

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Bless me Father, for I have sinned.....”

Awakening.

The priest had heard the door shut quietly and settled into a comfortable position, ready to hear the usual liturgy of minor transgressions that would be forgiven with his scale of “Hail Mary’s” by way of absolution. Twenty minutes later, and having received an education in the emergence of one of his parishioners from drudge to the exalted woman she now was, he was, for the first time in his life, unable to dispense a suitable punishment and suspected that the occupant of the booth, was not looking for forgiveness. The story he had listened to in silence, had taken him unprepared and, in truth, had found that little private place where he kept his erotic thoughts. Father Patrick, had a hard on, but forgave himself.

Mary had had a strict Catholic upbringing. As a child, she had grown up in the tied cottages of Enniskillen, third daughter to her Guinness loving Father and sixth child of her god-fearing mother. They never had much of anything. The money her Da’ earned provided a meagre diet and just about kept a roof over their heads, although it leaked as did the second hand shoes, she and her siblings wore.

Mary somehow survived the afflictions that ravaged the population of Ireland and, apart from the inevitable tape worn and head lice, the skinny body grew into adulthood.

The transition from child to adolescence wasn’t without trauma. Mary had little in the way of formal education, only attending the Nuns charity classes at irregular intervals. Her knowledge of bodily functions, menstruation or anything at all to do with the mechanics of sex was sketchy, gleaned only from dirty photographs that did the rounds and innuendous conversations that alluded to the function of sex.

When her first period happened, she thought that her time was up, that God was punishing her for some misdemeanour. She thought she was going to die. It was a sister that noticed and tried to give her a quick biology lesson. Mary would rather have died than admit to her mother that she had a problem.

Approaching her seventeenth birthday, Mary visited her eldest sister in the Mercy Hospital after she had given birth to her third child. Teresa was only a year and a half older than Mary, but had developed a worldly knowledge of things carnal at an early age. She was cursed with good looks and found she liked the attention of the opposite sex. They may have been sisters, but there was a world of difference between them.

Mary had not inherited the striking eyes and hair, but looked dowdy, with mousy hair and a non-descript figure. It appealed to Tom, a porter at the hospital. Mary and Tom were married in a few months. All she had succeeded to do was replace her stern and often inebriated father with Tom who was also often inebriated and beat her for the smallest things.

The beatings were never too harsh, a few bruises perhaps and once, a broken wrist when she had fallen, trying to protect her unborn child by instinctively putting out her hand and falling on top of it from the recoil of his slap. She fervently believed that God was still punishing her and would come up with any amount of sins to justify the harsh treatment. She must have deserved it, she reasoned, otherwise, why would it happen?

By the time Eileen was six, Tom had gone, taken off with a woman from out of town. Last Mary

heard, he was heading towards England. Stoically, she found fault with herself and raised the shutters in her mind. Her energies were spent entirely on Eileen and the child's welfare.

They lived in the council flat that was a breeding ground for cockroaches and every manner of ailment that a close community can engender. Mary worked part time, filling shelves at the supermarket and earned what few pence more she could, taking in laundry. Eileen was clean, her clothes were always clean and she gained an education of sorts at the local comprehensive. They were only separated once, shortly before Tom left, never to return. Mary suffered a miscarried pregnancy that resulted in the need for her ovaries to be removed. Mary blamed herself for the problem and thought that Tom had every right to leave as he did.

They managed to survive reasonably happily. Eileen grew into a striking young lady and then a beautiful teenager who found work and tried to ease the burden on her mother with a few pounds from her small wage.

But it all changed one day, it was this that the priest had listened to, hardly daring to breathe while it poured out from this woman he had known since his childhood.

Mary didn't get to go on the supermarket checkouts too often because of her lack of schooling. Although the automatic reader totalled up the balance and electronically told her how much she should take and what change she should give, Mary still struggled to count the right money and often made mistakes. This day however, that was to change her life irrevocably. Mary was sat at the express lane for baskets only.

She glanced at the customer, noticing only that he was male and his shopping was for one. He was unremarkable she processed his goods through the scanner, packed then into a carrier bag as she went. Took his money and offered the change. She would have instantly gone on to the next customer, but a rich vibrato voice informed her she had made a mistake and the hand that belonged to the voice was trying to return some coins that she had given. Mary began to fluster as she always did in these circumstances and in her panic, couldn't find the key to open the cash drawer.

Eventually, she fought for control of her senses and thanked him for his honesty while shutting the errant drawer. That was it really. Mary sat at the till for the rest of the day. Her unflattering light blue uniform covering her, with her hair savagely pulled back in a tight bun, unremarkable in her self and mostly unnoticeable to any observer.

Mary had taken to allowing herself the luxury of a cafe latte on her way home. It was perhaps, the only luxury she did have. Her usual table was empty and her conversation with the serving girl was restricted to her request for the foamy beverage. Mary revelled in her private thoughts and was oblivious of the rest of the world as it went about its business.

"Mind if I join you." There was something familiar about the rich tenor of the voice, but Mary merely nodded her consent and didn't look up.

"Looks like rain again." He remarked causally, "I don't know when summer is going to start do you?"

Mary looked up at the direct question and shook her head. She had never learned the niceties of conversation and preferred to stay quiet.

"Ah! I almost didn't recognise you. You're the girl at the checkout aren't you?" His smile creased his eyes and deepened the azure quality of the blue.

Mary blushed furiously, remembering him now and then associating him with her error.

"I...I'm sorry for the mistake." Her tremulous voice was barely audible over the hubbub of the coffee shop and nervously, she wrung her hands in her lap below the level of the table and beyond his sight. Her own eyes remained downcast and she wished that the floor would open up and swallow her, whole.

"Ah! No worries." He said easily, "We all make them don't we?"

She caught the movement of his hands as he used them to emphasise his words. She flinched, thinking he was about to strike her, he noticed the involuntary spasm and dropped his hands so they lay flat on the table, he consciously kept them there.

"I didn't get your name."

"Mary."

"Well hello Mary, it is a pleasure to meet you." She looked up sharply to see if he was making fun of her with condescension, but she met a pair of smiling eyes that, although creased with a smile, were not cruel in anyway. Her flush of anxiety was becoming one of something else and she started to fluster again.

