

## Doggy Style

by Kinkybelle

I got home from school and was feeling extra horny. It was the first really warm day of spring, which inspired all the girls to wear tops that showed off ridiculous amounts of cleavage. I was walking around with a boner most of the day.

My plan was to head straight to my room and rub one out...maybe two.

"Mom! I'm home!" I yelled as I kicked off my sneakers.

The car was in the driveway, but there was no answer. I was excited to tell Mom about the National Honor Society award I found out I was going to receive, but that would have to wait until after I beat off.

There was a small cake from the supermarket on the counter. 'Happy 17th Birthday' was spelled out in blue icing on the top. I hoped Mom got me something good this year - she's notoriously lousy at giving good presents.

"Mom!?"

Still nothing. She was probably out jogging. Mom had been in get-in-shape mode since last New Year's. She wasn't really that out of shape for a mom, but she'd lost about ten pounds all together, and had developed a whole new attitude. Which was good.

I bounded up the stairs, eager to relieve the pressure that had been building in my balls all day. I stopped at my mom's bedroom door. It was half open and the faint scent of her grabbed my attention.

"Mom!" I yelled again just to be sure. "You here?"

I was alone. But for how long?

I went into her room, walking softly. I don't know why I felt the need to be sneaky, but I always did when I went in her bedroom while she was out. Her bed was made and I climbed onto it, lying facedown. Her smell was even stronger on her pillow.

Mom's health kick and more upbeat outlook made me think that she was getting ready to start dating. She and Dad split up almost five years ago and she was sad about that for a long time. I assumed she finally got over the divorce and was planning on finding a new guy. She had plenty of friends, and me, but she must still get lonely sometimes.

My cock was fully hard inside my jeans and I rolled my hips, grinding my boner against Mom's mattress. She hadn't been out with any guys that I know of, but the idea that she might had a strange effect on me. I didn't even want to think about it because it's too weird. But for some reason I couldn't help myself.

I kept imagining Mom bringing a guy home and having sex with him - right here in her bed. I couldn't stop picturing her lying on her back, with some strange man on top of her humping away like an animal. It's not like I wanted to have sex with her or anything, that would make me a total sicko, but lately the idea of Mom getting fucked turned me on like nothing else.

I tried to imagine what she would look like naked. She was a very conservative dresser and never showed much skin. Mom had pretty good sized boobs, even though she tried to hide them with clunky loose tops. I found myself giving her more hugs recently just to feel their softness pressing against me. I pictured them having big brown nipples that stick up nice and fat when she gets excited.

But just because I had fantasies about feeling up my own mother, and maybe sucking her tits a little, doesn't mean that I want to have sex with her. I can't help it if I'm a horny teenage boy and she's the only female around most of the time. It's only natural, right?

I've had a few girlfriends, so it's not like I'm a total loser in the sex department. Although, technically, I'm still a half-virgin. I got my dick a few inches into Mary Lynn Sutton, but she said it hurt and made me stop. Which is just as well, I suppose, since I came all over her thigh just from pulling out. She broke up with me right after that.

The thought of Mom masturbating popped into my mind. If she ever did that, this is the exact spot she'd do it. I inhaled deeply, trying to imagine it. She was so uptight about sex it was hard picturing her fucking, much less doing something as perverted as playing with herself. But maybe, late at night when I was sound asleep, what if she slid down her panties in the dark and spread -

The phone rang! I nearly pissed myself and had a heart attack at the same time. I reached over to Mom's nightstand where the phone sat and fumbled to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Danny? My, you sound all out of breath."

"Yeah...sorry, Mrs. Randall."

"I have a job for you, can you come right over?"

"Um, yeah, okay."

"Don't sound so glum. I need you over here right away, so no dilly-dallying."

"Be there in a sec."

I hung up and cursed my luck. I probably could have pounded a quick one out in half a minute or less, but I wanted to be able to relax and enjoy it. The quicker I took care of Mrs. Randall, the quicker I could get back here and take care of business.

I ran downstairs, slipped my sneakers back on, and headed outside. I squeezed through a small gap in the hedges between our yard and Mrs. Randall's. She was a nice old lady who I did odd jobs for ever since her husband passed away a while ago. Actually, I guess she wasn't really that old - maybe around fifty or so, only about ten years older than my mom, so it wasn't like she was elderly or anything. The good thing was she always paid me for helping her, and it was always way more than I deserved. Since today was my birthday, I knew whatever the job was she'd probably give me at least twenty bucks - maybe more.

I headed around back and went in through her kitchen door like I usually do. That's when I got my first big shock of the day!

There were two women there in the kitchen. One was sitting on a chair dressed in a black leather corset, black fishnet stockings, and high-heeled black boots. Kneeling on the floor in front of her was a naked woman with her face buried between the first one's wide open legs. A little voice in my head was screaming for me to run out of there, but my body was rooted to the linoleum.

That's when I realized the woman smiling at me from the chair was Mrs. Randall! Her dark hair, with streaks of gray, was piled up on her head in a tight bun. She had on bright red lipstick, and her huge tits were squished into a bra adorned with silver metal studs that looked like it was two sizes too small. I could see faint blue veins under the pale flesh of her barely contained breasts, and the top arcs of her nipples were just visible at the edges of the leather cups.

As for the other woman, all my attention was drawn to her plump ass. She was obviously a mature woman as well, but her shapely behind was as enticing as anything I'd ever seen. I noticed that there was a slight blush on one of her cheeks.

I tried to say something, anything, but the words weren't coming. Mrs. Randall put her finger to her lips, shushing me into remaining silent. She had always been flirty with me, but I thought it was always in fun - I would never in a million years have expected something like this.

"We have a guest, my pet," Mrs. Randall said in a playful voice to the kneeling woman. "You're going to show him what a well-trained puppy you are, aren't you?"

