

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I wasn't supposed to be home early the day it all started.

Let me take a step back. My name is Dave. I live in a pretty typical suburb with my mother Sarah, older sister Kate, and our dog Diogenes (Dio for short). I'm in the final days of my senior year at the local high school, and Kate is a sophomore at a nearby college. Mom works from home; she's a successful freelance marketing consultant. If I'm being honest, both my mother and sister are pretty attractive women. Petite, neither is more than 5'2", but with decent figures, blonde hair, and greyish-blue eyes. It's obvious they're related. I'm 6'1" and much darker than either of them, but somehow we all ended up with the same nose. Even though it's just the three of us (Dad died a few years ago), we aren't especially close. We tolerate each other pretty well, but honestly Dio is the member of the household to whom I'm closest. He's a large dog, but a thoroughbred mutt.

I'm a boxer. Not professionally, it's just a hobby I do in my free time. That isn't something I can do through my school, so I have a coach down at a local gym. Every day after I'm finished with classes I walk down there and try to get in a few hours of training. At this point everyone in my family knows and expects that I'll be home no earlier than 6pm, and since I've been able to keep my grades up and get into the same college as Kate it isn't a problem.

On this particular day, however, my trainer texted me to let me know he had gotten food poisoning and wouldn't be around. Ordinarily I still would have gone in for at least a little while, but there was just something in the air that made me say "fuck it", so I headed straight home.

As soon as I stepped through the front door I could tell something was up. There was a weird energy in the house, and I could hear faint thumping noises coming from the living room. On pure instinct I decided not to announce myself, and instead crept toward the source of the noise. When I peered through the living room door, at first all I saw were several indistinct shapes moving rhythmically on the floor. It took a few moments for my brain to catch up and parse what I was witnessing.

My mother was on all fours on the floor, face down ass up as they say. Her blue sundress was hiked up around her waist, and a pair of pink-and-white striped panties were dangling off of her right leg. I couldn't see anything, however, because Dio was behind her, paws around her waist, fucking her.

Mom was fucking the dog.

I was frozen in shock. I couldn't see super well, but it was clear that Diogenes was pounding my mother's cunt with his thick cock. Mom's thighs glistened with what I took to be her own juices, and somewhere in the back of my mind I was impressed with the quantity of fluid Dio was able to make her produce. The distinctive tang of female arousal permeated the room. Obscene, wet noises were coming from where their bodies were joined, and Dio was panting happily. My mother, in turn, was moaning in what was clearly pleasure and vocally encouraging him to, and I'm quoting here, "ruin [her] bitch pussy with that big doggy-dick."

It seemed like Dio was happy to oblige. The force of his thrusts was shaking my mother's entire body, sending her face and tits sliding across the floor with every move. I was surprised to note that not only did Mom slide forward as Dio thrust into her sopping cunt, but then appeared to be dragged back with Dio's pelvis. The movement struck me as extremely odd until it dawned on me that my mother was stuck on Dio's knot; her pussy was attached to his cock, forcing her pelvis to follow both the forward and backward motion of the dog's energetic copulation.

Mom moaned lewdly as Dio gave it to her with wild abandon. Her breasts had popped out of her dress, and I marveled at the way they looked dragging across the floor. As Dio pressed forward they

were obscured under her body, but every time he pulled back and dragged mom along with him her firm, erect nipples were exposed to the air. Her long blonde hair covered Mom's entire face, from her open panting mouth to her rolled back eyes. She was too busy using her hands to roughly twist her own nipples every time they were available to push the hair out of her face. I wondered for a moment why she didn't prop herself up into a more dignified hands-and-knees position. Not only did Mom seem disinclined to do so, but Dio periodically pressed his front paws between her shoulder blades. I knew Dio weighed more than she did, and my guess was that even if she tried to get onto all fours, the force of Dio pressing on her back would swiftly knock her down again. She was begging for it, but the dog was clearly in physical control of the situation. At this point my mother was just a sleeve for his cock, which based on her throaty moans and lusty panting suited her just fine.