"Where does Mary come from I wonder?" His question could have been taken in a mocking sense, but his smile told otherwise. "And I wonder what Mary is like away from the Supermarket?"

"I'm sure I don't know." She answered and then continued, "I have to go now."

"Ah! Now that is a shame so it is. Wouldn't you stay for another and keep a lone man company?" He indicated her half empty coffee cup as he asked the question.

Mary was mortified. Her total experience of men talking to her was her father, usually angry; her husband, also angry and usually drunk; her priest and the doctor, but him, only when she absolutely had to go. The Manager at the supermarket rarely said more than one or two words and that was it for verbal contact with the male of the species. She rushed from the table, colliding with the next in her haste to get away and leaving behind, a carrier bag with that night's dinner and a bemused man who wondered what on earth had gotten into the woman.

That night, as she lay in her bed, covered from head to toe in a flannelette nightgown and blankets pulled up to her chin, Mary dreamed. She dreamed of this stranger and in a completely naïve innocence, dreamt of his holding her in his arms, warm and protective. Sex was not part of her subconscious; it was an event that had happened on a few occasions when Tom stank of Guinness or whiskey. It had resulted in her lovely daughter and the removal of her ability to have children. Sex had never been a joyous explosion of feelings and nerve jangling climaxes. Sex was a sordid and shameful subject, only to be done to create a child. That was why Tom was right to leave. She couldn't give him children. It was all her fault.

"Hail Mary Mother of god..." Even in her sleep, Mary was completely subjugate to her religion and fervently believed herself to be the most loathsome woman ever to have disgraced his garden.

But, a seed of doubt had been sown. Someone had taken enough interest in her to talk and make an acquaintance.

They saw each other once or twice over the next few days. He bought her a coffee and she returned the compliment the very next time, not wanting to be beholden to anyone. Their conversation was more than a little stunted. Mary couldn't find the ways to articulate, unused to describing herself or

her life, believing them to be uninteresting. She would rather have sat there, listening to him tell her of his travels around the world as a sailor in the Merchant Navy. Whole vistas of unimaginable scenes flowed around her mind as his narrative enticed and lured her out of her mundane and urban life to the tropics and the Far East.

Mary found herself looking critically in her bedroom mirror and realised that she was nothing at all to look at. Her clothing, although clean, was not fashionable in any century she knew of. She threw her blouse, skirt and underwear to the floor in disgust and then, hesitantly, looked critically at her naked body for the first time in her life.

Looking back at her was a slightly built woman, obviously approaching her forties, but had not been ruined by constant childbirth. Her hair, always a constant source of annoyance, was still pulled back and tightly wound into her normal bun. Mary pulled the pins and allowed her hair to cascade; pleased with the way it fell to below her shoulder blades and waved in natural curves. The mousy colour had deepened into a chestnut that had a rich lustre about it. She could hardly believe that it was her hair and was amazed at its length and vibrancy of colour. The only time it was unwound was when she washed it. Then, while wet, it appeared to be black and lank.

She skipped her face, not wanting to be too critical in her appraisal and looked at her breasts, noticing for the first time in her life, that the left one was slightly smaller than the right, but not too noticeably. Her bra size had remained the same since her wedding, 34 B cup. It was a good size she thought.

Her stomach was still quite firm and flat. You had to really look hard to see any stretch marks. She noticed a dark brown mole on her left hip and wondered when that had happened.

Mary's pubic area had a lush growth of hair, darker than her head that formed an almost perfect triangle, with slightly curved sides. She spent little time admiring that part of her body, but travelled to her legs. They were good legs by any one's reckoning. The skin was flawless and almost transparent in whiteness. Her musculature was clearly visible beneath the taut covering. Only a few hairs grew below her knee. Mary hated her feet. It was one of those irrational hatreds women have of their anatomy. With Mary, it was her feet. Apart from her hands, her feet were the only part of her body she had studied at any time.

All in all though, not a bad package she thought. She turned this way and that, trying to see what her behind looked like and marvelled in the swish of her hair as she turned and twisted.

Then Mary asked the reflection looking back at her. Why am I standing here admiring myself? What am I looking at? She didn't know the answer to either question and in her naivety, she was not aware that she was in preparation for a sexual encounter and was merely checking out the validity of what she was offering.

She looked at her legs again, remembering the only time she had worn a short skirt. She had only got to the foot of the stairs when her father screamed at her and tore the clothes from her back, repeating over and over as he beat her. Ye harlot ye, I'll learn yeah, ye harlot and Jezebel. It took Mary several years more to find out what a harlot was and who Jezebel was supposed to be. That was one thing she never forgave her father for. The beatings she thought she deserved, but never to be called anything like that.

Mary dressed in her usual black or dark brown shapeless dress and cinched it together with a plastic belt effectively hiding any allure she might have had. But, she left her hair down.

A few days later, she met him again. Her confidence grew in exponential increments with every

encounter. She was still to talk about herself and still did not know his name.

"Mary..." He had a way of saying her name that made it sound like the most beautiful word in the language. "Mary, I have sat here and told you all about me and not once have I asked you anything about you. Are you married? Where do you live? Do you have brothers, sisters anything or anything and everything?"

"You might have told me so much about you, but you never have told me your name."

"Oh Bejayzus!" He threw his hands up and almost fell over backwards off the stools they were sitting on. Mary smiled at his actions and blushed at his profanity of the Lord's name.

"So I haven't. It's Michael, Michael Donnelly and very pleased it is to be meeting with you." He lapsed into an Irish drogue that sounded peculiar from an Irishman and had Mary laughing fit to bust before she realised the spectacle she was making of herself and quickly brought herself under control.

"Ah Mary, Mary, that is a grand smile you be having there, 'tis a shame to be hiding it." His eyes danced in merriment and Mary felt her heart lurch.

Somehow, they sat there for an hour while she told him of her life to this point. He listened and made no comments while she spoke, just the occasional shake of his head, as if in disbelief. Mary talked and talked until she realised the time.