The woman let out an affirmative sounding little bark without taking her mouth away from Mrs. Randall's crotch. I couldn't see, but I was pretty sure the woman was sucking Mrs. Randall's naked pussy. Holy shit!

That's when I noticed the naked woman had on a collar. Attached to the collar was a leash that Mrs. Randall held lightly in one hand. In her other hand was a rolled up newspaper. Something else caught my eye. In the middle of the kitchen floor were two dog dishes; one with dog food, the other with water. Just past that there were more newspapers laid out on the floor. In the middle of where the papers were spread out was a dark wet spot. I could barely begin to understand what was going on here.

"I have a job for you," Mrs. Randall said, getting my attention. "A blow-job. How does that sound?"

All I could do was shrug. I understood what she was saying, but nothing was registering.

"Oh, come now, don't be shy. I can see you're already hard." She nodded toward the obvious bulge in my jeans. "Pull your pants down."

The last was said with a tone of authority I'd never heard from this otherwise mild-mannered neighbor I'd known most of my life. Without really thinking about what I was doing, I unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them down. Mrs. Randall watched me with a wicked glimmer in her eye. She put her hand to the back of the other woman's head and pressed her face harder against her pussy.

My heart was beating like mad. I pulled down my boxers and my hard-on sprung out into the open. Mrs. Randall let out a sound that was between a moan and a growl.

"My, my! Even bigger than I'd always imagined." She shot me a wink. My mind wrestled with the thought that Mrs. Randall was basically saying that she'd spent at least some time thinking about my cock. I had a sensation that was like getting one head rush after another.

I shouldn't be doing this. I shouldn't be standing in my neighbor's kitchen with my pants around my ankles. I shouldn't be breathing in the thick smell of mature pussy that's permeating the air. I shouldn't be looking at some strange woman's naked ass and wanting to rub my dick all over it.

"You don't mind if my naughty puppy licks that beautiful cock of yours, do you?"

I shook my head, not sure if I was answering the question correctly.

"You want to put your hard penis in my horny pet's mouth?"

To tell the truth, I had never really been sexually attracted to older women. There were enough young girls at school to keep me distracted that I'd never really considered any female beyond college age as an object of desire. Especially not Mrs. Randall. My brain still wasn't there, but my body was. Despite this being an incredibly uncomfortable situation, bordering on scary, I sort of did want that naked lady to suck my dick.

I nodded, and Mrs. Randall's painted lips curved in a devilish grin.

"Sit up, pet!" she commanded. The woman sat back on her heels, bringing her hands up in front of her like paws, and I'm pretty sure I heard her breathing heavily. The lady's medium-length hair was gathered to either side of her head in a way that made it look like big floppy dog's ears. I got a strange tingle down my back when I noticed it was about the same color as my mom's hair. I had to stop thinking about Mom and concentrate on the two horny ladies right here in front of me.

Mrs. Randall slipped a padded blindfold mask onto the woman, settled it into place, then patted her on the head.

"Stay!"

Mrs. Randall got up from the kitchen chair and walked toward me. I didn't want her to see that I was so nervous that I was shaking all over. The long, thin heels of her boots made a sharp noise as she approached. She had no panties on. Her big bush of dark curly hair stood out prominently. I liked how it looked.

Eyeing me up and down, she paced around behind me and put her lips close to my ear. Her heavy perfume filled my nose, along with the sweet chemical smell of hair spray.

"Happy birthday, naughty boy," she whispered. She lifted my t-shirt up over my head. I put my arms up and let her take it off. Mrs. Randall reached around and ran her hands over my chest and down over my abs. She tickled her fingernails through my pubic hair, but that's as far as she went.

"Okay, my pet, turn!"

The naked woman shuffled around, staying on her knees, and blindly faced us. That's when the second shock hit me square in the gut!

It was my mom!

I tried to make a grab for my pants that were still at my ankles, but Mrs. Randall held me tight. I tried to twist away and bolt for the door, but she gripped me even tighter.

"Shhh...hold still," Mrs. Randall said in a soothing voice. When I continued to struggle, her tone changed. "Hold still!" This was followed by a hard spank on my ass.

I stopped fighting, but my heart was thumping, and I had a sickening falling sensation in my stomach. There was no way this was happening right now!

"That's better." She rubbed the warm spot on my butt cheek where she'd just swatted me. "Now you can see how pretty my puppy is." Mrs. Randall put a finger under my chin and lifted my head so I was looking at my mother.

She was kneeling obediently on the kitchen floor in nothing but a collar. Her mouth was slightly open, and her tongue lolled in and out like she was a panting dog. Mom was still holding her hands up near her shoulders as if they were paws, only now I could see how they were poised at either side of her large, naked breasts. Breasts that had big luscious brown nipples, just like I'd always imagined.

Her knees were close together, and she was leaning forward slightly. The curve of her mature belly hid most of her private area between her legs, but from what I could see, there was no hair showing down there. I was queasy with panic. I was in so much trouble! Mom was going to kill me for seeing her like this.

"Does my slutty puppy want to lick a stranger's penis?" Mrs. Randall asked in a playfully sing-song way.

Mom nodded and gave a little bark. This was too bizarre to believe. But I realized that at least she didn't seem to know it was me there.

All that meant, though, was that I still had about twelve other things to be freaked out about. Like the fact that I was harder than ever now that I knew that the anonymous naked lady was actually my own mom!

"Come find the penis," Mrs. Randall told her pet. Mom went down on all fours and began sniffing. She crawled toward me like a hound on the trail. "That's a good girl. Where's that big penis? Find the penis, girl."

