

# Angela's Diary

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### Chapter 12

#### June 4

And so here it is. The day. *The Day*. I wish I could have knocked back a bottle of chardonnay before telling you this, because it would have made it a lot easier. I've been giving a lot of thought to how I would approach telling you about what happened on June 4<sup>th</sup>. I want to be honest – no, I *need* to be honest, because after everything that's happened and how it all went down I need to be honest to someone, sometime. It's hard enough being honest with myself about my part in the events, and my responsibility for them, that I just know I'm going to be crying the whole time I write this. But it has to happen. My lies and self-deceptions and bullshit made it possible and made it worse, and if I'm ever going to be able to look myself in the eye again, I need to lay it out without flinching.

It's just going to be so goddamned hard.

What I planned to do at first was to tell you the importance of what happened, when it happened, but that won't do justice to it. I didn't realize how utterly horrific it would be when I did it, and when it all became plain, it was much too late to do anything about it. So let's play a little game, you and me. I'll write things as they seemed to me at the time, and you see if you can spot the moment when I punched my first-class ticket to Hell. Come on, it will be a fucking blast. Catch the moment Angela Reeves damns herself and win a kewpie doll. It's fun for the whole family!

I'll be honest about the results. I swear to you I will, because I really don't have anything left to lose at this point. But to see how I put my own feet on the path I'm on now, to really get it, you need to see things the way I saw them then. Then, when things get really out of control, you'll be able to understand a bit more how bewildered I felt and how long it took me to realize the enormity of what I'd done.

But enough bullshit. Let's cut to the chase.

When I woke up in the morning, the very first coherent thought I had was that I had slept the whole night with David's sperm inside me. I loved the thought. It wasn't really an erotic feeling, though it was a little bit. Mostly, though, it felt like another piece

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of the Real Angela had clicked into place, like it had brought me closer to the realization of what I actually needed to be. I couldn't feel it physically, of course, though the crotch of my thong was moist with his seed. Instead it was just the knowledge of it being there, whatever of it was left, and that I had taken no steps whatsoever to remove my lover's cum from my body. For lack of any better term, it made me feel so incredibly like a woman that it put an enormous smile on my face. I lay for a long while in the bed, feeling very warm and snuggly and comfortable, not wanting to move. Next to me I could feel Tim's presence, his heat, and I could hear his soft breathing, and I could not help but wish it were David there, that I would awaken next to my man every single morning for the rest of my life. It would be so perfect, so amazing, to know that I slept with the one man who truly understood and embraced me for who I was. Sometimes he might wake me up with his tongue on my pussy, or his cock inside it, just as I would sometimes awaken him by taking him between my lips or settling myself down on his morning erection. Maybe David would even awaken me sometimes by guiding Charlie up onto the bed and moving his snout between my legs. It would be paradise.

I drifted off to sleep again, and when I woke up for good Tim was already in his bathroom. I could hear his shower, hear him singing "Brown Eyed Girl" faintly, and I couldn't help but smile once more. This too was comfortable, this respectable façade that he provided for me. It struck me again that I provided the same comfortable façade for him, so he could have a wife and a picture-postcard family and still get all the teenage tail he wanted, even from his own daughter. But the thought didn't bother me then, for whatever reason. Maybe it was just the feel-good glow of a new day that promised novel experiences.

I climbed out of bed and peeled off my "I [heart] to FUCK" panties as I went into my own shower. I'd have to take another very quickly, since Charlie was getting some pussy as soon as Tim and Laurel were out of the house and that always made me smell like sex and dog, but that was all right. A shower was a good way to start the day anyway. I threw on a pair of sweats and an old tee shirt with nothing underneath – I wasn't going to be wearing them long anyway – and made my way downstairs.

The kitchen was a madhouse – even more so than usual for a breakfast in my house. Laurel was chopping up some fruit and vegetables to take for her lunch and dodging around Tim, who was weaving between her and Charlie (who was keeping an eye out for dropped food) to grab a cup of coffee and some pop tarts (good Lord, pop tarts for a married man – I'm a terrible wife!) and David stood at the sink eating a bowl of cereal and drinking a glass of orange juice. Charlie jumped up when he saw me and hurled himself into my legs with glee, staggering me and forcing me to pet him before he killed me with his enthusiasm; he clipped Tim on the way past, making him slop some hot coffee onto his hand, which made him yelp and dash for the sink –

I took a deep breath and announced, "Everyone SIT DOWN!" They all paused to look at me, and I gestured forcefully at the table. "Sit down, I said. This isn't an army barracks, this is our home, and here we eat like civilized people at the table. Now!"

Everyone went more or less meekly to the table. I may be an extremely submissive slut when it comes to sex, but in my kitchen I'm the empress and my family knew better than to fuck with me.

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Once everyone was seated, things settled down. I went to finish packing Laurel's lunch, and as I did she asked, "Hey mom, can I have some friends over tonight? Dad said it was OK with him if it's OK with you."

"Is your last final today?"

"Yes."

"And who are you going to have over?"

"Umm...like Brittney, Houston, Kelsey, Abi..."

"And will they all be done with their finals?"

"Yes. After today we all just have garbage time left to the end of the year."

"Fine," I said. "As long as your dad is OK with it. I won't be around this evening until later."

"Oh really?" Tim asked. "Doing something fun?"

"Patty is in a crisis and so I'm going to take her out on the town tonight," I lied smoothly. Patty owed me a cover story, after all.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Same old same old."

"Her husband is a bum."

"Yep."

Things were much more settled after that. I managed to keep a calm front up even though my stomach was positively aflutter with what I was going to do today. I was nervous, but now that I was coming to it I was eager too, and I almost wanted to push everyone out so I could get busy. Tim left first, giving me the ritual peck on the cheek as he did. Had Laurel left before David like usual, I at least would have been able to discuss it with him and maybe give him a blowjob, but she was catching a ride with Abi this morning so she left about the same time as he did. The only thing I got the chance to tell David before he left was that I was going to make the movie he demanded right away, and that I was looking forward to that night.

"Wear something sexy," he whispered, giving my breast a squeeze when Laurel was looking the other way. "And meet me at the same place as before at six." Three minutes later I was alone and pulling my clothes off as I went for the camera.

OK, now here's something that I feel like I need to explain. This was the first time I would knowingly, willingly perform sex before a camera. Yes, David had filmed me before, without my knowledge, when I fucked Charlie for the first time and then sucked my son's cock. But this was different. This was me doing it voluntarily. David wasn't here. David couldn't make me set up the camera, position myself in front of it, and knot with the dog. This was going to happen because I was going to do it myself, of my own free will. I was going to make a sex tape.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't have mixed feelings. I mean, at this point David hardly needed more (or any) blackmail evidence to get me to do what he wanted. I'm not sure I could have denied him anything, no matter how brazen or perverted – and I know I didn't deny him any brazen, perverted things later on, to my own great cost and the far greater cost to others. There was no feeling of coercion about it, but there was still trepidation. Part of it was the female vanity thing – the camera added weight, would I look sexy being fucked by the dog, would I make the right sounds and say the right things, would it be erotic or just pathetic, that kind of thing. Part of it was technical, because no matter how easy they manage to make cameras to use, they still don't make

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them idiot-proof. But mostly it was the fact that I was making a sex tape. You always hear about people's private sex tapes being discovered and getting out, or people stumbling over them, or whatever, and in this case such a thing would be truly, epically catastrophic in a life-ruining way. I trusted David enough to believe he wouldn't do such a thing (I had to for my own sanity) but accidents happened, didn't they? If he was careless, someone could find it and watch it. If he was unlucky, he could lose it in a place where it could be found. I was taking my life and placing it in his hands in a way that was deeper and more profound than what we did when we were together. The other movie, the one he made without my permission, was taken by a camera set behind something on a shelf, obviously something made furtively; this would be taken from a tripod and I would be playing to the camera as much as an actress does in a movie. There was a difference there, and maybe it was a minor one, but it was important too. At least to me.

But on the other hand. There always seems to be at least two hands with me, doesn't there? I swear, I can't ever seem to see something for just one thing. Anyway, on the other hand, this was also exciting as hell. I was going to be fucking my dog, which is something I love and which completes me, something I truly believe I was born to need and need to do – but is there a bigger taboo that doesn't involve eating people? I think most folks would more easily understand me fucking David than fucking Charlie. David was a gorgeous young man, handsome and wicked and charming, and there would be a lot of women out there who would admit to themselves (even if not to anyone else) that if he were their son, they'd be sorely tempted to get beneath him too. Hell, there are a lot of men who'd look at Laurel, lick their lips, and not blame Tim one bit. But Charlie is a dog, and most people wouldn't understand the hunger I feel for dogs or the fact that satisfying that hunger gives me something that no human male, not even David, could ever hope to give me.

Now, I do believe that zoophilia is more common than most people think it is. I think there are plenty of ladies who've let the dog lick them and would never, ever admit it to anyone. I think there's an order of magnitude more who fantasize about being with an animal, and an order of magnitude still greater of women who are at least curious even if they don't actively think about it. But still, I think all those orders of magnitude still represent a small sliver of the population. Don't ask me about numbers because I have no idea, but if you told me it was 20% I wouldn't be any more surprised than if you told me it was 2%. All I'm sure of is that a lot more people do it or want it than are willing to admit it.

And there was something else that made it enticing. The simple fact is that every woman has, at some point or another (and most likely many points) fantasized about being a porn star, and any woman who tells you different is lying to you, or to herself. Being primped, having sex with gorgeous and well put together men (and women), fucking and sucking all day with dozens of partners, doing things "respectable" women don't do, embracing your sexuality with both hands and absolutely without any shame whatsoever...it's incredibly erotic to think about. Now, of course I know that the reality of porn stars isn't so glamorous. There's emotional disturbance, lots of unhappy pasts, drugs, abuse, holding uncomfortable positions while a cameraman gets the right angle, doing painful things in painful places simply because it looks good – I get it. Not that I'm saying there aren't plenty of people who love doing porn and don't have those

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problems (well, most of those problems, because I'm pretty sure the discomfort and utter lack of glamorousness or eroticism in the actual, physical production with cameras and lights and rug-burn is universal), I'm just saying that the other part exists along with it, and it's enough to keep most women from wanting their fantasy turned into reality.

But what is part of the fantasy that's definitely, undeniably real is the other part, the part where men of all shapes and sizes, men from all over the world, men you've never seen and never will, watch what you've done, pull out their beautiful cocks, and jerk off while watching you. THAT is POWERFUL. That's the part of the fantasy that keeps many women coming back to it when they're enjoying some alone time with their pussies. Look, it doesn't matter how pretty you are, how fit, how big your tits or tight your abs or shapely your ass might be – it's never, ever enough. Photoshop and airbrushes take photographs of actual human women and transform them into something at once so desirable and so impossible that it can't help but batter a gal's ego. The take-home message all that shit sends is YOU AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH, and it's something we live with every damned day. But if you get your pussy rocked or your ass hammered, if you deep-throat a ten-incher or bury your face in a snatch, and a camera gets a good angle and it goes out for sale or on the internet or whatever, and some guy who has no emotional investment in you whatsoever finds you so hot, so desirable, so compelling that he has to make himself come because he watched you – because *he* watched *you*... well, then you are good enough. You're sexy enough. And to fantasize that you're in those movies that men watch over and over or rave about online, and that you got those men's rocks off so good that they can't wait for your next movie, your next scene, your next fuck with a well-hung stud or a gorgeous chick – how could that fail to turn you on and get your kitty wet? To be the fuckable object of desire for men all over the place? To be the woman they fantasize about being with when they jerk off, or when they fuck their girlfriends or wives? To be the chick they brag to their friends about running into at the store and getting an autograph from? To have that much power over men? Yeah, every single woman has wanted that, whether she'll admit it to you or not, just like every woman has fantasized about being a prostitute (more on that another time, though). I never thought my fantasy would become reality, but here, now, I was going to make it real. And even if no one but David ever saw it (and I didn't want anyone but David ever to see it!) then it would be enough to know my gorgeous, perfect son stroked his gorgeous, perfect cock while watching me until his succulent, thick, perfect cum exploded out of him.

I know: shut up and get to the good parts, Angela.

I set up the camera in the living room, putting it on the tripod and looking through the viewfinder to make sure I had a good position and a good angle. Once things got going I was going to be stuck in one place (literally) and I wouldn't be able to adjust it, so I was extra careful to check everything out beforehand. At first I thought I'd set it up in the doorway to the dining room so it would catch the mount from behind and David could watch Charlie's ass move as he pounded me, but I quickly realized that once things got settled down the view would be nothing but a motionless dog tail for the great majority of my breeding; that would have been fine if there had been a pair of hands there to lift his tail and get a closeup of how deep the dog's knot was in me, like in so many movies you see online, but I was alone. Then I moved to the opposite corner, but just as quickly I realized that this angle would show very little except Charlie draped over me, since the

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natural position when being mated to a dog was ass up and shoulders submissively down, and I would spend the majority of any breeding with my face buried in a pillow. So I settled for a “boring” side view, got the camera set up and properly angled, and went off upstairs to get dressed.

Of course, I make it sound a lot easier than it was, because Charlie had his say too. I was naked and smelling of arousal in the living room, and he was pretty sure where that was heading. He was excited, and he kept pushing his head between my legs. Since I really, really enjoy Charlie's head between my legs, it took an effort to make him stop. And of course he kept jumping up and trying to hump my thigh, which meant I had to stop and push him down. But worst of all was that he kept prancing around eagerly and bumping into the tripod, thus messing up the view. After about half a dozen tries, I ended up shoving him into the bathroom and closing the door behind him just so I could get things arranged!

A few minutes later I was back downstairs, having dressed in my dogfucking outfit and gotten the splatter sheet arranged on the floor, with the cushions I would need for comfort. As I approached the bathroom door I could hear Charlie whining in that special way he gets when he wants pussy and scratching to be let out. I turned the door handle –

And he hit the door, knocking it back hard enough that I lurched backward to avoid being hit. He launched himself like a sprinter, his snout hitting me right in the tummy and damn near putting me down. I swore, but Charlie knew what these clothes meant and he wasn't going to be put off by a curt tone. I did indulge myself by squatting a bit and letting him get a few licks in, but I wanted to save everything for the camera so, with considerable difficulty, I brought him out to the living room with a firm hand on his collar so he wouldn't prance into the camera and delay the whole thing while I got it set up again. Ah, the challenges of an amateur zoo porn princess!

Normally I love to let Charlie lick me for a good long time before we fuck, because a sexual encounter without the best head known to woman seems a waste. This time, though, we had an audience, Charlie was nigh-uncontrollable, and I was already so wet that no preliminaries would be needed. I did play with him a bit because I was feeling playful and good, and we butted shoulders, I grabbed his ears and shook him, and I responded to his urgent whines with my own. “See, sweetie?” I asked, looking over at the camera. “I think I speak weimaraner.”

A lick across my mouth developed into a deep, tongue sucking kiss – God I love the way dogs kiss! – and when it ended and he moved around to my butt, I immediately adopted the pose of a receptive and eager bitch with my knees spread wide, my ass in the air and my chest on the floor to make my pussy lips flare open and give my cunt the exact angle Charlie would need to knot with me and make us both come. I looked over my shoulder, giving him the nonverbal invitation he required – and then immediately looked over the other shoulder because I had inadvertently looked away from the camera. There was a lot of stuff to remember when you were becoming a *movie stah*, you know.

Charlie sniffed me as he pranced, and when he gave my ass and perineum a couple of quick licks I responded with an appreciative moan and a needy wiggle of my hips. It's funny how quickly I fell into porn star mannerisms with the camera running, but there was a reason – David wasn't there, and he'd watch this and want to know that I'd had a good time. I wanted to communicate the sensations to him in a way that would

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have been easier had he been there, but because this was a movie, well, I had to do that by being louder, more verbal, and more demonstrative when something good happened.

Plus, I'm a loud bitch during sex.

"Mmmm, that's right, lick momma," I purred, hoping that I spoke loud enough to be recorded. And Charlie did, snaking his tongue up inside me and making me squeal. "Ooooh! That's it! Baby, it feels so good – aaah! – it feels so good when his tongue is in me! It's so – fuck YES! – so deep and strong and soft...it feels...mmmm...feels like a twisting cock in me..."

Charlie picked that moment to mount me, and I moaned my delight at the development as I felt his fur on my upturned ass and his weight on my back. His hips pumped a few times and I felt the very tip of his cock poke me, but he couldn't find the mark and he quickly dismounted. This was a very, very common occurrence (see previous remarks about dogs being dumb) and I knew it would likely take a few mounts for him to get properly inside and knotted. He'd do it eventually, because we'd done it enough that he'd learned it was possible and all he needed to do was persevere and pleasure would be his, but we'd both need to be patient. And so when he hopped off and paced around me a bit, I grinned up at the camera and said, "I wish you were here, baby. You could help him get into me and hold him there. And when he was stuck to me you could feed me your big, fat cock and I could suck the cum right out of you. And then you could fuck me when he was done. I love that, baby. I love your cock in me when I'm still breathless from Charlie's..."