"Oh Mercy!" She wailed through her fingers as they covered her mouth in shock. Eileen will be after killing me or ringing the hospitals. I have to go home. She jumped up, spilling an empty coffee cup as her thigh caught the edge of the table. She grabbed her bags and was on the point of flight.

"I'll drive you." He said it simply, but in a voice that was not about to take no for an answer.

"I...I Couldn't." She protested weakly, but it was already settled as he relieved her of her bags and guided her to the exit and his car waiting in the parking zone.

She directed him and observed the casual ease with which he negotiated the evening traffic. She also took the opportunity to appraise his form, features and body.

She guessed him to be a few years older than her. His years at sea had ingrained lines into his face, but wasn't detrimental to the whole aspect. His black hair was swept back off his forehead was in need of cutting and flicked up at the nape of his neck.

His open necked sport shirt showed his torso to be quite well built, certainly not 'He Man', but well proportioned and powerful. His slacks gave nothing away, but were neatly pressed and clean. Mary liked his teeth. They had whiteness to them and uniformity rarely seen. She also liked his mouth; the expressive quirks and full lips did things to her imagination.

Mary noticed her curtains twitch as she and Michael ascended the stone stairs to her front door. He carried the bags and then left her with a cheery wave and a private smile that passed between them.

Eileen fairly gushed as her mother shut the door in an obvious reflective state of mind. Demanding to know who the Hunk, as she put it, was and where did she know him from. Mary fended off the inquisition and prepared dinner in a distracted vortex of mangled thought.

She found herself preening, something she had never done before, but there she was, in front of the mirror, preening and primping her hair.

They continued to meet at the coffee shop. Daily, easily chatting and talking, getting to know each other until, one particular, memorable Friday. This Friday was different because Michael asked her out.

“Perhaps we could go to the pictures, dancing or how about a meal?” He asked; Mary accepted without hesitation, but then, immediately after her acceptance, the doubts crowded in.

What would she wear? How did you go on a date? She began to panic again and left hurriedly to the safe domain of the flat. Eileen proved to be invaluable, calming and then knowledgeable. Secretly, she was thrilled for her mother and pulled out all the stops. Although Mary couldn't really afford it, they went clothes shopping, a first of many firsts to come. Mary ceded to Eileen's dress sense and at the end of the wearying excursion, had to admit that her purchases looked fantastic on her.

Just before the appointed time of Michael picking her up; Mary cast an appreciative glance and twirl over her ensemble. She would never in her life, have picked out pastel colours, but had to agree that the subtle shades and fineness of the materials accentuated her figure and highlighted her hair. Another first was the introduction of makeup. Mary had never once worn anything on her face apart from a bruise. Eileen once again, worked a magic that even Mary had to admit, looked absolutely perfect.

Michael arrived punctually and waited in the living room while Mary touched up and preened with Eileen in attendance. Then, together they entered the living room and faced Him, One young girl presenting her prodigy for inspection, the other a middle-aged woman who was feeling very young and more nervous than she had ever been in her life. This was it, a first step on a path that she could have no idea of its destination.

Michael smiled that winning smile that lit his eyes as he turned from the mantelpiece.

“OH! I must be in the wrong house, I thought Mary lived here, but I must be wrong.” His teasing pleased Eileen and produced a playful punch from her to his arm.

“Mary, you look stunning.” The simplicity of his comment and the sincerity with which it was delivered went straight to her heart. If she wasn't in love before with this man, she was now and she liked the feeling. “Shall we go?” He offered his arm and they left to go to the movies.

Mary couldn't remember the film; the actors or the plot, so wrapped in the attentions of Michael was she, that any peripheral stimulation was ignored. The film finished and they filed out into the cool night air. It must have rained, but she didn't notice. They had a drink in a local bar and then decided to go home to Mary's flat for a coffee.

They climbed the stone steps and Mary fished around in her purse for the keys. Eventually, she found them and began to unlock the door. Michael grasped her lightly, but firmly enough to turn her around to face him. Instinctively, she lifted her eyes to see what he intended and realised that he was going to kiss her.

It was a tender brush of lips, the first act of passion she had ever had and a moment that burned into her memory for always.

“I have wanted to do that for a long time Mary.” Michael breathed into her ear as he gently held her in his arms. Then he kissed her again, parting his lips, Mary responded and felt his tongue run across her teeth. Her knees very nearly gave way as her heart raced and thumped in her breast.

She had to break it off in case she fainted and turned to open the door.

“Goodnight Mary. Thank you for the evening.” He was turning to go, but Mary almost squeaked her plea for him to come in for the promised coffee.

She put the kettle on the gas ring and scooted Eileen out who was lurking in the kitchen, eager to hear all that had happened on the night out. Tactfully, she withdrew to her bedroom when she learned that Michael was sitting in the front room.

After the coffee, they sat silently side by side on the settee, contemplating what was next. They had shared a first kiss, for Mary, her first real kiss. She didn't know what came next because sex had only been for the procreation of children or the gratification of her husband.

Michael took her hand in his and twisted towards her. He could see the confusion running across her face like print on a page. She looked like a stricken mouse at the mercy of a cat.

“Mary, I would love to make love to you, but, knowing what has gone before, would prefer to wait, if that is what you want. I think you are an absolutely fantastic woman, so beautiful and I am falling in love with you and don't want to spoil anything between us.”

Mary silently rose from the settee and wordlessly dragged him to the door and then up to her bedroom. It looked to be a confident action, but was far from confident. She thought she would stop breathing and couldn't swallow her heart that felt like a lump in her throat. She couldn't have spoken, even if she had known what to say. Although she had no experience of the act of love, she thought that the privacy of her bedroom should be the place for whatever happened next.

He quietly closed the bedroom door and stood face to face beside the bed and kissed her again, gently on her lips with her face between his hands. He could feel her heart tripping against his chest and the trembling of her nerve wracked body. He took things slowly, kissing and licking her lips while he stroked the small of her back in a soothing massage. Gradually, she settled down and controlled her breathing.

His next move raised her heart rate again until it was almost painful. His fingers found the first button of her blouse and pried it through the buttonhole, then, the next down was undone revealing the tops of her heaving breasts.