I was so busy processing the scene, that I barely noticed I had immediately whipped out my phone and started taking pictures. Maybe I spent too much time on social media, but I just had to capture this moment. After getting a few good stills I switched to video and got what felt like an eternity of footage. Dio's stamina was impressive. Not only was he lasting an impressive amount of time, but he was manhandling (doghandling?) Mom with ease. It wasn't like rough sex between two human beings. I wasn't a sexual prodigy by any stretch of the imagination, but I'd watched enough porn to know that human doms brought a certain level of intentionality to what they did. The application of force always had a goal; whether it was to satisfy the dom or the sub it was part of the sexual calculus. With Dio there was none of that. The way he kept her forced down the ground, the carelessness with which he slid her body across the floor, the purposeless ease with which he batted her with his paws all spoke to the thoughtlessness only an animal is capable of. More than any human partner might performatively claim, at that moment it was clear Dio saw my mother as nothing but a sex object to satisfy his own canine lusts. She was just a useful tool for getting his nut.

Suddenly, Dio tensed up. Mom followed him a moment later. The way she spasmodically kicked her left leg made it clear to me she was having an orgasm. She groaned from deep in her throat, making incoherent noises that almost had the characteristics of speech. Dio responded by swinging his hind leg over mom's ass and bringing himself to stand facing away from her. They were still clearly attached by the knot. As Dio did this, panting happily, Mom's incoherent groaning finally took shape into clearer human words.

"Oh fuck yes Dio, fill me up with you doggy-cum. I love milking your big thick knot with my stupid whore pussy. Fill me up, I want to feel you leaking out of me. Oh fuck yes Dio don't stop cumming."

Mom kept jerking periodically as orgasms ripped through her body and she kept begging the dog to give her as much cum as he could. She had her hands on her nipples the whole time, twisting and pulling them as she rode out what looked like three or four climaxes on Dio's invading knot. Finally, Dio finished ejaculating. Mom lay panting on the ground as suddenly Diogenes slipped out of her with a wet squelching sound. It was clear he had taken mom's request to absolutely fill her with canine semen seriously, as no sooner did his deflating red member slide out than what looked like a cupful of the dog's watery spend splattered out of my mother and onto the hardwood floor. Once he slipped out of Mom's pussy her unsupported legs sagged and her pelvis sank towards the floor. Heavy breathing filled the room. Slowly and shakily mom reached behind herself to rub her right hand over and into her swollen, used-up cunt. Taking a large helping of the dog's ejaculate onto her fingers, she brought her hand up to her face and started feeding herself the foamy mixture of dog cum and her own juices.

As she licked the mess off of her fingers Mom groaned happily, but didn't open her eyes. She made some grateful moaning noises, telling Dio how much she appreciated his gift. Once she was satisfied with her post-coital snack, Mom slowly started turning to look back at Dio, brushing her hair out of her face. Only then did the very real possibility that my mother might see me standing in the

doorway kick in.

Ducking out of sight, I exited the house as quickly as I dared, followed the whole time by what I could only unbelievably assume was the sound of mom sucking Diogenes' cock clean from their combined juices. Once out the door I jogged down the street, unsure of where to go but convinced I needed to be away from the house. It was only once the panic receded in a local park a few minutes away that I realized the most shocking thing of all: I was hard as a rock.

I spent the next few hours wandering aimlessly, trying to distract myself from what I had seen. It didn't really work. Once 5:30 rolled around I figured the coast had to be clear, and took myself back home. This time I hollered my arrival as soon as I got in. Diogenes bounded up to me and greeted me in the way of happy dogs everywhere. The fact that he seemed to be in fine spirits actually did a lot to calm me down. Mom returned my greeting from the kitchen. Incongruously, when I caught a glimpse of her the thing that struck me most was that she was still wearing the same blue sundress as earlier.

Dinner was a strange affair. Mom was acting totally normal, asking about my day and chatting casually with my sister about classes and campus gossip. If I'd been fucked by an animal just a couple hours prior I think my behavior would have been a little off, but my mother seemed totally unbothered. I'm sure I was acting pretty oddly, and I'm also sure both Mom and Kate picked up on it, but they seemed to pass it off as not a big deal. As soon as supper was over I excused myself to my room.

