

Taboo Pleasures

By: Victoria Brynn

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Chapter 1

Spying on Mom

I awoke at 3 a.m. to the sound of muffled moaning. At first I thought I was dreaming, but as my head cleared the moans persisted until there was no other way to rationalize it – someone in the house was enjoying herself. That someone had to be my mother as she was the only other woman in the house and as much as I wished it was me having that kind of fun, it wasn't.

Dad was out of town for work so that meant she was either doing a bit of self-satisfaction, or she had snuck another man into the house after I went to bed. Since I didn't hear the sounds of a man I assumed it was the former, but to be sure I crawled out of bed and tiptoed across the hall to the door to her bedroom.

The moaning was a little louder here, still muffled as if she were moaning into a pillow, but louder nonetheless. It didn't stop which meant she didn't hear my approach. I bent down and peeked into the room through the keyhole. Not much good there. I got only a minute view of the room beyond and it wasn't enough to even see my mother, let alone if she had a secret lover in there with her.

"Uhn, uhn, uhn," mother moaned. I heard the bed squeaking, headboard hitting lightly against the wall. "Oh god Buster! That's it! Fuck momma boy!" she moaned. I stood up, jaw still resting on the floor. *No fucking way!* I thought. *No, no, no, it can't be. I must've heard wrong.* "Oh god yes!" mother continued to moan softly. "Come on Buster, ram it all in me!"

There it was again. Buster. There was only one Buster I knew of and that was my parent's three year old husky. *OH MY GOD!* I screamed in my own head. *Is she...could she really be...* I was unable to complete a thought. The very idea that my mother was in there getting fucked by the family pet was more than my brain could handle. But I had to know for sure. Maybe she did sneak another man into the house while dad was away and I slumbered across the hall. And maybe that man's name just happened to be the same as the dogs. Unlikely, but possible.

I put my hand on the door knob and slowly turned it, letting the door crack open just enough for me to peek inside. What I saw could never be unseen. Leaning over the foot of the bed was my mother, her face buried in one of the dozen pillows on her queen-sized bed. Mounting her like a bitch in heat was the family pet, Buster. His front paws were on the bed to either side of her hips, his hindquarters humping really fast giving me a clear view of his fat red cock pounding in and out of my mother's pussy at about a hundred miles an hour.

I wanted to run away and cry, but I couldn't move. I stared for a long time as Buster rammed his dick into my mother and then two things happened that humiliated me more than what I was seeing. First, without realizing it, my left hand found its way into my panties and was vigorously rubbing my clit. And second, I wondered what it felt like to be fucked so hard and fast. If mom's actions were any indication it must have felt pretty damn amazing.

"OH MY GOD MOM!" I gasped against my better judgment. I tried to remain silent but my brain had other ideas and shut the filter to my mouth off.

"BECKY! OH GOD, SWEETIE! What...what are you doing out of bed!?"

"Your moaning woke me up."

"Please go back to your room, we can talk about this later," she pleaded, refusing to turn her head to face me.

"What...how...why are you letting Buster fuck you mom?" I asked, my eyes still locked on the bizarre scene unfolding before me.

"We'll talk about it later, please go back to your room. I'll come talk to you in about half an hour if you're still awake."

"I don't think I'll be getting any sleep after seeing this," I said backing my head out of the room. I closed the door and returned to my room where I paced the floor for the next twenty-six minutes. I heard my mother's bedroom door open and close eleven minutes into my pacing. It was followed by the bathroom door closing and I could only assume she was taking a shower before coming to explain her bizarre actions to me.

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There was a soft knock on my bedroom door it was followed by my mother asking if she could come in. I opened the door and let her into my room. She was dressed in bra and panties, the usual sleepwear for the Ralston women. I too was in my bra and panties. I didn't bother getting dressed as we had seen each other in such state of dress all my life.

"Before you say anything I just want you to know that your father knows all about Buster and me," mom said as she walked across my bedroom and sat on the edge of my bed. "The thing is, sweetie, I need a lot of sex and with your father gone so much for work lately it was either turn to Buster for help, or cheat on him with another man. We talked and we both agreed that Buster was the perfect replacement."

"You don't have to explain your actions to me mom," I replied. I stopped my pacing and stared at her. Not with scorn or disgust, but with love and understanding. I never dawned on me that my dad would know about it, or condone it for that matter. And I realized in that moment how much she and dad loved each other if they were willing to go to such great lengths to preserve their marriage.

"I think I do, sweetie. I never meant for you to find out our secret, but now that you have I want you to know why I let Buster fuck me. The thing is, I'm not used to you being here. I thought I was being quiet."

"I understand."

"You do?" mom said sounding surprised.

"Sure. It's better than cheating on dad, right? And besides, if I wasn't home from college for the summer I would have never found out, right?"

"So, you're not upset with me? You don't think what I did was wrong?"

"Did you force Buster to fuck you?" I asked

"Good lord no!" mom gasped. "He was more than willing to give it to me. It started with him licking me and then moving on from there."

"I don't really need the details thank you very much."

"Sorry. I'm glad you're ok with it. All I ask is that you keep it between us."

"I won't tell a soul, you've got my word on that."

"Thanks sweetie."

"So, um, how often does he do you?"

"Every night and sometimes during the day too. He's been screwing me for the last year or so, but I can stop doing it while you're here."

"It's ok, really. You don't have to stop on my account."

