doubt she remembered a word of it the next day."

"But you did."

He nodded. "I followed them once to see where they went. That motel in the video? He's been going there for years - all his little 'work lunches.' I slipped the desk guy a hundred and he told me all about it. Before this girl there was another, a brunette, around the same age. She lasted for a couple of years. Before that there was another, and another before that. I think he'd been doing it since I was little."

His words were hitting me like fists and all I could do was sit there and take them. There were tears rolling down my cheeks, but whether it was sorrow or betrayal or shame or rage that was making

them, I couldn't say. I guess it was all of them and more. The weirdest thing about it is the physical sensations that went with it. Sometimes emotions cause physical feelings, sure, but this... look, you know the big mixing machines they have in paint stores? You put a whole can of paint in there and it shakes the hell out of it? That's what it felt like inside me at that moment.

I felt like my arms and legs were going to fly off and go their separate ways, like I was just going to explode all over the place. I felt a million emotions, but they were vibrating so fast inside me, swirling and running into each other, disintegrating from the impact and making new emotions, and faster than I could put a name to them they would collide with others and disappear and turn into something else. And all of that was happening while I sat nailed to the sofa, motionless as a Buddha.

And then suddenly I wasn't motionless anymore. I was up off the sofa and charging for the phone, sprinting, grabbing it off the cradle. David was a step behind me, and he put his hand over it before I could punch more than one button. "Who are you calling?"

"The police!" I spat. For the moment, the emotion had crystallized into a deep, terrible betrayal. Tim hadn't fucked me during our whole marriage because he was screwing a procession of teenage girls. I wasn't good enough for him! Well I'd show him what fucking little girls got a man. "I'm going to have that son of a bitch arrested. Today! Now!"

David frowned and tried to take the phone away from me. I struggled a bit, but he was serious about it and had it out of my hand in a flash. "Mom, listen to me, you can't do that."

"The hell I can't! Just watch me! Give me that phone!"

"No, mom, listen! You can't do that because if you call the cops and tell them your husband is a pedophile, what's going to happen?"

"They'll arrest him and throw him in jail where he belongs!"

"And what are they going to use for evidence, mom?"

My mind wasn't at a point where I could follow this argument. "I don't care! I want that fucker put away! I want him in prison forever!"

"Mom! If you call the cops and tell them, they'll want to know how you found out."

"I'll tell them! I'll show them that goddamned DVD!"

"And then they'll search my computer for more evidence!" he said, his voice rising. "And what else is on there, mom? You and Charlie! You and ME!"

He couldn't have rocked me more if he'd have punched me in the chest. I took a step back, feeling like the world was dropping away beneath me and I was falling with it. If I put Tim in jail, I'd be right behind him. I was trapped, trapped by my own wickedness, my own weakness. I had put myself in a box and now I couldn't get out of it even to hurt the man who, at that moment, I hated more than I'd ever hated anyone.

I tried to talk; I don't know what I tried to say, but all that came out was a formless scream of absolute rage and humiliation and helplessness. I clutched the side of my head like the Munch painting and just howled. David tried to put his arms around me but I shoved him back and took a few steps away before I collapsed against the wall, sobbing.

"Mom?" David asked, worry in his voice as he stepped closer. "Are you OK?" I couldn't answer; my whole body was wracked with sobs and my chest was heaving like I'd just run a marathon. My son put his arms around me, gently, firmly, lovingly, and pulled me to my feet. He took me to his chest, enfolding me in his strength and warmth and solidity, and for a moment I let him, let myself fall into that embrace -

And then I pushed him away with everything I had, sending him staggering back three feet and me thudding into the wall again. "Don't TOUCH me!" I howled. "Don't put your hands on me! I'm not some girl you can pick up and fuck, I'm your MOTHER! YOUR MOTHER!"

"Mom..."

He might have said something else too, but I didn't hear it because at that moment I spotted the vase I'd bought at the Mall of America on Sunday when I'd been shopping with Laurel, that pretty little green vase, all inoffensive and quiet on the nearby end table. And at that moment I hated that vase so badly I would rather have died than let it be. I bounded to it and snatched it up, thinking of how Laurel had displayed me like a whore, how she had watched me expose myself and all the while she knew what she had done with my husband, MY HUSBAND, and how utterly she must despise me, how she must laugh at me when my back is turned, how she must laugh at me to Tim. I hurled the vase, sending it smashing into the wall where it shattered into shards of porcelain, scattering across the floor.

Outside, Charlie began to back. No doubt he had heard the crash, just like he'd heard me shouting before, and he was worried.

David grabbed my arms before I could wreck anything else. "Mom! Mom, listen to me! You have to calm down!"

"I told you not to touch me!" I shoved him back. "Give me the phone! Give it to me! If I can't call the cops I am damned well calling your father! That disgusting bastard! Give me the phone!"

He put the phone behind his back. The expression on his face was one of intense worry; I don't think he had any idea what I was going to say or do next and it scared him. "You can't call him, mom," he said, his voice deliberately calm.

"The hell I can't! Don't you tell me what I can and can't do!"

"Mom!"

"DON'T! DON'T YOU TALK DOWN TO ME! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! I AM YOUR MOTHER!"

He bit back something harsh, then said, "Mom, I'm not talking down to you, I'm not. OK? I promise. But please listen to me when I say that if you call dad, it will only make things worse."

Once again, the anger was keeping me from following him. "How? What are you talking about?"

"He's going to ask how you know, and what are you going to say?"

"I'll tell him to fuck himself and get the hell out of my house!"

"And he'll ask why."

"And I'll TELL HIM! I'll tell him I saw videos of him and Laurel, videos of him and that little teenage



tramp he's whoring around with--"

"And he'll ask who showed you, and you'll say me. Mom, what's he going to do then? If you tell him you know he's having sex with a minor and that he's messing around with Laurel, you're going to put his back to the wall. Do you really think he won't start asking questions of his own? Do you really think he won't find out about you and me? Then you'll be in the same position he is and--"

I screamed. I grabbed my head and screamed like Fay Wray when she saw King Kong for the first time, I screamed like every bimbo who was about to get knifed in a slasher movie. I screamed a single long, keening wail that tore my throat like sandpaper and that only ended when I lacked enough breath to keep it going. I'm pretty sure I sounded like a damned soul on the floor of Hell. David stepped in again, trying to put his arms around me again -

And suddenly my stomach did a brutal flip-flop. I slapped my hand over my mouth as the vomit rose in my gorge, pushed past my son, and sprinted for the bathroom. I struggled hugely to hold it in until I reached the toilet because I had this inexplicable thought about how it wouldn't be ladylike to barf all over the floor - that's the kind of thing you think when you lose your mind.

I slammed the door to the downstairs bathroom open with my shoulder, and there was so much puke coming up that I could feel it flowing out my nose. I know, too much information, but that just smells so nasty. I made it to the toilet and completely lost it, vomiting hard enough to make my stomach muscles ache and then staying there for minutes afterward, dry-heaving and retching and spitting and crying.

"Mom?" came David's voice, along with a soft rap at the door. I didn't remember closing it but I must have. "Are you OK?"

"Leave me alone!" I gasped, feeling utterly wrung out in the way you do after you vomit really brutally.

"I'm coming in," he said, opening the door. I didn't look at him. I couldn't look at him. I couldn't do anything but think how Tim had thrown me over since right after our marriage for a procession of teenybopper sluts, and how our daughter was the latest in the line, and how his behavior had driven me into the arms of my own son and how that fact trapped me inside the situation. My mind was racing faster than it ever had and suddenly I felt like the walls were closing in, the ceiling was coming down, like my heart was going to explode out of my chest.