Yes, I was getting into it. As you've no doubt learned by now, I love talking dirty and being talked dirty to. Having to keep up the ridiculous façade of a respectable suburban soccer mom made it feel so liberating to unleash my inner potty-mouth and vividly describe what was being done, what I wanted done, what I wanted to be and how I wanted people to treat me. But I discovered then, and have since confirmed many times, that it all gets ramped up to another level when a camera is pointed at me. I don't even know if it's a natural reaction because the way I act when I'm having sex on camera isn't "natural." In fact, it's a complete fabrication, it's me turned up to 11, like a mask I put on. But what is natural is how immediately and even unconsciously I slide into that persona. I don't even think about it, and it certainly isn't calculated. I don't plan to act the way I do when I know I'm being filmed. I just become that person, that near-caricature of myself, as naturally as I breathe or beg for sex.

If my talking bothered Charlie, he didn't show it. He tends not to be distractible when an eager pussy is presented for the taking. He licked me again, this time focusing on my ass and making me squeal and tremble. "OOOHHH! I love it when he licks my butt, sweetie. It gets me so fucking hot! It makes me OOOOoofff!" The last was when Charlie mounted me again, and I had to brace myself against his weight and the fury of his assault. Unfortunately, once more he was nowhere near where he needed to be, actually trying to penetrate my right hip. Poor, sweet, exceedingly dumb brute – if we do it every day he can hit the mark without fail, but he seems to lose the knack if we don't keep up the practice. I let him hump me for a few seconds, making soft cooing noises of encouragement, until he realized his mistake and hopped off to reconsider the proposition.

"You know," I said to the camera, "you'd think this would be easier. I mean, there are lots of dogs around so they must occasionally mate successfully. And I'm

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making it as easy for him as I can. I wonder if bitches – nonhuman ones, I mean – sit around complaining to each other about how their husbands can't find their holes? You'd think they must get very frustrated.”

Charlie took a few more whacks at it that involved mounting my shoulder and going after my armpit, trying to poke a hole in my ribs from the side, and finally going at it exactly backwards and wrapping his legs around my chest and trying to skull-fuck me. I'd have been delighted to give him a big, slobbery-wet blowjob and let him spray his cum all over my face and tits, but David had instructed me to film Charlie fucking me. And David was the boss.

I was just pattering to the camera about how I loved seeing the tip of Charlie's cock when he got excited because, when I was in this position, that meant that cock would soon be much larger and inside me, which was what I really wanted, after all, when Charlie launched himself again. This time he went in with the first stroke and didn't come out again for a long time. And since I have a permanent record of what I said during the time he was in me, I think I'll just transcribe that and let you fill in the blanks:

“Oh! Oh! OHOHOHOHOHOHYESYESYESgoodboygoodboygood boygoodboygoodboy fuckmommafuckmommafuckmomma...nnnn... mmmmm... oh CHRIST yes! Yes! Fuck baby! Fuck! Fuck! It feels so AAAAHHHH!!! Yes! YESYESYESYESYES YES! That's it that's it that's it that's it good boy! Fuck me harder fuck me harder hard hard hard knot me yes knot me knot me oh God oh God ooooohhhhhh... nnnnn...eeeyyyaaaahhhhh...yaaaahhhh... ohhh... ohhhh...mmmmmm...that's it boy...that's a good boy...I can...I can...feel...he's growing...he's so...so big baby...he fills me...he...he stretches me...I love it...I love it so much...

“He's...stuck in me now, baby. He's inside me. He's locked there. Let me...give me your leg boy...gotta...gotta hold onto him like this or he'll get away and that would

[A few muffled words said with a face full of pillow as I twisted myself to get my free hand on my clit and turn back to face the camera]

“Mmmmm...baby...he's coming inside me. I can feel it. I can feel every single squirt. It's so hot, love. It's so hot inside me. It's so hot inside me. It feels like...oooohhhhhhheeeeeee...mmmmmm...mmmmmmmmmmmm...that was my first orgasm, lover. Good boy. Good boy. Gooood booyyy...

“I wish you were here, baby. I love it when you watch me get bred by the dog. I love it when you tell me what a dirty cunt I am. I am a dirty cunt, love. I am. I love it. I love it. I love being a dirty cunt for you and for the dog and for whoever you tell me to be a dirty cunt for. I love it. I never want to stop. I never want to stop.

“He's so hot in me baby. He's so hot and so big. I can feel every squirt inside me. There's so much of it and I can feel it all. Every squirt. It feels like he's...nnnnfff...it feels like he'll never stop coming and I can come too whenever I want when his cock is inside me. He likes it when I come when he's tied to me. I can tell by the noises he makes. I think it's because I sort of spasm around him when I do...I squeeze his cock...but I'm so full now...so stretched...I don't know how I can squeeze him any more than I already do...but he loves it...he loves... OOOOHHHHHHHHHH



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GOD COMING! FUCK! FFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKK! Ohh...ohhh...ooohhhh God damn it baby...God damn it –

“OWWW! Ow dammit! No, you aren't going anywhere yet. Stay. Stay. He um...he tried to pull out of me...it's like a fist in there...his knot I mean...it's huge...if he pulled out now he'd rip me right open!

“I wonder how this is going to look? How do I look right now, baby? Hmmm? Do you like seeing me stuck on a big dog cock? Do you like me like this, baby? On my hands and knees with Charlie stuck in me? He's giving me his cum, baby. Just like you gave me yours last night. Mmmm...I can't wait for the day when you both come in my pussy one after another and I can carry you around with me...

“It makes me feel so sexy, love. Being here, like this. I love that I can do this for you. I need you so much, baby. I need you and I need Charlie. I wish you were here to feed me that big, perfect cock of yours. I need that too you know...

“You know what I wish, baby? I thought about this today...I wish you could put a big black dog collar on me and a leather leash...and a pair of black stilettos...and nothing else...and take me walking in the park...and make me suck and fuck whoever...whatever...wanted to have a piece of me...God baby, wouldn't that be incredible? I get so turned on thinking about it...I think I can come again...I think I can...oh God baby...oh my fucking God...I think...I think...I think...mmmmmmMMMMMMMMNNNNnnnnhhh! Fuck! Oh wow...oh wow...

“Mmmmm I love this time baby. I love being stuck to Charlie until his knot goes down enough. I'm so...you know, baby. Don't you? Don't you know why I love this so much? I know you do. I don't need to tell you. He's getting smaller now. He put so much cum in me and when he pulls out it's all going to come rushing out. I love that feeling...when it sprays all over...I wish I didn't have to wear these jeans so I could feel it on my legs...mmmm...I'd love to just walk out in public with dog cum drying on my thighs...in a short skirt...with my legs glistening...and all of it just oozing out of me...

“OOOOOHHHH holy shit! Wow that was a lot of cum! I hope the camera got that because it just sprayed out of me when he pulled out! Damn! Ha! Come here boy. Here...Charlie come here, let me clean...come on boy, let me lick your cock clean for you...”

Now that's heavily edited, of course, but you get the gist of it. Charlie fucked me, we both came, and afterward I sucked his cock like a starving whore as his sperm dripped out of my extremely well-fucked snatch. Then he licked me to two more screaming orgasms and left me a limp, boneless puddle of slut on my living room floor.

And the first thing I did when I could stand – after letting Charlie out into the back yard – was plug the camera into the TV and watch the whole thing again. The whole movie, from the time I got down on all fours to the last time Charlie and I touched each other, was 23 minutes. He was tied to me for 12 of them, and during those 12 minutes I came three times. I came twice more as I watched.

Well what can I say? I put on quite the show. I sat for a little while, smelling my scent in the air and hearing Charlie bark outside at some passing cat or automobile or...well, for all I know it was a passing breeze. He likes to bark. And honestly, I was stunned by how erotic it was to see myself on camera, doing what I'd done. It wasn't as though I looked as good as some hard-bodied 18-year-old in a professional porn shoot, because I know I didn't. But it was hotter because it was *me* – not that anyone else would

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find it hotter for that reason, but it sure got my motor running. Watching myself, watching what I'd done, seeing the lust and desire and release and satisfaction on my own face...wow. I think what made it so intense was that I could remember how I felt when it was happening. It was like I was two places at once, doing and watching at the same time, and the sensations of both experiences were combining in my head to make a beautiful, erotic fugue.

It was when I thought of watching a movie of me and David that I decided I wanted to make more movies.

I disconnected the camera from the TV and took it upstairs to the computer, where I burned two copies of my escapade onto DVDs and deleted the original from the camera. I had tracks to cover, after all. One DVD went under David's pillow and the other went into the box where I kept my dog fucking outfit. I'd have to think of a more permanent solution to keep it safe from random discovery, but that was fine for now. I texted David – "Movie made. Copy under ur pillow. Hotttt!!! Love u" – and went for a shower while Charlie curled up on the bathroom floor.

It was a testimony to how aroused (and sensitive) I was that when I directed the shower wand up and under to clean out the dog from inside me, an orgasm just sort of happened by itself. I didn't know it was going to happen and I certainly didn't try, but before I knew what was going on the hot water pulsing against my swollen clit had me up and over, and I wound up leaning heavily against the wall and panting for a few moments before I could recover myself. It was, I decided, going to be a very good day.

When I got out of the shower I found that I had a text from David: "U r a gorgeous slut mom. Gonna make u beg on ur knees for me and Brandy tonight. U better be ready."

Oh, I would be.

I debated what to wear to lunch with the girls. I was shooting for attractive and confident instead of sexy, and so I opted for a nice, respectable pair of white shorts and a sleeveless blue blouse that had an entirely appropriate neckline. I combined that with a pair of boring flats and I wouldn't have looked out of place at a church social (at least until I was discovered in the back room fucking the pastor's wife).

We met at Ma Bella Passiona again. We had wanted to sit at one of the tables outside, but there was enough of a wind in the canyons downtown that sitting there would have been more an ordeal than a pleasure, so we wound up at a cramped table meant for four that was unpleasantly close to the bathrooms. Oh well.

Tammy and April were there when I showed up. Tammy was showing off her new-model iPhone, and yes, even girls get tech-lust, although for us it was mostly of the "Oh my god, that is so *cute!*" variety. I had a Blackberry and it was fine and everything, but seeing a razzle-dazzle gizmo did inspire a momentary twinge of envy.

Patty came to the table looking positive aglow. She had an eager smile that it had been years since she'd worn, and she looked like she'd lost weight. We were still showering her with compliments when Jen and Stacey arrived and we all sat down. The waiter had barely brought the water and menus and gone away again when Patty could no longer restrain herself and said, "I'm leaving Thomas."

"Oh thank God," April said, slumping back into her chair like a great weight had been removed from her shoulders. "It's about time you lost that loser."

"No kidding!" Tammy enthused with an excited clap.

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"That's fantastic!" echoed Jen. "What made you finally decide to cut him loose?"

"I, ah, I met someone," Patty said with a blush, and more glee ensued. We've all been telling Patty for years that she could do better than Thomas if she'd just take a chance, and so the gals were understandably excited that she had finally followed our advice and done it. They showered her with praise and demanded details, and all the while I stayed silent. I knew what the other shoe was, and I was giving her an encouraging smile to get her to drop it.

"So tell us about him," April finally demanded. "Seriously, we're all jealous enough now, so spill. Who is he?"

"Ahhh..." Patty was blushing hard, but she swallowed and went on. "It's a she, actually. Her name is Maria."

If there had been uproar before, now there was a riot. After a frantic few minutes of questioning, where Patty made me proud by holding her ground and assuring the assembled throng that yes she knew what she was doing, yes she was certain, and no she wasn't going through an experimental phase, the rather surprising nature of the news finally got the better of everyone and people quieted down enough for me to put in, "Congratulations, Patty. I'm glad you made that decision. From the first I thought she was better for you than Thomas was."

"You knew about this?" April asked, arching an eyebrow. April is as close as our group comes to an alpha female, and she prides herself on knowing what all of us are thinking before we inform anyone else. It was obvious she hadn't seen this coming, and her mild irritation was coupled with a pleasant sense of self-satisfaction on my part.

"I asked Angela for advice," Patty put in. "She had just...you know, with a girl, and it felt like the appropriate thing to do."

Jen turned to me with a look of mock accusation and demanded, "It was you who put her up to this, wasn't it? You and your...*experimentation!*"

"I dunno, Jen," Stacy sighed, shaking her head. "All of a sudden we're the only people at this table who've never had sex with another woman. I think the tide is running against us."

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?" Jen asked, feigning seriousness with remarkable skill.

"Yes. You and I need to have sex."

"I concur," Jen nodded gravely. "Let's go to the Marriott across the way there, and on the double. I need to be back at work in 40 minutes and I doubt your lady parts are filling enough that I won't need to grab some lunch on the way back to the office."

"That's what *he* said," Tammy interjected, playfully adopting the tone of a scold. "But both of you shut up. You both bore me terribly and I want to hear from Patty how all this happened."

Patty told the story again, which I had mostly heard. What was new to me was her sudden decision two nights ago (she implied it came after an urgent romp with Maria in the parking lot of a strip mall after school) to not deny what she wanted and simply to take it for a change. She and Maria had gone to Patty's house and packed Patty's clothes and other necessities; Thomas hadn't gotten home until after 11, and he was too drunk to make sense of it when she had introduced him to Maria and told him that she was dumping him for another woman. We all had a good laugh at that.

"I wish I could have seen his face," April nodded with satisfaction.

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"I wish you took pictures," Stacey added. "I'd love to savor his expression at length."

"Oh, that reminds me!" Patty dug into her purse and produced a photograph. "This is her."

It was a picture of the two of them together, Maria's arm around Patty's shoulders, Patty's arm around Maria's waist, taken at the school where they both taught. Maria was a dark-skinned Hispanic girl with Indian features and jet-black hair. She had the kind of face that got prettier the happier she was, and right then she looked very, very happy. Standing beside her Patty didn't look like the frumpy, intimidated woman Thomas had made her into; instead, she looked radiant, joyful, confident, *loved*. I had talked to Patty enough about it that I didn't share the misgivings of the other girls when Patty had told us, but it would have taken a heart of stone to still have misgivings after looking at that picture. Patty was a different person standing next to Maria; she was the person we all remembered from school, and the person we always wanted her to be again. By the time Patty put the picture away, everyone at the table had been turned into an enthusiast for the relationship and Patty had promised to bring Maria to our lunch next week so we could all meet her.

From there the conversation took a randy turn as we were all forced in succession to say what woman we'd want to have sex with if we had to have sex with a woman. I caused the obligatory stir when I said, "The one I'm having sex with tonight," but I refused details and got pelted with bits of bread stick; I had it coming. Tammy admitted a longtime crush on Helen Mirren, April said Michelle Obama, and Patty said Maria (of course). Stacey tried to get by with Angelina Jolie, but we unanimously disallowed that as being too obvious, so she surprised us by saying Mrs. Wicker, our 10<sup>th</sup> grade English teacher, "because that bitch needed a good fuck. I still can't believe she gave me a D." Jen had the best answer, though; she said she'd have sex with her sister, because she'd never want anyone to know she'd slept with a woman and her sister, like she herself, would be too embarrassed by it ever to tell anyone.

Conversation had just swung around to other things when my cell rang; it was from Laurel. I tried to take it at the table but it was too noisy in the restaurant to hear a thing, so I excused myself and went outside. "What's up, kiddo?"

"Ummm..." She sounded a bit embarrassed. "You know I asked if I could have friends over tonight?"

"No boys," I said firmly.

"No, no, not that," she said hastily. "I was just...thinking...about how you'd dress."

My nipples were suddenly, unexpectedly hard as little rubies, and I involuntarily remembered what Petra had told me about one of Laurel's friends probably wanting to bang me. I kept my voice neutral though as I replied, "Yes? What about it?"

"I want you to dress sexy, but not too sexy. Attractive, so they know you're hot, but not like you dressed when I took you to the mall."

When *she* took *me* to the mall. I didn't miss the implications, nor did I miss the sudden tone of command in her voice. My lips quirked in a grin, but I tried to be stern as I demanded, "What if I don't want to dress that way?"

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"I want you to. That charcoal skirt, the knee-length one that's tight. Pumps. Stockings. Oh, and that light pink blouse I saw in your bedroom the other day, the one that looked like it would show a little cleavage."

I knew very well I should have said no. I didn't. I didn't even know why I didn't. I just made a mental note that now I knew what I would be wearing when I left the house for my date with David and Brandy. How fucked up is that?

"What about underwear?" I asked, trying to keep my voice firm so I had some semblance of remaining in command. Neither of us was fooled by that though.

"A thong...that red crotchless one. And that black bra that will really show off your chest."

"That would show through the blouse."

"You're right."

I waited. Then, "...so?"

"So the black bra that will really show off your chest and show through the blouse."

My nipples somehow managed to get even harder. "All right. Preference on the stockings?"

"Red thigh-highs. You have a pair of those, right?"

"Yes."

"Oh, and those red stilettos with the 4 ½" heel, those are hot."

"OK. How did your last final go?"

"Aced it. It's madhouse here today though. I can't wait to get out of here."

"Congratulations! See you tonight."

"OK. Love you, mom."

"Love you."

As I headed back to the table, it struck me how profoundly fucked up it was that I was asking my daughter what panties to wear – and she was giving me orders about it – but it was a measure of my mood that it got me hotter. After all, where was the harm in dressing just a tiny bit respectably sexy for Laurel's friends? I wouldn't be showing anything inappropriate.

