The Story of Martha

(Based on the characters in Beauty and the Thug by Ze-gam-ez)

Ch 1: (Monday night/Tuesday)

Returning home from a night of pizza deliveries, Martha is met by her overbearing mother at the door.

"And just what time do you call this!! this is no time for a young girl to be out."
"I told you mom, I'm working late delivering for the Pizza shop."
"You should be concentrating on your studies girl! Its not decent for a girl to be out alone this late knocking on strangers doors!"
"I'm just delivering Pizza's mom.. I'm not doing anything indecent."
"hmm.. well.. I don't approve.. If you applied yourself properly like your sister did then you'd be at a decent university like her!."

Martha thought about continuing the argument but decided against it and slunk off to her room with her head down. She crashed down on her bed and sobbed angrily into her pillow. She had always been a disappointment to her mother. As the Head Teacher of the local high school, it was unthinkable to her that a daughter of hers would be anything other than academically exceptional. Her eldest, Abigail, was on her way to becoming a Lawyer having been accepted to the best University. What had seemingly come so easy to Abigail always seemed out of reach for Martha. It wasn't that she didn't try hard, far from it, but whatever she tried to learn just didn't go in. It was like the words would jump around on the page, so she always struggled with reading and understanding. Her mother was blind to her learning disability of course and would not accept that her own offspring would be 'defective' in some way. However, rather than accepting her daughter needed real help, she and her husband determined that all she needed was the help of God, and to apply herself.
Her father was a priest and perhaps even more blind to their daughter's issues. If she failed to perform well in her exams, it was the will of God, punishing her transgressions (whatever he imagined them to be). And if it his daughter deserved God's punishment, he would be sure to drive home the message with his own dose of 'tough fatherly love'. Her final high school exam results had come with a lasting reminder of her father's 'love'. She recalled the painful experience in vivid clarity.
"Once again you have disgraced your family and God has punished us all with your failure. Come here and we shall once again pray for God's forgiveness."
"Yes father"
Martha knew the drill, she had been here many times before and she knew it was useless to try and avoid what was coming. She obediently removed her skirt and panties and bent over the kitchen table with her mother looking on in disgust. Her father took the crucifix that hung on the wall and held it aloft.
"Lord forgive Martha, she is a lost sheep and we pray that you will bring her back to your flock. Please accept her penance and be merciful to us your servants."
And as he and his wife make their pleas for Martha's forgiveness, he swung the wooden cross hard across her buttocks. The initial sting of the impact was replaced by a heat that pulsated across her soft behind. She bit her lip as she braced for the next hit which was equally as hard as the first. The searing pain in her flesh spread throughout her loins and with each subsequent hit she felt her pussy twitch. She didn't understand it but she could feel a moistness develop between her legs. Her shame was intense as she felt the first drops run down the inside of her leg as her father relentlessly paddled her ass with his cross while her

mother continued her prayers of forgiveness. Soon the intensity of the beating had left her cheeks bruised and bleeding.
“Now go to your room and think on your sins child”
She couldn’t stand and so crawled on her hands and knees across the hard wooden floor to her room with her bare bleeding ass feeling like it was on fire. She had no lotion to ease the pain and instead endured in silence. As she lay face down on her bed her thoughts were of the shame she felt. Had she really been enjoying her punishment? She could still feel the slippery wetness between her thighs.
“No, its disgusting, I can’t be having these thoughts. I’m just imagining things.”
Martha awoke from her memory with her hand on her pussy.
“Oh no how could this happen? I’ve pissed myself.. The sheets are soaking.”
Martha got up and stripped her bed. It was now early morning and she wanted to make sure she laundered her sheets before her parents awoke. With her bedding in the washer She went back to her room and kneeled before her soaking mattress to pray for forgiveness and for the strength to rise above these sinful urges that she had been feeling with ever increasing intensity.

She took a shower, relieving her bladder of its remaining contents, watching her piss swirl down the plug hole along with the soapy water and then got herself ready to face the day. Her shift at the pizza shop was not until late afternoon so she decided she would go for a walk in the park to clear her head. She hopped on a local bus and found a seat a few rows from the front opposite an old man dressed in a suit jacke, with tattered trousers, and an old pair of formerly white trainers. He smelled like stale alcohol and sweat. There were seats near the back of the bus so she could have sat further away from him, but those seats were not for her. Her mother had always taught her that only sinners with something to hide sat at the back of busses. A notion that rang with truth for her, because when she was younger, the back seats of her school bus was always the domain of the bullies and the so-called popular crowd of whores, with their makeup and short skirts. She would never be one of those sinful girls. Girls who drew in guys with their seductive eyes and a quick flash of their panties. She snapped herself back to reality as she noticed the old man leering at her and became aware that her own pleated skirt that had ridden up slightly and was showing a little more thigh than she was comfortable with. She pulled it down and turned away from the man repulsed by his perverted glances. She was relieved when at last the bus reached the stop near the park, but as she got up to press the bell to alight, her shoelace caught on the bar at the bottom of the seat, and she stumbled forwards onto her hands and knees. The old man now had a first-class view of her panty clad rump. Martha quickly gathered herself and pressed the bell for the bus to stop, trying to ignore the toothless grin of her elderly admirer.
“uhgh, take a picture next time pervert, it’ll last longer”
And with that she stormed off the bus and made for the park where she would hopefully find some peace.

She inhaled deeply as the scent of the trees filled her with a renewed calm. She would forget all about her morning of embarrassment with a brisk walk around the large lake. Half of the way around she sat on a bench for a little rest and watched the ducks floating on the water, envious of their simple life. As she gazed around at the surrounding display of nature, her eyes lingered on an approaching red headed girl in a green outfit out for her morning run. Martha caught herself staring and quickly looked away blushing crimson for the umpteenth time that morning. She hated the way her eyes were always drawn to these sinful girls, Thinking of this one for example..

“She must surely know that her outfit is too small. And its loose too, her breasts are practically showing as they bounce from left to right. In fact I’m pretty sure I just saw her nipple. Who does she think she is exposing herself like that in public. Absolutely disgraceful....”
Martha, suddenly aware she’d been staring at the girl again quickly looked away again. As the sound of her heavy breathing got closer, Martha focused her attention on the ducks again and tried again purge all sinful thoughts from her mind. She silently prayed for the strength to resist temptation. But as the green blur of sweat soaked fabric breezed by, her eyes, once again, zeroed in on the soft jiggling flesh of the exhibitionist jogger. Her ass, just as mesmerising as her tits, as it jostled atop those barely toned but utterly beautiful legs. As her heady aroma of sweat, hormones and sweet perfume reached Martha’s nostrils, the enchantment was complete. It seemed like hours had gone by when the seductive vision in green swept around the corner and out of sight. Martha was brought back to earth as a breeze suddenly blew up her skirt and gave her a chilling sensation on her wet panties.

“Argh, what is wrong with me! Snap out of it!”

She tried to force the sinful images from her mind and once again put all of her attention on the ducks. However, now two of the males had one of the females pinned down and were applying themselves the way ducks do.. this was not helpful. And with a disgusted sigh she rose from the bench and went off in search of something more wholesome to occupy herself with.

Near the centre of the park, she found a nice little cafe with pretty little tables and chairs outside adorned with parasols and a few business types enjoying a morning coffee before heading off to the office. Inside was a cosy space with small sofa chairs, some more tables and a little book reading nook with a small take one leave one lending library. The counter had an impressive selection of pastries and cakes. She approached the young barista who smiled sweetly at her with the sort of big chocolate brown eyes you could easily get lost in and a pair of lips so juicy they could be on a Rolling Stones tee shirt.
“What can I get you honey?”
“Just a green tea please”
“Sure, can I interest you in anything down there?”
Martha’s eyes instantly went to the serving girl’s ample cleavage that was giving her blouse buttons a hard time.
“What! I..”
Then blushing once again and realising she was actually offering something from the chiller below she declined and shyly handed over the money for her tea. She certainly did not deserve a treat after the appalling way she had been behaving today. She made for the quiet retreat of the reading nook and cast her eyes over the titles hoping someone might have left a good wholesome book of psalms or something along those lines. As usual she struggled to make out all of the words but her eyes managed to focus for long enough to recognise the word ‘sin’. She pulled the book from the shelf and slowly read the title.
‘The Sin of Emmanuelle’
Perhaps this was what she needed, some guidance on how to redeem her sinful ways. As she slowly brought the words on the page together, she was pleased to find herself reading about a young woman who she felt she connected with. However, after a few pages she found she was getting to know this woman in more intimate detail than she was expecting. Far from leading her on an enlightened path to salvation, she was descending into a much deeper, darker, and wetter place all together. So coincidentally were Martha’s fingers, which silently

and unconsciously probed the depths of her soaking wet panties. Martha was concentrating so hard on trying to read the erotic tale before her, that she had lost all sense of where she was and what she was doing. And then it happened, a surge of energy like a lightning bolt exploded from her pussy along with a shower of bodily fluids. She suddenly felt very aware of what she had been doing this whole time and looked around her in a mixture of shock, embarrassment and terror. Fortunately the hot young barista was just coming back to her counter, having just been
collecting cups from her patrons outside. Martha had just had the strongest orgasm of her life, in a public place, and somehow not got caught doing it, so she decided to make a run for it before anyone saw the mess she had made. She picked up the book and left her tea cold and untouched, and walked quickly out of the café not daring to make eye contact with anyone for fear the embarrassment would make her explode. She dashed to the public toilet block, fully aware that her skirt was soaked and praying nobody saw her. When she reached the door however she was horrified to find it locked. Someone was already inside. She heard the flush through the vent above the door and then the hand-drier before finally the door opened, and there she stood, the red headed jogger that had started all of this.
"Oh hi, it's a bit of a mess in there just to warn you, some people are just animals aren't they."
Martha stood there clutching her book and staring wide eyed at the beauty before her.
"Animals.. rite.. thanks"
And with that the girl jogged off and Martha shut the door behind her. Looking around her she could now appreciate what the girl had meant by animals. It was inconceivable that in a women's toilet, there could be so much piss outside the bowl!! She couldn't imagine how anyone could miss the thing when they are perched right over it. It was as if they weren't even aiming for it. She placed her book on the driest part of the sink she could find, took off her soaked panties and climbed onto the toilet squatting above the bowl. Having already felt like she'd pissed herself twice today she was determined to make sure she emptied her bladder fully at every available opportunity. As the golden stream of urine flowed from the depths of her pussy, a sense of relief washed over her. She reached for some toilet paper and dried off her pussy and then also wiped her legs which were still glistening with her cum juices. Carefully getting down so as not to fall in a gigantic puddle of stale piss, she walked to the sink and gave her dirty panties a rinse. A thick white discharge coated the gusset which she watched slip down the plughole. She hated how her body reacted to this sinful world and its seductive inhabitants. Finally she used the hand dryer to dry her skirt and panties before putting them back on and venturing back outside.

After sitting under a tree by the lake, quietly humming the tunes to some of her favourite hymns, Martha eventually felt at peace. It was now approaching lunch time and she needed to go and get ready for work. She took a bus back home, thankfully without the leering old guy this time. She opened the door and was immediately set upon by her overbearing mother.
"Where have you been all morning! I hope for your sake it was the library."
"No not the library but I did find something to read at the park."
"The park!! Lord almighty save our souls. You mean to tell me after all we've said about studying your off gallivanting in the park! Your not a child anymore Martha, it's high time you got your head out of the clouds and into your studies. You can start right now."
"Actually I have to get ready for work now."
"What! I thought I made it quite clear how we feel about you working late. Is indecent!"
"It's not like I'm whoring myself out on the streets mom, I'm just delivering pizzas."

“Well it’s hardly applying your brain is it?! Ah I give up, God will judge you for your disobedience, Mark my words.”
And with that she stormed off. Martha retreated to her room and put on her work uniform along with some clean underwear. She hated that she had to wear a skirt for work. It wasn’t that she disliked skirts, but when your job involves riding about on a motorised scooter it’s just not practical. She was convinced her boss insisted on it because he liked to watch her struggle to hold it down while riding to the shop. As usual he was watching for her out of the shop window as she arrived. Flustered, she entered the shop where a pile of pizza boxes was already waiting for her. She loaded them in her thermal bag which she strapped securely to the small luggage rack on her scooter. She pulled away from the shop and headed down town to her first drop off. A little old lady answered the door with a smile and thanked Martha for her pizza.
“Just a minute dear, let me just get you some money from my purse.” As nice as the lady was, she was frustratingly slow as she shuffled over to her sideboard. Finally she produced a small leather purse which her arthritic fingers struggled to extract a few notes from.
“And here’s a little something for you dear.”
“Thanks, enjoy your pizza.”
As she walked back to her scooter, she looked at the handful of small change she’d been given as her tip and sighed.
“I hope this isn’t a sign of things to come.”
She sped off down the street in the hope of better tips and that her deliveries would not be stone cold by the time she reached the last one. Her next delivery was a large frat house at the University complex. From the sound of loud music thumping through the windows they were having some sort of party. Martha had heard of the wild parties full of underage drinking and illicit substance abuse. The sooner she was away from this den of sin the better. The door was opened by a large handsome guy in a football shirt with a half drunk half naked cheerleader hanging on his arm.
“Hey, pizza’s here! Good timing, I’m getting munchies like crazy. How much babe.”
Martha rolled her eyes and sighed.
“that’s forty dollars”.
“Here’s a fifty, keep the change babe”.
Martha held back her grimace at the second time of this lug-nut calling her babe which she detested with a passion and simply smiled and said.
“Thanks, enjoy.”
Then she promptly returned to her bike. Thankfully that last delivery had reduced her load down to one final delivery, and loathsome though the last customer was, at least he was a good tipper. Her last drop off took her to an apartment block. As the door opened, She couldn’t quite believe her eyes. Standing in front of her was a familiar face. What are the chances she would bump into the same redhead three times in one day. This time she was in a long tee shirt which just about covered her shapely ass.
“Sorry for my appearance, I just got out of the shower and didn’t have time to put on anything decent.”
“Yes it would have been better if you had done that, but at least you aren’t meeting me wrapped in a towel.”
“ha ha, of course not’
“Well enjoy your pizza then.”
An awkward silence follows and Martha wonders if this girl is ever going to pay her so she can finish her shift.
“Well okay then... I there anything else?”
“Oh, wait one second, I think I have some cash here.”

