

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter One: Ghosts of the Past

Beatrice Busom was busy. It was a Sunday, and as was the day's custom, that morning she'd enjoyed a very lovely church service with the family, as well as a delightful brunch afterward. Now, however, it was time for chores, and there was much, much to do.

Dishes and dirt. Laundry and lint. Window washing and washing what. Scrubbing toilets, sweeping floors and mopping mud. Dusting, polishing! Cleaning and uncluttering! The list was long to say the least, and none in short supply, but as was also the custom of this day, Beatrice Busom was doing it all herself.

Following brunch, her son, Mickey, had peeled away first thing to hide within his room. It was a day to waste away playing video games and what not, leaving his dirty plate for his mother upon the dining room table. Her husband's daughter, Lindsey, hadn't been too far behind, closing herself off in her own room to chat and gossip with the girlfriends. Her beloved husband, Curt, had at least helped stack the dishes in the sink, before bidding her farewell with a kiss on the cheek to depart for a sunny afternoon on the golf course.

No doubt the kids were more than capable of helping, perhaps a bit too spoiled, but Bea didn't bother them. The kids were at that awkward age where it wasn't "cool" to hang with your parents – she remembered them well from her own wayward days as a teenager. The doting mother was simply thankful they still obliged her with the church services and brunches, so she didn't hound them with the tedious chores – their great reward. They were back at school tomorrow anyways, "so let them enjoy the last of their weekend in peace and kids be kids," she reasoned with her husband.

And Curt? Curt worked long hours during the week. He was a good provider and an honest husband. His weekends were all that he had. Saturday nights were theirs together, Sunday afternoons his. Bea had no complaints. On the contrary, she set about her afternoon tasks with a smile. She was happy. More than happy. Everything in her life was perfect.

Humming a merry tune, the beautiful Bea moved briskly down the upstairs hall, hauling a heavy load of Mickey's freshly washed and folded laundry within a basket. Her bright blonde locks sashayed behind, pulled back into a simple ponytail. After all the afternoon toils, it was now left loose and messy. She huffed and blew a few stray strands out of her face, the act teasing and most adorable as if planned.

As with her hair, she'd since changed out of her Sunday dress into something a little more comfortable. She was barefoot now, her soft steps padded upon the rich, lush carpet beneath her perfectly manicured feet, nails painted pink.

Tight, black yoga pants hugged her long, toned and shapely legs like a second skin. Behind, beneath that bouncing ponytail, bounced a most ravenous rump. No matter how many miles she clocked on the treadmill or squats squatted in the gym, the damn thing just wouldn't shrink down.

And as with her rear, Bea had a most generous rack to match. Her heavy, womanly bosom rested atop that tall mountain of stacked laundry, pressing them up and out to reveal a great deal of ample, swelling cleavage.

While she played well the part of modest housewife, at home and relaxed, she'd since freed herself of brassiere's restraints, and a hint of her dark areolae and large nipples could be seen beneath the thin, semi-translucent fabric of her taut, low cut, vee'd white tee.

The basket bulky and awkward, Bea braced one knee against her son's closed door, and balanced the heavy load atop to free a hand to knock. But with it uneven and nearly toppling over – forgetting herself and the frequent hobbies of eighteen year old boys – it was all Bea could do to reach the handle, so she turned it, and the weight from her knee and basket swung it forward.

“Mickey, I...” she politely announced her intrusion, quickly regaining control of the heavy basket before it fell, but then... she stopped cold.

“Oh...” mother froze. Chin fell. She gasped. Mickey did not bother to turn around. In fact, with his headphones on and so engrossed by what he was doing, he obviously hadn't even heard his graceful mother come in.

The small, thin, wiry boy with shaggy red hair sat huddled in front of his computer, leaning forward in his chair. Though his back was to her and she couldn't exactly see, Bea was no fool, and was not aloof as to what she'd just walked in on. It blushed her cheeks a very bright shade of cherry.

Her son's worn and tattered shorts were down around his ankles, skid-marked underwear crumpled just above. His breathing was heavy – labored. His right elbow was jutting out to the side, arm and fist jerking rapidly in his lap. Bea could hear the noisy sloshing of an abundant amount of lotion being rubbed in. The bottle sat there just beside him on the desk, along with a full box of tissue.

“Umm...” terribly embarrassed and half panicked, Bea had to struggle to pull herself together and regain her senses. But when she did... a broad smile spread across her lips. Dare she admit, she was proud of her boy. All grown up!

Half giggling and shaking her head at him, “O-okay...” she came to terms with it, and slowly tip-toed back out of his room to give her son the privacy to “finish” his business. She caught the handle to his door with a couple of outstretched fingers from the basket, and closed it softly behind.

But... just before the door blocked her view, something tickled her curiosity. It played in the back of her mind. She'd noticed it first upon entering, but then had become distracted by her son antics. The monitor... what Mickey was watching? Bea spared a quick, cursory glance. The giggles stopped. Another gasp. Bea suddenly got an eyeful – more than she dared bargain for. Vertigo struck and she swayed, nearly toppling over.

“Oh dear!” Bea whimpered, the image upon the screen shocking and grotesque. She froze again, eyes locked onto that monitor, unable to turn away, unable to... anything.

One second. Two seconds. Five. Her arms went limp and the basket fell. Clothes spilt forth across the floor. Ten seconds. Fifteen. Thirty, she could... do nothing, becoming a prisoner to what she was seeing.

“Whunngh!” Mickey suddenly grunted, doubling over in his seat. He snatched a tissue from the box and whipped it to his lap!

“Oh shit!” Bea was brought back. Realizing what she was doing – *watching!* – she scrambled. She fell to her knees, raking back the clothes with frantic desperation to get the door closed before she was found out!

Without Mickey's knowing, the latch safely clicked, and his mother turned onto her fat rump and fell back against the hall's wall, her legs too weak to try and stand. She clenched at her heaving, erratic chest with one hand, covering her gaping, gasping mouth with the other.

"Oh, Mickey..." she groaned distraughtly, rolling her head back and forth against the wall as if to deny what she'd just seen.

Bea had just caught her son masturbating. No big deal, that's what boys did. She'd just caught her son jacking off while watching porn, but again, what boy didn't? No, that wasn't what was about to give his mother a heart attack. It was what, *exactly*, she had seen on that screen that was about to do her in. And what was worse, whether she knew it yet or not, while she'd managed to close one door, *another* had just unwittingly been opened.

Another door... A black door. A black door deep down in Bea's soul, that she had years ago closed and locked and thrown away the key to, swearing, promising to never open it again. It cracked open now.

Bea was no prude. No stranger to sex. Bea Busom was a rock star, and I don't just mean figuratively, but literally. At thirty-eight and currently looking every bit the part of conservative "soccer mom," you never would have guessed this crowned vixen used to be the lead vocals and bass guitar for the band "Pink Pussies."

Mind you, they never made it too big, and certainly weren't a household name, but she had made a career of it. She'd toured for twelve long years, all across the States and Canada, and even did a few shows in Europe and Latin America.

Even though she hadn't written a song or touched a guitar in eight years now, she was still pulling in royalties from their music. Sometimes it was only a few hundred bucks a month, other times a thousand, two thousand. Grungy punk rock, most sales and downloads came from Eastern Europe these days, which was fine by Bea, as she tried to leave that part of her life far and safe behind.

In her younger days, in her band days, she'd lived the fast life. The typical cliché life for a rock star - drugs, alcohol, sex. All used. All abused. She had no regrets, but on her thirtieth birthday, after a night of too much partying and while waiting in a county precinct to bail Mickey's father out of jail - yet again - she'd had an epiphany. She'd had enough.

Rather, as she thought about Mickey's father, afraid their ten year old son might turn out just like him... she couldn't remember where Mickey was? When the last time she'd seen him was? Who was looking after him?

Panicked, she'd left the jail and Mickey's father in it. After a sixteen hour bus ride home, she'd found Mickey in their apartment. Alone in their apartment. Alone at home for days. He was in his undies and covered from head to toe in chocolate, fast asleep upon the couch, cartoons playing on the tv. The house was a dump. How long had Mickey been alone like this?

There, that day, in that moment, Bea had changed her life. Turned her life around. She quit the band, quit the drugs - cold turkey - and while she still enjoyed a drink and a cigarette (secretly) every now and again, she never abused. Mickey's father, unfortunately, hadn't been so willing to go along with this new lifestyle. They'd soon parted ways. There were no hard feelings, but she hadn't heard from, nor seen hide nor hair of him in years. She thought of him now, but not in a good way.

Curt. Curt Busom. Her second husband. His firm had handled the band's assets during their heyday. She'd already known him for years when her divorce to Mickey's father had been announced, and he'd soon asked her out. He was a bit older, too old for her, but he was still handsome, and she'd always had a "school girl" crush on him. His wife, Lindsey's mother, had died in a tragic car accident several years prior. In little more than a year after she'd divorced Mickey's dad, she and Curt had been married. Happily married, but Curt was not Mickey's father, and that had been a good thing,

but also...

That story led all the way back to this fateful moment, eight years later. The black door unlocked, creaked open. The past swept out.

First came the rush, that spike of forgotten adrenaline. Heat filling her. Heat spreading through her. Through her heaving, swollen breasts, touching and hardening her nipples. Flushing, rushing down and down past her flat and tight abdomen, rolling her body. It spilt, seeping, pooling deep in her loin. The dam cracked, loosing its flow – eight years worth of wet, glutinous, sweet, milky honey. It parted and flowered her petals, tingling her pulsing bud. A shiver, a river of life coursing through her!

If Bea was aware of this sudden surge assailing her body, she did not show it. No. She was currently too distracted. Distracted... stunned, shocked, shaken – troubled by what she'd just seen on her son's monitor.

Her eyes searched. Frantic. Right to left. Up and down and across the empty upstairs hall, but she saw none of it. Only... only the soft, pink walls of the bedroom in that graphic video Mickey was watching – watching right now in his room. Only that flowered bedspread. Only that young, thin, pretty little freckled brunette, naked as the day she was born upon her hands and knees atop that bed...

Bea looked left and her eyes finally settled. Settled upon another closed door. She swallowed. Swallowed hard. That room, those walls, that bedspread, that girl... they weren't twenty feet away from her behind that closed door. *Lindsey!*

Lindsey Busom, age eighteen. Same age, same grade as her son. A senior in high school. A smart girl. Unlike her son, Lindsey was a straight "A" honor student. She had a bright future ahead, already accepted into a very prestigious university. And even more unlike her son, Lindsey was a sweetheart. Daddy's little Princess. Wouldn't hurt a fly. As pure and as innocent as they came...

Bea shook her head, trying to come up with something else. It... this was impossible! She'd never even seen Lindsey go on a date with a boy before. Bea had been sure Lindsey was still a virgin! But... she'd seen it. Knew it. And Lindsey was only the half of it.

Bea looked to the landing of the stairs. Her heart sank with those steps. Down. Spiraling down. Down into her gut. Down there... somewhere down there was Argos. *Argos!* Curt's proud, intimidating, beautiful Doberman Pinscher. Argos, the second act in that video Mickey was watching, jerking off to, right now, right this very second within his room!

Hyperventilating, Bea's eyes began to wander again, to search, trying to see, to think of something else. But she couldn't. Only sweet, small, delicate Lindsey getting... Bea squeezed her eyes closed, trying to make it stop. It wouldn't. The images were burned into her brain! Playing across the back of her closed lids... Dog. Dog humping! Dog thrusting! Fucking poor, innocent little Lindsey as if he meant to pound her into the next century!

*'What did the stupid little girl think she was doing?! With a dog?! With Argos?!'* Bea struggled. And then... the other shoe fell. What was her son doing with that video?!

*'Had Lindsey given it to him? Let him record it?'* No. Never. Bea couldn't accept that. Lindsey was far too modest to act so bold. What's more, she and Mickey had never gotten along. At best, they... tolerated each other.

No, not even that. Bea suspected their animosity ran much deeper. Despised one another was more like it. Hated one another. They couldn't be more different. Lindsey was the perfect little angel. Always kind, always respectful. And Mickey...

Well, Mickey got into trouble. Lots of trouble. Dirty pranks, fights, bullying and playing hooky. School and other kids had always been a problem for him. It was a miracle he was even graduating on time! It wasn't as if Bea believed her son was evil, just... a trouble-maker. A trouble-maker that wasn't smart enough to not get caught. 'He was just a young boy, and boys would be boys!' – A never ending line of excuses Bea made up for him.

No, it was never Mickey's fault. Always the other boys' faults. An unfortunate situation he was caught up in. A rough childhood he'd had to endure. Bea couldn't blame Mickey.

Mickey was a small boy for his age. Small and weak. Bea knew how boys were. Mickey had to act out to stick up for himself, to project an image of strength of will to make up for his lack of physical strength. He had few guy friends, if any at all, and never a girlfriend that Bea knew of. And to his detriment, instead of being the mother he needed to keep him in line, Bea had become that substitute friend for him, always taking his side, always believing his lies, never blaming him.

It was the guilt. Heavy guilt. Guilt for neglecting him, leaving her baby boy home alone for all those years to fend for himself. Her baby boy alone for days on end while she and his father partook in parties and sex and drugs, forgetting all about their son, not a care in the world. The guilt did not let her blame him. The guilt always sticking up for her son, no matter what he did. Bea masked it well, but she'd never been able to move beyond that guilt.

And by that guilt, Bea had always babied him, spoiled him rotten while trying to make up those rough years to him. Friend and spoiler – a bad combination. To this day, not once had she ever disciplined him for any of his many transgressions, allowing him to get away with murder! Curt didn't like it, but he respected the boundaries. Mickey had never accepted Curt as his father. Mickey had only his mother. Her. She. Bea.

*"Mickey is fine. He will grow out of it... any day now,"* was Bea's mantra to Curt. Bea... wanted to believe this. Desperately wanted to believe it, but deep down she knew. Knew Mickey was too much like his father. Her greatest fear... was his father. A... dangerous, masochistic, troublesome father.

She'd always forgiven him – both of them – but this... this was different. This was serious. More serious than anything Mickey'd ever done. This was between family. Her step-daughter was at risk. Her marriage with Curt was at risk.

Did Lindsey know Mickey had this video of her? Certainly not. Was Mickey spying on her? In all likelihood. What to do? What to do? What was a loving mother to do?

Confront Mickey? That was her first inclination. Put an end to this here and now, once and for all?! Delete that video! But... the shame and humiliation at just the idea was too much to bear. She could never go through with it.

Tell Lindsey? Have a talk with her? No. What if she went to her father? No. Couldn't go to her father, not about this. But it would destroy the girl, destroy their family. She loved Lindsey. She loved Curt, heart and soul. She couldn't hurt them like that. Couldn't let this come between their family. But then... what?

Unsure of what to do, Bea recognized one thing – that she had to get up and away from here before she was discovered! She could figure out what to do about all this later. She quickly picked up the

spilt clothes and tossed them back into the basket, and jumping to her feet, she raced down the stairs two at a time!

Moving hurriedly through the living room, Bea was suddenly struck by something else. She froze mid-step. She turned. She fell away until her back collided with the wall. She gulped. She didn't dare blink. Lying lazily before the hearth of the fireplace... Argos. Argos in a whole new light.

Those black, beady eyes were on her. Bea felt... uncomfortable. A swirl of strong emotion rattled her. Argos yawned. Bea winced as if the beast were charging her. Foolish. Argos made no move.

"Stupid!" Bea chastised herself and shook it off. She started once again for the laundry room, but... Argos brought back those lewd, perverse images she'd just seen. That she couldn't deny. Her feet felt heavy. Heavy as lead. Her legs... her legs felt like butter. She felt a warmth. A creeping, seeping warmth spreading from between them.

"Oh gawd!" she was losing it! The images of Lindsey and Argos playing over and over again in her mind's eye! How could the girl possibly... with a dog?!

Bea tossed the basket atop the dryer, and made a bee-line for the liquor cabinet. She pulled out the first bottle she could lay hands on, ripping off the cap. In a rush, she turned it bottoms up, chugging a full quarter of it before she let it go, heaving and gasping and spitting as the warmth settled her rattled nerves.

Bea heard... something. A click. Clicking. She turned. Slowly. Fearfully. As if expecting her executioner. "A-Argos..?" she whimpered, clutching tight at the bottle's neck... and once again, at her heaving, heavy bosom.

The beautiful dog was standing at the entry to the kitchen. Long, pointed ears up, listening, hearing her frantic heart's beat. Bobbed tail wagging hello, excited by her excitement. His body was stiff and rigid. Rigid and strong. Muscle. Muscle. Powerful, domineering muscle. Muscle to beat her. Muscle that could control her, make her his without her being able to stop him.

And those eyes. Those deep, black, enchanting eyes, seeing right through her facade. He was watching her. Watching her every move. Watching for his moment of attack! And that nose. That poking, sniffing, alert nose. Nosing the air. Nosing a sifting, drifting aroma of a bitch in heat. A wet bitch, wet in heat!

Bea's thoughts. "Oh, gawd!" Bea gasped at the ludicrousness of it all! Her big butt bumped into the counter, not expecting it, not realizing she was tripping back and away from the beast! Argos licked at his chops, sending a shiver coursing down Bea's spine and her pulse spiking through the roof!

"S-stay..." she said, meaning to sound firm, but revealed only her nervous jitters. "Stay!" she repeated, the fat of her butt spilling over the counter-top as she pressed so hard.

Hard, before she suddenly broke and retreated, tripping over her own two feet as she raced to the laundry room to where she could slam the door closed and lock herself inside!

Argos... did nothing. The door closed, Bea gone. Almost shrugging to himself, the dog turned and went back to lounge at his favorite spot before the fireplace.

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## Chapter Two

Dreams. Dreams floating. Dreams sifting. A woman. A woman bent upon her hands and knees. Rocked. Being rocked. Made to grunt. She didn't want this. It was wrong. Awful. She wanted it to stop. She couldn't make it stop. She was powerless. He controlled her. He owned her now, and in that moment of weakness, something shifted. She reveled in her own helplessness. Found herself consumed by his will over her.

Dread shadowed by pleasure. Pain forgotten by the coming rapture. It was hot and swelling. Fast and moving faster. It was sex.