And besides, it would let me see whether Petra had been right...

Lunch broke up a few minutes later. We all hugged Patty and congratulated her again and then I was on the road, headed home to take Charlie out for our afternoon run. On the way, though, I was seized by what can only be termed a wild hair. I debated back and forth fiercely for a few minutes, trying to judge the potential for embarrassment against the potential for some amazing sex – and knowing what kind of mood I was in, you know which side won, don't you? That was why I made a little detour and swung by Papá Gordo on the way home.

I got there as the lunch rush was just finishing up, and there were only about five or six people finishing their meals when I went in. One of the other Esmeraldas was behind the counter, and she greeted me when I came through the door. "Hi," said. "Is Jill around, by any chance?"

"No, she left about half an hour ago," the other Esmeralda said, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Oh..." I felt a bit deflated. I had talked myself into coming in here and setting up a rendezvous, but here it was fizzling. It was then, however, that inspiration struck

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me. I took one of their business cards and flipped it over, jotting my name and number on the back, then handed it over. "We got to talking about jewelry as I was waiting for my order last night and she said she liked a ring I was wearing. My friend makes them, and I thought she might be interested in buying one."

The other Esmeralda looked a bit relieved at that. I'm pretty sure she thought I was cruising for her daughter, or niece, or cousin, or whatever the relationship was. And in fact I *was*, but I had convinced her otherwise. "OK. I will give this to her when she comes in tonight."

There. If Jill remembered who I was and wanted to pursue a wedding-ring wearing woman, well, she had the information necessary to do so. I thanked the other Esmeralda and went home.

My run with Charlie cleared my head, as it always did. When there's nothing but legs pumping, deep breathing, and the blissful haze of exercise endorphins, it's hard to keep complex thoughts in my head. I just vegged out and moved, thinking of basically nothing and being vaguely surprised when I discovered that I was almost home already, doing the cooldown trot in front of Molly Anderson's house.

You remember Molly, right? The perky wedding planner who lives down the block? The one whose dog Nosey went into heat and started this whole thing? Well she and Nosey were out in the front yard again, and suddenly I was having flashbacks; I guess that was why she called over to me, "Hey Ange, you look like the cat that ate the canary!"

My grin got wider. Nosey bounded over to the fence and stuck her nose through, and Charlie showed some interest in saying hello, so I let him go over and greet his fellow canine. And when I say "some interest," I mean just that – the normal interest one dog always shows in another. I'd like to flatter myself that my pussy drove all thoughts of others out of his brain and that I satisfied all his sexual needs, but...come on, he's a dog. Nosey just wasn't in heat.

I, however, was. Constantly. To the point that when I moseyed over to the fence to talk to Molly, I was mentally undressing her, imagining Charlie fucking her in her perfect little living room, wondering how sweet her pussy would taste. Lord, was I in a mood. "I'm just having a nice day," I said blandly, trying to keep from obviously devouring her with my eyes. It wasn't easy, because she was the sweetest little doll you ever saw. "I hope there were no consequences from when Charlie got into your yard the other day."

She laughed. "Not as far as I know. If Nosey complains of missing her period, we'll know different!"

I passed a few minutes talking to my neighbor, and in those few minutes my mind ravished her in dozens of wonderfully obscene ways. My nipples got hard enough to make little tents in my jogging bra and I was so horny I could smell it, but it didn't embarrass me in the slightest. Once Charlie caught my smell and gave my crotch a good sniff, and I wasn't even a bit red in the face as I tugged him away. Molly and I had a good laugh about dogs' lack of manners. Oh, if only she'd known...

I was hot enough when I got home that I pushed my shorts down as soon as I walked through the door, leaning against the wall with one hand while the other folded my clit hood around that little nub and worked it hard. This time I didn't even think of pushing Charlie away as he licked me from behind, hitting my pussy and ass and making

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me come so hard I slumped to the floor in a daze for a solid fifteen minutes. And the most shocking thing is, I got up even hornier than I was when I hit the floor.

A shower then, shaving legs and pussy and armpits and giving my kitty a good scrub so I'd be sweet and clean for the night. When I was done I spent a solid 20 minutes standing naked in my bedroom, looking over my closet and comparing outfits – not for what I'd wear to leave or return to the house (Laurel had given me strict orders about that and I still wouldn't consider disobeying them even if I didn't quite think of them as orders per se) but for what I would change into for my date with my son and Brandy. I wanted something sexy, but at the same time I didn't want to expose too much skin. Brandy was a little 20-year-old tightbody and I knew I had no chance of competing with the flesh she would show. Instead I'd need to wear something that would accentuate my assets and conceal my 30-something deficiencies. I settled on a very tight mid-thigh black skirt (I had a feeling Brandy would be going for micro-mini, and I was sure she'd not be wearing panties – I knew I wouldn't) and a tight, sleeveless plum top (I still had nice arms and I wasn't afraid to show them) that had a scooped neckline and something of a plunge at the back. I could show off my cleavage that way without pretending I looked as hot as Brandy. I selected a nice bra that would push the girls up and my locking black pumps that I'd worn the night David and I had first made love. I was gonna look *good*.

I took that outfit to the car and then went back to my bedroom to dress for Laurel and her friends. I admit I took a lot of time with my makeup and hair, but the truth reared its head once more: I was dressing for Laurel and her friends, and women always take longer to impress other women (or girls, in this case) than they do for men. After all, women are *much* more unforgiving of other women than men are. And so I was still primping when I heard the girls arrive, their chatter filtering up from below. I'd left my door open a bit deliberately to tempt any young eyes to watch me as I sat in a filmy dressing gown at my vanity; alas, no such luck was coming as I heard Laurel call up "Mom, we're here!" instead of, say, Britney with her sweet little cheerleader tush or Abi with the lips that looked like they were made to suck pussy. Ah, well. "OK, I'll be down in a few minutes!"

I dressed exactly as instructed, getting more and more turned on as I went. Red crotchless panties, discretely tied closed went on first, then the red thigh-highs that looked so good against my skin. After that came the bra, and I fussed with my boobs for almost a minute, looking in the mirror and making sure they were sitting just right. Pink blouse, so pale and sheer that the black bra was very clearly visible through it, and then the slate gray hip-hugging skirt. A pair of dangly silver earrings and a long necklace that plunged into the valley between my breasts and drew the eye directly there. The red fuck-mes finished the outfit, and as the sound of girlish laughter filtered up from below, I regarded myself in the mirror.

I looked so good *I* wanted to fuck me.

I sashayed down the stairs and into the kitchen, where I heard the girls talking and laughing. They were all there, and they all said hello to me when I came in. Their differing reactions to me were absolutely telling, and I knew right away that I had hooked a fish – but which fish surprised me. Britney, who had been Laurel's best friend since kindergarten, had been the one I would have bet on as being the one who'd display interest in me; she was a wild child with a growing reputation for eagerly making out

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with other girls at parties and such, but I may as well have been wearing a potato sack for all she noticed me. My next guess would have been Abigail – Abi to her friends – a lovely Chinese girl who'd been adopted as a baby; there had always been something about her, a sort of “travel to a different drum” sensibility that had always made me suspect she would be gay – but she merely gave me a curious once-over, arched an eyebrow at my unaccustomed dress, made a little friendly chit-chat with me about how I'd been since she last saw me, and went back to telling a story about how a boy she knew had crashed his car while talking on his cell phone. Kelsey, who was too wrapped up in herself these days to do notice much beyond the end of her nose, barely acknowledged me.

But Houston...Houston noticed, and more than noticed. She did an honest-to-God double take when I came into the room, and I saw a look in her eyes that I was coming to recognize: lust. It was mingled there with surprise, because I'd known her since she was four years old and she'd never seen me dressed anything like this. She could barely take her eyes off me, especially when I leaned over the counter with my butt out, or bent over to give the girls some juice and showed a lot of cleavage. I could see her mouth water.

I admit it came as a shock; I never would have bet in a million years that Houston would swing that way. She had always been a smart girl, determined and driven, and when she was young she had been a good enough athlete to routinely humble even Laurel. But as she grew, her proportions came in oddly – her legs were a bit too short, her hips a bit too wide, her arms a bit too long and her chest a bit too broad. It wasn't that she was ugly – she was even kind of pretty, in an offbeat way that would only get clearer and sharper as she entered her 20s and filled out. Now, though, she was awkward and a bit clumsy, with a few too many pounds on her butt and thighs and not enough (for her tastes) in the boobs. She had grown shy and self-conscious over the years, and had rarely been asked out by boys, and then only for one or two dates. Laurel had told me more than once that Houston obsessed about boys, about finding one who would accept her intelligence and her loving personality and accept that she wasn't going to be the belle of the ball. Never once, to my knowledge, had Houston intimated she was interested in girls.

But here she was, checking me out, staring openly and obviously turned on. I was surprised, but I was also pleased – something I've learned is that it's incredibly flattering when you make a straight girl want to eat your pussy, and I could see that I had accomplished exactly that with Houston. As I smiled warmly at her, I even allowed myself to imagine being on my knees in front of her, her hand wrapped in my hair and a snarl on her face as she ground her cunt hard into my mouth...mmmm. It was a nice image!

For her part, though, I don't think she was ready for that. Not yet, anyway. I had her aroused, but the couple of times she met my eyes she looked away so fast that she resembled a startled doe. And that was fine – I had planted a seed. Petra had been right after all.

I stood around chatting for long enough to be polite, told Laurel I would be back late, and headed out to get fucked and sucked and licked and used and abused by my stud of a son and a gorgeous redhead. Life was good.



## Angela's Diary

I was halfway to the park-and-ride where I was to meet David when the phone rang. It was a number I didn't know and I almost let it ring through, but then I considered that it might be Brandy's phone and answered.

"Hi, Angela? This is Jill."

I just about flooded my panties. "Jill! I'm glad you got my message. How are you?"

"I'm good...so...about the ring? Is it the ring I'm thinking of?"

"My wedding ring, yes. The one you commented on. I thought maybe you'd like to get together and take a closer look."

From the sounds around her, I could tell she was at the restaurant and had to be careful what she said, which was why her answer was a cautious, "Does that mean what I think it means?"

"I don't know," I replied, my voice low and sultry as I hoped I wasn't making a fool of myself by throwing myself at a woman who has only been being polite instead of coming on to me like I'd thought.. "If you think it means I want you to look at my ring, then no. If you think it means I want you to ride my face until you come screaming my name, then you've hit the nail on the head."

"I'd like that," she said, and I could tell by her voice that she was smiling hugely. "I have Sunday off."

I breathed a soft sigh of relief. "Just tell me when and where...and what you want me to wear."

She gave me an address in South Minneapolis, and I pulled over to write it down. She told me to be there at 3:00 PM and to wear something frumpy and "mom-ish." I have to admit I was surprised at the last part, but I had plenty of frumpy mom clothes, so fulfilling that desire wouldn't be a problem. I momentarily wondered what she had in mind for me, but truthfully I was too excited by the prospect of the coming evening and my coming date with her to think about it too deeply. I'd find out when the time came. I confirmed the date and hung up, my crotch so wet I was soaking my skirt. David was going to *love* this.

I stopped at a convenience store long enough to change into my outfit for the night – black mid-thigh skirt with no panties, a black push-up bra under a sleeveless plum top that dropped revealingly both front and back, and the black pumps with the laces that David liked so much, lest you forget – and make certain my makeup was perfect. I admit I took a little while, but the little girl hopping from one foot to the other when I got out still surprised me and made me blush as she dashed past me and into the bathroom. Ah, well.

David was waiting for me when I got to the park and ride, leaning up against his rear bumper and talking on his phone. I grinned and waved, and he waved back as I parked next to him. He didn't miss a beat when I stepped out of the car, taking me into his arms without a word and pressing me up against my SUV, kissing me deeply and possessively as he felt my breasts with his free hand. The lot was far from deserted, and for all I knew there were people we knew, but I was too horny and intoxicated by what was happening, and going to happen tonight, for it to even occur to me to stop him, or to keep myself from taking his tight little ass in both hands and pulling his body to mine. I was actually panting by the time he let me go, and I fixed my lipstick as he resumed talking on the phone.

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“Yeah, she just got here. Of course she’s looking hot. Ok, I’ll tell her.” He grinned at me and said, “Brandy says she hopes you’re ready to eat pussy, because she expects submissive little bitches like you to worship her like she deserves.”

I nearly swooned. “I’ll do whatever I’m told, David.”

“She says she’ll do whatever she’s told. Oh yeah? Hmm...I think we can leave that as a surprise. See you in a bit.”

“A surprise?” I asked, arching my eyebrow as he put his phone away. “What is it?”

“If I told you...”

“It wouldn’t be a surprise, I know. My car or yours?”

He opened the door of his car and I slid into the passenger seat, deliberately letting my skirt rise up and show him my bare pussy. When he got into the driver’s side he reached over and pulled my skirt up further so he could get a better look; there was lady-dew on my lips already. “I have a surprise of my own,” I smiled. “Houston wants to fuck my brains out.”

“Houston? Laurel’s friend Houston? You’re joking.” I told him the story, and when I was done he pursed his lips and then smiled hugely. “That’s fantastic, mom. Reel her in. I want her thighs wrapped around your cheeks as soon as you can manage it, and I want to hear every single detail.”

“Done,” I laughed. I opened my mouth to tell him about Jill and the date I’d set up...and then I closed it again with a cat-that-ate-the-canary grin. David wasn’t the only one who could keep things for a surprise, after all, and I knew he’d be thrilled when I told him I’d gone after a gorgeous Latina on my own. He was going to love it.

The ride into downtown was quick, but not so quick that David didn’t finger me to an orgasm on the way. I didn’t even consider covering up when the bus was alongside. I have no idea if there were any passengers or whether whatever ones there were saw me getting diddled. I like to think I gave a hell of a show.

We pulled up into the lot of the restaurant, a new and trendy little place called Picador (pick a door, any door!...sorry, couldn’t resist) and we saw Brandy waiting for us at a table. She was wearing a wide green belt that exhibitionists like her (and me) call a miniskirt, along with 8” platform heels and a colorful cutoff top that ended just below the breasts and revealed a pale, luscious expanse of rock-hard abdomen the like of which I didn’t have even when I was a cheerleader in high school. I wanted to jump her then and there. David, being David, didn’t let me pull down my skirt until after I’d stood up out of the car and shown the world everything I had, and I, being me, eagerly complied. Brandy smiled hugely at the show, and as we were walking up she said, “You’re not exactly the modest Barbie doll you were when we first met, are you?”

I laughed, and when David took my hand and openly placed it on his crotch right there on the crowded patio, I fondled him through his pants without a trace of shame. “No, that woman is dead and buried, and good riddance. She never had as much fun as I’m having right now!”

Brandy laughed and boldly lifted the front of my skirt to look under it; I boldly stood with legs apart and let her – and I would guess at least 30 other people whose attention I had – look at my bare twat, and only when she let my skirt drop did I sit down. The waitress, a college-age girl with a face full of piercings, bare arms full of tattoos, and a head of magenta hair, seemed utterly unfazed and honestly bored when she arrived a

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couple of moments later and took drink orders. I got a vodka martini (I am ever so sophisticated, my dear), Brandy ordered a Long Island Iced Tea and David stuck with Coke, of all things. I arched an eyebrow as the waitress walked away, and he shrugged. "My fake ID is good but not perfect, and that bitch looks like she'd check it with a microscope."

I asked Brandy how she's been and she responded by kissing me on the lips; I was surprised, but I didn't pull back, and I let her lead. There was no tongue but it was definitely more intense, and longer, than a friendly peck. Her eyes were glittering mischievously when she pulled back and said, "Now I want to see you two kiss."

Again, I have to emphasize that for all I knew there were a dozen people I knew watching me, but I didn't hesitate and neither did David. As I leaned in he put his hand behind my head and pulled me into a firm, hungry, sexual kiss. I leaned forward with one elbow on the table and the other hand on his thigh as we devoured each other, and when we were done Brandy exhaled heavily and whispered, "Tonight's gonna be fuckin' great!"

We spent a little while chit-chatting and bantering back and forth as the drinks came and we looked the menu over. To say the topic of conversation was titillating would be to put it mildly. I can't vouch for what everyone else was feeling, but I started the talk horny as a billy goat and only got more turned on from there. Actually, I *can* vouch for what the others were feeling, at least to some extent, because my son had a hardon that looked positively painful and our date's face was flushed with desire and she kept licking her lips eagerly.

We placed our orders (I got paella, Brandy ordered calamari, and David asked for the chef's specialty – salmon with herbs), and no sooner had the waitress departed our table than David turned to me and said, "Why don't you tell Brandy how you know me?"

My eyes got big, and I confess to a brief stab of panic. Up until now, David and I had called each other by our first names; Brandy didn't even know my last name because I had always paid cash at the store. She didn't know – nobody knew – that David and I were son and mother, and lovers. Obviously I wasn't eager to let that cat out of the bag, because if the wrong people (e.g., almost anyone) found out, I could go to prison. At the very least I would lose my family. It was a BIG secret. But... "Um...you mean..."

He nodded. "The truth."

I swallowed hard and looked at Brandy. Her expression was one of amused puzzlement. "What, are you a teacher of his or something?"