He kissed her throat and neck, all the time massaging her lower back and manipulating the next button down and the next until the blouse fell open. Her new white bra was all that was between his hand and her untouched flesh. Somehow, the massage to her lower back was keeping her upright; her knees had long since given up the unequal struggle of supporting her.

She heard rather than felt the zipper of her new skirt undo and the lined skirt fell in a halo around her ankles. Her semi-nakedness felt right, but she couldn't help the self-conscious trepidation, would he like what he saw? She needn't have worried, because Michael's jaw almost dropped open before he gathered his wits enough to exclaim.

“Mary, you are beautiful. My god, but you are beautiful.”

He took his shirt off, baring his broad chest and muscular arms. Gently, he took her shoulders and guided her so that they lay together on the bed, side by side.

After a short, but unhurried while, they lay, holding each other naked, face-to-face and side-by-side. He had taken an age to remove her underwear, almost treating her like a precious object. He kissed her and Mary kissed him back. Her hands explored his skin, traversed his chest and held him close in an embrace of love. She could feel his cock, hardened, pressing against her lower abdomen and

knew, at a primal level that she wanted him inside her, wanted to feel the strength of his manhood spreading her from the inside. She wanted his seed and wanted his love.

His gentle hands felt her breast, slowly circulating her nipple, causing it to pucker and harden under his palm. She caught her breath and cried out a little as she mini-orgasmed. His lips found her other nipple and drew the hard nub into his mouth and suckled. She grasped the back of his head and forced his face down in her desperation to feel the intense pleasure his ministrations were causing.

His fingers played her skin, tracing curves and following the contours of her body sending shivers across her body in tidal waves of mounting pressure that needed a release. Her own questing hands, found his buttocks and grasped in a strong grip, pulling his body into hers as if they would meld into one flesh.

He found her mons and gently pulled her hairs in a teasing circular winding around his fingers. It was almost too much for her; she arched her back and then thrust her hips upward. His kisses followed the trail his fingers had traced until his warm breath wafted over her pubic hair in a susurrant of heated breeze.

He kissed her mound and flicked his tongue over her rapidly hardening clit. It had never been touched before in anything like an erotic manner. The explosion in her brain was electric and a gasp tore from her throat.

They made love unhurriedly. He made everything he did a special event. His first thrust into her soaked pussy was a slow delivery of his muscle in an exploratory incision to prepare her for the next slow thrust. She felt every vein of his cock as it slid into her tight pussy and the slowness was an excruciating invasion of her inner self. Mary, who had never touched herself, believing it to be a sin and dirty, suddenly found a realm of feelings in her world that she had never before explored.

Unashamedly, she came and gushed her lubricant over his cock and hair while he pressed forwards again, burying himself into her. Instinctively, her knees came up and then wrapped around his waist, allowing him an uninterrupted entry to her very deepest parts.

In minute increments, he increased his pace, withdrawing almost all of the way and then pushing his powerful muscle into her waiting body. Imperceptively, he managed to increase his depth until his balls met the resistance of her upturned anus. He was as deep as his cock would go and he knew his own climax was not very far away.

"You are so beautiful," He breathed into her ear and then, repeated it again and again, in time with his thrusting until, he exploded inside her. His teeth clenched and his hands drew into tight fists as the spasms rocked him and her inner muscles milked his seed from him in a primeval hunger.

Sweat soaked, they lay enjoined and revelled in the act of love they had just shared. Mary clasped him to her breast, feeling the tiny receding shudders of his after shocks and spasms, thinking that she had never felt anything quite as beautiful as this moment; her lover still joined and twitching inside her, his seed seeping from her and trickling over her anus, her own heart pumping and slowing into a regulated rhythm.

Mary's world had just expanded and she knew that this was her embarkation on a journey to some end, far in the future.

"I love you." She told him needlessly. "I want to experience it all, explore the whole thing and please you. Help me in this Michael, please?"

In her room, Eileen had listened to the actions of their lovemaking and rejoiced in her mother's pleasure. Her own orgasm had come long before theirs and included the application of her best friend, as she called the big black vibrator she kept hidden in a shoe box under the bed.

The three slept in contentment, separate in their thoughts but joined in satiation.

Chapter two continues Mary's sexual awakening.

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Bless me Father for I have sinned...

### **Exploration**

The change in Mary was remarkable and eminently noticeable. From being the shy diminutive figure, frightened of her own shadow and scared stiff of conflict and confrontation, she had become a confident and assertive woman.

She faced the daily challenge of her limited education and overcame her painful lack of social graces. She had a voice and an opinion and was quite prepared to use them. All it had taken to awaken her inner strength had been a reciprocal love and Michael provided that.

A bi-product of her newly attained persona was a hitherto, never experienced interest from the opposite sex.

In her job at the Supermarket, she often came into contact with members of the public and, instead of shrinking and wilting before their questioning eyes, she looked up and faced them as an equal. Men, for some reason, find an assertive woman irresistible. Mary had the looks, which helped, but now, instead of hiding in a non-descript uniform, she openly advertised her body. Not in any overt way, but just by standing up and facing people with her chest and chin up.

Mary had also changed her hair style, allowing her luxuriant locks to flow and frame her face instead of being savagely pulled back and wound into a tight bun.

What had really changed in Mary though, beyond anything else, were her sense of self and an awareness of her sexuality. She exploited the situation mercilessly and was not beyond enticement to gain an advantage. Her Manager stood little chance when she asked for a raise. Somehow, inadvertently, a button or two of her blouse had popped open just before she entered his office. Although she didn't have large breasts, the well fitted wonder bra created a cleavage that he could hardly take his eyes from. It was her tits that scored the raise, and what's more, she knew it and didn't care.

She later told Michael and laughed as she described Mister Bingley's eyes almost popping out of his head as she leaned forward and almost had a popping out of her own.

She and Michael were now, a very definite couple. Three months had passed during which, he had moved in and brought all of his better quality furniture and his companion Defor. Defor, not an original thought process to come up with a name for a pet perhaps, but it worked.