SEX! Great sex! So much! So loud! So wet! So all and everything, raw and primal! A beast was atop her back. A black, powerful beast! Pounding! Pounding her! So incredible! She was getting fucked by the beast! Fucked real! Fucked hard! So very hard! So very fast! FUCKED like she needed to be fucked!

Drooling. Moaning. Moaning and drooling! Beast thrusting! Woman yelping! They were both grunting and howling like wild animals! They were animals! Both of them. Wild! Having wild and untamed sex! Tossing and whipping! Wild animals fucking!

And she was cumming. Mind blowing cumming! More! She needed more! Wanted more! More sex! More fucking! More from the beast!

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"HUAGHH!" Bea shot up in bed. The sheet fell and her hand clenched at her heaving chest. Her heart was racing, beating fiercely beneath.

Her swells were slick with sweat. Her entire, naked body was drenched. Her touch felt good upon her breast. She clenched at them tighter, kneading and massaging her bosom. Her hardened nipples cut like glass against her bare palms. A spark ignited!

"Mmm..." a wanton hum. A hum, a burning desire distracting her. Her hand mindlessly trailed lower, running seductively over her tight abs. Tingling electricity tickled down her. Lower, beneath the gathered sheets, all the way into her lap. All the way to the vee between her open, opening thighs.

With her hips grinding by their own will, she knew what she would find before she found it. Her pussy was soaked and on absolute fire! Drenched like a pouring fountain, and was seeping right down into the sheets! There was a wide puddle beneath her burning loin. She dared. She touched herself.

"Oh, yea-ungh!" her head whipped back as finger fingered throbbing clit. An explosion! Her clit was a throbbing thimble, a diamond set between her blooming folds, and it sent an electrifying jolt ripping through her whole, heated body, tossing her mad!

"Hghnuaghnn..." a snore. Reality came crashing back.

"No! I..." Bea stopped, fear gripping her at being discovered. Images plagued her. Images of her dream returning. "No, I didn't - I don't..." she denied, trying to shove them away! An excuse. Her head snapped left, snapped right as, her next excuse already at the tip of her tongue.

It wasn't needed. Curt was fast asleep beside her, snoring. Her eyes trailed down to his groin hidden beneath the sheets. A deep, dark, emerald inferno swirled within them.

Curt's beautiful and sexy wife licked at her lips. Hungry, wet lips. She was horny. Horny and on fire!



Bea dared again. She shifted down, and threw back the sheets! In a rush, she dove in and fished out her husband's soft and flaccid penis. She spared only a moment's pause to smile deviously up to her unsuspecting mate, before smacking her mouth open and his old, wrinkled member in between her humming lips!

"Mmm!" Moaning! Wet, lurid moaning. Her mouth felt like it was running a fever, a hundred and fifty degrees! And salivating! So much wet! Wet like her weak and quivering pussy begging for cock! Begging to be fucked! It had to feel so, so good!

"Mmm!" she rolled her neck, bobbing her head. Bobbing faster with each pull and tug on Curt's fucking cock, as if she meant to suck all his blood into it by willpower alone!

"Mnuagh.." Curt snored in response, no blood to his penis. No reward for her masterful efforts. But Bea was not daunted. She kept on sucking and pulling on him. Sucking as her... dreams returned to her, filling her with a most desperate and longing passion.

She sucked harder! Faster! Swallowing that cock like her pussy swallowed that cock in her dreams!

"Mmngh!" the sleeping Curt's hands finally came to life and reached for her hair.

"Yes!" she popped her lips off him. Finally, a pulse beating through that dead member between his legs!

"That's it!" she fisted his cock like a woman possessed! "I need it!" she begged her husband! She shoved him back into her mouth and sucked as hard as she could, pulling it long by her puckered lips!

"Please!" she whimpered, coming back up for air. With his old cock only semi-hard, Bea was unable to wait any longer. "Fuck me!" she climbed up onto his lap, and barely managed to wedge his limp tool into her sweltering cunt!

"Come onnn!" she groaned with distress as she placed her hands on Curt's chest and began to ride him like a rodeo! Still soft and small, it did little to nothing to ebb her overwhelming, burning desire, but she tried. Oh, how she tried!

"H-huh?" sounds of life from her husband. His hands found her bouncing, grinding hips.

"Yeah, baby!" she moaned, head tossed back, eyes closed, images... vile images of a bestial fucking racing through her mind, driving her on and on, higher and higher!

"B-Beatrice?" Curt shook awake, eyes snapping open to find his hot wife riding him like a wild animal!

"Uh-hunghh!" she groaned, her pussy working its magic over his cock, squeezing and pulling at it with each bounce in his lap. "Fuck me!" she rasped. "I need you to fuck me!" she shouted with wild abandon!

"Bea!" Curt then came to life, gripping her hips, but... looking around her to their closed bedroom door, fear beset in his eyes. "The kids!" he protested against her loud moaning.

"I don't care!" she fought back at his grip on her, trying to hold her still.

"But..?" Curt seemed flustered. Bea didn't let him finish. She leaned down and crushed her lips

against his in a heated kiss, digging her tongue into her husband's mouth!

"Mmnggh - mmmmngh!" Curt's hands left her hips and found her shoulders, fighting to force her back and off of him. "What - what time is it?!" he gasped from their kiss, turning his head to search for the clock.

"Time for you to give me this cock!" Bea roared like an angry lioness, leaning all her weight into his palms upon her shoulders, but he did not let her come back to him.

"But..." Curt went on, not at all getting into his wife's rhythm, but struggling against her. "I - I have to get ready for work, and..." his gaze turned to their open bathroom door. Past the door, to the medicine cabinet above the bathroom sink.

"You need me to get you one of your pills, baby?" Bea sauntered, rolling her hips, grinding hot pussy over limp cock, sounding on edge. Sounding as if she'd lost her mind!

"Umm..." Curt shrunk beneath her, his cock with him. Twenty years her senior and a busy man, Curt now always needed that tiny little pill if he was ever to get hard and make love to his wife. It was typically a slow and well planned out affair - their Saturday nights together - but Bea was hungry for it now!

"I... I'm sorry honey, but I have an important eight o'clock meeting..." he mumbled. Bea didn't seem to hear a word of it, still riding him as hard and as wild as he had awoken to her. "I can't-" he denied her.

"No!" Bea denied him. "Fuck me!" she kept on, her raining pussy soaking past her husband's boxer's, matting his grayed pubes beneath entirely!

"Beatrice! Could you quiet down!" Curt looked anxiously back to the bedroom door that led out into the house.

"NO!" she shouted even louder!

"BEATRICE!" the usual, gentle Curt finally became animated, but far from what his wife was looking for. He suddenly grasped her, and slung her off his lap!

"CURTICE?!" Bea gasped, shocked and stupified as she landed on her side upon the bed.

"I'm sorry..." the loving husband softened immediately at his wife's hurt and damaged look. "I... I just don't have time for this right now..." he tried to explain, reaching for and stroking her soft shoulder.

"No, I..." Bea blinked profusely, as if she'd been lost, coming back from some alternate universe and discovering herself here for the first time. "I - I'm sorry..." she could hardly bring herself to look her husband in the eye, shaking her head, tears already welling in her own. "I... I don't know what came over me..." she sounded distraught.

That was a lie. The images... the images of her dream were still there, shaming her, burning her face a fierce red. She tried to push them away once more, to deny them, but they were there.

"I..." she quickly rolled out of bed and headed for the bathroom, not daring to look back.

"Beatrice..?" Curt called after her, sounding wounded.

"No!" she said a little too forcefully. "No..." she quickly corrected herself, grabbing her robe off the back of the door and wrapped it tightly about herself, drawing its tie so tight it cut at her hips. "I just..." she tried to explain, but had no excuse. No excuse... that she could admit to him.

"Tonight?" Curt tried to sound more cheerful, the moment ruined.

"Huh?" Bea quipped, flustered.

"Tonight," Curt repeated. "We'll pick back up where we left off?"

"Oh..." she still couldn't look at him, feeling vile and dirty all of a sudden. "Yeah..." she said, already starting for their bedroom door. "I mean... yes. Yes! I... I'll get breakfast started!" she rushed out, Curt watching her go.

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"Morning."

"AYEE!" Bea nearly slung the carton of milk into the air as young Lindsey entered the kitchen in her pajamas, Argos close behind her.

"Uh... everything okay?" Lindsey stopped in her tracks, and asked a bit suspiciously.

"Y-yes!" Bea spouted, fumbling around like a clumsy buffoon. Bea could hear the shower from their bedroom. Curt was cleaning up and soon to join them. Mickey would roll out of bed just in time to rush out the door.

"Of - of course," Bea realized her antics, and tried to recover. "Why wouldn't it be?" she sounded doubtful, but thankfully, Lindsey let it go and took her place at the table.

"Need any help?" the girl asked sweetly. Bea knew Lindsey didn't like her much... well, that wasn't true. Lindsey was a sweetheart, but simply wouldn't ever let Bea replace her lost mother. That was understandable, and Bea never held it against the girl. Their relationship was not like that of Curt and Mickey's at any rate.

"I..." Bea started, but then became distracted as Argos soon followed the girl over, and laid his head tenderly within Lindsey's lap. Lindsey stroked it.

"Hmrh-hagh-haghk!" Bea started coughing and choking erratically, having to brace herself on the kitchen counter.

"Are you sure you're okay?!" Lindsey bolted up out her seat to come to Bea's aid!

"Yes! Yes I'm fine!" Bea pulled back. Argos was there as well, right behind the girl, looking about excitedly, tail wagging!

Bea's eyes landed on Lindsey. So young. So pretty. So innocent. The girl had gorgeous, flowing brown hair and sparkling green eyes, just like her own eyes. Lindsey was thin, almost too thin, with a thin waist and long, thin legs. She hadn't been blessed with that big of breasts, nothing like Bea's ample melons, but her teen cleavage was still evident, and Bea doubted any boy would complain. The girl looked like an angel. And then, to her side... that devil! That devil that took advantage of her! Bea still couldn't believe it.

"I - I'm fine!" Bea turned away and clutched at the sink. "Why don't you put Argos out back and I'll

finish breakfast, okay..?”

“Uhhh... okay. Sure?” it was an odd request, and Lindsey didn’t miss it. But...

“Ahhh...” Bea sighed a huge sigh of relief as Lindsey nevertheless obeyed, and called Argos to follow her outside. “Good girl...” Bea spoke to herself.

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Busy. Bea kept herself busy all day. Made herself busy. Forced herself to be busy. The kids were off to school, and with Curt at work, that meant that Bea was home alone. Home alone with... the beast. Argos. She didn’t allow herself a moment’s rest. Not a moment to stop and think about... “No!”

Well, that wasn’t entirely true. She’d stopped to refill her wine glass whenever it ran empty. That was three bottles ago now, and she was feeling quite... just about right.

Bea didn’t work. She didn’t have a “real” job, that is. She was a stay at home mom. Curt made more than enough for the both of them, and that didn’t include the money she’d tucked away from her “rock star” days. By the investments and returns Curt’s firm had made with her savings and the royalties she still collected, there was no need to work.

They lived in a huge, beautiful house in the best neighborhood in town – a gated community with each house sat upon a large, private acre lot. They drove fancy cars, took expensive vacations, and never wanted for anything. So... she was at home. Alone. With Argos.

The back door.

For the better part of ten minutes, Bea just stood there, staring at that back door. Argos was an inside dog. He’d been out there all morning. He’d want to come in by now. She didn’t have to let him in, but... she hated this. Hated these images she was seeing. The video replaying. The dream she’d had. It was stupid!

Argos was... just a *dog*. She’d lived with him for five years now, nothing out of the ordinary. Never. Ever. She could let him in. It was stupid, foolish not to. No need to be so scared. No need to let this rule her, “change things.”

But as Bea contemplated opening that back door, she hugged her gown tighter over her body. She was still in her robe. She had nothing on beneath her robe. She felt... vulnerable.

This thought made Bea feel even more foolish. She was always *just* in her robe. This was *just* another day. In fact, there were many times when she had the house all to herself – herself and Argos – that she went around in nothing at all, completely naked.

It had never stopped her before. She loved being naked. Loved the freedom. Loved the cool, brisk air over her nude, bare skin. She was proud of her body. She may be getting up there in years, but she was still as fit and as tone as they came. Countless hours spent in the gym and at yoga class saw to that. And she had a young face. She still got I.D.’ed when she tried to buy alcohol – at thirty-eight! She had solid, long legs, that every man looked up and down in passing. A flat belly that any mother would be jealous of. And to top it all off, huge but firm ass and tits ta-boot! She loved it all. Was proud of it all. *Why?* Why change all that now?

“He’s just a dog!” became her mantra as she stared at that back door. This was foolish. Dumb. She

was the *master!* ...?

With her internal dilemma unsettling her, Bea finally sucked it up, and reached for the knob. A pause. She gulped. She considered going and putting on a little something... *more*.

"No!" she refused, growing angry with herself. She wouldn't let... *him*, rule her day. She wouldn't let *this* change things. She was just going to have to get past this. With a budding courage and adrenaline coursing, Bea dared, twisted the knob, and slung the door open!

And Argos! Mighty, beautiful Argos! Argos.... he was there, waiting for her! Waiting to jump and tackle her! Argos throwing his mighty weight atop her, dropping her to her hands and knees! Argos mounting her! Gripping her! Fucking her! Argos! Argos! A dog! A dog fucking her!

"YESSSS!" Bea exploded, every fiber, every cell of her body lighting on fire with a bursting, longing need!

"Whagh?!" she just as quickly jumped away, shielding her terrified face beneath her hovering arms!

But... nothing. Bea timidly peaked out from around her sheltering limbs. Argos... casually waltzed inside, trailing around and past the heaving, frantic woman, barely sparing her a second glance as he headed to his favorite spot by the hearth. He laid down, and rested his chin atop his crossed front paws.

"Dear god!" Bea lost it, sucking in a deep and desperate breath to refill her depleted lungs! She fell forward from weak knees, and collapsed the door shut with her weight as she beat her stupid, stupid head against it!

"Get a hold of yourself, woman!" she bit at her bottom lip, trying to prevent its quivering and her frantic, frantic breathing. "It... it's just all in your head!" she twisted around to spare a glance at the said beast in question.

A beautiful, handsome beast... she felt herself cream. She was hot, but... Argos looked... uninterested?

"O-okay..." she battled to recompose herself. A small, oh so small tingle in the back of her mind was... disappointed? *Was she not good enough for him? Was she now just an old hag, not even enough to turn on a horny dog?* Bea thought of her own husband denying her this morning...

"Stop that!" the thought came and went, denied! Bea would not let herself think such things. She pretended as if she hadn't.

"It's... okay. This is... good," she spoke aloud, though she didn't sound so sure of herself. Bea shook her head, shaking out any further thought.

She then... waited. Her body was tight and stiff, but... writhing. Hands sliding. Staring at the dog. Nothing from Argos. He didn't move. Didn't even bother to lift his head.

"You're fine..." Bea went on talking to herself, gripping and grasping at her tits. She drew still. She realized her legs were still moving. She glanced down. Her gown had fallen open, her hands now all that were covering her most generous breasts.

And her legs? They were moving, churning, twisting... rubbing back and forth together. The insides of her thighs were slick against one another. She... she was wet. Clit throbbing. In heat. Wet and

gushing and sex throbbing!

Still watching the dog and leaning back against the door, Bea's legs... parted. A dare! But... nothing. Her breath became heavier. She stopped thinking. Daring to see what would happen, she shifted her legs out wider, and dropped her hands to part the slits of her robe open wide. She willingly exposed her bare pussy to the dog. Argos... did nothing.

"Huh?" Bea suddenly realized what she was doing, and became disgusted with herself!

"You!" she unleashed her ire upon Argos. "You just stay where you are!" she scolded the poor mutt for no reason whatsoever. Bea turned and stomped off, making her way to... somewhere? Her brain was a pile of mush. She wasn't too sure where she was going?

The buzzer in the laundry room went off. "Right!" she said, nodding her head determinedly, and carried on her way, trying to ignore her bodies blatant response to the presence of the dog. Her bodies response... and for the second time this day... a feeling of just a little bit hurt. No one - thing - seemed to be interested in her. She frowned, pitying herself.

*'Old housewife...'* circled her mind, denying her, drowning her.

Her mind reeling with a million different things - things she didn't want to think of - Bea suddenly found herself within the laundry room. Clothes ready. The basket was full. Full with Mickey's clothes from yesterday. She needed to empty it. Bea angrily grabbed it, and stomped off up the stairs to her son's room.

As if passing from one point to the next unaware, Bea suddenly found herself standing before the closed door to Mickey's room. She hadn't forgotten the last time she'd done this, but... repeating the act from yesterday, she braced a knee, balanced the basket to free a hand, turned the knob. Slowly, carefully, she opened it.

The room was still and empty. But... the computer was there. That computer. That monitor. The screen was blank, but it was there. The monitor was staring her down as if it had eyes itself. Bea gulped.

"You're fine..." she told herself, and forced her own eyes to Mickey's chest-of-drawers. She moved, setting the basket on top, and proceeded to put his clothes away, making herself busy once more - distracting herself.

Something... something blinking at her. Bea looked. It was the CPU beneath Mickey's desk. The computer was on, just asleep. Bea stood erect. She looked back to the door, then back to the computer. She clutched at the cleavage of her gown. Her hand felt good on her breasts. She stalled, playing with "her girls" for a little too long to be seemly. Her hand slipped beneath the gown.

On there, her son had a video of Lindsey. Of Lindsey... and Argos. Bea swallowed. Lindsey... *whatever*. That was her own business. Lindsey wasn't her daughter. That would be Curt's business, if... if it ever came to that. Bea found herself pitying the poor girl. She prayed it wouldn't.

Bea tried to not let herself judge the young girl too harshly. She remembered what it was like to be young... young and dumb and battling those new, strange, raging emotions - hormones... Maybe Argos had just been her way of...?

Bea couldn't let her mind wander there. Couldn't! Not now. Not ever again!

Lindsey didn't have a mother. She just... needed help. *'Maybe I should just talk to her..? Not about... that. But about... a sex talk?'* Bea thought to herself. And the more and more she thought about it, the more confident she became. The more she liked the idea. *'Yes. She just needs a woman to talk to her about the "Birds and the Bees," and then... she'll understand she shouldn't - that she didn't need to be doing that with... with Argos.'*

Liking her plan, Bea turned and started out Mickey's room, but then... she stopped. "Mickey..."