I swallowed harder and shook my head, a movement that came out as a spasmodic jerk. I felt lightheaded and wary, but I knew I couldn't ignore a direct order from David. Taking a deep breath, I whispered, "I'm his mother."

Brandy strained to hear – the place was loud – and it took a moment before my statement registered on her pretty face. Then her eyes got very, very wide and she whispered back, "What did you say?"

"I'm his mother," I repeated, just barely loud enough that she could hear and certainly not loud enough that anyone at a neighboring table could have made it out. "He's my son, and..."

"Oh...oh my God." Brandy gasped, a dazed smile breaking over her. "You...you two..."

I nodded.

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She turned to David for confirmation, and he just nodded smugly. "Shit...oh my fucking God...you got her," she said, her voice low and throaty, almost a moan. "You're fucking your mom. Aren't you?"

He shrugged. "What do you say, mom? Am I fucking you?"

I winced at the conversational volume of his voice, but I was far too embarrassed to note whether anyone had overheard. "Yes...he is..."

"I am what, mom?" David asked in the superior, teasing tone he always adopted when he wanted me to talk dirty. And when he wanted something, I had to give it to him.

"My son is fucking me," I intoned, trying to keep my voice level and low. "He's fucking me, and he's the best fuck I've ever had."

Brandy's face was aglow, her lips parted in shock, and she looked back and forth between the two of us for a long, long moment –

And then she lurched out her chair, grabbing my hand as she stood and yanking me to my feet. I almost lost balance on the skyscraper heels I was wearing as she pulled me through the crowd. I could hear David's amused laughter ringing from behind, but I couldn't turn to look at him because I was being positively dragged over cobbles, between tables, and around a waiter bearing an enormous tray of food. I barely had time to wonder where we were going by the time she shouldered the restaurant door open and drew us down the short hallway to the restrooms. The door flew open beneath her hand hard enough to rebound back at us, but neither of us paid any attention.

There were several women in the restroom – all but one stall was filled and there was a crowd around the sinks – but neither of us had time to look in the mirror. She kicked the door of the empty stall open, pushed me inside, and shut and locked it behind us. "Oh my God," she moaned into my ear as she shoved me against the wall with one hand and pushed my skirt up over my hips with the other. "You're such a dirty fucking slut, aren't you?"

"Y-yes..." I felt her hand forcing my thighs apart and I spread my feet, letting her fingers move up against my bare cunt. Fingertips found my clit and I gasped.

"Dirty bitch," she hissed. "Fucking your son...taking that big cock up the cunt he came out of..."

"Yes..." I relaxed now, bracing my shoulders against the wall and pushing my hips forward to grind against her hand. "It feels so fucking good...like I made him for that exact reason, to fuck me..."

"Ohhh fuuuuck..." Her hand moved faster and I knew I was going to come like a rocket, and damned soon at that. It's a mark of how far I'd come – or fallen – that it never occurred to me to be embarrassed to be in the stall of a trendy restaurant being fingered madly by a girl nearly young enough to be my daughter, and that there were probably eight or ten women in the bathroom who knew exactly what was happening. I just hunched onto her hand and fucked her back shamelessly, reveling in the pleasure she was giving me. After a few moments I even managed to remember to move my hand up under her ludicrously tiny skirt to touch her panties (I'd been wrong in my guess – she wasn't going commando, but I suppose she couldn't in that skirt and not get arrested) and try to push them aside so I could return the favor –

And with her free hand she slapped the back of my hand like I was a naughty child and then grabbed my wrist to slam my arm against the wall. "No!" she snarled. "I didn't tell you you could touch me, did I?"

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“N-no...”

“You have to learn to follow orders, bitch!” Her lips were pressed against my ear and her fingers were flying over my clit so fast that I’m surprised I wasn’t giving off smoke. “Filthy little son-fucking whores like you are only good for taking orders, and you’d goddamned well better get used to the idea!”

“Yes...”

“You’re gonna come for me, aren’t you?”

“Yesss...”

“And you’re gonna come on your son’s cock tonight, aren’t you?”

“Oh God yes...”

“And you’re going to suck my cunt?”

“I’ll suck it so good!” I was almost there, with waves of pleasure making my knees wobble, and even though I knew my voice had risen well above a whisper, I really didn’t give a fuck.

“And you’re going to do what you’re told.”

“Yes!”

“And you’re going to drain your son’s balls like a whore mother should?”

“YES! FUCK YES! FUCK! KEEP GOING LIKE THAT! FUCK! FUCK!!!”

She cut off my cries then by slamming her mouth onto mine and for an endless instant of pure bliss there was nothing but her tongue in my mouth and her finger on my clit and the spiral of pleasure that carried me up and up and up and held me, shook me, waved me, and then let me fall just as hard back into my own body. When she pulled her mouth away I was panting and sweating, my eyes closed, her hand motionless on my quivering mound.

She let me catch my breath for a few moments, for which I was profoundly grateful, and then whispered, “It was his idea, wasn’t it?”

“Hmmm?”

“Fucking. It was David’s idea?”

“Oh yes. God, yes, totally his.”

“Did you give in right away or did you make him work for it?”

“He worked hard. He seduced me.”

“Mmmmm...and when he fucked you for the first time...”

“I’ve never made him work for it since.”

“He’s amazing.”

“He’s the best.”

“Am I the first person you told?”

“Yeah. It’s not something you bring up at tea with the neighbor ladies.”

“He’s fucked a lot of your neighbor ladies.”

“I’ll bet he has. It’s obvious he’s had lots of practice.”

“Then they’d understand.”

“They’d have me arrested.”

“They’d envy you.”

I opened my eyes and looked at her then, her face lovely and young and shining with desire. Softly, demurely, I asked, “May I kiss you?”

She nodded, and our lips met in a sweet, soft, caressing kiss, tongue on tongue, long, and lingering. Below, the middle two fingers of her hand pressed against my folds

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and slipped up inside, giving me a few languid pumps that felt wonderful, and when she ended the kiss she put her dripping fingers to my lips and said in a very stern voice, "Suck."

I did suck, because it never occurred to me to disobey. My flavor on her fingers was deep, powerful, pure sex and pure me, and she pumped her fingers into my mouth like I was going to get her off that way. My tongue danced on them, seeking every drop of my essence, and I savored it in the same way I'd savor a wine.

When we came out of the stall we got a variety of looks from the other gals there; some were amused, some were just curious, some were disgusted. One or two even looked a little turned on. We didn't pause for a bow and a round of applause, however – Brandy took me by the hand and led me back out to the table, where David met us with a grin. He demanded details and I gave them, talking dirty the way I knew he liked, and he was hard as a rock by the time our food got there a few minutes later.

We ate slowly and enjoyed each other's company, laughing and teasing and flirting. It was incredible fun. And in retrospect, the most remarkable thing about it is how demeaningly they both treated me. It wasn't like they were mean to me, or criticized or even belittled; rather, they made it clear, absolutely clear, without saying as much that I was the third person at the table. Not in importance – my "education," so to speak, was one of the priorities of the evening. It was a...dominance thing, I guess. David was the biggest presence at the table, his personality looming over both of us; even though he and Brandy treated each other as equals, or very nearly so, it was obvious that David's desires would take precedence over hers. But even so, she wasn't subservient. She wasn't one who would ever jump when he snapped his fingers and then ask permission to come down. She sassed him, she laughed at a couple of his outlandish ideas, she gave no indication of thinking herself any less than he was. But more often than not, when talking about what we would do that night, they talked between each other without including me. They talked about how I would suck his cock, how I would suck her cunt, how she would fuck me with a strap-on, how I would be made to grovel and how long they could make me go without letting me come. And never once did they ask me my opinion. Never once did they ask what I wanted to do, or how I would want something to happen. Half the time they acted like I wasn't even at the table. I was treated as a child, or more accurately like something that they would use for their own pleasure, something that would do what she was told and get them both off as many times as they wanted before they condescended to give me pleasure for my own. They simply assumed that I would do what I was told.

And I loved it.

How can I explain how that made me feel? I know I should have been irritated – hell, I should have been mad as hell. But instead it made me feel strong. My powerlessness made me feel powerful. It felt utterly proper that they should discuss me that way, that they would want their own pleasure first. If I gave them their orgasms I knew they would give me mine. They would take care of me. My needs would be fulfilled by fulfilling theirs. I would satisfy myself by serving them.

By serving them.

The sun was down and the sky was blue-shading-to-black by the time dinner was done. The sidewalks were giving back the heat of the day and it was still warm – almost as warm as me – as we got up and went to David's car. I'd have been happy walking to

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the club from there because it was only a few blocks, but we couldn't leave the car in the restaurant lot. I got into the back seat without being told (once again, it felt proper that I should give precedence to David and Brandy) and David drove us over to the Warehouse District, where short-lived, trendy clubs proliferated. We pulled into a parking ramp and walked to the club David and Brandy had selected for us, a place called VeloCi-T – it's not even there anymore. I could feel the bass echoing through the street and up my legs from a block away. There was a line out front and the doorman looked enormous and grumpy, but when he saw David he let him past with a grin; David tucked a folded bill into the guy's palm.

Inside the pulsing, throbbing music was so loud it rattled my teeth in my gums. I'm going to tell you right now that this was *not* my kind of music. Hell, I couldn't tell where one song ended and another began. But it had a strong beat and an irrepressible rhythm, and it felt like it would make me *need* to dance. So I guess it did its job, huh?

Brandy leaned over and shouted something into David's ear – I was two feet away and I just barely made out, "Are we going up to the VIP?"

"Maybe later," David shouted back. "I don't want privacy for what mom is gonna do." That made Brandy nod and grin impishly, and it made my pussy quiver.

We shoved our way to the bar, and as we did I looked around enough to notice that I was the oldest person in the place. Like, by ten years. For a moment I felt old and out of place, but David stood behind me at the bar, openly fondling my breasts through my blouse and pressing his erection against my back as he ordered drinks; that made me feel better, as did the fact that the early-20s bartender checked me out big time. It's nice to be noticed.

I have no idea what Brandy ordered for me (I couldn't hear it over the music) but it kicked like a soccer player; even on a full stomach, I could feel it. We got shoved aside by others seeking alcohol and wound up on the edge of the dance floor. There wasn't a ton of room but Brandy started to move anyway, shaking her sexy hips like she had been born dancing. Looking out at the writhing, twisting, sweating mass of barely-dressed young people grinding on each other, I was still a bit to self-conscious to join her. David didn't seem to mind, though; he stood behind me, moving his erection against the small of my back to the time of the music and holding his hand firmly on my tummy an inch or two above my clit.

It had been a long, long time since I'd been in a club. I'd hit my share of all-age shows in high school, but by the time I was old enough to drink I was poor with a husband and a two-year-old son and I didn't have the time, energy, or inclination to go anymore. The scene had gotten a little more...explicit since my high school days, and the clubbers had by God gotten younger. Half the boys were shirtless hardbodies and the other half were barely-clothed hardbodies, and I swear some of them had cucumbers stuffed down their excessively tight pants. The girls were dressed a lot more like Brandy than me, and a solid majority either wore tops so sheer that their goodies were clearly visible, or else so revealing that their goodies popped out when they moved. I don't mean to sound like a frumpy old biddy, but...OK, there's really no good way to finish that sentence.

And the music! Or I guess that's what the kids were calling it. It was all bass and drums, and within a few moments it was setting up a weird sort of vibration immediately behind my eyeballs, a vibration that I knew would eventually turn into the need to shake

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my ass or the need to take a fistful of Excedrin Migraine and lie down in a dark room with a cold compress over my eyes. Time would tell.

But my oh my, there was a lot to look at, and it was *good*. Attractive young people of both genders, barely dressed, sweaty, horny, most of them probably high or drunk or otherwise disinhibited, grinding all over each other. All. Over. Each. Other. Lovely boys were dry-humping lovely girls, technically not fucking because there was a thin layer of cloth between one set of junk and the other. Lovely girls were grinding their breasts on the breasts of lovely girls while they rubbed their pussies on their legs. Lovely boys looking soul-deep into the eyes of lovely boys while they moved their hard muscles together (and yes, just about every woman I know *loves* to watch gorgeous guys getting with each other, even if we don't tell our own guys that).

And in all that, Brandy fit right in. She was one of these people, a kid, a gorgeous young woman who was just about dressed and who knew how to move what she had. In fact, she was hot enough that she was getting looks from the boys and girls around her, and anyone attractive enough to draw attention in that crowd was hot indeed! Her hips swirled and rotated in arcs at once graceful and profoundly sexual, her ass was rock-hard and occasionally she made it *jump* in a way that made my mouth water (and I do not think I was alone on that!), and her breasts looked like they were all hard nipple. Her face was either angelic or devilish – but then there's not a whole lot of difference between them, in my experience – as she moved, with her lips quirked in a pure-sex smile and skin shining like porcelain in the hard club lighting. But it was her eyes that drew me and kept me – they were hungry and horny and needful, as dominant as a prison warden when they rested on me and as daring as a streetwalker when she looked at David. They were, simply, the eyes of someone who wanted sex, who wanted to fuck and be fucked, who wanted to own and be owned, who knew exactly what she needed and knew she deserved it. There was such self-possession in those eyes, such strength and power and confidence! I would have no chance against a woman who had those eyes. She would steamroll me just like David did, and I would adore every second of it just like I did when David controlled me.

Watching her and David together was going to be amazing.

I had watched her move for two or three songs (like I said, one song was just about like another to my ears and I had no idea where one left off and the other began) and I would have been perfectly content just to stand there with David's arms around me and his erection in my back and look at her...but that's not what David wanted. Suddenly his hands were pushing me forward, gently but irresistibly, and even as I felt myself stiffen with reluctance, Brandy grabbed both my hands and pulled me to her.

God! What the hell was I *doing* here? I was wrapped up in the arms of a girl young enough to be my...younger sister, in a sea of people who were all young enough to be my younger siblings, all of whom had vastly younger, harder bodies than me, all of whom were partially undressed and completely comfortably pantomime-fucking in public – and here I was. I was a mid-30s mother of two dressed more suitably for a cocktail party than for an orgy (because, come on, this was really close to an orgy), who hadn't danced in a club since my son was born and who had *never* danced like this, who didn't even like the music being played, and who felt soooooo very self-conscious.

Brandy's smile would have melted me if I hadn't been so tense. Her hands went from my hands to my hips and she began to grind against me, giving me a very



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encouraging look; it didn't work. I was frozen stiff, sure that if I moved I was going to make a titanic dork out of myself.

Brandy seemed to find my predicament mildly amusing, and she slipped her hands from my hips around to my ass and squeezed it, pulling me close to her so I could feel her pelvis and thighs grinding against mine. After a moment she put her lips to my ear and whispered (OK, she shouted, but I still barely heard her over the music), "It's OK, baby. Relax and let it move you. You like the way the music make you feels, right?"

I paused to consider, and I realized that the music had decided to make me want to move rather than make me want to weep from pain. I nodded.

"Feel it," she shouted. "Feel it in your legs. Feel it in your gut. Can you feel it?"

I nodded, making my legs move awkwardly in response. Gah, what a baby I was! If this music was good for nothing else (and that was the case, in my book) then it was at least good for dancing to. All I had to do was let myself move...

"Feel it between your legs," Brandy continued, nibbling my ear and making my nipples harden up again. "Feel it deep in your cunt, deep inside, where you want David's cock. You do want your son's cock inside you, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, far too quietly to be heard, but my verbal response didn't matter. For an instant I could almost feel David up inside me the way he was last night, the way he would be tonight, and the sensation made me gasp. And suddenly I realized my body was moving on its own, had been moving for some time. And if I wasn't nearly as at ease or as skilled as Brandy was when it came to this kind of dancing, at least I was dancing. I was dancing in a club with a bunch of delicious 20-somethings, and whatever vestiges of discomfort I was feeling were simply swept away when Brandy put her lips on mine and shoved her tongue into my mouth. I sucked it like a cock and grabbed her ass like she had grabbed mine, and from there on, it was all instinct.

I'd like to say that I felt at least a little bit uncomfortable making out hard and fierce with her in the middle of a dance floor, but I didn't. Not a single bit. Once I let myself go I was simply into it, into her, into the feel of our bodies moving against each other. I shifted to let her hands get better access to my breasts, and I didn't even flinch when she unbuttoned my blouse and let it hang open as she pulled my bra cups down and began to fondle my tits, pinching my nipples with deft fingers and tugging them with the expert skill of a woman who had been handling breasts for a considerable portion of her young life.

My own experience was much, much more limited, but I was positively eager when she pulled up her own shirt and yanked my head down to her bare breasts. Her nipple was hard and salt-flavored from her sweat, and I suckled it like a baby. My own breasts were hanging down pendulously from my chest, but it didn't occur to me to cover myself. If Brandy had wanted my chest clothed, she would have clothed me. It wasn't up to me to make that decision. I devoured her, sucking first one whole small, perfect breast into my mouth and then the other as she humped my leg. I could feel her pussy juices soaking through her filmy panties and wetting my thigh, and the way she was moving I was beginning to think she could and would come this way. I lifted my thigh to give her a better angle if she wanted to try –

And suddenly a hand was on my elbow, tugging. I had an instant flash of pure, blind terror as what I was doing came crashing down on me. I was suddenly perfectly

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certain that the person at my elbow was a cop, that I was about to be arrested for public indecency with a girl in a downtown club and how was I going to get out of this and how in the world would I explain this to Tim and I was going to get divorced and humiliated and everything would come out about the dog and the women and about –

It was David, pulling me and Brandy off the dance floor. I almost swooned from the sudden burst of adrenaline and the equally sudden drop once the worst didn't come to pass, but I let myself be guided to a free table David had somehow procured. I was shaking as I sat in the rickety little chair.