Alone in my room there was nothing to do but think. Though the memory was no more than a few minutes long, it felt much longer and every detail was seared indelibly into my brain. No matter what I tried, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I ran through it again and again in my head, the image of my mother splayed out like a common slut for the family dog to have his way with her. Part of it sickened me, and at first I tried to pretend that was my primary emotion. It was at 12am when I slipped out to use the bathroom and couldn't piss because of my erection that I had to come to grips with the fact that there was an entirely different dimension to this for me. Returning to my room I settled in to one of the most shameful (but intense) masturbation sessions of my life, before finally drifting off to sleep.

Over the next few days my hopes that I could just ignore what had happened and move on were dashed. Reliving the memory became something of an obsession. I caught myself zoning out in class thinking about it, I often got distracted when walking or driving, and took more than one hit in the boxing ring because I had stopped paying attention to what was going on.

It was also changing the way I looked at my mother. Before, I had a pretty normal, healthy relationship with her. Now, every time I saw her I just saw a whore who was so desperate for cock she would give her pussy up to a fucking animal. I started to become repulsed and fascinated by her. I had always known on some level that my mother was pretty, but now I was noticing the truth of the matter: this slut was built to fuck. She wasn't a tall woman, but her proportions were close to ideal, with large breasts, generous hips, a firm ass, and tight waist. I started noticing more and more the way her clothes hugged her body, and caught myself trying to catch glimpses up her skirts and down her shirts.

I also noticed her relationship to Dio in a way I hadn't before. Suddenly, the interest he took in her

had a provocative implication. The way he followed her around sometimes with a certain glint in his eyes. The way he nuzzled up against her as if asking for something. The way she would let him bury his snout in her crotch for just a little too long before pushing him away. All of that, combined with how easygoing she had been the evening after I caught them in the act made me realize the obvious. That wasn't the first time they had done something like that, and it wouldn't be last. My mother's sexual relationship with the dog was ongoing.

Something about this pushed me over the edge. I was a horny guy living with a knock-out slut so desperate for cock she'd cross the species barrier. If she was willing to do that, why shouldn't other lines be crossed? Why shouldn't I cross them? My Mother was a whore, and rather than get upset about it, I would take advantage of it.

I waited for a night I knew Kate would be out to make my move. She was going to some party and told us not to wait up for her, so I knew I'd have plenty of time. If she came home at all that night, it would be extremely late and she would be extremely drunk. I waited in my room once she left to be sure she was gone, then called for Mom.

"Hey Mom, can you come in here for a second? I want to show you something."

"What is it, sweetie?" Mom said, sauntering in. She was wearing another light sundress, this one had a floral pattern, and I took a moment to appreciate her figure with anticipation.

I motioned her over to my desk, then pointed at my computer screen as I pulled up the first photo. Mom's smile froze and she turned white as a sheet. Blood rushed to my ears, and for a moment time seemed to stand still. I clicked to the next picture. And the next. And the next. Image after image of my mother getting railed by our family dog filled the screen. Finally, she unfroze.

"David! What on Earth is that!?! Where did you get these!?" she asked.

"I took them the other day, I came home early. I guess you didn't notice me. As for what they are, well, you're in them. Why don't you tell me?" I said.

"Delete them at once young man!" she exclaimed, "It's completely inappropriate for you to take pictures like that. I can't believe you'd spy on me like this! You're in big trouble!"

Mom's face was bright red and her hands were trembling. She was using her best you're-in-deep-shit tone, and for a moment it almost worked on me. But then the reality of the situation returned to me, and I laughed out loud.

"This is no laughing matter David Charles Greenfield! I'm serious!" There was now a pleading edge to her voice.

"Let me get this straight," I said, wiping a tear from the corner of my eye and stifling a guffaw, "I've got photographic evidence of you fucking a dog. I have a video where you beg Dio to, how did you put it? Tear up your bitch pussy with his fuck-knot? I caught my own mother red-handed molesting our god-damned family pet, and you think you can ground me for violating your privacy? I don't fucking think so."

Mom visibly deflated. A look of absolute misery and defeat flashed across her face as she averted her gaze. It was so fucking hot.