Mickey was her son. Her responsibility. She loved him, but... she couldn't trust him. Not with something like this. Not with... that video. She... she needed to do something about it. She needed to delete it.

Mickey shouldn't have something like that! And what would he do when he discovered it was gone? Wasn't like he could confront her, or anyone else about it for that matter. Bea turned back, and sitting in her son's chair, she took the mouse and shook the computer awake.

"Yes. Delete it."

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### **Chapter Three: Busted!**

An empty room, walls colored pink. An empty, well made bed, covers covered floral. But, the room was not empty. The woman heard movement, voices echoing from out the headphones laid across her son's desk. The woman looked to those headphones, eyeing them, stalling... contemplating? She'd only opened the video to ensure she'd found the right file, not to actually...

The image of the empty room told her she'd found the right file, but she'd been jolted anew by yet another discovery... *'Could this be right?'*

She'd thought - expected there to be only a single video, not... A form moved into the screen, distracting her. That of a young and thin and most beautiful - most naked girl.

"Oh!" the woman jumped in her seat, forgetting her most recent dilemma as she hastily fumbled with the mouse, jerking it over and clicking furiously to close out the window, cut off video before she saw anything more! It closed, and safe once more, the woman found herself rattled and panting, breathing heavy again, body tight and angsty.

Back within the main file, she scrolled down... and down, and down, adding the stacked icons in quick, rough estimation. There had to be twenty, thirty, forty, possibly even fifty videos here! And all saved within a folder conveniently labeled "Homework" on her son's desktop.

"I..." she was left flabbergasted, never having expected all this. *'They couldn't possibly all be of...'* she questioned doubtfully. She decided that she needed to check just one more to be sure, and then... and then she would delete them all. She double clicked on a random one down the page.

A new window popped up. The screen went black with the player, an hour glass spinning as the video loaded. The short wait felt like hours. The woman glanced back over her shoulder, as if afraid of being caught. When she turned forward again, the video had already begun.

The second started just as the first. An empty pink, familiar room. An empty floral, familiar bed. She quickly closed this one too.

"Are they all of..?" she could hardly believe it. She opened another random one. Just the same. Same walls. Same bed. Same room. The woman sat dazed for a moment, letting this all sink in. *Forty to fifty videos of... of..?*

Knowing the girl, it seemed impossible! Once - an accident, a curiosity explored - she could accept that, but... this?! *This* was something else entirely!

And then, just as with the first... voices. A voice echoing out from the headphones. She heard innocent giggling. And then... barking. *Barking?!*

"Stay!" that voice commanded firmly through the headphones. As if by reflex, without stopping to think what she was doing, the woman grabbed them in a rush and put them over her ears, just in time to see that same silhouette as before glide into the frame!

"Huagh!" the woman gasped, covering her astonished mouth with one hand, clenching at the mouse with the other - as if she hadn't already expected this. Stunned senseless, she... did nothing. She watched. She... waited, finger raised and primed above the left button to close the video at a moments notice.

A girl. A very cute girl. A cute brunette with pale white, soft smooth skin glid through her room and over to sit on the very edge of that bed. A cute... naked girl. Completely naked. A naked girl she knew. Breaths heavier. Pulse faster.

Oblivious to the fact that she was being spied upon, the girl carefully leaned back upon her elbows, putting her entire lean and lavish young body on full display.

"What are you..?" the woman whispered, seeing the girl in a whole new light.

The girl was very thin, yes, her body late to mature, but the woman had seen that tight, voluptuous little derriere as she'd sauntered across the screen. It was... *perfect*. With perfectly sculpted globes, perfectly dimpled! With perfectly rounded slopes, perfectly creased and lined beneath them! Perfect to grab! To spank! Perfect to punish and turn red with your hand!

"Huh?" the woman balked, conscious of her thoughts only after they had already registered. But... she'd no sooner realized her folly, than her darker side was already traipsing on to the next.

*'Those hips...'* The girl's waist, just like her shoulders, were most delicate and narrow. They revealed that late pubescent for one her age, making what the woman was watching feel even more taboo. More... *intriguing!*

And while they complimented the girl's image of purity and innocence to a "tee," as she leaned back onto her bed and elbows, the girl revealed a blossoming hour glass figure with an even tighter, more narrow belly - not an ounce of fat anywhere... *anywhere*, but upon that all too recently budding bosom!

Those young, pert breasts didn't give a millimeter as she fell. Perfectly round, perfectly proportioned, with small, perfectly pink perky nipples! They were absolutely delectable, untouched by the wear of time and gravity!

*'Oh, to be young again!'* the woman thought. Her thoughts were once again quickly interrupted. Interrupted by... by *whining*.

As the girl positioned herself, desperate pleading sounded from the background, disrupting the



woman's trance as she studied the girl's body. It was terrible and pitiful whining - an animal being tortured!

"Ohhh, what's wrong, baby?" the girl hummed remorsefully, sticking out her bottom lip in mock pout. Her gaze was off and away, somewhere beyond the screen. "You miss mama's pussy?"

"WHAA'!?" the woman heaved, shell shocked, not believing such vulgar words could come from that angel's mouth!

The girl began to tease, gently sliding her legs up and down against one another and rolled her hips. The pitiful whining grew even louder, straining the woman herself by its sheer anxiety!

"Lindsey, what are you..?" the woman breathed, shocked by the girl's audacity, but before she could finish the thought, the girl parted her legs, and revealed a cleanly shaven, bare, perfectly lined slit.

"Damn!" it was beautiful, and the woman found herself fawning at the consummate image of the young, pristine pussy, completely untouched by man's abuse. And it didn't end there.

"Errrugh!" the animal begged pitchedly!

"Nah-ah!" the girl chastised the wounded beast still unseen. "Staaay..." she continued to torture him, as she then gently rolled, resting her weight on one elbow to free the other, and brought her fingers to her lips.

"Mmm!" she sucked two in. *Sucked!* Sucked and hummed on them wantonly as if they were a cock! The woman felt her blood pressure rising, spiking through the roof!

"Lindsey?!" Bea guffawed with disbelief as the girl slurped her spit coated fingers out from between her lips, and seductively ran them down her lean, tight body! Down to begin feeling and kneading at her young, pert, teenage tits!

This was most definitely not the eighteen year old girl Bea knew, but without thought, without even realizing what she was doing, the woman's free hand found her own heaving, swollen tits, and began to prod and squeeze at them with the girl!

And while watching the teen explore, not blinking, Bea slipped her fingers beneath the slats of her loose robe to place heated skin upon heated skin. First one side and then the other, she absently folded the satin clothe back and around her monstrous globes, pinning it open and her tits out, before beginning to pinch and pull at her own hard nipples - just the same as the girl was treating hers!

*And it didn't end there.*

"Staaay..." the girl repeated, watching off screen carefully as she wound her hand further down, tickling her soft belly... alllll the way down.

"Huh?" Bea gasped, but found herself matching the girl's movements, her hand dropping with hers, peeling open the rest of her robe. Lindsey's legs parted, and so did Bea's. Lindsey's fingers disappeared between the vee of her writhing legs, as did Bea's!

"Ungh!" the two grunted in unison at they found their swollen and thrumming clits, rolling and massaging them beneath wandering fingers!

"Yesss!" together, they parted their wet labia, searching, needing more. Needing deeper!

"Oh shit!" the two aped as their legs spread even wider, and they sank a finger in to their spilling, heated holes!

"Oh, gawd! Come on, boy! Come to mama!" the Lindsey on screen cried, head falling back as she kicked her knees out. She hurriedly slipped her finger out her pussy and tapped it for him, showing him where she wanted him! The slap was wet and juicy and delicious – an invitation no man could refuse!

"Oh-ungh!" Bea could only groan with envy, likewise kicking out her knees, but without anyone to tap her wet and needy pussy for!

And then, as if she hadn't already known, as if she hadn't expected it, as if she didn't know who was the one waiting impatiently upon the girl, whining pathetically off screen...

"Oh, no! Lindsey, don't!" Bea froze, guffawing as Argos – mighty Argos! – came charging into the scene!

Dog. A black dog. A big, powerful black dog! A brute! A black Doberman Pinscher suddenly dove between the girl's spread legs, and began lapping feverishly at once upon the girl's hairless cunt!

"Fuck!" a pitched, heightened moan escaped from Lindsey's core as she cried openly! A curse the woman mimicked as she watched the girl and the dog on screen.

And as the dog lapped and slobbered over wet cunt, tossing and throwing the girl's small body, sending it twisting and bucking... the woman dug another finger into her foaming cunt, and began shoving them as fast and as deep as she could bury them!

"FUGHCK!" both girls moaned as the dog ate the most pink, pristine pussy you'd ever laid eyes on!

Tongue! Tongue lapping! Tongue lashing! Tight, pink pussy folded open! Split open! Tight, pink pussy gushing, feeding the beast! Gyrating! Hips winding! Not pulling away... but presenting! Pressing into his beastly snout!

Wet! Wet and sloppy! Dog slurping! Head twisting! Swiveling! Tonguing! Loud! Working, searching for the best angle! Beast! Dog tongue eating girl's pussy! *Unreal!*

Girl's head tossing! Tossed! Whipping in the midst of a wild, rapturous orgasm! Knees shot up into the air! The girl grabbed them and held them open! Legs wider! Moans and moaning! Heat! Higher! Faster! An explosion surging! Building! From a dog's tongue! Vivid. Real. Not a dream!

A sudden, desperate gasp. The dog's giant head popped up from between the tiny girl's spread legs. In one, quick bound, the dog was atop the bed and girl! The girl shrieked, half crying, half giggling, pulling back and away, crawling out from beneath the dog!

"NO!" the woman cried, clutching at the desk with one hand, fingers buried to their knuckles with the other, she afraid it might all end here!

It didn't end. The girl flipped over onto her hands and knees and raced away from him, but the dog gave chase! The bed was small, no room to flee. Terrible angst as the woman watched and waited!

"Come on!" Bea begged as the dog caught up with the teasing girl. "She want's it!"

Relief. The girl, she... she was only teasing him. Playing hard to get. She was laughing, wild and free and far from all care or worry.

Hope! The with her passion burning, Bea stared intently at the screen, holding her breath, not blinking, as if willing the next act to take place. The next act... that she remembered, that she'd seen before, that she'd seen in her dreams.

Circles. Circling. Lindsey pushing Argos away. Girl fleeing dog. Suspense! Dog chasing girl. The inevitable. Dog caught girl. The dog jumped. Mounting! The dog grasped at her hips with his claws.

"Yes!" Bea sang triumphantly, her fingers beginning to pump again!

The girl still played. Laughing, she pushed his paws away.

"No!" Nerves! Bea froze again, bent, panting, waiting at the edge of her seat!

The dog grew serious. Grew determined. He growled at the girl. Warned her.

"That's it!" Bea all but yelled at the screen, encouraging the dog! "Tell her!"

A pause. A pause in the action. The dog waited for his bitch to grow still. To submit. The bitch stopped. On hands and knees, the girl looked back. Fire in her eye. She looked down. Mouth watering, her eyes grew wide. Wider. Hunger. Hungrier.

"You know you want it!" Bea ground out, pumping her pussy!

Something suddenly caught Bea's attention. An exclamation point! Red. Red and raw and angry! A penis. No, a dick. A cock! She felt her mouth begin to water along with her gushing pussy. A long, red, veined beastly spear thrust out from beneath black, furry sheath. So grotesque. So scary. So... animal.

Dog. Dog cock. Cock. A real cock! COCK! Dog cock meant for girl. So beautiful!

"Fucking cock!" Bea hummed, pumping her pussy as hard and as fast as she could as Lindsey on screen rolled and rocked her thin, lithe body, all the way from knees to hands. Tiny, tight ass to narrow, feminine shoulders. Slim body hot and heated and ready. Panting. Heaving.

"Okay..." Lindsey muttered, nodding to Argos. She shimmied her knees out wide, wider, bracing herself for the impact to come. Bea's knees widened with her until her muscles burned!

Dog stepped forward. Slow. Determined. His intentions clear. Woman pumping fingers, drooling out over her chin.. Black eyes eying an open, primed and wet gash. Nose. Nosing, sniffing strong. Woman drew closer, sniffing, as if trying to smell it herself. A sweet, pungent aroma throbbing, stiffening his dangling red cock. The smell of her own hot pussy wafted up into the woman's nostrils.

"Yes!" the girl gasped at his touch. Telling him. Giving him the okay.

"Yes!" the woman mimicked!

One paw up. Leg over hip. Then the other. Heavy, furry black chest rose up to fall over pale white flesh. The moment arrived! A sudden jerk! A jump! The dog's hind legs kicked, dancing, thrusting hips forward!

"Yes! Fuck her!" Bea screamed, discovering herself needing to see this raw and primal act!

Cock! Dog cock! Red! Raw! Animal! Searching! Searching for... girl! Crimson cock searching for pink wet pussy! Dog searching for girl!

Cries! Cries and grunts, yelps and howls! Were they coming from the headphones?! Were they coming from the woman?!

Black body humping, shifting! Mighty paws closing, gripping over tiny waist! Mount and mounting! Black over white! And then... and then thrusting. Wild, rapid, savage thrusting! Cock! Cock searching for a home! For a hole to embed itself within!

"Gawd! Give it to him!" Bea ground threw gritted jaw.

Braced. Braced and bracing. On just one arm, the girl's other reached down to search itself. Hand open, wandering, reaching, searching blindly. Reaching, searching between her own spread legs. The woman's hand searched down with her, grinding over her flushed cunt, rubbing her clit raw!

Found. Glistening red meat sliding over pale white palm. Fingers twisting, gripping, taking in the heat!

"Oh, fuck!" Bea hummed fiercely at her pinging, thrumming clit!

Girl lifting! Girl guiding! Dog haunches humping! Dog spear stabbing! And then... and then mark hit. A howl. A pitched, high yelp to announce it all! Penis into pussy! Hungry dog cock thrust into needy girl cunt! Three woman's fingers buried back into gushing woman's cunt mimicking that huge cock!

And then fucking! FUCKING! All hell broke loose! Wild! Hard! Fast and faster! The savage beast broke free and began to fuck the girl's brains out! Woman fucking her own brains out with her fingers!

A Piston! Pistoning! Pounding! An engine rearing! Roaring! Driving! Red into pink! A hammer! Hammering! A hammer falling! A hammer sledging! A jack-hammer beating its meat! A hammer giving! GIVING! Giving what the woman's fingers could never hope to give!

"OH GAWD! OH SHIT!" Bea mimicked Lindsey's yelps and pleas, crying and bawling with pure lust and pleasure erupting out of her! A lewd, wanton sex as she came and came with need!

Rubbed and rubbing! Hard and fierce! Nipples pulled! Nipples pinched, squeezed with nail's pierce! Cunts taken! Cunts worked! Clits throbbing! Clits forked!

A fire broken! A new need raging! A fire unyielding, unsatiated. The only gift given by the dog's gifted emancipation. Dog cock! Dog cock! Screaming at her! Dog cock! "Give me dog cock!" Blistering in blur! An orgasm! An orgasm! Cast high upon a mountain! Fire! Fire! Fed by his thirst quenching fountain!

Drifting. Sifting. Floating upon cloud nine. Nothing ever so hot, so great, so very, very fine! Breathe. Breaths. Gasping. Pleading. Lungs depleted. Gasping! Needing!

Black. Black. From red to white. Black the color. Black the knight! Ground. Grounding! Returning from up high. What she might find, when she discovered herself beaten so blight?

A dog. A dog... so wrong. So wrong. An orgasm so high... so high. So right. So right.

"Fuughck!" Bea collapsed over her son's desk, burying her face in her arms. She took a long, long

time to catch her heavy and ragged breath.

Videos. There were videos. Not just one, but many. Lots of videos. Bea searched through more of them. All of Lindsey and Argos. How many times had the girl fucked this dog?!

Bea looked down. Her robe was fully open and cast aside. Her abundant juices were puddled within her son's chair. She'd just cum. She'd just cum from watching her step-daughter with their dog. Argos. She'd just... cum? She'd cum hard. Mind shattering hard.

Wholly confused by her swirling emotions, Bea folded her arms back across her son's desk and buried her face in them once more. Having cum harder than she could last remember, it was going to take her awhile to gather herself and think of what to do next.

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Lindsey's room.

Mindless, like a zombie entranced, Bea had stood and left Mickey's room without so much as deleting a single video. She hadn't even bothered to close the loaded folder she'd open, much less the last clip she'd just watched.

By evidence of the videos, Bea knew that Mickey had somehow discovered Lindsey's little secret, and had been recording her without the girl's knowing. Somewhere within this room, her devious son had hidden a camera. Bea had to find it. What she would do when she did... she wasn't yet sure.

She looked around, trying to judge by the angle of the shot as to where Mickey had hidden it. Lindsey's dresser was to the left, looking out across her room and bed. It had to be somewhere in there. Cluttered by a number of objects, however, it was not so obvious as to where.

Bea approached and scanned the dresser carefully. A mirror oversaw all. Nothing out of the ordinary. She looked behind. Nothing. An abundant number of pieces of make-up, hair ties, perfume, and other trivial, girly things were spread across. All were useless and would change places often.

There were photos. Dance trophies. Medals draped, but nowhere to hide a camera. And then... an old stereo. A stereo with many gadgets and facets. Bea had passed it over at first, but short of anything else, she circled back.

She looked closer now, bending and hovering over. Again, nothing at first. It was a busy piece of machinery, but then... Perched in its upper left corner and blending in with the rest, there was a little black dot that appeared to serve no purpose.

Bea looked closer still, studying it. At its center... a tiny, bulbous glass. A lens. Obviously a lens. An eye, her warped reflection looking right back at her. The device itself was no bigger than a nickel, a quarter inch thick, and the lens no larger than a pebble at its center. All in all, it was hardly noticeable. It blended in perfectly with the rest. One would have to really be looking for it.

Bea fingered it. It was stuck on solid, but as she looked over the stereo more carefully... definitely something foreign - no purpose for it being there that she could discover. Bea stood back up and turned to Lindsey's bed, judging if the angle was right. She repositioned herself with her back to that little black dot, facing the same angle that it was aimed. The angle was right.