The girl starts rummaging in the bottom of a side cabinet flashing her white pantie clad ass at Martha. Mesmerised once again by this girl she stares dreamily at her.
“Shoot, where did I put my purse?.. got it, here you are.”
“Thank you very much, miss! Have a wonderful day!”
Martha checked the amount as she left and was pleased to see a significant amount had been added as tip. She would have to be the one to deliver to this girl again for sure. But was it the money or the girl that was making her want to come back? The money, it’s all about the money, she told herself. What kind of sinner would she be to be attracted to a girl like this? She would have to deal with these thoughts at home. For now, it was time to return to the pizza shop and finish her shift. As she rode down the street, the wind was once again blowing up her skirt but now she was once again feeling the chilling sensation on her panties. She cursed under her breath as she felt ashamed once more that the girl had caused her body to react in this way. The additional side effect of this was it made her feel the need to pee. She hated doing this at work because the lock on the door was broken meaning the door always stayed slightly ajar. Martha was convinced that her boss had never fixed the lock so he could sneak peeks at her while she was in there. As she squatted over the bowl she kept her eyes fixed on the door hoping that nobody would come in. Her stream sprayed into the porcelain bowl and she held her skirt high so that nothing would splash on it. She jumped a little as a shadow passed the doorway, the sound of her piss hitting the water below advertising to anyone passing that she was in there, exposed and vulnerable. Another shadow, then another, were they watching her, could they see her naked pussy as she emptied her bladder? Finally her stream slowed to a steady drip and then stopped. She quickly wiped herself with some toilet paper and pulled up her panties, still creamy from her last delivery. The head chef and owner of the pizzeria, Gustavo, was waiting for her with her pay and a sly smile.
“you can finish early today Martha, Noah has the last orders to deliver for tonight, I’ll see you tomorrow.”
“Thanks, bye..”
Relived to be finished early for once she headed home. She knew even though she was finishing early her mother would still be complaining about her being out late but she lived in hope. Her mother and father were in the kitchen when she got home so she slipped by them and went straight to her room. Sat on the bed she took off her work uniform and peeled off her soiled panties. She could not allow herself to behave in this sinful way. She must pay penance for her transgressions today. And so she reached for an old leather belt on her dresser and swung it across her own buttocks. Hoping her parents would not hear her self-flagellation she struck herself again, and again. The pain was causing her eyes to well up but she would not allow herself to cry. She must endure. She had brought this upon herself with sinful thoughts and actions. When she could take no more, she put away her belt and wrapped her bruised body in a towel and headed for the bathroom for a shower. As she stepped under the warm water her ass burned as if the water were scalding her sensitive skin and so she turned the temperature way down. She did not deserve a warm shower tonight, she would take it cold. As she shivered under the freezing water, she felt some relief to her buttocks which had swollen welts where she had punished herself. The rest of her skin was a sea of goose bumps and her nipples were as hard as pebbles. She felt the cold water wash away all of her thoughts of lust and depravity, along with the yellow stream that had escaped from her pussy as her bladder reacted to the change in temperature. Martha returned to her room renewed and cleansed and put on her night dress covering up the bruises now developing across her buttocks. She climbed into bed and drifted off to sleep, determined she would have no more thoughts about the redhead girl she had met that day.

Ch 2: (Wednesday)

Morning came and after a quick breakfast she decided to go out for some exercise before work. Keen to avoid another encounter like the previous day, she went to the garage and dug out her bicycle. She hadn't used it in a little while and the tyres were a little soft, so she put some air in them with a hand pump on the shelf nearby and checked the brakes. With everything in order, she set off down the road towards the beach. There was a nice route along the promenade she had previously enjoyed riding on and it was far away from the park. By the time she reached the beach, her time out of the saddle was already starting to show and every bump she rode over was amplified by the bruises she had inflicted on herself the previous evening. She decided to take a break and stood overlooking the promenade as the first sun worshippers were setting out their towels on the beach. Rollerbladers and cyclists flashed by her as she watched the waves roll in and break gently on the beach. To her right she could see a guy dragging some jet-skis out of a small cabin as he set out his stall for the day. She wondered if she would ever be brave enough to hire one some day and take a trip around the bay. Maybe she would be deserving of a treat if she could save some of her earnings. If she could gather more tips like she got last night then she was sure she could, but she would need to control herself if she was to make any more deliveries to that awful sinner. She would rise above her depravity and not succumb to temptation. She would follow her bible teachings and reject the devil and this succubus of a girl for that was what she was.

Feeling the moistness building in her nether regions once again, she decided to mount her bicycle again and focus her mind on the pain of her saddle to purge herself once again of her sinful thoughts. She rode on past a lifeguard hut where she noticed a slim raven-haired beauty looking out to sea through some binoculars.
"Hey watch where you're going!!" Came the shout of a rollerblader she had nearly crashed into, snapping her back to reality with the sudden realisation that she had once again been seduced by another of the devil's temptresses. She pressed down hard on her saddle and focussed on the pain this caused her, determined that she would think only pure thoughts from now on. As she headed away from the beach she passed a large pair of gates with signs saying 'Turtle Sanctuary – Keep Out'. She had heard of this place before but had never seen anyone come and go from the place. A high wall surrounded the property topped with razor wire and security cameras at every corner. It seemed strange to her that a turtle sanctuary would have such tight security. Maybe turtle eggs were more valuable than she thought.

She rode on past the library with her mother's voice in her head telling her she should be in there studying. Not that it would do much good, but maybe she was right. She decided she would at least give it a try when she was a bit less hot and sweaty, and she continued on. Her saddle was now cutting her in half, and she embraced the healing pain she was experiencing with a prayer of thanks for God's merciful distraction from the sins of the world around her. She pressed into her saddle for having such rude thoughts. As she did so her bicycle hit a bump in the road which slammed her pussy hard against the saddle. The pain was excruciating and was surely a sign from God that she deserved punishing more for her weakness of the flesh. She muttered a prayer of thanks once again and rode on towards home. As she rounded the final bend she looked forward to getting off this instrument of torture and having a much needed shower.

Entering the house she found a note on the kitchen counter from her mother telling her that she and her father had gone grocery shopping and that her sister and fiancé would be visiting. Great, she thought, just what she needed, the golden child herself, and worse still with that

idiot boyfriend of hers. As she approached the bathroom, she heard the water running. Had her mother left it running before going out? The door was ajar and as she approached she could see someone in the shower. Her sister must already have arrived, she lingered at the door a little longer and saw a second shape behind the steam covered glass. Then a pair of breasts suddenly pressed against the glass and the side of her sisters face appeared above them. The couple moaned and the fleshy shapes moved rhythmically in a way that could mean only one thing. Her sister was having sex in the shower with her boyfriend. The sense of outrage Martha felt as her sister sinfully defiled their family bathroom was almost enough to make her burst through the door to put an end to it. But she stayed where she was, at the door, watching through the crack. She had never seen anyone having sex like this before. She had walked in on her parents before when they were in bed but she had convinced herself that they were doing nothing more than cuddling. What she was witnessing now was very different. It was wild, animalistic and passionate. Her sister was taking a pounding from her husband-to-be. Martha could hear the occasional slap as he slapped her wet cheeks while she begged for more.
"Yes! Fuck me daddy!! Give it to me!"
Martha could not believe her ears, she was calling him daddy! Was she really imagining their father or was it just some game she was playing? This was too much, she couldn't keep watching this depravity, she should go.
"Yes honey, put it in my ass! I want you to fill me up with your cum you stud!"
Martha's attention was now gripped on the scene playing out in front of her. Her sister just begged for her ass to be penetrated, to be sodomised. How could she be so sinful?! This behaviour was beyond anything she could have imagined possible from her sister. Her parents thought her a saint but Martha now knew she was the greatest sinner she had ever known and would surely feel God's wrath.
"Yes Mark, I'm cumming! You're going to make me squirt Mark!! YEEES!!!"
Martha heard both of them reach their climax as Mark pumped his seed into her sister's bowel. Coming to her senses, she suddenly realised that they had no idea that she was in the house and would know she had witness their misdeeds if she hung around. She quickly went to the front door and loudly gave it a slam and made her way casually into the kitchen. Hearing the shower stop and footsteps quietly shuffling down the passageway she turned to find her sister wrapped in a towel greeting her like nothing had happened.

"Hi Sis! How's it going?"
"Fine" muttered Martha.
"Mark and I are staying over tonight, Mark will be on the couch in the living room, can't be sleeping together before the big day now can we?"
"hmm.."
"Where've you been? You look like you've just run a marathon or something?"
"Oh I just went for a bike ride, I just got back"
"Well the shower's free now if you want to freshen up, see you in a bit."
She couldn't believe the nerve of her. After what she's just done! And worst of all, Martha needed a shower. The only shower in the house, the shower that had just been so thoroughly defiled. And her sister would know she was standing in the very spot where her ass had been filled with cum. Resigned to her fate, and unable to think of any alternative, Martha made her way to the bathroom, closed the door, stripped and stood beneath another ice cold shower. The imprint of her sister's tits were still visible on the glass and the faint smell of sex was still detectable. Martha closed her eyes and allowed herself to think about what she had just witnessed. The passion, the pleasure, the depravity, the smell, she came without even

realising she was touching herself. Her squirt mixing with the shower water and the remains of her sister's orgasm. The sudden realisation of what she'd done then hit her like a train.
"NO! why am I so drawn to sin! Forgive me Lord for I have committed sin once again! I don't deserve your mercy and I will accept your punishment with grace."
And with those words she sat down and cried as the ice-cold water fell from above washing away the final traces of the sister's sins.

Lunch time was her punishment. She would sit and endure her mothers' criticisms while showering praise on her beloved eldest daughter. She was so proud that they would have a daughter who would be an asset to the family and would bring her grandchildren with her soon to be husband. Marha could not help thinking that this would be more likely if her whore of a sister was not so keen on having his seed deposited in her ass but decided to keep this to herself, for now at least. One day she would wipe the smug smile from her angelic face, but today was not to be the day. She excused herself and went to her room to get ready for work. As she left she prayed for a long shift so that she would not have to endure any more family time at least until morning. However, upon sitting on her scooter, she quickly changed her mind. Even with the extra padding, it was excruciating to sit and the vibration from the small two-stroke engine only made things worse. She sighed and acknowledged that this is what she deserved for being a dirty sinner and set off for the pizzeria. When she arrived, she passed Noah who had already picked up the first round of deliveries and was strapping them to his own scooter. She entered the shop to find Gustavo impatiently tapping his watch.
"you're late Martha"
"what no, I.."
She looked at the clock and then her watch. It had stopped, she was in fact late for work. With everything that had happened that morning she hadn't even noticed the hands were no longer turning.
"Sorry, My watch stopped and I didn't notice."
"No matter, Noah has taken the first load, but I'm taking the time off your wages."
"Oh.. OK, well it won't happen again, I promise."
"Sure sure, ok we don't worry about it no more ah! Here take this delivery, it is a special order for the er.. turtle sanctuary. Normally I take this one myself but I trust you will not let me down."
A small pile of pizza boxes were handed to her which she carefully loaded into her bag and strapped to the scooter. Martha wondered why this delivery was so special, she wondered if the turtle sanctuary keepers were especially good tippers. That would explain why Gustavo would make the effort to deliver to them himself she thought. Hopefully this would help to make up for the money she was losing for being late. As she headed off on her important delivery, she tried to take her mind of the pain in her behind by imagining the sights she might see at the sanctuary. Would she get to see the turtles? How many would there be? Maybe she could pet one of the small ones, that could be nice. She arrived at the big gates and pressed the intercom button. After a few moments a serious sounding voice came on the line.
"State your business"
"Oh Hi er.. Pizza delivery from Gustavo's."
The gates opened and Martha was just about to drive through when a security guard came towards her.
"No miss, you come no further, you have the delivery?"
"Oh sorry, yes it's here, good and hot, made especially by Gustavo, he's a pizza god." She hated this line that she's been made to say as her company slogan. There was only one true

God as far as she was concerned, and he didn't waste time making pizzas or spying on girls in the bathroom.
"Rite.. here you go. It's all in there."
Rather than the usual cash payment she was used to, he handed her a sealed envelope. The security guard retreated behind the closing gates and Martha took that as a sign to go. It would seem she would not be seeing any turtles that evening much less petting one.
She pocketed the envelope and rode back to the shop keen to see if she was indeed in line for a bonus tip for this job. Upon her return, Gustavo was watching for her as usual but this time she couldn't be bothered to hold onto her skirt. The pain in her backside was all she could think about right now. As she got off her scooter, wincing from the pain, Gustavo met her at the door.
"you make the delivery?"
"Yes, of course, here."
She handed over the envelope, still sealed, and Gustavo smiled in appreciation.
"good, good, you have done a great job Martha, you are a good girl. Here, I think I will ignore your late start after all."
"oh, thank you sir, thank you very much."
The remainder of the deliveries for the evening were nothing out of the ordinary. Average tippers and the usual clientele of working singletons too tired or lazy to cook for themselves. Thankfully Martha's posterior was starting to feel less painful as the night wore on and she was able to finally finish her shift with a reasonable sum in her pocket for an honest night's work. She returned home to find her parents had gone to bed and her sister and fiancé were watching TV. She didn't have the energy to be social with them so quietly passed them by and got herself into bed.

Ch 3: (Thursday)

She woke later than usual the next morning remembering some nonsense dream she'd had where she was delivering pizzas but instead of the usual toppings there were live turtles flapping about on them. A sight she had found difficult to explain to her rather confused customers. She went to the bathroom to pee and brush her teeth and then got dressed to go out. She had no intention of sitting down for breakfast with her family and so quietly made her way to the front door.
"And where are you sneaking off to?"
"I'm not sneaking, I'm just going to the library."
"Pfft, you really expect me to believe that!!"
"Well it's true, I'll see you later."
She left the house wondering why she even bothered to try and please her mother, it never seemed to matter what she did, she was never happy. Since the weather was so nice she decided to walk to town. It wasn't too far away and she didn't fancy another day of saddle sores. She stopped by a small coffee shop since she'd missed breakfast and she really needed a drink. She treated herself to a latte and a croissant and continued her stroll to her nemesis, the library. She reached the steps of the imposing building took a deep breath and ventured forwards. At the desk was what could best be described as a caricature of a librarian, complete with a stern expression and Dame Edna spectacles.
"Can I assist you miss?"
"Oh I er, I'm looking for something to help me become the manager of my own business someday and.."
"Lower floor second row on the left."
"Oh, er, thanks."

With the abrupt response from the librarian doing nothing for Martha's confidence, she made her way along he isles to the business books section. As she tried to focus on the myriad of titles on the shelves, the letters danced about in front of her, as if trying to play hide and seek with her. After a few minutes she found a book entitled 'business management for beginners'. This seemed to her about the level she was looking for and she took the book over to one of the many study tables in the central area of the library. Taking a deep breath, she opened the book and slowly pieced together the words on the page. It was difficult to make a lot of progress but after about an hour she was starting to get at least some grasp of the material and had even made a few notes in a little pocketbook she had brought with her. Taking a short rest, she looked around at her surroundings. There were some computers over to one side with a young Asian guy sat at one of them seemingly watching a tutorial on 3D animation software. She looked up to the balcony above and her jaw dropped open. The girl browsing the shelves above her had a short, pleated skirt, softly toned legs and a familiar head of red hair. To Martha it was inconceivable that it could be her, again! This would make the fourth time she had seen her in only three days.

The girl suddenly bent to a lower shelf, Martha now had a clear view up her skirt and couldn't believe what she was seeing. Where she expected to see a pair of panties covering the girls private area, there was nothing. Just a lovely, soft, curvy, and completely bare ass. The girl straightened up again having retrieved a book and started flicking through the pages. Martha looked around her to see if anyone else had noticed the girl's outrageous display. It seemed though that nobody had seen anything since they were all still carrying on doing whatever they had been doing. Maybe she had imagined it? Perhaps she should just go back to studying. But she couldn't resist the urge to look up just once more, and as she did, the redheaded temptress bent once again to replace the book she had been looking at. She had even placed her feet slightly apart this time and seemed to be bending her back so as to give Martha an even better view of her glistening pussy. She could clearly see her soft, plump labia and a little pink ass hole between those amazing round cheeks.

"Is anything the matter miss?"
The sudden harsh voice of the librarian almost made Martha jump out of her skin. She hadn't even noticed that she's been subtly fingering herself under the table and was on the verge of making a terrible mess of the carpet below her. Unsure whether the librarian had actually seen what she was doing and fairly sure she hadn't seen what she was looking at, she quickly said.
"No.. I er.. Everything's fine, I was just about to leave actually."
And with that she quickly got up leaving her book on the table and hurriedly left the library, sure that that would be her first and last visit. As she left the building her face was scarlet with embarrassment and her pussy juices started running down her legs. Making it only a few blocks away she now had the added problem that she hadn't noticed her bladder was feeling rather full. There was no way she could go back to use the toilets in the library and with no other options she ducked into an alley way and hid behind a large rubbish cart. Hoping nobody came around the corner she peeled off her soaked panties and squatted down with her back against the wall. As she let go her stream of piss, to her horror the pile of boxes against the wall opposite her started moving. A hand moved one of the boxes revealing a scruffy looking homeless guy grinning with his last couple of teeth at the naughty display before him.