I was sobbing and suddenly I couldn't catch my breath. I was gasping air, sucking for it, but the harder I breathed the more out of breath I felt. David tried to hold me once more - I know he was saying something about calming down but his words weren't making any sense at the time - but I squirmed away.

I felt like I needed to run, I felt like I needed to curl up in a ball, I felt like I needed to get away from Tim and David and Laurel and I felt like I needed to fight for my family and I felt like I was going to detonate like an atomic bomb and take out half the city when I went. My skin felt like a stranger and my tongue was twisting in my mouth like a fish. In other words, I was having a massive panic attack. I wasn't even aware that I had thrust myself past David and run up the stairs until I slammed my bedroom door behind me and threw myself onto my bed, my eyes closed tightly.

I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think, I felt like I was having a heart attack. Honestly, at that moment I felt like I was going to die. The worst part of it is that it actually sounded like a pretty good idea at the time.

A few moments later David came into my bedroom. I tried to scream at him to get out but my mouth wouldn't work and instead I ended up curled in the fetal position, eyes closed, shaking like a leaf and sucking great, useless breaths that just made my lungs hurt more. A few moments later David sat down on my bed, tucked his hand under my head and lifted it gently. "Come on mom, open your eyes. You need to take this."

I tried to tell him I didn't want to take anything but I couldn't exactly talk. I did manage to open my eyes and saw that he had a glass of water and a little white pill - an Ativan that I had left over from a couple of years before when I got rear-ended on the highway (not nearly as sexy as it sounds, unfortunately) and had some anxiety in cars for a while. Usually I only took half a tablet, but David put the whole thing in my mouth and forced me to drink some water to wash it down. Then he left me alone to cry, which I did until I fell asleep. Ativan's a hell of a drug.

I didn't sleep for long, maybe 45 minutes, but when I woke up I wasn't panicking anymore. I felt like hell, but I wasn't panicking. In fact, I was focused on a single thought: how much I hated Tim.

I can't even tell you how I felt about my husband at that moment. Since we married, or shortly thereafter, I was with a man who was cheating on me, repeatedly, over and over and over again, with one underage girl after another. How many had it been? How many little girls had he seduced, corrupted, used? How many times had he watched over our friends' daughter when they were 5 or 7 or 9 years old and lusted after them? How young was the youngest girl he ruined? And now his sights were set on our daughter, our lovely, precious, innocent daughter. He was corrupting her, making her lust after him because she didn't know any better. And soon, if I didn't stop it, he would have his way with her, just like he'd done with the girl he was using as her surrogate.

And that wasn't all. Because he was a disgusting, perverted monster, he had ignored me. He had scorned my needs and my wants and my happiness and made me turn to others. It was his fault I had done what I did with Charlie. It was his fault that David now had the opening to work his designs upon me. It was his fault that I had been driven into the arms of women to find a little comfort and release. Him, it was all him. Tim was the author of my misery as surely as I breathed. His perversions had perverted me without my even knowing about them, and because they had perverted me I was powerless to do anything about it. I was trapped, and that animal, that less than human thing I had married, had trapped me.

I was no longer panicking, but my thoughts were black and I wanted to do something with myself, something physical that would burn away some of the energy I felt surging for release. It occurred to me that I had some flowers that needed to be put in; I've never been as much on gardening as Tim is, but right now the idea of wielding shovel and trowel and breaking earth seemed like about the most useful thing I could do to prevent another freak-out, so I put on an old pair of jeans and a battered, shapeless tee shirt and headed outside.

Charlie was there to greet me with an enthusiastic tail wag and a snout thrust between my legs; he was surprised and confused when I put my both hands on his head and shoved him away roughly. I put his head low and his tail between his legs, immediately assuming he had done something wrong. That's the thing about dogs, of course, they just assume they deserve whatever treatment you give them. But of all of us, he was the only one who couldn't be blamed for a thing. He was the only innocent member of my family. All he had done was what instinct and my own desires pushed him to do...

And of course that made me realize that my own desires were no better than Tim's. Tim fucked little girls, I fucked dogs. What was the difference between us? How was I better than he was? What room did I have to claim moral high ground? No doubt he'd think I was as disgusting and sick as I thought

him. No doubt he'd be right.

I felt my rage bleeding out of me as I walked with stiff, numb legs to the garden shed. Tim and I were bad enough to deserve each other. More accurately, we were bad enough to deserve prison. Our children deserved someone else for parents, someone not wicked and diseased and twisted, someone who could teach them to be good and decent and honorable human beings. Neither Tim nor I had a chance at doing that; neither of us had any first hand experience. We were catastrophes.

I got the shovel and the trowel, the rake and the hose and the fertilizer. I was moving like a zombie, and, to be honest, I think I had all the higher brain function of one too. I retrieved the flowers from the workbench in the garage and set about putting them in, mechanically, row after row. My body and my hands moved but I don't know what I was thinking, except that I hated myself more and more with every passing minute.

Poor David had been twisted by Tim and I into a criminal, and now poor Laurel was going to be ruined too. It wasn't bad enough that we had fucked up our own lives but we had to take two blameless children with us. We were the worst monsters in the history of the world.

I'd lost track of time there because I was surprised when I heard Laurel's chipper voice behind me saying, "Hey, there you are! Oooh, pretty flowers!"

And when she spoke, a flash of pure, undiluted hatred roared through me. I've heard the term "seeing red" when you want to kill someone, but it had never happened to me before this moment. I turned slowly to see Laurel coming through the back door into the yard, dressed in her school clothes, a big smile on her face, and my vision actually went the tint of blood - her blood. In that instant I loathed her. How could such a corrupt, husband-stealing abomination ever have crawled out of my womb? She had perverted my sweet, innocent husband, torn him from me for her own foul use. I felt my hand tighten around the handle of my trowel as she walked without a care across the lawn toward me and my garden.

She stood by my side, surveying my work, and asked, "What are the purple ones?"

I stood and, in a single smooth motion, drove the trowel blade up underneath her jaw, into the soft part that was unprotected by bone. I felt the tissue of skin and tongue yield before me as it swept up through her mouth, and felt the crunch of skull as the trowel blade penetrated her brain from below. I saw her eyes flare wide in surprise and, in her final moment of life, as blood bubbled on her lips, I saw guilt in her eyes as she realized why I had to kill her.

Except, of course, that only happened in my mind. I kept my eyes on the hole I was digging and said, "Those are African violets."

I was amazed at how normal my voice sounded. It wasn't harsh or angry. It wasn't tense. It wasn't even numb. It was just...me, normal, like nothing was wrong in the world and I didn't just find out that the fucking evil scum-whore daughter standing by my side was trying her best to take my husband from me. There wasn't a trace of the bitter, bone-deep hatred I felt toward her.

"They're really pretty, I like them," she chirped wickedly.

I forced a smile onto my face as I stood up, though it felt brittle and false and deceitful. I could feel the muscles in my arm contracting, itching, wanting to drive a balled up fist into my daughter's effortlessly flat stomach or slam an open palm across her little-girl face. To this day I have no idea how I kept from hitting her as she leaned in, unsuspecting, and kissed my cheek. I hated her so much, so vividly! I wanted to bring her the pain she had brought me, the agony, the feeling of being

suspended between earth and sky with nothing solid to rest her feet on. It would have felt so marvelously perfect to strike her, drive her to her knees, kick her when she fell, feel hand and foot, elbow and knee, colliding with the treacherous flesh of my flesh and seeing the perverted blood of my blood flow. I wanted it so badly... but I didn't do it.

Somehow, I didn't do it. Instead I hugged her just a bit, feeling my flesh crawl where she touched me, and then pretended I could hear her voice instead of the blood hammering in my ears when she told me about her day, about the minutia of her worthless teenage temptress life. I even managed to make some appropriate sounds at the right times, though I have no idea how I managed that.

