

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Tim looked out of the window as the train made its way from London to the south coast. The countryside sped by, but none of it registered with him. His thoughts were elsewhere, wondering how he was going to handle being back with his mother after what had happened.

Tim had what could be described as a very unusual relationship with his mother in that, as well as being his mother. She was also his half-sister in that they both had the same father.

Perhaps I should take some time to explain. Susan was only thirteen when her father forced himself on her one night after he had been drinking. She struggled and tried to fight him off, but by the time she had managed to wake her mother, her father had managed to impregnate her. Her mother called the police, and they promptly dragged him off, eventually presenting him to court, where he received a lengthy prison sentence.

It was only a few weeks after the incident that Susan discovered she was pregnant. The Social Services were involved by that time, and they initially wanted to make arrangements for the pregnancy to be terminated; however, Susan could not bring herself to go through with it. Despite what had happened, the thing inside her was a living being, and she refused to allow them to destroy it.

Of course, there were problems; Susan was still in school, and a pregnant thirteen-year-old was not something that the system found easy to cope with. Luckily, she had the support of her mother. When Tim was finally born, it was her mother who took on most of the parental duties so that Susan could complete her studies.

Despite the problems, Tim remembered his childhood with affection. As far as he was concerned, he had an older sister who doted on him. All through his early years, he referred to his grandmother as his mother and Susan as his sister. Susan completed her studies, and rather than go to University, she began training as a nurse in the local hospital. She had not had an easy time in school. Despite the fact that she was in no way to blame for what had happened, there were always groups of other girls who would make snide remarks about her. She only had one real friend, Jenny. She had been a fiercely loyal friend from the start.

When Tim reached the age of thirteen, Susan and her mother sat him down and explained the situation. It took him some time to accept it, realizing that his sister, who was thirteen years older than him, was actually his mother. He began to realize why she had always been so protective of him. However, there were complications, especially with other boys in his class, when they realized that Tim's mother, (Susan), was a great deal younger and prettier than all the other mothers.

His friends at school often referred to her as "hot" or "super hot," and as Tim progressed through puberty, he started to take more interest in her. He had to admit there were times that he thought about her when he was masturbating, but that was as far as it went. He couldn't remember one occasion when there had ever been any contact between them that could be described as sexual.

Looking back, he knew that she had had boyfriends, but none of them seemed to last. By the time he was sixteen, his friends would often make comments, especially on hot summer days when she would wear her bikini in the garden. Tim had been proud that his mother was so attractive. She was thirteen years older than him but didn't look it. At five foot four inches, long blonde hair, medium-sized boobs, and a slim body with great legs, he could see what his friends saw in her, and some of them would make suggestions about what they would like to do with her. Tim brushed it off. Susan may have been his mother, but he thought of her as his big sister; she was fun to be with, but there

was never anything more between them. Tim had no trouble getting girlfriends, and they were more than ready to satisfy his sexual needs.

By the time he had been accepted to a University in London, his grandmother had formed a relationship. She had moved to Spain with her new husband. Just before he left for Uni, Jenny moved into the house next door with Henry, her big golden retriever. Following the break up of her marriage, Tim was happy that his mother would have her best friend so close when he was moving away.

Back to the present day, Tim was staring out of the train window as the train skirted the coastline. The sight of a beach made him recall that day when everything had changed. He had been home for the Easter break, and it was his last day. It was a hot day, and Susan suggested they spend it at the beach. Initially, it had been like any of the many times they had spent there. They had played together in the surf, eaten ice creams, and sunbathed. Tim could put the change down to one comment that she had made.

"Do you think I should go topless?" she'd said.

Tim had just looked at her.

"Jenny thinks I should go topless," she said, "she says she would if I do. What do you think?"

"I hadn't really thought about it," he replied.

"Liar," she giggled, "I've seen you looking at Jenny's boobs when she wears her bikini. Her boobs are better than mine."

"No, they're not," he said.

"How do you know? You've never seen my boobs since you were a baby when I fed you."

"Did you really feed me?" he said.