"When you gotta go, you gotta go eh love."

“Stop watching me you pervert, I’m not doing this for your benefit, I didn’t think anybody was here!”
“he he, whatever sweet lips.”
Martha had never felt to embarrassed in her life. It was bad enough having Gustavo sneaking peaks at her in the bathroom, but this disgusting pervert was openly staring at her pussy while she relieved herself. She couldn’t understand why anyone would be turned on by watching her pissing. It was just vile, dirty, and sinful. She closed her eyes and tried to pretend he wasn’t there staring at her naked pussy until she had emptied her bladder, then quickly pulled up her panties and ran out of the alley way and down the street not stopping until she was almost all the way home. She felt so dirty, and started thinking about how that girl was deliberately going about showing stranger’s her private parts. She would never do anything so brazen, so whorish, at least, not on purpose. She decided though that it was probably divine justice that she should be punished in this way for what she had almost done, again, in the library. She had to get control of herself, to resist temptation. Surely this red-haired girl was some sort of demon sent by the devil to tempt her. As she approached home, she resolved to rise above these feelings the next time she saw her, as she inevitably would. In fact, it seemed almost impossible to avoid her for some reason. At least tonight was her night off work and so she wouldn’t have to worry about it just yet.

When she opened the door, her mother was in the kitchen and her father was talking with her sister and future brother-in-law about the wedding which he would be officiating, with her mother taking the her father’s usual role of walking her down the aisle. Glad that they were all busy doing their own thing she quietly went to her room to change her underwear which was a horrid mess of piss and slimy discharge. Feeling a bit fresher she thought about how she might spend the afternoon. A decision that, unknown to her, had already been made.
Following a loud knock on the door, her sister came bustling in while her mother stood by the door.
“Come on sis! We’re going shopping!”
“Do I have to?”
“Yes you do Martha, we’re going to get Abbie’s wedding gown and we’ll need to get you a dress too if you’re going to be her bride’s maid.”
Could the day possibly get any worse? She thought. With a heavy sigh she got up and followed her overexcited sister to the car. Staring out of the window, she watched life zip by her in a blur of people and shops. For a second she could have sworn she’d seen somebody standing in the window of the laundrette stark naked. But she told herself to stop being such a pervert. Obviously it was a manakin or something. She needed to stop having these random lewd thoughts.
The mall was one of Martha’s least favourite places to be. It was always so noisy and swarming with packs of teenage girls and boys dressed like they’re trying to win some sort of fashion competition and seemingly wearing the entire perfume shop all in one go. Martha had never understood their obsession with vanity, and viewed the whole place as yet another den of sin and depravity. As they strode through the hustle and bustle Martha looked at her mother who also looked as if she would need a good hose down with holy water when they got home, and for the first time in quite a long while, she smiled.
It didn’t last for long though, as she was abruptly brought back to Earth by a girl who had seemingly walked right into her and was now laughing along with her twin sister.
“Hey! Watch where you’re going!”
The girl gave her a quick glance over her shoulder and held up her middle finger.”

Martha was outraged, but one look at the matching tattoos on their backs told her these weren't the kind of girls you wanted to mess with. She regained her composure and caught up with her mother and Abigail just as they were entering the dress shop.
"Welcome ladies, and who is our blushing bride to be?"
"It's me!" came the excited yelp from Abigail as Martha rolled her eyes in exasperation. The shop was split into a few distinct areas. The front was wall to wall white frocks ranging from the slender and silky looking to the puffed-out meringue princess dresses which were so over the top Martha couldn't help but grimace just looking at them. Another room branched off filled with a more colourful display which Martha surmised were the dresses for bride's maids and high-school proms. A smaller room that joined them together featured a short platform and a few changing booths along the back wall. Looking around Martha counted at least six large mirrors. While her mother and sister excitedly picked through the dresses, she sat quietly on a stool in the corner trying to pretend it was all just a bad dream. She looked down at her wrist to check the time, but to her horror, her watch was gone! She was quite sure she had been wearing it before they arrived at the mall... that awful girl must have stolen it from her when she bumped into her! Well that's just the icing on the cake she thought. The day really couldn't have gone any worse.
"Hey Martha, get in here and help me would ya?!"
Abigail was calling her from one of the cubicles.
She sighed, went to the cubicle and stood goggle eyed as her sister was there almost naked except for a tiny white pair of G-string panties and stockings held up with a lacey suspender belt. She was just stepping into the dress that was down around her ankles when she looked back at Martha.
"what you starin' at perv? Help me get this on already."
Martha bent down to help her sister lift the dress and was so close she could feel the warmth of her toned thighs on her cheek. She had never been this close to another girl before and the scent of her body, of her pussy, it was almost too much. As she brought the dress up past her waist, her eyes met her sister's in the mirror and suddenly she was reminded who it was she was feeling so intoxicated by.
As her sister caught the look on her face and saw her cheeks turn crimson, her eyes narrowed.
"always knew you were a carpet muchin' lesbo, but creepin' on your own sister?! Naughty girl, what would mommy think?"
"What?! No! I wasn't!"
"Oh really.. then you won't want get your hands on these babies will you?"
She pushed up her amazingly pert tits and looked seductively into her sister's wide open eyes.
Martha was in complete shock! She wanted to deny that she had these sinful thoughts. Being a homosexual was strictly forbidden by the bible and she feared the wrath of God, but most of all she feared the wrath of her father if he ever found out. And now she had sunk to a whole new depth of depravity. Her own sister!
"Please Abbie, stop.. you won't tell them will you?"
Martha's eyes were now welling up with tears.
Her sister rolled her eyes and stopped jiggling her beautiful breasts.
"Ugh, you're no fun.. Well since you kept quiet about me an Mark in the shower yesterday, I guess I'll keep your dirty little secret too."
"what? You.."
"Oh yeah I knew you were there, watching, rubbing your dirty little pussy. Hmm.. made me cum so hard. Bet you couldn't wait to get in there after us. Could you smell our sex? Maybe I'll let you watch us again sometime.. sis.."

Martha couldn't speak and after a second or two she silently zipped up her sister's dress and stood dumbfounded as her apparent new crush leapt out of the cubicle with a flamboyant "ta da!" which met with an applause from their beaming mother.
Martha shook herself back to reality. Surely her sister had been playing with her. There was no way she was serious, and anyway why would she even want to watch her sister being defiled by that oaf of a boyfriend. No, it would be disgusting, dirty, and so, so, sinful. As her sister twirled merrily in front of the mirrors, she slowly wanderers out of the cubicle and stared at the collection of bride's maid dresses. Although she'd never been keen on dressing up, she hoped at least her sister might choose something decent for her to wear. Something classy. Something she could wear in church. An hour passed, though without a watch she had no idea how long it had actually been, and her sister had tried on another seven dresses, finally deciding on a long straight gown with a lace bodice that covered her cleavage (on her mother's insistence). She had also picked out a couple of options for Martha. The first was a shocking pink frilly thing that Martha thought made her look like she was part candy floss. That one was a definite no, and given the smirk on her sister's face when she tried it on, was quite possibly just chosen as a joke to see how bad it would look on her. The other, Martha had to concede, actually looked ok. It was still pink but not as vibrant as the other one, and it was a fairly straight cut without any crazy frilly bits. It would do she supposed. And keen to bring this loathsome experience to an end she agreed to wear it on the big day.
Their family dinner that evening was an endless cacophony of excited chatter between the other family members with the wedding now only a week away. Martha finished her meal as quickly and as quietly as she could and excused herself from the noisy table. She decided to take a bath before getting ready for bed and was feeling the tension she had been carrying with her all day, ebb away. It had on balance been an awful day, and she resolved to put it far behind her as she got into bed and drifted off to sleep.

As Martha climbed the stairs of an apartment block, she looked down to find herself carrying a pizza box. She must be at work she thought. Finding a door at the top of the stairs she knocked and was greeted by the redhaired girl once again but this time she was dressed in a white wedding gown.
"Oh thanks, please come in and I'll get your money."
Martha followed her into the apartment and into her bedroom but looked back towards the living room.
"Maybe I should just wait out here?"
But as she looked back into the bedroom the girl had somehow become her sister.
"No we want you in here."
Martha now found herself standing at the foot of the bed as her sister and her fiancé undressed each other in front of her.
"I don't want to see this!"
"Oh don't be silly Martha, look, you're already dripping!"
She looked down to find her clothes were already on the floor and her pussy juices were running down the inside of her thighs.
"no Abbie, this is wrong!"
"yes it is.. its so very naughty Martha."
Seemingly unable to control her own movements she laid down on the bed between them and looked up at the now naked couple as they devoured each other over the top of her own naked body.
"no stop it Abbie, I don't want.."
"you can't help yourself you dirty girl, you're already fingering yourself and we haven't even started yet…"

She straddled Martha's head and Martha gazed up at her sister's dripping pussy. She felt drops of her nectar splash on her face. As she licked her lips, the salty taste left her craving more, but it was all wrong. This was her sister, she shouldn't be feeling this way, she should be repulsed by the display before her, but instead longed for more.
"Now watch how Mark's cock fills this pussy I know you want so badly."
Mark positioned himself behind her and Martha watched as the tip of his throbbing member pushed its way between the soft juicy lips of her sister's pussy. Abigail moaned with pleasure as her man filled her up.
"He's stretching me out Martha, do you see?"
Mark was now thrusting into Abigail's pussy, his balls slapping against her clit as he took her from behind. Drips of pussy juice fell like rain on Martha's face as she watched the scene above her.
Her fingers probed the inside of her own soaking wet snatch, and she too began to moan with the sinful pleasure she had always sought to supress.
"Come and taste me Martha."
Mark withdrew his cock from Abbie's pussy and Martha sat up plunging her tongue into her sister's gaping hole.
"Yeah, I knew you'd love eating your sister out you dirty girl, make sure you get all my juices of Mark's cock too you filthy bitch.!"
She tilted back her head as Mark slipped his cock between her lips and down her throat. She had expected to choke but strangely was able to breathe despite her throat being fucked. It was a strange sensation, but she liked it, and savoured the flavour of her sister's pussy on Mark's dick.
"Put it in my ass Mark, she's had enough for now."
Martha was almost disappointed as he withdrew from her throat and pushed his dick into Abigails awaiting rear hole.
As Mark now ploughed into Abigails ass, Martha resumed tongue-fucking her pussy, feeling Mark's balls slap against her forehead with each thrust. Abigail reached down between Martha's legs and massaged her g-spot with her fingers.
Martha could feel the pressure build as her climax drew near. This was all so wrong, but it felt so good, how could it be bad? She couldn't take it anymore, the feeling of her sister working away inside her pussy, the taste on her lips and the smell of Abigail's ass on Mark's cock, it was all too much, she needed to cum.
"Yes baby, cum in my ass, I'm ready!"
As Mark gave his last big thrusts, pumping Abigail's ass with his sticky white cum, Abigail reached her own climax releasing a torrent of squirt into Martha's open mouth.
"Oh Martha, be a good girl and clean us up."
Martha's head once again tilted back as Mark withdrew his cock from Abigail's ass and she got to work sucking the last drops of cum and tasting her sister's ass on his softening shaft.
Unable to hold it anymore Martha felt her own squirting orgasm drench the sheets, and she suddenly found herself alone in her own soiled bed, unable to process what her own subconscious mind had just invented. It was as if every dirty thought she had supressed over the years had finally broken free. She hated herself for it, it was wrong, sinful and depraved. But had she not just enjoyed every second of that surreal experience? Were those feelings she knew to be dirty and wrong not just representative of her trues desires? All she knew right now was she could no longer sleep, not least because she was laid in a pool of her own sin. She got up, stripped the bed and tiptoed to the laundry room to grab a fresh set of linen. Creeping back to her room, she saw her Sister sleeping soundly through her slightly open door and sighed at the thought of never experiencing what she just had for real. Snapping herself out of whatever fantasy she was about to have once again, she went to her room, made

her bed and went to sleep wondering how she would ever be able to look Mark and her sister in the eye without remembering this night.

Day 4: (Friday)
At breakfast Martha was feeling even more awkward than she usually did. She felt like all eyes were on her, judging her for her sinful desires. And judge they would if somehow they had a window into her deepest desires. One thing she was sure of was that God knew all and would hold her to account sooner or later. Had he made her this way as some kind of test, or was it the devil's work that had led her from the path of righteousness that she so wished to be on.
"Hey Martha, what's got into you?"
"Nothing.. I.. I'm fine.. just tired I guess."
Her initial thought had been to the several fingers she had, or at least dreamed she had inside her last night.
"hmm.. probably should spend less time creepin' about at night waking folks up then eh."
Martha nearly choked on her oatmeal. How much had her sister seen or heard last night? Had she seen her with her soaked sheets? Or worse had she been talking in her sleep? She tried to keep it cool with a lie about needing to go to the bathroom, but Abigail just gave her a wry smile and an unconvinced "ah ha".

Sitting down at the table, their mother asked them what they had planned for thee day. Abigail said she would be meeting up with some old friends from high school who were apparently keen to meet the man who had won their friend's heart.
"We were going to meet up at a little coffee shop in the park but Cheri said last time she was there, the seat was all wet."
At this comment Martha nearly blew her juice out of her nose.
"what's up with you?"
"Oh er, nothing, It just went down the wrong way is all."
"So anyway, Cheri said she thought someone had maybe spilled their coffee or something but it didn't smell like coffee."
"Oh how awful dear, perhaps it was some old dear who had had a sudden call of nature, incontinence is quite a common affliction with the elderly. I myself have been prone to letting a little go from time to time."
"Gross"
Came the reply from Martha who did not care to hear about her mother's weakening pelvic floor at the breakfast table. An opinion broadly shared by her sister who changed the subject.
"So anyway, then me and Mark."
"Mark and I" interjected her mother.
"Sorry, Mark and I, we're thinking we might go back to Uni for the weekend to see our friends there before I come back here to get ready for the wedding. We'll be back for church on Sunday"
"Oh that sounds fine dear, I was wondering how long Mark would be staying with us. It's not that I mind him staying, it's just that it's unlucky to see each other before the wedding and we wouldn't want anyone thinking you were living in sin would we."
"why mother, perish the thought!" she said in mock outrage, giving Martha a sly wink.
"I wondered if it would be OK if I stayed on your couch on Sunday night before heading home on Monday?"
"Yes I'm sure that will be fine Mark, And how will you be wasting the day?"
Martha quickly made up a lie about going back to the library to study, which seemed to appease her mother a little at least, and got up from the table, unsure of what she would

actually be doing before she had to go to work. Having established that her sister and her friends would not be meeting in the park, she decided this might be the place for her to go for a few quiet hours.