When she asked what was for dinner, it suddenly hit me that I had to cook for three other people, two of whom had stabbed me in the back and the other one of whom who knew it, and the very thought made me ill. I couldn't prepare food for them - I'd spike it with something that made them all sick as hell, as sick as they made me. And so I said, "We're ordering pizza."

Laurel arched an eyebrow. "Takeout two nights in a row? You feeling OK?"

Laurel knew my rule about healthy eating - take out once in a while was all right for a treat, but you never, ever had it on back to back nights. I knew she'd volunteer to cook if I said I didn't want to - she loved preparing meals for the family - but I knew that anything she made would feel like ashes in my mouth and make me vomit. So I forced that fake smile again and said, "I sure am. I just want pizza tonight. I hope you don't mind?"

"Heck no, I love pizza!" We passed a few more moments in conversation and then she left me alone. I didn't watch as she walked back into the house for fear I'd snatch up my shovel and brain her with it. I just went back to my flowers and thought about how much I hated her.

I was still stewing in those juices an hour later when Tim drove up. I felt all the anger at my daughter suddenly shift and fall away, replaced instantly by rage directed at my husband. He would come out and find me, I knew, and he would put his lips on my cheek the way he always did, those lips that had been around our daughter's nipples, and he would touch me with the hands that had caressed our daughter's skin, and how I would keep from flying into a rage and attacking him I didn't know -

"Oh, there you are!" came his voice as he stepped into the back yard and came toward me, a smile on his face.

And suddenly all the anger toward him simply melted and was replaced by an ache, a deep-down pain of regret and loss. Because he wasn't mine anymore, even if he never touched Laurel again. It was one thing to think he had simply lost interest in sex altogether; that was galling and hurtful, but it wasn't a betrayal. But this - him catting around with teenaged girls, lusting after our own daughter, probably bedding her soon enough - was a knife right into my heart. I was already tearing up when he reached me.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, genuine concern in his voice as he put his hands on my shoulder and looked into my eyes.

"Oh, nothing," I said, fighting to keep my voice from cracking. "It's pollen or something, I've been doing it all afternoon."

His frown deepened, and I knew instantly he didn't believe me for a second. "Really?"

"Yeah, just something in the wind. How was your day?"

"Fine" he answered, still looking at me searchingly. "Just another day. I think we may be getting a new contract though, which is good. In this economy, every little bit helps, right?"

I nodded, and as I did I knew I shouldn't ask the question that was forcing its way to my lips, but I heard myself speaking before I could stop myself. "That'll probably mean more weekend lunch meetings, I guess? And evenings?"

"Probably," he replied. There was a tone of regret in his voice, but I couldn't tell if it was a fraud put there to placate me or a real sense of loss as not being able to fuck his substitute daughter in a sleazy motel as often. "But at least I have a job."

"At least you do."

He looked at me strangely again, then changed tack. "What did you have planned for dinner tonight?"

"I thought we'd get pizza."

He looked surprised. "Take out two nights in--"

"Takeout two nights in a row, yes," I cut in, a tiny but genuine smile forcing itself to my lips. I had trained my family well. "I just want pizza."

"Oh...well, OK. Um... is everything all right?"

Nothing was all right. I didn't know if anything would ever be all right again. But I didn't tell Tim that. I simply nodded and told him that it was, and he turned and went inside the house again. As I watched him walk away, it felt like he was walking away from my grave and I was watching him from below six feet of soil. Tim... oh God, Tim, why couldn't you just have loved me? Why couldn't I have been what you wanted and needed? None of this would ever have happened if you had just been able to want me.

I was so miserable by the time Tim came back with the pizzas an hour later that the thought of eating turned my stomach, but I couldn't avoid the family. I would have to face them, with my husband and daughter exchanging secret glances and my son knowing that I knew and was miserable. I had to swallow my bile, put a smile on my face and act normal. I had to because David was right: I had to hold myself together until I figured some way out of this, some way to rescue myself, or punish myself, rescue Tim or punish him, punish Laurel or rescue her. I had to make sense of the nonsense I was feeling. I had to control myself.

Somehow.

To say that dinner was a profoundly uncomfortable experience would be to dramatically understate how uncomfortable it was. Tim and Laurel both came to the table bright and bubbly, but my black, conflicted, turbulent mood drained them of joy pretty quickly. David just kept his eyes on his plate and his mouth shut. Charlie caught the mood, of course, but the scent of pizza overrode his caution so he was the only truly relaxed and eager member of the family in the room. There were a few attempts at small talk that died like kittens under a steamroller and after a few minutes we all just ate in silence, staring at our plates.

Five minutes after dinner was done, I threw it all up again.

An hour later I was sitting in the living room staring at the television (not watching it, because I

couldn't have told you one thing I saw) and thinking about what my daughter and her father were doing up in her bedroom. There was a knot of tension in my gut, like a fist twisting my intestines. I thought I might vomit again. Every couple of minutes I felt tears flowing down my cheeks, though I was never really conscious of crying - I felt too desolate for that. Somewhere in the back of my head I knew I needed to focus, to figure out what the hell I was going to do - but I couldn't. I couldn't hold a thought in my brain for more than a few seconds before something even worse came along and knocked it out again.

It was around then that David came and sat down in the easy chair across from mine, leaning forward, hands clasped in front of him. He looked at me; I didn't look back. He waited for me to speak until the waiting became uncomfortable and then he asked, quietly, "Mom? You want to talk?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"What are you thinking?"

"Nothing. Everything. What difference does it make?"

"I'm sorry, mom. For what it's worth, I really am."

"Oh, David...I don't believe you for a second."

He paused at that, then continued. "Well, it's true anyway. I wish it wasn't."

"Why did you show it to me?"

I guess the question caught him by surprise, or else he wanted me to think it did, because he took his time answering. "I thought you needed to know."

"Why?"

"Because your husband and your daughter are fooling around with each other, and your husband is fooling around with one teenage girl after another. I figured you ought to know about that."

"Oh."

Another pause, then, "And I couldn't just go on knowing and not telling you. That would have been messed up. I mean, I know this is hard on you, but not knowing would have been worse."

"How?"

"Well...isn't it always better to know the truth?"

I chuckled humorlessly. "No. No, it is not."

"So you'd rather not know about dad and those girls? About dad and Laurel? Really?"

"I don't know, David. I don't know anything right now except that I want to crawl under a rock and die."

He stood up and crossed to me, kneeling down beside me and taking my hands in his. "Mom, do you know I love you?"

I looked at him for a long moment. I don't have any idea what showed on my face because inside I was feeling so many different things at the same time that I was basically feeling nothing at all. I don't know if that makes any sense, but there it is. Finally, I said, "No, I don't. I don't know anything."

A look of hurt flickered through his lovely eyes and he leaned in. His lips found mine and were warm and soft, gentle, coaxing, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world to let myself fall into them, to fall into him, my son, to give myself to him wholly and completely and never look back. I would have everything I needed in his arms...

And then once more my emotions narrowed to a single steel-hard point. I put both hands on his chest and shoved as hard as I could while I leaped up, and I sent him sprawling back onto his ass with a stunned expression on his face. "God DAMN you, David!" I told him, fighting to keep my voice low enough that Tim and Laurel wouldn't hear it over their make-out session above. "Don't! Don't you DO this to me!"

"Mom, I just--"

"No!" I cut him off sharply, wagging my finger at him as he sprawled on the floor. "Don't you say a word! I can't trust you! I can't trust a word you say or a thing you do! We are finished, David!"