“God damn, that was hot,” David said with a devilish grin. “You two had the eyes of everybody in the place.”

I blushed suddenly, dropping my gaze. Nobody was going to look at a rumpled old mother of two when there were so many hot young fuckables, no matter what I was doing. “Now you're making fun of me.”

His brow furrowed. “Why would I make fun of you? Jesus, that was fucking sick as hell! Everybody around you had stopped dancing to watch!”

Surprise there. “I...really?”

“Really,” Brandy confirmed, eyeing my chest (which I still hadn't covered up; when I realized what she was looking at, I very quickly tucked the girls back in their holders!) “And shit, you had me close to coming, girl! You're one amazing cunt.”

Even shouted as it was, the sincerity in her tone was unmistakable, and I suddenly found myself beaming from her praise. “I...I wish I could have finished the job!” I managed to shout back.

“Oh, you will!” David laughed.

“I meant here, not later on.”

“So did I,” he replied.

My eyebrows arched. Now that the shock of being stopped was wearing off, my horniness was returning with a vengeance, and the thought of pleasing Brandy in public was incredibly appealing. “Do you want me to take her into the bathroom?”

“Hell no, you aren't going anywhere,” Brandy grinned, in the same way a wolf grins at a little baby bunny. “Do you want to suck my cunt?”

Suddenly I knew where this was going, and I knew I should have stopped it. Grinding on the dance floor was one thing, but this...this was a whole other level. This could seriously get my ass chucked in jail. But in the same instant I realized that, I also realized I wouldn't stop. This was very obviously something my two dates had discussed, and so it was obvious David wanted this as much as Brandy did. A single glance at him confirmed that, all eager expression and leaning forward in his chair. And so I did the only thing I could: shouting to make myself heard over the infernal did, I replied, “Yes, I want to suck your cunt!”

“Then beg for it, bitch,” David snarled in my ear.

I did. I begged. But I did them one better, and from the look on Brandy's face I knew I had done well. I slipped off the chair and knelt on the sticky, disgusting floor of that club, hands on my thighs and looking up at her with eyes as big and pleading as I could make them. They wanted me to beg, and I loved begging. I would do it right. “Please let me suck your pussy, Brandy,” I called, voice straining and already going hoarse from making myself heard. “Please let me put my mouth on you here and now. Please let me make you come.”

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In for a penny...

Brandy had locked her eyes on my face, and she looked up at David for just a second with a "*Can you believe this slut?*" expression that made me very, very proud. Slowly, imperiously, she reached down and tilted my head back, running her fingertips along my jaw – and then she slapped me. Seriously slapped me. Not a playful little pat, but a hard, stinging blow right across the cheek that told me in no uncertain terms that she was in charge here...and that she liked getting a little rough with her bitches. I thought I was going to come, the surge it sent through me was so electric. She didn't need to say a word. She simply leaned back in her chair, turning her hips and splaying her legs so I'd have access to those scant panties and what lay beneath.

Now, I had sucked David off in the restaurant, so this wasn't exactly my first time going down on someone in public. And this place, if anything, was much less likely to report me to the cops than the swanky Sophie's was; I had the feeling that one girl giving head to another girl wasn't exactly uncommon here (or a girl and a boy, or a boy and a boy, for that matter). But this was different. In Sophie's I had been under a table with a long cloth, in a secluded corner of the restaurant. Not even the waiter had any idea I had my mouth on my son's cock until I stuck my hand out from under the table. But this table was way too small to conceal me even if I had been under it, which I wasn't – people were walking six inches from where I was kneeling, and there was no concealment whatsoever. Brandy and David were making this as humiliating and degrading as possible for me, and I was loving every single second of it. Just like they knew I would.

I didn't miss a beat when Brandy spread her legs. I dived into her, using my right arm to brace myself on her thigh while my left hand revealed that sweet little pussy. I kept my eyes locked on hers and open as wide as I could as I leaned forward and gave a long lick. My tongue started on her asshole and moved across her perineum, then through her slit all the way up to the clit. I licked slowly and deliberately, and I kept my head tilted at an angle so that anyone who was passing by could see exactly what I was doing. I didn't even need to be told that they would want as many witnesses as they could get.

And my God, does Brandy ever taste sweet. Even her asshole tastes like candy. One lick and I was hooked, and so I gave her another, just as boldly, and then another. She looked down at me with a superior smirk – with an expression like that she didn't need to say a word to reinforce my subservience – and I could see the twinkle in her eyes that told me she would come, and come hard, from this. It wasn't long before I was pushing my tongue deep into that dripping-wet snatch and sucking up every droplet of her nectar that I could get.

I knew we were drawing a crowd. Well fucking duh, of course we were drawing a crowd. I could sense, almost more than see, that the traffic around me had come to a halt and people were standing, staring. I even heard that they were shouting questions to David and Brandy and getting answers back, though between the music and the blood surging in my ears I could only make out one. That was a great one, though: a girl's voice asked, "Is she good?" and Brandy replied, "She's a fantastic little cuntsucker, and she knows her place."

I felt like I'd just gotten a gold star on a school paper.

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I attacked her pussy, licking deep, pulling her lips with mine, probing her with my tongue like it was a cock, nibbling her, suckling and flicking her clit, even pushing my tongue up into that delectable asshole as far as I could get it to go. Brandy tried to hold off her orgasm for as long as possible, but she was way too excited to postpone it for long. It took only a couple of minutes of dedicated slurping before she was humping my face and heaving for breath; I could feel her gasps ripple through her body even if I couldn't hear them over the racket.

Someone – a random guy who had gotten David's permission, I learned later – pushed up my skirt to look at my naked ass, and I wiggled it provocatively as I went to town on Brandy. I was theoretically old enough to be the mother of anyone in here, or damned near it, but I wanted them to want me. I wanted them all to want me, boys and girls alike. I wanted them all to imagine what it would be like to be on the receiving end of my attentions, to envy Brandy and David for having me, to fantasize about me that night while they were fucking whoever they picked up in the club. I wanted to show them that I wasn't any less sexy than they were, wasn't any less desirable, and even if I couldn't dance as well as they could, I still knew some tricks that would make them weak in the knees. I wanted them to know that I had found myself, and this was who I was.

Suddenly Brandy grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked me hard into her cunt, fucking on my face such that I could barely breathe. I kept up my rhythm as best I could and didn't flinch from her aggressiveness. She wanted me rough, and so she would take me rough. That was all there was to it, and in that moment I existed for nothing more than to give her pleasure.

When she came, her thighs fastened hard around my head and she curled her torso over me. Her scream was so loud it drowned out even the music – yeah, she put on a little extra volume for the show, but I could tell her orgasm wasn't faked in the slightest. She had two hands snarled in my hair and she humped my face like a dog for several long, delightful moments until finally her body went perfectly rigid and she tipped back into her chair, thighs splayed obscenely, pushing me away so I wouldn't mess up her afterglow. I smiled at her, my face drenched with her juices, as several pairs of hands helped me to my feet. Feels were copped – at least two males and at least two females felt me up pretty good, and I let them feel me – while Brandy looked up at me with eyes that had become, for the moment, soft and gentle. I felt utterly triumphant, and not the least because I hadn't been arrested.

Brandy was slow to cover herself – she likes to show herself off as much as I do – but I felt David's arm around my waist and heard him call into my ear, "Let's get out of here." I'm not sure that Brandy could hear him, but the meaning was plain enough and she tugged her shirt down, her so-called skirt falling back into place as she stood. She stepped to my other side and put her arm around my waist too, and between two lovers I was guided out of the club, past kids who had suddenly noticed me and were suddenly leering. My heart was hammering in my chest and I was glowing.

What a night.

After the heat and endless noise of the club, the outside seemed like a paradise. The music was rumbling the asphalt, but it was a force more felt than heard now and my ears were giving me ringing thank-yous for getting them out of there. A cab was waiting at a stand halfway down the block and David and Brandy guided me there, with David opening the door. Brandy slid in smoothly, but I paused to ask (I had to keep myself

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from shouting, it had become such a habit), “We’re taking a cab? The car is just over there.”

“Oh, I’m not parking in Brandy’s neighborhood,” he laughed.

“Yeah, that’s not a good idea unless you want to come back to concrete blocks where your wheels used to be,” she chuckled.

Oooh...more danger. Tonight was turning into something thrilling all the way around. I moved into the cab and David followed. We were on our way to someplace more private.

The cabbie was an African guy from Somalia or Ethiopia or someplace – his license said his name was Geteye Argaw Tilahun (don’t laugh, that’s like John Smith over there...wherever “over there” is) and he was a youngish guy, maybe 30, and he flashed us a big smile and started making small talk about music and dancing and...

OK, honestly I couldn’t begin to tell you what the small talk was about, because that was one weird, wonderful cab ride. From the moment we pulled away from the curb, Brandy had my breasts out of my blouse and was squeezing my nipples, tugging them, twisting them. Meanwhile David hiked my skirt all the way up, pushed my legs apart, and began to touch me down there in that unnervingly perfect way he has. The cabbie’s eyes got big but he kept up the chatter and kept his eyes on me in the rear view, and David and Brandy started getting me very, very turned on.

And the damndest thing is they didn’t seem to miss a beat in the conversation. Nobody made the slightest reference to the fact that I was nearly naked between two people who were expertly fondling me. We weren’t even three blocks away from VeloCi-T before Brandy began sucking my nipples and David had two fingers rubbing my clit like mad. There was no way I could follow the conversation (even if I was supposed to, but the fact that I wasn’t even being referred to by my son or our date told me loud and clear that I wasn’t expected to talk, just to shut up and take what was being given to me) so I just closed my eyes, put my head back on the seat, and reveled in the sensations.

It wasn’t a long cab ride – less than three miles – but I came before it was over. My orgasm came hard and swift, almost making me fold up into myself with its intensity. It was brief, flashing, hard and bright, and it made me scream. And I knew it was just the beginning.

All too soon for my throbbing pussy’s taste, we were pulling to a stop in front of a *really* rundown three story flat in a *really* rundown section of South Minneapolis. It was the kind of place I wouldn’t be caught dead in normally if I had my druthers – but then my druthers weren’t the important ones right now. While David forked over the cash to the cabbie, I began to button my blouse...until Brandy’s firm grip on my wrist stopped me. I turned a quizzical eye to her, but she just shook her head firmly. “No,” she said, “you don’t get to cover up. You stay just like you are.”

I blinked in shock, then looked down at my tits hanging out and my skin-tight skirt pulled up around my waist. I turned red all the way down to my belly-button and squeaked, “Like this? HERE?”

“Damn straight,” she nodded. “You don’t get to cover up until we cover you up. And if you try it, you’ll regret it. Understand?”

All I could do was nod and answer in the affirmative. This was part of their plans, and I had no right to question them. I just hoped it wouldn’t be as bad as I feared.

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David climbed out of the cab and reached back for me; I took his hands and slid out, basically naked and feeling like every eye in the neighborhood was on me. Now, I didn't really *see* anyone around except some tough-looking customers congregated at a busy corner two blocks away and a couple of teenagers walking the other way down the street, but...ANYTHING could happen. ANYONE could see. And in this neighborhood, it could go very bad, very fast. I wanted to sprint up to the door and get this over with as soon as possible, but David and Brandy strolled up the walk, and there was no way I could go ahead of them. And so I did my best to think of anything else as we moseyed...

The door of the building opened and a young man stepped out. He was a light-skinned black kid, maybe 20, dressed in baggy shorts and a San Francisco 49ers jersey. He glanced up at us – then did a comical double-take and laughed aloud. “God DAMN, Brandy!” he called out. “What you got there?”

“Just a hoochie,” she laughed, making me blush even harder. “How you doing, Jay?”

“Not as good as you, looks like,” Jay laughed too, holding the door open for us. “Looks like you gonna have some fun tonight.”

“Oh yeah, we're going to use this piece of trash right up!” was her reply, and by now I was so embarrassed I thought I might pass out. “Is Lavonda staying home tonight?”

“Nah, she out with her girls.” Jay was eating me up with her eyes, and I did my best not to notice. My best was not particularly good.

“Good,” Brandy chuckled. “There's going to be a lot of moaning and screaming tonight and I'm glad it won't mess with her watching TV.”

Jay looked me up and down again and asked, “This bitch a screamer?”

“Big time,” she chuckled. “Take it easy, Jay.”

The walk-up was on the top floor, and I walked between Brandy and David along stairs that smelled a little like vomit and a lot like mildew. In one of the apartments a baby was screaming endlessly, and in others the TV or music was loud. One place sounded like there was a party going on, and I was glad their door wasn't open because I have a feeling things wouldn't go smoothly if it was. Brandy took her sweet time in front of her door, ostentatiously fumbling for the right key while I fidgeted. After what seemed like an eternity, the door swung open and I darted inside; nobody had seen me on the way up, but my God.

David and Brandy both laughed as they came in and closed the door behind them. “What's the matter, mom?” he teased. “Feeling shy?”

I knew no answer was expected of me so I kept my mouth shut and looked around the apartment. Given the unpleasant decay of the building in general and the stairs and hallway, Brandy's place was a surprise. It was tidy and neatly ordered, and although the furnishings had the look of second-hand stores (hardly surprising in the place of a girl barely over 20) they were all well maintained and in good shape.

I didn't get a chance to look around too much though, because Brandy took a fistful of my hair and pulled my head back roughly, planting a hard, hungry kiss on my lips. Her tongue invaded my mouth like it owned the place, and she squeezed my nipple hard enough to mix pleasure with pain. She pulled back and looked fiercely into my eyes until I dropped my gaze from sheer intimidation. Brandy is a whole lot of woman. There

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was a sneer in her voice as she whispered, "On your knees, cunt. I want to watch you suck your son's cock."

I sank to my knees obediently and David stepped in front of me, shoes and pants already off. His perfect, familiar cock was already hard as he took my hair in his fist and slammed his cock into my mouth all the way in a single stroke, sperm-heavy balls bouncing off my chin and the head of it hitting the back of my throat.

I sucked. God how I sucked. I was so turned on that I devoured his cock, sheer inspiration making me do things with my lips and tongue that I had never thought of before. I kept my eyes on his face, looking for the nonverbal cues I had come to know about how he wanted me to pace myself and what he wanted me to do. He was looking sternly at me – partly the scene he and Brandy were playing out, partly from the fact that he likes to look sternly at me while I feast on his cock – and I could see from his eyes that he was trying to remain impassive under my assault. I think he and Brandy had some kind of a side-bet about who could be harder and rougher with me, and he didn't want to back down...but I could also see he was losing. I was too hungry for him, and he wasn't stopping me, and I ate him alive.

Brandy was watching with enormous eyes as she slowly shed her clothes, letting them drop unheeded to the floor. "Holy fuck," I heard her whisper, her tone awed. "Does she always do it that good?"

David grunted as he began to fuck my face in time to my movements. I knew he wanted to degrade me, insult me in the marvelous way he and Brandy had been doing all night, but when he opened his mouth, what came out was, "Unnnhhhh...she...yeah. She's an unbelievable cocksucker."

I was so proud I almost glowed.

Slowly Brandy sank to her knees beside me, and for a moment I thought she wanted to suck David too. Obviously I had never shared a cock with another girl before (though I've done it plenty since) and I found the idea immensely appealing. But it turned out that she just wanted a better view, and she studied my lips on my son's cock like there would be a test. Her nipples were as hard as stones. I could smell her arousal thick in the air. I could hear her panting heavily next to me. She liked the show.

I could tell from David's breathing that he was close to coming. He has a specific way he pants when he's on the verge of popping, especially when he's in my mouth: he bites his lower lip and sucks in air, holds it for a second or two, and then lets it out with a huff before breathing in again, and that cycle gets faster and faster until he finally sucks in hard and holds it, holds it, holds it...and then he comes. I took him through those paces as hard and as fast as I could, suckling, licking, caressing his balls, just attacking him, and David huffed and huffed and huffed and held it –

His strong hand wrapped itself in my hair and he pulled out of my mouth with a pop. I knew instantly what he was going to do, but I barely had time to close my eyes before he exploded. A burst of his hot, thick seed spattered across my forehead and into my hair, then another patted my left eye shut, then another landed on my cheek, then another and another and another, across my eyes, in my ears, in my nose and mouth so that the whole world smelled and tasted like my son's lovely cum, dripping off my chin in long strands. I knelt there obediently and docilely, adoring every drop, adoring my son, adoring Brandy for watching, adoring everything.

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There was a moment of silence. I couldn't open my eyes – I'd have gotten cum in them, and I couldn't clean them off until I was told – so I just stayed there, my mouth open, waiting for my betters to give me orders. Then I heard Brandy laugh in an awed kind of way and say, "Fuck me. Ho-lee fuck, David. She's amazing."