"For a short while," she replied, "but it was difficult with me being in school and with my nipples leaking all the time, so I had to stop. The doctor gave me some pills to dry my milk up, and Mum took over the feeding with bottles."

Tim had gone quiet for a moment.

"So what do you think?" she said. "Should I go topless? There are a few others topless on the beach. Would it bother you?"

"If you want to do it, it's none of my business," he replied.

"I'm going to do it," she said, and with that, she quickly removed her bikini top. "There, what do you think?"

Tim knew he had gone bright red in the face as he stared at his mother's breasts for the first time.

"You don't have to stare," she said, "I'm sure they're not the first tits you've seen. I bet your girlfriends have stripped off plenty of times."

"That's different," he replied, "you're my mother."

"And your sister," she giggled, she turned to face him, "so, what do you think? I know they're not big, but they are still nice a firm here." She handed him the sun lotion. "Put some of that on me. I don't want them to get sunburned."

Tim hesitated.

"Don't be silly, Timmy," she said, "look at that chap over there. He's massaging his wife's boobs, looks like he's enjoying it too. Come on, put some lotion on my back."

He took the lotion and started applying it to her back.

"Now, my front," she said after a few minutes. She laid back on the beach towel.

Tim poured some lotion onto her tummy and started massaging it in.

"Don't forget my boobs," she giggled.

Tentatively, he allowed his hands to travel up to the mounds of her breasts.

"Mmmm, that feels nice," she said as he lightly massaged them. "It's been a while since I had a man's hands on my boobs."

Tim felt her nipples hardening as his hands brushed over them. Instinctively, he began to squeeze her breasts and circle her nipples with his fingers.

"Oh yes, that's lovely," she sighed, closing her eyes.

Tim began to enjoy what he was doing. He had to adjust his position in order to disguise the growing erection in his shorts.

"That's enough," she said suddenly, "I don't want you getting any ideas. I am your mother, after all."

Tim quickly took his hands away, rubbing them on his chest to remove the lotion. In doing so, he had forgotten about his erection and noticed her staring down at his lower tummy at the tent pole in his shorts. She just moved her eyes up to his face and giggled but said nothing.

The rest of the afternoon, there was a change in the atmosphere. Neither mentioned it, but it was obvious there had been a change in their relationship. Eventually, Susan said she was hungry. They both dressed and made their way home, stopping at a takeaway to pick up a meal.

All through the meal, they had said very little. There was a definite tension between them.

"This is your last evening," she said eventually, "shall I make some popcorn, and we can watch a film together? I would like that."

Later, they sat together on the sofa. Tim was still in his shorts and t-shirt, and Susan was wearing a halter top and mini skirt. She cuddled up next to him, and he put his arm around her, resting on her shoulder as he had done many times. They shared the popcorn as they watched the film, but Tim found it difficult to concentrate on the movie.

"It was nice this afternoon," she said.

"Yes, it was," he replied.

"What do you think of my boobs?" She asked, "Are they good enough to go topless regularly?"

Tim hesitated but knew he had to reply. "They're lovely," he said finally.

"Do you really think so? You're not just saying that."

"No, I mean it. They are lovely," he replied.

Suddenly, she put the popcorn on the side table, and before he could do anything, she straddled him, sitting on his knees facing him.

"Do you want to see them again?" She said, "I know you enjoyed feeling them."

"Mum! What do you think you're doing," he said.

"Oh, don't be a stick in the mud," she replied, "it's just a bit of fun."

She reached behind her and undid the bottom part of her top, then lifted it over her head, tossing it across the floor, leaving her naked breasts level with his face.

"Mum!" He said.

"Oh, go on, you liked touching them on the beach; have a feel of them now."

"Stop it, Mum, get dressed, we can't do this."

"Oh, go on, just give them a quick feel, you know you want to. It felt so good when you did it earlier. Just a quick one, please."

Tim was staring straight at his mother's tits. He remembered how firm they had felt, how hard her nipples had been. He could tell her nipples were hard. He could almost see them pulsing. He reached for her placing each hand on her tits. He could feel how hard her nipples were.