She caught the bus at the end of the street and sat in her usual place half way down, passing an old lady and young mother cooing over the small baby she was holding. As she watched, she saw her getting out one of her engorged breasts, onto which the baby quickly latched on, suckling contentedly while the old lady smiled, fondly remembering her own experiences as a young mother no doubt. Martha was just in awe of the lack of shyness the mother had about exposing her breast in public, but then that was their God given purpose so why should she hide away. She reached the park without managing to embarrass herself this time and casually strolled along the path. She made for the lakeside and sat under a tree to watch the ducks bobbing around on the surface. Next time she would bring something to feed them with she thought. She passed the time without incident and actually started feeling a bit more relaxed. The last few days had taken quite the toll on her emotions and was exactly what she had needed. The time passed quickly though and soon it was time to head back home to get ready for work. Friday was always a busy night at the pizzeria, but it was always worth it for the tips. As she walked by a rough looking guy selling jewellery from his little pop up stall, she spotted her recently stolen watch.
"Hey where did you get this! This was mine!"
"Don't know what you're talking about sweetheart, I get all my merchandise legit."
"Oh yeah, maybe we should find a police officer to see just how 'legit' your sources really are."
"look tell you what, you buy one of these necklaces and I'll give you the watch for free?"
"How about you give me my watch and maybe I'll consider not running you in?
"Fine take it, crummy thing's not worth a dime anyway."
As she walked away, happy to be reunited with her time piece, she felt proud to have stood up for herself for once. Arriving to an empty home, she took a shower. She loved peeing in the shower and feeling the hot yellow liquid squirting down her leg. Since the water instantly washed it all away, she never really felt dirty when she did it.
She arrived at Gustavo's on time and started her shift with another delivery to the mysterious turtle sanctuary. As she approached this time she saw a man carrying a small luggage case entering the gate. She could have sworn it was the same shady jewellery dealer she'd had her encounter with in the park but couldn't think why someone like that would be involved in looking after endangered animals. She must have been mistaken she decided as she pulled up to the intercom and pressed the buzzer.
"State your business" came the familiar stern voice.
"Gustavo's pizza delivery"
"Wait there."
Once again she was met by a large security guard who silently exchanged the Pizza box for a sealed envelope and disappeared again behind the gate.
'This place is definitely weird' she thought, shoving the envelope into her pocket and riding off back to the shop where once again Gustavo met her at the door.
"Good, good, I'll make sure you have a little extra in you wages tonight."
"OK er.. Thanks."
She didn't understand what made this delivery any different from all the others she normally did, but a bonus was a bonus and she wasn't about to complain about that.
Her next few deliveries were far more conventional, and one to a birthday party paid a fairly decent tip. Inevitably though her lucky streak would run out, and while waiting for the next order to be ready her bladder called. She considered sneaking out the back into the ally to

pee, but after her last experience she decided she was better off using the toilet in the shop. After a quick look around to check the coast was clear, she stole into the stall and pushed the door as close to closed as it would go. She quickly removed her panties hitched up her skirt and squatted over the bowl, letting loose her stream of golden fluid. Sure enough, mid stream, the familiar shadows could be seen lurking by the partly open door. She couldn't understand what the pervert at the door found so appealing about watching her pee. Did he simply like sneaking a look at her pussy or was there more to it than that. She cast her mind back to her dream where she had imagined her sister squirting in her mouth. Was it this he was fantasising about. She thought maybe peeing and squirting were not so different. She wondered what it might be like to be peed on by a hot girl. Surely there could be no enjoyment in that, it would be dirty and so depraved. Suddenly coming back to her senses she realised she'd stopped peeing some time ago and had been gently rubbing her piss soaked clit while her boss quietly watched from the shadows. She reached for some toilet paper and dried herself off, put her panties back on and quickly washed her hands. By the time she left the toilet stall her boss had moved away, much to her relief since it would have been all the more embarrassing to come face to face with him after what she'd been doing. However, as she collected the next batch of pizzas from the counter, she could see him back in the kitchen and it seemed like his trousers were a little tighter than normal around his crotch. For a moment he looked at her, and now catching her checking out his hidden boner, Martha blushed and quickly turned away, making for the door with her loaded bag as fast as possible. Having had a fairly relaxed day up to now, she cursed herself for slipping back into indecent behaviour.

"Masturbating at work!! What were you thinking Martha!" she said out loud to herself as her scooter rasped down the streets. She needed to get a grip and calm herself down. She silently prayed for strength of mind and to cast out any unclean thoughts. She regained her composure and after the first couple of deliveries she was feeling more relaxed again. But as she pulled up to a familiar apartment block, she could feel her heart pumping a little faster in her chest. She told herself that no matter what happened up there, she would be a shining example of honest purity and would not be given to temptation.

As the redhead answered the door, once again in a skimpy vest top that left her panties on display, Martha steeled herself against the visual onslaught and tried to pretend there as absolutely nothing wrong.

"Pizza delivery, miss."

"Oh hi, it's you again!"

"Yes I'm serving this area. I hope you'll become a regular customer."

"Yes that's very possible if your pizzas are as yummy as before."

"Ha ha, next time I'll make sure Gustavo cooks pizza for you, he's the god of pizza." And a dirty pervert but probably best not to mention that.

"Thank you, I'll appreciate that. Sorry for my appearance... again. Ha ha, I'm afraid you might have to get used to this."

The girl seemed to be planning on making her scant attire a regular habit and Martha decided she should at least try to discourage her from leading a life of sin and depravity. She would need to be careful though, she didn't want to loose her as a customer.

"That's OK, we're both girls, but you shouldn't be so careless miss."

"yeah, you're right."

Good, she thought, that seemed to have sent the right message.

"Well, enjoy your pizza then."

The girl suddenly remembered she had to find her purse and started rummaging about in her sideboard again.

"sorry, I can't find my purse."

This time she was down on her hands and knees and her skimpy panties were once again on full display. Martha felt she needed to say something to help the girl mend her ways.
“Oh my gosh, miss! Your panties hardly cover your privates.”
“Emm, sorry, its embarrassing.”
Seeing the embarrassment on her face reminded her of her own embarrassing experiences over the past few days and she started feeling a little sorry for the girl.
“Here you go.”
Taking the money, Martha gave the girl a friendly smile and thanked her. Looking at the amount she had received and realising it included another very generous tip, she was more determined than ever to make sure she kept delivering this girl her pizzas. She just hoped that she’d managed to encourage the girl to wear something more suitable next time. Although her ass was pretty amazing in those little skimpy panties. Feeling her pussy twitch and moisten, she sat down on a bench outside and gathered her thoughts.
‘Oh my gosh, that girl is so shameless, she’s such a terrible sinner. And now I have indecent thoughts because of her! I need to calm down. At least she seemed to show some sign of embarrassment when I called her out. She deserves some punishment for her own sake. Yes, a good spanking would teach her not to bare her ass to strangers.’
She could picture herself once again in the girl’s apartment dealing cleansing blows with her belt across the sinner’s backside as she called upon God to purify their souls. Of course, this would never happen, spanking your customers was probably quite high on the list of things not to do if you wanted to remain employed in the service industry. But man would it feel good!
Snapping herself back to reality once again, she rode back to the pizzeria to finish her shift. By the time she got home, one again her panties were soaked. She decided that she had only two options. She could admonish herself and hope that her feelings would pass, or she could try and give herself some sort of relief. Not wanting another night of changing her sheets, she decided to take a shower and see where her thoughts would lead.
As the cold water cascaded down her body she felt the warmth of her piss run down her legs. She ran her hands over her small but firm breasts and her hard nipples pulsed throughout her chest as her fingers played across them one by one. She reached one down between her legs and found her pussy slippery with her own juices. Recalling her dream where she had tasted her sister’s pussy, she now tasted her own slimy fingers and found the sweet and salty taste was even better than she had dreamed. She wanted more and so she fingered herself some more and rubbed her clit so that more of those delicious secretions covered her fingers stopping only to suck the juices from them. She could feel her orgasm was close and she worked on her g-spot with her middle and index fingers, feeling the pressure building behind her bladder until she could take it no more. A surge of energy tore through her body and she felt her supressed sexuality explode from between her legs. She brought her hand back her mouth and tasted her squirt for the first time. It smelled and tasted a little different from the pure concentrated nectar she had been enjoying so far, this was somehow more fragrant and had a slightly bitter after taste, but it was in its own way, utterly delicious. She found herself wanting more and was now no longer living in her world of religious self-denial, she was released and free. She lay under the water and bathed in her sexual release, placing her feet on the wall and digging deep into her pussy for more of that heavenly liquid the cold shower water cascaded down onto her chest as she felt her second orgasm was closing in, and as she felt the pressure ready to release once more, she pushed against the wall, raising her hips above her body. The cold water was joined by a warmer spray of salty squirt that covered her face. She opened her mouth wide to catch as much as she could, savouring the taste before swallowing every drop.

Almost breathless she lay under the cold water and tried to hold on to the feeling of sheer bliss she now experienced.
As she regained some sense of reality, she became aware of how cold she now felt as she lay shivering on the floor. What had she done? She had let herself become a slave to the devil's torments and had given into sin. She crawled out of the shower and wrapped herself in a towel which scratched at her tingling skin and raw nipples. She embraced her discomfort, feeling her depravity deserved only penitence. Before climbing into bed she prayed to God for forgiveness, and for mercy, in his inevitable wrath.

Ch 5: (Saturday)

After praying for the strength of mind to avoid temptation and a repeat of the last night's decent into depravity, she got dressed and got out her bicycle once again, deciding what she needed was some good honest exercise. Recalling the pain her saddle had caused her on her previous outing, she chose a shorter route this time through the park. After a couple of laps of the lakeside path she started feeling a little sore again and decided to take a little break. She propped her bike against a tree and sat on the grass beneath it to watch the ducks. As she scanned around the far edge of the lake, she spotted someone lying on the grass, bathing in the late morning sun. She was wearing a white vest top and a short red skirt, but her head was obscured by a bush. and from where Martha was, she seemed to be doing some sort of stretches. She thought she could make out some guys on the bank opposite the girl and it seemed like they were watching her. Thinking they were being a bit creepy for staring at the girl like that, she looked back over to the opposite bank again and she couldn't quite believe what she was seeing. It looked as though the girl was flashing her underwear at them on purpose!! No wonder they were staring. What on earth did she think she was doing, in a public park. Had she no shame! She thought about going over there and giving the girl a piece of her mind. But maybe it was not her business to confront this exhibitionist. Besides, God was watching her and would surely bring her to justice in his own way.

She decided she had had quite enough of this spectacle for one day and decided to move on with her bike ride. She didn't want to be too sore for work later on so decided to walk back home with her bicycle. As she walked, she thought about what she'd witnessed at the park. She wondered what the guys on the other side of the lake thought about the flashing stranger. Would they go over to her seeing it as an invitation to do more dirty things with her. Would they have the nerve to do such a thing in the park where anyone could see them, or would they at least have the decency to go to their homes where they could fornicate with each other in privacy. What if she had chosen that part of the lake to rest? Would the girl have been doing that to her or was it just guys she was interested in flashing? What would she have done? would she have watched like they had, or would she have been strong enough to resist? She decided that she was lucky not to have had this temptation thrust upon her and ignored the trickle of pussy juice working its way down the inside of her thigh.
"Stop thinking about it Martha" she stubbornly told herself "you'll get yourself all worked up again."

She got home, had a shower and relieved herself. As always, she kept the water cold. She had grown to like the sting of the cold water on her hot sweaty body especially after exercise or on a hot day like today. But she also saw a warm shower as a decadent treat that right now, she did not feel deserving of. As she soaped her body, she felt the hardness of her nipples and the warmth of her pussy fighting against the cold of the water. She could feel the

slipperiness of her pussy and after a few moments she caught herself feeling the pleasure of her own exploring fingers.
“No Martha! Not again! You need to calm yourself, stop acting like some sort of sex crazed maniac, and go to work!” She got out of the shower and dried herself, then crossed the hall to her room where she got into her work uniform. Hoping for a nice simple evening of delivering pizzas, she headed out to the shop and collected her first stack of orders. Most of these were to addresses in the university campus for students getting ready to go out for the evening. Although many of them were in various stages of getting dressed, thankfully they had all had the decency to put on enough clothes so as to be decent, unlike a certain other customer she could think of. The last couple of boxes were for families who had been out all day and couldn’t face cooking dinner. The tips had on balance been poorer than some she’d had recently but she conceded that it was at least good honest work. She arrived back at the shop as Noah was leaving with his next set of deliveries and they gave each other a cursory wave as they crossed paths. Surprised to find Gustavo was not at his usual post near the window hoping to get a glimpse of her panties, she parked up and entered. She looked around the kitchen finding only his nephew hard at work by the oven. Wondering where on Earth her boss had got to, she found the fire escape door ajar and could hear Gustavo talking quietly with someone just beyond it. She leaned closer trying to see who it was he was talking to but they were out of sight. It sounded like he was talking with the stranger about some sort of payment that he’d made and that he didn’t want any trouble.
“You won’t have any worries there, my boys will see to that” she heard the stranger say.
“Ok, it’s a deal”
Not wanting to be caught eavesdropping she quickly moved back to the counter and was refilling her bag by the time Gustavo came back through the door. She left the pizzeria and set out to more deliveries but the thought of what she’d overheard gave her cause for concern. What had Gustavo got himself involved with? It sounded like he was being extorted for protection money, but protection from who? Perhaps the least she knew about it, the better. She decided to focus on doing her job and making deliveries. As she made the last delivery of the evening, she could feel her bladder was calling for attention. She really should have gone when she was back at the shop, she thought to herself. As she rode as quickly as she safely could, she felt every bump and vibration deep within her abdomen. She searched for an alternative place to go but on the empty streets there was nothing. Even the alleyways she passed seemed to be either well-lit or littered with boxes which she had already discovered were not necessarily empty.
“Please Lord let me make it in time.” She called up to the heavens. She rounded the last corner and finally the shop was in sight. She just had to hold on for a few minutes more. As she hit a small pothole, the jolt hit her like a bullet to the stomach and she felt a little warm liquid leak onto her panties.
“No, no, no, not yet, you’re almost there. Just hold on.”
Summoning all of her remaining strength she clamped down with her pelvic floor and screeched to a halt in front of the pizzeria.
“At last!”
She raced through the front door and ran to the toilet, throwing open the door.
“Woah, Jeez!”
Came the startled voice of Noah who was standing in front of the bowl, his quite sizable cock in hand, releasing his own stream of piss into the water below.
“Oh gosh.. Sorry, oh no!”
Her desperation combined with the shock of seeing her colleague relieving himself right in front of her was just too much. She could hold on no more and as she clamped her knees together, her piss poured from her like a waterfall.

“I’m so sorry, oh, it’s everywhere.”
She finally managed to stop her stream, and she stood there mortified as Noah finished and zipped himself back into his trousers.
“What the hell Martha?!”
“Please.. I know.. just.. please don’t say anything.. I couldn’t.. I was so..”
And she broke down in tears standing in her puddle of piss while all Noah could do was stand by in complete shock over what he’d just seen. He didn’t know whether to hug her or grab a mop, and in the end just stood frozen to the spot. Martha eventually regained her composure and said;
“er, could you give me a minute.. I’m not quite done.”
“Oh shoot, sorry.. sure, here it’s all yours.”
Closing the door as much as she could she peeled off her soaked panties and squatted over the bowl, having held it all in for so long it was almost a struggle to get going, but finally she was able to empty her bladder and feel some sense of relief. She rinsed off her panties in the sink and put them back on. Wondering how she would ever be able to face her colleague again after this, she took a deep breath and opened the door to find a Noah stood there with a kind smile and the mop and bucket.
Her face, crimson with embarrassment, she managed a weak “Thank you” as she took the mop and as quickly as she could she cleaned up her mess, hoping that nobody else would see what had happened. With all trace of her embarrassing accident mopped up, she collected her pay for the evening from Gustavo who seemed too preoccupied with his own thoughts to have noticed anything, thankfully. She passed Noah as she left who gave her a sympathetic look of concern and she shyly returned his gesture with a grateful “Thanks”.
She rode home with her piss-soaked socks and soaked panties giving her chills as the wind rushed by her. Why things like this kept happening to her was a mystery. Was it something she’d done? Or was there some sadistic hand at play controlling her life from another plane. Was it the will of God that sought to punish her, or the torment of the devil?

