

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The result of a whim and a photograph of an old scandal in UK politics.

Vicki looked at her daughter, hard at work as always, studying, and thought yes she is coming up in the right mould, now that Vicki's husband Chris, the bastard, had left under some horrid disgrace by trying to shift the blame on a traffic incident on to her, telling the police Vicki was the driver. OK his political career was damaged but not irreparably - but hers ... senior adviser to the government, her standing at the university, lecturer in economics - was shattered when she, like the once on a lifetime fool she had been, had taken the blame. The Shadow Opposition leader, Uni Chancellor and board, all staunch church people couldn't see it was nothing to do with her work, but the lies ... the lies ... unforgivable!

Nick seemed to have been letting the girl run wild and mix with all the wrong people, encouraging sleep overs, parties, fun outings but with little thought about helping her with studies. Surely he could see that was more important than enjoying herself. After all a history and geology career was laudable. Gina was sat at the study desk, books everywhere, her identical to Vicki's spectacles half way down her cute upturned nose, computer screen vivid with images of ruins and the like and Gruf her faithful dark brindled Boxer dog stretched out on the sofa. It seemed that when Gina was stuck for an answer or solution to a problem, she would reach over and stroke and pet the big rumbustious dog for a few seconds and bingo! a problem solved.

Gruf's massive mostly black face rested on his cutely crossed white forepaws. They had nearly named the puppy Socks because of the remarkable contrasting colour, but Gina had decided on Gruf as that suited his gruff slightly antagonistic expression. It was to be her pet after all. Vicki being of Greek ancestry had bucked the trend in her race and Turkish relatives, becoming an animal lover ... She had grown to love and cherish the animal's friendly nature and the way he guarded the family home and also when out walking. It was her love and affection for Gruf that was forming the next stage of her unique home education policy.

Returning to her bedroom to prepare for another bout of TV interviews, Vicki was still revered as an independent economics expert, she tried to tidy her unruly thick mess of light auburn, going grey hair in the mirror, adjusting the severe library/school marm style black spectacles, then rubbing them clean? on the loose flowing sleeves of her ethnic patterned top, now hung over her chair. Vicki lifted her head to stretch the sagging lines and wrinkles of her cheeks and jowls, but to no great improvement once her head returned to its normal position. She checked her black opaque tights, slowly smoothing them all the way up shapely without being spectacular limbs and persuading them to fit tightly round her crotch, over plain white panties. Standing at the mirror, she lifted both of her small saggy tits, topped with large stubby nipples nestled in wide dark brown areolae into the plain white brassiere as if to hoist them higher - to no avail, grimaced, clipped the bra firm, forever puzzling as to how genes could go horribly wrong sometimes and buttoned on her white plain T shirt, then the off cream hip length two buttoned jacket.

"Mummy!" called Gina. "A minute when you can please?"

Vicki grinned with pleasure at being needed and hurried attaching her signature gold ornate dangling ear rings. She carried a pair of light grey, T bone style, one inch high pumps towards the study, making sure her black shoulder bag hung on the stair post.

Gina was fondling Gruf's head, which slobbered saliva on Gina's hose clad knees where his head rested. The magic dog solution hadn't surfaced ... hence the Mummy call.

"Yes darling what is it?" sitting where Gruf had laid, to ease on her shoes. The dog turned to look at the mistress of the elegant Victorian town house in Dulwich, London. It was a new Boxer in that he'd escaped having his tail docked as had been the fashion in the breed for many years. His foot long tail banged on the stripped pine floor planks. Vicki noticed the pointed bulb end of Gruf's penis showed about an inch out of his sheath ... a normal occurrence, to be dealt with later.

"Ooh! You look nice Mummy ... on telly? Oh yes you told me. Good luck," chuckled Gina, resuming stroking Gruf's head, back on her lap, ignoring the large dark wet stain from his profuse dribbles on her dark green calf length skirt.

She showed Vicki the diagram and text problem and between them they sorted it. Vicki was practical if not full of geology knowledge, said her good byes, patting an excited Gruf who thought he was going with her and left her daughter and dog in the home.

"That's not a bad looking arse when she dresses like that," tittered Vince Cambell as he and Jeremy Cobbold, although in opposite camps politically, strolled across the Westminster members foyer, behind Vicky.

"No, you're right. Going to waste, won't be getting much these days," Jeremy smirked.

