

Angela's Diary

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Angela's Diary

Chapter 11

It was bizarre to go back to my daily routine after the weekend I had had, and the ways that the weekend had utterly and irrevocably altered my life. I wasn't the same person on Monday morning that I had been on Thursday night; the past, as they so rightly say, is a foreign country, and now I could hardly look at who I was then without seeing grainy, sepia-tinted photographs in my mind. Yes it was me, still the same Angela, but a different Angela too, just like the America you read about in "Gone with the Wind" is the same America as now, but different too. And did I really just say I dated back to the Civil War? Good Lord, what a way to make myself feel good.

The point is that the events of three days had changed me so utterly that there was no going back to what I had been, but my outward circumstances – where I lived, who my friends were, what I did, what I had to do to maintain myself and my family – those things hadn't changed at all. I still had to go to the store that morning and buy groceries, I still had to take the car in for an oil change and to have the spongy brakes checked, I still had to take Charlie for a run and mow the lawn and get to my meeting that afternoon for the board of a local food shelf I help run. Tuesday I still had a lunch date with the girls. Life was stubbornly determined to go on.

And yet...

I was sitting in the waiting room of my car dealer when it happened. They had my car in back somewhere, presumably up on a hoist while greasy men in blue uniforms did whatever greasy men in blue uniforms did to cars to keep them from exploding when I step on the gas. The TV was showing Oprah and I was half watching that, half reading a three-week-old *People* magazine, and half drinking a cup of coffee that was exactly the sort of coffee you'd expect from a car dealership (yes I know it's three halves – I'm a multitasker). I don't even think I was thinking about anything in particular when, out of the blue, the most overwhelming sense of cognitive dissonance slammed down on me like...oh, gee, like a car falling off a hoist onto a greasy man in a blue uniform, how about that. Suddenly the sheer *abnormality* of my situation – of my family's situation – hurtled to the front of my mind even as I sat there doing my daily routine. It was the daily routine that did it, of course, as daily routines always do after you've

Angela's Diary

had a major life-altering event. I had spent the weekend getting the blue blazes fucked out of me by my son and dog while my husband spent the weekend screwing our daughter cross-eyed, and yet here I was, sitting in a car dealership like a normal human being, drinking bad coffee and listening to Oprah talk about...well, at that point she might have been talking in Hindi for all I could understand. All at once it didn't make sense – and it didn't matter what *it* it was, because nothing made the slightest bit of sense at all. Was I drinking coffee or used motor oil? Was I in a car dealership waiting for my SUV to get fixed, or was I asleep and having some sort of deeply weird dream? Was I a woman who had made certain choices or was I an impostor in my own life, living out someone's bizarre play about the decline and fall of the American family? Was I even in control of what I did, or had I walked a path that had been laid out for me from the instant I was ejected from my mother's womb?

And then I was so dizzy I could barely sit straight. I felt like the whole room, the whole world, was spinning around me in about a dozen different directions at once, up, down, side to side, front and back. My vision got blurry and all of a sudden I was pretty sure after all that I had gone mad. I lurched to my feet, spilling my coffee in the process, and staggered out on noodly legs. I wobbled into the hall, past a startled car salesman, and into the ladies' room, where I tried for the next ten minutes to vomit and had no success. The car salesman must have gotten worried, because a few minutes into it, the gal who writes the work orders knocked on the door and asked me if I was all right. I told her the first thing that came to mind – bafflingly, that I was newly pregnant and suffering a sudden bout of nausea. She made an understanding sound and went away, even as the thought of being pregnant right now twirled around my brain.

At this point, a baby would belong either to Charlie or David, and I figured it more likely that my son would knock me up than the dog, to say the least. I wasn't pregnant – I knew it, because we'd been careful, and anyway it was too soon for morning sickness – but now that I'd pulled that lie out of my hat, I couldn't stop thinking about it. Pregnant with my son's child. David's seed finding a place inside me, a warm, ready egg to fertilize and send to a waiting womb, growing larger, me feeling the heartbeat and the kicks, watching my belly get big and seeing the possessive look on David's face when I told him what had happened, seeing the dismayed look on Tim's face and the disappointed one on Laurel's...

And then I really did vomit.

Again, I knew I wasn't pregnant. I had no doubt that David's sperm were powerful little guys, but they didn't have teeth to gnaw through a condom. And even if one of the rubbers had broken – which it hadn't – the odds were long against an old gal like me getting on the nest from one time anyway, no matter how fertile I was. And besides, when I got morning sickness with David and Laurel, it didn't start until after the first month, not the first *weekend*. But the sheer panic at the thought wasn't listening to reason, and when it landed on top of the headspinning dissonance I was already feeling so strongly, it was the straw that broke the incestuous dogfucker slut-mom's back, as it were.

It was a bad panic attack. I stayed in the stall, quivering and dizzy, heart knocking drum solos against my ribs, for another 20 minutes before I came out to the news that my car was ready. The same gal asked me if I was OK to drive and I lied that I was. Ten minutes later I was in a drug store buying Plan B, kicking myself for my foolishness as I did but still feeling a whole lot better about having a morning after pill in my hot little hands.

I didn't eat lunch – I couldn't, because my stomach was still doing these cute little pirouettes that came right up to the edge of dry – but I did get home and take Charlie for a run. It was raining by that time, and a bit chilly, but I couldn't have cared less. I needed the exercise,

Angela's Diary

and the mindless zone I can reach when I run, to keep me from starting to scream incoherently. And it even worked, because during the actual time I was running I actually managed to think about nothing whatsoever. The instant I got home, however, the worries cranked up again, this time focusing on Laurel and Tim and what had gone on there. She was my baby, my baby girl, and I didn't want anyone hurting her. I knew from the movies David had shown me that she wanted what was happening at least as much as Tim did, and I knew from the look of absolute eagerness on her face as she'd bounded out the door on Friday that there was no arm-twisting required to make her want her dad. But that still didn't mean that everything was all right there, and it still didn't mean I didn't need to worry.