Bea moved, slowly, one foot in front of the other, careful to stay on a straight path. Her loose robes flowed out beside her swaying hips. She hadn't bothered to retie it since... well, since Mickey's

room.

Bea drew up beside Lindsey's bed, directly at its center. She spun. She sat down. She looked at that stereo with the little black dot and lens at its corner that did not belong. It was looking right back at her, staring at her. Bea swallowed, breasts jiggling in open air.

Sound. Movement. Bea's head snapped towards the door, tits with it. Busted! Her heart leapt into her throat. Butterflies invaded her belly. Busted by none other than...

"Ar-Argos...?" Bea rasped with nervous jitters.

A dog. *The* dog. Tall and sleek and handsome, he stood in Lindsey's door frame watching her. His head was tilted curiously to one side, almost as if asking, "*What are you doing in here?*"

"What...?" Bea responded, trying to sound bold, but her white knuckles gripping tightly at the edge of the bed told a different story.

Argos took a step forward, and suddenly Bea found herself on edge - on *the* edge. The edge of sanity, her world quickly spilling over it. His nose lifted and began to sniff at the air. Bea tensed up and leaned back and away from the beast.

Another step, and Bea's heart began to pound in her ears. She clenched even tighter upon the corner of the bed, preventing herself from spiraling into space! She didn't miss it. Leaning back like this... this was just like, "Oh, no..." the video.

"Don't..." Bea warned him, pressing her thighs tightly and safely together, but otherwise didn't dare move an inch. '*No sudden movements.*'

Step. Bea heaving, chest and bare bosom rising and falling erratically. Another step. Bea becoming frantic, shivering and shaking with anticipation. Steps, the beast drawing closer and closer still, nose sniffing harder and harder, zeroing in on...

"I'm-not-her!" Bea suddenly squealed, realizing her coming in here was probably a mistake. Argos came right up, and pressed his nose between her clenched knees.

"Wha'... W-what-do-you-want?" she panted breathlessly, the words rushed and pressed together. She... she was here. In this room. In Lindsey's room. In... *his* room. Argos nosed her closed knees harder, as if trying to pry them open, looking expectantly.

"Oh!" Bea gasped, jumping as his warm, smooth tongue rolled out and lapped over her bare knees! She was leaning back and away, terrified and afraid! She looked down. Her robes were folded over at her sides, leaving her completely nude and vulnerable. A mistake! She couldn't find the will to correct it.

Argos nosed her again, more intent this time, more forcefully, trying to press himself between her closed legs. Bea hadn't forgotten. This... this is what he had done to... to Lindsey. What Lindsey had let be done to her. Here. Just like this. On this very bed! And now she was... he was... *here*.

"Please don't!" Bea begged him, as if she'd lost all power, all control, and this dog was an unstoppable force! As if all she could do was beg and plead and hope that he wouldn't... but Argos continued to lap at her bent knees, raking goosebumps up and down her!

"Oh! Oh, god! Oh, no!" she gasped again at his tender caress, feeling herself starting to slip,

unwillingly beginning to melt! Bolts of electricity shot up her legs in wave after wave as he continued to lick at them, all charging, all culminating, gathering in her loin!

"No..." she said, but her voice was weak and distant, far, far away. "I'm not... oh!" she was caught off guard as Argos raised his head started and continued to lap up and along her smooth, bare thighs. Mindlessly, without thought or control, Bea's legs began to part. Just an inch or so, but... parted!

"Wow!" Bea convulsed, shaken and surprised by the force, by the smooth, delicate swab of the canine's broad tongue over her quaking legs.

"You shouldn't..." she rasped, but her head was already falling back, her eyes searching blindly across the bare ceiling. Her weight was tilting onto her elbows, and her legs... inch by giving inch, the dog was working up and between them. They were opening without her knowing.

"I can't!" was Bea's last and final plea as Argo's tongue trailed higher and higher, and eventually found... "Oh, hell!" Found her burning, already prepped cunt!

"FUGHCK ME!" Bea exploded at first touch, and came hard and hard at once! "YOU FUCKING BEAST! YES! LICK MY CUNT!" she was instantly stolen, given over to the dark side of temptation! And as if by reflex, her knees kicked up and high into the air!

Argos's tongue was everywhere and all at once! Too strong! Too intense! Spreading her open! Across her asshole! Up her gash! Teasing her clit! Broad! Broad and forceful! Forceful and amazing!

"OH DAMNNN!!!" mind blowing after mind blowing orgasm rocketed up and consumed her! Owned her! Bea bent her knees and spread her legs wider and wider into the air with each lap of his tongue, until she finally broke completely and flopped her back down onto the bed. She used her hands to reach down and around her hips, and gripped either ass cheek, yanking them wide open wide for him - for that tongue!

"Yes! Just like that!" she tossed and whipped atop Lindsey's bed. Her back arched high, and head and shoulders writhed, twisting and churning back and forth!

"Oh shit! Your tongue's in my ass!" Bea had never felt such pleasure, had never been touched here before! Orgasm after orgasm raked over her! Destroying her! And like a bitch in heat - just like the slut she'd watched only minutes ago, Bea became a dog slut herself!

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## **Chapter Four: An Itch**

It was late, the night calm and serene. The sky was clear and littered by its millions of stars, a grand cure for any a troubled soul.

Bea was hidden away out back, beyond the deck and pool and Argos's yard, gazing upon these stars and all their mysterious wonder. She was lost within the maze she called her Garden, one she'd designed and kept manicured all herself. It had become a hobby over the years, with each passing season adding a little here, a little there - now her one and only refuge.

It was filled by a countless number of flowers of all color and variation. Green vines and ivies curled about well placed rocks and boulders, up fruiting trees, and between the budding shrubs and shaped bushes. There was a fish pond to toss pebbles into on a lazy afternoon, fountains for the song birds

to bathe within on a hot summer day. Crushed granite pathways cut through the green of Eden, and marbled statues stood tall and proud above all else. And just like one of those Greek Goddesses herself, so sat Beatrice Busom stoically upon her bench, still and unblinking. There was a lot on her mind at the moment.

She appeared calm like the night, tranquil and at ease, not at all revealing the turmoil taking place inside. She had one knee draped atop the other, her long, smooth legs bare all the way up to robe's hem crumpled at her hips. Her soft skin was radiant and impeccable in the Moon's soft, silvery light.

Bea was leaned casually forward, her wrists overlapped atop her knees. The thumb of her right hand flicked lazily at the butt of a cigarette, her left idly twirling a glass of ice and amber spirits.

Emerald irises gazed off far and away. Bea brought the butt of her cigarette to her lips and took a long, slow drag, chasing the smoke down with a deep draught from her glass. The whiskey was straight, but she did not so much as flinch as it burned her awake. She relished it.

*'The drink...'* Bea eyed her emptying glass with disappointment. Its supplier, a half empty bottle, was sat upon the bench beside her. She was drinking way too much, further evidence of her "old" self returning. Of days supposed to be gone by, but that was only the beginning to her troubles.

Three days. She hadn't been sober for three days now. Couldn't stand the weight of being sober. She'd been so stupid. Three days now since... *then*.

"Stupid," Bea pursed her lips and blew the smoke from her lungs, her gaze unshifting. *So, so stupid*.

"Lindsey..." Bea said the girl's name aloud. *'Lindsey...'* so, so stupid. What in the hell was the girl doing?! All those videos! With Argos! "With a... a - a dog!" Bea just couldn't wrap her mind around it. It was just so... un-Lindsey like. Un-anybody like! Bea wished she'd never gone back and snooped on her son's computer, her good intentions be damned!

"Argos..." she groaned out the next, her thoughts of Lindsey always bringing her right back to him. *'Oh, oh Argos!'* Bea sighed a deep sigh. She wouldn't soon be able to forget him. His never ending presence with her at the house didn't help matters either - a constant reminder of that night and her... *'Was it infidelity? Adultery?'* Was that even possible with... with a dog?

But what was worse, the mere invocation of his name sent an excited shiver coursing down her spine! What she'd done with him... three days ago now... it was never far from her thoughts. It had branded her. Always there, always circling back, prickling at the back of her neck, at the back of her mind - reminding her, creeping back in no matter how hard she tried to force it away

"That tongue..." she couldn't stop herself from admitting. *'Oh, that tongue!'* Argos had licked her to orgasm after Earth shattering orgasm and more! She'd never cum like that before in all her years! She couldn't remember the last time she'd cum, period. Had she ever even cum with Curt?

With Argos... with the dog... she had cum, and like nothing else of memory! It had blasted that door she'd closed long ago right off its hinges! That night... It was a wonder well. She couldn't forget it. Couldn't stop thinking about it.

After Bea had finally managed to climb back down from that high, high mountain of ecstasy delivered unto her by his magnificent tongue, she... she'd discovered Argos had joined her atop the bed - over her - and was already humping her, that red dick out and probing! It had been all she could do to hold the beast off and stop him from fucking her!



*'He'd certainly tried...'* the thought filled her with both dismay, and spread a curious, nervous smile across her lips. Argos – a dog! – had *wanted* her. Wanted to fuck her! It had all played out just like in the video she'd watched of he and Lindsey: Dog jumping atop bed, bitch fleeing away! Dog giving chase! A game... a game to him. A game he was accustomed to winning, and the beast hadn't given up easily.

"A wild, devious game..." Bea said with a sly smirk, before cutting herself off with an chastising frown. She shook her head angrily and kicked herself, trying her best to drive these thoughts out! But... they just wouldn't go. Always back. Always circling.

She took another deep swig from her drink – the drink now all that could save her. She wouldn't yet admit it to herself – couldn't – but at that time, that night, in the heat of the moment – she'd wanted it. Wanted him. Wanted him to catch her! Mount her! Longed for it! Imagined it in her head, pictured herself beneath him like she'd seen Lindsey beneath! Wild, heated sex! Wished for... but *couldn't*.

"Not with a dog!" Bea spouted, forcefully reminding herself of this vile stupidity – as if trying to convince that little demon perched on her shoulder whispering in her ear. She was a good woman now. She was a married woman. Happily married! And the kids... she couldn't! Wouldn't!

But it had been a close one. The mere memory of it sent her pulse racing. She'd just barely made it out of there – just barely spared her poor, needy cunt from that utter disgrace. A great battle had ensued as she'd half scrambled, half crawled, rising and falling, tripping all the way out of Lindsey's room and down that long, long, never ending hall, Argos with her and on her the entire way!

She'd had to flip and turn and roll, screaming and shouting at the pursuing and persistent beast, having to physically beat and shove him off of her time and again! It had been... wild and heated and... *fun!*

"Fun..?" Bea balked, questioning her sanity. *'Terrifying. Horrible, yes, but... fun?'* Bea felt sick to her stomach, the thoughts rising like word vomit, but deny all she wished, she could not forget. "No!" she still tried.

Her spar with Argos had jolted her awake. Made her come alive in a way she hadn't known or felt in years! She'd scooted those last few feet into her room backwards upon her ass... *giggling*. Laughing! Playing and toying with the beast! She'd used her foot against his chest to shove him back and slam her door closed, but she remembered... as the door closed, that deep, consuming regret that the chase was... *over*.

Sex. Sex! Her pussy was wet just thinking about it! She needed to be fucked, and not like how her husband gave it to her. Not sweet, tender love, but... *fucked!* Raw and passionate and all consuming! Again... images of Argos hammering that small, defenseless girl flooded her mind.

"No!" she squeezed her eyes closed and shook her head, shaking the thoughts away. It wasn't the dog she wanted, just... she needed to be fucked. Fucked like Mickey's father used to fuck her! With strong hands and a big dick, taking her!

"Mickey..." Bea needed only think of her son to remind herself of how horrible it was, of how despicable she'd been. That burning in her loin was then replaced by a now frequent pit of despair.

Exhausted from her life altering orgasms and bout with the beast *that* night, Bea'd only just barely managed to crawl into bed. Her head had no more than hit the pillow then she was fast and dreamily asleep. Slept late into the night, until Curt finally awoke her as he came to bed himself.

It had taken her a moment as she roused for the memory to return, but when it finally did... panic! Sheer, utter, all consuming panic! She'd exchanged a few fast, frantic words with Curt, about "What time is it..?" wondering if the clock could be right, and then "Where's Mickey?!"

Curt had been caught off guard by her sudden and odd behavior, left bumbling, but Bea hadn't had the time to stick around and wait for Curt's answers. She'd torn out of the bed and room and raced down their hall like a bat out of hell! But... too late. She'd been too late.

Mickey had already been home for hours by then. His door already shut with him inside. And that... that was the end of it. Not only had she fallen for the trap, going into Lindsey's room where the camera was, but then having been ensnared by desire and done... done *that* with Argos. Even worse, she wasn't entirely sure she'd closed the file or video she'd watched of Lindsey on her son's computer. Mickey would have found all. He... he'd know.

Game over. She'd wept then. Curt hadn't understood. Couldn't. He'd tried to come to her, but she'd pushed him away. There was no way to explain. With shoulders slumped, she'd left a confused Curt to show himself to bed as she trudged downstairs to begin her binge. A binge for three days now.

But, Mickey... God bless the boy! Her son hadn't yet said a thing. Pretended as if the whole ordeal had never happened, and Bea was just as happy to leave it at that. Happy to pretend herself. No way to face it. *'I... I'd die of shame,'* she thought of having to face her son about it.

And nothing seemed changed. Mickey didn't let on at all. Bea even risked hoping - believing it herself. That she'd somehow gotten away with it. That the camera hadn't been on or recording or... whatever. But that was just a pipe dream. Deep down... she knew. *Knew*. Knew he knew.

"Oh, fuck me!" Bea cursed, cutting at herself, her drunken ire spiking! For even worse than the cigarette and the drink in her hand, worse than what she'd done and what her son had no doubt now seen her let be done.... was that itch. *That fucking itch!* The door had been opened, and was not so easily closed again.

It was there. Always there. A constant now. A low simmering, yearning, burning ache deep in her loin. In her mind. In her body. Day and night. Not even the drink could truly spare her. Never did it leave her, let her be in peace. The fervent thrum of her pulsing clit. The endless stream seeping from her quivering slit. The swell of her enlarged breasts. The chaffing of her nipples against her chest!

*'Chaffing...'* Just another constant reminder. Her nipples now forever hard and poking out, they were getting rubbed raw! It had become difficult to even wear clothes, and Bea'd been reduced to staying in her soft, satin robe. The ceaseless drip between her legs was even worse, a regular trip to the bathroom to wipe herself clean.

On top of all of that, over the last three days Bea had become a nervous shit-show. Her family was beginning to take notice. The slightest movement made her jump, always fearing she would turn around to find the beast waiting there for her - that he would do something to out their little secret.

She'd taken to keeping Argos outside all day while it was just them, and retreated into the backyard herself when the kids got home and let him in, but... he was always there. Always reminding her. Always... that draw.

Just the sight of Mickey or Lindsey was enough to turn her red and hem her up, reminding her of her humiliating folly. Thoughts of sex with her tired husband to relieve her desperate itch seemed futile and hopeless, paling in comparison to her thoughts of that rough, hard...

"NO!" Bea was truly going insane!

But Bea needed release. And bad. She was thirsting for it! She'd tried with her fingers to no avail. The handle of her hair brush, a cucumber – goddamn cucumber for crying out loud! But her body would not accept it. Against her will, she could not close that door, could not satisfy that ever growing, day by day exponentially swelling itch. Her body was demanding cock! Real cock. She didn't know what to do?

Left with nothing else and growing later by the second, Bea stood up. She was plenty sodden, and it was late enough that everyone would be in bed, her husband himself fast asleep, so she headed on inside. She needed sleep. To sleep all this off.

Bea checked the clock on the microwave as she entered the kitchen. Ten thirty-seven. Time to go pass out. Again. Filled with a million different thoughts, Bea trudged up the staircase and headed for her bedroom.

"Tee-hee!" Giggling. Bea stopped in her tracks.

The hall was dark. All the way down, her own bedroom door was closed, the lights off. Curt was within, surely asleep. She listened closer. She could hear him snoring. Next door down... Mickey's. Door closed, light on. What he was doing in there? Bea didn't want to think about... *that*.. Past the bathroom and hall closet, the last and final door, the one right directly to her right... Lindsey's.

"Tee-hee! Argos, no!" More giggling. Giggling from... inside.

Bea tried to think. Had she seen Argos downstairs? No. She was sure of it. Lindsey and the bane of her existence were in there now, having the times of their lives! Giggling! Lindsey! With Argos!

Impulse struck. Drunk and not stopping to think about what she was doing, "Rap! Rap! Rap!" Bea rapped rapidly upon Lindsey's door, and without waiting for an answer, she twisted the knob and pushed the door open!

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## **Chapter Five: Played**

"WHAH?!" a tornado spun inside, a nude body racing, covers flying! And Argos... the dog was there. He hopped from the sudden confusion, and cowered at the foot of his Mistress's bed.

"B-Bea... w-what?!" the young girl huffed erratically, her settling floral bedspread hugged up tight beneath her chin so that only her white knuckles and young, pretty face could be seen. Bea said nothing, as seemingly as confused as Argos was.

He stole her breath for a moment. Never had he looked so large, so powerful next to that small girl.

"Uhhh...?" Lindsey finally went on as Bea just stood there, astonished, staring but blank. "C-can I..." the girl glanced nervously at her dog, and the dog at Bea, and Bea at Lindsey. "... Help you with something?" Lindsey squeaked, her face painted crimson. In the long, drawn out silence that followed, Bea took notice of the girl's deep, havoc breathing, hands shaking. Bea noticed that she was doing the same.

"I..." Bea stammered out, at a loss for words and now just as flushed as Lindsey. She blinked a couple of times, as if having just awoken from a deep sleep and wasn't quite sure as to where she

was. Bea looked back over her shoulder, trying desperately to remember why she'd come in here in the first place?

Suddenly feeling so terribly awkward and sorry for the poor girl she'd just intruded upon, Bea considered just turning around and leaving. But then... Argos. A faint glimmer of shock red caught in the corner of Bea's eye from between the dog's haunches. That itch struck her. Bea's legs twinged together, tickling her hardened clit. She was wet. Always wet. *'I have to put an end to this madness!'* her drunken self grew determined.

"I..." Bea began again while stepping in, closing the door behind. "We... w-we need to have a talk..." Bea had no earthly clue as to what she was doing, of what she was saying, but the liquor gave her courage, and one way or the other, she was going to stop this.