"Mmmmm, that's nice," she sighed, "your hands are so gentle. Most of the men I go with are rough. They always want to maul my tits, I don't mind, but it's so nice that you are gentle."

"Do you go with a lot of men, Mum," he said, gently squeezing her breasts the tracing his thumbs over her nipples.

"Mmmmmmm!" She sighed, "Not that many, I'm not a slut."

"I didn't mean it like that," he replied, "it's just I can't remember you having a boyfriend."

"I've never wanted a regular boyfriend," she said, "sometimes I fancy a bit of fun, and if I go to a bar, I can usually get chatting to a decent-looking fellow. If I fancy him, I'll let him take me somewhere quiet or in his car, and we do it there. I don't want a relationship, just sex."

As she spoke, Tim's hands became more urgent. He began massaging her tits, rolling her nipples. She responded by putting her hands on his chest and dragging her nails over his nipples. Despite the material of his T-shirt, it sent a shiver through his body.

"Would you like to see my pussy?" She said, and before he could respond, she lifted her skirt to reveal a tiny thong. She pulled it to one side, and Tim could see her completely smooth pubis and her labia protruding from her cunt.

Tim wanted to push her away, to stop this madness, but he just froze, staring at her cunt.

"Do you like shaved pussies?" She said, "Jenny and I do each other. What do you think? Do you like it," she giggled, "That's the pussy you came out of."

"Mum, stop this," he said, but even as he protested, he made no effort to push her away.

Susan pushed his T-shirt up to reveal his chest. She pinched his nipples hard. "Do that to me," she said.

Tim responded, pinching her nipples hard.

"Oh god, yes!" She cried out, "Now twist them."

As he did, her hands went to the top of his shorts.

"I have to see it," she said, frantically undoing them, "I have to see your cock."

Suddenly, she stood up, quickly removing her skirt and thong, then grabbing his shorts and pulling them down.

Tim knew he had to resist; he had to stop her, but his body wouldn't obey him. Instead, his eyes devoured her naked body, and he found himself lifting his body to help her remove his shorts.

"Oh my god!" She said when his cock sprang free, "he's so beautiful."

She tossed his shorts away and then sank onto her knees in front of him.

"He's huge," she said, gripping his cock with both hands. Even holding his shaft with both hands, the bulbous head of his cock still protruded. "Oh my god, he's beautiful."

Tim's head was banging, this was total madness, but then she bent forward, and her lips slipped over the head of his cock, and suddenly he didn't care anymore. He felt her mouth slide down his shaft. Her mouth felt so warm and welcoming. He felt the head reach the back of her throat, but still, she forced herself down onto him. None of his girlfriends had ever been able to take his cock fully into their mouths, but this was different. He felt his cock forcing its way into her throat, but still, she didn't gag; still, she wanted more. It only lasted a few seconds before she released him, sitting back on her haunches, a big smile on her face.

"That felt so good," she said, "was it good for you?"

"But we mustn't do this, Mum," he said.

"Oh rubbish," she said, "it's only a bit of fun. You're eighteen. If you tell me to stop, I will."

Before he could reply, she took him into her mouth again, this time cupping and massaging his balls as she sucked on his cock. His hands went to her head, pushing her down as his hips rose. She fought him and sat back.

"No, you're not cumming in my mouth, not this time," she said, "I want your first cum deep in my cunt."

She stood up then straddled him again, only this time she raised herself higher and held his cock, guiding him to the entrance of her cunt.

"We shouldn't be doing this, Mum," he said, but even as he was saying the words, he knew that what he wanted was to bury his cock in her hot cunt.

"That's what makes it so much fun," she said, "it's so very naughty."

She lowered herself onto him, sliding down his cock in one movement until she sat on his lap with her cunt fully impaled on his cock.

"Oh my god, that feels so good," she sighed, "tell me it feels good for you, baby."

"You know it does, Mum," he said, "your cunt is so hot, it's burning me."