Mom's tits hung beneath her, nipples nearly brushing the floor, and I could feel my knees going weak. With each puppy-step they swayed like heavy pendulums of exquisitely soft flesh. I knew I should have been trying harder to resist, but I let Mrs. Randall hold me in place.

My mom reached me and sniffed her way up my leg. She moved up until her forehead bumped against my erection, then let out an excited yip.

"Good puppy! You found your treat!" Mrs. Randall cheered her on.

The panic rose again when my mom suddenly started licking my balls and shaft with quick lashes of her tongue, just like a dog might do. Mrs. Randall's delighted laugh was loud in my ears. My mind reeled, unable to deal with the revulsion of seeing my mother demeaning herself like this, the self-disgust at feeling such lustful urges for her, and the undeniable pleasure I was experiencing despite it all.

"You like that big cock, don't you? Yes, you do!"

Mom rose up into her puppy sitting position again and sucked my dick into her mouth. She didn't use her hands at all, I guess because dogs don't have hands. My cock was actually inside my mother's mouth. This was all happening too fast for me keep up with.

"Does my little puppy like her bone?"

My mother wiggled her butt back and forth like she was wagging a tail. It was so twisted, but it was such a turn on. Mrs. Randall's hands were all over me, rubbing my body and squeezing my ass. It was too much, I couldn't control myself any longer.

"Ahhh," I moaned and Mom bobbed her head faster. It was only a matter of seconds before I was blasting my load of cum into her mouth. She gagged at the sudden flood of semen shooting into her throat, but then she moaned too and sucked all the harder. She pulled every drop of my orgasm from my cock and swallowed it without hesitation.

She gave me a couple more licks for good measure, then sat back with her paws up just as happy and proud as can be.

"Very good," Mrs. Randall praised her pet. "Let her know she did a good job." This was directed at me. I didn't know what to do, then Mom dipped her head. I reached out and patted her with a shaking hand. I had to be dreaming. I couldn't have really just gotten sucked off my own mother. I was on the verge of trying to run out of there again.

"Stay right where you are," Mrs. Randall ordered me, reinforcing her command with a hard pinch on my butt.

She walked around behind my mother, retrieving the rolled up newspaper from the kitchen table and picking up the end of the leash as she did. Without any warning, Mrs. Randall reached over and pulled the blindfold off my mom.

She blinked, saw my cock and smiled. I felt relieved by that reaction, but this only lasted another second. Her eyes flicked up to my face and stunned realization hit her. She really didn't know it was me the whole time.

Mom screamed, covered her chest and crotch with her hands and doubled over in an attempt to hide her nakedness from me.

"Marilyn! What the fuck!" she screamed.

"Bad dog!" Mrs. Randall yelled and swatted Mom on the ass with the newspaper.

"How could you--" SWAT!

"No!" Mrs. Randall had smacked Mom's butt again, really hard this time.

Mom just crouched low and I swear I heard her let out an angry growl. Mrs. Randall, her face locked in a fierce grimace, raised her hand threateningly.

"Mrs. Randall, don't!" I pleaded. "Don't hurt her."

She looked at me as if she'd forgotten I was there. Her expression softened, and she even gave me a little smile.

"Don't be upset, Danny," Mrs. Randall said in a patient tone. She tapped Mom lightly on the head with the newspaper. "I would never hurt my pet. And she knows it. You see, Danny, there's a special bond of trust between a dog and its master." She nudged the tip of her boot against my mother's naked thigh. "Isn't that right."



A long moment passed before my mother nodded silently.

Somewhere inside me was a confused fury. I was mad that my mother allowed Mrs. Randall to treat her like this. I was ashamed and embarrassed to be witnessing it, but at the same time I couldn't deny how aroused I was by seeing my mother subjecting herself to this humiliation.

"I don't understand what's happening," I said, sounding meek and childish.

"What's happening is that I'm giving you a gift, Danny. A very special gift, indeed." Mrs. Randall tossed the tattered newspaper aside. "Your mother and I have become close over the past year. Close in a way that has helped both of us learn a lot about ourselves."

My mother remained curled over on her knees, her face nearly pressed to the floor, unable to look at me. Mrs. Randall lifted her foot and rested her spike-heeled boot on Mom's back. With her leg raised like that I could see her swollen pussy lips protruding from the nest of hair between her legs. Those lips were still wet with my mom's saliva.

"Your mother has learned the value of giving up control. She's learned to surrender her will to me...completely." Mrs. Randall must have noticed me staring at her pussy. She patted it provocatively, released mom from beneath her heel, and walked toward me.

"She's learned to trust me in ways she'd never been able to trust anyone else in her life. She knows that I know what is best for her. And she has most certainly learned that she has no choice but to obey me."

Mrs. Randall stood close to me. We were face to face. I stood a few inches taller than her, but in her boots she had the advantage. I felt as small as a little child under her firm, confident glare. The fingers of her free hand danced lightly along the length of my stiff shaft. I swallowed hard, feeling myself entranced by her spell.

"Total obedience," she yanked the leash attached to Mom's collar, "isn't that right?"

Mom didn't react.

Another yank on the leash. Harder this time.

Mom muttered something barely audible. Another yank. This one tugged her body forward noticeably.

"Yes, Mistress!" Mom answered in a barely contained shout.

"That's a good girl," Mrs. Randall cooed. "I know all your mother's secrets, Danny." She handed me the leash. I took it without thinking and held it weakly in my hand. It sent a strange buzzing feeling up along my arm. "And some of those secrets have to do with you, my dear."

Mom began shaking her head, letting out a small whimpering cry. Mrs. Randall went to her and crouched down. She stroked Mom's hair as if she was soothing a distressed animal.

"I don't imagine you have any idea what a sexual creature your mother is, do you, Danny? She's hidden it well, but she has desires that you couldn't begin to guess at."

