

## **Betty Berry tries porn for the first time**

Taken from [My Granny Writes Erotica – Threesome](#)

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It was then that Betty remembered something she'd once heard: you can get pornography on the Internet. *Should* she get pornography on the Internet?

Betty flushed redder still. She had never watched a pornographic movie in her life. She wasn't necessarily opposed to that particular genre of film; she just felt that alternative cinema was best left to students and the working classes, not the wives of estate agents.

Still, she wasn't the wife of an estate agent anymore. She might still have Rodney's name but she was, to all intents and purposes, a single woman. Stuff it! She wasn't just a single woman; she was a single erotica writer. Why shouldn't she research her genre?

Betty giggled to herself. She really hoped this wouldn't be one of the days when the Internet was on the blink. She wondered where she should begin. Gingerly, she typed: 'I would like to watch a pornographic movie, please'.

Betty looked at the top of the page with shock, '157,000,000 results'. Wow! *So you really can get pornography on the Internet.*

Poor Betty didn't know where to begin. She instantly became paranoid. Could the neighbours listen in on her Internet line? She wedged a chair against the door. Muriel was supposed to be having an afternoon nap, but she couldn't be too careful. Rodney might not be Betty's partner anymore, but that didn't mean that she wanted his mother to walk in on her watching two strangers making love.

She glanced down the list of search results. There was certainly a lot of choice. Then she remembered her financial situation and her heart sank. Presumably pornographic movies were jolly expensive, given what the actors were asked to do.

What she really needed was a free pornographic movie. She knew it was a long shot but a free movie would stop the rental showing up on her bank statements.

Yesterday morning, the bank manager had told her that she was jointly responsible for over one hundred thousand pounds worth of debt. Not only that, but Rodney had borrowed money against their house. At the time, she had thought it impossible to be any more humiliated than she was at the moment. However, glancing at an item advertised on the Internet, she felt that a credit card item stating 'Banging Bangkok Boy Babes' might just top that.

Betty sighed, 'Banging Bangkok Boy Babes' didn't sound like her kind of thing, although she did appreciate the alliteration. She wasn't racist, but she preferred British men. She wondered if she was being too specific. Could you get British porn?

She adjusted her search query. 'I would like to watch a free British pornographic movie, please'. Amazingly, there were 77,300,000 search results. How on God's green earth was she going to narrow it down to something that might actually be educational?

The top result was 'Snoop Dogg filmography'. Snoop *Dogg*? She didn't like the sound of that one bit. She doubted any human on the planet would be sick enough to film animals making love for titillation purposes, but if they had, she wanted no part of it.

After a further half hour of browsing, Betty finally found a pornographic movie that was both free and featured British men – at least, they *looked* British. It was hard to tell when they were covered in so much oil. She tried not to look at the women – she hadn't been a lesbian in her sixty-five years on the planet, so she saw no need to start now.

Betty waited for the movie to download. Then, making sure that the headphones were plugged in, she clicked 'Play'.

Immediately, she realised that there had been some sort of mistake; the film had started near the end. Three seconds in and the woman was already naked and enjoying what appeared to be the climax of the action. *Darn you, modern*

*technology.* Betty fiddled around with the movie player. *That's odd. The slider is near the beginning.* Betty closed the rectangle in which the film was playing and reopened it. Yet, again, it started with a completely naked man making love to a completely naked woman, and from the sounds of it, they had been enjoying copulation for quite some time.

*That's odd. Where's the build up? They haven't set the scene yet.* Betty watched a few moments of the lovemaking. She knew this one – it was called 'cowgirl'. She had learnt it from one of Joanne's teenage magazines, years ago. In fact, she'd had a rather wild night with Rodney the week that *More* magazine featured the 'doggy style'.

Betty frowned; thinking of Rodney made her sad. She looked at the screen. The plot did nothing to take her mind off her separation; the two leads had been doing the same repetitive plunging for several minutes.

Betty skipped again, hoping to find something that explained who the characters were, and what they were doing in a hayloft. However, instead of finding the much-desired context, she ended up finding a couple making love in a boat. She looked closely. *Isn't that the man from the opening scene?* It certainly wasn't the same woman. This one was brunette and her bosoms were even more cosmetically enhanced than the first. *Is he cheating on his girlfriend or did they break up already?*

She spent the next ten minutes skipping backwards and forwards, trying to make some sense of the film. Instead, she found a confusing montage of lovemaking. Characters switched sexual partners for no apparent reason, before returning to their original lovers without any consequences. Even when girlfriends walked in on their partner's indiscretions, the men were not held accountable for their actions (in some cases, they actually appeared to get rewarded!).

Finally, she found all three female characters in the same scene. They were all naked, all bent over, and all had their hands on a wall. She recognised them from their improbably bouncy, chemically treated hair. *Finally, they'll discuss their*

*cheating lover*. Betty waited for the showdown. Instead, out of nowhere, a cowboy who hadn't appeared anywhere else in the film, marched onto the set with an enormous – *Oh my!* – and began caressing the first one's boobs.

Then, in a thick Wild West accent, he announced, "I'm gonna fuck your tight little booties one by one." The camera panned down to his crotchless chaps and ...

Betty gasped. "Oh my goodness! This isn't really a British film."