With wide, guilt ridden orbs, Lindsey traced every one of Bea's steps as the woman shuffled and stumbled her way over to her bed and spun, robe sifting out as she sat.

"Oh... w-we... we do? A... a t-talk?" Lindsey stammered, looking petrified. Bea's throat was locked up, and she was reduced to nodding. Between the two, you couldn't tell who was having the worst of it.

"Umm, n-now... now's not the best of times?" Lindsey all but whimpered as Bea took a hesitant seat on the edge of her bed, all the while keeping a careful eye on the dog now dangerously close. Lindsey could see his hard dick, and prayed a thousand prayers Bea wouldn't notice. She'd just been giving him a handjob when the woman had burst in!

"It's okay," Bea did her best to sound cool, calm, and collected. She saw how nervous the girl was, and wanted to make her more at ease. Bea tried to look at Lindsey, but was afraid to take her eyes off Argos. "You... you don't have anything to worry about with me," Bea said all too conspicuously. Lindsey gulped.

"Uhhh... what are you talking about?" Lindsey did her best to sound aloof, but she didn't miss the way her daddy's wife kept looking at her dog. *'Had she seen? Did she know?'* fear consumed the poor girl, and Lindsey hugged her blanket just a little tighter about her neck, damn near choking herself with it.

"Argos!" Bea suddenly cried and Lindsey jumped! The damned dog had crawled his way forward and wiggled his snout beneath Bea's arm to try and lick and lap at her face!

"Haha! Stop it!" Bea had been caught off guard, and squinching her face, she was careful to keep her mouth closed and chin up as the dog reached for her lips and cheek. He was left with only the woman's neck and collar and chest, but seemed just fine by that.

"Argos, no!" Lindsey watched Bea wrestle with him, but the dog was obviously much stronger than the woman, and in the jostle, Lindsey couldn't help but notice her step-mom's robe fall open, revealing more and more of her generous bosom. Lindsey had always been jealous of those boobs, wishing hers could be as large. Argos stroked his tongue through the woman's deep cleavage, and the laps sent Bea shivering!

"NO!" Bea's adrenaline surged with the dog's tongue across her tits, recognizing what was happening and in front of Lindsey! She fought to gather her strength, and planting a firm palm on the dog's flank, Bea heaved and shoved Argos to the floor!

"Geez!" Bea was left ruffled and panting. "That dog," she tried to flash Lindsey an innocent smile,

hoping the girl wasn't getting the wrong idea as she shook her head at him, attempting to straighten back down her robe.

For the moment, Argos accepted defeat. With his tail wagging and tongue lolled out panting, he paced back and forth before the woman who had denied him – denied him yet again, patiently awaiting his opening. There wouldn't be a third time.

"Now then..." Bea tried to collect herself and act as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "Our talk," Bea clasped her legs tightly together, pulling her robe as far and as safely down them as she could, all the while cursing herself for being dressed like this with him here. She tried to let none of that tribulation show.

"Huh?! I..." Lindsey was not prepared for this. Any of it. Her mind was already agog at what she'd just seen, not to mention having almost been caught *red* handed by Bea!

"Lindsey," Bea started over. "I know I'm not your mom, and I... I don't mean to intrude into your personal life, but..." Bea could see the horror deepening over Lindsey's face, and tried to be more careful with her words.

"You're young..." Bea explained as best she could. "Your body is changing, hormones..."

"Bea, what are you...?" Lindsey's ears were burning red.

"Boys!" Bea finally blurted out, just as uncomfortable as the girl. She felt this was as good as any an intro into the subject really at hand.

"Oh..." was the only thing Lindsey could say.

"D-do... do you have a boyfriend?" Bea asked.

"Why?" Lindsey asked suspiciously.

"Because!" Bea was anxious, '*Because you're screwing the dog!*' she nearly shouted, but she wasn't that drunk or stupid. She realized how stiff she was sitting, and tried to relax some for Lindsey's sake.

"Because," Bea started over, sounding softer, more confident. "You're eighteen, not a girl anymore, and you're about to head off for college, and..."

"A sex talk?" Lindsey got the gist, surprising herself that she'd just said that, and turned redder for it. At the same time, she was falsely relieved that this wasn't about Argos. "Did daddy put you up to this?"

"Well... yeah?" Bea clung to that as her excuse.

"Bea, thanks – *really* – but..." this couldn't have come at the worst possible time. Argos... pacing.

"Lindsey," Bea interrupted her. "We... we're friends, right? You can talk to me." Lindsey nodded, looking so pure and innocent. She had nothing against the woman.

"And that you can trust me, no matter what? Your father, he doesn't have to-" Bea was setting it all up so nicely, finely getting to what she felt was a heart to heart, when... "Oh!" She'd let her guard down.

The first strike came half way up her open thigh. Bea gasped as the electric surge of it jolted through her, her hands flying instinctively to catch the large dog by his furry head while her legs tried to slam closed, but managed only to clasp the mighty beast about the shoulders!

“Oh?!” Lindsey mimicked Bea’s astonishment, glancing over to find her dog standing between her step-mom’s legs, his tongue lashing out furiously over the woman’s inner thighs! The image of it sent her tight, young pussy gushing!

“One... o-one second!” Bea struggled to keep her shit together, trying to push the large dog back and out from between her legs! She and Lindsey had been connecting, and she didn’t want to lose that momentum!

But fate had interceded. Argos was too strong, and Bea too weak, too sodden, too... “Wow!” she couldn’t hold it in, tossing her head back as the dog’s tongue sent shivers rippling up her! Unbeknownst to her, she and the girl would soon be connecting on a whole other level. Bea’s pussy was too wet, her scent too strong, and little by little, her legs too wobbly, her arms too tired, her will too sapped.

“H-he... he’s a persistent o-one, isn’t h-he? Haha!” Bea said breathlessly, feeling herself slipping, feeling herself losing the battle, and instead tried to laugh it off, make a joke of it. She spared Lindsey a quick, comical glance, attempting to appear guiltless, as if she had no clue as to what the dog was doing. But Lindsey wasn’t looking at her. The girl’s wide, stark eyes were singularly focused between Bea’s legs.

“Uh, Bea..?” Lindsey whimpered, bottom lip trembling.

“Yes!” Bea meant to simply answer, to ask her what was wrong, but all that came out was a pitched, guttural groan! A gasp! A loud, writhing moan!

“Bea?!” Lindsey said more urgently. Argos was wiggling himself in further, higher, Bea unable to stop him!

“Wha’... what’s he doing?!” was the best that Bea could come up with, .

“Huh?” Bea pretended as if she didn’t notice what Argos was doing, her legs, inch by creeping inch, breaking wider and wider as the beast worked his lapping tongue up her bare thighs, forcing his way in! Lindsey’s eyes started darting back and forth, not believing what she was seeing!

“He is... f-friendly..?” Bea attempted again at her crude jokes, attempted again to shove Argos back and act like this wasn’t really happening, but the beast only shoved forward! And then...

“Oh, dear gawd!” Bea had been sparing Lindsey too much attention – had not been paying close enough attention to the danger between her legs. Argos’s tongue lashed again, and this time, he found Bea’s bare, unprotected cunt.

Three days. Three days of building. Growing. Swelling behind the dam. And with a single touch of Argos’s tongue, the dam broke, and so did Bea.

“Holy!” she felt herself igniting, exploding, and then all went white as she was rocketed into the clouds!

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"Bea..." a distant voice. An echo. "Bea!" she felt a slap against her cheek.

"Wungh!" Bea heard herself grunt as her whole body jerked - violently! "Hunh?!" she struggled to pull her eyes back down out of her skull as she spasmed yet again. And again! Her body was convulsing in slow, but strong seizures.

Stars. All she could see was white, bright stars blinding her vision. She started blinking profusely, trying to clear her eyes.

"Guh!" another spasm shot through her, the shock and the thrill electrifying! "Whuhs?!" she finally started seeing the faint silhouette of a body, a girl hovering over her, still being rocked by uncontrollable spasms of pure ecstasy! "Happening? UNGH!" she just barely managed, jerking again as she felt her fingers dig into her thighs, just above the knees.

"You're still cumming!" the girl rasped in a hushed, urgent whisper. "You need to be quiet!" she hissed, warning Bea.

"Lindsey..." Bea finally recognized the girl, saw her small tits. Lindsey... naked. Naked, on her knees, hovering over her!

"It's...UNGH!" Bea started, but another heavenly spasm rocked her before she could finish! "Incredible!" Bea yelled!

"It gets better!" Lindsey reached down and ripped open what was left of Bea's scant robe, revealing all! "Gawd, I wish I had your tits!" Lindsey started kneading and massaging them at will, driving Bea only wilder!

"Wait! What are you-?" Bea caught a flash of sense, but just as quickly, another tremor rippled through her and she lost it!

Stars! Stars! So good! But something was wrong. She knew it. Something, but... so good! And as she strained to focus, seeing Lindsey again toying with her tits... *knees*. Bea saw her own knees, spread wide in the air. Her arms, her hands holding them... pulling them higher, wider! As high and as wide as she could get them, straining her groin! And something was in her, worming! Wild! All over her. Lapping. Wet lapping! Bea tilted her head forward to look.

Past Lindsey fondling her naked tits, past her bare body and between her legs... Argos. In a lust filled daze, Bea just watched him work his magic for a second. Wrong. Good. Dog! Dog tonguing her. Again!

"FUGHK!" So wrong! But... "So good!" Bea gasped, letting her head fall and forgetting all else as she continued to convulse in wave after wave of heavenly orgasm!

"Cumming!" she couldn't control it. She lifted her knees up higher. Spread them wider! Pushing out her sex for him! Offering herself on a silver platter!

"CUMMING!" she screamed to Lindsey's chastising hiss! "MORE!" Bea begged!

"Come on, he's ready for you!" the girl's voice cut through her dream of ecstasy.

"Huh?" Bea intoned, but Lindsey had her by one of her ankles, and already curled as she was, before Bea knew it, the girl had her flipping over backwards, head over shoulders, feet flying through the air, Argos' tongue slipping from her cunt!

"WHA'?! " Bea suddenly found herself breathless and on her knees atop Lindsey's bed, Lindsey already wresting loose her robe off her shoulders.

"Don't!" Bea gasped as she was stripped naked, and felt the mattress sag behind her, the heavy beast jumping up! But... she was already naked. And Lindsey was naked, and the two women were face to face, hard nipples nearly touching, their heated breath gasping into each others mouths. The their eyes... Bea's swirling into the girls, the girl's into Bea's. There was so much there, so much passion and want and desire – it entranced Bea.

"Just... try to be more quiet," Lindsey gave Bea fair warning before she... Lindsey kissed her. A deep, passionate kiss, tongues twirling. And Bea kissed her back. Stuck her tongue into the teen's mouth! Her daughter's mouth! And then...

The steam engine plowed into Bea's backside, knocking her over! Lindsey jumped out of the way. Bea just barely managed to catch herself, planting her palms into the mattress, but the weight was already on her, bowing her back!

"Ow!" sharp claws scratching at her hips!

"What the..?" she reached, grasping onto furry paws clasping about her hips!

"Who..?" she turned to come face to face... with Argos huddled over her back!

"UNGH!" she was being tossed. "He's!" Powerful! Thrusts! Sharp, stabbing thrusts!

"Quiet!" Lindsey! Lindsey diving behind them!

"NO!" Bea cried, but too late. She was locked in the beast's grasp, nowhere to go, and the girl grabbed the dog's thrusting cock and aimed him. The aim was true.

"AHYEE!" Bea squealed as nine inches of thick, scorching meat was driven into her all at once!

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It was over before it started, a hot knife through butter. Bea was ready for him. Wet for him. And Argos was hard. Argos gave it. Pierced her. Stretched her.

And then he was fucking her. No kiss, no caress, just – fucking! Bea's world collapsed around him, around them both! Almost from the very beginning, Bea was cumming. Cumming! "CUMMING!" for him!

It hit her from every direction. "No! Oh NO!" The derision of what she was doing, the taboo struck her with his cock. A dog!

"I don't care!" she cried! "Yes! Oh YES!" Intense, crazed pleasure surging, shooting through her! Touching every part of her!

"Fuck! Oh fuck!" she couldn't withstand it. And just like that, Bea surrendered. She was getting fucked. Fucked! Just like she needed to be fucked. By a cock. A real cock. Addicted to cock! Dog cock! "YESSS!"

Bea gripped the sheets, toes curling into the air as she set her jaw, bracing herself, and she took it! Quit fighting it. Took it like only a dog could give it! Dog pounding her as nothing had pounded her before!



"Amazing..." Lindsey watched it all first hand, astonished like never before!

"God! UNGH! It's so fucking big!" Bea ground, eyes rolling back and head tossing as Argos opened her up! Her pussy felt like it was on fire – fireworks going off in her core!

"SO DEEEEP!" she could feel the dog's pointed tip stabbing at her cervix, burrowing into her soul. She never felt so full! So penetrated! And what was more, the dog was owning her, she completely at his mercy – couldn't stop it even if she wanted to! But didn't. Didn't want to stop it. Wanted it to last forever! Pounding! POUNDING! Dog pounding her pussy!

His paws around her hips held her like a vice, refusing flight, tearing her back down onto his spit! It was as wild and as carnal as anything she could have imagined and more! A dog was fucking her!

"So - ungh! Fast- ungh!" Argos was tapping her backside at a blistering pace, slapping her thighs with his furry haunches, jack-hammering her poor cunny with that beastly cock! But like a blind spindle spinning, it was turning her embers into flame, and was soon to burst into a wild fire! "CUMMING!" she kept on and on, like a never ending dream, a never ending storm!

"PLEASE!" she had no idea as to what she was begging for! Dog hammering! Her tits clapping! Pussy squelching over his huge cock! She could hear it! Wet! Slapping! Slurping! She was lost, swept up in wanton desire and spiking pleasure, and just as she was sure that she could take no more – more came.

"Oh gawd, he's..." Bea wept. He was still growing. Growing! Getting bigger. He was too big already!

Bea could feel some kind of bulge slipping in and out her entrance, swelling rapidly, pulling her folds in and out with the dog's crazed thrusts. Bigger and bigger! Stretching her wider and wider! Too much! It was teasing her, driving her insane!

"Lindsey, he – what's he doing?!" Bea cried, panicked.

"Holy shit! He's about to knot you!"

"Wha'?!" Bea did not understand, but her step-daughter had no more than said it, then Argos slammed himself all the way forward, planting his cock to the hilt with the bulge inside, and he began convulsing in a staccato of short, fierce jabs across her back!

"Ungh-ungh-huh-mmnggh-agh!" Bea broke completely as the swelling tool hit every right place inside her, sending her grunting and spiraling into the stars above! Never had she felt so full. Never had she felt so... "Oh-my-god! I'm-going-to-die-cumming!" she rasped! And it was true. Her whole body consumed in ecstasy, every fiber, every cell depleted of all it had, Bea collapsed and died happy!

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Lashes fluttered open, eyes rolling, trying to focus. The first that Bea saw was a floral covered bedspread. Her face was turned, her left cheek planted into it. There was drool. A puddle of drool. Her tongue was hanging out. She was panting. Panting. Panting. She'd been drooling a lot.

As consciousness crept back into her, Bea grew worried. She felt paralyzed, trapped in her own mind, unable to feel or control anything else. But then... slowly but surely, she could feel her neck bent. Her chest and tingling tits pressed against the mattress, bulging out the sides. Her knees pressed into the mattress. Her back arched uncomfortably so. Her hips and ass stuck in the air.

It was only then did she realize she wasn't alone. That she was holding on to someone, to... something?

"Huh?" Bea mumbled, trying to look back, but she had neither the strength nor the freedom. Something was on top of her, pinning her down.

Finally gaining some feeling in her arms, Bea squeezed her hands - squeezed into tight muscle and sinew and... fur. She was holding it tight against her. Tight against her ass.

Warmth. Fur, all up and down and along her backside. And then a throb. A... a pulse, erupting and injecting deep inside her. A warmth spreading. A flowing gush turning and siphoning inside her core.

Searing. So hot. Filling. So full. Growing fuller. "Gawd! What is happening to me?!" Bea could not hold back, on the very verge of complete delirium.

"He's knotted you." Bea was surprised to hear someone answer her. "He's pumping you full of his cum!"

Feeling it first hand, she knew it was true, but searched for the source of the voice. "Lindsey?" Bea's eyes found focus, and she spotted the girl standing beside her. Standing... beside her and Argos. Standing... with her phone before her, capturing the moment for all time on the phone's camera.

"Lindsey! Wha'... what are you doing?!" Bea asked breathlessly, still holding the dog tight, he fully impaled inside her, not going anywhere.

"Don't worry. It's just.. insurance?" the girl shrugged.

"Insurance?!" Bea gasped, slowly becoming more aware of her predicament.

"Yes," Lindsey answered. "Just in case you have any ideas of telling my daddy what I've been doing."

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## **Chapter Six: Motherly Love**

Bea was busying herself in the kitchen, putting up a load of clean dishes. She had the radio blaring, and was forcing herself to recite the lyrics inside her head. She didn't dare stop to think. Careful not to think. About anything. Nothing. Didn't dare return to last night. Not yet. Too soon. She wouldn't be able to withstand it.

And so, she could not hear him as he came shuffling in. It was only as she turned, putting up the plates, that she did see him out of the corner of her eye.

"Mickey?!" Bea gasped at the sight of her son. She could not escape the blush flooding her cheeks. It was late, already ten in the morning, and the kids were supposed to be at school, Curt at work. She was supposed to be at home alone! She started reeling to right her robe and comb down her unruly hair with her fingers, ensuring everything was in place and decent.

"What... w-what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at..?" she couldn't quite finish, as her eyes were inadvertently diverted elsewhere. "Oh..?"

Mickey was in naught but his socks and a pair of tighty-whities, and Bea's eyes... the boy was so small, but he was sporting a very large package beneath those underwear. It looked as if he had a

sock buried within them, helping him out! And just like that, everything Bea had been attempting to accomplish all morning was lost.

'*COCK!*' her mind seemed to scream at her, and all sorts of visions and varieties began flooding through her mind. Big cocks and small. Straight cocks and crooked ones. All the cocks she'd fucked and sucked in her years. White cocks and black cocks and red cocks! Big, red cocks! Argos fucking her!