Defor dog, was an adolescent Labrador who liked nothing more than resting before embarking on a prolonged rest period, followed by sleep. Mary's remark that he should have been called cushion had Michael laughing too hard, ending up in a fit of coughing.

In the three months, Mary had learned of just about every possible position in which to make love. Given the limitations of their middle-aged bodies, they managed a fair proportion of the Karma-Sutra and even invented their own adaptations of the graphics.

Their lovemaking was sometimes frantic, tearing clothing off of bodies in desperation to get naked. Sometimes it was slow and careful, with caresses and tenderness. Other times, it was a more functional method of Mary learning techniques and what it was that got her engine running. They were not quite so choosy about location either. Whenever the fancy took, then the place seemed not to matter too much. Mary's inhibitions had all evaporated after a few days of Michael's consuming passion.

Mary considered one of their sessions a little kinky though. He had visited her at work to share lunch. They ended up in the stock room with her sitting on a produce shelf while he fucked her into the dexion racking. Afterward, she pulled her briefs back up and had his semen collecting and drying in the gusset for the rest of the day. By the time he got home from work, she was so rampant that he didn't even get the chance to put his keys on the hook, before she had stripped him and was sucking his juices out through his cock.

They had settled into a comfortable, although sexually charged, partnership. Each had no doubt of the others feelings and had no qualms in telling each other, just how much they loved. The whole world could know as far as they were concerned and anyone who knew them was left under no uncertainty. These two lovers had discovered their soul mate.

They had been watching a mildly erotic television play. The plot was about an older professor who was wrecking his marriage and career over a liaison with a student. Some of the scenes were quite graphic and included a scene of two men and the young student. It sparked an interest in Mary, but she didn't say anything until much later, choosing the moment as Michael was shuddering his orgasm between her legs.

"I want to watch a porn film." She announced. "I want to watch a porn film with sex, in all its forms. I want to experience the pleasure I know you get, from seeing films of sex." She left the statement hanging in the heated air between them while Michael heaved his body off of her and lay panting from the recent exertion.

The air cooled as he laid next to her, thinking about what she had said. For once, he felt an uncertainty and wondered what kind of sleeping leviathan he had awoken. It was an exciting development, but he felt uncertain of her motives. It was a typical male ego trip, thinking pornography to be a singularly male trait. Mary telling him that she wanted to watch actors' screw each other undermined his masculinity and also made him question whether he was enough for her.

Mary felt his trepidation, but allowed him to stew on it for a while as she enjoyed the feeling of his seed as it seeped from her body and pooled between her cheeks.

Their sex had been a revelation to Mary. For the first time in her life, she had discovered that it was a pleasurable experience and a wonderful way of expressing love. She gave her heart every time and was rewarded with his gratitude, consideration and love. Mary had found an outlet for pent up frustration, although she had no idea what it was she had missed until Michael turned up. Now, she positively anticipated his homecoming or the next chance they had to couple and mate.

There had to be more though. They had tried so many positions with varying amounts of success, but Michael was always the instigator of what they did and how. She loved the feeling of his tongue as it lapped her moistened sex and his sucking her clit into his mouth, drove her mad. But, it was always

Michael giving her pleasure and her taking it. In a small way, it was a subjugation caused by her inexperience and naivety. She had had his cock in her mouth, but it was usually at his guidance and only as a prelude to sex. She wanted to taste him, wanted to feel his cock explode in her mouth. Mary knew that it was only his way of loving her and being gentle with her blossoming sexual repertoire.

One way to learn was to observe the professionals and the antics they got up to. Mary knew of pornography, although she had never seen any, but she knew of its existence and decided that it would be her passport to a sexual freedom and emancipation.

“Michael.” She began softly. “I love you with all my heart. Surely you must know this? But, I want to be able to do more and in learning, broaden our horizons. Porn films are merely a method of learning through visual stimulation. You have nothing to fear my love I will never do anything to spoil what we have.” She turned into his arms, and soon was sleeping the sleep of the satiated.

Several borrowed and rented films later, Mary had watched as many suck and fuck films, as she wanted. On many occasions, they experimented and learned even more about each other's bodies. She found that she liked the taste of Michael in her mouth, but really got turned on when she sucked him until he was just about to cum, then take him from her mouth and rub him while she knelt facing him and friggd herself, until his seed spurted onto her waiting and willing tongue from as far away as possible without losing it. His reaction as she made a show of swallowing his fluids tipped her over the edge.

She also found that anal sex in limited amounts got her so hot that when he did eventually enter her vagina, her orgasm would flow over her in crashing waves and leave her almost bereft of will.

They had gone out and chosen a vibrator. A flesh coloured twisting cock that often joined Michael in her body. She especially liked it if he fucked her with it while she sucked his penis, imagining that she had two lovers. Once, they had tried it as a sandwich, the vibrator in her cunt while he fucked her arse. It was okay, but the pressure on the dividing membrane soon made it uncomfortable. She also used it on occasion when he was out at work while she was watching sex films on video.

The films fuelled her imagination. Instead of feeling revulsion as a woman sucked another in a lesbian clinch, she wondered what it would be like and felt what was becoming a familiar heat in her belly. She also wondered what it would be like to have two men at the same time one fucking her cunt while the other fucked her face. The idea of being tied and ‘mock forced’, also intrigued her. Mary almost ached to have these experiences, but couldn't be sure that Michael would allow it. Somehow, she was going to have to engineer an opportunity to broach the subject.

It came one day, from an unexpected angle. They had gone away for the weekend to visit his parents, leaving the flat to Eileen and her boyfriend. The weather was foul as they drove around the motorway and then the car sputtered to a halt with steam pouring out from under the bonnet. The rescue services towed them back to Enniskillen and pronounced the car ready for the scrap heap. Michael was heart broken; he had had the car since college days, but admitted that it probably was beyond its useful life.

Silently, they entered the flat and went to the kitchen to make tea. Mary heard Eileen sobbing in the front room her motherly concern was immediately aroused. She left Michael to the kettle and went to find out what was wrong.

Eileen was sitting on one of the settees, a pile of tissues around her drawn up legs. It was obvious that something had gone wrong with the boyfriend and he had gone.