When she arrived at home she headed straight for the shower. She washed the stale piss from her legs and the cold water assaulted her senses, bringing her back to life, after what had been one of the most emotionally draining experiences of her life. Finally getting into bed, she was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Ch6: (Sunday)

As always, Sunday morning was busy in Martha’s household as they all prepared to go to church. After a quick breakfast, they all dressed in their smartest clothes and her father drove them to the church early so that he could open it up ready to receive the early morning confessionals. Martha and her mother had the responsibility of lighting candles and making sure the hymn books were all ready to hand out as people arrived. The part of the week Martha had been dreading was finally upon her, it was time for her to make her confession, which under normal circumstances would have been hard enough to face, but in this case it was so much worse. Normally the priest you make your confession to is not your own father. How much she could bare to tell him would very much depend on his reaction to each of her confessed sins. The one thing she could at least rely on was his discretion. He would not discuss her confessional with her mother, and what was said inside the booth would remain there. She admired his devotion to this sacred task, but she was always very nervous whenever she had bad news for him.
“God is with us my child, please share your sins so that you may receive God’s merciful redemption.”

“I have indeed sinned father.”
“And what is the nature of this sin?”
“It is the sin of the flesh father, I have been weak, the devil tempts me and makes my thoughts unclean.”
“Have you acted on these thoughts?”
“I have father, for shame, I try to resist but my sinful body betrays me father.”
“You have laid with another?”
“No father no, my hands are my only bedfellow.”
“I am relieved my child, the devil will make work for idle hands. However, God understands that he has created within us a source of pleasure unmatched by what we can find in the world around us. He has given us this gift so that we need not lay with others as the devil would have us do, breaking the sacred bond between man and woman that he has ordained by marriage. You should use this gift my child, that you should not feel the temptation so strong, this is his will.”
“So in using my own hands I am not committing sin father?”
“The sin of lust is a power that can become stronger if not kept in check. Now, have you anything else to confess before God?”
“I fear I have already invited the wrath of God father for I am punished daily in some way for my most sinful of desires.”
“Oh? And what desire is this you speak of?”
“It is too shameful to speak of out loud father.”
“Your confession must be heard for you to receive forgiveness my child.”
“I have been coveting that which I should not father. I have indecent thoughts about someone that I should not think about in this way.”
“And who is this man you covet?”
“For shame, it is no man who draws my eye father, but my own flesh and blood, my sister.”
The silence was deafening as her father tried to process what she had confided in him.”
“You.. you envy her relationship with Mark? Is that what this is?”
“No father, I wish it were, I know it is wrong but she is the object of my desire, the source of my lust.”
“This cannot be.. That you would choose to lie with another woman is something the bible strictly forbids. These thoughts of incest you must purge from your mind. You are indeed deserving of God’s wrath, and you are fortunate he is a merciful God. The honesty of your confession has at least paved the way for your redemption, but you must never think on this again. The penalty you must serve for each transgression of your mind will be to administer ten lashes of your father’s belt. And for your vile betrayal of God’s will thus far, you shall submit to twenty lashes to be witnessed before the family you have betrayed.”
“you mean.. I have to tell”
“No you need not disclose the reason for the punishment, that is between you and our heavenly father. Suffice it to say you will be facing punishment for your misdeeds, I fear the details would only serve to break the hearts of those who love you.”
“Yes father, if it will lead me to redemption then I will gladly submit to God’s will.”
“Now, if that is all, you may leave this place and await your forgiveness.”
With her legs shaking she left the confessional booth and sat down awaiting the service as more people started arriving. As the gravity of what she’d just done hit her, she felt sick to her stomach. It was surely for the best though. She would have to receive her punishment to free her mind of her sinful thoughts and move on with a clean start and no more thoughts of depravity. From now on she would look only to the light. This foolish phase would come to an end and that was all there was to it. She looked up at the ceiling and took a deep breath, the service would be starting soon.

That hour felt like an eternity, as her father delivered his sermon to the congregation, and her mother sat by her not knowing of the depths of her daughter's sin and the redemption she would have to bear witness to when they returned home. As she looked past her mother, her sister and Mark sat hand in hand. Then it struck her, Mark, would he also be bearing witness to her father's administration of God's will? Surely not.. he wasn't family.. yet.. But her sin had been against him too had it not? She had been coveting his wife to be, perhaps he deserved to witness as she made amends. The thought alone provoked her face to flush bright red and as the service drew to a close, she bent in silent prayer and begged for the strength to take the punishment she deserved.

Arriving at home, her mother made straight for the kitchen where the roast dinner was gently cooking, and she fired up the hob to get the vegetables on the boil. Mark and Abigail had sat down on the couch and were about to reach for the TV remote when the faithful priest addressed the family.
"My dear family, it is with great sadness that we must do this, but it is the will of God that must be done. Martha has confessed a great sin against us, and we must bear witness as she seeks redemption in the eyes of the lord. I ask then, that you pray for her now, that her misdeeds be forgiven and that she sees her way to the light of the lord.. Amen!.. Martha if you please.."
Ignoring the smirk from her sister and the slightly confused look on Mark's face, she approached her father.
"OOhh, Naughty naughty, what did you do?"
"That is between Martha and the lord our God, Suffice it to say she has willingly come with repentance in her heart and her shame will be her salvation. Now Martha, please remove your panties and assume the position."
Speaking quietly to her father,
"Remove my.. in front of.. him?"
"Mark is as good as family now, the family your sinful mind would have you betray.. now please get on with it, we have dinner to prepare."
Facing her watching family, she lowered her panties, then placed her hands on the coffee table and closed her eyes unable to bear the shame.
Her father raised her skirt and laid it over her back revealing her soft round behind. Then his belt came down on her with a crack. Her knuckles turned white as she tightened her fists to try and suppress her shock at the sudden sting across her behind. She told herself she would take her due punishment with as much dignity as possible, but after the fifth or sixth hit she was already loosing her composure. Each crack of the belt was now accompanied by a cry of pain from Martha. And opening her eyes she looked into the eyes of her sister, who's face had changed from one of smirking enjoyment at her sister's embarrassment, to one of sympathetic concern. She too had experienced her father's unique parenting approach in the past but her spankings had usually been only a few slaps with his bare hand. Only once had she been deemed sinful enough to warrant the use of the belt, having been caught with a boy in her bedroom one time. They had only been kissing but to her father, she may as well have been having a wild orgy with the school football team. She had taken three lashes that day and had been unable to sit for the entire weekend. Now seeing Martha up to eleven, she couldn't imagine the pain her sister was now feeling. Her red face streaming with tears and her cries growing more hoarse, Martha had by now had lost all sense of where she was. She was losing all feeling in her buttocks and now had a constant pain that would not fade between each impact which nearly sent her crashing down to the floor as her legs shook, barely able to support her anymore.

After what seemed like an eternity, she gradually became aware that the beating had stopped, and she could hear her father saying some sort of prayer. Looking around at the audience before her, her mother's face was almost emotionless, like she had found the whole display boring, a distraction from her desire to go and prepare the dinner. Her sister on the other hand was wiping tears from her cheeks, and Mark was staring, utterly dumbfounded by what he had been a witness to. Whas this what passed for normal in this family he would soon be a fully-fledged member of?
"Now go and get yourself cleaned up, dinner will be ready in half an hour."
Martha struggled to straighten herself up and staggered from the room, down the corridor to the bathroom, where she removed her dress and assessed the damage to her behind in the mirror. Small streaks of blood had run down the backs of her legs where welts had turned to grazes. She picked up a washcloth and ran it under the cold tap, first wiping the tears and sweat from her face and body and then she carefully wiped her legs and dabbed at her painful bottom. She found some antiseptic cream in the medicine cabinet and applied some to the areas where the skin had broken. She squatted over the toilet bowl without actually sitting down, and emptied her bladder, then she put on her dress and shuffled out to the dining room where her family sat awaiting her return. The agony she felt as she sat down on the hard dining chair was etched all over her face. She could barely eat any of the dinner placed before her, meanwhile her mother and father continued as if nothing had happened, discussing the upcoming wedding with her sister and Mark. When the others had finished eating, Martha asked if she might be excused, and she limped off to her room. Removing her dress and putting on a long tee shirt, she lay face down on her bed with her bruised backside uncovered. Her mind recalled her traumatic ordeal in hazy memories, the relentlessness of the beating, her mother's apparent indifference to it, and the way her sister had looked at her with such pity. It almost broke her heart to have upset her so, and all because she had let her lustful feelings get the better of her. It was true that they had had their quarrels and Abigail had even been goading her over her uncontrollable attraction to her shapely figure. But at the end of the day, they were sisters, and their bond was unbreakable.
With the sound of her mother and father regaling the highlights of his sermon in the main room, she heard a soft knock on her door.
"Yeah?"
"It's me, can I come in?"
"I guess."
Her sister slipped into her room and gasped when she saw the state of her sister's rear end.
"Oh my god Martha! What has he done to you!"
"I guess it's what I deserved.."
"No, No Martha, I don't know what you did but this is too much. He's sick in the head.."
"Its not so bad, I'll be fine."
"I dread to think what Mark's thinking right now, he's probably having second thoughts about joining this shit show of a family."
"Please don't say that! I'd feel even worse if I'd messed things up for you too!"
"Sorry, don't you worry about it. Does it hurt a lot? It looks like it does.."
"Yeah a bit, its not so bad when I don't move, but sitting at the table just then was the worst."
"I brought you some of this, I used last time he.. you know.. anyway, let me know if it's too painful and I'll stop."
As her sister lovingly applied some lotion to her behind, Martha felt like she was dreaming again. The softness of her sister's hands and the cool lotion was beyond anything she could have imagined. She closed her eyes and let out a soft moan.
"It's good stuff isn't it?"
"Hmm.."

She closed her eyes and relaxed a little more as her sister gently continued to massage her soft broken ass, moving her hands in gentle circles.
“You know if it wasn’t for all these lumps and bruises, you’d have a pretty nice ass.”
“Wha?!!”
“Ha Ha.. I’m only teasing ya… so anyway, what’s all this in aid of? Must have been something pretty bad to get him this pissed at you.”
“I.. I don’t want to talk about it..”
“Ok.. suit yourself, but I’m here if you ever want to talk. And I promise, I won’t spank you.. unless you want me to.”
“Huh? No thanks.. “
Martha blushed and as her sister stopped massaging, she felt the warmth creep back into her swollen ass once again. She wished she never had to stop but all good things must come to an end.
As her sister left her room, she raised her head.
“Hey Abbie… thanks.”
Abigail smiled and left her alone with her thoughts.
Her sister’s gentle caress had done more than sooth her sore skin. As she lay there on her belly, she became aware of another feeling. She didn’t know how long her pussy had been dripping for but she was sure her sister must have noticed something. Martha cursed under hear breath, this was exactly the sort of thing that had got her into this mess in the first place. What could she do though? It wasn’t like she could just switch off her feelings. Then she thought about what her father had said about how God had gifted her with a way to make her feelings go away. She reached down with her hands, finding her slippery wet folds. She applied some pressure to her swollen clit and gave in to the pleasure it released in waves throughout her body. Then one by one she inserted her fingers, stretching out her hole. She closed her eyes and imagined her sister’s hands upon her flesh once more, she imagined the fingers now massaging her g-spot where not her own, and the pleasure grew so great she no longer felt any pain, only the pulsating ecstasy as it flowed out of her and soaked into her sheets. She had nothing left in her now and lay there in a puddle of her own salvation and drifted off to sleep.

It wasn’t long before she awoke, between the ache in her buttocks and the pressure in her bladder, she knew she had to get up. It was 11pm and she figured everyone would be in bed. Still only wearing a tee shirt, she peered out of her room to check the coast was clear and then quietly shuffled over to the bathroom. Still unable to sit down, she squatted over the bowl to pee. She wiped herself dry and then, since she hadn’t really got ready for bed beforehand, she brushed her teeth. She thought about what her sister had said about her father going too far. She had always believed that what he did was God’s will and that it was in her own best interest. But in reality, she couldn’t help feeling that aside from having a very painful backside, not much had actually changed. She had once again made a mess of her sheets thinking about her sister, not even an hour after receiving a severe beating for just that! The whole reason she had confessed this sin was so that God would take it away! Was it all just a sham? An excuse her father used to exercise his own sadistic lust for power? Maybe she had told him too much.. it was perhaps too much to expect him to separate his holy work from his role as a father. Next time she would keep her deepest secrets between herself and God she decided.

She left the bathroom and nearly screamed as she bumped into Mark.
“Oh, shoot, you scared the life out of me Mark” she whispered
“Sorry, I thought everyone would be asleep by now.”

“What in god’s name are you doing creeping about the house at this time?”
“Oh I was er.. just going to the bathroom.”
She caught him glance down at the hem of her shirt and suddenly she remembered she was not wearing any panties.
“So, are you.. ok?.. you know..”
“I’m fine.. Abbie and I are.. we’ve been through things like this before.. its fine.”
“Well. Ok then.. I guess I’ll leave you to..”
“If you don’t mind.”
Mark took a step towards Abigail’s room then remembered where he was meant to be going and went into the bathroom. Martha went to her own room and as she shut her door, seconds later she heard the bathroom door open and Mark’s footsteps in the hall making their way to Abbie’s room.
As she got onto her bed she could smell that her bed was no longer the freshest it had ever been, but it had at least dried out a bit and she lay back on her front again and closed her eyes. As she listened to the soft moans and steady rhythm of the bed springs coming from her sister’s bedroom next door, she buried her head in her pillow and tried to ignore her pussy creaming up once again.
At last the sounds stopped and once again Mark could be heard shuffling quietly down the corridor back to the couch. Hearing nothing but the breeze whistle through the trees outside her bedroom window, she eventually dozed off, waking, it seemed every few minutes, to try and find a comfortable position as her ass continued to ache.

Ch 7: (Monday)

Having had a rough night, Martha woke late on Monday and could hear her soon to be brother-in-law saying goodbye to Abigail and her parents. The next time they would see each other would be at the altar of the church. They had only a few days to wait now and fortunately the previous day’s disciplinary had not dissuaded him from wanting to be with Abigail for the rest of their lives. This was a great relief to Martha as the last thing she ever wanted was to come between her sister and her happiness. She got up and wrapped herself in a bath robe to go to the bathroom. Rather than trying to squat awkwardly over the toilet, she got in the shower and let her pee fall where she stood, watching the warm yellow liquid cascade down her legs and mix with the shower water below before winding its way down the plug hole. The water stung as the jets of cold water hit her bruised behind and she found it more comfortable to face the falling water and just let the water run down her back. After washing her hair, she got out and gently towelled herself dry. Then she put on her robe again and went to get some breakfast. She grabbed a mug of coffee and a slice of toast which she ate standing looking out of the kitchen window. Her next-door neighbour was mowing the lawn, and he gave her a kind smile and a friendly wave which she returned, before realising she was almost naked but for a bath robe, and blushing, she moved away from the window and back to her room.