"Yeah...yeah," he chuckled breathlessly as he began to wipe his cock on my face, and then popped it into my mouth so I could clean it off with my tongue. "She really is something special."

"And she's your mom."

"She's my slut cum-dumpster mom," he corrected, and they both laughed.

"Seriously. Fucking seriously."

I felt a large cloth pressed into my hand and Brandy told me to clean up. It was only when I did open my eyes that I saw that Brandy had handed me my blouse. I had just made an enormous mess of the only thing I had to wear out of this apartment. I gaped, panicking for a moment at the thought of what Tim or the girls would say when I walked in wearing that, but then I remembered that I had my change of clothes waiting for me in my car. I joined them in their laughter.

"David, I want to get fucked," Brandy said, as though reaching a momentous decision. "I want to get fucked hard and deep, and I want the slut's tongue on my ass while I do."

"Then let's go to bed," was his reply. By now I was well aware of David's recuperative powers and I was certain he'd be ready for another go in a couple of minutes, if he wasn't already. Neither one of them spared me a look as they headed off down the short hallway that held both bedroom and bathroom. I didn't need to be told – I rose and padded along behind them.

Brandy's bedroom turned out to be a surprise. It was as neat and tidy as the rest of her apartment, and the furnishings were well-loved second hand...but the decor! Brandy is a tough chick, a no-nonsense sort who doesn't take shit from anyone and who is a force to be reckoned with. I assumed she would have...well, I don't know what I assumed. Handcuffs on the wall? A trapeze? I have no idea. But nothing prepared me for the Hello Kitty pillows, the frilly pink bedspread, the old-fashioned princess phone, or the abundance of lace. A collection of stuffed animals, ranging from a big polar bear to a tiny, colorful parrot, perched in and around a dainty rocking chair in the corner. On one wall was a gilt-framed black and white photograph of a pretty woman in Victorian garb, whom I later learned was Brandy's great-great-grandmother, a tough bird in her own right whom Brandy greatly admired. The whole place gave the impression of a girl who giggled a lot and listened to boy bands, not a "hard-drinking, hard-fucking, balls-out bitch," as Brandy later described herself to me. To say I was surprised would be an understatement.

She and David began a discussion of sexual positions, and both of them knew a bewildering number of them, the vast majority of which I'd never heard of. They settled on something they called a "lateral reverse Asian cowgirl," which I'm not making up, though I suspect they were. What it amounted to was David on his back, knees slightly raised, while Brandy squatted above him with her back to him, leaning over to brace on his knees and give me a chance to get my tongue in her butt. David and I would be doing all the work with this one, with him thrusting from below and me licking from behind, but that was all right with me; I wanted Brandy's orgasms as much as I wanted David's.



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I have to say something at this point. I know it's irritating when I go off on long tangents, especially at a time like this, but this one is important. At least to me. You see, this was the first time I'd ever seen David fuck another girl. Of course I knew beforehand that he *was* fucking other girls, and a lot of them. He'd even made it perfectly clear when we slept together the first time that he'd be doing this a lot, and I agreed that I expected him to. There had been times since then that he'd come home with another girl's scent on him, and I had been able to deal with that. It all seemed abstract, vaguely unreal in the same way that the story of the fish that got away seems unreal. I knew, but I didn't *know*. It was a fact my mind accepted, but not a fact that my eyes saw. There's a difference between accepting and seeing, and that difference is huge.

I admit it. When I spread Brandy open with my fingers and I watched his perfect cock sink into her, I was jealous. And not just a little bit jealous, either. For an instant – and only an instant, though the instant left its mark burned in my brain like a brand on a calf's ass – as the head vanished inside and more and more of the shaft followed, I hated Brandy. I loathed her, and with an intensity that shocked me. In spite of me knowing what David was, in spite of me agreeing that he didn't have to change that, the fact that his cock was pleasing someone else made the bile rise in my throat.

You see, that cock should have been *mine*. It should have been no one else's, ever. It came out of me and it should go back into me again and again and again. In that terrible heartbeat of vertigo I knew that I should be enough for him, I should be the only one he wanted. Why wasn't I? What would this cheap, brassy whore do that I wouldn't? I would grovel for him, I would do whatever he asked without a moment's hesitation, and he still went to other women. *Girls half my age*. Girls who didn't give birth to him, who hadn't held him when he cried, who hadn't been there at every step of the way to encourage him and help him spread his wings. Girls who hadn't gotten him out of one scrape after another as the darker side of his nature began to show. Why wasn't that enough? He said he loved me like none of the others, so why wasn't I all he needed? It wasn't fair and it wasn't right!

Since then I've...interacted, shall we say, with plenty of people who have more or less open relationships where they're free to fuck other people. Some place certain restrictions on themselves (like the partners can only have sex with other people in the presence of the other, or they can't have sex with anyone more than a certain number of time, or a partner has to clear the sex in advance with the other, or whatever) and some have no restrictions at all. Some people have threesomes or foursomes or whatever, some people keep it one-on-one but change partners. Some couples only include other females in their sex, some only include other males, and some are open to what comes. Some include other people all the time, and some only on rare occasions. The point is there are as many ways to go about it as there are people doing it, and probably as many motivations, but all of them share one thing: they enjoy it when the people they love have sex with other people.

I wasn't sure I was one of them. David belonged in me, not in Brandy. I knew what it felt like, I knew exactly what she was feeling, and I knew it should have been me atop him, not her. I was his lover, his love, and I should be his one and only. I deserved that.

It wasn't that I wasn't glad that David was feeling good. I was. He deserved to feel blissful every moment of his life, and I wanted that for him far more than I wanted it

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for me. But I knew (or at least I believed very strongly) that I could make him feel as good as Brandy could. No – I could make him feel better, much better. Nobody could make him feel the way I made him feel. I knew in my bones that I was the best he could ever have.

At least I believed I could at that moment. It was all very sharp and instantaneous, just a hard flash of jealousy that exploded across my brain and made me see red. I wanted to hurt Brandy. I'm not a violent person at all, but as God is my witness, I wanted to attack her with fists and feet and nails and teeth. I wanted to bash her head with the oh-so-cute lamp she had on her bedside table. I wanted to punish her for daring to think that she deserved a piece of *my man*.

And the funny thing is I didn't feel a single bad thing about David. This whole scene was his idea. He insisted on having other women, with and without me present. He was the one who had come home to me with other women's stink on him, not Brandy. She was just doing what David allowed her to do. No, she was just doing what David *wanted* her to do, same as I was. And I still didn't have a negative thought for him. And I still wanted her to bleed.

I didn't say it made sense. It didn't, and even during that first flush of mad resentment I knew it. The fact is I don't make sense a lot of the time. I wasn't making sense at all back then. I'm working on it, and I've gotten better since, but it's a long road. At that point, I just wanted what I wanted and felt what I felt and that's all there was.

“Eat her ass, mom. Do as you're told.”

That command, which he said in a much sweeter voice than the bare words would lead you to believe, shook me out of it like a bucket of ice water. The jealousy evaporated in an instant and suddenly I was horny as hell again, and acutely aware that I had one of Brandy's cheeks in each hand with her cute little pucker ready for my tongue while my son thrustled fiercely into her from below. Immediately and eagerly I fastened my lips around that ring of muscle and began working it with my tongue as though I had never been envious a moment in my whole life.

But I still was, deep down. It didn't all vanish. There was a nasty little residue inside me that I could ignore for the moment (and I did, for the rest of the night), but it was still there. I knew I'd have to deal with it again.

But that was for later. Brandy's ass was as sweet as lilacs in May and I devoured it. I felt every little fold of skin and muscle as I flicked it and kissed it and sucked it, matching my tempo to the fast pace David was setting with his cock. I formed a tight seal around it with my lips and laid my tongue broad and flat across it, massaging all of it at once. I lifted my mouth off of it and made my tongue a hard little spear, driving it up inside; she squealed like a schoolgirl when I did that, so I knew I was onto something big.

“Feels so good! Feels so good!” she chanted softly and breathily, pushing her rump back onto David's pole and my mouth. “Gonna come, gonna come, gonna come...”

Already? The poor girl had needed a fuck! I pushed my tongue in hard, working it in and out like a little cock, getting it as deep as her spasms of pleasure would permit. Eat her ass I was told, and eating her ass I was.

I learned something wonderful as I did it. Well, more than one wonderful thing, because I also learned that – jealousy notwithstanding – sharing sex with two people has

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nearly as many charms as sharing it with one. But more to the point, I learned that having your head right next to a dripping-wet cunt that was getting pummeled by a thick, hard rod was loud, the sounds of wet flesh on wet flesh and suction and thighs slapping hips drowning out everything else except the moans of my two lovers. And I also learned that the smell of a pussy getting fucked, when your nose is practically in it, is positively intoxicating.

David's hand brushed my hair as he brought it down on her upturned cheek with a *SMACK*. I wasn't expecting it and it surprised me almost enough to make me stop doing what I was doing, but I kept at it. I was proud of myself, in fact, because I didn't miss a beat. Brandy jumped beneath the blow, her whole body quivering as she let out a wordless wail of impending rapture.

*SMACK* again, my tongue buried deep, cock impaling, bodies rocking –  
*SMACK* as her breath came shorter and sharper, pitched higher and tenser –  
*SMACK* as I slipped my hand beneath her pelvis and found her clit, hard and erect, with my fingertips. Gentle pressure –

That did it. Her gasps merged together in an ululation like something out of a monster movie...or a porn movie...or a pornographic monster movie. It was a rising and falling cry of utter release. Her back arched and she drew herself up like a bowstring as the cry rose in volume and pitch, every muscle straining as though trying to break free and take flight, loud, urgent –

And then those taut muscles gave out and she dropped like a discarded doll, sprawling face-first on David's legs. He was still hard as a rock – he hadn't come yet – and he flew out of her with a sticky slurp. She had pulled away from my tongue in her collapse and I let her lie there and feel the afterglow for a few moments as I looked up at David.

He was smiling at me proudly, the same way I had smiled at him when he was in the kindergarten Christmas pageant (he'd been a cow – the best cow Our Lady of Grace School ever saw, and don't you forget it). He reached down and ran his fingers along my jaw, eyes sparkling, and whispered, "Give that ass a few more licks."

I did. At that moment I'd have chugged Lysol if he told me to, so in love was I. My mouth closed around Brandy's bud and I licked, much more gently now that she was so sensitive. She had been panting, her pitch dropping as she caught her breath and the waves of pleasure began to recede, but my mouth got them rising again. After a few seconds of dedicated slurping she even lifted her butt and pressed it up again, giving me a better angle between her delectable buns–

"Clit," she ordered breathlessly. "Lick my clit."

Who was I to argue? I flipped over as I dived beneath her, landing on my back as my lips found what they were looking for. I gave her a clit a kiss, a gentle, teasing kiss that made her suck breath, and went to work.

David moved, pulling himself into a sitting position and then sliding off the bed. I couldn't see what he was doing, but my body knew to follow the urging of his hands. He guided me so that my ass was half off the bed, my ankles in his hands, and it was a mark of my newness to this whole group sex thing that I didn't realize what he was going to do until Brandy shifted her body, straddling my face so she could look at him, and I felt her hand spread my lips the way I had spread her a few moments before.

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“Fuck her,” I heard her breathe. “Nice and slow. Tease her first.” I felt the head of my son’s cock against my lips, nuzzling, and then it moved up to my clit and rubbed; I whimpered and kept licking.

“What do you think?” I heard David ask.

“Fuck...fuck, David, it’s so hot. I can’t believe it. You’re going to fuck the pussy you came out of.” He laughed and said something that Brandy’s thighs over my ears kept me from hearing, and she replied, “OK, put it in. Just the head.”

I felt it slide into me. I’d have known it blindfolded, waking up from sleep. The flaring mushroom head of my son’s cock slipped inside of me. He was back where he belonged.

“Slow...slow...give it to her.” Brandy’s voice predicted what would happen, and David filled me up. Inch by inch, he filled me up. I hadn’t even realized how much I had ached for him to be in me until he was in me. And he kept giving me more, more, until his hips pushed against my pelvis and his balls dangled against my ass. I moaned into Brandy’s cunt and kept licking.

That is, I kept licking until a moment later when she climbed off of me, leaving my face drenched in her juices. “I want to watch her face as you fuck her,” she told him, kneeling by my head and tweaking first one of my hard nipples and then the other with her skilled hands. “Keep it slow. I want to watch her build up.”

For once David was doing what someone told him. He pulled back gently until he was half in and half out of me, then filled me again just as slowly as he had the first time. I looked up at Brandy as he did, so she could see the lust and satisfaction in my eyes as my darling boy began to fuck me. And, I admit, so that she could watch my face as David went back where I deserved him to be always; like I said, the jealousy wasn’t completely gone.

Brandy’s expression was one of stunned amazement. She was watching his cock slide in and out of me instead of my face, and she simply looked awed by the sight.

And “awed” is really the only word to describe her expression. She looked like she was witnessing a miracle, something she couldn’t explain or understand but which struck her as being beautiful and magnificent anyway. In a voice barely louder than an exhalation, she asked, “How does she feel?”

“Ohhhh...amazing,” he answered, putting a kiss on my ankle where it rested against his shoulder. “She was worth the wait. She was worth the work.”

Tears came to my eyes. Here, when he and Brandy had been so careful to degrade me in the most erotic ways they could think of, when they had made me degrade myself and treated me like an object (and don’t get me wrong, I adored every second of it), I was so perfectly connected to my son and lover that he could not pretend that I meant nothing to him, even for the sake of playing a role. I wept with pride, and completely unashamedly.

Brandy looked down at my face and smiled, then bent to kiss me deeply as David picked up the pace just a little. After everything that had happened since I got into the apartment I was ready to explode with orgasms, and between Brandy’s tongue in my mouth and David’s cock in my cunt I knew I wouldn’t be long in getting my first. It was already building fast, and I barely had time to realize it before it hit me. I spasmed around David’s cock and clenched up all over, feeling my whole body coiling like a spring ready to jump.

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I felt Brandy's lips against my ear as she whispered, "You love your son's cock in you, don't you?"

Here, now, there was no reason for me to hold back or be quiet, so I made no effort to do so. "I – love my – son's cock!" I gasped loudly, and as I did it flooded over me how amazing it felt to be able to share this with someone. Not the sex itself (though I was loving sharing that again, for the moment), but the fact that I was David's lover. David had discovered me, opened me, almost created me as I am now, and that had been magnificent. But the problem was I could share myself, my real self, the part that belonged so completely to my son, only with David. Nobody else knew, and that meant that this vital part of me that my son filled and owned was unknown. I could be me, but I could only be me in very limited circumstances.

But here, at last, was another person who had entered my little world, my true world where only I and my son (and my dog, of course) had been before. Brandy knew. Brandy accepted. And I found in that moment, when David was inside me and she saw, that I loved having other people know. I loved being able to be honest and open and up-front. I wanted to be able to be open more, with everyone. I knew it couldn't be, but I wanted it nevertheless.

It was that fact that took me up and over the edge. My climax erupted, lifting my body against David as he fucked me long and deep, making every part of me tingle and vibrate and sing. I heard Brandy gasp in awe next to me, but she seemed so far away that in that instant she may as well have been on the other side of the world. There was nothing in the universe but me and my son, and my universe was filled with light and sensation and a dizzying vertigo that lasted a sharply defined instant before dropping me back down again.

"Tell me how it feels," Brandy whispered urgently in my ear as my orgasm subsided. Her voice was tense and tight, filled with passion, and I could hear the delicious *schick-schick-schick* as she wildly fingered her wet sex. "Tell me how it feels to have your son's cock inside you!"

"Unngghh...it feels...oh God..." How could I even describe something that completed me in a way that I had never been completed before? I didn't know how. But she had told me to do it, and I couldn't tell her no. So, I tried. "It feels...hot...and hard..."

"Not *a* cock. Your son's cock."

"He feels...unnnhhhh, David, yes...he feels so perfect...like he...was made....for me..."

"No Angela, he wasn't made. You made him."

"Yes, I made him..."

"He grew in you."

"He did..."

"From your egg. He grew inside you and you gave birth to him."

"God yes, I did..."

"He's fucking the cunt that gave him birth!"

"Yes, he's fucking it...so good..."

"Like you made him just for that reason."

"Just to fuck me...just to...ooohhhhh yesssss...just to fuck me..."

"What else?"

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“To...own me...”

“He owns you, doesn't he?”

“Yes, God yes...body...and soul...”

“You're his, aren't you?”

“Yes! Yes!!!”

“You're his slut?”

“I'm his slut!” I was wailing now at the top of my lungs, not caring if someone in another apartment overheard me. Screw that, at that moment I *wanted* them to know. “I love...oohhhhhhhh fffuuuuuuuck! I love being his slut! Fuck me David, please!”

“You love being a slut for your son?”

“My son's slut! My son's...uuunnnngggghhhh...his bitch! His fucktoy!”

“You are his fucktoy,” Brandy confirmed throatily as she bit down on my nipple. “You're an incest slut, a son-fucker who grovels on the ground for the cock you gave birth to, and you love it!”