"Now," I continued, "I could share these incriminating photos. I could give them to the cops, and you could do time for it. I could post them online, and ruin your reputation. I could send them to your boss, your friends, our family, and your life would be fucking over. Is that what you want?"

Mom shook her head slowly. She wasn't making a sound, but there were tears running down her cheeks. In that moment the full weight of her situation was crashing down on her.

"Good." I said with a smirk, leaning back in my chair and letting her sweat a moment.

"So what happens now?" She asked meekly.

"I'm so glad you asked! Dio, come here boy! Dio!" I whistled. Diogenes came trotting happily into my room, tongue lolling and tail wagging. My mother looked at me confused.

"It isn't going to be so bad, Mom. I'm not a monster. You like fucking the dog, right? So fuck the fucking dog." I demanded, stabbing my finger at her.

A last spark of defiance flared up in her eyes. "David! How could you ask that? It's bad enough you saw it once, I can't do something like that in front of you! And you shouldn't even want to see it! I am your mother!"

"You're also slut who lets herself get used like a fleshlight by a fucking animal!" I snapped, "You're in no position to lecture me about sexual propriety or taboos!"

I could see her recoil from the words like they were physical blows. Dio cocked his head and sat down, looking from my mother to myself. He clearly knew something was going on, but couldn't figure out what it was or how it reflected on the pack hierarchy. I took a few deep breaths and calmed down.

"That's fine." I said, rotating my chair to face the computer. "You don't have to do it. Do you want me to send the videos to Grandpa first, or should I just get in touch with the police right out the gate?"

I quirked an eyebrow as I shot a glance at my mother. Her shoulders were slumped and her chin was on her chest. I could see the glinting of her cheeks as she wept silently. I knew I had her.

"Ok, I'll do it." She croaked.

"What was that?" I cupped my hand to my ear.

"I said I'll do it. I'll let you watch while I... while I fuck the dog. I'll give you what you want." She said more loudly.

I turned to face her and spread my arms expectantly. My mother took a deep breath, then got down on her knees by Dio, reaching out to put an arm around him. He leaned over and licked her tear-stained cheeks as she reached down and began rubbing him gently.

The bitch had Dio well trained, because as soon as her hand migrated south Dio rolled onto his back splayed-out to give my mother better access. I watched in fascination as her small hand began working between his legs, and his red rocket slowly emerged from its sheath, becoming tumescent. I let her play with it for a few minutes, but as Dio started getting fidgety I knew she was stalling.

I decided to toy with her.

"Seems like Dio is really enjoying that," I said, "why don't you give it a kiss, I bet he'd like that even more."

My mother shot me a dagger-filled glance through red rimmed eyes as I leered at her. I thought she might try and defy me, but she leaned down and started kissing Dio's member. After running kisses up and down the shaft, she took the whole thing in her mouth and began actively blowing him. I didn't even have to prompt her.

This left her in a rather compromising situation. She was on all fours now, ass raised up in the air as her front rested on her elbows and her head bobbed up and down on Dio's hard cock. It was quite the view, but I wanted to see more. I reached out and flipped her skirt up over her waist. I could see she was wearing a light green thong. The material was pulled tight over her mound, peeking out from between her thighs, before disappearing into the cleft of her magnificent ass. I was shocked and elated to note that despite her protests and apparent distress, the gusset of her panties was visibly damp. She really was a whore.

There was a popping sound as Dio's dick fell out of her mouth and she looked at me, "What are you doing?" She asked plaintively.

"Shut the fuck up bitch. You can't very well take the knot through your dress, can you?" I said.

"I can do that myself!" she huffed.

"Fine." I said, "Do it. Now." Then I leaned back and crossed my arms.

The room was still for a moment, the only movement her right hand as it jerked Dio's engorged red cock. After a beat I moved as if to lean forward and reach out, which snapped my mother out of her paralysis. Still beating off the dog she reached back with her left hand and hooked it into the thin waistband of her panties and began pulling them down. The thong came up out of her ass, and the gusset stuck to her pussy for a moment before that too peeled away. A strand of liquid hung between the panties and my mother's pussy as she shimmied her hips, bringing the panties down around her thighs, then her knees, before kicking them so they hung off her right ankle.