"Hey, chaps ... mornin'" added John Pienaar, catching the drift if not the remarks of their conversation. "Not bad sometimes is she? She's mine today, in the nicest possible way of course," he tittered.

"You mean in the interview room with a crew?" snickered Jeremy, getting a nod and a grin while they all watched Vicki meet a BBC cameraman and a woman, as Pienaar left them to join in.

A make up lady brisked Vicki away.

"Fucking cold bitch isn't she?" suggested Gerry the cameraman to Pienaar. "Bet her face is like her pussy, dry as a bone, these days ... what ... she's 65 now... ?" he checked some notes. "Might have been a god shag in her day ... maybe""

"That's enough Gerry," said Pienaar, knowing Gerry had a well known crudity about him and was renowned for what could be known as inappropriate actions. He did think on reflection that even these days as Gerry had so succinctly put it, he would. A cunt is a cunt.

Gina clumped to the library in her sensible heavy black shoes, leaving a whining Gruf as he would be a nuisance in the High Street on his lead and she trying to carry a large plastic bag full of books. Wearing her trademark thick woollen sweater on top of a tartan red and black shirt and her dowdy green skirt, she felt a bit warm in the hazy sunshine, maybe she should have worn nylon tights instead of the opaque black tights she favoured most days.

The library assistant helped her stack her returns, then she consulted him later querying a book she had reserved. He enjoyed dealing with the intelligent speccy four eyes girl. She was so bright, cheerful and always smiling yet she wore the most dowdy ugly clothing. He could see her washed out looking fair hair hung down to mid back, tied in a single pony tail. Gina had the prettiest of faces he ever saw regardless of the number of females of all ages he dealt with. It was an angelic, cherubic countenance; no make up, no jewellery at her neck or hands, compared to the unkempt

teenager he had helped earlier with tats everywhere and he could virtually see everywhere, due to her wearing minimalist clothing.

While he could see every nuance of that one's slightly chunky body, Gina gave not a hint of what he guessed was an elfin shape and size. Judging by her delicate long fingers hands and tiny wrists, surely under all that clobber there would be a heavenly nubile body. One of his pals knew her from the few years she'd spent at school before Vicki opted for home education, having seen her in the library and told him she had always been the same ... dowdy gear, gorgeous face ... and what else? Who knew?

Later - at home, mother and daughter Pryce chatted and ate a fishy risotto with a glass of Pinot Grigio from Waitrose, watching the TV interview Vicki had recorded earlier. Gina retired to bed and Vicki took Gruf for his night stroll to the park, where he roamed, pissed against several fixed things and dumped a large steamy turd on the grass, which Vicky duly collected, not minding the stench, in a small black plastic bag, depositing that in the red bins provided. Back home she relaxed in the mega size T shirt, one of the few things she retained after Chris's exit. Gruf lounged round her bare feet, not allowed on the furniture in the lounge, licking her toes occasionally. She caught an episode of Crufts, the annual animal binge extraordinary dog show, noting a light coloured, brindle Whippet had won best in show. There had been a bit of a TV hiatus in that the cameras had lingered on its undercarriage too long and just like Gruf now, it's penis had made a brief and unwelcome before the TV watershed timing.

Vicki shook her head and grinned, glancing down at Gruf. Why not? She mused. She shifted her along the couch lounging to slouch, full on to the Boxer, her movement alerting him. The odours wafting around under her shirt were warm and succulent ... from a dog's point of view and there was no mistaking the big canine come on. Gruf sprang to his feet and thrust his big chunky brutalist face between Vicki's scrawny thighs.

"Hey boy, not so fast ... slow down ... yes I know it's been a while, but you need practice," Vicki murmured, ruffling his long floppy ears, petting and pacifying his eagerness. "You'll have to be a lot more gentle when I give you a special prize ... yes yes you've been a very good dog," she snickered, in doggy style tones, lowering her pink Agent Provocteur French knickers. She kicked them off and let Gruf have fun.

The big Boxer lapped hungrily at Vicki's hairy snatch. She had never being a believer in offering Chris or the odd occasional lover she'd had, a child like pudenda. She winced a couple of times as Gruf's tongue gathered up some particularly long pubes, tugging them. She infiltrated her hands either side of his big flat snout and tried to separate her pubic forest, succeeding, then letting his searching tongue find the inner membranes of her once birthed twat. It was a very long pink piece of tissue which had no doubt tasted the arse and cunt of many a canine friend and indeed earlier that evening in the park. There had been a yappy Labradoodle trophy bitch, let down on the grass briefly but too late, by the trendy yummy mummy, a fiesty little mongrel with an old lady and a large many breed mixture belonging to a large fat man who tried to engage Vicki in conversation about ... what else? The weather!