Mary comforted Eileen, taking her into her arms and rocking the grief stricken girl. She glanced at the silent television and was mildly surprised to see that a porn film was playing on the VCR. She took no notice for a moment and comforted Eileen who was beginning to settle down.

Michael brought in three mugs of tea on a tray and set it down on the coffee table. Then he gasped as he spotted the scenes on the video. Mary, who looked to see what he was looking at, noticed his sharp intake of breath. In full view was Eileen with her boyfriend buried into her shaven cunt. It was obvious from the scenes that it had been shot in the room they now occupied. Then the digital Eileen sucked the quite large cock and deep throated him to orgasm.

Neither Michael nor Mary said anything or moved. They were stunned into watching the scene as it unfolded before them until Eileen realised their stillness and silence. Then she realised what had so transfixed them and rushed up to switch it off. They had seen enough to have nothing left to imagination.

“Um, where did you get the camera?” It was Mary that broke the spell. “Was that Martin on the film?” Keep it natural and calm, she thought to herself. Eileen was going to be embarrassed enough and it didn’t need any histrionics from her to make it worse.

Eileen told them how she had borrowed the camera from College. She and Martin had been dating for a few years and had been sexually active since her eighteenth year. At nineteen, she thought they would marry, but tonight’s revelation had destroyed that in a sword like cut. Martin had been selling copies of the film to his mates and had found someone else who he considered, was less of a slut, to go out with.

“Mum, I ain’t a slut; Martin is the only man I have ever had sex with or even wanted, but he has killed that in one swipe. Making this film was his idea, had I known he was going to let his mates see it, I would never have agreed.”

She wailed again and collapsed into her mother’s arms while she sobbed.

When she had settled sometime later, they talked about her life and how she figured in their life.

“We love you baby and you belong here with us, screw Martin.” The conversation drifted on until Mary said, in innocence.

“I wish we had done that with a camera. You looked so hot Baby and seeing you swallow him so deeply, just about tipped me over.”

“Really? You liked watching me on film?”

“You bet.” Mary felt the familiar heat in her loins and tried to control it.

Michael sat silently with his head twisting from side to side as the conversation passed from Mother to daughter. He looked like he was watching tennis and following the ball.

“Well, let’s all watch it then. Fuck it, everyone else has seen it, so why not us.” Eileen savagely hit the rewind button and then play.

The scenes on the screen showed that Eileen was something of a sexual athlete, getting into almost contortionist bends as Martins cock pounded into her shaved cunt.

“You keep it shaved?” Mary asked quietly

“Mmm yes, see?”

Mary looked at where her daughter had pulled up her skirt to reveal her naked mound. Without a second thought, Mary jumped up from beside her daughter on the settee and knelt on the floor between her slightly parted knees. Placing a hand on either leg, she pried open Eileen’s legs and clamped her mouth over the hairless clit, sucking it into her mouth as Michael did to her.

“Oh! God!” Eileen gasped and shifted her self forward to allow a better access to her cunt. Mary’s tongue went to work, just as she had seen on the many films she had watched and how she like Michael to do to her. She pried open her daughters lips with two fingers and then pushed them inside, feeling the silken folds envelope her wriggling fingers in a hungry embrace.

It didn’t take long before she shot her amber cum straight into Mary’s mouth and then the aftershocks caused her to twitch in lessening spasms. She looked up and saw her Mothers lover, spell bound and transfixed by the scene. Eileen smiled at him as if it were her permission; he started to undress until he was naked with a raging hard on.

Mary shucked of her clothes and helped Eileen divest herself of her skirt, blouse and panties. The coffee table was shoved across the room to create space. Then, Mary lay on her back with her knees drawn up and parted. Her heart thumped as adrenalin coursed through her veins. At last, she would experience one of her fantasies, it mattered not one whit, that the other woman was her daughter. In fact, it was better to keep it in the family.

Michael knelt beside her and lifted her head, tilting it to one side so that she could get his raging cock in her mouth while Eileen nipped and suckled Mary’s Nipples.

A finger slapped wetly against Mary’s clit. Not painfully, but with enough force to make her jump from the sudden violation. In her involuntary jump, her mouth opened and Michael’s cock entered her throat, deeper than he had ever gone before. Then, a full slap hit her in the same place and sounded loudly in a wet resounding splat.

“I really like that. Do you?” Eileen was merciless in her slapping, each strike of her hand sending shock waves up to Mary’s neural receptors. Each strike forced Michael deeper into her, making breathing difficult until she regulated the filing of her throat and the desire to breath with the slap of Eileen’s hand. Her cunt was on fire, tingling and burning with desire and anticipation of the next blow.

Eileen shifted and planted a kiss on Mary’s fur covered mound. The touch of lips to her blood engorged and supersensitive lips was electric. She arched her back and then, in a reversal of movement, forced her hips upward to meet Eileen’s mouth.

Lips found Mary’s raging clit and sucked it into her mouth, flicking an expert tongue over the hardened nub of desire. A massive orgasm crashed through Mary, only to be quickly quelled with several fingers pushed forcefully into her vagina. The fingers worked her, quickly finding her g spot and causing her to gasp around the base of Michael’s cock. She couldn’t keep him as deep and pulled her head back. He sensed her need for relief and gently laid her head to the carpeted floor.

Kneeling between her opened thighs, he pressed his cock head against her anal entrance while Eileen kissed her mothers mouth, forcing her tongue between the opened lips. He pressed forward and passed her sphincter and began to fuck her arse in a rocking motion. Eileen smacked her mother’s clit once more, which forced her hips up and Michael to delve deep into her tight passage. Their combined attentions had her cumming in waves of passion that seemed endless. She could take no more and began to collapse.

Michael withdrew from her and would have been content to wank his orgasm and spill his seed over her tits, but Eileen had other ideas. Her engaging mouth closed around his soiled head and then, dived onto his cock, burying him to the hilt in her warm mouth. He could not control his reaction and shot his load to the back of Eileen's throat. She swallowed and smiled at him.

They slept together, wrapped in a tangle of arms and legs, replete in their excesses and united in shared love.