He looked very surprised at that, and I don't think even he's a good enough liar to fake how stunned he looked. He rose to his knees and slowly got to his feet, and I could see him fighting to keep irritation off his face. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you keep your god damned hands to yourself from now on!" I hissed, real venom behind my words. I was just as angry at him as I had been at Laurel, and at Tim before that. "You don't touch me, you don't kiss me, you don't even fucking look at me. We're finished. You're not my lover and you never will be. Understand? You're barely even my son anymore!"

He tried to protest but I spun on my heel, stomped out of the room, and went off for a drive in the May twilight. I wasn't even really aware of where I was going, I was just driving. All I really remember about it is that, when I was on Highway 7, I realized I was going too fast and crossing the center line, aimed straight at an oncoming semi. I wasn't even aware of a conscious decision to do it, I was only aware that I was doing it, and for an instant - less than a second, I suppose, though it was timeless when it was happening - I was pretty sure I would just keep going and drive smack into the truck, just end it all.

It seemed like such a seductive idea! There would be no problems and nothing would matter, not Tim or Laurel, not David, not the home that had suddenly become a nest of perversion, not threats or intimidation. There would be a brief instant of pain, perhaps a bright flash of light, a sound of tearing metal and shattering plastic, and then it would all be done with. It sounded so attractive...

But the truck's horn blew and I veered off, back into my lane; the driver flipped me the bird and shouted something I couldn't hear as we passed. As quickly as it had come, that urge for death passed me by and left me numb again...

I got home well after dark. Laurel's light was on in her bedroom, and I wondered again what she had done with Tim that night, how far they had gone. This time when the hatred and anger flared up it wasn't focused on one more than the other; they shared it equally between them, a pair of monsters

who were conspiring against me, against the home I had struggled to make for them. They had both betrayed me, driven me to something I never wanted before they did what they did. I was blameless and they were evil, both of them, souls as black as night.

And yes, I know how untrue that is - the last part especially - but that was how I felt then. Like I said, I want to be as honest and as open here as I can be. I don't want to hide anything. I'll just throw it all out there and you can be the judge, if it's judging you want.

Tim was already - or still - upstairs when I got inside, but Charlie was there with his whumping, thumping tail and his love, and his desire to be petted. He sniffed my pussy and once more I pushed him away; I just stayed in the kitchen petting him and trying to steel myself to go and lie down next to my philandering pedophile husband. How the hell was I going to do that, knowing what I knew now? How could I sleep next to him, knowing that he had certainly discussed my failings as a lover, a mother, and a woman with my own daughter? How could I not strangle him in his sleep? Would I have the courage to do that, any of it?

God I wanted to leave. I wanted to run away from this place and never look back. This house, this place that was my soul and my refuge and the center of my world, suddenly felt like a slaughterhouse. I was the dumb cow who was going to march up the stairs and pretend I didn't know what was going on, pretend that my daughter and my husband weren't the gun at the back of my head. I had to smile at the man who destroyed my life and somehow keep from showing him the pain and the rage and the betrayal. I had to act like I didn't know any of the things I knew.

I honestly didn't believe I could do it.

After 20 or so minutes in the living room I forced myself to get up and move to the living room, but it took a physical effort to make myself get out of the chair. I felt like I weighed a thousand pounds. I laid down on the sofa, Charlie on the floor beside me, turned on the TV, and just stared.

A few minutes later I heard feet coming down the stairs. My mind ran through the possibilities of who it could be, and somehow each member of my family seemed worse than the other two, until I thought of another one, who then seemed worse. I hated them all.

It was David. He stood by the sofa looking at me spread out. I ignored him. Finally he said, "Mind if I sit down?"

"Yes."

His voice was peevish when he said, "Mom, we need to talk."

"No we don't. What do we have to talk about?"

"This. This whole situation. You're holding everything inside and you need to have someone to talk about it with."

"And that someone should be you, huh? An impartial observer? Just a friendly ear?"

"Look," he said, placing his body between my eyes and the television and crouching. "I know what's going on here. In the house, I mean. Nobody else does. You need to talk and I'm the only one you can talk to, so yes, you ought to talk to me."

My eyes narrowed. "I don't want to talk to you, David. In fact, I'm not planning to talk to you at all, at least not any more than is absolutely unavoidable. Now leave me the fuck alone."



I wasn't looking at his face to see his reaction, but his voice definitely held an edge of being peeved. "Mom... I don't think you're being reasonable about this."

I snorted a laugh. "Oh, I'm not being reasonable? My husband has carried on a series of affairs with underage girls, my daughter is the next willing victim on his hit list, and the only person I can talk to is my son, who incidentally has blackmailed me and pledged to fuck me. Gee, I can't imagine why I'm not being reasonable!"

"Mom..."

Leave me alone, David. Leave me alone. Leave me alone."

He paused there for a moment, then grunted and muttered, "Shit."

"Watch your language."

Another pause, then a disbelieving, "Wow."

I said nothing, and he said nothing, and finally he emitted a disgusted sound and walked back upstairs. I stayed where I was, looking at nothing and feeling like I wanted to puke, for another hour. I couldn't bring myself to go upstairs, and I guess I thought if I waited long enough Tim would be asleep. Finally the ten o'clock news wrapped up and I made myself rise off the couch. I let Charlie out, turned off the lights, and trudged up the stairs like a condemned criminal walking to the guillotine.

Laurel's light was out, thank God, but my heart dropped when I saw that the light in my bedroom was still on. My feet kept moving though, and I opened the door and stepped inside. Tim was sitting up in bed, reading a novel, and he smiled at me a little worriedly. "Hi."

"Hi." I hoped I just sounded tired and not shattered.

He pulled down the covers on my side of the bed, watching me as I undressed. "Where'd you get off to tonight?"

My back was to him as I put my clothes in my hamper and found my nightgown, which made it a little easier to lie. "Oh, I got a bug to do a little shopping and I lost track of time."

"Oh," he said, and I could hear the relief in his voice. "I was wondering if maybe something was on your mind?"

I let the cotton nightgown fall over my head and turned to face him with a smile I couldn't feel. "No, nothing much. Why?"

"Well, this afternoon you seemed a little preoccupied."

I sat down on the edge of the bed. "Honestly, fast food two nights in a row and you guys think the world is ending."

He chuckled. "Well, that was part of it. But it really seems like there's something bothering you. Do you want to talk about anything?"

Yes Tim I want to talk about how you've been banging high school girls since we were married. I want to talk about how you've neglected and scorned me and nearly driven me into the arms of my own son. I want to talk about how you're corrupting our daughter and about how she's seducing you. I

want to talk about how much I hate you. I want to talk about wanting to see you choking on your own blood. I want to talk about a divorce. I want to talk to you through the bullet-proof glass of a prison visiting area. "Ummm...no, not really. Are you mad I went shopping tonight?"

"No, of course not," he said as I made myself lift my legs and swing into bed next to a monster. "You can go shopping whenever you want, you know that. But I think there's something bugging you. You know you can talk to me about anything."

I know I can talk to you about nothing. "I know," is what I said as I leaned across and put a kiss on his cheek. "Was there something you wanted to talk about?"

He looked me in the eyes and shook his head, and I suddenly knew what he thought, just as surely as if I had telepathy: he thought I was having an affair. He hoped I was having an affair. He wanted me to be getting it on the side good and hard from some young stallion, not because he wanted us to be over and divorced, but because he loved me and he wanted me to be happy and he thought a fling would satisfy me. He knew he couldn't give me what I needed and so he was hoping that what was bothering me was the same guilt that he must occasionally have felt when he was with one of his young lovers so that he could hold me and tell me that it was all right, he accepted it, it wouldn't come between us if I was just discrete...

I almost laughed, but if I did there would have been no humor in it. God, I knew him so well. Fuck you, asshole. You aren't getting off that easy.

"Nope. I'm just worried about you, that's all."