My mother had settled down, whether because of Mrs. Randall's touch or her words I couldn't tell.

"Some of those desires have to do with you." She stood and went to the kitchen chair she had been sitting in when I first came in. "You might be surprised to hear that your mother has recently developed a strong desire to suck her own son's cock. She fantasizes about it constantly. She thinks about it at night before she goes to sleep while she masturbates herself. She sometimes even asks the lady next door to wear a strap-on cock and pretend to be her son."

Mrs. Randall sat down, and opened her legs wide. I became aware of the fact that my jaw was hanging open, and I tried to regain some semblance of composure. My reality was absorbing one powerful blow after another and was on the brink of collapsing. Could this really be true?

"But she's not the only one with secrets, is she, Danny?" Mrs. Randall traced her fingers along the edges of her bra, concentrating on the exposed slivers of her nipples. "Those nights when your mom is out of the house, I see the light in her bedroom go on sometimes. There are very few things for a curious teenage boy to do in his mother's bedroom while she's away. And most all of those things are very naughty indeed."

I felt my cheeks and neck become warm and knew I was blushing brightly.

"Were you in Mommy's room with your pee-pee out, Danny? Did you rub it on her soft under things? Maybe you tried on her panties. Or, maybe, you were a very nasty boy and went into Mommy's hamper looking for something really dirty."

Mrs. Randall moved one of her hands down between her legs. She slid

a finger along the length of her slit, and I could see the glistening wetness of her womanhood.

"I didn't bring you two together like this to be cruel, Danny. I did it because it is something you both want, but would always have been too afraid to make happen on your own."

"I don't want this," I blurted out. "It's wrong what you made us do."

"It may be wrong, I'll give you that, but it is what you want." Mrs. Randall spread her pussy lips open using the fingers of one hand, and gently flicked her sizeable clit with those of the other. "You could have spoken up the moment you recognized that my pet was your mother. You could have tried harder to get away. You could have stopped your mom when she started licking your balls. But you didn't do any of those things, did you? Instead, you let your mother suck your cock, then you filled her mouth with your semen." Mrs. Randall slipped a finger deep inside her vagina. "And it felt wonderful, didn't it?"

I wanted to deny it, but I couldn't force myself to say the words. My stomach dropped when I saw my mother slowly look up at me. I was standing there naked, my stiff prick betraying my sexual excitement, and my mother's beseeching eyes fixed on me.

"Yes," I choked out. "It was more than amazing. I'm sorry, Mom, but it was so sexy seeing you naked like I always wanted, and I didn't know what to do. When you were sucking on me, I knew it wasn't right, but it felt so good I couldn't make myself stop it. I love you, Mom, I'm sorry I did that in your mouth."

I didn't know what to make of my mom's anguished expression. Was she angry with me? Disappointed? Disgusted? Could she ever forgive me for doing something so depraved. At least she had the excuse of not knowing what she was doing. I had no such defense to hide behind. My perversion was inescapable and plainly obvious to every one of us.

"Don't be sorry." Mrs. Randall was still playing with herself - a lurid display of self gratification that was impossible to look away from. "She enjoyed every second of it. Didn't you, pet?" My mother cast her eyes downward once more. "Even now she can still taste your cum in her mouth. She's savoring it. Her pussy is wet with the thought that she had her own boy's cock in her mouth."

It's crazy, but I wanted all that to be true. I looked down and saw no reaction from my mom.

"And she wants more."

My mom shook her head. Her doggy ears flapped across her face when she did.

"This little puppy is going to show you all her tricks." Mrs. Randall giggled at her own wickedness.

Mom looked around at Mrs. Randall, her eyes begging to be released from whatever mental or emotional bondage compelled her submission.

"Sit," Mrs. Randall chirped. My mom whimpered again. "Sit!"

Mom didn't comply. Mrs. Randall flicked her wrist toward me, indicating that I should give the leash a tug. I shook my head ever so slightly, but all this did was earn me a stern look. I jiggled the leash, feeling powerless to resist the forceful authority she was projecting.

"Do as you're told, my pet, or it'll be the cage for you." Mrs. Randall pulled her finger out of her pussy, and dipped it into her own mouth. "Now, sit up!" She nodded toward me.

I gave the leash a little tug, not knowing if I was making things worse.

There was a tense pause, then my mother began to move. Her body relaxed some and she hesitantly rose up. Unable to look at me, she reluctantly moved her arms, uncovering her nakedness. She held her hands up once more at her shoulders like a good little puppy, but the exuberant playfulness was gone.

"There, that wasn't so hard." Mrs. Randall was toying with her pussy again. "What do you think of my pet's tits, Danny?"

"Um...they're very nice," I muttered. "I think they're beautiful."

"Indeed they are." Mrs. Randall leered openly at my pulsing erection. "Stand." She commanded. Mom leaned forward and got onto all fours. "Give him your paw."

With a shuddering sigh, my mom lifted one hand. I instinctively reached down and shook her 'paw.' It was damp with a cold sweat.

"There's a good puppy. Now, roll over."

Mom balked.

"Danny," Mrs. Randall rumbled.

I administered a slight pull on the leash. Mom gave in and complied.

She lowered her shoulder to the floor, then turned her body so that she rolled across the linoleum of the kitchen floor like an accommodating dog. As she did her roll, I was able to see for certain that she was completely shaved clean between her legs. I knew it wasn't what I should be thinking about right then, but I couldn't help it.

"Back."

My mom rolled the opposite way and ended up on all fours in front of me again.

"Good girl. Turn."

Once again, she hesitated to obey her master's command. I flicked the leash, only realizing after I'd done it that I did so without being prompted. Before I could feel too guilty about that, Mom did as she was told and turned around so she was facing away from me.

"How do you like that view, Danny?"