I know, I know – pretty big of me to actually spare some time to worry about my husband molesting our daughter, right? But it's not like that. I had known what was going to happen when they went to Duluth and I had done nothing to stop it precisely because my own activities with David gave me no ground to stand on. I was fucking my underage son, and we were both loving every second of it, so how could I say that it was wrong for my husband to fuck his underage daughter? Laurel was only a year younger than David – and in my sober moments I would admit that she was considerably more mature in many ways than he was – so sauce for the goose pretty much had to be sauce for (or in this case, sauce emitted from) the gander. If she had been ten years old and first dealing with her sexuality, I would have had to put a stop to it regardless of what I was doing myself, and regardless of the cost to me – I was Laurel's mom a long time before I was David's lover, after all, and just about the only thing that goes deeper into the bone than finding your soul mate is being a mother, so if Laurel had been vulnerable and Tim abusing her, I'd have seen him in jail even if it meant me landing in the next cell over. But it wasn't like that. Laurel was an intelligent and self-possessed young lady who had known precisely what she wanted for the last couple of years now, and she made up for any deficits of experience by her natural good sense and her insight. If she hadn't wanted things with Tim to progress the way they did and to the point they reached, then she would have stopped them in no uncertain terms. And Tim, I knew, would never have touched her if she had even hinted at no. So that meant that what was happening now between my husband and daughter was fully as consensual as what was happening between me and my son, and furthermore it had started and progressed without blackmail, coercion, or threats. Laurel had known herself for a long time in a way I still didn't, so if what she wanted was to have sex with her dad, and what her dad wanted was to have sex with her, I had no grounds for complaint.

BUT. There's always one or two of those, isn't there? BUT she was my little girl. It didn't matter that she wasn't little anymore. To a mother, a daughter is always four years old and playing with her dollies and stuffed animals, even as she recognizes that her daughter isn't really, truly that anymore. I still felt the mama tiger protectiveness of my cub that I had when Laurel was first placed in my arms in the delivery room. I didn't want anything bad to happen to her, ever, and I didn't want her to get her heart broken.

I didn't know what she wanted from her relationship with Tim, that was part of the problem. It would have been natural for her, in her position, to want me out of the picture so she could have her dad all to herself. She'd adored him long before even the first hint of anything inappropriate had passed between them, and the emotions of even a sensible young person aren't moderate things. You need experience to learn to temper your wants and your passions and your lusts with the knowledge and the layer of self-protectiveness that can only come from getting your heart snapped in two a couple of times. Laurel didn't have that, so she was no doubt feverish in her longing. Plus, of course, I was sure she'd been a virgin before her first time with

Angela's Diary

Tim, and most girls get pretty hung up on their first lay – hell, I still feel a twinge when I think of the first guy I went all the way with, and he was a shallow jackass. First love, first fuck, and dad all in one person? I was positive her emotions were gale-force. But she wasn't acting like she wanted me out of the way. She wasn't acting resentful or argumentative, she wasn't pushing limits or trying to assert dominance over me –

Well, except she did, didn't she? At the Mall, when she'd told me to show myself off, and I had docilely obeyed? What was that if not pushing boundaries, for God sake? What was that if not asserting dominance? And furthermore, what was that if not me simply accepting it?

Then I did throw up again. Or at least I tried. Dry heaves are terrible because they just keep going. At least when you puke and something comes up, you generally feel better. Dry heaves don't know when to stop.

Curled up on the bathroom floor, trembling with nerves and vertigo and trying desperately not to scream, I fought to get myself back under control. Yes, I had done what I did with Laurel. Or rather, I had done what she told me. It had been wrong, but no matter how fervently I wanted to take it back, I knew I couldn't. The past, foreign country, etc., see above. I could see – finally – how precipitous I had been in letting her control me in that way, and how dangerous it would be to let any such thing – or anything even remotely resemble it – occur ever again. But understanding didn't bring acceptance. No, it brought a fresh panic attack and some rather hysterical crying. How had things gotten so out of control, not just between me and her but with her and Tim, with David and me, with, Charlie and me, etc.? How had things gone so far, and so...well, so much in the direction that they had? Was I losing everything I had? And more than that, was I willingly throwing away everything I was?

And before you complain about me being all wishy-washy and swinging like a pendulum from loving what I had become and wishing the past gone for good on the one hand, and being paralyzed with fear that I was going nuts and making the worst mistakes any mom had ever made since Lot's wife decided that *one little peek* couldn't hurt, I will remind you that A) I was undergoing some pretty severe emotional strain, B) I did warn you that this sort of thing was going to be happening a lot and if you have a problem with it, it's your own fault you're still reading, and C) shut up.

I was sitting on the floor of the bathroom, knees pulled up and held to my chest, sniffing, when David got home. He called to me from downstairs but I didn't trust my voice enough to answer. I knew I would sound quavery and weak if I did, and I didn't want to sound quavery and weak, not to him – not to my child. Being vulnerable that way for a lover was one thing, but it was something very different for my own son. The fact that David was both was just a complicating factor, that's all.

"Mom?" came his voice again, this time from the stairs. I heard him look in the office, and then I heard his footsteps – and Charlie's too, because he was following along wanting to be petted – as he came down the hall. I think he checked his bedroom (no doubt hoping I was waiting for him on his bed wearing nothing but a smile) and then he opened the door to my bedroom. The light was on in my bathroom and the door was open, so it was pretty obvious where I was. After a second he appeared in the doorway, and there was genuine concern in his voice as he asked, "Mom? What's the matter? Are you OK?"

I managed the world's least convincing nod.

He crouched next to me and gently brushed back a lock of hair that had tumbled across my face. "Well you don't look OK to me. Want to talk?"

Angela's Diary

Tears started again. I didn't want them to but they weren't going to be denied. I snuffled and then gave a semi-strangled sob, and suddenly he was kneeling next to me, his arms around me, holding me close. And what a hug it was. All I could think was that it was the sort of hug my dad gave me when I was five years old and Cougar, our cat, had to be put down because of feline leukemia. It was strong, silent, utterly embracing and completely protective. It was the sort of hug that said – without needing to say – that he understood what was going on, and no, he didn't necessarily have the answers but he was going to hold onto me until I felt better anyway. Just like dad used to give me. Just like when I was a little girl.