She decided it was less painful if she kept moving about and so she decided to go out for a walk around the neighbourhood. She put on a long loose-fitting dress and after putting on a pair of panties, decided they were too uncomfortable where the elastics were pressing on her grazes, and so she took them off. She felt a little naughty going out like this but figured nobody but her would know and her dress was long enough that she wouldn’t need to worry about any accidental flashing.
By the time she was halfway down the street, the soft waft of air under her dress around her bare privates began to feel rather nice. She could see herself doing this again some time, as

long as it wasn't too windy. She thought about how women had walked about like this all the time, before panties were ever invented. Even the nuns would be naked under their habits she thought. So really there was nothing wrong with it. She checked her watch and realised that the morning had flown by, not helped by her late start, and soon it would be time to get ready for work. What should she do though? Her ass was still very sore, and she wouldn't be able to stand being on her scooter. Also, she would need to wear panties with her work skirt because it was much shorter. No, she would call in sick she decided. When she got home, she picked up the phone and called Gustavo.

"Hi Gustavo, look I'm really sorry but I can't come to work tonight."

"It's er.. a little bit embarrassing…. Yes that's right, you got it.. women's troubles.."

"No I'm sure it'll be all cleared up soon, and you haven't forgotten about my sister's wedding?.. yes I hope so too, I can't be missing that can I? Well thanks for understanding."

She knew the simple mention of 'women's problems' would be enough to dissuade her boss from probing any deeper into the real reason for her impromptu hiatus. With her afternoon suddenly free however, she needed something to fill it. Looking around her room for some inspiration, her eyes fell upon the book she'd picked up in the café. Perhaps fighting fire with fire was the solution. Maybe if she were to find a fictional fantasy to occupy her mind, then she would forget all about her real-life forbidden desires. It was a bit of a long shot she had to admit, but worth a try. Not wanting to be caught reading something lewd, she took the sleeve from one of the hardback books in the living room and wrapped it around her adult novel as the perfect disguise. Now if her mother came in she would be delighted to find her with her nose buried in.. 'The Psalms of John the Baptist'. That should do the trick she thought.
As always it was slow going as she pieced together the words on the pages. But she gradually got deeper and deeper into the story. It seemed to her that the main protagonist was similar to her in many ways. She had been caught, by the mother superior of the Catholic girls school, kissing another girl between the shelves in the library. Now bent over the desk, she was being chastised with a set of rosary beads. This was almost too much for her to read but it served to bring her closer to the girl in the story. Her final humiliation came as the beads were, one by one, inserted into her pussy. Her final instruction was that she must say her hail Mary and our father prayers, for each bead she pulled from her pussy.
"Wow, I wonder what that would feel like? I've only ever put my fingers inside my pussy.." her eyes looked over to her bedside table where a set of rosary beads sat. She could feel her juices trickle between her legs and in an instant, her mind was made up. She reached for the beads and slowly pushed each one into her slippery vagina. After the fourth set of smaller beads and four of the large ones had been pushed into her tight virgin hole, she was already starting to feel quite full. "I don't know if I can get all of these in" she said to herself. She took a little rest, enjoying the way the beads moved around inside her as she adjusted to their presence. Then she pushed another set of smaller beads, followed by another of the larger ones. "Almost there" she told herself. Then she pushed the remaining beads into herself, feeling the first ones deep inside her now expanded vagina jostling around for position giving her a wonderful butterfly feeling inside. She now had a total of fifty-three small beads and six large ones inside her dripping wet cavity. She looked down at the little crucifix now dangling between her legs. As she gradually got used to the feeling of the beads, she resumed reading. Her protagonist was now going about her daily chores with her own little crucifix dangling under her school skirt. Martha thought about the embarrassment she would

feel if someone spotted the dangling cross betraying her hidden hardship. Wondering what I would be like to walk around with her pussy full of beads, she decided to go to the kitchen to get a drink. Walking through the house she could feel the little crucifix tickling her inner thighs and the beads moved around inside her with every step. It was an unusual but quite pleasant feeling. So much so, she felt the odd trickle run down her thighs. She walked past her father who was sat at the kitchen table with a cup of tea as he poured over the notes he was making for his next service. She had never felt so naughty as she casually got herself some juice from the fridge and sauntered back past him again, her pussy now running like a faucet. She got back to her room feeling more alive than ever, her heart was pounding as if trying to break free from her rib cage. She got back onto her bed and hitched up her dress.
"Time to praise the Lord" and as she dutifully said her hail Mary's and our father's she felt the pressure ease inside her with each slimy bead she pulled from her pussy. With the final bead removed, she examined the beads that dripped with her juices she knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't resist sucking them clean, tasting her own delicious bounty. Now her pussy felt so empty, she had to fill the void and so she inserted as many fingers as she could, having just been stretched out so nicely she found she could easily fit all four fingers inside herself. Her soft insides felt like a warm pillow, and she was feeling close to her climax. She was loving the feeling of having her pussy stretched wide open and even managed to bring her thumb into play, pushing her whole hand in up to her knuckles. She pushed again and again, and her pussy got wetter and wetter until suddenly her pussy enveloped her whole fist. She could feel the pressure building now, she knew she was close. She wanted to scream in ecstasy but knew she couldn't, not with her parents in the house, so she covered her face with her pillow as she withdrew her hand and exploded over her sheets. Her orgasm went on and on sending wave after wave of pure pleasure throughout her body until finally she stopped quivering and her breathing returned to normal.
"Next time, you get yourself a towel" she chuckled to herself.
Apart from the ache in her buttocks, today had been one of the best Martha had experienced in a long time. Had she finally unlocked the true path to salvation? Or was this just another one of the devil's games? Only time would tell.
"Enough daydreaming." she told herself, "Time to do some more laundry."
She filled her washing basket and took it to the laundry room and was surprised to find her sister waiting by the dryer in a tiny bath robe that barely covered her ass. Martha could see her pink lacey underwear and as she looked up and down those beautifully toned legs she had flashbacks to the dream she'd had last week.
"Oh, hi Martha, how's your ass doin?"
"Still hurts but I guess not as bad as before."
She quickly bundled her bedding into the washer but the scent of her squirt was hard to ignore. She blushed knowing her sister must have noticed something and quickly closed the door and set the machine away.
"I use a towel these days, cuts down on the washing."
"huh?"
Abigail just gave Martha a look that told her she's worked out her little secret."
"Oh.. yeah.."
"I guess it's genetic.. you think it comes from mom or dad?"
"Ew.. Gross!"
"Ha ha!! Lighten up Martha! There's nothing to be embarrassed about, we're not little girls anymore. Its ok to talk about this stuff you know, sister's privilege."
"If you say so."
"You got any toys yet?"
"What do you mean? I got rid of most of my old teddies and stuff ages ago."

“Not quite what I had in mind. Oh come on, you must know what I’m talking about?”
Martha couldn’t fathom what she could mean and it showed on the puzzled expression on her face.
“Oh honey, we’ve got to get you an education.”
“Hey, you know I struggle with..”
“No no, not that sort of education, I’m talking about the school of life!”
Martha still looked confused.
“Come with me.”
Abigail led Martha to her room and she watched her sister’s ass wiggle in the air as she dug around under her bed. Her lace panties barely covered her pussy and she felt her own pussy getting wetter.
“Oh shoot! I’m stuck, can you help me out of here!”
Kneeling next to her, Martha could now smell the heavenly scent of her sister’s pussy. It was like catnip to her and she took a moment to savour the moment.
“Enjoying the view there Martha! Come on! Help me!”
Martha snapped out of her trance and then tried lifting the edge of the bed a little. Her sister shuffled back and emerged clutching an old shoe box.
“Whew that’s better.. Here take a look at these.!”
Abigail opened the box which was full of dildos and vibrators of various shapes and sizes. Martha had never seen such things and the function of some of them were a complete mystery, but there was no mistaking the shape of a large rubber cock. There were a couple of smaller ones too and one with two ends that had her completely confused.
“See anything you like?”
“I er..”
“I technically lost my virginity to this one.” Abigail said wistfully as though remembering the event fondly.
“You mean you?”
“Oh come on Martha, I don’t have them just to look at… here take this one it’s always been good to me.”
Abigail passed her one of the smaller dildos, but it had a strange part that branched off with little bunny ears on it. She pushed a button on the bottom end of it and it burst into life. She nearly dropped it in surprise and quickly pushed the button again to switch it off. Abigail burst out laughing.
“Trust me, you’ll like it. Just don’t let mom or dad find it.”
Having had one of the strangest but somehow nicest bonding sessions with her sister, Martha returned to her room and hid the sex toy in her nightstand along with her erotic novel. She didn’t know how to react to her sister’s candid approach to sex. It all seemed so sinful, so taboo. But again, she recalled her father’s endorsement of self-pleasure as a more wholesome outlet for her God given desires.

She looked out her window and saw the sun setting over her neighbour’s rooftop. It was later than she had realised and having not eaten much since her punishment the previous day, she was now starving. She went to the kitchen and rustled up some pasta and also found some tuna in the cupboard. It was simple but it would do nicely. She carefully sat down at the table and although it was still uncomfortable, it was at least bearable now. By the time she finished her modest dinner,
her bedsheets were ready to collect from the laundry room. She went to collect them and grabbed a towel from the airing cupboard as she passed. She could still feel her moist labia slipping over her clitoris as she walked and was starting to look forward to testing her sister’s gift.

Having heard her parents retire to their room for the night, she opened the drawer of her nightstand and took out the vibrator. She ran her hands over the cock shaped part of it. It was the closest thing she had ever felt to a real dick, and she surmised it was probably as close as she ever would come to holding the real thing, particularly given her preference towards girls. She thought about where the object in her hands had been, remembering that this was once one of her sister's favourite toys. It had no doubt spent many evenings plunging the depths of her wet pussy. Martha wondered if she could still smell her on the shaft but was disappointed when all she could smell was the latex rubber. Her own juices were now flowing freely and she was ready. She reached below her bed and pulled out the towel she had taken, spreading it out over the bottom half of her bed. She lay back again and started gently rubbing her clitoris with the rubber dick. Her fluids quickly built up on the rubbery surface and it gradually slipped up and down with ease. Recalling how nice it had felt earlier with her pussy stretched open, she relaxed her hole and applied a pressure to the opening with the tip of the dildo. As it slowly entered her she felt it stretch her out but it felt good. She pushed it in further and further and soon it filled her vagina. 'So this is what it feels like' she thought. As she adjusted to the size of the rubber cock now fully inside her, she slowly moved it in and out. She moaned softly as the pleasure centres of her brain began firing on all cylinders. She was already getting close, and she'd barely even started. She started pumping harder and her creamy juices ran down from her pussy, over her asshole and down her buttocks, finally soaking into the towel below her. With each thrust she felt the end of the dildo reach her cervix and the little bunny ears slip across her clitoris. Finally understanding what the strange appendage was for, she found the little button and pressed it. The vibrations where something she could never have prepared herself for. It was the most intense feeling she's ever had. The little bunny ears were now buzzing excitedly on her clit while the vibrations travelled all the way down the length of her vagina simultaneously working their magic on her g-spot. It only took seconds for her orgasm to burst from her hole. She turned off the toy and lay panting as her ecstasy slowly ebbed away to purest bliss.
"Told you you'd like it."
Martha nearly jumped out of her skin as she looked over to her door where her sister stood. A silver trail reflected in Martha's bedroom lamp light that led up her sister's leg to her still quivering hand. A small pool had collected on the floor-boards at her feet.
"What are you doing in here?!"
She smiled and shook slightly as she made the puddle below her a little bigger.
"Just enjoying a little.. quality time with my sister."
Too exhausted to think of anything to say, Martha just stared at her sister standing in her room as she dripped on the floor. It was beyond surreal. How was this happening? Maybe she'd gone to sleep and this was all just some crazy dream.
"Sorry about the mess, guess I should have brought a towel too, or maybe next time we could share that one? .. well goodnight."
And with that proposition hanging in the squirt scented air, she left the room. Martha just lay there in a state of shock, unable to comprehend what had just happened. She looked at the sex toy on her bed, still covered in her creamy cum juices, picked it up and licked it clean before putting it back in her drawer. She kicked the towel off the bottom of the bed and turned off the light.

Ch 8: (Tuesday)

It was the day before the wedding. The swelling on Martha's bruised bottom had finally gone down a bit and she was happy to be able to sit at the breakfast table with only minimal

discomfort now. Her mother and sister were talking excitedly about the big day, and they had decided to have a hen party for Abigail.
“Nothing wild, we’ll go for a nice meal somewhere, just us girls” her mother had said. It sounded to Abigail like an absolute snooze-fest but she went along with it, and with their evening planned for them, the girls had the rest of the day to fill.
“Want to go shopping Martha?”
The look on Martha’s face could have curdled cream it was so sour.
“OK, OK.. how about we go and have a nice chill day on the beach?”
“I guess that could be OK.. so long as its not too busy.”
“Great! Mom.. Is it ok if we borrow your car?”
“I suppose so.. just be careful.”
“Always.. thanks mom!”
It was still quite early when they arrived, and they easily found a parking space in the carpark near the promenade. They headed for the beach huts where they could change into their swimwear. Martha got into her costume which fortunately for her had a full body upper and shorts at the bottom which covered her bruises. She exited her hut and awaited her sister who always took an age to get ready for anything. It was worth the wait though, when she finally emerged, she looked stunning. Her bikini was tastefully cut, to enhance all her best features without being overly revealing. They found a nice quiet area near the trees, giving them a little privacy, which helped Martha feel more comfortable about them baring a little skin. They both applied some sunscreen and lay down to enjoy the warmth of the morning sun. With her eyes closed and the gentle sound of the waves lapping at the shore, Martha felt more relaxed than she had done in a long time.
“Hey Martha, could you rub some of this on my back? I want to turn over?”
“Er.. OK.”
Abigail lay on her front and undid the strap of her bikini top, her beautiful bronze body lay before Martha, she looked her up and down following the line of her spine down to the high cut bottoms with a thong back that wrapped around her ass like the ribbon on a birthday present. She squeezed the bottle of sunscreen, and it shot a splatter of white cream over Abigail’s back. Abigail jumped a little in surprise.
“Jeeze that’s cold Martha! Warm it up in your hands first next time.”
“Sorry..”
She placed her hands on her sister’s back and massaged the sunscreen up over her shoulders and down to her waist.
“Hmm, that’s better.. you’re not bad at this you know.”
Martha blushed and kept gently rubbing the cream over her sister’s soft skin. She added a little more sunscreen to her hands and applied it to the sides of Abigail’s rib cage, feeling the soft sides of her tits with the tips of her fingers. From the soft moan that escaped from her sister, it seemed like she was doing a good job.
“Can you do the backs of my legs too honey?”
“I guess..”
Starting at the bottom end, she massaged the sunscreen into her sister’s calves and worked her way up her thighs. Her sister moaned with more pleasure, encouraging her to continue higher up her thighs, finally reaching her perfect ass. Applying more sunscreen to her hands she then gently rubbed it into the fleshy pillows. Her thumbs worked in circles as she worked closer and closer to the line of Abigail’s thong. She could see her gusset had darkened slightly, was what she was doing making her sister horny? Then she was suddenly aware of how wet she had become and took her hands off her sister’s ass.
“Aw, done so soon? That was really, really nice.”
“I think I’m going to go for a swim.”