I looked down at my mother's behind. She had her legs close together, but I had a full view of her bare ass, and could see the puffy lips of her vulva nestled between the tops of her thighs. I was captivated.

"It's good. I mean, sexy...I guess."

"You guess...?" Mrs. Randall was clearly amused by my discomfort. "Give her a little pat on the hind quarters. She likes that."

Following orders was easy, I found, when it was something I wanted but would never do on my own. I reached down and touched my mother's butt. Her muscles clenched. I rubbed the right cheek, then moved my hand across to her reddened left. It was smooth and supple - better than I'd imagined. I felt her slowly relax as I caressed her. My fingers were only inches from her pussy. It was too incredible to comprehend.

"How does that feel, puppy?" Mrs. Randall prompted.

There was no reaction for a few seconds, then my heart leapt when Mom gave a little wiggle - wagging her tail to show she liked it. Feeling like I had her approval, I risked a firm squeeze and there were no objections.

"Don't be afraid," Mrs. Randall said with a sultry voice, "she only bites when I tell her to." I looked up to see my mature neighbor running her hands all over herself - from her tits, to her thighs, to her increasingly wet pussy. She was working herself into a heated frenzy

while watching me take advantage of this opportunity to explore my naked mother.

"Can you see that pretty little thing there between her legs, Danny?"

"Yes." I looked down at my mother's slit peeking out from between her thighs.

"Do you want to touch it?"

"No," I answered quickly, "that's okay."

"Go ahead," Mrs. Randall encouraged. "She wants you to. Look how still she is. She's waiting for you to touch her there."

It was true; Mom was just kneeling there on her hands and knees like she would let me do whatever Mrs. Randall told me to do to her. But I still wasn't sure.

"I'll make it easy for you." Mrs. Randall stood and I was once again taken by surprise by how big her boobs looked in that outfit. "Puppy! Down!"

My mother followed the command without delay. She lowered her shoulders to the floor, leaving her ass up in the air. If this wasn't tempting enough, she slid her knees apart slightly, allowing easier access to her privates.

"Of course, maybe the problem is that you haven't been properly introduced." Mrs. Randall stepped closer and took the leash from me. "What is it that doggies do when they first meet?"

"They...um..."

"Go ahead, Danny, tell me what they do."

"They sniff each other."

"Yes, they do. And where do they sniff each other?"

"Ah...well, their butts...I guess."

"Mmm, right you are. Come stand over here."

I went and stood where Mrs. Randall wanted. She turned me around so my back was to her and my mom. I heard the jingle of the leash being tugged. Moments later I felt my mom's nose brush the crease of my butt. She was really doing it!

The quick staccato sound of her sniffing me back there gave me that confusing rush of embarrassment and sexual exhilaration all at the same time. Was there anything she wouldn't do if Mrs. Randall ordered her to do it?

"Very nice." Mrs. Randall patted my rear. "Now it's your turn." She gave me a nudge and I moved back around behind my mom. As I did she returned to her 'down' position.

It seemed too weird, but with Mrs. Randall watching me expectantly, I got down on my knees and bent forward and gave my mom's butt a quick sniff. The pungent scent of her sex filled my nostrils. It was like nothing I'd ever encountered before. A fragrant mix of sweat, womanly musk, and a tangy hint of urine. Maybe it sounds gross, but to me it was the sexiest smell there ever was.

I sniffed and smelled all around my mother's backside. My nose brushed against her ass cheeks a few times when I got too close. At one point, without even thinking, I stuck my tongue out and gave my mother's ass crack a quick lick. I quickly pulled back as soon as I realized what I had done. Mrs. Randall giggled and I saw goose bumps spread across my mom's butt and up her back.

"Now who's being a naughty puppy?" Mrs. Randall reached into her leather bra and scooped out one of her huge tits. It flopped free and hung almost down to her waist. Her massive breast was lined with stretch marks, and tipped with a garishly engorged nipple, but there was something so improperly appealing about her lewd display that I had to stare. My attentions didn't go unnoticed. Mrs. Randall smiled broadly, tugged on her exposed nipple and used this grip to give her whole tit a vigorous shake.

"Touch it, Danny. Don't be afraid."

But I was afraid, and I wasn't sure why. Maybe because I didn't want to take advantage of my mother. She was under whatever power Mrs. Randall held over her, and I wasn't sure Mom was really able to say no if she wanted to. Plus, all my fantasies about my mother were only that. I never actually imagined doing anything with her for real - especially nothing like this.

Even as these random fears and doubts ricocheted through my thoughts, they were dwarfed by the incredible urge to indulge in the sexual opportunity laid out before me. I had never before seen a pussy up close like this before. I knew it was my mom's, but it was still a pussy. A beautiful, plump, juicy pussy.

I wanted it so bad. And I was being told I could have it. But what if I did? Would it change the way my mother felt about me? Would it make me into some kind of sick freak? And if it was truly what my mom wanted, I didn't want to let her down.

Mrs. Randall watched me struggling with my conscience. Her titillated anticipation was obvious as she twisted the tip of her nipple cruelly between her thumb and forefinger.

I reached out and pressed my thumb into the crease of my mother's pussy directly over the spot concealing the opening to her vagina. My mom and Mrs. Randall both released a moan at the same time.

I worked my thumb into mom's slit and felt her warm wetness. I drew my thumb downward, along the shallow valley between her lips, and over her clitoris. Her clit was a hard contrast to the silky softness all around it. Her whole body shivered at my brief touch. It wasn't the first pussy I'd ever touched, but it was by far the best.

My fingers worked up and down along the full length of my mother's sex. I prodded and probed. I followed each contour, and ventured into every recess. Mom's pussy was slick with the generous outpouring of intimate juices that leaked in an almost steady stream from her convulsing hole. I was absolutely mesmerized by the sight, sound and feeling of my fingers massaging my very own mother's naked pussy.