As she sat on him, he felt the muscles in her cunt contracting, pulsing as she milked his cock.

"I can feel him throbbing," she said, "oh, he's so big, baby. I've never had a real man's cock so deep inside me, suck my nipples."

Tim leaned forward, sucking each of her nipples in turn, then bit them gently. He felt her shiver, and more heat engulfed his cock as her orgasm hit.

"Oh baby, you just made Mummy cum," she giggled.

Tim felt the tension building inside him, he wanted more, he needed to fuck her. It was as if she could read his thoughts.

"Do it, baby," she said, "you know how much you want to do it."

She was so slim and light on top of him it took little effort to hold her tight and stand with her still impaled on his cock.

"Yes baby," she encouraged, "fuck Mummy, fuck her hard baby, she wants to feel that beautiful cock slamming into her cunt."

He was beyond all control as he turned and almost threw her down onto the sofa. He was above her, still buried inside her.

"Yes baby," she said, throwing her legs wide, "give it to me baby, ram that cock up me until you fill me with cum."

The red mist had descended over his brain. Only animal instinct was left as he began thrusting his cock into her, long, smooth thrusts, his pelvis colliding with hers with each thrust.

"Harder baby," she yelled, "fuck Mummy like a whore."

Suddenly, she wrapped her arms across her chest and shuddered violently. Liquid spurted from her cunt each time he thrust into her. Her eyes rolled back into her head.

"Whore yes!" He said, ramming harder, "You're my whore, my fucking whore mother."

"Yes baby, anything baby, just fuck me, fill me with spunk baby," she screamed.

Tim cried out as, with one final lunge, his cock exploded inside her. Every muscle in his body contracted as he pumped a torrent of spunk into her. She shook violently again, hugging him, dragging her nails down his back as he humped into her emptying his balls. She bit his neck as she

came again.

He collapsed on top of her, his cock still pulsing as it tried to give her every last drop of his spunk. Her cunt milked him, matching his pulsations, her legs wrapped around him, holding him deep inside her. Both of their bodies were covered in sweat, their bodies heaving.

Finally, their bodies calmed; he was still on top of her, still buried inside her, but there was a calmness.

"Oh baby, that was amazing," she said, "no man has ever made me feel like that. I thought I was going to die with pleasure. I tried to count my orgasms but had to give up. I just wanted more and more, oh baby."

She kissed him, and he responded, kissing her deeply, their tongues searching each other as they held each other. She felt his cock pulsing once more, and she broke away, smiling up at him.

"I think he wants me again," she giggled, "I can feel him growing hard again. Tell me you want me, baby. Tell Mummy you want to fuck her. Mummy's your whore now, baby. You can fuck her anytime you want. Mummy will never refuse. Mummy will do anything if it means having that beautiful cock inside her."

She felt moisture dripping onto her face.

"Oh baby, don't cry," she said, holding him tight, "it was the most wonderful thing that happened. Don't be sad, baby."

"But it's wrong, Mum," he sobbed, "what we did was wrong, what I want to do is wrong, we can't do this, Mum."

It took a great deal of effort to force himself to release her, to pull back, his semi-hard cock slipping from her cunt. He looked down at her gaping cunt, spunk oozing from her, his spunk.

Susan wasn't going to let him go. She sat up, wrapping her arms around his thighs. Her mouth sought his cock, taking it into her mouth, tasting the mixture of his cum and her cunt juices.

Tim tried to push her away, but there was no force in his effort; her mouth was working on him, and he felt himself growing hard again.

Susan could sense victory, could feel him growing again in her mouth. She was determined not to let him go. She cupped his balls, massaging them gently, then put one hand between his thighs. Her fingernail scratched the spot just behind his scrotum, and she heard him groan and felt his cock react. She traced her finger to his anus.

"Oh god, no!" He cried as her finger pressed against his bum hole.

Susan worked her mouth on his cock, and despite his protest, she felt him pulsing. She pushed her finger into his anus, and instantly he cried out, grabbing her head and ramming his cock into the back of her throat.