She tried to keep herself in profile toward me so I couldn't see the goods as she maintained eye contact for a moment. I think there was still a part of her that thought she could shame me for this. I simply gestured at Dio. Mom got the message, and leaned back down to continue her oral ministrations.

I rolled my chair to get a better view. I nearly came right then and there. Since her legs were quite spread to provide stability to her hands-and-knees stance, Mom's pussy was on full display. It was shaved, except for a well-maintained triangular patch of hair right above the top of her slit. The carpet was darker than the drapes, I noted, but still an attractive shade of blonde. Her outer lips were swollen and glistening, parted by her stance. Her clit was poking slightly out of its hood where her slight inner lips met. I'd bet that if her pussy weren't spread like it was the inner lips wouldn't even be visible. Her pelvis rotated slightly as she bobbed up and down, and as it did so her crinkled asshole periodically winked into view. I couldn't have asked for more.

I was enjoying the view, and Dio seemed to be having a good time, so I let this continue for several minutes. As she slurped on Dio's cock, I could see the lips of my Mother's pussy parting more and more, it's lurid slickness increasing as well. Soon she was audibly moaning as she worked Dio's knob with her mouth. When that started happening I knew it was time to move on.

"Alright, I think Dio's more than ready to proceed, don't you?" I said. My mother let the cock fall

from between her lips and looked at me, nodding slightly and biting her lower lip. Dio agreed as well. No sooner was he out of Mom's mouth than he scrambled to his feet, nails clicking on the floor as he walked around behind her. He sniffed her pussy, then licked it a few times. Mom let out a long moan and pushed her ass farther up in the air, arching her back and spreading her knees even further. Dio needed no further encouragement, and he hopped up onto his hind legs, leaning his front against my mother and attempting to line the head of his dick up with the grasping opening of her cunt.

Mom groaned appreciatively and reached her hands underneath herself, between her legs. One grabbed Dio's swollen erection and began rubbing the tip against her slit. The other spread her pussy lips as wide as she could to let him in. As Diogenes began slipping into my mother her eyes rolled back into her head and her mouth made a giant, noiseless "O". Then, Dio's hips stopped moving forward. Mom's tight cunt had hit his bulbous knot and progress was no longer easy. I saw Mom grit her teeth and begin pushing her hips back against the panting canine inside her. Suddenly, there was a wet squelching sound and Dio lurched forward. Mom's eyes bolted open and she made a satisfied "ahhhhh" sound, while Dio wrapped his forelegs around her narrow waist and began pumping.

I couldn't take in any more. I had intended merely to humiliate my mother, and make a memory I could put in the spank bank, but I had also wanted to maintain control of myself, of the situation. That was all gone. I was too horny, my throbbing erection was pressed too uncomfortably into my pants, and I felt as if I could explode at any moment. As I watched Dio and my mother begin to fuck in earnest, I whipped my dick out of my pants and started jerking it.

With her face planted in the floor getting shoved around by the dog's relentless copulating it took my mother a few moments to notice. When she did, her eyes grew wide.

"David, what, ughhhhh, what are you, ohhhh fuck, what are you doing?" She let out in a stilted, half-moaned way. "I'm your, mhhmmmm, mother. You can be jacking off in front of, of, of, oh god, of me. This is, ughhhh ughhhh, this is twisted enough as it is."

Verbally she was objecting, but it didn't escape me that her eyes were glued to my swollen member. Her face was flushed, as was the part of her chest exposed by the neckline of her dress. Her right hand hadn't left its place between her legs, and was now rubbing her clit in broad circles as Dio relentlessly lay into her.

"I can't believe my own son would do this. Force me to fuck the dog in front of him while he jerks off. What the fuck is wrong with you? Where did I go so wrong? How did I raise such a fucking pervert? I can't believe this is happening to me." Mom kept going on and on like a broken record. Despite the words, something in her tone told me she was as much talking dirty for her own benefit as genuinely castigating me. She was still crying, though. I let it go for a while, somewhat enjoying the thrill of having my mother describe the compromising situation she was on, but eventually I got tired of it.