I cried hard but mostly silently for about 10 minutes, and David never made a sound during that time. He held his cheek to the top of my head and he kept his arms around me so that I was warm and held up and adored, and he let me cry the tears I needed to cry.

How can I even describe how loved that made me feel?

When the tears stopped, David whispered, "Do you want to talk about it?"

It took me a while to answer, but finally I managed, "No. I don't even know if there's anything to talk about." And that was true. The panic had passed in David's arms, and now I just felt numb and tired.

I felt him nod. "Just feeling overwhelmed."

"I guess so."

"I do too, sometimes."

That surprised me, though in retrospect it shouldn't have. Yes, he was very firmly in control – of the situation and of me – but the changes for him were as dramatic as they were for me, weren't they? He had wanted to be back inside me since he got out, and now he was there. How could he not be stunned by that sometimes? And he was *so young*. Yes he was experienced for such a young man (hell, he was experienced for an *old* man), but he was still young, still growing, still becoming the man he would eventually be. Of course it was overwhelming for him when he let it catch up to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked gently when I didn't say anything for a bit, and his hands began to move, caressing my back like a good dad soothing a troubled child.

"Nothing, really. I'm OK."

"Having second thoughts?"

"Sometimes," I admitted, then hastily added, "but I wouldn't go back to the way I was before. Not for the world. This is who I am, and you were the one who showed that to me. I'm never going back."

"You couldn't even if you tried."

"No. I couldn't. That me isn't here anymore."

A long, wordless, perfectly comfortable space, and then, "What do you have to do right now?"

I sighed. "I have to go to the food shelf meeting. Well, first I have to take a shower, because I stink from running."

"Pee-yoo, ya sure do."

I slapped him on his big, broad, solid chest and managed a small but genuine laugh. "When a lady says she stinks, you always deny it!"

He just chuckled and squeezed my ass through my running shorts. "OK, into the shower with you then." He let go of me with one arm, opened my shower, and turned on the water. He knew by now how I liked it.

Angela's Diary

He stepped away from me and said, "Arms up." I lifted my arms and he pulled my top up and over my head, dropping it to the floor. A moment later he undid my bra, then squatted in front of me to take off my shorts. I let him undress me like a child, and I showed no more consciousness or embarrassment of my nudity than he had when he was three and I was getting him ready for a bath. I stepped into the shower, feeling utterly protected and cared for, and the hot water took away the last of my doubts and fears...for the moment, anyway.

David bent and picked up my clothes, dropping them into the hamper, and paused on the way out of the bathroom. He turned back, opened the shower door, and said, "Mom, you never have to worry with me. I'll always do what's right for you."

"I know, baby." And I did.

When I got out of the shower I took my first dose of the morning after pill and then went to get dressed. I put on a pair of jeans and a top for my meeting. It was all very normal except that both of them were tighter and more flattering than any clothes I'd ever worn to the meeting before, and I was wearing a slutty little thong with "I [heart] to FUCK" written on the front, a push-up bra that made my tits look perkier and even bigger than they actually were, and a pair of four-inch stilettos. And the thing is, I wasn't even aware of how sexy I was going to look in all of this. Before when I went, I had always dressed like a prosperous soccer mom; now I was dressing to turn heads, and it was already such second nature to me that I didn't even notice it.

The meeting was boring, as usual. Look, I love my charities and I work hard for them, but the actual running of them isn't all that interesting. It would be better if the food shelf board actually had some people on it whom I enjoy talking to, but it doesn't. The chairman of the charity is a kindly, earnest, extremely dull 30-something man named Walter Kovacs; he wouldn't know a joke if it poked him in the eye and he's always deadly serious about the job of getting food to hungry people – which is incredibly important and I support completely, but jeez, it's Ok to laugh once in a while. Then there's Louise Chambers, a 50ish granola lesbian who wears an excessive number of scarves and has a vaguely unsettling hair style that can't decide if it wants to be Earth Mother or Hipster and so finds a middle ground that just manages to look indecisive. Rev. Weller ("Call me Charlie, we're all brothers and sisters in Jesus!") is a glad-handing born-again Christian of the fire-eating variety, which always made me uncomfortable even before I started gleefully doing things that would give him a stroke if he knew about them. And rounding things out is Susan McDougal, who was homeless and drug-addicted for years and who pulled herself up by her bootstraps to be a business owner and activist; I respect her, but she still has a chip on her shoulder – it drives her to do things for those who have to do without, but it makes it hard just to have a conversation with her if you happen to be an affluent yuppie housewife, which, you know, guilty as charged. At least it gave me something to focus on besides my own and my family's problems, which was a gift from on high in my current condition. It wasn't until the meeting was almost over and I remembered that David had promised to fuck me with Tim and Laurel in the house that my pussy spasmed with sudden need and flooded those naughty little panties I was wearing, and my nipples stood hard at attention in a way that drew a frown from Reverend Charlie and a vague look of vaguely surprised vague pleasure from Louise (she's a vague person). I managed to finish out the meeting without embarrassing myself, but I did have an eager little grin on my face and a discernable perfume of female sexual excitement about me.

I wanted nothing more than to race home and impale myself on my son's fat cock, but I couldn't – the troops were expecting dinner. And furthermore, they were expecting a very specific kind of dinner: it had long since become established tradition that, on food shelf board

Angela's Diary

meeting nights, I would swing by Papá Gordo and pick of some food. Papá Gordo is one of those hole-in-the-wall places you drive past a thousand times without ever stopping at, but once you go there for the first time, you can't imagine not going back again and again. The food is fantastic, the extended family that owns and runs it treats even first-time customers like one of them, and it doesn't break even a modest bank account. I would fail to bring back dinner from there at peril of life and limb.