It was the first night of several over the next few months. They videoed one or two of their exploits for viewing when just relaxing.

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Bless me Father for I have sinned....

Fulfilment. The end of a journey.

In the months since Michael had moved in, Defor had grown from an adolescent puppy into a fully-grown tub of lard. His liking for doing nothing at all and then sleeping like he had run a marathon afterwards, was taking a toll on his weight. Labrador's are not noted for their boundless energy, being more like a mobile fur rug most of the time, but Defor was a prize couch potato.

The weight gain was beginning to cause some concern. Breathing for the dog had become laboured where fat restricted the ability to expand his chest properly and so, put pressure on his lungs.

The Vet was adamant that Defor had to go on a diet, but not only that, an exercise regime to get some of the excess fat off of his frame and perhaps, prolong his life.

It fell to Mary to take the pooch out in the evenings. His food changed from the usual tinned processed fatty mush, to dry protein and fibre mix, tripe and cereal foodstuffs. At first, he turned his nose away and refused to eat the stuff, but when hunger eventually overrode his distaste, he managed to wolf it down and even tried to boost some more. Mary's resolve didn't waver one bit. She measured out the correct amount and not an ounce more.

At first, their walks just took in the local park, just a gentle stroll around the grassed area. It took less than twenty minutes, but as his weight dropped, so his energy levels increased and they went further, wondering over into the wooded section at the back of the park.

Defor must have privately liked his owner's girlfriend, even though she was half starving him and dragging him around this insane track. He must have liked her because he nearly chewed a would-be attacker to death one day.

The scruffily dressed guy jumped out of the bushes and grabbed Mary. She screamed and started to struggle and flail at him. Defor, who was quite some distance off, heard the commotion and came running to investigate. The scene that he saw as he rounded a tree was of his mistress struggling with a stranger who was trying his best to rip her fur off. She was alpha female as far as he was concerned and, in a primeval regression towards instinct and the pack creed, he attacked the stranger.

Clothing and the guy's blood flew before he ran away screaming blue murder. He would be nursing several deep cuts to his arms and legs. At least one was serious enough to need medical attention.

Mary hugged Defor in relief and thankfulness for his timely intervention. She sat on the damp grass,

holding the dog, crying while her adrenalin leached away and the shivers stopped. In those moments together, alone in the park, Defor and Mary formed a bond that, up to now had only been a casual acceptance of each other.

Gradually, Mary calmed down and gathered her wits together, giving Defor a final hug, before returning to their home. Mary told Michael what had happened and how Defor had come to her rescue. The police, who they called later that day, found nothing and the event lapsed into history, but the bond between Mary and the dog deepened until one crucial day. Mary was recovering from a bout of flu, which had kept her at home for a week; she had overcome the worst effects a few days earlier.

Feeling much better and very horny, Mary was reviewing some of the old videos they had made of sessions with Michael, Eileen and herself. She hadn't looked at them for some time and was really getting into the scenes running before her on the screen.

Almost absent mindedly, she had pulled her panties to one side and had a finger rubbing her clit. She was hot and extremely wet, but an orgasm was some way off. Her mind was completely intent on the erotic scenes. She didn't notice that Defor had come into the room and was watching her with his head cocked to one side.

The video came to an end with a scene, where Michael pulled out of her pussy having shot a load inside her. It was a close up of his semen, leaking out between her swollen lips, to run over her hooded clit and drip, drop by drop into Eileen's mouth and then into her throat. Mary believed it to be one of the hottest closing scenes they had ever made. It was enough to tip her over the edge and, in a determined effort, she manipulated her clit with one hand, tweaking the throbbing bud, while pushing three fingers of her other hand into her soaked pussy. Her orgasm was building fast and breath became a ragged gasp in an effort to increase the oxygen in her blood stream. Suddenly, a cold nose had joined her fingers and then, a hot tongue lashed across her lips and clit in a long single swipe.

Shock registered in Mary's already enhanced and heightened senses. Her immediate reaction was to clamp her legs shut and jump backwards into the settee. Defor remained exactly where he stood, wagging his tail and licking his muzzle. His dark eyebrows were raised in a comically quizzical expression as if he was thinking, damn! That tasted good, what was it?

His expression had Mary laughing when she realised what had joined her fingers. She grasped his ears in a playful wrestle and told him he was a naughty dog. Defor's eyebrows only raised slightly more, further exasperating Mary. In fits of giggles, she collapsed in a heap on the floor while Defor stood over her perplexed by her actions.

He did what any subservient dog would do and licked Mary's cheek. She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him in a tight embrace. He licked her again and then licked her open mouth, his tongue passing between her lips and teeth in an act of complete trust and devotion.

Mary however, was instantly galvanised into a bout of elevated sexual tension and eroticism. She imagined what it would look like, her on her back with her clothing in disarray and a dog's tongue stuck down her throat. She gently sucked his broad tongue and returned the gesture, running her tongue over his canine teeth and flicking the side of his tongue. His breath smelled sweet and was hot. Breathless, she had to stop, needing cool air for a moment to revive a little and pulled away from his mouth.

"Did you like the taste of Mary, Defor?" His ears perked up at the sound of his name and he wagged

his tail a little.

“Want to have another go?” Mary had overcome the initial shock and in the millisecond it takes to recognise and assess a situation, Mary had decided that she enjoyed the memory of Defor’s tongue on her exposed cunt and very much wanted it there again for an extended period.

She raised her hips and pulled her skirt up over her stomach, revealing her panty covered, but otherwise shaved mons. Her fingers pulled the wet, delicate fabric to one side so that the thin gusset rested in the fold of her inner thigh and pussy lip. She patted her soaking lips, encouraging the dog to approach and use his tongue again. Defor didn’t respond at first, just stood over her, wagging his tail. Then, as if teasing her, he lowered his nose slowly and sniffed her excretions before flicking out his tongue in an experimental taste.

Mary’s legs flew apart as if thrown by an unseen assailant. Her lips parted, exposing her sex to the dogs questing tongue. Defor stepped over her out stretched leg so that he was between her raised knees. The change of position allowed him access to her sweet smelling inner self and the centre of her pheromone producing attraction. He crouched a little and rewarded her with a long, languid rasp of his tongue that started at her anus and finished past her exposed clit.

