

Not So Good Anymore

She brought me home, gave me shelter and food, and I always had water. We took long walks together and snuggled all the time. I called her 'Mom.' I was sometimes dressed up, which is a little weird, but not as crazy as some of the other dogs at the park. I had short fur, and in the cold times, I was put in what is called a 'coat.'

Life was good, fun, safe. Then *he* came along. With his new scents and affections, I was entranced, in love! My mom was still around, and I loved her, too, but not like this. I had to have him, with no distractions. Just the two of us.

I had never watched Mom's routines; I just followed my own. I walked at this time, ate at that time, and went to the back yard to pee as I pleased. Now, it's about Mom and what she does.

There was a door that led to a set of stairs. They went down to a place called a 'basement.' The stairs were hard and cold, and the corners were sharp. It would be perfect. He doesn't go down there often. Mom usually goes down with a big, awkward container of clothing. I timed it perfectly.

Mom put the basket on her hip and opened the basement door towards her. She hoisted it up and caught it with her other hand. I surged forward, placing my body between her moving legs. She teetered on the edge of the top step. I wasn't sure she would go over, so I checked her calf with the side of my body.

Down she went, clothes scattered everywhere. I heard Mom scream, a sound I won't easily forget. Bones crunched; I didn't see her hit her head, but when I looked down the stairs, her mangled body laid at the bottom. Her eyes open and cold, and they seem to be looking at me. A smell filled my nose, blood. It delighted the primal parts of my brain, but I resisted.

Asking why I did it, I wish I could explain it. I looked at her for a moment longer. I was sad, but it had to be done.

It would just be the two of us now. He will be free to love me more than ever. I was his and he was mine. He would grieve. I would comfort him. Just the two of us. I would be good again.



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