When I walked into the place, the smells and the atmosphere grabbed me like they always did, and suddenly I was hungry. I grabbed a menu, perused it for a few moments, and then ordered an array of burritos, quesadillas, fresh-made tortillas, rice, enchiladas, and tamales such as would feed a small army. I have two growing children who can demolish food in ways that beggar the imagination.

The girl who took my order was, as I remembered, a niece of the owner of the place. She had worked here a few years before, when she was a teenager, and I remembered her as having an ever-changing, ever-rebellious look – tatty clothes, wild hair-dos and colors, showing too much skin one day and dressing like a Goth Emily Dickinson the next, that sort of thing. She'd disappeared to college, but now she was back...and I had to say, she cleaned up nice. She was a Latina beauty with nut-brown skin, long hair with the sheen of a raven's wing, and enormous, dark eyes. She was wearing a simple outfit of a top and jeans, not all that different from mine...and, in fact, just about as tight as mine. And now that my mind was very firmly fixed on sex, sex, and more sex, it was impossible for me not to notice the way her small, pert, perky little tits made succulent mounds in the purple fabric of her shirt. I suddenly found myself thinking of her naked, with her small, dark-brown nipples standing out hard against that honey skin. She was adorable! She was quite a bit shorter than me, broad but not fat, with a solid build leading across a tight tummy and flaring up to a big, gorgeous ass that was accented rather than concealed by her jeans. I stared. I couldn't help staring, just like I couldn't help imagining being flat on my back with her straddling my face, looking up between those cute tits at her passion-twisted face as she held me tight by a fistful of my hair and ground her wet little twat into my mouth...

I looked up at her face. She was grinning knowingly at me, and I had the feeling that maybe, just maybe, she had been checking me out the same way I had done with her. I blushed hard enough to make me dizzy and handed over my credit card. Her fingers brushed against mine when she took it – deliberately, I thought – and I doubt I was imagining them lingering just a bit longer than was necessary. I *know* I wasn't imagining the spark that passed between us, because it shook me in my ass-wiggling stilettos.

She turned and ran my card through the reader. I stared at that luscious booty and felt my mouth water. I was seriously lusting after this girl! And to think, just a couple of weeks before, I wouldn't even have noticed her in this way, much less wanted to worship her pussy. How much I had changed!

A rhythmic metallic tapping caught my attention, and I immediately saw what it was: she was wearing a thumb-ring, and unconsciously rapping it on the edge of the counter. It was a pretty silver thing, but I couldn't help but grin because I suddenly knew for sure that the heat I felt between us wasn't my imagination after all. After all, a thumb ring on a girl pretty much meant just one thing, didn't it?

I was grinning a canary-eating cat grin when she turned back, and this time I just locked eyes with her and let the electricity flow. We were flirting, that was all, and it felt good to flirt with a cute young girl. As she handed me the slip to sign, I said, casually, "I like your ring."

Angela's Diary

She cocked a pretty eyebrow and asked, "You know what it means, right?"

"Uh huh," I chirped as I signed the slip and handed it back.

Her grin re-dampened my panties as she said, "I like your ring too."

It was right then that some people came up to pay their bill, and I stepped back and wondered what she meant by that. The only ring I had on was my wedding ring, and there was nothing special about that. It was a plain, tasteful gold band with a tiny diamond – exactly the kind of ring that a couple of poor young kids would buy, which is what Tim and I were when we married. Just about every wedding ring you saw was fancier, which was and had always been fine by me; believe me, you youngsters out there just getting married for the first time, the strength of a marriage has *nothing* to do with the size of the ring, and if there's anything dumber than starting your married life under a pile of debt from a stupid ring, I've yet to hear it. But still, I knew it was nothing that would turn heads.

As the girl – I still didn't know her name – took care of the other people's bill, I happened to glance around the restaurant. It was an interesting place for people-watching because it was great food for not a lot of money, so all sorts of people drove miles to get there. I saw young families with kids, a sweet-looking couple that must have been in their 90s, and everything in between. But what caught my eye was a table nearby where three teenage boys were grinning...and looking straight at me.

Once more, I felt a thrill. You have to understand, for my adult life, I'd been the dowdy suburban housewife, always content to dress in the least eye-catching and attractive way imaginable. As often as not I wore baggy, shapeless clothes because I never thought of myself as anything to look at, and even if I had thought of myself as hot, I was convinced that I'd have been the only one who believed it. I dressed to cover up. Now, though, I was dressed to turn heads, and I had turned some – and not only that, but heads that were used to looking at teenage girls. What could be a bigger ego-boost for a 30-something mother of two than to make drool in a trio of healthy teenage lads? My nipples were already pretty perky, but that made them stand right up, and it made my smile even bigger.

And so that was why, when the other customers walked out and I turned back to the girl, I stood just far enough away from the counter that, when I leaned over and put my elbows on it, it stuck my ass out *just so*. I put my weight more on my left leg than my right to give the three boys a good angle to look at my butt, and I felt like the Princess of Minnesota knowing that six eyes – at least – were fully and completely on me. It's the little things that really make a gal's day.

"So what's so special about my ring?" I asked her, obviously and unashamedly dropping my eyes to look at her tits for a few seconds before raising them to her face.

She leaned in with a conspiratorial smile and whispered, "Married women eat the best pussy."

I stifled a startled giggle behind my hand and whispered back, "We do?"

"Oh yeah," she nodded. "Especially when their husbands don't know about it. They sleep every night in the same bed with a cock, pretending to be all Martha Stewart, and when they put their face in a nice *concha*, they just go wild."

I giggled again. "My husband has no idea."

"Mmmm. Then I bet you can drive a girl crazy."

"I don't know about that. I've only had a couple of experiences...and only one with...you know, that. But I'm having another tomorrow night and I can't wait."

"Is she married too?"

Angela's Diary

“Nope, she’s...well, I think she’s about your age. I’ve been dreaming about it for a couple of weeks now.”

“Lucky girl,” she grinned.

“She’s a salesgirl in a lingerie store where I shop. We hit it off. In the dressing room.”