Vicki had a prominent clitoral hood which she eased aside and lurched as Gruf's tongue found the raisin size button full of nerves beneath. Her legs kicked out at the first impact until she calmed her senses, aiming to keep her bodily reactions in control ... for a short while.

Being a highly intelligent person and planner, she thought of a ruse that might assist and pushed the

Boxer away. She grinned at him as she levered up from the low furniture. If looks could kill she chuckled as Gruf kicked his head to one side and licked his lips. Vicki entered Gina's room. She guessed rightly that her studious daughter would be fast asleep now and stealthily reached the pile of clothing at the foot of her bed. She sorted through the cumbersome bundle until she reached and picked an item, then scurried back to the lounge, suddenly Gruf was alert.

Vicki resumed her couch position keeping her legs together this time. Gruf sniffed at her knees and lower, in one instance trying to budge between them until Vicki reached forward and dangled a small white crumpled cotton garment at his nose. She held it so the big Boxer would get the full impact of the sweet odours emanating from his loved one's gusset.

"Hee hee Gruf ... that's good eh? Wait till you get the real thing ... soon I promise you ... no don't ... snatch you can't chew them silly dog ... Yeah that's good eh?"

Gruf tried to put his paw up on the couch and was slapped away, only to be given the tiny smidgeon of fabric to lick and sniff on the carpet, until Vicki took them away and returned them to Gina's pile of clothing, knowing they would dry off his saliva by morning. All she had to do now was wait for the appropriate moment to chance upon.

She retired to her room, the Boxer excited and following, leaping up at her outstretched, finger snapping hand. She stripped off, grabbed a pair of Chris's socks she purposely kept for special purposes and encased Gruf's fore legs in them, before getting down on all fours onto the thick pile carpet. The Boxer instantly knew what to do and reared his powerful frame on her meagre meated rump, his own beafy brindle rump stabbing frantically until he gained entrance with a little help from Vick's hand guiding, into her untended hairy cunt. His jack hammer like thrusts immediately gained full insertion and Vicki relished the experience of being thoroughly reamed up her tight relatively unused twat. Chris hadn't been bad as a shag, as far as she could remember, compared to the fairly infrequent shaftings she got from the leader of the party when he needed a special financial report to be on his desk by first thing the following morning, recalling nights slaving away over fiscal statements and the like.

It was decision time. Should she or not? Gruf's dribblings covered her neck and shoulders, splattering her face at times. He was panting rapidly, his rear a blur ... oh fuck it, she lowered her posture slightly and felt the pain, the utter feeling of degradation, what had she come down to?

Oh Vasiliki how could you, she always chastised her original birth name at such moments. A dog's whore, anytime he wanted to ... well no it was under her control but to think she had lowered herself to this. But men ... nice intelligent, thoughtful men ... where were they all when she needed a good fuck. Yes I am 65 now but I have needs ... OK Gina was late in life, just on the cusp of me losing the ability body wise to have her and she was the only one and a difficult pregnancy and birth, but sex was a basic right. The Boxer was still above her, panting, dribbling as always, the heat of his jism searing her vagina, his big red prick filling her physically and mentally, reaching the ultimate goal; an organism.

Her cunt clutched Gruf's dog dick like a vice, milking his knot as he would wish for with a canine cunt round him, but Vicki had a special skill and flexed her clitoral support muscles inducing what she thought was every female's ability.

"Oooooo ... ooowwww!" she moaned quietly, fearful of waking the delightful chip of the old Vicki block slumbering innocently two rooms away. Gruf growled low and long as always, Chris agreeing her was showing his appreciation of a fuck well achieved, like David her first husband. If there was one thing Chris had achieved in their marriage was an appreciation of Vicki's bestial sex life learned

in her younger days in Athens. Learned from her grandfather Vassili Popadopoulos the bestiality being entrenched in the family from the war years when men were in barracks with no women. Dogs or arseholes were the options.