The effect was surprising to both of them. To Mary, it was like a bolt of electricity, which caused her to scream suddenly. Defor jumped back in a fluid motion, skittish from her outburst and frightened he was about to be hit.

“Again my lover.” She demanded. Mary patted her sex again and resolved to control her reactions. It took a few minutes before the dog plucked up the courage to return to her. His olfactory senses picking up her pheromone charged scent and overcoming his reluctance. He licked her again, this time Mary managed to only gasp as his magic worked almost instantaneously.

Defor settled into a comfortable crouch and applied his tongue and nose, enjoying the heat and taste of his mistress. Mary was by now, thrashing her head from side to side with her hands drawn into fists that pounded the floor while orgasm, after mounting orgasm, rippled through her nervous system and adding to her impending, crashing ejaculation.

Her cum hit Defor squarely in his nose, making him sneeze. It gave Mary a brief respite and time to collect her scrambled wits. She sat, leaning back on straight arms, her palms flat on the carpeted floor. The woman and the dog regarded each other in a long stare, neither able to read the others thoughts, but both sharing an excitement, neither had experienced before. It was a moment in which so much is promised; information passes between the partners and a moment when, an unspoken understanding is forged. It was a frozen tableau in time, of complete unification and realisation of each other’s intent.

“Oh Defor, that was fantastic.” Mary’s words were unintelligible to the dog, but he picked up the cadence of her voice and knew he had pleased her. Being a dog, he thought to please her some more, but Mary pushed him away, waiting to get her self under control and her heart to return to a more normal level. She petted him and stroked the shivering dog.

“What’s the matter?” She asked him, noticing his state of excitement. She ran her hands over his shoulders in a soothing massage without much effect. Then the notion to give him some of what he had her struck Mary. Carefully, so that she didn’t spook him, her hands travelled towards his cock in circular rubbing motions. He seemed to enjoy the sensation and even accepted her light grasp of his sheathed penis when she eventually reached it.

Mary gently stroked his cock through the sheath and was rewarded with the sight of his tip poking

out, soon to be followed by the whole purple veined organ. His size came as a bit of a surprise to Mary. She had never really looked at him before. Something like eight inches was now protruding from the furry sheath, much thicker than Michael and finishing in a chisel shaped point.

Mary spat saliva onto her fingers and slowly stroked his throbbing tool. In a short space of time, Defor was bucking his hips as if fucking a bitch. Precum seeped from the sharp tip and lubricated Mary's fingers, helping him to slide easily through her encircling fingers.

The urge to taste him crashed into her mind in an explosion of possibilities and ideas. With little forethought, She sucked his tip between her lips and then as much of him as she could into her mouth. Defor thrust suddenly from the warmth of her mouth and nearly choked her as the pointed end forced its way into her throat. She controlled his wild stabs by grasping him in her hand and preventing him from going too deep.

His higher temperature felt like it was burning her tongue and then a stream of precum almost scalded her tender taste buds. This was going to take some practice she reasoned and took him out of her mouth.

Her mind worked frantically, visualising possibilities and scenarios. They all led to one final conclusion and Mary thought to herself, Why not?

She turned over and crouched with her elbows on the floor while kneeling in the classic doggie position. It seemed that Defor didn't know quite what to do with this new situation until she patted her cheeks and called to him, encouraging him to mount her.

He eventually got the gist of her motions and jumped on her back. His raging cock quested for an opening and his thrust made him miss her cunt by some margin, passing between the cleft of her arse. It took Mary a few attempts to grasp him and then guide his cock to its intended target.

There was nothing gentle about his entry into her body. His forepaws grasped her waist and he buried his cock into her in a single thrust, banging against her cervix and forcing the neck of her womb open. Her juices helped his forced entry, but could hardly prepare her for the depth of his thrust. She gasped and almost fell forward from the force and sudden pain. They had passed the point of no return though and Defor began the mating dance with his bitch.

He fucked her in a rapid blur of movement, each pelvic thrust merging with the next in a continuous assault of her body and in an effort to impregnate her. His cock expanded inside her, making contact and friction with the walls of her cunt until she felt a new sensation in the amalgam of sensory overload. His knot had grown and was banging against her lips, forcing its way into her body. Defor gave a huge shove while grasping her even tighter in his embrace.

Their combined lubricants eased his passage into her and his already engorged knot found its target, passing her outer muscles and becoming embedded inside. Defor's stroke became less frantic and shorter in length while his knot grew and expanded, locking them together.

Mary was now past the point of caring, her shattering orgasms had wracked her body into accepting him with ease. She had cum, splashing her amber nectar on the floor and over the dog's genitals, soaking both. She was ready to be mated and was getting desperate to feel him spray her with his seed.

Defor's feet left the floor as they finalised the act of locking and tying with her. They scrabbled for purchase until, in a white-hot stream of dog cum; he shot his load deep inside her, filling her womb with puppy making seed.

She felt every blast as it hit the walls of her insides. At last, she had what her body craved and the realisation blew her away.

They were still locked arse to arse and tied when Michael came home from work. Mary was kneeling on the floor, her head hanging, hair limp and dank from sweat, covering her face and a look of triumph in her eyes.

“Fucking hell Mary, that looks so fucking sexy.” Was all that Michael said. He sat and watched as the dogs cum, leaked from her around his knot. Eventually, they separated and Mary collapsed into a boneless heap.

She took a day or two to get over the soreness, but when she did, Michael fucked her all over the flat until she cried for clemency. Punished enough, he suggested that she do it again with Defor, but this time with him watching through a viewfinder on the camcorder.

It was a few days later, after her second session with Defor that Mary entered the confessional.

“Bless me Father for I have sinned.” She said aloud and told the priest of her adventure and emancipation, thinking as she told her tale, and I fucking loved every minute and cannot wait to see what happens next.

She left the dusty confessional booth, not waiting to hear what her penitence should be. She left the dark, former seat of her previous controlling influence to the Priest and to the echoes of her story, triumphant in her extraordinary transition to the woman she had become.