"Don't be worried, silly," I replied, pulling the sheet over me and nestling in. "I'm all right. If it's anything I'm just worried about getting old and saggy."

He chuckled. "Well, you've got a long time before you have to worry about getting saggy."

"Oh, you're a liar." Somehow my voice was teasing, but I tasted vomit. "I'm gonna go to sleep, I'm beat."

"Ok. Want me to turn off the light?"

"Oh no, I'm fine. Good night, Tim."

"Good night, babe. You know I love you?"

"I know, babe. I love you too. Good night."

I closed my eyes and in a few minutes I pretended to be asleep. I know Tim was watching me, and I know I didn't convince him. He still knew something was up. But dammit, it's hard to lie to someone who knows you so well; especially when you've just found out some horrible secret they keep. So I lay there for another fifteen minutes, feeling my skin crawl at being so close to him, until he turned off the light. A few minutes later he began to snore in the faint, familiar way he has that I had always found so comforting but now thought was repellent and sickening.

From the first I knew sleep was impossible. I laid there in the darkness with my eyes wide open, facing away from Tim and staring at the wall, my foot idly rubbing Charlie as he slept on the bed. It was as bad as I thought it would be, lying in this bed with Tim. I could feel his warmth and the way his body depressed the mattress and I hated it. For the first time ever, I hated being in bed with my husband.

I won't bore you with the details of every little thing that ran through my mind that night. Most of it wasn't very coherent anyway, and just me rehashing all the other incoherent thoughts I'd already told you about. Tim and Laurel, Laurel and Tim, whose fault it was and what was I going to do...

The clock said it was 3:26 AM when the thought occurred to me. I didn't seek it out. I didn't "think my way to it." It just popped into my head, fully formed, and when it did I nearly sat bolt-upright like someone who awakens from a nightmare in a TV show. The thought, simply, was this: this cleared the way for me and David to be together. I know, I know, most people reading this probably thought that right away, but the shock and the hurt kept my mind away from it until now. Now, though...now I knew that Tim couldn't possibly object, even if he found out. I could go to David's bed and he could take me, touch me, love me, fuck me. And he could make me happy - I knew that he could, I knew it in my bones, completely and without question.

He would be everything I have ever, ever wanted in a lover, willingly and eagerly. I would never need to beg him for sex, no matter what time day or night I wanted it. There would be nothing I wanted to try that he wouldn't be willing to try with me, no fantasy or desire too corrupt or outré for him to satisfy. He would accept me for who I was, love me, cherish me, and never even think of condemning me. Let my husband and my daughter do what they wanted to - I would have my beautiful son's beautiful cock, and his mouth and his fingers and his hard body and deliciously wicked mind to keep my body thrumming with joy. There wouldn't even be a need to hide it, or to feel ashamed. I could simply be me with the mate I had always needed...

And no sooner had that thought occurred to me than another followed, one less pleasant by far: I had been set up. David wanted me and Laurel wanted Tim and they worked together to lay a trap for us both. That was how David knew to put a camera in Laurel's room that night. That was how Laurel knew to look in my lingerie drawer right after I bought some naughty things. My children, my wicked children, had hatched a scheme together and my husband and I had fallen right into it!

All right, with the perspective of time, I know how ridiculous that is. Laurel and David couldn't spend two minutes together without fighting, much less cook up a cockamamie plan like that and make it work. But in the state of mind I was in, at 3:30 in the morning on a sleepless and miserable night of almost unbearable stress, I believed it completely and without question. A sick feeling settled in my gut at the implications of so unnatural and monstrous a plot, and I very nearly woke up Tim and told him of my "realization."

Lord, I'm glad I didn't. Instead I stayed where I was, more awake than ever, getting angrier and angrier at my children until, had I seen either of them, I'm sure I would have attacked them physically. It seems so silly now, but there it is. All I can say is that at the time, it didn't just seem reasonable, it seemed inescapable.

And it led, with as much logic as my brain was capable of at that moment, to my next conclusion: I needed to stop everything I was doing. I needed to get off the crazy train I had been on since David found me getting licked by Charlie. No more fooling around with my dog. No more fooling around with my son. No more sneaking off to have sex with women or flash my body in public. No more wearing slutty clothes, even underwear.

Hell, no more shaving my pussy. I had to stop the march to madness before I took it one more step. If I could stop it for myself, then I could figure out a way to stop it for Tim, and for my children. Poor Charlie wouldn't understand, but that was a price that needed to be paid. I had to put things back the way they were. I had to do it or we'd all go to a hell of our own devising, and I couldn't let that happen to my family.

Yes, I know, all the king's horses and all the king's men. But the certainty of my ludicrous conviction brought me a kind of peace, and it wasn't all that long before I actually went to sleep.

May 28

I was strong in the morning. I really was. I put my new clothes and new lingerie in a bag and stuffed it into the back of the closet, and dug out the sensible underwear from where I had it stored. When Charlie sat down and whined for me to dig out my dog-fucking clothes, I gave him a very firm no and sent him outside (it was raining, so he didn't like that much!). When I took my morning shower I ran my hand over the faint stubble on my crotch and smiled, sure that I had shaved it for the last time. As I ate lunch I had a few dark thoughts but I pushed them aside. This was, I thought, a problem I could handle. I could figure out a way. I was smart, I was determined, and I would make an out. That was all there was to it.

It was on my run with Charlie that I broke down. I was moving along, feeling my legs pumping and my heart beating and honestly not thinking about anything in particular when suddenly the image of Tim and Laurel together exploded into my mind. And not the way you'd think, either - the image was them post-coital, sweaty and naked, a pile of bare flesh and tangled limbs, his arm around her as he whispered into her ear what a failure I was as a mother, as a human being, how I had never pleased him in bed or out, how he had only gone out with me out of pity, how he pitied me now, and she would say she pitied me too and they would pity me together because I was pitiful and beneath contempt, I was nothing more than a minor obstacle to keep them from finding happiness together but not to worry she'll be out of way soon and you and I can be together and we'll never have to think of her again -

I stumbled on the rain-slick running path, floundered into a telephone pole and leaned against it with all my weight, both hands on it. The rain was hammering at my bent back in cold sheets but I barely even noticed it - I was lost in another attack of sheer, unadulterated panic. Charlie snuffled and me and chuffed in concern, but I didn't even have the strength to try to comfort him. I knew I needed to make it home, swallow another Ativan and let myself freak out in the privacy of my own bedroom, but the idea of going back there was terrifying to me. Laurel would come home and find me there and I was so utterly terrified of her!

Yes, terrified. Not angry or resentful, just scared, plain and simple. I know it's a baffling reaction to have - she being the kid and me being the adult - but I didn't know what Tim had told her about me, or what she had told him. I didn't know what promises he had made to her. I didn't even know how far they'd gone together. And most of all I didn't know what it was about her that let her steal Tim from me. She had something I didn't some power, some ability, some quality that made Tim want her when he didn't want me, and whatever it was terrified me.

I don't mean to suggest that my fear was rational, because it wasn't, but that doesn't make it any less real. It took me fifteen minutes before I could force myself up and get myself moving again, and every step required force of will. On the way home I stopped twice more, overcome with panic and unable to take a step. Poor Charlie and I were both freezing by the time we got home - the rain was cold and we weren't moving anything like fast enough to keep warm. I dried him off, trying not to think about Laurel or Tim or anything at all, but my mind kept coming back to the same things over and over again like steel to a magnet.

I took an Ativan and a hot shower and laid on my bed feeling like the walls were closing in on me. I couldn't get past the image of Laurel coming home and looking at me with those eyes, eyes that pretended at innocence but had secrets and knowledge and power I couldn't understand or match. She had my husband - the man who couldn't bear to touch me was wrapped around her finger and

had fucked a series of substitutes for her, only now she was old enough he didn't need those substitutes anymore and he would take her and they would do things and say things and I was helpless and hopeless...