She reached under her torso, thankful his socks which she could see intact, wouldn't have scarred her skinny frame and felt Gruf's still tied cock and felt further to his sheath and ballocks, lightly stroking them. The Boxer gave her another low rumbling growl of appreciation. Twenty minutes passed, locked together, but once again being a planner, Vicki had placed a tray on the floor containing a bottle of Vecchia Romagna brandy, a glass and some nibble treats for Boxer. She fed him one at a time, not bothering about his slobbering chops, limiting his consumption until the final moment he withdrew his cock and lay next to her simultaneously licking his genitals, which she shared at the times he snuffled about for more treats. Vicki checked the towel she had jammed in her crotch to soak up his grey spunk fluid. After a relaxing time, she put Gruf away, showered and retired to her bed.

A couple of weeks later, Gina had stated she was done studying for a well earned break and would be reading novels and catching up on TV. A weekend rolled round and Vicki found herself free and planned a stay at home and the next stage of her mission. She fondly remembered all that dear old GrandPop Vassili and his wife Ruma had taught her in their introduction to Maxus the enormous Bernese Mountain dog they owned.

"OK darling?" asked Vicki going up to her daughter at about five pm to find her reading an American Michael Connelly crime novel and stroking her fair head and back of her neck.

"Yes mummy ... Mmmm that's nice," Gina answered arching her neck back into the caress.

"No boyfriends on the scene?"

"No ... well not to spend much time with really. Lot of plonkers most of them," Gina tittered, Vicki joining in.

"Well you musn't lose out on love darling. Real love, not just me ... and Gruf of course,"

The Boxer raised his head from Gina's wet soggy dressed lap at mention of his name. Gina grinned at her pet, as usual his cock poking from his sheath a good inch.

"You ever had sex ... with a boy? Don't answer if you don't want to sweetie. Just trying to get up to speed with my little brain box in everything," Vicki chuckled. Gina glanced a bit sharply at her; a quizzical look on her face.

"No actually ... but Mummy you paused when you asked, before you said with a boy. Do you mean with a girl?"

"Good lord no darling ... well I hope not, have you done that?" queried Vicki hoping to get a negative reply. Gina vigorously shook her head, her fair mane thrashing about free of any ties or ribbons - for once. Gruf sat up and looked at mother and daughter. Vicki thought, can he read minds as well as being a good fuck?

"That!" she gestured at his underbelly. "Reminds me must get him to mate again. The kennel is asking every time when I buy all his food there. In fact he's reminding us ... I mean me ... now. Just

look at the big boy.”

They stared at his penis end, glistening very red and now two inches out.

“Yes I know Gruf ... good boy aren't you ... yes I know you will,” Vicki spoke doggy tones, going round kneeling and fussing the big brindle. He thumped his tail, licking her face, neck and hands and trying to get one of his front paw over her shoulder. “The money's good ... yes yes Gruf, I know, you're a good earner.”

“Mummy please. He's mine. Don't embarrass him ... I mean me ... yes yes Gruf. I love youoooo.”

Gina did the doggy tones fussing his head, ears and body, inadvertently catching his sheath with her energetic strokes and fussing, reciprocated by Gruf. “Yes ... yes yes yeeeessss ... I love you.”

“He returns your love so well and understanding darling,” cooed Vicki. “You will appreciate it ... love I mean when you get into a serious relationship, lots to learn ... on the sexual side. If only you knew ... Get off Gruf, you can't do that ... here.” she giggled, with the Boxer's two front paws on her shoulders. His cock out another inch.

Gina gulped, staring at the first penis she had ever seen.

“It's like ... oh never mind...” she tried to go back to her book. Vicki spotted a chink to insert her plan.

“Like what darling?” finally getting a rampant dog back on four legs on the carpet but still eager.

“Oh you know ... like he was trying to get on top of you for ... you know?”

“Oh you mean sex? That it?” she got a timid nod. Vicki glanced down at Gruf's wobbling cock and realised she was getting rather moist, seeing the occasional drop of his per-cum bubble then drop.

“Yes ... yeeees I love you Gruf.” Vicki murmured into his floppy ears. “Why don't we try and reciprocate his feelings, energy and obvious signs of what must be an urgent need for ... poor old Gruf ... yes ... yes, no girl friend's have you ... we'll try won't we Gina ... yes yes yes.”

“You ... er ... you mean ... kind of do it ... for him?” asked an aghast teen.