“Ok honey, I’m just going to lie here and soak up the sun a bit.”
Martha strolled up to the shore and dived into the cool salty waves. She felt her ass sting as the salt water found her grazes. Wincing a little, she embraced the reminder to keep her mind out of the gutter, especially where her sister was concerned. She just needed something else to take her mind of the bronze beauty accompanying her. Creeping to the forefront of her mind now however, was a growing urge to pee. Should she make for the public toilet block further down the beach? Or should she just go in the sea? There wasn’t anybody nearby so she figured it wouldn’t do any harm and so she relaxed and let her pee go.
When she got back to her sister, Abigail was sat up waiting for her.
“You hungry yet? I could eat a horse right now.”
“What do you have in mind?”
“There’s a nice little burger place just across the road from where we parked? Or there’s a little shack over there serving tacos.”
“I guess if we go for burgers, we’ll have to go across the road in our swimwear which doesn’t seem appropriate, and dressed like that you’ll cause some kind of car accident.”
“Ha Ha yeah, you’re probably right. Ok then, tacos it is.”
They grabbed their lunch and sat watching a beach volleyball game while they ate. Martha couldn’t keep her eyes off one of the girls as she jumped around in her skimpy bathing suit.
“Hmf, some people have no shame, do they?”
“Could be worse, I’ve seen girls doing this topless at spring break parties.”
“Oh gosh! Really!”
“Oh yeah, you should come with me next time. I’m sure it would be an experience you’d never forget.”
“Oh no I don’t think so, it sounds terribly indecent.”
“Jeeze you sound like mom! You need to loosen up a bit.”
Martha wasn’t sure about all of this, but whether it was the sight of the girl jumping round in front of her, or the thought of her doing it topless, Martha was starting to cream up her bathing suit once more.
“Come on, after that taco I could use a drink.”
So they both walked over to a little hut where a guy stood at the bar.
“Hello ladies, my name’s Kyle, what can I get you?”
“What do you like the sound of Martha?”
Martha looked over the cocktails menu and not being much of a drinker save for communion wine, and also struggling to read, she managed to spot the words ‘iced tea’ in amongst the sea of swirling letters.
“Ah good choice.. we’ll have a Long Island iced tea and a large coke please Kyle.”
“Coming right up”
They took their drinks back to their little oasis in the trees and as Martha sipped away at her drink, the alcohol started to loosen her up.
“Wow, this iced tea’s nice. Its funny because normally tea wakes me up but this is making me feel really relaxed for some reason.”
“That’ll be the alcohol sweetie.”
“What alcohol?!”
“Oh honey, you know that’s a cocktail you’re drinking, don’t you?”
“NO! I thought it was just an iced tea..”
“Ha Ha.. oh you’re such an innocent thing aren’t you?”
“Hmpf.. well at least it’s refreshing.”
“At a girl, drink up.”
By the time she was halfway through her glass, she was already feeling quite tipsy, and Abigail had to warn her to slow down, she didn’t want her to be too drunk by the time they

went out for their evening meal. It didn't take long for her drink to reach her bladder however.
"Shoot, I got to pee."
"Yeah, me too, lets just do it here in the sand, it's not like anyone can see us here."
Normally there would have been no way Martha would have even considered peeing on a public beach, let alone in front of her sister, but the alcohol was supressing her usual inhibitions and so the pair of them squatted over by the bushes, Martha watched enviously as her sister simply pulled aside her bikini bottoms and let her pee flow. It wasn't so simple for Martha being in a full bathing costume.
"Are you sure nobody can see?"
"Yeah, go for it."
She quickly pulled down her costume down to her knees and squatted down again, relieving herself almost fully naked on a public beach. She blushed red as her sister watched her pussy spray the sand with her golden piss.
"Stop watching me weirdo!"
As the last couple of drops hit the sand, she quickly pulled up her costume again. She couldn't believe what she'd just done. Her face was bright red as the embarrassment finally caught up with her. She told Abigail about the toilet at work and how she was sure Gustavo hadn't fixed the door because he wanted to spy on her.
"The pervert! You shouldn't put up with a creep like that Martha, it's not right."
"What else can I do? I need a job and without much in the way of high-school qualifications there's not many jobs I can get. Besides the job's not all bad, the other delivery driver Noah is a decent guy and I get to meet some interesting people on my deliveries."
"Noah eh.. never mentioned him before… nice is he?"
"I don't mean like that.. He seems kind is all, not my type."
"I get it, too much dangling between his legs to get your juices flowing, eh?"
"Well he does have quite a lot down there.."
"You've seen it!! Ooh now we're talking, come on, details, don't you be holding out on me Martha!"
"Well I don't know.. it's not like I was looking on purpose or anything, I just walked in on him once is all."
"How big we talking? What did it look like?"
"I dunno.. it was about this big and mostly black but the end was kind of pink."
Martha had held up her index fingers roughly showing her sister the size of Noah's cock and Abigails eyes lit up.
"Damn girl! Sounds like he's really packing! And it doesn't appeal to you at all?!"
"Well.. I mean.. I've never really thought about it. Until yesterday I'd never even put anything but my fingers up there. Would a thing that big even fit?"
"Oh it'll fit alright.. it'll fit real good Martha."
What on earth was going on she thought. One minute I'm exposing myself on a public beach and the next I'm discussing the potential of my colleague's cock for my own sexual gratification. And she was doing it without a care in the world.
"Well it's about time we were going, and I don't know about you Martha but all that talk of big dicks has got me creaming up like crazy. Lets go take a shower."
They packed up their things and headed over to the public shower, passing a couple of girls holding hands. Martha was struck by how open and relaxed they were about being together in public. Maybe, someday she would feel as comfortable in the world as they clearly were.

After a quick shower to wash the sand from their bodies, Martha and Abigail headed for the changing huts once more. This time though, Abigail followed Martha into her hut and shut the door behind them.
"What are you doing?"
"Like I said Martha, I'm horny as fuck and I know you are too, so we're going to get naked and make a nice little mess in this cabin."
"What! No, we can't"
"Want a bet?"
And slipping out of her bikini, she sat down with her back against the door and started fingering her pussy. Martha didn't know where to look but soon the sight of her sister masturbating in front of her was too much and she started peeling off her own swimming costume. Her slimy pussy juice connecting to the gusset of her costume with strings of silvery grool. She stood watching her sister on the floor and started fingering herself, feeling her heart pounding, unable to believe this was real.
"God this is so hot Martha, I'm going to cum soon, how about you?"
"A ha.." Martha bit her lip as the feeling grew more and more intense and then it finally came. Her legs nearly buckled as she struggled to stay upright, and her squirt drenched her sister who then followed up with her own orgasm that sprayed up the wall.
"Oh shit girl, that was something else! I think we're going to need another shower."
Martha just stood there panting, unable to speak and in complete disbelief. When they had finally calmed down, they slipped their swimming gear back on and took another quick shower before heading into another, dryer, cabin to get changed.

By the time they were home again, Martha was starting to sober up a little and was becoming more and more self-conscious over what she and her sister had been getting up to at the beach. They each took turns for a proper shower and got ready for going out before meeting their mother in the living room.
"Had a nice day girls?"
Martha blushed a little allowing her sister to take the lead."
"Oh yes it was just what we needed wasn't it sis?"
"I see you've both caught the sun, your cheeks are bright red Martha!"
Abigail smirked at her as she made eye contact, and Martha found an interesting piece of the floor to stare at.
"Well come on girls, we have a reservation at Angelo's."
"Oooh that fancy Italian place?"
"Well, you know, it's not every day you get to celebrate your daughter's last day with the family name, is it?"
Their mother drove them to town and parked up near the restaurant. Walking past a place called 'The Drunken Monkey' she tutted disapprovingly.
"Such a crude name, it's places like that that bring the whole town down market."
Martha couldn't help but agree but it did at least look more upmarket around here than the pizzeria and she started wondering if maybe she could find a nice restaurant to work for instead of dealing with her current perverted boss all the time. Looking forward to something a little more sophisticated than the pasta and tuna she'd made herself the previous day, she sat down at the table and winced a little, having forgotten to sit more carefully.

They enjoyed a nice meal and shared stories about some of their happier times together as a family. With their mother actually appearing to show some emotion at times, they finished off with a delicious desert of tiramisu and eventually left the restaurant having, to Martha's astonishment actually enjoyed themselves.

“Hey mom, would it be ok if I took Martha to go dancing?”
“Well I suppose so, but don’t stay out too late, you’ve a big day tomorrow. And stay away from strangers.”
“We will, come on Martha, I know the perfect place to go.”
Wondering what her sister had in mind this time, she let herself be led down the street past the busy bars which she hoped she wasn’t about to be dragged into.
“Now the real hen party starts!”
They rounded the corner into a part of the town Martha didn’t even know existed. As they approached buildings covered in neon lights and signs with XXX on them, Abigail pointed to a place called ‘Paradise Club’.
“You’re going to love this place Martha, trust me.”
This looked very much like the den of sin and depravity she’d spent her whole life trying to avoid.
“Oh and that shop over there is the best if you’re looking for more things to play with if you catch my drift.”
She thought about telling Abigail what she really thought about this place and how she’d rather have gone home with their mother at this point, but maybe if she was there, she could at least keep her sister safe from the evil temptations of the place. As she entered the club, she was relieved to find it was not too busy, only a few people were dancing on the big floor, as the lights and loud music assaulted her senses. There was a small stage over to one side with what looked like a fireman’s pole which she thought seemed a little out of place, and on the opposite side was a bar with a familiar face stood behind it.
“Well hello again ladies, nice to see you, what can I get you this time?”
“Hi, er Kyle wasn’t it? Let’s just have two Vodka and Cokes please.”
“Here you go.”
“No, No more alcohol.”
“It’s only a little bit this time, nothing as strong as your iced tea.”
“Are you sure? I don’t want to go making a fool of myself again.”
“What do you mean? You were fine. You worry too much is all, you need to relax once in a while.”
“How do you relax when the music is so loud!”
“I’ll show you, drink up.”
And she clinked her glass against Marthas and drank her whole drink down in one before asking Kyle for another. Martha sipped at her drink getting used to the alcohol taste one mouthful at a time. As the alcohol started dulling her inhibitions once again, she felt her body starting to move to the beat of the music a little.
“Come on, let’s dance.”
Her sister led her by the hand to the dancefloor and she found herself looking around at the dancers around her, making what she considered to be, the sort of movements that should not be seen outside of a bedroom. But as she sipped more of her drink, the music seemed to flow through her with greater ease and she soon started swaying along with her sister, who was more than happy to show her a move or two. To her surprise she was actually starting to enjoy herself and even accepted a second drink from her sister, who had spotted the empty glass still clutched in her hand.
“Ladies and gentlemen, for your pleasure this evening, please welcome to the paradise stage Aurora!”
Martha didn’t know what was going on but to the sound of applause a girl emerged from behind the curtain wearing a g-string bikini and started twirling around the pole. She stood open mouthed with shock as the girl undid her top and threw it to the back of the stage revealing her fabulous breasts as she continued to twirl and grind at the pole to the sound of

cheers and whistles from all around the club. Martha looked at her sister who was watching her reaction with a huge smile on her face.
“See, told you this was your kind of place, come on let’s get closer.”
Resistant at first, Martha allowed her sister to drag her over nearer the stage. As she took another drink, the girl bent over right in front of her and slowly started peeling down her panties. Martha nearly choked, but she couldn't take her eyes off the girl’s bare pussy, dancing before her. She felt her own panties creaming up and her face turned red as she lost all sense of her surroundings. There was only this girl dancing naked for her, like some kind of dream. Eventually, the dream came to an end and the girl departed behind the curtain to a raucous cheer from her admirers and Martha just stood there completely dumbfounded. This was beyond anything she thought she was prepared for. A true den of depravity, a paradise not of God’s making but the very lair of the succubus. What was she doing there? Why had her sister led her astray in this way. And why did she want to see more?
“Come on, let’s dance.”
Her head was swimming now in a sea of alcohol and it all seemed so surreal. The loud music, her body swaying and then it all started to spin out of control. Before she knew what was happening, she was in the back alley with her sister rubbing her back as she heaved her posh dinner over the pavement.
“There there, it’s alright, better out than in.”
“Sorry, Abbie, Hic, I guess I ruined, Hic, your night.”
“You kidding? Seeing you in a strip club might just be the highlight of my life, ha ha!”
Still a little dizzy and feeling like she was going to throw up with every step, they staggered off arm in arm for home. They made their way back past the restaurant and along the edge of the park.
“Shoot I got to pee.”
Martha no longer cared about decency, that was but a distant memory now. She crouched down against a tree and pulled her panties aside and watered the grass with her hot piss while her sister stood by keeping watch for any potential voyeurs. Helping her back to her feet her sister then took her place and added her own piss to the puddle now soaking into the roots of the tree. Martha eyed her sister’s pussy as the hot stream slowed to a dribble and then stopped. She didn’t know why she watched with such interest but as her panties once again creamed up, she wondered if deep down she was just as perverted as all those dirty minded men she had complained about so much. Getting closer to home, Martha had to stop once more as she felt the urge to puke but there was nothing left to come up. When they finally reached the house, Abigail quietly opened the door and led her sister to her room before going to the kitchen and fetching her a glass of water and a bucket.
“Here you go, drink this or you’ll feel even worse in the morning.”
“Thanks Abbie, I love you.”
“Love you too sis. Good night.”

Ch 9: (Wednesday)

With the worst headache she’d ever had, and a tongue that felt like a piece of old shoe leather, Martha woke to the noise of hustle and bustle as her family got ready for the wedding. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and squinted at the morning sunshine peeking through the gaps in her curtains. Why anyone would want to drink alcohol if this was the result, was a complete mystery to her at this moment. One thing she knew for certain, she had gone too far, and this was how God was going to punish her. She should have known better than to enter the domain of the devil, but instead she had allowed herself to give in to temptation, getting drunk and making a fool of herself.

“Come on Martha, you’ve brought this on yourself.” She said to herself.
She hauled herself up and put on her bathrobe before heading to the kitchen for some fresh water, and something to put in her empty stomach that wouldn’t instantly come back up again.
“Here she is, the monster from the deep!”
Abigail was sat at the kitchen table with curlers in her hair and her makeup already done as she sipped on a cup of coffee. Martha just gave her a sour look and slumped down next to her having grabbed a slice of dry toast and a fresh glass of water.
“How is it that I’m like this and you are OK? You drank twice as much as I did last night!”
“Hey, keep your voice down, as far as mom knows we went to a nice little dance hall and had a lovely time. Besides, I’ve clearly had more practice holding my liquor than you, how are you this much of a lightweight? you only had a couple!”
“Ugh.. lay off me, my head feels like it’s being inflated with a bicycle pump.”
“Here take a couple of these.. don’t worry its only aspirin… I’m not trying to get you hooked on drugs.”
Martha took the tablets and swallowed them down with some water.
“I told mom you were dancing a lot last night so you might be a little tired, but looking at you, it might still be best if you keep a low profile until you perk up a bit.”
She finished her toast and took a fresh orange from the fruit bowl before heading to the bathroom. She really needed a shower, and as the cold water rained down on her, she started coming back to life again. She washed her hair and watched the darkest pee she’d ever done drain away down the plughole before getting towelled off. She went to her room and put on the dress that was laid out for her. Taking a look at herself in the mirror, she couldn’t help acknowledging the good choice her sister had made. The dress fit her really well and even managed to give her normally plain body a bit of shape. The only issue was the material fit tightly around her waist and you could see her panty-line quite clearly. She couldn’t be walking into church with everyone seeing the outline of her underwear. She wondered what to do about it. She wasn’t the sort of girl that had lots of different styles of underwear to choose from, in fact it was plain white panties or nothing. Having already experimented with going out without any panties on, she wondered if she was brave enough to do it in church. She looked at the dress in the mirror, it was long enough she thought. Then she remembered the nuns of old and decided it must be ok with God to go to church without your panties. She slipped them off and took another look in the mirror. She couldn’t deny that it looked much better, and so her mind was made up. The tablets her sister had given her were starting to take effect and her headache was gradually starting to fade as she made her way back to the kitchen. Her mother was now dressed and was finishing styling Abigails hair when they looked up at her with shocked expressions.
“Oh no! they can tell I’m not wearing panties can’t they!!” she thought to herself in panic.
“Oh Martha you look lovely dear!”
“Yeah, she’s a real stunner when she tries isn’t she?”
“What!?” Martha blushed at the unexpected compliments.
“Come and sit down and I’ll fix your hair, I’m nearly done with Abbies.”
She would normally have run a brush through it and nothing more but since it was a special occasion after all, she figured she could put up with a bit of preening for once. While her mother did her best to make her normally wild hair look presentable, her sister painted her face with makeup, ignoring Martha’s obvious discomfort with the whole affair. When they finally finished, she stood up to look at herself in the hallway mirror and barely recognised the quite stunning girl that looked back at her. She had to give them credit, they really had done a wonderful job on her, but it all seemed like far too much effort to be doing this again any time soon.