“Hot!” she breathed, her eyes lighting up. “There have been plenty of salesgirls I’ve wanted to fuck too, but I’ve never done it.”

“I feel bad about asking because I should remember it, but what’s your name?”

She laughed, louder this time. “I’m Esmeralda.”

I loved the way she pronounced it, with a trilled R that sounded incredibly exotic, but something bothered me. “Isn’t there another Esmeralda that works here? Like, an older one?”

Her laugh was louder this time. “No. There are *five* Esmeraldas who work here, including me. And between my aunts and cousins there are like six more of them. My parents were *so* imaginative.”

“I guess it’s a family name.”

“I guess it’s a pain in the ass. Everybody calls me Jill.”

“Is that your middle name?”

She laughed again. “No, when I was little, me and my brothers used to play ‘Home Improvement.’ I was always the mom, Jill.”

“Well, pleased to meet you, Jill. I’m Angela.”

We talked some as I waited for my food, with my ass out for inspection and my cleavage showing for Jill, but she was pretty busy with taking take-out orders on the phone and ringing up checks, so all I really got out of her was that she had just graduated from Cornell with a degree in aeronautical engineering and was working in the restaurant for the summer before heading out to do graduate work at Berkeley in the fall. But it felt fantastic to share flirtation and some erotic charge with her, and when my food came out (enough that I momentarily wished for a wheelbarrow), I gave her a smile and a wave and she did the same with the phone tucked into her shoulder.

I turned around, thinking I’d give those three boys a saucy wink, but when I did I saw they’d been joined at their table by a slightly pissed off-looking teenage girl. Two of the boys were still laughing and looking my way, but the third (an all-American blond kid with a crewcut and a bit of acne) was looking contritely at his plate. Aww, no nookie for blondy tonight! Poor kid, busted for ogling me! I had a smile a yard wide as I headed out to my car.

Dinner was what it always was when I brought food from Papá Gordo: I staggered in under the burden of the enormous bags, Charlie almost knocked me down and stole the whole lot, and the four of us descended on the feast like locusts. All throughout the meal, though, my pussy was wet and my nipples were hard and I had a fist-size knot of excitement in my stomach. I kept looking over at David, who shot me a few significant looks of his own. I was so horny for him that it took an act of will not to strip down and beg him to fuck me right then and there, in spite of Tim and Laurel – and it only got worse when he took the opportunity of a “dropped” fork to cop a feel underneath the table, reaching between my legs to give my pussy a possessive squeeze that sent shivers up my spine.

This was the first chance I’d really had to observe my husband and daughter since they’d returned from their weekend together, and what I saw there might have disquieted me if I hadn’t been beside myself with my own need; I know it would have sent me on a crying jag that morning, with the place my thoughts were in then. What I saw, of course, was the same sort of furtive, lustful looks I was exchanging with David, and the same eagerness to devour the food

Angela's Diary

and race off to fuck. They would that night, I knew, in the “daddy-daughter” time they always spent in Laurel’s bedroom after dinner. They would go upstairs and Tim would lay our daughter in her own bed, with me downstairs and her biting her lip to keep from crying out when he made her come. I knew it.

But what they didn’t know was that I’d be doing just the same thing with David, at the same time. And that was the foremost thing – the only thing – in my mind at the moment. Tim and Laurel were making their own decisions, ones that I was powerless to influence; and besides, right then I was willing to let them fuck like bunnies if it meant David could pin my ankles to my ears every evening.

After dinner, everyone did their bit to clean up – the dishes went in the dishwasher, true, but there were enough leftovers for at least one more big meal, and within a few minutes the kitchen was clean. Laurel went upstairs to “do homework” and in a few minutes Tim casually said he’d better go upstairs and “see if Laurel needs any help from the old man.”

You do that, dear.

Tim wasn’t even up the stairs before David had me up against the fridge, kissing me fiercely with one hand on my ass and the other up my blouse while I stroked him through his pants. He was as hot as I was, and if he wanted me there in the kitchen then I would make no protest – but after a dizzying moment of sheer, shared lust, he pulled his mouth away from mine to say, “Downstairs, rec room. I’m going to fuck you on the couch, cunt.”

My knees went weak when he used vulgar language on me, and he damned well knew it. I grabbed him by the hand and, with one tit hanging out of my top, dashed for the basement stairs. Charlie no doubt smelled my arousal over the lingering scent of Mexican food and followed along, hopeful to get a crack at my pussy. I didn’t know if David wanted that too, but if he did, well, we’d have to cross that bridge when we came to it. The last thing I wanted was for Tim to come tromping down the basement and find me helplessly knotted with the family pooch. David pulled the door closed behind us – hearing it open would give us a bit more time to become inconspicuous if the unexpected happened and either my husband or daughter took a break from their own escapades and came down to, oh, I dunno, ask to borrow a rubber or something.

Christ, I hoped he was using a rubber.

The rec room was a space meant for cheapo comfort, with an old TV, a closet full of board games and a ping-pong table, a bookshelf, some old chairs and, most importantly at the moment, a tatty old sofa that had seen better days and wouldn’t notice another stain or two...

My shirt hit the floor at the same time as David’s, and we did a wonderful limb-tangling, groping, deep-kissing wobble, stumbling across the floor and sucking each other’s tongues as we shed clothes. My bra was gone, and I pulled him out of his shorts and underwear just before the backs of my legs hit the edge of the couch. I went over backwards, undoing the buttons on my jeans and pushing them over my hips as I fell. I held my legs up and David yanked my jeans off – it was made just a little more difficult by the fact that he left my stilettos on, but I know he loved seeing me naked in high heels, and if that made his juicy cock hard for me, I’d wear them 24/7. He stopped, though, when he reached for the waistband of my barely-there panties and saw “I [heart] to FUCK.” He started to laugh at the unexpected logo, but the laughter turned into a pleased moan when I sat up and stuffed his cock into my mouth. Hands on his ass, I took him all the way down my throat in a single smooth motion, reveling in the feel of his velvety hardness against my tongue and adoring the way his pubic hair felt against my lips when I snugged my face to his belly. “Dirty little slut,” he whispered, taking my hair into his fist and

Angela's Diary

started to rock his hips back and forth, fucking my mouth. "I've been thinking about this all day. I was hard as a rock from the time I left for school, because of you."