“Yes why not. It's private, no one would know, would they? You're not a virgin are you, I remember that sports and gymnastics stuff you tried, broke you then,”

“Muuuummmeee!” shrieked Gina. “Don't ... are you suggesting we have sex with Gr ... a dog?”

“Look at him darling, it's like he knows ... this is a nice one ... yes yes yees Gruf, good boy,” Vicky soothed or tried to soothe the big Boxer, which wasn't easy now his senior mistress was feeling his prick. He tried to mount her at the wrong end, which Vicki enjoyed in that his member was slapping her face but felt that was a step too far ... for now.

“You'll get all the sex love you need from him ... yes she will won't she ... good boy Gruf.”

“Let me show you eh?” Vicki plunged in feet first, lifting her ethnic Greek symbol house coat and whisking off her panties, her robe followed. Her daughter stared - awestruck, especially when her mother flitted lightly away, the Boxer trotting behind and returned brandishing his dew drop claw socks.

"You going to do it ... have sex with Gruf Mummy?" getting a gleeful nod, peeling the socks on Gruf's forelegs, telling Gina she'd see what for.

"Mummy ... Mummy you can't ... I mean you're too..."

"Old at 65 you reckon? Well I do know how to do it ... here you have a go, I'll be here." chuckled Vicki. "Honestly darling it is easy, he's male, we're female got all the right equipment ... look!"

As Vicky pointed at Gruf's now fully extended eight inch dripping penis and then blatantly at her own genitals, Gina shrieked.

"You want me to do it ... Mummy? ... Gosh! You're hairy like me."

"It's more you like me I guess ... runs on the family. Are you? Haven't seen you naked for many years. You should have seen Granny."

"Well yes actually ... but ... does that go all the way in?" Gina pointed warily at prancing Gruf's genitals. He was ready, sensing something good was about to happen and lets get on with it, one

socked leg being pushed off Vicki's shoulder ... again.

"Yes, just like a man's ... you'll find out but this will save you a steep learning curve with some childish boy ... plonkers you said," Vicki laughed.

Gina felt that strange tingle down below, she had experienced some times, not knowing why, sometimes exploring the carved remains of a human torso but most often handling statues and viewing explicit carvings and frescos.

"Come on, just do it ... I will guide everything and my secret is out, I've done it with Gruf ... yes yes ... yes good boy ... we have haven't we?"

The teenager bit her lips, wrung her delicate hands, glancing from her mother to the dog, seeing the obvious affection, interest and yes love ... Golly! Gruf looked big and powerful and look at his...

She stood and removed her native Greek woolly top, cursing quietly when her long golden hair got tangled in it's loose threads. Vicki gazed in delighted wonderment as her studious devoted only daughter scabbled away her light crimson fleece to reveal a substantial pair of breasts housed in an insubstantial plain white dreary brassiere. So why was she at the front of the queue when breasts were issued? Mused Vicki, glancing at her own sad paps in an equally dreary undergarment.

She gestured at Gina's ankle length skirt, then spoke.

"If you want you could keep that on, roll it up and I'll take these socks off Gruf, they're only to stop his dew claws scratching you."

Gina valued her comfy home casual studying gear and removed it and then sheepishly turned her back on a smirking Vicki to remove her big M&S pants.

"Get down on your hands and knees darling ... but..." Vicki urged, still smirking as Gina swiftly knelt and kind of reversed to her Mum's side. "I was going to say watch out, he's randy as hell and'll try to mount you straight away.

Vicki was amazed at Gina sumptuous forest of fair pubic hair mushrooming from her crack. It looked about three inches long at least and she thought another notch on the chip, just like me. Her little

girl's bottom was amongst a mass of fur, but soon disappeared completely when Gruf mounted Gina, Vicki holding his collar.

His rump was pumping frantically needing extra strength to hold him, but hold him Vicki needed to do.

"It's OK darling, this action and urgency is normal and in fact will be much easier for you, with me here. I'll guide him in ... Oh! Might need some lubrication ... I mean it's all a bit sudden..."

"No it's OK Mummy. Tell you the truth I've been a bit wet ... down there ... you know," Gina gigglingly admitted, not revealing the moisture had become more noticeable when the whole idea of bestial sex and undressing had kicked off.

Vicki took her trusted daughter's words and merely aimed Gruf's rapidly prodding cock amongst Gina's thickly coppiced thatch assuming there was a hole in there.