"I'm sure you must have noticed that my puppy is in heat." Mrs. Randall's husky voice snapped me out of my trance. "I think it's time for her to be breed. How about it, stud?"

It took me a second to make sense of what she was saying. Then I got it!

"What? Oh...no." I backed away from my mother's lust-swollen pussy. "No, I can't do that."

"You can, Danny. And you will." Her tone was firm.

I shook my head, feeling my resolve weakening already.

Mrs. Randall came at me, her heels clacking hard against the kitchen floor. She grabbed my cock and squeezed it in her fist.

"You want this, Danny. Your cock can't lie. You're going to fuck my naughty puppy with this hard cock, and you're going to like it. She needs to be fucked, Danny. She needs to be fucked good, and she wants your cock to do it."



I tried to tell myself I didn't want to have sex with my mother. Sure, I thought about her in a sexy way sometimes, but she was my mother, for God's sake. What kind of wretched pervert would I be if I wanted to fuck my own mom?

"Please, don't..." my mother whimpered.

Mrs. Randall's expression became a sudden storm. She quickly turned and slapped my mom sharply on her upraised ass. Mom yelped and her head shot up so she was on all fours again. Within seconds a red handprint could be seen blooming on her bare cheek.

"Bad dog!"

My stomach tightened. I wanted to run. I wanted to escape from this twisted play of shame-ridden guilt and forbidden pleasure.

Mrs. Randall took up her leash and pulled it tight. "This is for your own good," she snapped harshly. "It's been six years since you've had a real cock in that horny pussy of yours and now you're going to get one. The one you've been craving but thought you could never have. I know you want this."

My mother hung her head and shook it wordlessly. Mrs. Randall tugged sharply on the leash and Mom went still, resuming the attitude of a well-trained pet.

"Come over here, Danny," my half-naked neighbor ordered.

"No, Mrs. Randall," my voice wasn't nearly as resolute as I intended it to be. "She doesn't want this. And I don't either."

She eyed me severely. I thought she was going to yell, and maybe even hit me. But instead her face relaxed and she gave me a comforting smile.

"Tell me, Danny, what is it that you do in your mother's room at night while she's away?"

I didn't answer.

"Do you go through her things? Her private things." She came closer. "Do you go into her drawer where she keeps all her soft, silky panties? Yes, you do. I'll bet you even like to rub your mother's under things against your hard penis. Isn't that right, Danny?"

She was right in front of me again. The warm flesh of her garishly naked breast brushed against my belly. She lightly dragged her

fingernails down the center of my chest - all the while looking me in the eye.

"Isn't that right?"

I nodded.

"It makes you think bad thoughts about your mother when you do that. You think about her with no clothes on. You imagine her tits, and her thighs, and her ass."

I nodded again despite myself.

"You fantasize about her naked body. You dream about your mother's pussy. About all the things you want to do to it." She had a hold of my cock again. "And while all these filthy thoughts about your own mother go through your mind, you masturbate."

I swallowed hard. My heart beat faster, and my face felt warm. Mrs. Randall slowly moved her hand up and down my shaft.

"There's no reason to be ashamed, Danny. I know that's what you do. Your mother knows it, too. So go ahead and say it."

"No, I..." I couldn't think straight with her stroking my cock. "I...yes..."

"Yes, what?"

"I did...I do...I - I go in her room and masturbate."

"You certainly do. And when you find a pair of her dirty panties you sniff them, and taste them, and squirt your big load of nasty cum all over them."

"Yes..." I was losing any sense of inhibition. "I jerk off into my mom's panties." It actually felt good to admit this out loud. "I think about my mom all the time. About her showing me her pussy and begging me to cum all over her."

Mrs. Randall's strokes remained slow and controlled, but I was barely able to resist fucking her hand myself and shooting my load onto her stocking-clad leg.

"That's a good boy, tell me everything. Tell me how you want to fuck her."

"No," I breathed out heavily as she fondled my balls. "I never thought that. That's too sick. I could never..."

"Look, Danny, look at her pussy now." Mrs. Randall stepped aside and pointed. "Look how wet and excited it is. It's yours, Danny. All you have to do is take it. Stop pretending. Admit to yourself it's what you want. What you've always wanted."

"It's wrong."

"See how she's waiting for you? Down there on the floor like a dog, presenting herself to you. She doesn't want to admit it either, but look how she waits."

I took in the sight of my mom. I couldn't argue with what Mrs. Randall was saying. Mom could have gotten up and walked away at any time, but there she was - kneeling naked on the hard floor, exposing her bald cunt to me, and waiting. She was begging me to do it. But like me, she couldn't say it aloud.

We both desperately wanted Mrs. Randall to force us into doing this.

"You can't make me fuck my own mother," I finally said, not knowing if Mrs. Randall would pick up on my change of tone. "You can try to make me, but I won't do it. I'm not your dog."

She took a breath, ready to continue trying to wear me down, but then she caught the look in my eye. Her smile broadened. She knew.

"We'll see about that." She patted my cheek and left the room. I got a good look at her ample ass as she went. It wiggled loosely, and was lumpy in more than a few spots, but it was still somehow sexy as hell.

Once she was gone, the silence hung heavily in the kitchen. I watched my mother, expecting her to say something, or even just give me a look, to let me know this was all okay with her. But she kept her head down.

Mrs. Randall returned and quickly wrapped a collar around my neck, cinching it snugly in place.

"Down!" she commanded, pointing to the floor. I stood there feigning defiance. She took up the newspaper, rolled it tight, and tried again. "You know what happens to bad doggies who don't obey their masters? Down. Now!"