David was rocking me now with the force of his thrusts, fucking me so hard that the bedsheet came loose from one corner of the bed and snapped up against my thigh, but it was Brandy's words that hurled me into my next orgasm. And ladies and gentlemen, this one was one for the ages. I know I screamed at the top of my lungs, something about how my son needed to fuck me every day and how I lived to take my son's cock and how I was a cum-sucking whore-mommy and God knows what all. Brandy's neighbors got an earful, that was for sure, even if most of it became a gibbering babble that wouldn't make any sense even if I could remember it, which I can't. I shook so hard it felt like my flesh was going to vibrate off my bones. My pussy spasmed so hard I was sure I would bruise David's cock. And the waves came and kept coming, so many and for so long that I lost track of everything that wasn't in bed with me. I came, I came, I came...

I left. At least my consciousness did. I actually passed out, or at least I think I passed out. I can't remember David finishing or pulling out. I was fucked stupid.

The next thing I knew my eyes were fluttering open. My whole body felt as tingling as an electrical outlet and as boneless as spaghetti. Something wet was running down my side, and I knew in an instant that David had pulled out of me and put his cum on my belly. It was his right to come wherever he wanted to, in me or on me, but I remember being vaguely disappointed that he hadn't put his seed in my body. I loved his cum in me.

He was beside me, lying on his side, propped up on one elbow and a smile on his face as he watched me. He was beautiful, naked, sweaty, and perfect. Completely perfect. “Hey you,” he said softly and lovingly. “How do you feel?”

“Mmmuuffbble,” I said earnestly.

“Huh?”

Enunciation is hard when your bones have turned to overcooked zucchini, but I forced myself to speak clearly as I repeated, “Wonderful. I love you so much, David.”

“I love you too, mom. But you're not done yet.”

“M not?”

“Look over there.” I did as he commanded me and turned my head to the other side. I saw Brandy standing there, just sealing herself into something that looked like a leather bar jockstrap. It was all black leather straps and chrome studs and it looked as intimidating as hell – or at least it would have, had my attention not been taken up by the

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six-and-a-half inch dildo protruding from the front of it. It was thick and solidly black, and nobody could have mistaken it for a real cock; it was wavy in shape and had three bulbous rings that went all the way around it near the head. But I knew instantly what was going to happen with it, and I was in awe.

Brandy saw my face and laughed. "That's right, slut. Your son isn't the only one who's going to give you cock tonight. That cunt of yours better be ready, because I'm not going to be nice and gentle like he was."

David had been anything but gentle by the end – I would be sore for a day at least – but I couldn't correct her. Besides, I had a sinking feeling that if I did sass her, she would make me regret it. So I remained silent, eyes on that menacing piece of latex as I forced myself up on my elbows.

"Here," she commanded sharply, snapping her fingers and pointing to the floor in front of her. "Knees. Now."

Moving was challenging. My body was still limp and boneless and it took an effort of will to get me up and going. But move I did, sliding off the bed and kneeling before Brandy. Up close, that dildo looked even meaner. It wasn't that it was big – David was bigger, not to mention Charlie – but it wasn't going to get soft, ever. Brandy could batter my poor kitty until it turned to applesauce, and by the look on her face, I thought that likely. I had butterflies.

She sneered down at me, her lips quirking into a nasty smile. Brandy is such a pretty girl, and really sweet (sometimes), but when she wants to look nasty, she looks N-A-S-T-Y. Now was one of those times. She locked her eyes with mine and wrapped one hand around her "cock," stroking it like it was real. A finger of the other hand traced across my lips, and she told me, "Open."

I swallowed and did as I was told. She moved her cock against my parted lips then, tracing the head along the lower and then the upper, slowly, teasingly. I wasn't sure what was required of me so I just watched her face with wide eyes and waited to be told.

I didn't have to wait long. After a few seconds of teasing, Brandy grabbed a fistful of my hair, drove her dildo down my throat and ordered, "Suck me, bitch!"

What could I do? I sucked. I admit I didn't get it at first. I mean I understood that she was going to use the strap-on to fuck me, but it's not like she could feel anything through it. What good would giving her a blowjob do? But I did it, and I did it as well as I could, just as I would if it were David or Charlie instead of an inanimate piece of plastic. I hollowed my cheeks as I sucked, I used my tongue, I caressed with my lips. I gave the dildo the best blow I could, and as I did I watched Brandy watching me.

And the damndest thing happened. Believe me, I didn't expect it, but when I looked up at her and saw the naked arousal on her face, I started getting aroused myself. I think Brandy was imagining what it would be like to have a cock, a real cock that could feel my mouth and my cunt, and I know she was loving me on my knees before her, worshipping her the way I was. And as those thoughts flitted through my head, I began to wonder that myself. What does it feel like to feel a tongue under the head of your cock, or on your balls? What does it feel like to be buried to the limit inside a woman's willing body, having her squeeze you and milk you as you rocked in and out? What does it feel like to have the power of a thick, meaty rod between your legs? I have no idea. I *can't* know, any more than a man can ever know what it feels like to have a clit or to get

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your pussy filled. But my imagination began to entertain the idea, and oh how entertained it was. Oh my, yes.

But more than that, I started to get turned on by sucking Brandy. Yes it was a dildo, and no she couldn't feel it the way she could when I plastered my face to her pussy and licked her – but I was worshipping her all the same. I was on my knees, hands on my thighs, obediently sucking her dildo like a good little whore should, and she was looking down at me like David did when I sucked him, and good Lord It got to me. By the time she began to fuck my face I was eager to feel her dildo inside of me, fucking me like David would, hard, over and over, making me hers in the way only penetration could achieve. I was her slut the same way I was for my son and my dog, and I wanted to be fucked by her that way too.

The faster she pumped my mouth, the more aroused she became. I had begun to wonder if she could really come this way when, suddenly, she pulled it out and yanked me to my feet by my hair. I was panting like a dog, so ready to take it however she wanted to give it to me that I would have eagerly begged her for the privilege if she'd have wanted me to. But she wasn't looking for begging – she was ready to fuck. She pushed me over face-first onto the bed and smacked my ass hard, snarling, “Up on your hands and knees, slut. You're going to get it from behind like the bitch you are.”

I shivered with delight as I complied, bracing myself for a doggy-style fuck (since, you know, my own dog had made me intimately familiar with the position). David was still lying on the bed stroking his cock, which was rapidly hardening again, and I eyed it like I was starving for it. But he'd give it to me again when he was ready. It wasn't up to me to ask.

Brandy's fingers sank into the flesh of my hips hard enough that I knew she'd leave a mark, but I didn't give a damn. And she didn't waste time either – almost immediately she pushed her dildo into me and sank it all the way in a single swift motion that took my breath away. It felt wonderful, different enough in shape from a real cock to be noticeable, but different in a very good way.

And then she started to fuck me.

I was howling with delight from the first. Brandy had told the truth – she was going to fuck the hell out of me, and she wasn't going to take it easy. She pulled me by my hips and slammed forward again and again, hard enough to make my dangling tits flap and my ass bounce off her abdomen. And while she did she rained down on me a torrent of abuse that left no doubt that I was a whore, a slut, a cheap piece of trash, a worthless hoochie, a cunt, a twat good only for fucking, and who knows what else; it that washed over me and left me begging for more. I came like a rocket when she started to swat my ass hard enough to hurt, and I kept coming, over and over, in waves, for I have no idea how long –

Until, with a growl, she yanked her cock out of me – and yes, by that time I had pretty much forgotten that it was a dildo. It was a cock, Brandy's cock, as real as David's and just as capable of taking me, owning me, and giving me what I needed. And I would treat it just like it could shoot delicious cum down my throat or deep inside my body, like she was capable of fertilizing my eggs instead of being possessed of her own.

“On your side,” she snarled, climbing up on the bed and lying behind me. “Lift up your leg...yeah, just like that...” And then she was inside me again, fucking me as we spooned together. I could feel her hard little nipples digging into my back, feel her taut



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tummy pressing into me, feel her breath on the back of my neck moving my sweat-dampened hair –

“You like my cock, slut?”

“Oh fuck! I love it! I love your cock!”

“It's all you're good for isn't it? Taking cocks?”

“Yes...yes...”

“Taking cocks like a whore?”

“Just like a whore! I'm your whore Brandy! Fuck me, please!”

And she did, hard and deep and long. I came again, an orgasm that made colors burst behind my eyelids and lifted me up, up before it dropped me down again. And a few moments later I was lifted up again as another orgasm took me. I have no idea what number that was, I had long since lost count.

All I knew was that I loved tonight.

There was more abuse that I lapped up like a dog, and when she told me to grovel and beg I did, eagerly and without reservation. I pleaded to be hammered like the cock-hungry cumslut I was, I whimpered and implored to be used and fucked and humiliated and treated no better than I deserved. She wanted groveling, and groveling was what she got.

Another orgasm and she had me on my back, my ankles crossed behind her ass, her tits against mine as she hammered me. Didn't she ever get tired? It felt like she had been fucking me for a week straight! But I wasn't going to complain – not that I could have anyway, given that her tongue was in my mouth and her lips were closed tight around mine in as hard and fierce a kiss as I've had. That girl can kiss, and her mouth swallowed up my moans of delight in the wonderful way that only a really good kisser can manage. I was starting to think (at least in so far as I was still capable of complex thought in a brain addled with dopamine and endorphins) that I could fall in love with a girl who could strap on a cock and use it as well as Brandy.

It's funny, given how sexually adventurous I've become, but I do adore the missionary position. I really think it's my favorite. I love my lover's weight on top of me, knowing that he (or she) is above me, controlling me, controlling the speed and the tempo. When I'm on my back, my legs and arms wrapped around my lover, I feel so much more open than I do in other positions, and it feels as though my lover can penetrate all the way to my soul. It's especially wonderful when I know that there's cum involved, that the cock in me will swell and give forth that amazing substance that I adore so much, because somehow it feels like the cum will go deeper in missionary than in other positions, into my uterus and further, almost like it's going to cease being a physical thing and meld with my soul in some way it doesn't in other positions. I suppose it's the oldest drive there is, really, the one for procreation. Feeling a cock deep inside and being in a position where the semen is less likely to come back out increases the chance of fertilization – and getting knocked up is what it's all about, at least on a biological level. Those old impulses are strong. Not that Brandy was going to give me cum – my brain remembered that, even if my body had forgotten. But I did love her nipples hard against my chest, her sweat running down her body to mingle with mine, her forearms braced under my head lifting me to her kiss...and her kiss. Lord, her kiss. I don't think I'll ever forget the kisses she gave me when she had me missionary that night.

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I'd have blissfully stayed on my back, folded around her, for the rest of the night, but Brandy had other ideas in her pretty head. She gave me a series of explosive orgasms (my orgasms were getting fiercer as the night went on and I got more and more sensitive, passing that point I've mentioned before where it's easier to keep coming than to stop) and then pulled out of me. She stretched out onto her back, that lovely cock standing proud and erect, and gestured imperiously for me to climb onto her, as a queen might gesture to a slave. I didn't need to be told twice, or at all with words. I knew what was expected of me, and I was positively eager to comply. I threw a leg over Brandy's hip and sank down onto her cock, impaling myself in a single swift motion.

Brandy was smiling up at me as I began to move. She was watching my face, watching by breasts bounce, and I let my pleasure show. The fact is I don't care for cowgirl as much as other positions; sure it makes the penetration feel deeper, but it also makes me feel like I'm in control – and you might have gotten the idea by now that I like to be controlled, not in control. Giving myself up, giving up all ability to guide or restrain my partner, making myself the vessel for my partner's fulfillment...that's what I want and need. That's a big part of why I love being with dogs, I guess; when you get knotted, you're stuck, literally, until he decided to let you go. You don't get to back out and you don't get to have any say in it, you're just a bitch to be fucked. I guess it's obvious by now that being that bitch, for partners human or canine, fulfills a deep and abiding need in me. Being on top denies me that. But that was what Brandy wanted and so that was what Brandy got. I don't tell my partners no.

Her hands found my breasts again, pinching my nipples roughly and wonderfully for a few seconds before, with a swift movement, she grabbed my hair and yanked me down for a rough kiss. I gave it to her, but that wasn't really what her positioning me like that was about, as I learned when I felt a hand on my ass – David, of course. His movements were strong and certain, as they always were, but there was something else – his fingers felt slick and slippery. It occurred to me to wonder about that, but he didn't let me wonder long – an instant later I felt one of those greased fingers probing my asshole.

OK, so it's important to note at this point that the assplay I've described so far was the sum total of the anal experience I had. I'd barely even thought about it. So it did come as a surprise to me when I felt him back there, but like I've said, I don't tell my partners no. I relaxed and let that finger in.

Oh, wow...and I really mean that. Brandy's cock already felt incredibly deep in me because I was on top, and so I already felt full. But here was something else being filled, and it felt wonderful. The sensations were intense and thrilling, but they got even better a second later when he pushed that finger down. In one instant I was shown, in the most explicit possible terms, how astonishing it feels to have something in the cunt and something else in the ass at the same time. I could feel Brandy's cock inside me, thick, full, moving, and I could feel David's finger pressing against it from a completely different part of my body. It felt like the two intruders were held apart by a membrane the thickness of a tissue paper, and that membrane seemed to be nothing but nerves that adored what they were getting. I howled.

"I think she likes it," Brandy giggled as she lifted her hips and gave me a brutal thrust.

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“Sluts like it in the butt,” David confirmed, swatting my ass and making me moan even louder. “I think I’ll put in another finger.”

“Oh God,” was the only thing I could think to say. I’m a very smooth talker at times like that, as I’m sure you’ve realized.

David was as good as his word, and in a heartbeat he had two fingers inside my ass. If I had any shame left I lost it all in that moment and began to thrust back on hand and cock, all the while gasping and moaning and squealing like the proverbial pig. He and Brandy banded back and forth about what a whore I was, but to tell the truth I don’t have any idea what they said. I remember the tone, though; that teasing, superior, degrading tone sent me over into a torrent of orgasms again.

I was still riding high when David pulled his fingers out of me, leaving a strange emptiness where I had never felt any sort of emptiness before. But I wasn’t empty long.

I knew what it was the instant I felt it. That magnificent cock that was so familiar in my pussy, in my hands, in my mouth, was now claiming a new part of me. My ass resisted only for an instant; I was so turned on that my body had thrown open the gates. And besides, my ass and his cock were both well lubed. He stretched me open with one thrust and buried himself inside me.

Was there pain? I suppose there was. There was certainly discomfort, and if the pleasure vastly outweighed it at the moment, I would feel it soon enough. I think I knew that – anal sex had been discussed at some length during the girls’ lunches – but I couldn’t have cared less. I was being doubled and I loved it.

In fact, I think I was losing my mind with unexpected thrill of it. To this day I’m not sure how much of the pleasure I felt was physical and how much was the rush of feeling something I had never done before, something I had never really imagined. But then sex is always like that, at least for me. I think it’s like that for most women. The brain is the most sensitive erogenous zone, as the saying goes, and when something gets my mind running to the erotic, my body unhesitatingly follows. The reverse is seldom true, at least in my experience. Maybe guys are different; maybe they can get revved up in a situation they don’t like just by feeling something good to their body (or...come on, let’s be honest here: something good to their cocks. We ARE talking about guys here).

But there’s more than that. To women my age (and, one presumes, older), anal sex is still “dirty.” Not “that’s disgusting” dirty, but more like, “You’ll never believe what I did” dirty. It’s a line that “nice” girls don’t cross. In fact, to listen to some guys talk about it, that line is the difference between nice girls and...well, sluts. Nice girls only let you in through the front door, but bad girls unlock the service entrance, so to speak. It’s a ridiculously simplistic way of looking at it, but a lot of people seem to think that way. And I don’t think it’s true for younger women – at least in the ones I’ve talked to, a common viewpoint is that anal sex is routine, or at least nothing to write home about. Some have even told me that it’s less intimate than vaginal sex; hookups get mouth and butt, steady boyfriends get the vajayjay too. Not like it’s universal or anything, but there is a genuine generational divide in attitude about it.

And it does feel good. That’s the thing that surprised me most about it. Like I said, I’d never done any assplay before David and I had only done a little with him, so my experience was almost nil. And from the descriptions I had heard, it always sounded like it would hurt a lot more than it would feel good. I mean, let’s be honest, it was built to be a one-way road, know what I mean? But the pleasure was intense, deep, like...well,

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this is getting ahead of myself, but there's a difference between anal orgasms and vaginal ones, at least for me. Vaginal orgasms are like waves in water, and even when they're sudden or unexpected, they have curves to them. I don't know how to explain it any better. They swell, they lift you up to a peak, and they diminish; often enough, there's another wave behind them, sometimes bigger and sometimes smaller but always in a sort of a pattern or...no, more a rhythm. I'm sorry, this is hard to really explain. There's a rhythm to vaginal orgasms (and I know I'm supposed to say clitoral orgasms because it's more correct, but fuck you) that is predictable once you're in it. You know when one is building. You know when the peak hits. You know when you're on the downside. Most of the time, once you know your body and your lover, you can tell whether you've gotten all you're going to get or whether you can eke out another one (or another five, or twenty, or whatever).