That was incredible praise indeed, and I devoured it – and him – eagerly. After a few seconds with my eyes closed to savor the sensation of him in my mouth, I did what he liked and opened my eyes, looking up at his face as he pumped my lips. He looked like a god, all hard muscles and tanned skin, and I wondered once more why I had ever resisted his advances.

I know he loved it when I sucked his cock – he told me many, many times afterward how much he likes my blowjobs – but neither of us were in the basement for that. I needed him inside me, and he needed to be there, and so it wasn't long at all before he pulled himself away, his wet cock sliding from between my lips with a wonderfully nasty-wet sound, and said, "On your back, bitch." His words were vulgar and his tone was commanding; I couldn't have resisted the order if I had tried, and believe me, I did not try. I went over onto my back and spread my legs wide, ready and eager for my son to get between them and be back inside me where he belonged.

He reached for his pants, and when he pulled a rubber out of the pocket I suddenly knew that this time was going to be special indeed. "No baby, no condom," I told him. "I want you inside me. I want your cum inside me."

He looked surprised at that. "But aren't you..."

"I got a morning after pill, love. It will take care of it. Put your cum inside me. I need it there. It isn't fair not to have it in me!"

Like any man has ever needed to be told twice to go bareback. He tossed the rubber aside and moved atop me, one hand holding him up as he kissed me and the other around his shaft, guiding himself forward. There were no preliminaries, no teasing, no stroking my lips with the head; we both needed it too much for that. He sank into me in a smooth stroke, and once I adjusted my position and lifted my hips a bit he pushed in even deeper, all the way, buried to the balls in his mother's needy cunt. My moan was loud and passionate, but I only got half of it out before his mouth clamped on mine and kissed me as he began to move. He didn't fuck me gently – neither of us wanted gentle. From the first he rocked me hard and I crossed my ankles behind his back, using my legs to pull up into him with each thrust.

It was astonishing how much I had needed this, considering that I had only had it the day before, and had gotten it plenty over the weekend. But like I said, it's hard to be moderate about mind-blowing sex when you've only just realized it exists, and the fact that I had it more or less continuously over the past couple of days made it all the more difficult to get off of. It's kind of like when people become born-again Christians and suddenly all they seem capable of doing is talking about Jesus every second of every day, and how every conversation gets dragged around to the topic of Jesus within a couple of minutes, and you can't go five minutes without being informed that you're going to Hell if you don't think and act exactly like they do? Well, same thing. This was a whole new world to me and I was hell-bent on getting as much of it as I could, as fast as I could. Nobody's moderate about a new obsession.

This was pure, simple ecstasy, and it fed the craving that the warm, wet thing between my thighs had caused in me. I needed him then. I needed him like a boozier needs his bottle or a junkie needs his needle. I was a sex addict, pure and simple – well, honestly, there's no need to put that in the past tense, I'm still hooked, and I have no intention of ever changing. But I think it's this moment, when David drove in hard in that first full thrust and made me scream with rapture into his mouth, that really marks the instant I truly tipped over the edge and lost myself to that need. Yes it was David specifically this time, him that I craved and couldn't imagine not

Angela's Diary

having. But at other times it had been Charlie or Petra, and tomorrow it would be Brandy. I was madly in love with my son, but I was also in love with sex itself. Sex itself had taken charge, the idea of it and the promise of it and the fact of it. There was no way to deny that I was not in control. And the thing is? I loved it. I loved it at that moment, and I love it to this day. Good and bad, mistakes and all – and my God, have there been some enormous mistakes – I wouldn't change what I've become, not for the world. It was this act, this fuck, this thrust that filled my aching need, that really marks the turning point.

Of course, at the time I had no idea of any of that. In fact, at that moment I was incapable of any coherent thought that didn't involve David inserting Tab A into my Slot B. I slammed up to meet his downward stroke and we rocked together breathlessly. I could feel his thick shaft stretching me wide, and I could feel the thick mushroom head moving in me like a piston. I could feel the way my pussy sucked at him as he pulled back, almost like his cock was leaving a void behind; I could feel the way he forced me back open on the downward thrust. My body was so alive that I swear I could feel the blood pulsing in every vein of his shaft. I swear I could feel every goosebump that raised itself at his first touch. The moment, and my son, was my everything and I wanted nothing else.

I think I screamed. I know I did. I'm not quiet when I come, and I came almost immediately and kept coming as he slammed himself into me over and over. I was so hot that I needed almost nothing to bring me over and keep me there. But his mouth was on mine so hard that it bruised my lips and my screams were swallowed – and he might have screamed once or twice himself, given that I drove my nails into his back hard enough to break skin – and the loudest sound in the basement was the squelching of his hardness in my wet pussy. I've told you before how erotic I find that sound – the squishy, sloppy suction of man in woman – but with how aware, how totally in the instant I was, it was so damned powerful! There's nothing else that says sex to me as much as that one sound...and I especially love it when it's my cunt that's making the noise.

David was braced like a wrestler, one foot on the floor, the other knee on the couch, pushing with both thighs as he fucked me. I could tell by the tension in his shoulders and the way he was already grunting and panting that he wasn't going to last long. And listen, that was fine by me! At the speed he was battering me, if he'd have kept it up for his usual duration, I'd have spent the next two days icing my poor kitty. And besides, there is nothing that flatters quite like knowing your lover needs you so badly that he can't contain himself – oh sure, a steady diet of it wouldn't be any fun (nobody likes a three-thrusts-and-you're-out man!) but knowing that you've driven a young, powerful man with exquisite self-control to lose that self-control and take you like a jackhammer is a magnificent compliment.