"Oh, you bitch, you fucking whore bitch!" He yelled as he gripped her head firmly and fucked her mouth, forcing his hardening cock into her throat,

Susan pushed her finger deeper into his asshole, there were stars in her brain as she struggled for



breath, but she refused to give way.

Tim cried out again as he came, pumping what little spunk he had left into her throat as her finger massaged his prostate.

He finally pushed her away, watching her gasping for breath, spunk and saliva running from her mouth.

"Oh my god, Mum, I'm so sorry," he said, hugging her. "Look what I've done, oh Mum, what sort of animal am I."

Susan held him tight, gasping as she recovered. She was unable to speak but had to show him that everything was all right. She did the only thing she could think of. Moving down his body, she kissed his cock.

They stayed hugging each other for what seemed like an age, neither wanting to release the other until finally, he helped her back onto the sofa. He stepped back and sat in the armchair facing her.

He looked at her red eyes, the result of him choking her with his cock. Her lips were swollen, cum had dribbled from her mouth onto her chin, and some had dripped onto her body. She was sitting with her legs splayed. He could see spunk leaking from her cunt.

"Don't judge me, baby," she said, "please don't judge me."

"I'm not judging you, Mum," he replied, "I'm judging myself. I knew it was wrong from the start. I should have stopped it. I should never have treated you like that. I've never done that with any girl. If someone had said I could do that to a girl, I would have been disgusted. I'm so sorry, Mum."

"It's not your fault, baby," she said, "I wanted it. I set it up."

"What do you mean?"

"That business at the beach about going topless, then getting you to massage my tits, it was all part of my plan to get you to fuck me."

"I don't understand," he said, "there has never been anything like that between us."

"Oh, but I've wanted it, baby," she said, "why do you think I've never lasted with any man? It was because I wanted you, and if Jenny hadn't put the idea into my head, I don't think I would ever have gone through with it."

"Jenny?" He said, "What's Jenny got to do with it?"

"We were having a drink together one evening, and she let it slip that she fancies you," she said, "she commented how good-looking you are and then said that you had a nice bulge in your jeans that she wouldn't mind exploring. We had a few glasses of wine, and we started giggling, making up stories about what we could do with you. Then it got serious, and she started suggesting I should do something about it. The more we talked about it, the more I wanted it, so we made a plan. I almost chickened out. Then yesterday she told me I only had one day of your holiday left. It was now or never. So don't blame yourself, baby. I wanted it all, everything, including you treating me like a whore. I have no regrets, baby."

Tim was shocked to hear her admission and took a while to absorb it.

"I need to shower," she said, breaking the silence. "I don't think I will be very steady on my feet. Will you come with me?"

He helped her to her feet and up the stairs. Once in the bathroom, she stepped into the shower, and Tim turned to leave.

"Don't go," she begged, "come and join me."

She reached out, taking his hand and drawing him into the shower. They held each other under the cascading water and then washed each other. His hands roved over her body and between her legs while she concentrated on his cock and balls. Soon, he was rigid again. She turned off the shower, and they dried each other.

"It's your last night," she said, "spend it with me. We don't have to do anything. Just sleep with me, hold me."

It was never going to be like that. Three times they made love during the night, once with Susan on top and once when she got on all fours and encouraged him to fuck her doggy style. Even after all that, when he finally woke in the morning, it was to feel her head resting on his tummy as she gently kissed and sucked his cock, bringing him slowly to orgasm.

When it was finally time to leave, there was little they could say to each other. They were both aware of the momentous situation. Tim ordered a taxi, and when it came, he loaded his suitcase and bag and left, hardly able to bring himself to look at her as she waved him off.

The journey back had been a blur. Thoughts of his mother tumbled through his brain. He wasn't sure how he was going to cope with what had happened.

During the term, contact between them was sporadic. Susan had to rely on him calling her, and when he did, the conversation was stilted as each was afraid to say anything that would bring back memories of that night. Not that either of them had been able to think about anything else.