I didn't comply and got a hard whack on my hip with the newspaper. I sunk down to my knees and went onto all fours.

"There's a good doggy." She went and unhooked the leash from my mom's collar and attached it to mine. "Heel." Mrs. Randall yanked on the

leash and I crawled forward. She led me in a circle around my mother until I was again at her rear end.

I sniffed at her once more. The scent was even stronger than before. This time I wasn't shy about it, and I licked her. Not just once, but again and again. It was dizzyingly intoxicating. The feeling that this wasn't really happening seized me again, but I didn't try to rationalize it this time, and instead took another long slurp of my mother's dripping wet pussy.

"That's a good boy," Mrs. Randall praised. "Lick it all up."

From the corner of my eye I could see that she had pulled her other huge breast out of its constraints and was aggressively massaging both her tits while she watched.

I continued lapping at the warm folds of my mother's sex. It was barely perceptible, but I noticed her beginning to rotate her hips ever so slightly. Another one of those head rushes flowed over me as the realization came that Mom wasn't only letting me do this, but was actually taking pleasure from it.

"Okay, my little stud puppy, I can't take it any longer. Get up there. Up!"

I suddenly couldn't catch my breath. This was it. I could still back out.

"Up! Get on her!"

I shuffled forward, my movements awkward and unsure. Where do I put my hands? Should my knees be inside hers, or outside? Was this really going to happen?

My mom adjusted her position under me. She set her knees a little wider apart and braced herself. All doubt and clumsiness melted away for me when she did that.

This was it.

I mounted my mother from behind. My cock jabbed against her soaking wet pussy. I shifted my hips until the head of my dick zeroed in on her opening and, without a second of hesitation, I thrust it inside her.

My cock was inside my mother's cunt.

She cried out. Not like a dog, but like a woman. A woman who was in

the grips of an ecstasy that she had longed for but never dared to believe she could have. Her body quaked with involuntary spasms of overwhelming delight. I grabbed onto her hips and pressed myself deeper.

The sensation of being inside her was beyond anything I could have imagined. Warm, and wet, and all-encompassing. The incomparably soft smoothness of her inner self gripped my cock in a loving embrace. How could I ever have denied that I wanted such a sublime gift as this?

I was barely aware of Mrs. Randall's throaty moans just above me as I slowly drew myself out and eased forward again into my mom. Even for a half-virgin, it felt instinctively natural. My body knew exactly what to do, how to move, and how to give and take at the same time. Mom pushed back against my thrusts, gradually matching my rhythm. I wasn't fucking her - we were fucking each other.

"That's it," Mrs. Randall panted. "Hump her like a dog. Hump that nasty bitch!" She groaned long and low. Her hand worked in fast frenzied circles at her crotch, then her whole body shook. I was pretty sure she had just made herself orgasm. It was the first time I'd ever seen that happen for real. This was a day I'd never forget.

Meanwhile, Mom had picked up the pace. Our bodies came together faster and faster. The sound of bare flesh slapping against flesh became sharper with each thrust. We were really and truly going at it; like a regular man and woman would. I'd never been so happy in all my life.

Mom began making noises of her own. It was quiet at first, but each time I slammed into her from behind she got a little louder.

"uh...uh...Uh...Uh...UH...UH...UH!"

Hearing her grunting like that set my spine to tingling. It was because of me that she was making that sound. It was because my cock was pounding in and out of her pussy. I reset my grasp on her hips and intensified my efforts. Each plunging thrust of my shaft into Mom's pussy sent my balls swinging forward until they smacked forcefully against her excited clit. I was only moments away from cumming again, and there was no way I could restrain myself.

But before I could waste any time worrying about that, Mom's grunts turned to cries. Her head thrashed, and she slapped the floor with an open palm in time with our passionate exertions.

"Yes!" she screamed. "I'm going to cum! Fuck me! Make me cum!"

"Give it to her!" Mrs. Randall shouted. "Fuck that cunt, Danny!"

"I'm cumming!" Mom barked out. "I'm cumming. Oh, fuck! Yes!"

Her rapturous expletives gave way to a high-pitched keening wail of erotic release. I couldn't resist any longer. I let out my own howl of sexual exaltation, and pumped my load deep inside my mother. I continued humping my cock into her until it felt so good that it began to hurt.

I leaned forward, resting upon my mom's sweat-soaked back. Her hot skin was somehow refreshing. I rose and fell with the quick pulses of her breath. I could hear the muffled beating of her racing heart. I had done it. It was for real.

I wasn't any kind of a virgin any longer. And my darkest fantasy, one that I hadn't even been willing to admit to myself, had come true. I actually had my cock inside my mother - it still was inside her, for that matter. And most amazing of all is that she wanted it, too. She had a secret desire to fuck me, her own son, and she got to live her dream also.

But what I was most taken by was that Mom had an orgasm. A real, honest, screaming orgasm. I never made a girl cum before, so Mom was my first. I don't know quite how I did it, but it was because my cock was in her pussy. It was because I was fucking her hard and fast. I made my mom cum.

"Don't get too comfortable, stud." Mrs. Randall's voice intruded on my thoughts. "This little bitch of yours is just getting warmed up." As if to emphasize that point, I felt Mom's pussy muscles clench tightly around my still hard cock resting inside her.

I raised myself back up into position and resumed humping my mom with long, gentle strokes. The sloppy mess I'd unleashed in her already wet vagina gave it a whole new feeling. I looked down and was enthralled by the sight of my cum-slicked cock gliding effortlessly in and out of Mom's pussy.

On impulse, I put my hands on her butt cheeks, still red from her earlier punishments, and pushed them apart. I was staring straight at my mother's fully exposed asshole. I was almost giddy with rapt delight. I half expected Mom to slap my hands away for taking such liberties with her, but she didn't make any sign of objecting whatsoever.