“Come and help me into my dress would you sis?”
Martha followed Abigail to her room and watched as her sister removed her robe revealing the same white stocking and suspender underwear she’d worn in the shop, but with one new addition. Twinkling alongside the thong back of her panties was a blue crystal butt-plug.
“Now don’t you be getting all hot under the collar again Martha. Got no time for any of that kind of thing today.”
“what?! I..”
“Ha Ha! I’m only teasing, like my something blue? I got it from the shop I showed you last night.”
“You mean you’ll be getting married with that in your ass?!”
“Yeah, it’s kind of naughty but it feels really good. Anyway, come on and help me get this on.”
As she zipped up the dress and took a step back, she was awestruck by how beautiful her sister looked.
“Mark’s a really lucky guy you know.”
“You’re damn right he is! Ha ha.. Thanks Martha.”
As they both made their appearance in the living room, their mother and father stood beaming at them both and their mother even had to wipe away a tear or two. Then, their father departed, needing to be at the church before everyone arrived.
Martha went to the bathroom to pee before the official wedding cars arrived and wiped the string of pussy juice from her thighs that she had felt trickle down there earlier. She had thought not wearing panties in church was bad, but actually wearing a sex toy in your ass was beyond anything she would have believed. Then she thought about the rosary beads again, and how she had hidden her secret from her father. She imagined wearing them in church and she felt herself getting all wet again.
“No, behave yourself Martha.” And with another swipe of the tissue paper, she dried herself off again and left the bathroom. She called into her bedroom and picked up her beads from the dresser and hung them in their correct place around her neck. It was time to return to a life of decency she decided and so she rejoined her mother and sister as they waited for the cars to arrive.

When they arrived at the church, everyone was already seated and awaiting Abigail’s grand entrance. As mother and daughter nervously stood arm in arm in the large doorway, Martha straightened out the back of the long white dress. The pipe organ chimed in with the familiar bridal march, and they slowly made their way down the aisle towards their father and Mark, who awaited them at the altar.
The service was relatively short and soon the rings were exchanged, and Mark and Abbie were pronounced husband and wife. In a shower of confetti, they left the church hand in hand, and after pausing for a few photos, they dived into the car and headed off. Martha joined her mother and father in their own car as they and the other guests made their way to the hotel where the after-wedding party would take place. Thankfully by the time they were sitting down to dinner, Martha’s hangover had more or less gone, and her appetite had come back strong so she was able to enjoy the wedding feast. Keen not to lose this meal, she kept away from any alcohol, opting instead for the jug of table water in front of her. She looked down from the top table at the various tables in the room, which were occupied by a mixture of family members and some of Mark and Abigail’s friends from high school and university. Oddly despite being in a room full of people she felt lonely. She had always been somewhat of a loner at school and had not kept in touch with anyone from high school. Even the members of her family had always seen her as the black sheep. As they awaited the desert course, she got up and went in search of the toilets. Hitching up her dress, she sat in the stall

and relieved herself and then suddenly, in burst one of Abbie's friends, who was already quite intoxicated it seemed.
"Shh.. come on… in here.."
"But there's someone in here" whispered her male companion.
"Then you'd better make me cum or they'll know what a loser you are."
The horny couple locked themselves in the stall next to Marthas and she heard their clothes rustling as they prepared to fuck. Then she heard the girl slurping on her companion's dick taking his length into her throat. Before long she could hear them fucking ferociously on the other side of the thin divide. The girl was apparently enjoying his member and Martha could hear how wet her pussy was getting as she slipped up and down his shaft. What had started out as outrage had gradually turned to arousal and soon the sounds of the frantic couple next to her were joined by the soft sound of her own fingers digging inside her soaking wet hole. Then as the guy next to her reached his climax, she came and accidentally let out a soft little moan.
"Well at least you made someone cum.. hee hee!"
"Come on lets get out of here."
And with that they left Martha to clean herself up and regain her composure.
As she rejoined the party, she looked around her at the different tables wondering who she had just shared an orgasm with. Then she spotted a young couple on one of the back tables kissing and giggling with each other. For a moment the girl looked up at Martha at the top table, and then resumed giggling and kissing her boyfriend. With the realisation that they had probably been watching who would leave the toilet after them, she blushed red. They knew it was her, they knew she'd just been masturbating in the toilet, and they were probably having a good laugh at her expense. She looked down at the rosaries dangling between her breasts and acknowledged her just punishment, as once again her weakness had been her undoing. Then, the flash of a camera caught her attention, and the girl behind it even more so. She watched her moving from table to table photographing each group. With a head of copper hair, it seemed redheads were Martha's type. A hand suddenly landed on her shoulder, and she nearly jumped out of her skin.
"Hey scaredy-pants, what's got your panties in a bunch?"
"What? Oh, it's nothing I guess I'm just a little tired from all the 'dancing' last night."
"Ha ha!, well we've got a little time while they clear the tables away so you could always take a little nap. OR, you could come with me."
This sounded ominous, but it was at lease a better prospect than sitting alone in her room. She led her across the room to where the photographer was snapping away at some more guests.
"Hey Charlie, this is Martha, my baby sister."
Martha rolled her eyes as she tried desperately to make a good impression.
"Oh hi, you both look absolutely gorgeous by the way."
"Thanks, Charlie here is one of my friends from high school. She doesn't normally do weddings but she's a great photographer."
"Oh stop it you."
"You still up for that thing we talked about?"
"Oh yeah, you ready now?"
"Come on, let's do it."
She led them both up to the bridal suite and Abigail explained to Martha what the plan was.
"Charlie's expertise is in boudoir shoots you see, so we're going to do a special one for Mark as my wedding gift to him."
"What do you mean by WE"
"Oh nothing to worry about, I just need you to help with my dress."

Martha was fairly unconvinced about the whole thing, but she was here now. Charlie started taking some pictures of Abigail as she posed suggestively on the bed.
“Martha, be a dear and come and help with the zip again.”
As she knelt on the bed behind her sister and unzipped her dress, she voiced her disapproval in a harsh whisper.
“I can’t believe you’re doing this.”
“I know, it’s so exciting isn’t it.”
That wasn’t quite what Martha had meant, but keen to get this over with as quickly as possible, she dropped the subject and stood behind Charlie. Abigail slowly lowered her dress as she performed her strip tease for the camera. Slipping it down over her shoulders at first, then exposing her magnificent breasts one by one. As she slipped it down over her shapely hips, she bent away from the camera showing off her hidden treasure still secure in her rear hole.
“Oh wow Abbie, I wasn’t expecting that!!”
“Ha Ha,, I thought you’d like it.”
She then slowly pulled down her panties which glistened with her slimy grool.
Martha was trying very hard to disapprove of this whole affair, but her body betrayed her true feelings. Her sister’s striptease had been one of the most erotic things she’s ever seen, and the evidence was now running down her legs.
“Martha! Hey! Earth to Martha..”
“Huh.. wha.?”
“Get your cute butt over here..”
Almost in a trance-like state she went over to her sister who was now bending over right in front of her.
“I want you to slowly pull this thing out for me, got it?”
As Martha took the bejewelled plug between her thumb and forefinger and gently pulled, she could see her sister’s anus expand as the silver plug emerged. Charlie snapped away over her shoulder.
“Oh that looks so hot Abbie.”
As the plug came past its maximum diameter, Abbigail moaned gently as it slipped out revealing her gaping ass hole above her dripping pussy.
“Pass it here Martha.”
She handed the silver plug to her sister and gasped in shock as she put it in her mouth.
“What are you.. that was in your ass!”
“I know.. it tastes so good, want a lick?”
“No I most certainly do not!”
The dribble down her leg gave a different answer.
“Damn Abbie, Marks going to love these..”
“Here, pop it back in for me, would you?”
She handed the plug back to her sister who winced as she carefully inserted it into her awaiting anus. She pulled her dress back on and Martha zipped her up again. Leaving Abigail’s dirty panties on the bed among the scattering of rose petals, they left the room and headed back to the party. Martha was still feeling a mixture of shock, lust, and now the need to pee. She returned to the bathroom stall and relieved herself. Feeling how wet she had become she admonished herself for being so out of control. She looked down at her rosaries again and decided she would spend the remainder of the day with a reminder to behave, and one by one, she slipped the beads into her slick pussy. Once the last one had been pushed in, she took a few moments to adjust to how full she now felt. With the little crucifix now dangling between her legs, she headed back to the function room, which by now had been transformed into a large dance floor, complete with disco lights and a DJ playing music from

a small booth on the stage, where previously the top table had been placed. The tables had been pushed to the edges of the room and the guests patiently awaited the new couple who now took to the floor with cheers from all around the room. Martha watched Mark and her sister enjoy their first dance together as husband and wife. Then gradually more and more of the other guests joined them on the dance floor and the music changed from the slow romantic tune they'd been swaying to, into a more fun and bouncing number. As she was about to go and look for a quiet corner to sit in, a voice beside her spoke.
"Hey Martha. do you want to dance?"
To her surprise, it was Charlie who had finally put down her camera and was standing next to her with a nervous look in her eyes.
"I er.. I guess.. I'm not much of a dancer though."
"Ha ha, me either, come on."
And as the cute redhead led her to the floor, she felt the beads inside her remind her to behave herself. The last thing she needed was to disgrace herself in front of her entire family. As they danced, they talked about how long Charlie had known Abigail and what it had been like going to school with her. It seemed that Charlie had actually had a bit of a crush on Abigail in high school, which explained why she was having such a good time earlier. As the night wore on, Martha felt more and more at ease with her new companion. Every time they made eye to eye contact, her beads moved around serving as a reminder to keep things cool, but she was becoming more and more smitten with the girl with each passing moment. Charlie too was clearly eyeing up Martha in her well-fitting dress, but each time she tried to get a little closer, Martha backed away, not wanting to do anything foolish in front of her family.
"I'm sorry Charlie, I want to.. but I can't.. my parents. They.. they wouldn't like it.."
As the party drew towards its end, the DJ had started playing slower more romantic songs and the couples around them were starting to slow dance in each other's arms. Charlie looked disappointed but then said;
"You've got a room here right?.. want to get out of here?"
Martha heart was pounding in her chest. What was happening? Was this gorgeous friend of her sister's actually propositioning her, or was this just some cruel trick? It didn't seem real, but looking into those eyes again there was no way she could say no. As they slipped away from the dancefloor, Martha looked over her shoulder at her sister, as she swayed in the arms of her new husband, and Abigail smiled and gave her a thumbs up. As the doors closed in the elevator, they turned to each other and Martha felt the rush of her first proper kiss. It was passionate and unlike anything she'd felt before. As Charlie's tongue made its way into Martha's mouth, she backed away for a moment.
"Sorry.. I.. I've never done this before."
"Don't worry Martha, I'll take care of you."
And she kissed her again. The elevator came to a stop and they straightened themselves up just before the doors opened. They charged into Martha's room and the little crucifix between Martha's legs made her gasp suddenly as she realised her secret was about to be discovered. What would Charlie say, would she think she was some kind of weird pervert and run off?
"What's wrong?"
"I er.. I don't really know how to say this but. There's something you might not be expecting.. down there.."
"Holy crap are you a.. a dude? "
"No no.. I'm all girl.."
"Let me see."
And Charlie dropped to her knees and lifted Martha's dress. She gasped as she saw the little cross not knowing what on earth it was.

“Is that.. your..?”
“My necklace, yes.. you probably think I’m some sort of pervert now don’t you.”
“Can I pull it out?”
“I er.. guess.”
Charlie took the little crucifix in her teeth and gently pulled the beads from Martha’s pussy. Martha moaned as she felt each bead depart. Her pussy juices cascaded down the row of beads and dripped from Charlie’s chin.
“Wow, your pussy is amazing Martha.”
As the last slimy bead fell from her hole, Charlie filled the void with her tongue. Martha had never felt anything like it, the feeling of Charlie's soft tongue was nothing like anything that had ever been inside her. She was already close to her limit, but she didn’t want to cum just yet. She pulled her dress off completely as Charlie took off hers, and then they moved over to the bed, where they could explore each other's bodies in all of their splendour. She placed her hands on Charlie’s breasts, feeling her hard nipples below her fingers as she kissed her neck. She reached with her other hand feeling Charlie’s wet pussy between her legs. She couldn’t wait any more, she had to taste her. She placed her head between Charlie’s thighs and breathed in her heavenly scent. Her pussy smelled amazing, intoxicating. She slowly licked up and down her labia, finding her way between the folds into the soft wetness within. As she flicked her tongue across her clitoris, Charlie moaned with pleasure.
“Oh yeah.. you sure you’ve never done this before?”
Martha blushed and continued on licking, probing her tongue deeper into Charlie’s wet hole and tasting her sweet nectar.
“I want to taste you some more, lay down here.”
And as Martha lay on the bed, Charlie got on top of her, putting her head between her legs and her fingers inside her pussy. Martha returned the gesture and massaged Charlie’s g-spot with her fingers while she savoured the juices flowing from within.
“Oh god you’re making me cum Martha!”
And almost simultaneously they both squirted in each other’s mouths. Martha buried her face in the soaked pussy in front of her and she licked every morsel she could. She felt Charlie sit upright, grinding her pussy over her whole face, feeling her nose and tongue slipping in and out of her holes with each pass. Barely able to breathe she felt like she was in another world where the smell and taste of this amazing pussy was all she ever needed.
“Oh FUUCK!!”
Charlie came again, even more intensely than the first time, and Martha’s face bore the full force, as a torrent of squirt almost drowned her. It was the most amazing experience of her life, so far, and she couldn’t imagine how she would ever top it. They both lay on the bed, holding each other as they got their breath back.
“I think I need a shower.”
“I think that’s probably a good idea, come on.”
Under the warm water, they kissed and caressed each other’s skin, feeling every soft curve. Once again, their fingers found each other’s wet pussies.
“Stop Charlie.. sorry.. I need to pee.”
“Then pee, I don’t mind.”
And she continued to rub Martha’s pussy as her hot yellow stream filled her hand and splashed down on their feet. With Charlies tongue in her mouth and her fingers in her pussy, she came again and then again, until her legs could no longer support her, and she dropped to her knees before her copper haired goddess.
“Sorry Martha, but I need to pee too.”
Barely able to think straight by now, all she could say was.
“OK”

And as she kneeled, Charlie's yellow stream flowed over her tits and down between her legs. As the last drops fell, Martha looked up at Charlie and then down at her pussy and knew she had to taste her once more. This time the taste was different, slightly bitter, but not unpleasant. In fact, she found herself thrusting her tongue deeper into Charlie's pussy searching for more of that unique flavour. She didn't need to search for long as Charlie found a little more of the amber nectar for her, and she took her first golden shower, swallowing the girl's delicious piss and enjoying every moment of it.
Feeling exhausted after their night of unbridled passion, they went back to bed and fell asleep in each other's arms.