Eventually, the summer break was approaching. Tim didn't know how he would be able to cope with being near her again; his only solution was to tell her that he intended to spend the summer break backpacking abroad. The disappointment in her voice when he told her was palpable. He could tell she was holding back the tears. When he ended the call, he was angry with himself for not having the courage to face the situation full on. He fought with himself right up to the last minute, then decided he had to go home and have the awkward discussion.

That was how he ended up on the train. He hadn't told her he had changed his mind. It was dark by the time he arrived at the station, so he took a taxi. Arriving home, he let himself in, expecting to surprise her, but she wasn't there. After taking his luggage to his bedroom, he went back downstairs. He discovered the back door unlocked and surmised that she must have gone next door to Jenny's. There was a fence panel that had been removed so that they could pass back and forth between each other's houses.

He opened the back door and went into the garden. Looking across to Jenny's house, he saw there was a light on in her living room. He had thought a lot about Jenny while he had been away, remembering what his mother had told him. For as long as he could remember, he had been fascinated by her. She was the same age as his mother, but where his mother was slim with neat, medium-sized breasts, Jenny was all curves with big breasts that bounced and jiggled when she walked. She often wore low-cut tops, and Tim loved any opportunity the look down her top when she bent over to see her tits hanging as if they were trying to fall out of her bra.

Those memories washed over him as he stood in the garden, and he felt his cock hardening. His mother had told him that Jenny fancied him. Was there any chance that he could fuck her, had his mother told her what had happened? Was she describing to her best friend how he had fucked her and rammed his cock so far into her throat that she almost passed out? Suddenly he realized that he was standing there with his cock in his hand.

"I knew it was a mistake to come home," he said to himself, but as he did, he began to walk through the gap in the fence. As he approached the house, he noticed that the living room curtains were not fully closed. There was a gap of about six inches. He crept silently across the patio until he could see through the gap.

He let out a sigh when he saw the scene in the living room. Jenny was sat on the sofa. She was completely naked, her legs spread wide. His mother was also naked. She was on her knees on the floor, her face pressed against Jenny's cunt while her hands were mauling Jenny's huge tits.

Tim had to suppress a groan as he began stroking his cock. He stepped closer to the window, safe in the knowledge that both women were totally engrossed in each other. He could see Jenny's lips moving, but with the double glazing, he couldn't hear what she was saying. She had her hands on his mother's head, her fingers entwined in her hair as she pressed her face hard against her cunt.

He watched and saw his mother move back slightly. He could see a strange object protruding from Jenny's cunt. There also seemed to be a part of it inserted into her anus. He realized it was some double dildo and that his mother had been sucking on her clit while those fake cocks were pushed deep inside her.

He watched as his mother moved up Jenny's body, kissing and sucking on her breasts, then moving up and kissing her on her mouth. As they kissed, his mother removed the dildos from Jenny's cunt and bum hole, then brought them up. His mother started kissing and sucking the one that had been in her cunt while Jenny kissed and sucked the one that had been in her asshole. Tim thought his cock was so hard it was fit to burst.

His mother began moving back down, biting on each of Jenny's nipples, pulling them with her teeth. She then moved back and pressed her mouth back to her friend's cunt. He could see that as she did, she managed to slide two fingers into Jenny's gaping anus.

Tim couldn't hold himself any longer. His hand was pumping his cock. He managed to stifle a groan as his cock exploded, blasting jet after jet of cum onto the window. He watched the rivulets of white spunk slide down the glass as he added more to the mess.

He was about to step away when he saw his mother change position. She parted her legs and raised her bottom. He saw Jenny look across the room and say something. He wondered if there was someone else in the room, someone he couldn't see through the narrow gap in the curtains. He waited a few moments and then saw something approaching his mother. His breath had misted the glass, so it wasn't clear. At first, he thought it was a cock pressing against his mother's bottom, then suddenly realized it was a dog's nose.

He almost cried out as he realized that Henry, Jenny's golden retriever, had his nosed pressed against his mother's asshole and that he was licking her anus and her cunt. It was obvious the dog had done this before. He saw his mother lift her face from Jenny's cunt, look back and say something to the dog.