"God dammit bitch, you don't know when to shut the fuck up do you?" I said, sliding out of my chair, "Here, let me give you something better to do with that filthy fucking mouth of yours."

With that, I grabbed the back of mom's head and shoved my dick into her panting mouth. At first she tried to pull back, and smacked my thighs ineffectually with her palms, but I held on tight and jammed my cock back as far as it would go. It felt so good in her mouth, warm and wet, and the feeling on my cockhead as it hit the back of her throat and she started choking was pure bliss. I held it in place for several moments, watching my mother's eyes get watery and her face turn a vivid red,

then purple.

When I finally thought she had enough I released her head and let her mouth slide off my dick. Thick foamy spit covered my cock, and left a trail between my shaft and her mouth as my mother slid off and began coughing. After she had stopped gagging and taken a few deep breaths I slapped her across the face, bringing her head back around to my cock. She got the message as I grabbed fistfuls of her hair and started ruthlessly fucking her throat like it was a pussy.

Dio hadn't let up in all this time, and now my mother was strung between us. It felt so good to use her mouth for my pleasure. Every time I thrust into her throat she was pushed back against Dio, and every time Dio thrust into her cunt her face was smashed down onto my cock. What really surprised me though, was mom's response. I suppose on some level I had expected that she would just give up, go catatonic and allow herself to be used. I'd read somewhere that's often what victims of sexual assault do. Instead, the longer we pounded her the more she seemed to get into it. As I absolutely abused her throat I started feeling her tongue running over my shaft as it was in her mouth, licking the underside, tonguing the hole, occasionally darting out from under my cock to swipe at my tight balls. I could feel the vibrations in her throat as she moaned on my dick.

After a few moments I let go of her head again. She popped off my cock to take a few ragged breaths. Then, looking me dead in the eye with an expression that will forever define "pure lust" to me, she dove back down onto my cock of her own volition, shoving her face as far onto it as she could. Her nose pressed deep into my pelvis as my balls rested against her chin. Mom's tongue immediately shot out and she did her best to wrap it fully around my balls. With my penis fully inserted into her esophagus, mom started flexing the muscles in her throat. Using her epiglottis and tonsils to milk me, her insistent humming sent further vibrations along my painfully stiff cock. It was pure heaven.

Suddenly, Dio froze. Then, he leaned forward putting all his weight on my mother's waist and pulled her as best he could with his fore-paws. Mom's mouth slipped off my dick with a cough as she was pushed down by Dio's weight, her face planted on the ground in a foamy puddle of saliva and precum. Dio was unloading his canine seed into Mom's human pussy. As he did, I could see her muscles tense up. Mom groaned atonally at the top of her lungs as Dio's throbbing ejaculation pushed her over the edge. Once he was done, Dio popped out of my mother, gave her cunt a couple of licks for good measure, then padded off.

Mom didn't move, her legs keeping her ass in the air while her chest and face rested on the ground. Her breathing was ragged, eyes closed, and tremors periodically shuddered through her body. Dio had cum, Mom had cum, but I had not. I aimed to fix that. I walked around so that I was behind Mom. Her pussy was on full display for me, battered and used by dog cock. Her lips were spread wide, and her hole gaped openly obscenely from where it had recently been knotted. When I came around her I had intended to fuck that hole, but as I watched Dio's watery seed drip slowly off of Mom's lips I decided otherwise. That only left one option.

"Mmmm, what are you doing?" Mom panted, almost dreamily, as I knelt down behind her. "You can't fuck me, I'm your mother." Her words were betrayed by her utter failure to move or attempt to close her legs to me. Her pussy was seeping lube, clearly ready for round two. Then, she felt the tip of my dick press against her asshole.

Her eyes jerked open and she began lifting her torso from the ground. "What the fuck are you doing?" she asked more urgently.

"What, you think I'm going to take sloppy seconds left behind by a fucking dog? You'd try and treat

your own son that way?" I asked, planting my right hand between her shoulders, slamming her roughly back down to the ground.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck." She replied, her breathing getting rapid. Gripping my my dick firmly I pressed the spongy head against her sphincter. As it resisted my advances, I brought my thumb up to press it firmly to mom's immaculate rosebud. There was another moment of stasis, and then all of a sudden my cock head popped in. Mom's ass accepted me, and her sphincter clamped down just behind my glans.