And I had to make dinner. I could just barely get away with having takeout twice in a row, but three times and my family would call the police. If I was going to avoid suspicion, I needed to get up, get out of bed, and prepare a meal. It would have to be something simple, like baked chicken, but it would have to be SOMETHING. And so it was that I wound up in the kitchen when Laurel came home and I nearly sliced my finger off.

Maybe I ought to explain. I cut up a chicken for baking, scrubbed some potatoes and washed a head of lettuce for a salad, and all the time I was dreading Laurel getting home because I knew that when she did I'd have to look at her and honestly I didn't know if I could do that. It was bad enough that I was even hoping David would get home before her, not because I wanted to see him (I didn't) but because I knew he would talk me down off my cliff if I let him; unfortunately, he picked that day to go out with friends after school, which meant that the time before Laurel walked in the door was an absolutely miserable two hours that took about 47 years.

I had just decided to add some fresh asparagus to the meal and was cutting it up when Laurel strolled in with a cheery, "Hi mom!" I jumped about a foot and the (very sharp) knife I was using slid right into my left index finger. And I mean slid into my finger, as in I felt the blade scrape into the bone and I instantly started bleeding like a pig.

"MOM!" Laurel cried, leaping to my side and turning on the cold water in the sink. I held my hand underneath the spray, clutching at it and watching the crimson swirl go down the drain. I felt very...outside myself as Laurel fluttered and gasped and said she was going to puke, and all I could do was nod dumbly when she said, "I don't think the bleeding's gonna stop on its own, mom. Oh my God, that's so gross. You better go to the ER."

"But I have to finish making dinner," I said meekly, as though Laurel would have snapped and beaten me if I didn't feed her.

"Gah! I'll finish cooking, not like I'm gonna eat after this! Go! Go!"

I did as I was told, trembling from head to toe as I did - not because of the cut (it was a bleeder but I've had worse) but because she told me to and I was so damned scared of her that I'd have jumped off the roof if she'd have ordered me to do it. I slapped an old dish towel around it so I wouldn't bleed all over my car, marched myself out to the garage, and drove to the urgent care clinic near Southdale shopping mall.

It was a very peculiar experience, sitting there in the lobby quietly bleeding while my mind ran a million miles an hour. In a way I was even glad I'd sliced myself like a ham because it got me away from the little girl who had suddenly become so unknowable and terrifying. A part of me knew it was silly to be so afraid of her but honestly I couldn't stop. After 20 minutes they took me back into the exam room, put in a couple of stitches, and gave me a prescription for an antibiotic; I HATE being on antibiotics because they give me the worst diarrhea (too much information again?) but I didn't utter a peep, I just took the scrip and drove to the Target just on the other side of the mall to get it filled.

Another weird thing happened there, as I stood waiting silent and motionless for the pharmacist to give me my med. The sudden conviction hit me that this whole thing was entirely and completely my fault. All of it. David was treating me like a whore because I deserved to be treated that way. Tim had sworn off sex with me because I wasn't worth having sex with. Laurel had stolen his affections

because I wasn't good enough to keep them. It was all me, all my fault, and I was getting exactly what I deserved.

Now, coupled with my continuing terror of my daughter, this made me feel as bad as I ever have in my life. I felt like the lowest thing on the planet, the most shameful, most worthless, most disgusting person ever to walk or crawl. I felt ugly, stupid, senseless, awkward. I felt despicable and lowly. Tears were rolling down my face by the time I took the medication from the pharmacist, and she even asked me what was wrong. I was too low even to speak, I just shook my head and made my unsteady way out of the store, my vision so blurry from crying that I nearly collided with four or five people on the way.

I made it to my car before I started blubbering, but as soon as the door closed I was wracked with sobs and a weird feeling of pain shooting up my spine that was so intense I couldn't even feel the cut on my finger. I held onto the steering wheel with both hands and wailed as the cold rain pummeled down on my car and people walking past in the parking lot gave me strange looks.

Oddly, I felt a little better after that. Sometimes a good breakdown does wonders. By the time I got home I was still leery and nervous of Laurel and still pretty sure I had somehow fucked up and brought all this hell on myself, but I felt ten times better than I had before. I still felt edgy as anything when Laurel came running up to me and demanded to see my finger, and I still felt miserable when Tim hugged me, but I was strong enough that I didn't have another panic attack. Thank God for small favors, huh?

I was exhausted from not having slept much the night before and having a heaping helping of stress all day long, so after a re-heated dinner and a little while reading a cheesy romance novel (oh bite me, like you don't have any guilty pleasures) I tried to go to sleep. I was almost there when Tim came in to go to bed, and that set off another flutter in my chest that I was coming to recognize as the first stage of panic. I went into the bathroom, got another Ativan, and managed to get to sleep. Thank God.

May 29

When I woke up and marched down the stairs to make breakfast, I felt a lot stronger than I did the day before. I wasn't afraid of Laurel anymore; I thought she might hate me, given that I was married to the man she wanted, but I wasn't afraid of her. It didn't seem to me that the whole thing was my fault, though I thought some of it might be - maybe I just hadn't insisted hard enough that Tim stay physical with me. I didn't know, but I didn't feel bad. After a good night's sleep, I actually felt like the situation might be handleable. I'm not sure if "handleable" is a word, come to think of it, but you know what I mean.

Laurel was excited about school coming to an end; this was their second to last week before summer vacation started, and Laurel was thrilled with the summer activities she had planned, not to mention the fact that this weekend was her last track meet of the year (unless she made the State tournament, which she thought she still had a good chance at, in which case she'd be running the first week of vacation). She was going to riding camp, wilderness camping in the Boundary Waters for a week and a half, white-water rafting in Jackson Hole...and David was looking at her with undisguised contempt. "Jesus, could you be more pathetic?" he asked her finally. "You're like a walking advertisement for Teen Spirit."

David's not much of a one for organized activities.

Laurel just sneered at him. "Well I was thinking of sitting around on my butt all summer getting high

with a bunch of losers but I don't want you to accuse me of being a copycat."

"Enough from both of you!" Tim interjected on his way out the door, giving both kids an equally stern look. I have to admit I thought it was remarkable that he could be doing what he was doing with Laurel and still treat her the same as David when they were both at fault for something; oh, don't get me wrong, I still thought he was a perverted son of a bitch, but at least he was a fair one. "I'm tired of you two arguing all the time. You're brother and sister and I expect you to treat each other decently, all right?"

Neither David nor Laurel answered, and so I kissed Tim on the cheek and sent him on his way. I did it automatically, without even thinking, and the weird thing was that it didn't even feel grotesque, the way it had the night before. It was just...Tim, and I was just kissing him goodbye the way I did every day. It was just normal. I didn't realize until after he was out the door what I'd done, and I marveled at myself for being able to do it.

Laurel left a few minutes later and she got a kiss and a hug too, same as always, as she ran out the door to catch her bus. David watched all this, of course, and when we were alone he said, "So you're feeling better, I see."

"I'm...stronger, I guess. That's fair to say."

"Do you feel like talking about it now?"

I shrugged, even though a twitter of nervousness rippled through me at the thought of actually discussing things in detail with him. "Well not right now, you have to go to school."

"This afternoon? Before Laurel gets home?"

"We'll see. I'm not sure I'm that strong yet."

He stood as he downed the last of his milk. "You'll need to deal with it sooner or later, mom. This situation isn't going anywhere. Dad and Laurel are still doing what they're doing."

I paused. I didn't want to ask the question, but I had to. "Are you sure? The camera..."

"I took the camera out of her room. I don't leave it in there all the time, just once in a while. I don't want it to be found."