Suddenly, Henry mounted her, resting his front paws on her back. He seemed to have some cover on his lower legs. Tim realized that this must be a regular occurrence and that the covers were to

prevent him from digging his claws into her. Tim managed to move his position so that he had a better view of the dog, Henry was positioned behind his mother, and Tim could see his cock protruding. His cock looked huge, bright red, and angry looking. He watched as his mother reached back between her legs, and as the dog moved closer, she took hold of his cock and guided it towards her cunt.

No sooner did the tip of his cock make contact with her cunt that Henry lurched forward, ramming his cock deep into his mother's cunt. He saw her mouth open as she cried out, then Jenny grabbed her by her hair and forced her face back against her cunt.

Henry was almost fully impaled in her cunt, his rear legs pushing him forward as he humped into her. Tim could just make out the large swelling at the base of his cock. Henry was pushing harder and harder until he finally got it inside her. His mother lifted her face from Jenny's cunt as she cried out, and Tim saw her body convulse in orgasm. She had reached up to Jenny's tits, and her fingers were digging deep into the soft flesh. He watched as her face pressed against her friend's cunt. He saw Jenny cry out and hug herself as her body shuddered. As his mother's head lifted, he saw that she had Jenny's clit between her teeth, stretching it. Suddenly a fountain of liquid gushed from Jenny's cunt, and Susan dived back down, taking it into her mouth. He could see her swallowing as Jenny filled her with her cunt juices.

Henry was still humping into her. He finally had his knot inside her, his hindquarters jerking as he filled her with his doggy cum.

Tim was still pumping his cock and came again, adding more of his spunk to the mess on the window pane.

He watched as Henry tried to pull out, but he was wedged inside her. Then he turned and ended up facing away from her, still connected by his cock. With a jerk, he managed to free himself, and a stream of doggy cum poured out of her cunt. Immediately she left Jenny's cunt, turned, and crawled underneath Henry, taking his cock into her mouth.

It was almost too much for Tim, seeing his mother sucking a dog's cock, then kissing it, licking his shaft, and then sucking his balls. He noticed Jenny looking around the room and panicked. He backed away and quickly made his way back to his own house. He slumped onto a chair by the table, his head in his hands as he tried to make sense of what he had seen.

He lost track of time but assumed he had been there for about half an hour when the back door opened, and his mother stepped in. She was naked, carrying her clothes, and she looked freshly showered.

"Oh!" She cried in alarm, seeing him sit there. "I thought you weren't coming home."

"I changed my mind," he replied, "I thought we had to try and sort out what happened."

Susan suddenly realized she was standing there naked. She wondered if she should dress but then thought that it wasn't as if he hadn't seen her naked before. There was a moment of silence.

"I came looking for you," he said, "I saw you, Mum. I saw everything."

"Oh," she replied.

"Dogs, Mum," he said, "you're doing it with dogs. How could you."

"Don't judge me, Tim," she said, "don't you dare judge me, not after what you did to me, oh I know you kept telling me it was wrong, but that didn't stop you from fucking me time and again, don't deny you didn't enjoy it, Tim, I know I did."

"I wasn't surprised to see you doing it with Jenny," he said, "I know you've been close friends since your school days. I've seen how fond you are of each other, but dogs, Mum?"

"Not dogs plural," she countered, "only Henry."

The back door burst open, and Jenny appeared. She was wearing a bathrobe, but it was undone, and her whole naked body was on display.

"We had a peeping tom," she said to Susan, "the dirty bastard must have been wanking. I've got spunk all over my window."

"Not a peeping tom, Jen," Susan said, "it was a peeping Tim." She pointed across the room.

"Shit!" Jenny said, suddenly seeing Tim sitting there. She grabbed her robe and hastily pulled it together to hide her nakedness.

"He saw everything, Jen, including me with Henry," Susan said.

"Oh!" Jenny replied, "Perhaps I should go."