"OHHHHHHHHHHH FUUUUUUCK!" She groaned, her voice a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"How could you go in dry like that?" She whimpered, "It hurts so fucking much."

She said it hurt, but I could feel her moving her hips to take more of my cock into her warm tight ass. I was happy to oblige. Grabbing her hips roughly I slammed into her as hard as I could. She made a pained oophing sound as the force of my anal penetration drove the air from her lungs, but she continued pressing her hips back against me.

"If my dick is too dry it's because you didn't lube up enough while you were sucking it, you fucking whore." I yelled. Mom simply grunted. She was no longer trying to lift her front half up as I pounded her ass with the same mercilessness I had used on her throat. Mom's groans and movements suggested she might have been enjoying it a little, but that wasn't of any concern to me. Mom had proved herself a fucking worthless whore, merely holes to be used, and by God I was going to use her.

It felt good to let loose. I'd had sex with a few girlfriends in the past, but there had always been a part of me that was worried about hurting them, worried about their enjoyment. Plus, none of them ever let me put it in their ass. At that moment I wasn't burdened with any hesitation. It felt so good to absolutely exploit another human being as a toy for my pleasure, and the fact that it was my own slut mother just made it even better. I pumped my pelvis relentlessly, using my hands to slam Mom's hips into me as hard as I could. Her ass was unbelievably tight, and I could feel it's ring clamping down on my shaft with a vice-like grip.

"How do you like that?" I should as I railed her, "Now you're my bitch too." I spat onto her face as she turned it slightly towards me.

My balls slapped loudly against her pussy. I could feel her juices on my ballsack, heard the wet squelching as our bodies collided. I couldn't keep this up for long, I knew, so I made the most of it while I could and relentlessly drilled her ass. Finally, I felt my balls tighten as they prepared to unload. Slamming back into her as hard as I could I pulled her hips into myself as hard as I could and came with a grunt. My dick throbbed as I unload shot after shot of cum as deep as I could into my mother's bowels. Finally, I was spent.

I pulled myself back into my chair huffing intensely. As soon as I withdrew from Mom's ass she collapsed, her legs no longer able to bear her weight. She fell onto her side and lay heaving on the floor. After several minutes with no sounds but our own ragged breathing, mom started pulling herself up. As she started crawling towards the door I grabbed her leg and yanked her back.

"Where the fuck are you going?" I demanded.

"Aren't you done with me yet?" She sobbed, tears once again streaming from her eyes.

"Almost, bitch. But you left a mess." I pointed to the floor where a puddle had accumulated. Mom's

pussy juices, Dio's weak seed, my own thicker offering. It had all dripped out of Mom's well-fucked holes and pooled on the floor, "Clean it up, then you can go."

Biting back her weeping, Mom leaned forward. Her eyes were glassy and somewhat empty. I guess now that she wasn't cumming anymore, the reality that she had just been blackmailed and raped by her own son was sinking in.

"Wait one fucking second." I cut in as she started dabbing at it with her balled-up panties. "I didn't say you could use those." To underscore my point I stood up and planted my foot on her head, driving it to the ground and into the puddle of fluid.

I was pleased it only took mom a moment to get the point and slowly poke her tongue out of her mouth. Once I was sure she understood I returned to the chair, and supervised as she lapped up all the sex juices on the ground. I had done it as just another way to denigrate her, but to her credit she actually managed to slurp up most of the fluid. As she did, her sobbing grew more and more intense until finally I decided it was more irritating than hot.

"Alright bitch, you've done enough. Try not to make such a mess next time. Get the fuck out of here." I said.

Mom stood with a dazed and vacant expression in her eyes, then stumbled out of my room towards her own. I leaned back in the chair satisfied and spent. From the master bathroom I could hear the shower starting. From the den, I heard Dio barking at a passing neighbor. I smiled in satisfaction.

Maybe I'd come home early again tomorrow.