"So you don't know..."

He gave a soft chuckle, more of a dismissive exhalation than anything else. "Why would you think they stopped?"

On that note, he left me alone.

In the morning I talked to Sue and a few girlfriends. Patty had another date with Maria scheduled for that night, and they were both practically in heat; they had a nice dinner at Maria's place planned, but Patty was pretty sure there wouldn't be much food eaten. Pussy, yes, lots of it, but not food. I cleaned, went to the post office, called the repairman about the water heater that had been acting weird, and was generally productive...

Until that is, around noon, when a damned fool idea hit me. Isn't it funny how the really foolish ideas always seem so obviously foolish later on, but sound like such good thinking at first? This was

definitely one of those situations. The whole thing turned out to be so embarrassing, but...well, my idea was that I would seduce Tim. I would show him I was a great wife, a great lover, someone worthy of his respect and adoration – and his fidelity. I would fuck his brains out. I would show him I was better than any little underage bimbo could ever be – especially our daughter – and when I was done with him he'd never even look at another pussy but mine ever again.

It honestly seemed like a good idea at the time, and I was convinced it would work. I didn't have a shadow of a doubt. I would recapture my husband, rescue my daughter, save my marriage and extricate myself from the fix I was in with David with a single night of unbridled marital passion.

What could possibly go wrong?

I decided I'd begin by making Tim's favorite dinner: moussaka with eggplant (not my favorite but Tim loves it) with a tomato and feta salad, crusty Italian bread, a nice Argentinean Malbec, and for dessert some little fried honey balls called loukoumathes. Candles, some soft music...

Of course, this meant that the kids couldn't be around for dinner, so I called them on their cells and told them to find somewhere else to eat. Kind of a jerk move at such short notice, I know, but I felt I was justified – and besides, neither of them minded. Laurel seemed to guess right away that I was planning a romantic dinner and she wished me luck with what sounded like sincerity; I accepted it with what sounded like grace. David just laughed and said he'd be home about nine.

I spent the rest of the afternoon making the perfect dinner, the perfect setting, and the perfect me – I spent a long time on my hair and my makeup, and I wore exactly what I did on my date with David: the slinky red dress, the hooker shoes, and not a damned thing else. I know it should have made me feel guilty to wear that dress to seduce my husband, given what else had happened when I wore it, but it didn't occur to me. I was, to put it simply, focused. And I was positive it would work.

Tim called to say he'd be fifteen minutes late because he was in a meeting that ran late, which was fine. I used the time to put finishing touches on the table settings. The shades were pulled, the candles were lit, the silver was glistening, and soft, sexy jazz was playing when Tim drove up. I stood in the middle of the kitchen, posed just exactly so, a seductive smile on my face and one hand draped with studied casualness over a chair. Tim opened the door, started to say hi, and then froze, a puzzled and pleased expression on his face. "Oh...well hello."

"Hello," I replied, sashaying across the room. I pressed my body against his...and then took his briefcase from him. "Come on in, I have some wine ready and the moussaka is almost done."

"Moussaka? What's the occasion?"

"Mmmm, no occasion, sweetie. Can't a wife cook for her husband?"

He smiled. "Well you won't hear me complaining. And you look fantastic."

I did a little runway twirl and walked off to pour him a glass of wine – and, of course, to let him look at my ass. I had a woman's ass, not Laurel's flat little thing, and I knew I looked fantastic. And furthermore, I knew Tim would be drooling. "By the way, the kids won't be joining us. They've made other plans for dinner."

"No kidding," he chuckled as he sat at the table. When I turned around with a glass of his favorite wine, he was wearing an expression of mostly-concealed curiosity, like he couldn't quite figure out my angle. Well, I said to myself, that was all right. It would become apparent to him soon enough! I handed him his wine – leaning over and giving him a look at my girls as I did – and then went back to



the oven to check the moussaka. I returned with the salads and snuggled down in the chair I had carefully placed next to his.

“Well this is fantastic,” he said after a bit. “Are you sure it’s not my birthday or something?”

“Well...I’ll have a present for you later, but it’s not your birthday.”

He laughed, but I detected a note of unease in it. I didn’t let it bother me though - I had no doubt he’d succumb to me in due time and forget all about his little girls. We made some chitchat until the moussaka was ready to serve, and I didn’t let the fact that he seemed uncomfortable bother me.

I started getting a little uneasy myself as dinner wore on...and “wore on” is a deliberate choice of words. Tim was uneasy and it showed. I was expecting him to be looser by this time, anticipating an evening of wild sex with his gorgeous wife. Even if he didn’t walk in the door wanting it, I thought any man would be lubricated by great food, good wine and the prospect of pussy.

Apparently I was wrong.

By the time dessert rolled around, I knew things weren’t going to be as easy as I’d thought. I hadn’t given up - not by a damned sight - but I knew we wouldn’t be rushing up to bed from the dinner table, much less fucking ON the dinner table like I’d imagined. Some dancing might do the trick...yes, slow dancing, moving together to soft jazz, me pressing my softness against his hardness...him smelling my hair and my arousal...my hands on him, his on me...that would do it. No doubt about that.

“Well,” he said with feigned reluctance as I cleared away the dessert dishes, “I have some work I need to do. There was this meeting at the office that ran late...”

“Oh, no, let’s dance,” I urged softly, taking his hand across the table. “It’s been ages since we danced together, hasn’t it?”

“Well...yes. I mean, I don’t even know if I can remember the last time...”

“Come on then,” I whispered, standing and tugging him. After a moment he got up, looking a bit green around the gills. A flicker of irritation crossed my mind - Christ, what was he so scared about? Was I that ugly? I pushed it aside though; I’d still get him. He was just nervous because it had been so long since he’d been with a real woman, that was all. He’d get over it when I got him hard and he slid into me - no girl could compare to a woman with experience and determination!

We moved into the living room and I moved into his arms. It was dark, lit only by the lights of the stereo, and I put myself against him the way I used to do when we were dating, my arms around his back, my head nestled into his chest, my breasts pillowed out against his ribs. We used to dance like this all the time...except that then he didn’t have the nervous, awkward feel that was coming off of him in waves now. He held me like I was made of porcelain, his hands well above my waist, and he barely moved at all.

And I felt absolutely no stirring whatsoever in his pants.

After three songs, even I began to get the hint that I wasn’t getting anywhere with this. The thought made me cringe inside - I had absolutely not been prepared to fail, and this was stinging. As I shuffled slowly and halfheartedly in his arms it occurred to me that if I were Laurel, or one of his girlfriends, he would be hard as a rock right now. He would have his hands all over me and urging me to my knees to take him into my mouth and get him wet so he could fuck me right here on the

floor, fuck me like a slut...

No. I was better than that. I had to be better than that. I took him by surprise when I started pushing him backward. He let me guide him, not completely sure what I had planned, and when the backs of his knees met the edge of the sofa he sat down abruptly. I was down in a flash, on my knees and tugging at his belt and his zipper, loosening his pants.

"Honey..." he began, but I shushed him with a hand across his lips as I yanked his underwear down over his hips. His cock was in front of me, timid and flaccid and useless, but I didn't hesitate. I knew how to get a cock hard - I knew it better than some ignorant little teenage bitch, and I sure knew it better than my own daughter! I put my mouth on it, taking it past my lips. My tongue met the velvety softness of the head and I flicked at it with the tip, caressing the hole and working underneath the crown in the way I knew men adored...

Nothing.

"Oh...Angela..." He sounded vaguely worried.

I ignored him. I took the whole thing into my mouth, burying my nose in his pubic hair and sucking, licking, rolling it against lip and tongue a cheek, then slowly let my mouth off of it, then back down again. I pulled my tight little dress down over my shoulder and let my breasts free, knowing that my pale skin would glow in the faint stereo light...