"Do you want Buster to fuck you?" mom blurted out, her hand claspng over her mouth in shock of saying it.

"WHOA MOM!" I gasped

"I don't mind if you do. He honestly doesn't care who he does it with."

"Has...has he done it with anyone else?"

"Yeah, but I'm not saying with whom. And no, it wasn't your father."

"I don't think I could do it."

"No problem, but if you want to give it a try feel free. He can go several times a day."

"I wouldn't know where to begin even if I wanted to," I said, feeling my face flush with embarrassment."

"I can help you if you're genuinely interested. Buster, come here boy," she called for the dog.

"Wait! What are you doing? You want me to do it now!?"

"Why not? I'll help you your first time and you'll at least know what it feels like. That way you can better understand it and make an informed decision on whether you want to do it again or not." Buster walked into my bedroom and sat down in front of mom. She rubbed his head playfully while looking at me, waiting for my answer.

"What...what do I do?" I asked nervously.

"Are you sure you want to do it? Once it's done there's no going back and you've got to live with the fact that an animal has fucked you. It can cause a lot of shame and guilt."

"Are you trying to talk me out of it now?"

"Not at all sweetie," mom said with a reassuring smile. "I just want to make certain this is what you want. That being said, if you want to do it then get on your hands and knees with your legs spread open."

I looked from mom to Buster and back to my mother, the look in her eyes was gentle, caring, and full of hope and excitement. I took a deep breath, dropping to my knees and placing my hands on the floor. I spread my legs open and stared up at my mother still sitting on the edge of the bed petting Buster.

"I'm going to lead him behind you now sweetie. He's going to mount you and I'll guide him into the right hole. Believe me, he'll put it in whichever hole he can get it into and unless you really love it up the ass I suggest not going that route."

Mom stood up and led Buster around behind me. "You're going to have to remove the panties if you want his cock in you, sweetie."

I stood up, tugged my panties off and then dropped back into position without saying a word. I was too afraid to speak. Buster mounted my back and I froze, taking rapid, shallow breaths. He started humping at me really fast, taking me off guard by the force of it.

"OH GOD!" I gasped as his cock jabbed around my pussy, ass, and thighs in a bid to get into one of my holes.

"This is it Becky. I'm going to guide him into your pussy now."

"Aaaahggghhhh!" I groaned as Buster's cock rammed into me harder than anything I've ever felt in my life. "OH MY FUCKING GOD!"

"Are you ok?" mom asked. "Is he hurting you?"

"Oh fuck! Uhn, uhn, uhn! He's fucking...so...fast!"

"I know. How does it feel? Do you like it?"

"Yesss! I...I feel it...growing!" I grunted as his cock plowed into me and his front claws scraped along my hips and sides.

"You're doing great! I'm so proud of you sweetie! Can you feel the bulge growing at the base of his dick?"

"Yesss!"

"That's his knot," mom explained. "Push back on him sweetie. Push back and take as much of his cock as you can handle. Make sure the knot stays in you."

I pushed back on him as he slammed forward, his growing knot stretching me open as it passed in and out of my dripping wet pussy. He slammed forward, the knot swelled incredibly large, locking him inside of me. "OH MY FUCKING GOD YES! Fuck me Buster! Fuck me, boy! Stuff my cunt with your fat cock!" I moaned out my orgasm, not caring that my mother was in the room watching me.

"I guess that means you really so love it," mom said. "He's knotted in you now sweetie. That means his dick will be stuck in you while he shoots his load in you. Once he's done the knot will shrink and he'll pull out."

"Oh god mom!" I purred "That was...just WOW!"

"I know sweetie. That's why I love it so much. And as you can see there was no force involved. Can you feel him cumming yet?"

"Yes."

"He's going to fill you up. I'll be right back I need to get a towel. Try not to make any sudden moves or he'll yank the knot out before it shrinks." She ran out of the room and returned a minute later with a large towel. She placed it beneath me and then stood back to watch. He came in me more than any man, hell, it was more than ten men could fill me. It started to leak out around his knot and down my quivering inner thighs.

It took Buster a good ten minutes to finish unloading inside of me. I had two more orgasms from his knot pressing against my g-spot. When he finally pulled out there was a torrent of juices and semen that followed and I was thankful mom thought to get the towel. It saved me having to shampoo the carpet later.

"And there you have it," mom said. "That's what sex with a dog is like. What do you think? Be honest."

"It was amazing," I replied honestly. "Absolutely insane, but amazing! I guess it's my turn to go take a shower now."

"Hold on. Spread your legs open. Let Buster clean you up first."

I spread my legs open and Buster stuck his nose in my crotch and started to lick, lapping up the mixture of his semen and my juices. "WOW!" I gasped as his slightly rough tongue glided along my slit and over my engorged clit.

"If you just want him to lick you he will. Just sit on the floor like you are now, or on the bed or chair. If you want him to fuck you then get on all fours and he'll mount. Give him an hour and he'll be ready to go again."

"Really?"

"Yep. The most he's ever fucked me was six times in one day. I wore out before he did."

"Fucking hell! Are you going to do it again tonight?"

"Not tonight. He's all yours. Let him take you as much as you want sweetie. When you get tired of it just put him out of the room or he'll try licking and fucking you all night long. Have fun!" she said leaving the room.

I didn't get much sleep that night. Now that the floodgates were opened there was no turning back. He licked me to four orgasms and fucked me through seven more, taking me three more times before the sun rose over the horizon. I was hooked.