"No..." Bea caught herself, and began to backtrack, but... she was still staring, and the sight of her son's package to her back to another day. To his father and his large cock and how good it had treated her - that is, before she could shake it off. "No!" Bea stomped her foot. '*He's your son!*' she had to remind herself - admonishing herself in the process.

For his part, Mickey said nothing, seemed to notice nothing as he came shuffling deeper into the kitchen, sleepy and groggy, barely acknowledging his frantically fidgeting and hopelessly distressed mother as he passed her by, making for a cabinet.

"Um... what are you doing?" Bea went on as Mickey showed himself to one cabinet in particular - one off limits to him - the liquor cabinet. With no qualms whatsoever, he fetched out a bottle of whiskey.

"I need a drink," he said simply, sounding tired, and went on to retrieve a glass from the dishwasher his mother was unloading. Just before Bea could start scolding him, "Would you like one?" her son turned to ask her, and... his eyes slowly trailed - almost lewdly - up and down her scantily clad body, from breasts to crotch to legs, and back up again. Bea did not like what she saw in those eyes - his father's eyes.

Her son was checking her out! Horrified, Bea hugged herself tighter, twisting her legs together as if to protect her sex, and then she... she felt the heat. The dampness between her legs. The thrum of her clit. The hardness of her nipples pressing through her robe. '*Would it never end?*' Bea cursed herself and... nodded to her son. Damn it all, she needed a drink.

Mickey made her a glass a well, and left it on one side of the kitchen table as he took the seat opposite. Nervous, all of her nightmares returning, of what she'd done last night - Lindsey's room, Mickey's camera, Argos! - and with her legs growing weak, Bea gladly took that seat and that drink. She didn't dare speak, but began pounding that glass a little too eagerly. Her son drank with her, but she had nothing left to challenge him about it.

As the awkward silence stretched on forever, Bea felt the uneasy need to break it. To say something. Anything. But the only thing that came to mind, what she really needed to talk about with her son... it only brought back more images of last night. More shame. More anxiety. More... surging intensity.

"W-why... why aren't you at school?" Bea did her best, and chased down her question with the rest of her glass.

Mickey shrugged casually. "I had a late night..." That answer sent Bea's heart plummeting into her stomach. She gulped. She'd been doing her best all morning not to go there, but Mickey's comment shattered that wall. She thought of Argos. She looked to the back door where the dog was awaiting her, and her cheeks flushed.

'*Had he..?*' That was her greatest fear. It would just kill her to have to face it! To know... that her son had seen her like that. Knew that she too... just like Lindsey. That there was a video. That he was... watching last night. That he could watch it again if he wanted to.

The weight from that shame was unbearable. Bea found herself breaking down on the inside. She'd tried so hard these last eight years to be the best mother for her son, and... *And now what?*

Not one video. Two videos. She'd let Argos lick her. Lick her to orgasm after orgasm. And then she'd gone back. Gone back and let the dog fuck her! Fuck her in Lindsey's room - with Lindsey there as her witness! Where she knew the camera was! Her son's camera! How could she have been so stupid?! She hadn't thought - wasn't thinking! *Stupid. Stupid! STUPID!*

Bea began to feel ill. Ill... but with the thought of the videos... she pictured herself sneaking back into Mickey's room when he was away to delete them. She found herself sitting in that chair and opening that file, just as she had done before to save Lindsey... and then she was watching the video with those headphones on. Watching Argos mate her! Take her! Fuck her! Could hear herself moaning and groaning and begging for more as big red dick made her cum!

"Ungh," a slight, involuntary moan escaped Bea's lips. *'Dear god!'* she caught it too late! Her pussy was on fire! That itch screaming at her! Bea started shaking her head, turning in her seat to flee! She had to get away. Away from Mickey before he saw, heard too much!

"Mom," Mickey caught her by the wrist, stopping her cold. Bea froze, hesitantly turning back to face her son with a deepening trepidation.

"Mickey..?" He'd never called her "mom" before. It shook her. To her great annoyance, it had always been "Bea." But now... and his firm hand, his touch - the controlling contact about her wrist... it was sending tendrils of sparking electricity shooting up her arm.

"Sit," her son told her. It wasn't a question. Bea did not have the wherewithal left to argue, could never argue with Mickey, and most certainly not today. Not now. Not after last night. Bea reluctantly settled back down into her seat.

"Have another," Mickey refilled her glass. That also was not a question, but Bea relished it, and devoured the scorching liquid, letting it dull her raging hormones and frantic mind. Mickey poured her a third while studying her closely.

It didn't take long for the alcohol to begin to do its job, and Bea eventually worked up the courage to face her son, lifting her eyes to meet his. Mickey's cold, dark eyes were boring into her - *just like his father's*.

His father's eyes dipped down, and Bea's followed them to her chest. Her chest was heaving. Her robe had fallen half open, and a great deal of cleavage and mounded, smooth, sloping flesh was left exposed.

"Mickey!" Bea gasped with indignation, hands flying to recover herself! Her son was staring at her tits! But Bea just as quickly bit her lip, admonishing herself for having acknowledged it, for having created a confrontation. She wanted to ignore it, ignore everything! Like it never happened. *Nothing's happened!*

But Bea had acknowledged it, and, "I want to see," Mickey said. A brick wall slammed into her, nearly toppling her over backwards!

"MICKEY!" Bea shrieked with dismay, gripping her chest so tight that her nails dug painfully into the abundant fat of her tits! Mother's alarmed eyes flashed to son's, but Mickey... he was leaning forward in his seat, dark orbs swirling with hungry desire, mouth watering, an evil smirk across his lips. This frightened Bea more than she'd care to admit, causing her to tense like a drawn bow

string.

"You knew," Mickey said vaguely, hinting at. "And you went back," he pelted her.

"Huh?" At first Bea was confused, but then... she did know. Knew exactly what he was talking about. An eerie trickle crept down her spine, standing her hairs on end. She felt her head spin, vertigo returned. She realized for the first time that she was getting drunk. She gulped, unable to retort. Game. Set. Match. ... He had her.

There came another long pause. Awkward. Tense. Insane. Neither making a move. Mickey was the one to break it this time around. "I want to watch," he said. "I want to see it."

Mother had to look away, her veins suddenly filled with molten lead. Bea did not dare question her son over what he was talking about, too afraid of the answer.

To her immense relief, Mickey said nothing more as they sat there for the longest time, sipping their drinks - Bea downing hers one after the other. Mickey refilled them, and they both kept drinking. Drinking. Drinking. Drinking. So early in the morning, it wasn't long before Bea began to feel alcohol's buzz. She was drunk. Again. Had to be drunk. Couldn't stand the weight of being sober.

"Come on," Mickey suddenly stood, and Bea's eyes unwittingly swept across him. He truly was so much like his father. So small. So lean and skinny. Everything but... her gaze was drawn to something not so small. Not so skinny. To a large, hugged crotch, before she could catch herself and look away, utterly ashamed and embarrassed. Worse and worse!

"Follow me," Mickey brought his mom back to the present.

Beyond her wits and stupified, sodden, there was no telling why exactly she did, but Bea stood as her son awaited. Satisfied his mother had fulfilled his first demand, Mickey turned and headed into the living room. Bea did not follow, did not do anything at first, but as her son began to push the coffee table out of the way, "What are you doing?" she dared ask, taking a few hesitant steps forward, swaying, hugging her robe tight as she feared the answer to come. Just like his father, she did not trust her son. Could not trust him in this moment of vulnerability.

"I already told you," Mickey answered her nonplussed, as he grabbed a folded blanket off the couch. "I want to see it," he whipped the blanket through the air, letting it unfurl and drift down across the floor in the middle of the living room where the coffee table had been.

"S-See... see w-what?" Bea choked out the words, biting nervously at her cheek. Her whole body felt like it was being clenched in the fist of a giant. She could hardly breathe. Mickey just rolled his eyes at her, sighing as if she were a foolish child, and came around to fetch her.

"M-Mickey, what are you...?!" Bea tripped back a step, but Mickey grabbed her forcefully by the arm. Though she was frightened, Bea did not dare let go of her breasts to fight him. What was worse... she hadn't missed it. Her son's penis had started to swell beneath his tight underwear, and the size of that snake uncoiling within its lair frightened her to no end - filled her with images of raw cock fucking her to no end!

Mickey might have been small, but his strength surprised her as he dragged her along behind him - that, or she was just too weak, mentally, physically weak to refuse him. Too much racing through her mind. He was scaring her. Her thoughts, her bodies reaction was scaring her. The heat!

"Here," he led her to the middle of the laid out blanket in the middle of the living room. "Get down,"

he turned on her.

"What? Mickey, no! I'm not going to-" Bea was shocked and aghast at her son's behavior. The top of Mickey's head barely reached Bea's chin, but the boy showed further strength, greater resolve as he clasped his mother by her shoulders, and forced her down. Bea's legs too weak, "MICKEY!" she all but crumpled to them.

Fear clenched her chest and choked her throat. Her eyes bulged from their sockets. Bea was... eye to eye with her son's... her son's penis. She could see the outline of it straining through the cotton - the long, bent shaft. The mushroomed head. All there. All to be seen. Her mouth began to water with anticipation, but she shook her clouded head, denying. No way! Never! She wasn't going to do that! Her son!

To Bea's immense relief, Mickey did not have incestual designs in mind. She sighed, the pressure releasing, a great weight rolling off of her as he stepped back, taking that damn penis with him!

"Go on, get into position, and I'll let him in," Mickey awaited expectantly.

"Into..?" Bea quirked, confused. She felt weak and vulnerable on her knees like this in front of her son, he in only his underwear and socks, she in just this thin robe and nothing else. "Mickey, you need to go to school, and I have work to do," Bea shook herself out of it, and started to get up.

"No!" her son barked at her, cutting Bea cold. Shocked, she fell right back down to her knees, mouth gaping at his tone with her. That look in his eye... she'd seen it before - seen it in his father's. It rattled her to her core, and she cowered meekly beneath her son, shy and afraid and lost - lost all power. All control.

"I told you I wanted to see it. Now get into position, on your hands and knees," Mickey commanded his mother.

"Mickey, I don't..." Bea tried to challenge him, but caught up in some deep, dark spell, Bea found herself falling forward onto her hands as she spoke. "See what?" she asked him anxiously, believing by the way he had been staring at her tits earlier, that her little perverted son wanted to see her breasts or nude body or something?

It was the first time she'd allowed herself to face it, to accept that that is what he wanted. It was repulsive. He was her son, and she his mother for crying out loud! It was wrong! And she was old, he so young! 'My son!' her mind scrambled for some way out of this, for some way to explain to him that this was wrong, and she couldn't do this, couldn't let him see! But...

"That's better," Mickey smiled wickedly, gloating over her. Bea was sure some great travesty was about to take place, but instead of her son falling on her... he walked around her, away from her. Bea was again both relieved and surprised he hadn't made any further demands of her, and she craned her neck from her position on the floor, watching him go.

Watched... watching... as Mickey made his way to the back door, and placed his hand on the knob.

"No..." her lips formed. Mickey... *'wants to see it. Wants to... watch it!'* her son's words played back to her. Bea's whole, drunken body shivered, and then came the loud, ear piercing shriek. "DON'T!" Realization hit the woman all at once, slapping her sharply in the face!

Mickey spared a glance back to smile at his mother - an eerie, victorious smile - just before he turned the knob and opened the door.

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Argos was there, waiting. Argos came charging in like a bull seeing red – a bull seeing his bitch's ass awaiting him!

"NO!" Bea screamed bloody murder, and lunged forward in quick retreat! But her reflexes were too slow, the beast too fast! As if sensing her unwillingness and attempt of escape, Argos wasted no time in leaping atop his bitch, mounting her, and grasping her tiny waist between his two, powerful paws.

"Mickey! Ungh! No! Mickey, please! Don't do this!" Bea begged her son as she gave battle to the beast! Argos was already thrusting madly atop her back, tossing her, but Bea was doing everything in her power to crawl away, to flip onto her side, to push him off. She got nowhere, but she was at least able to prevent the dog from piercing her cunt with his spear while she tried talking sense to her son, begging and pleading with him to stop this madness!

"Ahh! Stop him, Mickey! Stop him! Get him off of me!" Bea cried for help! "Argos! Uhn! NO! BAD DOG! Fughck!" He was going wild atop her, jostling and pushing her. Bea could feel the hem of her robe crumpled up over her hips, leaving her rear exposed and defenseless. Even worse, she could feel the dog splashing her sex with jets of his pre-cum, lubing her, not that it was needed. Her pussy was running, drenched with anticipation, reaching for the dog's cock as if on its own accord! One fell stroke, and it would all be over. Argos would drive his cock in, and she would be made his bitch, right here in front of her son! In front of Mickey!

'NO!' Bea summoned everything she had left to force him off. But... the dog was just too strong, and Bea was rapidly exhausting herself. She was losing.

"Ow! Oh! Shit!" Argos was stabbing her all over, jamming that speared tip all across her pelvis! It was only a matter of time. Ashamed, defenseless, helpless and humiliated beyond all fathom, Bea... started to sob, crying her eyes out. "Mickey... no! PLEEEASE!"

"Argos! Down!" shouted another – a commanding voice. And then... just like that, everything stopped. Argos stopped.

"Arrgh?" the dog groaned with disappointment from atop her, but... he'd stopped humping her?

"I said down! Come here!" It was Mickey. He was standing in front of her now, staring down upon her. Argos surprisingly slid off her back and went to Mickey's. "Sit!" her sone pointed at his feet, and though anxious, shivering with want and licking at his chops while eying his bitch, the dog sat as told. Bea couldn't believe it. She was sure that...

"Mom... what's wrong?" Mickey asked, sounding bizarrely genuine, as if he didn't understand her trepidation.

"Oh Mickey, thank you. Thank you!" Bea was wept, panting, the relief that followed like a soothing warm bath. She would have gotten up if she had the strength, but she was drained. "I... I thought..?" she started, but then stopped when she looked up, meeting her son's gaze. He didn't look happy.

"I thought you liked it?" he asked her bristly, sounding wounded.

"Mickey?!" Bea guffawed, almost laughing at the ridiculous statement, but then... she caught sight of Argos, there, waiting on her, eying her hopefully. That cut her short. She needed to get up, to move, to stand, to escape... but her limbs would not yet cooperate.

"But..?" Mickey whined. "I saw you. You were on my computer..."

Bea wasn't too sure if it was a question or a statement, but... here it was. Their conversation she dreaded more than all else – they were having it.

"Mickey..." Bea tried, searching, fumbling for a lie, but he already knew. What was the point in trying to deny it? "Yes," Bea admitted, looking to the blanket beneath her, face burning red with shame. It got worse. Her robe had fallen loose in the battle, and her naked tits were just hanging there. She could feel the cool air over her sex and ass, and knew that was bare too. She tried to move her hands to cover herself, but it was all that she could do to hold her weight. She could just fall, lower herself even more, but then... she couldn't do that either. Something... wouldn't let her.

"And... and you went into Lindsey's room, and you... you let Argos..."

"Mickey," Bea interjected. "Why are you spying on Lindsey?" She was not trying to divert the conversation from her own disgrace, but if they were going to hash this out here and now... well, she needed to know. Lindsey... Lindsey was more important than herself. Her husband, her son's honor, their family – all more important.

"I..." it was Mickey's turn to squirm, and Bea caught it by the tone of his voice, looking up to watch him fidget. Mickey was staring at his own feet. Bea found herself surprised. She'd never seen Mickey like this before. "I didn't mean to... I would never hurt her..." he protested.

"Mickey?"

"I love Lindsey," he said with a certain power and conviction. Bea was left... speechless. She'd never heard her son use that word before, and she... she believed him.

"Mickey..?" Bea softened, regardless of the predicament she was in, she played the part of concerned, caring mother. "Lindsey?" she questioned. Mickey nodded.

"H-have... have you ever... had a girlfriend before?" Bea asked her son. Mickey scoffed, almost laughing at the ridiculous question, but then shook his head no to his feet. Bea felt a pang in her heart. Her son... always the trouble maker, always friendless, always the outcast. Bea once again felt the strong pain of guilt for this. It was all her fault, for the way she'd raised him, the neglect in his most delicate years, without his father ever since – like no child deserved.

"And you... you like Lindsey in that way?" Bea couldn't fathom it. Mickey?

At first Mickey just nodded, but then... "She... she's just... she's so smart. And funny! And pretty. So pretty. Beautiful! And nice. Everybody loves her. I know she doesn't like me, and I've never given her much reason to, but I... I just don't know how to... to... to..?" the boy was pouring his heart out, however big it might be.

Bea found herself tilting on Earth's axis, flabbergasted and dumbfounded all at once. She'd never seen her son like this, so... honest. And vulnerable. And... the truth. His heart.

But then, Bea began despairing in a completely different way from only moments ago. Her son... she was his mother, and he was... he needed her to... It was her duty to say something to him, to reassure him, give him hope in his moment of need, but... she couldn't.

Never mind being at a loss for words, Lindsey may not be his sister by blood, but after eight years as a family, for all intents and purposes, they were. Lindsey would never go for it. Curt would never



allow it, even if she was interested – and Lindsey wouldn't be. Ever.

"It's a crush, Mickey. We've all been there. A first love, but you'll find others, someone better for you," was the best motherly advice Bea could come up with at the moment, a feeble attempt to console her son.

Mickey groaned, rolling his head in frustration. Bea managed to lower her hips, sitting her butt on her heels and pick herself up off her hands onto her legs and knees. She fixed her robe, but Mickey wasn't even looking at her.

*'Lindsey... really?'* She was just so surprised by her son's feelings for the girl, the honest confession, that she was having trouble wrapping her mind around it, never mind her drunken state and having almost been raped by the dog in front of her son.

The two couldn't have been more different, and just as she knew Lindsey would never befall for the likes of her son, she wouldn't have thought Mickey would have been interested in a girl like her either.

"Mickey, have... have you ever been with a girl before?" it was an awkward question for a mother to ask her son, but by this point, things couldn't be any more awkward. If anything, this was taming things down some. Mickey only laughed at this.

"Kissed a girl?" she pressed him. Mickey suddenly slumped. He didn't laugh at this, but with head hung, shook his head no. To Bea, a woman of thirty-eight years, this explained a lot. A crush indeed.