A twitch. A shiver, perhaps. The ghost of excitement.

That was all the encouragement I needed (and it was all I got, because the tiny, worried sounds my husband was making were anything but encouraging). I sucked, licked, teased his balls with my fingertips. When that didn't make him any harder I lifted his cock and took his balls into my mouth, one after the other, as I gazed up at him lustfully...

It was pretty dark, but I'd almost swear the expression on his face was anxious and a bit miserable. "Honey...I don't know...I'm sorry..."

And that was when it hit me. I had made the biggest jackass out of myself that I had ever done in my life. It's odd how clear it all was in retrospect, how obvious that my little plan stood no chance of working. If Tim had wanted me, he'd have taken me some time in the last ...what, five or six years since the last time we did it? He didn't want me, and so he didn't take me. He wanted teenagers. He wanted our daughter. And here I was, dressed like a desperate middle aged slut with his limp cock in my mouth. Humiliation? You're soaking in it.

The worst part is that I didn't stop when I realized it. I mean, I should have, but the humiliation was just too intense to let me cut the humiliation short. Again, nonsensical, but then I suppose you're used to that by now. It had been a nonsensical few days. And so I carried on, sucking my husband's cock, sucking his balls, licking him, moaning, telling him how good he tasted. I got him to about half mast, but he only stayed there for a few seconds before fading away again. Honestly, I think I'd still be there, sucking like an idiot, if he hadn't put his hand on my cheek and said, in a voice hollow with genuine sorrow, "I'm sorry, honey."

I paused for a long heartbeat, his limpness still in my motionless mouth, and then slowly pushed myself back, glad of the darkness in the room as the miserable gut-punch of failure landed on me. I was an idiot. Pure and simple, I was an idiot. I couldn't look at him; I just kept my eyes on the persistently soft cock that was the symbol of my foolishness until, after a few moments, he moved his hands over it defensively.

“Honey, I’m so sorry...”

I interrupted him with some kind of a noise that didn’t reach the level of a word. It was somewhere between a sigh and a moan and a sob (though I wasn’t crying) and while you couldn’t look it up in the dictionary, I think my meaning was pretty plain.

“Honey...”

I just shook my head as I pulled my dress back up to cover myself. I couldn’t say a word.

“I’m really sorry, it’s just...”

I stood slowly and began to walk to the stairs.

“Baby...can we please talk about this?”

I paused at the foot of the stairs and managed to say, “Would you mind washing the dishes?” I was amazed at how completely ordinary my voice sounded. It was almost as though I wasn’t just completely and utterly humiliated.

“Um...sure. Honey?”

“What?”

“I’m sorry.”

Another heartbeat, and I pronounced the simple epitaph of my sex life with my husband: “OK.”

I went up the stairs with legs as heavy as lead, feeling as utterly and completely stupid as I ever have in my life. I felt about an inch tall. I wanted to find a deep, dark hole, crawl inside, and never come out again. What a fool I had been. What a complete fool.

In my bedroom I sat on the edge of my bed with my head in my hands, naked, staring at the floor and wondering at myself, at the sheer stupidity I had displayed and how completely I had humiliated myself. I knew that...

Honestly, I don’t even want to talk about it anymore. I know I said I’d come clean about everything, and I tried, but this thing just hurts too goddamned much, even now.

May 30

It was 2:48 AM when I woke up from a dream I can’t remember. One second I was sound asleep and the next I was wide awake, eyes open, staring at the red numbers on the clock and feeling the most profound sense of relief I think I have ever felt in my life. I had given my marital bed every single chance in the world, and it had failed. It had failed not because I lacked the desire or the ability, but because of Tim. He wanted something I couldn’t give him anymore - youth - and that was no fault of mine. I had done my best.

I was free.

I can’t even start to tell you how that thought made me feel. I owed Tim nothing now - sexually at least. Did I owe him anything else? Was I to stay married to him? Was I to be a good and dutiful wife? I didn’t know, but at that moment I can truthfully say it didn’t matter either. Those things could sort themselves out later, and they would. I didn’t need to figure everything out now. I could

take things one step at a time, because one step at a time was fast enough. And if something happened between Tim and Laurel in that time...well, then something would happen between them. I couldn't stop it.

And tomorrow, I was going to let my beautiful dog Charlie fuck my ever loving brains right out of my head. If Tim had shown the slightest interest in me - even if he hadn't been able to maintain an erection, if he'd have at least gotten one - then I wouldn't have been able to go to Charlie. But now there was no reason in the whole world to deny myself the pleasure and the completeness my dog brought me.

I went back to sleep with a smile on my face.

Tim looked sheepish when I came into the kitchen that morning, but I was all smiles. I didn't feel great - the worries were still there, for all my bravado - but I did feel as though an enormous weight had been lifted off my shoulders. In fact, I felt younger than I had since before I got pregnant for the first time. I guess that's what a whole world of new opportunities opening itself in front of you can do.

Tim seemed immensely relieved that I wasn't angry at him, and he relaxed visibly when I kissed him good morning on the cheek. Laurel shot me a significant look, and I knew that my husband would fill my daughter in on my abortive sexual efforts ("All I could think about was you, baby...") but what difference did that make? If that was the road they both wanted to travel, then so be it.

David shot me a significant look too. I didn't even need to tell him what had happened. I was sure he had known how it would go down as soon as I told him about my bright idea the day before.

"Mom, are you coming to the track meet on Saturday?" Laurel asked.

"I sure am," I said brightly. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Oh, great!" she said excitedly. "You and daddy will both be there and -"

"Oh crap!" I interjected as my memory suddenly kicked into gear. "I can't! I promised I'd help grandpa set up his financial software on Saturday!" And the thing was, I wasn't even lying. My dad was trying to start a small part-time business doing custom woodworking, and he was overdue on getting his financial end in order. He was going to be audited, and if he didn't have everything straightened out within the next few days, he was going to be in Dutch with the IRS. It was only because of all the stress over the past few days that it had slipped my mind at all. "I'm sorry, honey!"

"Oh...well... all right." She didn't look too terribly disappointed, truth be told. "Well, daddy will be there, right?"

"I sure will," Tim nodded around a mouthful of jelly toast. He swallowed, washed it down with a swig of coffee, and added, "And I was thinking - since we're going to be all the way up in Hibbing anyway, maybe we could swing by the North Shore? Maybe even spend Saturday night in Duluth."

"Oh, wow! I'd love that!" Laurel said, genuinely enthused. The North Shore of Lake Superior was one of Laurel's favorite places in the world, true enough, but I wasn't foolish enough to believe that that was the reason she was excited. Not today I wasn't that foolish.

The weird thing was, I found I didn't mind that much. Oh, it stung, and it made me a little woozy, but I was nowhere near the rage or the panic I'd have felt before. I had recognized my limitations, I guess...for the moment. Later it was a different story, but for the moment I was able to accept that

my husband and my daughter would, in every likelihood, be sharing a bed on Saturday night.

Isn't it strange how the mind can become accustomed to almost anything?

A few minutes later Tim was out the door, and I was honestly thinking mostly about Charlie screwing me later on. It had been a while; I wasn't really horny, but I did need it. I needed to feel it, to know that it was something I was doing because I wanted to. I think most of all I needed it because I needed to prove to myself that my twat didn't die the night before. Laurel ran off to the bus, leaving just me and my son. I was expecting him to say something flip about me making a fool of myself last night, or maybe once more urge me to talk to him about what was going on. I was not, however, prepared for what he really did say.

"Mom," he told me casually as he finished his cornflakes, "when Dad and Laurel are gone this weekend, I'm taking you to bed."

To be continued...?