But there was more to it, of course. This wasn't just any fuck with my son (and there hadn't been nearly enough of them yet for any of them to be "just another," but the point stands). This was special. This was one I would always remember, and for a couple of reasons. One, it was the first of many, many times that David took me when Tim, Laurel, or both, were in the house, and the chance that we might get caught (even though I knew that my husband and daughter were doing the exact same thing two floors up at that moment and didn't have the time to come poking around in the basement) added a succulent spice to what we were doing. Danger is an aphrodisiac, and a powerful one. You know the saying, "You're never more alive than when you're at the edge of death?" Well let me tell you, you're never hornier than when your horniness is at the edge of getting you into enormous trouble – and being caught fucking my son was almost the very definition of trouble.

Angela's Diary

And the other reason...oh, the other reason. The wonderful, magnificent other reason. David's cock was inside me. Inside ME. Not inside a condom, but inside me, flesh on flesh, flesh IN flesh, no barrier, no latex, nothing to keep his seed from flowing into me when he came. I'm not sure most of the people reading this really get this part, because I think most of the people reading this are men and I don't know if men really understand it. And hell, I know some women who don't agree either, for that matter. But for a lot of women, and I know for me, a lover's cum isn't just the inevitable byproduct of a fuck. It's...how to say this...a reward? No, that's not precisely right. It's not a reward or a trophy or a gift, and yet it's all of these and something else too. When a man takes a woman, it's a forceful act, a dominant act, no matter what emotional or relationship dynamics might be going on. A man penetrates a woman. A man goes inside a woman. When a man fucks, he's invading, he's taking, he's staking a claim, and no matter what else is going on between the two people involved – even if he's the wimpiest guy on Earth and she's a 6'4" Nordic ice princess – there's a fundamental, qualitative difference between *being inside someone* and *having someone inside you*.

For a woman – for me – when I take a man inside me (and especially when that man was David) I open myself to him. I know, I know: *no shit, Sherlock*. But it's not so obvious, really. It's one thing to spread your legs and another to spread your soul, and the best sex comes when you do both. For a woman – again, for me – the beauty of sex with a man is that I give myself over to him completely, without reservation. My soul opens up like a flower right alongside my thighs and I lie there empty, body and spirit. And then a man puts himself inside of me and he fills me. He fills my body with his body and my soul with his soul and we move together and make something beautiful that lasts precisely as long as we keep making it.

And at the end of it, he gives me his seed, and I carry his seed inside my body, his juices and mine mixed together. It stays in me as a reminder of the moments we created. It stays in me to whisper of the way I opened myself, and the way I was filled. It stays in me to tell me that I am a woman, and that I loved a man, and that my body and the way I used it were pleasing to him. And later, when he isn't in me any more and I've closed myself again, it's still there. When I put on a pair of panties afterward and I feel it wetting the crotch as it drizzles out, it's my body's way of telling me that I was fulfilled, and that I fulfilled my man, even if he was only mine for the time he was inside me.

And if all that comes across as so much sophomoric metaphysical bullshit, then let it just be this: when David pulled his mouth away from mine just enough to whisper, "I'm gonna cum, mom," my orgasm became something else, something transcendent. When he groaned into my mouth and tensed, I tensed around him, and when I felt his cock jerk and put his cum into my body, my climax became something so fierce and needful that I'm a little surprised I didn't sprain anything.

And then it was done and we lay there, him atop me and still hard where he was inside me, breathing hard and both a bit taken aback by the feral savageness of our coupling. And I kept my eyes closed and imagined his sperm inside of my body. I imagined I could feel it. I imagined his seed working deeper, searching for an egg that was likely no longer in a mood to receive them but still, possibly, finding that egg and fertilizing it and, for just a few moments until it bounced off uterus walls made unreceptive by the miracle of modern pharmaceuticals (better living through chemistry, and you better believe it), that I was the mother of his child, the mother of our child. And this time there was no panic in the prospect, not in the endorphin sea of coital glow – it picked me up and gave me another small orgasm, a ripple that made my body shudder beneath my son.

Angela's Diary

I was a woman in love.

Neither of us spoke. I opened my eyes after a few moments and he opened his, and we looked into each other's souls as we kissed softly, stroking each other's hair and sweaty skin and smiling at what we had shared and made together. He didn't get soft, and after a few minutes he was moving once more, much slower this time, and we fucked again. This time it took much longer – almost 30 minutes, and we switched positions every few. I straddled him, facing him so he could suckle my tits; I stood and he took me from behind, controlling me with a fistful of hair like a rider would control a horse; I laid on my back on the sofa again and he put my legs up on his shoulders, our eyes locking and barely blinking as we watched the passion and lust course over each other's face; I straddled him again, this time facing away from him with my eyes closed as he fingered my ass; and then, at last, when his trusts became more urgent and another beautiful load of cum was to be deposited in my body, me on my knees on the floor, face in the carpet as I fingered my clit and he fucked me from behind, spanking my ass until it glowed red and stung beautifully. I don't know how many times I came over the course of it all but I do know I screamed during the last one, my mouth stuffed full of my "I [heart] to FUCK" panties so I wouldn't make a noise.

There was no cuddling afterward. I wanted to – I *really* wanted to – but I heard footsteps moving around above, which meant either Tim or Laurel or both had come down from her bedroom, and that meant that lying naked in my lover's arms was pretty much out of the question. And so we dressed each other playfully but quickly as Charlie sniffed around, disappointed he hadn't gotten a crack at my crack. We gave each other a long, deep kiss though, since this was something we could end easily if the basement door opened.

As it turned out, the basement door didn't open, but another one did. As we ended the kiss, David stroked my cheek gently and said, "Charlie didn't get anything out of this."

"I know," I chuckled. "Poor boy."

"We can't have that," he told me, gently but firmly. "Tomorrow you're going to make it up to him while I'm at school."

I smiled and licked my lips in anticipation. "Do you want me to fuck him, baby?"

He nodded. "I want you to fuck him."

I nodded back. He certainly didn't need to twist my arm to get me to get on all fours for my dog. "You hear that, Charlie?" I told him. "Tomorrow you're gonna get to fuck momma."