My anal orgasms aren't like that. Not at all. They are, for want of a better word, spiky. That makes them sound painful, but they're not. They're just abrupt and sharply defined. They can hit without warning (well, without any warning except having a cock in my ass, but that kind of goes without saying), taking me in an instant from merely feeling good to screaming like a maniac in climax and then dropping me right back out of it in the next instant. It's completely unpredictable for me; since then I've had it back there plenty of times, and there have been sessions where I came a dozen times and then other sessions with the same partner where I don't come at all. It always feels good – at least if it's done by someone who knows what they're doing – but it doesn't have predictable results for me.

One thing that is predictable, though, is that I'm one noisy bitch when I'm taking it in the ass. I mean, I'm always a noisy bitch during sex, but during anal it's a whole different thing. When I'm having regular sex or getting head or getting rubbed or otherwise having my pussy and clit directly stimulated, I sort of babble. I say words, a stream of them and most of them dirty; I don't make sense but at least I'm speaking English and I can shut up if I really have to. But when I have it in the butt, I sort of...howl. More or less. It's definitely not words. It's just a bunch of vowels without consonants, it's loud, it's thoroughly unladylike and undignified, and it's completely involuntary. I always find that it's embarrassing. David loves it.

And do I like anal sex? Yeah, I do. I found that out when I was being sandwiched between my son and Brandy. It feels great (again, if it's done right) and I can come very hard that way. But it's not my first choice. I don't mind doing it when my partner wants it, but if given my choice (which...how often does that happen these days?), I definitely prefer it the regular way.

Anyway, I wasn't thinking about all of that when David put himself into my ass. The sensation was just plain overwhelming, and the feeling of two cocks moving against each other inside me was so powerful and novel that I came almost instantly, then came again a few seconds later, and then kept coming. I don't know how many orgasms I had – like I said, I was losing my mind. David and Brandy were taking turns talking trash to me but I don't think I even heard it over my own howls. I don't even know how long it lasted. All I really remember is the sensation of it, that first blissful experience of being double-fucked and taking two partners inside of me at the same instant. I was hooked.

David came in my ass, and he came hard enough that he was done for the night – or at least for a few hours until he got his juice back. When he pulled out of me, I gasped

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again – there was such an empty feeling back there now! I don't know how wide my poor little pucker was gaping, but I felt like I could rent my colon out for parking. Brandy was giggling underneath me, and she asked, "How do you feel, babe?"

"Ohhh...ohhhhh..."

"That good, huh?"

"Unnnhh hunnnhhhh..."

She wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pulled me close. I was still impaled on her dildo and I didn't want to move an inch; I think she knew that, because she put a gentle hand behind my head and pulled my face down next to hers. In a whisper, she said, "Just rest, sweetie. Just rest."

I didn't need to be told twice. I closed my eyes and drifted into something close to sleep, hovering just this side of unconsciousness and feeling that delightful lethargy from my head to my toes that can only come after truly spectacular sex. Brandy didn't say a word, and all I could hear was her soft breathing, the sounds of the party a couple floors away, and, after a few moments, the sound of her shower starting up as David got cleaned off. It was heavenly.

The shower turning off a few minutes later was our cue to start moving, however unwelcome it was, and I murmured, "I guess I ought to get cleaned up too."

"I guess so," Brandy giggled softly. "People tend not to smell so good after anal."

I sniffed and wrinkled my nose. "Ugh, you're telling me. OK, OK, I'm up."

And then I was, clambering stiffly off of Brandy and to my knees, then sliding off the bed. Brandy followed, unstrapping her leather harness as she did and stepping out of it. I felt like I'd been screwed by a football team for about ten years straight. David came out of the bathroom then, naked as the day he was born and toweling his head. Brandy slapped him on the stomach as she passed and said, "Change the sheets, stud. I doubt you want to sleep in the wet spot...spots...any more than I do."

Brandy's bathroom was small and her shower was tiny, but we both managed to cram ourselves in there at the same time, and there was plenty of hot water at that time of night. We washed each other's hair and back, giggling like schoolgirls and whispering about David. She wanted to know all the juicy details of our relationship and I spilled the beans readily; it felt like I was in 10<sup>th</sup> grade and bragging about dating the star quarterback. Again I kept the stuff about Charlie out of it; I would tell if David demanded it, but not otherwise. You can never know how that sort of thing will be taken. Anyway, we kept it all nonsexual (I think we were both sated for the moment) and when the shower was done we dried each other off, I applied her Teen Spirit (lord, Teen Spirit!) and we went back out into the bedroom.

David had changed the sheets and was sprawled across them, naked as the day he was born and sound asleep. Brandy and I dropped our gossiping into whispers and she sat me down at her vanity (a badly battered secondhand antique she said she was planning to get refurbished when she got the money). She did my makeup and hair, and did a very good job of it. It was so relaxed around her, so comfortable, that it felt like I had known her forever, and we had each other giggling and enjoying each other's company.

Brandy called a taxi for me (she knew a company that would actually send cabs into this neighborhood at this time of night) and she dressed me like the salesgirl she was. My clothes were a badly abused mess, dark with semen and wrinkled terribly, but I only

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had to wear them as far as the park and ride where I could change into the other outfit. I kissed her goodbye, and then shook David awake.

“Mmmmpphh?” he grumped.

“I’m leaving,” I told him, leaning over him. “I just wanted to say goodbye.”

“G’bye,” he slurred, then lifted up his head. I met him midway for a brief, loving kiss, then pulled back. He smiled up at me and added, “You were fantastic tonight.”

“So were you, baby. Love you.”

“Love you. See you tomorrow.”

Brandy walked me out to the cab when it arrived and saw me away from the curb safely. The cabbie looked at my clothes with a quizzical expression, but I wasn’t going to enlighten him. I was in a sweet, soft haze, replaying favorite moments of the night in my head. There were a lot of them.

It was a short trip to the park and ride, and I gave the driver a good tip. There were only three cars there, including mine, and no people. There was still some passing traffic, but I had gotten a lot less shy recently and I changed clothes right there by my car, barely even paying attention to my own nudity. A few cars passed on the street as I did, but I was off in a corner and I doubt anyone saw me...and if they did, well, I hope they like what they saw.

I was sure that Tim was sound asleep by now, but it was a lock that Laurel and the girls were just getting going; I was quite sure that they had consumed several barrels of caffeinated beverages and their little engines would be running until the sun came up, when they would all collapse in an exhausted pile. Hey, I remember being that age about a thousand years ago. I pulled into the garage at 2:38 AM and turned off the car. I didn’t get out right away – I sat there as the door went down, the motor ticking as it cooled. It had been a long, wonderful day, and I was exhausted. And sore, very sore. Charlie, masturbation and more masturbation, Brandy at the restaurant, and then a marathon session with her and David – my poor pussy was so battered and bruised that it was uncomfortable just to sit, yes, but my butt was still shocked from the highly unaccustomed intrusion David had inflicted on it, my knees felt like I’d been kneeling on gravel, my nipples were so used and abused that it hurt where they rubbed against my bra, my thighs felt like I’d done about 3,000 thrusts, my lips were nearly numb, and my jaw was exhausted. I was, in Brandy’s words, one used-up hoochie.

The garage light going out was my cue to get my sleepy ass moving. I clambered out and moaned softly; I had stiffened up considerably on the drive home, and I really, really didn’t want to put my thighs together. As I neared the door to the kitchen I heard Charlie whining softly on the other side, and when I opened the door he drove his head into my thigh in a demand that he be **PETTED RIGHT NOW!!!** I obliged as I stepped inside and shut the door behind me –

“Oh, hi Mrs. Reeves,” said a familiar voice, and I looked up to see Houston standing next to the fridge with a can of Diet Mountain Dew in her hand. I smiled at her and said hello, knowing instantly that she had come downstairs – or upstairs actually, as the girls had obviously moved the festivities into the basement, based on the noise – the instant she had heard my car pull in and had been standing there, composing herself to be nonchalant upon my entry, ever since. “Did you have a good night?”

I grinned at her, suddenly horny all over again, and looked boldly and openly at her, from head to toe. She was barefoot, with freshly painted toenails (undoubtedly part

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of the evening's activities) and a cute beaded ankle bracelet. Her legs were a bit chunky – not fat by any means, but shorter and thicker than she would have preferred – and bare up to the upper thighs, where her faded pink shorts began. Her hips were wide and full, and even though I knew that she wished they were narrower, I could only see them as already womanly and sexy as hell. Above that she had a white Hello Kitty tank-top that clung to a cute little belly-bulge and two small, perky little titties with nipples that hardened as I looked at them. Her bare shoulders were wide and even powerful, her skin pink and freckled, and the nails of her fingers were freshly painted to match her toes. By the time I got to her neck she was flushed brightly. Her wide jaw and her pleasant, square face were framed by a slightly awkward haircut that didn't really flatter her, but her light brown hair was pretty enough. She had a broad, generous mouth with full lips that were perfect for kissing – or suckling a clit – a very cute little nose, and gray eyes that were wide with a mixture of arousal and shock; that was very understandable, given that I had just fucked her with a look.

"I've had a wonderful evening, Houston," I breathed, reaching out to caress her shoulder in a gesture that could not be construed as merely friendly. "How's the party going?"

"I...um...fine?" she squeaked. Her eyes were locked on mine, and mine were undressing her with a boldness I would never have assumed with someone who was capable of boldness herself. But Houston was a neophyte at this whole thing, a virgin with boys and girls alike, and shy and awkward to boot. If I was going to get her in bed the way David demanded, I was going to have to take the lead and teach her to control and own me the way I loved and needed.

I let my fingernails trail down her arm before turning and opening the fridge. I leaned in to get a bowl of strawberries, sticking my ass out and knowing exactly where the girl's eyes would be. When I stood again, Houston looked like she was wobbling and about to fall over on her face. "Would you like some strawberries?"

"Ahhhh...sure?" she asked, her voice tremulous and uncertain. I knew I had her head spinning and I loved every second of it.

I just grinned and led her by her sweaty hand to the table. I seated her at the side and took the next chair, positioning myself so I was facing her. I crossed my legs, letting my skirt ride very high indeed, and plucked a berry from the bowl. Strawberries are the sexiest fruit to begin with, and I really played it up as I locked eyes with Houston, wrapped my lips around the end of the berry, and took a slow bite. "Mmmm, yummy. So tell me what you've been up to all evening."

"Oh, I...um..." She swallowed hard and watched my mouth, then whispered, "We...listened to some music...and...um...painted each other's nails, and danced, and talked..."

I nodded and took another bite. "It sounds like there's some dancing going on down in the basement right now. And you're up here with me?"

She blushed like a tomato and dropped her eyes to the floor, then started to rise. "I'm sorry, I'll go –"

My hand landed on her knee and froze her like a statue. "I'd rather you stay. I like talking to you, Houston. Don't you want to talk to me?"

After a long moment of internal struggle she nodded and sat back down, a bit heavily. "I...I do..."

## Angela's Diary

I smiled and squeezed her knee, and with the other hand I held out a strawberry. "Don't make me eat alone."

She looked up, first at the strawberry and then at me, and before she could reach out for the berry I had moved it to her lips and begun to tease them with it. I thought for a moment she was going to swoon, but instead she opened her mouth, her eyes locked on mine, and let me tease her tongue with the tip of the berry before she bit it off. I brought the remainder to my mouth, flicked off the juice with a slow swipe of my tongue, and then bit off the rest of it. "Mmmm, yummy," I whispered. "You like?"

She swallowed and nodded, a bit jerkily. "Yeah...yes...I...um..."

I squeezed her knee again and moved my hand a bit further up, perhaps an inch. "Yes, Houston?"

The poor thing was completely flustered, her complete inexperience making her uncertain that she was perceiving my signals correctly, wildly aroused but shy and definitely not wanting to jump to an untoward conclusion and make a fool of herself, or worse. She bit her lip uncertainly and looked down at my hand, which was busily massaging her thigh. At last she muttered, "I...um...that feels...nice..."

My hand inched up. "I'm glad. If it felt bad, that would mean I was definitely doing something wrong."

That made her smile nervously. She looked up at me, but only for a moment. Then she threw a look over her shoulder to make sure that the coast was clear, but I wasn't worried because the music from downstairs was still muffled, and it would become obviously louder if it were opened. We were fine. "I...Mrs. Reeves, I—"

"Angela."

"I – huh?"

"My name is Angela. When it's just you and me I think you can call me by my first name, don't you?"

"OK..."

"So..."

"Angela." In all her life she had never called me anything but Mrs. Reeves, and I knew that the simple act of calling me by my first name had been the first step toward seeing me less as an authority figure and more as an equal. Of course I wanted her to see me as a slutty, submissive cuntsucker, but that would come in time. "Angela...I'm not sure what...um..."

"It's OK, Houston. What do you want to say?"

She swallowed again and breathed deep. "I...I think I'm...I don't..." She shook her head and started again. "I'm not sure what's...like...going on here?"

"Well, I'm flirting with you," I replied honestly, in a tone that suggested it was the most natural thing in the world. "Rather heavily, in fact. Is that all right?"

Oh the poor girl. Her head was spinning like a top. "I...guess so?"

My hand moved another inch up her thigh. "I can stop if you want me to...but I hope you want to keep going."

She looked down at my hand. I could barely hear it when she replied, "I don't want you to stop...Angela."

That was all the invitation I needed. I leaned in, and Houston looked absolutely shocked as I put my lips on hers and began to move them. Could I have been her first kiss? I hoped I was. I wanted to pop every cherry this girl had. She stiffened, but to her



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credit it only lasted for a moment before the movement of my lips on hers made her open her mouth, just a bit. I was ready for that, and an instant later my tongue was moving on hers; three seconds later she was kissing me back with eager uncertainty.

This was the first time I was the first girl another girl kissed, which was a thrill beyond words. And the fact that I had known this particular girl since she was barely out of diapers made it all the sweeter. I had just gone through my own sexual awakening so short a time before, and here I was escorting another girl through the same thing (well, with less incest and being caught fucking a dog, but you get the point). I don't know how turned on Houston was, but I was so horny I gave serious thought to taking things further then and there. Discretion, however, was something I couldn't afford to ignore in this situation, and so I gave her left breast a single squeeze (she shivered from head to toe, which made my pussy spasm) and then pulled back, a smile on my face. "Mmmm...you're a wonderful kisser, Houston."

She was wobbly and pale, her eyes unfocused, her cheeks radiating heat. If I didn't know better, I would have sworn I had just given the girl an orgasm. "Mrs. Ree – Angela..."

My hand was still on her breast, massaging it through her shirt. Her nipple was amazingly hard. "Yes, Houston?"

"I..." She swallowed and then giggled charmingly. "I don't know what to say."

"Well, did you like the kiss?"

She beamed and nodded. "I loved it, but..."

"But?"

She looked down at my hand on her breast, watching me squeeze her nipple through her shirt and bra, and made no effort whatsoever to pull away. "I don't know what to say. I..."

"This coming Monday, I'm going to be alone in the house all day long. You're welcome to come over, if you want."

"C-come...come over..."

I rolled her nipple between my finger and thumb. "Say, nine o'clock?"

"OK..."

"And Houston? I won't say no. Not to anything you want to do, or want me to do to you."

She looked up at me, such passion and need in her eyes that for a moment I thought she was going to rip off my clothes. She didn't, but she did lean in suddenly and kiss me again, and this time she was the one who put her tongue in my mouth. I welcomed it, sucking it like it was her clit, but even at that I was a bit surprised when she put her hand on my left breast and squeezed it. It was a shy squeeze, awkward and uncertain, but I rewarded her boldness with a moan of delight that I could tell pleased her immensely. She held the kiss, and my boob, for several wonderful seconds before pulling back and looking over her shoulder once more. "I...should get back to the basement..."

"Yes, of course," I agreed. "We wouldn't want to explain to them what we're doing. This can be our secret."

She beamed again, her face suddenly becoming gorgeous. "Until Monday?"

"Nine AM," I nodded with a smile. "I can't wait."

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“Me neither,” she whispered, then turned and dashed off. I heard the music get louder when she opened the door and then get quieter again as she closed it behind her.

I leaned back in my chair and smiled when I saw that she had left her can of soda on the table.

I took Charlie outside; in the darkness I allowed myself the luxury of reaching under my skirt and untying the crotch of my panties, then letting him shove his snout up there to give me a few good licks. I couldn't continue though, what with the chance that any of the girls could pop out any time and catch me. And besides, my pussy was too sensitive for it to feel really good.

Ten minutes later I had let myself into my darkened bathroom, undressed, brushed my teeth, and changed into a big tee shirt for jammies. Tim had been asleep when I entered the room, but he woke up enough as I climbed into bed to ask, in a bleary voice, “How's Patty doing?”

“Good, better.” I wasn't about to tell him about her leaving her husband because that would probably wake him up and I didn't want that. “Good night, love.”

“G'night,” and a moment later he was asleep again.

I laid in the darkness, the events of the day tumbling through my head in a torrent. I was positive I was much too wound up to sleep, but I think I must have passed out almost immediately. I was more exhausted than I'd realized, I guess. My dreams were as sweet and nonsexual as a five year old's.

And there it is, the day my downfall truly kicked into high gear. Did you catch it, the moment I cut my own throat? I'm not surprised if you didn't. It seemed so goddamned innocent at the time – no, not innocent, even then I knew I was no longer innocent. But harmless, a meaningless little thrill. How wrong I was. How I wish could take it back.

To be continued...