"And you caught Lindsey with Argos?" Bea boldly asked. There was no point to any pretenses, and this would confirm her suspicions. She'd heard Lindsey in her room with the dog herself, so it wasn't as if the girl was being too careful, not hard to imagine. The devious act would have sent any adolescent boy's hormones raging! Heart believing he was in love! And Mickey nodded, still not looking up from his feet, Argos the dog at his side.

"He minds you well," Bea noted, not missing the irony. Lindsey, whom her son thought he loved, would give it up to this dog, but not to him.

"We're good friends," Mickey said, patting Argos's head, scratching the dog's ears.

"If you care about Lindsey like you say, why are you spying on her?"

Mickey could only flush, shrugging. "I'm not stupid, mom. I... I know I'll never... and I thought it was hot. I wanted to see," he admitted shamefully, those same words replaying. [I]'He wants to watch.'[/I]. Bea could not blame him for that. She'd been caught in the snare herself.

"And you..." Bea had to take a moment to steal herself. "Y-you... you saw me... and Argos?" she asked what she already knew, but she was tired of the worry, tired of the games, she just wanted it all out on the table.

"Yes," Mickey nodded. Most surprising, she did not feel the sting of shame at this she'd expected. Was it relief that it was finally out there, no more hiding? Maybe? Something daring then washed over Bea. She wanted to help her son, owed him that for what she'd done to him. She couldn't give him Lindsey, but...

"And... you're not disgusted with me?" Bea asked hesitantly. Mickey finally laughed again, his smile returning, and he even chanced a peek up at her.

"No," his lips curled. This warmed Bea's heart.

"You just... want to see it? To... to watch..?" it took a deal of effort from her to get those words out, but she managed. Her son's eyes lit up at this, chin falling, speechless.

"You... you would..?!" Mickey came back to life! Though timid, Bea couldn't stop the smile. Her son was yearning, Argos was whining, and her pussy was aching. Everything was on her. She was going to have to make a decision.

"You'll remove that camera from Lindsey's room?" she played her trump card. At least something good and decent could come out of this travesty she was about to perform.

Mickey did not seem so enthused by this, and took a moment to consider the proposition. His eyes were trailing over her body though, and she saw him reach for his crotch, rubbing at his re-hardening tool. Bea knew she'd already won. "Fine, whatever," Mickey gave in.

"O-okay..." Bea took a deep breath, accepting her fate. For Lindsey. For family. "W-what... what do you want me to do?" she asked, drunk - drunk but daring.

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## **Chapter Seven: Mom**

"Mick-EEE!" Bea squealed, hiding her face beneath trembling hands - the yelp coming from somewhere so deep, yet pitched so high! She wanted to scream at him not to watch her - not to look at her like this! - but *this* was, after all, exactly what she had agreed to. And filled by so much, so many swirling, troubling thoughts and emotions, she was not able to recognize the thrill coursing through her this very instant as the vulgar exhibition played out.

"Mom..." Mickey breathed in awe while standing over his beautiful mother. Now that he had her under his control, he was content to slow things down a bit, enjoy himself more, and he had thus moved her to the couch. Bea was slumped back in it, ass on the edge, legs clasped tightly together as Argos's mighty chest pressed at her closed knees, his warm, smooth tongue already lapping over her long, bare thighs!

"You're so hot..." her son groaned, and Bea squealed again, all of her now trembling, not wanting to hear her very own son say such things! It would get worse. Much worse.

Mickey couldn't resist the urge pulsating through him, driving him on! This was his dream come true! Ever since he'd first watched Lindsey with Argos, he'd longed to see the real thing first hand - and then, when he'd caught his mom on camera! It had been too much!

What was more, ever since he had come into manhood, Mickey had often fantasized about his mother while releasing his pent up and abundant seed - she or Lindsey or both! His mom was the essence of womanhood to him, so perfect, so hot, so sexy - yet with that pure, innocent aura about her. A true lady, but with dark desires! He felt this was what every girl should aspire to be, with her curvaceous, toned figure, big tits and wide hips with an ample, juicy ass, above long, never ending legs. Staring upon those legs now and like this... he just had to touch them!

Bea jumped in her skin as she felt her son's hands come down on her thighs. "Ngh, don't!" she gasped as his fingers fanned out, tracing first down, and then up over her legs. Up, up and up... running, curling beneath the short hem of her robe. Bea tensed as she felt the couch shift to her right as the weight on his knee sank into it, bringing him just beside her.

"Mickey, please!" she tried, pleading. But words were all they were. She was not being restrained, was not tied down, was free to do as she pleased, but... she did not try to stop him, did not possess the strength to attempt to stop him.

"Wow..." she heard him. Heard him, though she could not look at him. But she felt. Felt as he carefully peeled the slats of her robe back and over her nude hips. Wishing... wishing she was wearing panties. Knew... knew that he was revealing the top of her bald slit clenched between her writhing thighs! Her son was seeing her. Seeing her! And Argos! Argos was licking at her thighs, driving her wriggling wild!

And then her son's hands were winding their way back down her legs, her skin tingling beneath his searing touch. And then his hands were on her knees. Gripping her knees. And she felt him nudge. Bea knew what he was doing, but still, she did not budge. Held her knees tight! Couldn't. Couldn't so easily give in! But she was breaking down. Inch by hot and horny and bothered inch. That itch! Needing it! Begging to let Argos in!

"Mom, you said..." Mickey reminded her with a haughty whisper, and he turned his grip just a little, wedging his fingers in to pry, pulling a little harder on her knees.

"I know!" Bea squeaked, talking more to herself than to her son, and at this she gave just a little. Just... a little. But with that crack in the damn, there came the force of a flood flowing in behind!

"EEKE!" Bea shrieked as Argos plowed his way forward, and Mickey jerked harder! Bea clasped again, but Argos was already in, working his way higher! Higher! So close. So dangerously close!

And Mickey yanked! And Argos pushed! And Bea clasped! And Mickey forced, putting his full strength into it! And Argos lunged, putting his full weight behind it! And Bea... broke a little more, letting her son guide her legs a little wider, Argos a little higher! And a little wider. And a little higher. And wider! And higher! And then... and then...

"Oh my god!" that tongue finally found her! Bea's legs suddenly kicked all the way out on their own accord, straining her groin as she let the dog claim his prize!

"That tongue!" Bea cried as she forgot herself, releasing her hidden face to grab first at her son and the cushion of the couch beside her, as if to keep herself from launching into space! But then as Argos split open her folds and raked her clit, "GAWD!" she reached for Argos' sleek head, pulling him further in and holding the dog's snout tight to her weeping cunt! Her feet arched up onto their tip-toes as his tongue wormed its way into her flooded fuck-hole, each lap sending her shivering and reeling into a deranged, narcotic chaos!

And then those legs were stretching wider still, Bea moaning louder without control! Feet lifting. Moaning! Leaving the ground. Groaning! Ass scooting down to meet the beast. Louder! Head spinning. Humming! Hips writhing and twisting. Singing! "Oh yes! FUHK MEE!" she couldn't stop herself!

And then Bea saw her son. Mickey was hovering over them, staring longing at her pussy being licked by the dog. Her son... was seeing her bared, cleanly shaven pussy. Seeing... her open, wet pink pussy getting licked by the dog! And Bea could hear herself humming and moaning like a wanton whore all the while!

Bea bit her lip, attempting to silence herself - to pretend as if she were not enjoying this so much. But, *That tongue!* Try as she might, Bea could not stop her hips from twerking, grinding out to meet it.

A few moments passed until Mickey took note of the quiet. He looked up to find his mother staring at him with wide, burning eyes, and with wide, burning eyes of his own, he stared right back at her in utter awe and loving devotion.

"Mickey..." Bea moaned her son's name as the dog slavered her treasure. She was reigning the dog by a grip behind his ears, shoving and pushing as if to force his snout into her needy cunt and fuck herself with it!

Mickey's eyes fell and began to ogle. Bea's soon followed, as if curious as to what he had found so interesting. Her chest was heaving, shoulders rolling, and her robe was loosing, falling open, tits near bare and exposed. With heavy hooded eyes, Bea looked back up at her son, studying him in a new light. He wanted them, she knew.

*'So much like his father...'* she could not deny the resemblance, nor the hunger for her that shown in those eyes - nor that hunger in her own loin for that dick that once pleased her so! Mickey was still staring, panting now, his mouth hanging open in wondrous reverence. There was drool across his chin. He was hungry for those tits, Bea could tell, and she arched her shoulders for him, pressing them out.

"Mmm!" she moaned loudly, spiking from Argos's tongue lathering every nook and cranny of her pussy and slit!

Mickey looked back up at this to match his mother's heated gaze. Bea held them for a moment... held them... held them... something passing. Ever so slowly, she allowed her gaze to drop, to look back down at her rising and falling tits, as if to pull Mickey's eyes with them. Bea watched as she rolled and pushed her tits out! They were aching. So needy. The hem was falling. You could almost see nipple. They were needing to be set free. Needing to be touched!

"Mickey..." she groaned out her son's name with a hint of something more, repeating again softly, "Oh, Mickey..."

When she found him again, he was looking up from her tits to find her. "I want to... Can I?" he begged her desperately, his hands already reaching. So many things were filling Bea at the moment, she could not deny him, though she certainly could not allow him either. Her son! He was only supposed to watch!

"Mickey!" she heaved nonetheless as his hands landed on her tits, and more - she pressed her chest fully into them as he began to knead and massage her fat globes, still holding the dog and his tongue to her pussy with her legs spread high and wide into the air!

"Doh-un't," Bea grunted as her son became more forceful, gripping and pulling on them. "Mickey!" louder as he yanked away at her robe to place them on full display!

"Wow!" he took a moment to just admire and appreciate them. They were perfect! With a dog's tongue lapping at her ass and pussy, Bea stared long and hard and heated at her son, her son staring long and hard and salivating at her bared tits.

"Don't do it..." she wisped, reading his thoughts. But he did it anyways, and she didn't try to stop him.

"Mom!" Mickey fell, his face collapsing into her cleavage! "Mmngh!" the boy began smothering himself between them, chin and forehead, eyes and nose and lips rolling back and forth between the swells of plump, glorious fat of her tits!

"Mickey!" Bea cried as he worked his way around, finally plucking one of her hard nipples into his wet, slobbering mouth, suckling on it as he once did as a baby! Sucking, as his fingers pinched and pulled at the other! Bea released Argos with one of her arms and hugged her son's head, pulling him in tight and close to her bosom!

"Fuhk!" she was under no delusions. She knew that what she was doing was wrong - so wrong, but she could not control her urges either! Argos's tongue was working its magic on her, and she needed to be touched, needed to feel that warm mouth on her tits, needed... needed to be fucked!

And as if the beast could read her mind, Argos jumped up between her legs, already humping as his huge tongue continued to lap up and over her splayed body!

"Huh?!" Mickey jumped back and out of the way as Argos claimed those tits for himself! As much as Mickey had been enjoying himself, he did not so much mind. He loved watching his mother with Argos!

"Oh... oh! OOOH!" Bea cradled Argos's head to her bosom like she had for her son as the dog danced and humped between her spread legs!

But Argos kept licking, working his way up over Bea's collar and slender neck, and then onto her face and cheeks and over her lips, trying to give her a kiss! Bea pulled her head back and away, keeping her lips taut and pursed as she refused him, but now in dire need of a cock, she nonetheless wrapped her long legs around the dog's humping hips, drawing him in as she reached for the one and only tool that could satisfy her insatiable itch!

"Do it! Let him kiss you!" Mickey goaded from beside the two lovers. Her look incredulous at the suggestion, Bea caught her son's eyes just as her fingers curled about a hot, thick, slick slab of meat!

"Ah!" Bea gasped when she found it! '*A dog's cock!*' she did not forget. And as her mouth opened with the ecstatic breath, so did Argos's tongue lash into her open mouth!

Heated and enthralled, Bea did not pull away. No, with her eyes locked into her son's, she instead lowered her chin and allowed the dog to kiss her, fully, just as her son had told her - just as she wrapped her arms and legs around the beast, hugging him close! Argos was worming his tongue through her mouth and across hers, just as she'd let him tongue her wanton pussy!

"Fuck, mom!" Bea heard her son rasp heavily from beside them, reminding her that she still had an audience. She spared a nervous glance down at motion distracting her, and saw that Mickey had pulled his cock out! He was fisting it feverishly - there, mere inches, just beside her on the couch!

Bea's eyes went wide! Was it from alarm? Was it from the shock of seeing her grown son's cock? Was it from surprise at the size of her son's cock?! She didn't know, but she thrust her own tongue out to meet the dog's, just as she thrust her hips out to meet that his cock as well!

"Damn..." Bea muttered into Argos' mouth as her brain went to mush. ... '*Cock. Cock! COCK!* Was all that she could see! All that she could think! All that she wanted! And then, it was all that she could do.

Bea wriggled herself into position, and placed the tip of Argos' thrusting tool at the entrance to her needy cunt! The dog did the rest.

"Oh - ungh - fuck yeah!" With one fluid motion, Argos was in her! Thrusting up into her all at once,

burying himself deep! Bea let go his cock to hold his body against hers with her left arm, freeing her right to... she didn't think, she just reached - cock!

"Mom?!" Mickey yelped with surprise! Bea slapped her son's hand away to grab hold of his big cock herself, and then she was jerking him! Jerking! Jacking her son off as the dog fucked her brains out - again!

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"Damn - ah! Shit - uhn! Fuck!" Bea was staring, gawking at her son's big, hard cock as she cursed and moaned and groaned from the intense fucking she was receiving! Argos was plaguing her with an orgasm building, swelling, climaxing and soon to explode and consume her completely! She could feel his growing knot kissing her cunt's lips, and she wiggled her hips down, grinding against him, trying to force it in! She wanted it. Wanted him to knot her and make her his bitch again! Give her all his little puppies! She didn't care anymore!

And Mickey... his dreams coming true, seeing that red animal cock careening in and out his mom's pussy... making her scream and moan... he found himself staring at that gaping mouth. Staring. And wanting to fill it. To shut it up!

And so, without conscious thought, but goaded on by lust filled desire, he acted. He stood up, pulling his throbbing cock out of his mom's grasp, and it wasn't until he was straddled over her chest with his cock stuffed half-way into her mouth that he realized what he'd done. That Bea realized.

With her plump, lush lips stretched wide around her son's thick shaft, she looked up to him, and he down to her. The truth of what had just happened seemed to dawn on the both of them at the exact same time, showing in their wide, shocked eyes.

Mickey looked nervous, scared even, as if regretting and sorry for what he'd done. But Bea was too far gone to feel any remorse. Argos was fucking her, driving her wild! With each violent thrust of the dog's cock into her, he forced her neck to crane, and her to bob over her son's cock! The taste of that hot meat filling her mouth and running over her tongue only made her more horny, more hungry, more... daring!

Bea reached up and took one of her son's small, tight butt cheeks in her grasp. With his cock in her mouth and staring up at him... Bea pushed. "Mmmngh!" she hummed as her son's huge cock slid further in to strain at the back of her throat!

"Mom!" Mickey gasped with pure pleasure and delight as he felt that tight wall groping at his swollen head, her lips squeezing his cock, and her tongue twirling wildly along the base his buried shaft!

But it wasn't enough! Argos' cock and knot was tearing her open, delivering her, and that itch transferred from her cunt to her throat! Bea needed it scratched!

She frantically grabbed at her son's hands and brought them to her locks, forcing him to take her hair in his fists and pump! "Mmhmm!" she banged her face forward, allowing the tip of her son's cock to break into her throat, just about the same time as Argos beat his knot broke into her pussy!

It was all timed so perfectly! It had been so long since she'd had a cock in her throat, and that itch raw, it felt so good! And as her cunt clamped down around Argos' invading knot, forcing her to cum, her throat clamped down around her son's shaft, the feeling too immense!

"MMM!" Bea instantly started to cum, humming loudly as she choked herself on her son's cock!

"Oh fuck!" The pleasure was likewise too great for him, and Mickey lost himself as he began to hump and thrust and pump! He raked his mom's head back and forth, fucking her face outright as his balls slapped and clapped against her chin! "Oh fuck, mom! Oh fuck, I'm gonna... I'm gonna..!!!"

"MMMGHH!" Bea started drowning on her son's cum as he flooded it down her throat!

"Gah! Goph! Guhph!" Bea swallowed every last drop of it, as if she had a choice! Her nose was buried in her son's pubes, his balls rested across her chin, a good five inches of his long length buried all the way down her gullet, feeding her stomach with the rich jets of his cum! It tasted so good! So long since she'd tasted cum! Bea found herself longing for it! For more!

Acting on impulse, Bea pushed her son back! Back and out her throat and out her mouth. But she grabbed him before he retreated too far, and looking up at him, deep in his eyes, Bea gasped "AAH!" sticking out her tongue as she jerked wildly along his cock and reached up with her other hand to massage his balls! Like a paid whore, Bea allowed her son to coat her taste buds with his life giving seed as he shot his cum straight into her open and awaiting mouth! Mickey looked like he was about to die and go to heaven!

In unison with Mickey's quivering, pumping sack, so thrummed the dog's, Bea's womb simultaneously being filled with a very different type of semen. And Bea was swallowing cum, and she was being pumped with cum, and she was cumming! Cumming and cumming and cumming with them! Cumming as her hand and fist milked all that Mickey had to give into her mouth! Cumming as her cunt clasped down, gripping and massaging Argos's knot! Cumming, as she hummed and moaned as her clit panged in song!

Some moments later, as the climax subsided and Mickey wizened up, realizing what he had just done and exhausted, he fell away and down onto the couch beside his mom, ripping his cock from her grasp! At the exact same moment, perhaps initiated by Mickey's retreat, Argos leapt off Bea as well and turned, twisting his cock still embedded inside her cunt, until he was left standing out from between her splayed legs.

"Oh?" Realization hit Bea at the same moment, and she spit out a mouthful of her son's cum across her chin and down onto her naked tits. *Oh*, was right! Oh, what a sight to see!

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"Nnngh" Bea grunted, pushing like she was giving birth. She had her legs bent in the air, hands behind and just below her knees to hold them high and wide.