Charlie thumped his tail agreeably.

"And you're going to film it."

My jaw dropped. I mean literally, my jaw dropped. I must have looked like a goon. "You want me to..."

"To set up the camera, turn it on, and make sure it gets a good view of him breeding his bitch. I want to watch it when I get home so I'm good and excited for our date with Brandy tomorrow night."

I swallowed hard, a little dizzy and a lot trepidatious about the thought. It wasn't the idea of fucking Charlie that threw me – not anymore – but rather the fact that it would be captured for posterity in a form both indelible and undeniable. In fact, it sent a nervous shiver through me, and I'm pretty sure I would have argued had David's tone not been as commanding as it was. So I did the only thing I could: I nodded.

That's wasn't good enough, and I saw it in the slight tightening at the corners of his eyes. "Say it."

I swallowed hard and whispered, "I'm going to film Charlie fucking me tomorrow."

Angela's Diary

“Again. Louder.”

I threw a nervous look over my shoulder at the stairs; if either my son or my daughter opened the door right now...but what could I do? I knew I had to give him what he wanted. “I’m going to film Charlie fucking me tomorrow,” I said in a strong, conversational tone. “I’m going to set up the camera, put on my dog-fucking clothes and film him knotting me, just like you want.”

“Good girl,” he nodded, smiling beneficently. His warm words washed away the chill of misapprehension. If he wanted a movie of me and Charlie, where was the harm? It was nothing hadn’t seen (and assisted with) before, after all. And now that summer was coming, it was going to be harder to find time for me to tend to my dog’s needs, not to mention David’s. Maybe this would be his last chance for a while to see it. It was understandable he wouldn’t want to miss it.

And besides, my naughty, well-used pussy whispered to me, he’ll almost certainly watch it and jack off, and *that* was a thought worth savoring.

And so it was that I was horny again (still) when I went back upstairs, walking only a little bit funny. Tim was in the living room working on some papers while the Twins played on TV, and he gave me a distracted smile as I sat down on the sofa with our son’s cum in my cunt. “Heya. Where have you been?”

“Oh, watching TV with David in the basement. Where’s Laurel?”

“She’s upstairs studying for her AP calc test.”

“Cramming?” I let the word fall off my lips with only the slightest trace of irony, which, to judge by Tim’s manner, he completely missed.

“No, not really, just brushing up. She has the material down backwards and forwards, she’s just keeping it fresh.

Backwards and forwards. Well, I was sure she had something backwards and forwards. I felt a wave of irritation wash over me, illogical and foolish. Why should I be jealous of them? I had something better than Tim could give me. Why should I be angry with them? They weren’t doing anything David and I weren’t doing too. And yet I was jealous, and angry, and hurt, and so I shut up and watch the Twins play a few scoreless innings in Detroit and tried to get a handle on my emotions. It was hard though, especially given that in less than 12 hours I was going to be setting up a camera over by the windows, getting down on my hands and knees like a proper bitch, and getting fucked and knotted by the dog that was lying at my feet, not two yards from where I was sitting right then. Christ I was a hypocrite. But I couldn’t help it.

After a while my mood had soured enough that I had to get away from Tim. I told him I was going upstairs to read, and I he didn’t even look up from his work papers as he grunted an assent. I climbed the stairs, my attitude getting darker with each step. I paused as I passed by Laurel’s room and, illogically, sniffed a bit, trying in vain to catch the scent of their recent lovemaking. There was nothing but the faint smell of the rain outside, and I frowned as I went down to my room. I pulled off my clothes – keeping the panties whose crotch was now soaked with David’s drizzling cum – threw on an oversized sleeping tee shirt and a pair of footies, and lay in bed reading an old murder mystery and musing darkly on what my husband and daughter were doing beneath my roof. I was asleep by the time Tim came to bed.

I’m going to pause here to gather myself for what’s to come, because something very, very bad began to happen the next day. I mean something so awful that...

This isn’t going to be easy. I’ve promised myself that this is going to be as open and honest an accounting of what went down as I can muster, and that means I need to lay it out without flinching and without trying to dodge the guilt or the blame for the bad things that

Angela's Diary

happened – no, dammit, the bad things didn't happen. *I did the bad things*. I don't get to dodge responsibility for them just because...well, you'll see. I'll explain as I go.

I mentioned above that this was the night when I really truly became a sex addict, or at least when it became something I couldn't avoid. That doesn't excuse anything, of course, and I don't mean to suggest that it does. But maybe it explains what's to come without alleviating any of the guilt I bear.

Anyway, the point is that right then, and for the next...well, too long, as it turned out, my whole world seemed to be revolving around my kitty and the sensations it gave me. When I was awake I was thinking about the sex I'd already had, either the positive or the negative aspects of it, and when I would get more of it, how, and with whom. When I was up, I could think about little but cock and pussy and how wonderful they both were in their own ways; when I was down, I fixated on the idea that I would be found out and ruined by the scandal, that I'd end up with some sort of indescribable clap, or that I'd wind up bearing a child of my son or some other man. And I went up and down a lot...and not just in the fun way, either.

All this is taking the long way around. What I mean is that this feeling, this obsession, this bliss, led me to do a lot of things in the days and weeks to come, before it lost its new-car smell and started to be a part of my life instead of the whole thing. There were good things and bad things, just like there was good sex and bad sex, while the crazy ride lasted. Most of them were wonderful in one way or another. Some of them were life-altering, for better or worse. More than a few of those things I regret.

But there's only one of them that I lose sleep at night over, even now. There's only one of them that was a profoundly terrible mistake. There was only one that I know I will never come to terms with and will rue until my dying day. It seemed like a good idea at the time – hell, it seemed like a great idea at the time, but it went so sour, so fast that it took my breath away. I guess it still does. And it began the next day.

But that's all to come. For tonight, I was sleeping with my son's cum inside me, and I forgot Tim and Laurel enough to have good dreams. Maybe that's the best I can ask for.

To be continued...