"Ooow ... ow ow ow," shrieked Gina, "He's dragging all my hairs in ... Oh ooo that's a bit better wow!"

Vicki thanked her lucky stars the protest died away fearing she had got Plan A totally wrong, thinking Gruf's swiftly stabbing cock was too big for the bestial virgin. She peered under Gina and saw his full length jabbing in and out as if a blur, knowing how it felt. She saw the gash he was penetrating and was surprised at the amount of juices flowing. Yes Gruf would sluice her all the time he was mating her, but this was a slimier liquid, musing it was much like her own.

"OK darling?" Vicki queried.

"Yes ... Mummy it's OK ... in fact surprisingly ... oh oh ... nice actually. Now I see ... I see ... oohoooo ... what you mean and why you like it," Gina stammered. "Yes good boy Gruf," she added, realising the big Boxer's head and slavering mouth was at her shoulder. She ventured a kiss on his saggy wet chops and was rewarded with hefty licks in answer. Vicki kept a close eye and a gentle fist round Gruf's cock feeling the knot.

"I'm not going to let him do you properly ... I mean all the way. I think it'll be a bit too much for a virgin like you if you see what I mean. That can be the next time ... in fact I'll show you," said Vicki.

Gina hadn't a clue what she was on about, Her head was near banging the couch with Gruf's motions.

"Golly! He's so strong," she told Vicki. Then suddenly her vagina was empty apart from gallons of juices running down her thighs until she scrambled round to sit on the carpet, grabbing her ethnic top to sit on. Oh dear, I did like that she thought, but wow! Look at mummy. Vicki was on her hands and knees, Gruff immediately on board, his jabbing cock in her hand then in her cunt. She'd forgotten to put the socks on but relished the atmosphere she'd engendered and the feel of a big animal's prick searching every millimetre inside. She decided to let him knot her at the same time tutoring Gina in the process.

Several minutes passed then she decided it was time.

"If you get low down so you can see under us both darling," she gasped, sensing the signs. Her fingers reached back and grasped his knot. "You see this sort of bulb, he will only completely mate when that's inside. I'm ... I'm going to let him ... urgh ... ooh push it in., gosh! Then he'll stop rutting while he ejaculates. Can you see?"

“Yes ... I mean does that huge ... knot ... go inside your ... your er vagina ... wow!”

Gina watched with a pained expression as Gruf rammed and rammed then with a wail from Vicki he succeeded and stopped. They were tied.

“Wow! Mummy ... I mean it’s so big. What happens now, he’s not moving?”

“He’s mating me, breeding me ... well not literally of course, but when you think you emerged from the same place, this was nothing comparably, but at the time...” Vicki panted. “I can feel his seed swilling around. This might take some time ... pass me some water or something please.”

Fifteen minutes later, Gruf simply backed off, the exiting plop was audible and mother and daughter snickered at the wet slurping sound, then he made some cursory licks of Vicki’s swollen sore cunt and wandered off. Gina filled Vicki’s water glass once more as she clambered on to the couch.

Questions galore, answers aplenty, canine licks and cuddles ensued until the Pryce family decided a shower was in order. They gathered up clothing, dumped it in the laundry basket and stripped completely in the family bathroom instead of Vicky’s en-suite. It started as a silent, almost secretive affair with Gina’s back turned to Vicki until s sharp slap on the teenager’s bum made her whirl round.

“Come on darling why all the mystery after what we’ve done. Let me see you. It’s years since we did this...”

“You were always out Mummy, we never were ... er ... kind of intimate,” replied a sheepish Gina turning, as he brassiere fell away, as did Vicki’s.

“Yes you’re right Gina, I’m sorry. You got a lovely figure. These ... I mean these beauties ... are just... so gorgeous,” Vicki smiled cupping two sizeable handfuls of bosom.

“Mummmmeeee!” Gina protested whirling away and clutching her knockers protectively, stepping under the massive ten inch shower head.

Vicki though they might compare the length of their pubic hairs for a laugh, but didn’t didn’t They dried off, towelled in luxurious hardly used all enveloping Terry towelling as a special treat on a special day, had a special Chow Mein takeaway meal in the kitchen, drank a special bottle of chilled Pouilly-Fuisse with it, talked at length about all that had gone before, Gruf going to mate officially, Gina hearing all about Vicki’s Greek bestial learnings and then watching the second episode of Dancing on Ice on TV.

There must be more...