She'd been forced to wait for too long, her lust-drunk worn off. Shame now filled that void as her son watched Argos continue to fill her with his cum. Trapped, she could do nothing about it but burn with humiliation. Bea just wanted it over, so she had hoisted her legs and she pushed. And she grunted. And she pushed.

She'd been fucked, seeded, and now she truly did give birth. Birth to a dog's cock and knot pressed from her cunt and womb!

*PHLOP!* it fell with a wet, noisy slurp from her used pussy, quickly followed by a huge deluge of Argos' runny cum splattering out and onto the floor.

"Oh, gawd..." Bea sighed with relief, the immense pressure cramping her belly rapidly easing from

the release. She let her feet fall to the floor, her head back against the rest of the couch, and she stared dazedly at the ceiling as she left her legs open, allowing all the cum drain from her.

"Huh?" Something was grabbing her leg. "Oh?" Not a something, a someone flipping her over! "Mickey, wha'..?!" it was her son, and he was already moving behind her. He turned her over so that she was now on her knees, body bent and rested over the cushions of the couch.

"What are you..?!" Bea meant to ask him what he was doing, but she was cut short. "Oh!" she erupted as her son thrust the full length of his cock right up her gaping and cum drooling cunt! Freshly fucked and knotted, there was no resistance whatsoever.

"Gawd damn!" Mickey collapsed over her back, just holding himself there, savoring the warm, heated flesh of his mother's pussy wrapped around his cock. It was the first time he'd ever felt a pussy before, and he was sure in that moment that he could now die happy.

"M-Mickey... you - y-you can't!" What came out of Bea was something entirely different. It had taken her a second for what had just happened to register, but when it finally did... "No! STOP!" Her son had his cock in her! She started to panic, the adrenaline waking her back up! "TAKE IT OUT!"

"Ah!" Bea suddenly shook. Her words must have stirred something in Mickey, for he started to withdraw, causing Bea to gasp. He was so, so big! She *almost* hated to see it go. But Mickey... Mickey was only just getting started.

"Whungh!" Bea grunted, the wind knocked from her lungs as Mickey had almost exited her, only to slam himself right back in! "Mickey!" she then turned over her shoulder on her son, aghast and horrified! His cock! In her!

"Mom!" Mickey groaned as he slid his cock back out, savoring her smooth, silky flesh squeezing along his shaft.

"You can't!" Bea wailed! But he did. "UNGH!" Mickey thrust forward again, reburying his cock!

Faster he drew his sword back out. "Oh fuck!" Faster he slammed it back in! "Your cock?!" Bea protested. Protested... or was she singing for him?!

"Your pussy..." Mickey relished in it.

"It's so..." Bea was swirling, tumbling, falling as she clenched onto the cushions as her son found his rhythm, and really started fucking her!

"So..." Mickey intoned, speaking dreamily.

"So..." Bea mimicked him.

"Good!" they both groveled in unison! And at that, Mickey unleashed a flurry of powerful thrusts into his mother - really hammering her! Fucking her! And Bea bounced her ass back against him, giving herself to her son! And their wet, sweaty flesh began to clap in tune to the raw rutting he was giving and she was taking! Fucking!

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! OH FUHK!" Bea buried her face and screamed into the couch! Even after Argos, Mickey's big dick was stretching her wide, filling and invading ever nook and crevice of her drenched fuck-hole!



"I - I'm cumming!" she bleated, and like a spitting volcano, she erupted on him, re-wetting his cock with her cunt and squirting out around his strong thrusts!

"Ah yeah! Me too!" she felt her son push deep, followed by the building surge of his cock deep in her womb!

"N-no!" Bea just barely managed a finger hold on her sanity, screaming at him, "Not in me!" she reached back and tried to push him away, but Mickey was holding her tight and deep and all the way up in her! She had no strength left to wrestle. That was when the dread returned.

Curt had been snipped years ago, so there was no need for birth control. Not until... *now*! Now, as she felt Mickey's cock throb, and his scorching seed began to flood her fertile belly!

"Oh, MOM!" he grunted, grinding his hips into hers!

"Oh, Mickey, NO!" she half-moaned, half-sobbed as she felt him filling her! It was too late. She was cumming with him, on him, just as he came in her, and she could do nothing not stop it now!

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Stop it she couldn't. Nor the afterwards. Indeed, Bea welcomed Argos when he came back for seconds after Mickey had finally collapsed out of her, willingly letting the dog mate with her again, hoping his flood of cum would wash out that of her son's.

But Mickey was young and spry, and as soon as Argos had managed to dislodge his over-sized knot from the her cunt, Mickey pulled his mom off the couch, and pushed her down and onto her back upon the floor! He crawled between her legs, and immediately thrust up into her while attacking her breasts and neck and mouth with his own! And just like that, mother and son were fucking again!

It was all that she could do to beg him not to cum in her while he made her cum on his dick. Too ashamed to admit why he couldn't - and what she might have to do if he'd already managed to impregnate her - Bea instead haughtily begged her son to cum on her tits, which Mickey happily obliged, pulling out and finishing himself off while straddled over her chest, painting those meaty swells a creamy white!

Mickey had lasted a little longer this round, and by the time he'd finished emptying his balls on her, Argos was nudging her with his nose, goading her to flip over and onto her hands and knees, readied for a third!

Bea, thoroughly fucked and exhausted, was exacerbated by the dog's insistence. She told him "No!" and pushed and swatted him away, but with one firm scolding from her son, Bea was flipping over onto her hands and knees again. Mounted again. Fucked by a dog again! Mated and rutted, knotted and filled with puppy cum - AGAIN!

And again, once Argos managed to pull from her, Bea was filled with her son's large cock again. Mickey fucking her from behind, taking her doggy-style - AGAIN!

When he announced he was about to cum - in her! - Bea smartly flipped around and took her son in her mouth, letting him pump her throat and plant his seed down her gullet instead of in her womb - AGAIN!

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What a day! A long day to be sure. Both Mickey and Argos had had their fill.

That night, Bea made dinner in silence, father and daughter conversing and joking jovially at the table. Bea could only pray. Pray, that they did not notice of her nervous angst. Of the way she was having to waddle around, her legs and pussy sore from too much fucking.

Mickey was helping her – a first, but she just wished he'd go away. The awkwardness between them was palatable, and if either Curt or Lindsey were to open their eyes, they'd see it.

See how when they clumsily bumped into one another, Bea would silently shriek and jump! See how each of them were seemingly uncoordinated from the days wear. See as Bea and Mickey would catch each others eye, Bea blushing, Mickey's filled with lust-filled hunger, wanting more! See how Bea would trip over her words if one of them asked her something, fearing what they might say next!

"Why are you walking so funny?" she feared she'd heard. "Have you been fucking Mickey and the dog all day long?" she thought she could read in their eyes! But... it was only in her head. Maybe they didn't know, but she did. And she had. All. Day. Long.

They'd eventually had to take a break, and had gone about their days, but in the kitchen over the counter top, in the floor in the laundry room, in the shower while trying to clean up, in Mickey's room, on Mickey's floor, in Mickey's bed! Even out in the backyard, it didn't matter! It was like she had become their slave, unable to deny, unable to say no, and the two devil's had been using her all day long!

Bea could still taste the cum in her mouth, and she couldn't stop the flood of cum flowing out of her thoroughly used pussy. She'd eventually had to settle for using a tampon once Curt and Lindsey got home, less they notice the creamy liquid running down her legs.

Never mind that. Bea had never been so glad to see them home! It meant Mickey and Argos had to quit fucking her! That is, right up until dinner ended.

"Daddy, do you mind if mom helps me with my homework?"

Everything seemed to stop and freeze at this. Bea and Curt looked between each other, her husband surprised and happily curious. "*Mom..?*" Just like Mickey, Lindsey had never called her that before, and the girl had even less reason too than her son.

Curt looked radiant at this though, nodding gratefully towards Bea, but then... he hadn't a clue as to her true meaning.

*"Help the girl with her homework..?"* Bea gulped, her stomach suddenly lodged in her throat. After that little charade, there was no way she could say no! Lindsey had played her well. Bea unwittingly looked to Mickey, and he had a devious look in his eye – a knowing look.

"I'm going to my room," he excused himself. No doubt to... Bea didn't want to think of that. She hadn't made him take the camera out yet!

Bea was horrified at this, but saw the bewilderment and happiness on Curt's face at his doting daughter's request. Finally, Lindsey was warming up to his wife. Curt had no idea. As much as Bea hated it – knew what the little cunt was plotting, there was no way she could refuse.

Bea's day was not yet done. Far, far from it.

"I'll take care of the dishes!" Curt even gleamed, a first for him.

"Thanks daddy!" Lindsey stood up, and came around to take a stunned Bea's hand to lead her away. "Come on!" the girl hissed back at Argos, signaling for the dog to follow. He followed.

Nope. Far from over indeed!

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## **Chapter Eight: Help**

"I need your help."

"Huhn?" Bea gave a slight, acknowledging grunt as she struggled to lift her face out of her folded arms from the floor. "W-with - ungh... with what?" She wasn't exactly in the most comfortable of positions to carry on a casual conversation at the moment.

Bea was on knees and elbows, back arched, ass stuck in the air. Her now routine uniform - her robe, was piled in a heap beside a likewise naked Lindsey sitting Indian-style atop her floral bed above. As Bea looked up, she caught the girl setting her phone aside into it.

Bea scowled. She didn't exactly condone Lindsey recording her like this, but she didn't say anything about it either. It had long since proven to be a fruitless endeavor. Apparently, Lindsey felt as if she could do whatever she wished, and Bea had stopped questioning her.

Instead, Bea stole a quick glance back over her shoulder to the current predicament Lindsey had been capturing on her phone - Argos. The handsome beast stood idly behind her, stub tail tucked, ears up, tongue hanging as he panted from exhaustion. The two were tied ass to ass, his cock knotted firmly and throbbing up inside her.

"Damn..." Bea turned away before facing her indignity became too much.

Argos had finished and turned in her nearly ten minutes ago, and per her now numerous experiences, Bea figured he'd pull out any second now. *If only...* If only her pussy would quit squeezing him, trying to milk every last drop of his puppy seed out ! Her belly was as bloated as it could be and cramped. She didn't relish taking any more of it, but she couldn't control her muscles either.

It as if her pussy had a mind of its own now! No matter how much her current predicament tortured her mind, her pussy loved dog cock, and came and creamed all over it every time he fucked her! ... And they'd been doing a lot of fucking as of late.

In her periphery, Bea noticed they'd left Lindsey's door open in their rush to get in here and into position. As her mind looped back to the rough mating she'd just endured... Bea shuttered as she thought about how loud she'd been screaming and moaning, like a wanton whore as she'd cum on Argos' cock while he pounded away at her!

'Gawd!' her pussy clamped down even tighter at the memory!

It was another Sunday, a full nine days since Mickey had first played hooky and made her kneel in the living room, and she knew Curt would still be safely away at the golf course, but Mickey..? Mickey had borrowed her car to run some "errands" after their family lunch, leaving the two girls at home alone with the beast! She feared Mickey knew exactly what he was doing, and had planned it

all accordingly. She could only pray that he hadn't come home in the meantime and heard her - not that it would really matter at this point. He'd hear it, see it - all of it! - *eventually*.

That thought brought Bea back around full circle. More videos of her and Argos, and now not only in Mickey's possession. Lindsey liked to record Bea and Argos fucking. Hell, the girl had even had Bea record herself and Argos fucking on her phone!

Every night since that previous Friday, the girls would retreat to Lindsey's room to do "homework" or other "girly" things after dinner, and every night Argos would get to mount the both of them! And Curt, the gullible he, he never asked questions nor made to bother them. In fact, he absolutely adored the way his daughter had taken to his wife of late, and praised Bea for it! He'd even bought Bea a diamond necklace with matching earrings to show his gratitude for taking Lindsey under her wing. Ha! *If he only knew!* Bea rued. It was more like Lindsey had taken Bea under hers.

Bea was under no delusions. She knew what she was doing - permitting - was wrong and sick and perverse, and each and every morning that she woke up next to her sweet and loving husband, remembering her sins of the night before, Bea had told herself that "today," she was going to put an end to this. That she was going to sit Lindsey down and talk sense to her. Stop her. And Mickey too! But every day ended just as the one before: with her courage always failing, her itch forever prevailing, and... and with either the taste of her son's cum across her tongue or painted on her tits, with a belly full of dog cum, and with two newest videos made!

"Two..." One on Lindsey's phone, and the other...

Even though Bea had made that a requirement of letting him watch her that day - nine days ago now, Mickey had not removed his little secret hidden camera. Bea only knew this, well... because she'd snuck back into his room while he was at school to watch the videos. Watch Argos either fucking Lindsey or herself as the dog tongued her out as she watched! Watched, before crawling down onto her hands and knees to let the dog fuck her then and there in her son's own room!

This routine was just another of the bizarre twists and turns that had recently afflicted her mundane life. Why did she keep coming back in here when she hated herself for it afterwards? Why did she let Argos come in here with her?! Why did she open the folder and load the videos? Why did she peel her robe back and begin to finger herself as she watched? Why did she always find herself soaking wet when she did?!

Bea had more questions than answers. Worse, why did she always spread her legs for that beast as she sat in her son's chair? Why did she let him tongue her to orgasm after Earth shattering orgasm, only to drop down to let him fuck her when she would always scold herself for it later?!

And most importantly of all, why did she never delete the videos herself? Why did she never challenge her son when he caught her in the kitchen alone, only to bend her over the table, hiking up her robe if she knew what she was doing was so wrong? In the laundry room? On the couch? Bathroom? Out in the hall or in his room and bed? Let her own son fuck her time and again without a word of protest?!

Why would she never tell Lindsey she couldn't help her with her "homework" that night if she always felt so guilty about it later? For christ's sake, why had she not made Mickey take that hidden camera out of Lindsey's room like he said he would?! Why did she keep going back in there, knowing that her very own son would see all?!!!

Many questions, so very few answers. The simple fact was, that Bea would not allow her mind to wander there. She was scared of the answers, terrified even. Answering these difficult questions

meant she'd have to face the truth, and the truth she was not ready for.

Instead, Bea told herself it was the videos. The videos the reason she had to keep going. Both of her children had enough on her to force her to do whatever they wanted! ... Never mind neither had ever threatened her with such blackmail. Even though a simple right click and "delete" would erase them from her son's computer. Even though she knew where the camera was in Lindsey's room and could peel it off and throw it away herself. Even though a few flicks of her thumb as she recorded Lindsey with Argos would make them disappear from her daughter's phone. Bea did not let her mind wander to these options either - as if they didn't even exist.

She always told herself that the only reason she went on Mickey's computer to watch them was that she needed to know what he was seeing, and how to fix it. Never mind the dog tonguing her pussy as she watched! She always told herself the only reason she recorded Argos fucking Lindsey was so that there would be evidence of the girl doing it too. Never mind the videos on Mickey's computer. Never mind the neurotic thrill it gave her to do it!

Bea's nights had become a delicate balance of wandering between her son's, daughter's, and husband's rooms, all getting their fill of her, none of them any the wiser of the others. Her never ending itch was staying well scratched to say the least, even though it never seemed enough. And slowly but surely - though she'd never willingly admit to it - Bea was becoming addicted to it. Addicted to this new lifestyle. Addicted... to a never ending supply of cock!

On top of all this, Bea only had the house to herself during the days because she had struck another deal with Mickey - one that he had so far kept, as had she. Mickey had tried to stay home with her again that following Monday, skipping out on school yet again, but Bea had stupidly told him that the only way this could continue was if he went to class, stayed out of trouble, and made good grades. The principle had called her four days later to dote on how well Mickey had been doing. All of his teachers had said so...

Perhaps, that was one true reason she hadn't stopped Mickey. And then...

"Mom..?" came the other. It was Lindsey, pulling Bea out her reverie.

"Mom..." Delivering her into another. Bea loved both her children so much, and they had now both taken to calling her "mom," when it was only ever "Bea" before. Over the last two weeks, she had bonded with each of them in ways that she could have never dreamed of! But... at what price?

"W-what... what's wrong, Lindsey?" Bea forced herself to the present. Lindsey looked troubled, like something was bothering her. "What - ungh!" Bea tried to sound sincere, but there was still that dog's cock in her! "What do you need help with?"

Lindsey bit at her lip, looking nervous. "My boyfriend," Lindsey finally admitted.

"Oh?" Bea intoned, ignoring the awkward situation behind her. Bea had since learned that while Lindsey had lost her virginity to Argos, she now had a boyfriend she was sexually active with, though Lindsey would never say who he was. They lived in a small town, and if Lindsey gave Bea his name, she'd of course know him.

More than that, Lindsey had confessed her "love" for this boy, doting warmly on him constantly when they shared their little moments together. Knowing that they were sexually active and at her age, Bea did not exactly approve of their relationship, but "Bea the dog fucker" was never in much of a position to argue with the girl either. That, and even though she knew it would never be a possibility, she disliked this mysterious boy because she knew her own was in love with Lindsey, and

she was sad for him.

"Daddy is going to be gone next week..." Lindsey hinted at, carrying on. Bea was well aware. Curt was going on an important business meeting to Toronto, leaving Bea at home and at the mercy of their two demented kids not for one, but for nearly two whole weeks!

"Yeah?" Bea was afraid to ask where she was going with this.

"Well, I was hoping that..?" Lindsey drug it out, giving Bea a fill of anxiety!

"Nnh! What?!" Bea all but yelped as Argos tugged at her, trying to pull out!

"I love him, mom!" Lindsey attested, causing Bea to roll her eyes at the silly girl. "I want him to know about me, about us, about Argos..."

Bea did not roll her eyes at this. She tensed. "Lindsey, NO!" Bea erupted, shaking her head profusely at the stupid girl.

"I've never known how to broach the subject with him before, but..."

"Lindsey! You can't!" Bea refused, but the other shoe had yet to drop. It did now.

"I was thinking..."

"Lindsey!" Bea tried to stop her, but her daughter just spoke over her.

"What if I brought him here, and he was to accidentally... I don't know..?" Lindsey hesitated at first, but finally gathered the courage to finish, "See you with Argos? And then..."

"Lindsey?!" Bea's shriek of horror was robbed from her as all the wind left her sails. "W-what..?" she was left mumbling, hollow and empty. "No. No way!"

\*\*\*\*

*Unfortunately unfinished due to the closure of the Beastforum...*