

# **Family Secrets**

**Faye Valentine**

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My family has been shrouded in secrecy for as long as I can remember and while I don't believe it is tied to anything nefarious, it is never the less still a mystery I vowed to solve. I knew from an early age that we had money, but no one would ever tell me where it came from. According to rumors my mother got pregnant with me at fifteen and ran away to Mexico to avoid the wrath of her extremely religious parents and when she returned on my second birthday with a son and pregnant with her third she had enough money to not only buy nearly eighty secluded acres of land, but build her dream home on it as well.

Without fail, my mother has hosted a party on the same day of the month, every month for as long as I could remember and while everyone lived it up my siblings and I were left in the care of whatever family member drew the short straw. We, of course, made a game of it and while most of the time we got away with nothing more than looking out of a window in the hopes of seeing what was going on, one of us usually snuck out while the other two distracted our babysitter. Unfortunately, the two-story, twenty-four by fifty foot structure the parties were always held in was locked tight and the darkly tinted windows were shuttered on the outside and heavily draped within preventing even the tiniest glimpse of what they were doing.

From thirteen on, when I was more than old enough to take care of myself, I spent most party nights hanging out with friends and while we wildly speculated at what sort of parties my mother was holding on such a regular basis, I had all but given up on ever learning the truth.

Fast-forward to my eighteenth birthday. I had the customary party with family and friends where I opened presents and my mother cooked on the grill, but something seemed off and I could not put my finger on what it was. The party died down around eight and as my friends left, so too did my brothers and sisters – as if competing against the Duggers, I now had four of the former and five of the latter ranging in age from two to seventeen years. Some were white like me, others mixed so it did not take a genius to figure out most, if not all of us had different fathers, and yet none were ever present in our lives.

When the last of the non-family members said their goodbyes my mother took me by the hand, smiled and then led me to the pole barn I had been denied entry into all my life. Heart pounding in my chest, we stared into each other's eyes for a long moment and then she did the last thing I expected. Pulling me close, she pressed her lips to mine in a very non-parental sort of way. Frozen in shock, I did not move and the kiss went on for several more seconds. I do not recall exactly when I started kissing her back, but at some point we were joined at the tongue and while every part of me wanted to run away in humiliation, my feet refused to move.

My mother was the one that broke the embrace. Taking a step back, her hands gently resting on my shoulders, she gave me another warm smile. "I want you to know that no matter what happens tonight I will always love you."

"W-What is that supposed to mean?"

"You're about to be let in on the family secret, but before I open the door I need your word that no matter what you see or are asked to do you'll take it to your grave."

"You're scaring me mom. What's in there? What are you going to do to me?"

"I need your word, Tiffany. Swear on the lives of everyone you hold dear that you will never speak a word of what you see to anyone or you will never learn the truth."

I did not have to be a psychic to know she meant what she was saying so after a long pause I exhaled and swore on my life and the lives of everyone I held dear to take whatever she showed me to the grave. She put a hand into the front right pocket of her shorts and pulled it out

holding a key which she used to unlock the door. It silently slid open and she waved me inside. Gulping back my excitement and fear, I walked into a huge open room with staircases on either side leading up to the second floor. Eyes darting left and right, I saw toy-lined shelves built into the walls and I'm not talking Barbie dolls or hot wheels. Unlike my mother, I was a virgin at eighteen but still knew a dildo and butt plug when I saw them and there were dozens of all shapes, sizes and materials from silicone to glass to metal. In the spaces between the shelves were pieces of furniture whose function I could not even guess at and machines ending in even more dildos that could only be used for one thing.

And then there were the thirty or forty men and women gathered together at the back of the barn – the front ten holding back leashed dogs of various breeds from labs and Sheppards to dobermans and mastiffs. Turning to my mother, I wanted to ask what the hell was going on but no words would come out. Never the less she gave me a reassuring smile as she locked the only means of escape.

“Everyone, the day we have all been waiting for has finally arrived. Today is my daughter Tiffany's eighteenth birthday. Today is the day she not only learns the family secret, but participates as well.” Turning her attention to me, she continued. “Sweetie, I need you to listen to me very carefully and do exactly what I say no matter how bizarre or disgusting it sounds. Can you do that for me?”

“W-What's going on mom?”

“I need you to trust me, Tiffany. Please, tell me you can follow my orders without raising a fuss.”

“O-Okay.”

“Good girl. I need you to take all of your clothes off and then get on all fours facing me. And no matter what happens you are not to move or get up. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes.” Gulping back my fear, I looked her in the eyes as I pulled my shirt off over my head. “Are they going to fuck me, mom?”

“Sshhh...no questions. Just do as you're told and everything will be fine.”

“You're really scaring me mom,” I said as my bra hit the floor. I expected to hear a lot of whistling and cat-calling but the people at the other end of the barn remained completely silent.

“I know, but trust me, it's better to just accept your fate with silent dignity than to fuss and still have to do it.”

Kicking off my shoes, I removed my socks, shorts and panties and then got on all fours in front of my mother. Looking up into her eyes, I visibly shook as I heard footsteps approaching from the rear. *Yep*, I thought *I'm about ready to lose my virginity*. Knowing this, I should have gotten up and ran the hell out of there, but instead I maintained my position even as my mother stepped closer. Running her fingers through my hair, she smiled and then pressed her vulva to my lips just as a furry weight landed on my back.

“OH MY GOD! MOM?” I screeched as I felt the dog's cock jabbing all over the place as he attempted to penetrate.

“Sshhh...just relax and let it happen.”

No sooner were the words out of her mouth then it happened. The dog's cock found its mark and my virginity was torn through like a bullet through paper. Claws dug into my hips and sides. The long, slim dick grew even longer and fatter with every powerful thrust. I grunted and groaned as my tongue haphazardly licked at my mother's vulva. It was a nightmare. It was euphoric. It was humiliating. Two minutes in and I experienced my first orgasm. “Ooohhhhh

god!” Throwing my head back, I moaned and the next thing I knew a petite, busty brunette with double pierced nipples slid under me and started rubbing my clit as the dog made me his bitch.

Lost in a sea of conflicting emotions, I licked and sucked my mother’s pussy for several minutes before she grabbed a handful of my wavy brown hair and pressed her vulva tight against my lips. The warm, bitter fluid hit the back of my mouth and without thinking I swallowed three mouthfuls before my brain registered what I was doing. Unfortunately, by then it was too late and the rest went down.”

“Good girl,” my mother said as she went back to running her fingers through my hair. “And welcome to the family secret. I’m sure you have a million questions, or would rather run away from the madness, but it’s not in your genes. Like me, you’re a born slave and Tiffany, your training begins tonight. Before I open that door and let you out you’re going to satisfy every man, woman and animal in this barn however they desire. Is that understood?”

“I...I...uhn...oh god! I d-don’t want to...uuhhnnn...be a slave” I grunted as the German Sheppard continued pounding his cock in and out of me like a jackhammer.

“In the last five minutes you willingly stripped naked, are eating your mother’s pussy, drank my piss, and lost your virginity to a dog while another woman pleasures you. I know this is a lot to take in, sweetie, but if you weren’t a born slave you would have ran out the second I told you to strip and get on all fours,” my mother countered.

It did not make what was happening any easier, but she did have a point. As fucked up as my life just became, I only had myself to blame. For the life of me I could not explain why I did it, but I pushed my tongue back into my mother’s pussy and spread my legs a little wider to give the dog and the woman licking me from below easier access.