"No, stay," Susan said, "you deserve to be part of this conversation. He might as well know everything. He says he wasn't surprised that we are lovers, but he doesn't know that we have been lovers since before he was born. He also knows you fancy him," she smiled.

"Mum!" He said, standing up.

"Oh wow!" Jenny shrieked, "I knew you said he was big, Sue, but I never thought that big."

Tim saw that Jenny was staring at his crotch. He looked down and realized that in his hurry, he had forgotten that his cock and balls were still hanging out of his trousers. Not only that but the conversation with his mother, then seeing Jenny naked, had caused his cock to reach almost full erection.

"Well, it's a shame to waste it, Jen," Susan said, "why don't you let him show you what he can do with it."

"Why not," Jenny replied, slipping her robe off and letting it fall to the floor, "that is unless he has no spunk left after covering my window with it."

This was a dream come true for Tim. For years she had fantasized over Jenny's tits while jerking off. Now, he was faced with two beautiful women, naked and ready for him to do with as he wished. Suddenly the talk of his mother being fucked by a dog was put into the background, he had Jenny offering herself to him, and he was determined to have her.

"Where do you want me, big boy," she smirked.

"Bend over and hold on to the table," he said, "I want to see those big tits swinging when I fuck you."

"Ooooh, doggy style, we love doggy style, don't we, Sue," she giggled, "we like doggies and doggy

style.”

She bent forward, holding the table and spreading her legs wide. He stepped beside her and rested the tip of his cock against her anus.

“Oh, you bastard,” she said, “at least let me get lubricated before you put it in there.”

He moved it down and parted her labia.

“Oh yes,” she said, “that’s a much better place.”

Without warning, he gripped her waist and plunged his cock into her cunt, his tummy slapping against her bottom as he rammed it up her.

“Oh god, that’s good,” she shouted, “you’re so lucky, Sue, having a stud like this for a son, or is he your brother when he fucks you.”

“I prefer son,” Susan laughed, “it sounds so much sexier being fucked by my son.”

“That’s because you’re a pervert,” Jenny said.

“That’s good coming from a woman who sleeps with her dog every night,” Susan laughed.

Tim was in a world of his own. He began fucking her with rapid thrusts, ramming his cock as far into her as he could. Jenny took him easily, pushing back to meet each thrust.

Susan came up to his side. She kissed him, then whispered in his ear.

“Shove it up her asshole, good and hard,” she said.

He looked at her as she stood back. She winked at him.

With that, he withdrew from Jenny’s cunt.

She groaned, but before she could work out what was happening, he had placed his cock against her anus, and with one thrust, she was fully inside her.

“Oh, you bastard,” she screamed, “you fucking sadistic bastard.”

“That’s no worse than the first time you got Henry to do it to me,” Susan said, “and I was an anal virgin then.”

Tim couldn’t hold back, he fucked her hard and deep, but after just a few thrusts, he knew he could last no longer. He grabbed her firmly, rammed into her one final time, and unloaded his balls deep in her bowels.

Jenny shook from head to toe. She cried out as she came, squirting a fountain of liquid from her cunt.

Tim stayed deep inside her, his cock pulsing wildly, although he was sure his balls must have been empty. Jenny was visibly sagging, and he put his hands under her to support her.

“Let me have her,” Susan said, “pull out and let me have her.”

He pulled out, and Susan helped her to lie across the table for support. Immediately Susan got on her knees behind her, parted her buttocks, and applied her mouth to her anus, probing with her tongue to lick out her son's spunk. She looked up at him briefly.

"Give her your cock to clean," she said before returning to Jenny's gaping asshole.

Tim moved around and held his cock in front of Jenny's face. She took hold of it and guided it into her mouth, sucking it in deep as she cleaned him. Tim's head was spinning. So much had happened in such a short time he was having difficulty.

Susan lifted her mouth from Jenny's anus. She looked up at her son and recognized he was struggling.

"Don't worry, baby," she said, "this is only the start. It's going to be a fabulous summer."

The End.