I took another chance and swiped my thumb across her anus. It winked slightly when she tensed up, but then I could see it visibly relax. I slid my thumb back to the spot and let it linger there. It tightened

up again, and slowly softened after a moment. I massaged it tenderly while I continued to fuck her slow and easy.

During all this, Mrs. Randall was walking a circle around us. She observed my anal explorations of my mother with lascivious glee. When I glanced up at her, she said nothing, but simply gave me a conspiratorial wink.

Mrs. Randall stopped in her circuit when she arrived in front of my mother. She squatted, then settled down on the floor, leaning back and opening her legs. Mom immediately dipped her head and began eating Mrs. Randall's hairy pussy, just like she had been when I first walked in on them.

This time instead of being shocked, I was totally turned on. If such a scene had been described to me only a couple of hours ago I would have been thoroughly disgusted by the very thought of my mother going down on the old lady next door. But right at that moment, it was about the hottest thing I'd ever witnessed.

I fucked Mom from behind while she brought Mrs. Randall off two, or maybe three, times. I loved watching how the old gal's giant boobs flopped around each time she had a thrashing orgasm. I made Mom cum again with my cock - this time with my thumb inside her asshole.

Mrs. Randall got underneath us and tongued my balls while I worked toward my next orgasm. I spewed what I had left into my mother's cunt, and felt a kind of contentment I'd never known before.

I was instructed by Mrs. Randall to pull out very slowly. Once I had, I watched while my mother flexed her pussy and ejected gobs of my gooey cum. It ran out in a slimy stream, sluicing along her swollen lips, and dripping down as a thick thread into Mrs. Randall's open mouth. It was at once a singularly repulsive act of depravity, while being enticingly arousing at the same time.

My cock was going soft, and my knees were beginning to hurt from the hard floor, but Mrs. Randall sucked me until I was hard once more, and ordered me to mount my mother yet again. If my knees were hurting, I couldn't imagine how much pain she must have been in at that point. But it didn't seem to matter. With me fucking her, and Mrs. Randall fingering Mom's clit, we managed to give her two more all-out orgasms, with a couple of mini-cums in between.

Once we were all completely spent, Mrs. Randall told me to get dressed and head home. Strangely Mom remained silent. She was still on her hands and knees when I headed out the door, and she never even looked at me that whole time. After the flood of emotions, and new feelings

and sensations, it felt all felt very weird for it to finish this way.

I went home and didn't know what to do. I ended up taking a shower, and by the time I came down Mom was in the kitchen. She was dressed in her usual conservative suburban soccer-mom style. Her hair was neatly in place, and she'd obviously had a shower as well. She was dishing up hot servings of chicken pot pie casserole; one of my favorites.

I sat down at the dinner table, and, after she poured me a glass of milk, Mom joined me.

"So, how was school today?"

"Um...good, I guess."

I told her about my award, and she told me how proud she was. I felt like I'd crossed over into the Twilight Zone as we carried on our conversation just as normal as can be. The fact that not more than an hour ago I had my cock buried balls deep in her pussy didn't seem to enter into the situation in the least.

She sang 'Happy Birthday' to me, and I blew out the candles. We ate cake and ice cream while watching TV together like we did most nights, and I eventually headed off to bed without a single word being said about what had happened. Very peculiar.

It went on like this for about a week without either of us speaking about, or even acknowledging, our three-way orgy with the neighbor lady.

Just when I was about to give it up as a one-time birthday fluke, I came home after school to an empty house. Within a few minutes the phone rang.

Mrs. Randall wanted me to come over so that she could help me with my homework. I certainly didn't need any help with my homework, much less from her. But I went over anyway, suspecting there was more to it than that.

When I got there Mrs. Randall was dressed in a very short skirt and a tight jacket. She didn't have anything on under the jacket and her tits were spilling out with an allure that was uniquely her. To complete the costume, she had on glasses and was brandishing a yardstick.

I was led to the living room where two chairs were arranged side by side. Mom was sitting in one of them dressed in a Catholic schoolgirl



uniform. Her hair was in pig tails, and her hands were folded in her lap. She didn't look up at me when I came in.

"Take your seat, young man," Mrs. Randall, the slutty school marm, instructed curtly.

I took my seat.

"Today," she announced, "we will begin our unit on sexual education."

I was thrilled beyond description that it hadn't been a one time only event. Mrs. Randall paced in front of her 'class,' giving us teasing peeks at her cleavage and up her skirt, as she lectured us about the finer points of reproductive anatomy and intercourse. This of course led to live demonstrations, requiring the participation of two willing students.

Under her scholarly direction, Mrs. Randall required us to demonstrate several sexual positions, and graded us on our performance. At the conclusion of our course, she gave us each an 'oral exam.'

Like before, once Mom and I were back at our house, not a word was said about it. Even so, things had noticeably changed between us. There was a new kind of electricity when we were together. An innocent touch, or a lingering look, held volumes of intimate meaning.

Mrs. Randall called me over to her house every week or so after that, and the three of us played all kinds of games together. Eventually, Mom became comfortable enough during these play dates to look me in the eye, and even tell me things like how much she loved my cock, and how good I fucked her pussy.

I eventually ended up fucking Mrs. Randall, too, with Mom's eager participation. All around, it was an admittedly strange arrangement, but we were all happy with it. We lived in two worlds. One was fantasy, and one was real. What happened in one of these worlds never really affected what went on in the other.

To most people, this may all seem like a perversely sick way to live, and I don't know if I could make a convincing argument against that opinion. I'd be willing to give it a try some time, but not right now.

Mrs. Randall just called. It seems she came home from shopping and discovered a strange woman tied up in her bed wearing nothing but a blindfold and gag.

Time to attend to my neighborly duties.