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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I hadn't seen my Aunt Winifred since the accident and I hoped that my cast would not make any marks on the beautiful red brick pavers at the curved front steps. I had to be careful with the steps because of the curvature and I retracted my steps down to my motor car with infinite care.

In all honesty, I should admit that I should have been half as cautious when trying to pass the lorry on the post road not being fully aware of the depth of the dreadful pothole right out on the highway. My blue convertible was damaged beyond any thought of operating with an axle that had to be shipped all the way from bloody Germany teaching me a valuable lesson about buying only UK products to avoid the aggravation of finding spare parts and a mechanic that understood the foreign makes.

My doctors told me that I would not be playing tennis anytime soon and that did in my chances for a title shot at the finals although I had always considered my chances slim to none.

My Auntie Winifred was a constant visitor to our estate in the Midlands and she always brought me a gift and let me sit on her lap like I was her child and not my flighty mother's that was always at some club or another making the world a better place for the poor unfortunate masses.

I liked my Aunt Winifred to the point of a schoolboy crush on her petite upper-class body that was invariably clothed in the latest fashions and with an appreciation for my tennis skills that included her watching me play and taking me for drinks at every opportunity. I know we made an odd couple with me being still a teenager at nineteen and her being in her mid-forties.

Aunt Winifred was often referred to as "Her Ladyship" because of her deceased second husband, a judge of some standing and receiver of many honors and medals for his work with human rights. I didn't like the judge because she had confided in me that he beat her regularly and not just with his hands but with a huge paddle that they used for criminals in the old days when incarceration meant a full routine. The thought of her delicate and finely designed heart-shaped bum being so degraded was enough to make me angry enough to say something outright but she begged me to be discreet and told me to put soothing lotion on her majestic cheeks instead.

It was almost a routine now with us that I would caress her bottom with my joyful hands and she would purr and hum like a little kitten as I brought her to a nice female finish totally befitting for an Auntie and her nephew behind a locked door with nobody the wiser.

If you were wondering what I was doing on her doorstep, it was to offer my bum soothing ministrations that seemed to work their magic for me as well as her and had given me many a fine draining of my manly juices right onto her regal ass cheeks or the back of her nicely shaped legs. She was always receptive of my offerings and told me,

"Thank you dear boy, now rub it in for Auntie, I like the feel and the scent of your cream all over me and I promise not to bathe for at least a full day to keep you on me like you are sleeping right in my bed."

She could always get me worked up with her naughty words and I would also use my teenaged tongue to lick her female parts far better than any dog she had ever owned and used in such a manner. I liked the way she would pat the top of my head and say,

"Good boy, lick me right there, you naughty dog and make me yell like a bitch in heat and I will pay you back by licking your bum with my wet tongue as soon as you make me cum right filthy into your impudent mouth."

I followed her instructions and she would keep her part of the bargain sending me right up the wall with the tingle that wouldn't stop.

Of course, we were both quite circumspect in not putting our blood related parts together in a way that could be considered incestuous in the eyes of the church as well as the law because in addition to being a sin, it was most definitely a crime with sordid aspects that need not be mentioned.

I sped to the nearby dog park with the directions of the butler and saw that the place was humming with activity. Strangely, I didn't see that many dogs and it looked like the males outnumbered the females by at least a ratio of five to one. I could hear some terrible music playing from one of the car radios and I thought I saw one lady bent over her hatchback entry with her shocking white ass cheeks up high with a line of several gents waiting their turn like shoppers with numbers all orderly like. The fairly attractive middle-aged woman was taking it nice and hard and squealing like a pig being done from behind.

I limped into the middle of the chaos and spied my Auntie Winifred's sedan right next to a picnic table at the end of the row. When I got closer, I saw that she was bent over the picnic table and was standing with her undies at her ankles and her arms being held down by an old gentleman with a full beard at the other end. There was no less than three young lads lined up behind her and I could hear her familiar voice ringing out,

"Yes, right there, stout fellow. Bit more slapping if you don't object. I do like a rough tumble from behind if you are of a mind."

It was obvious that Auntie Winifred was quite enjoying her humiliation and I hesitated to interrupt her delight. However, she saw me and waved me over to greet me even with the long hard dick in her fundament like a salami looking for a home.

A quick look in her eyes was all I needed to assure me that she was ready, willing and able to be a cum bucket for any takers. The young man behind her looked at me and smiled and he made a point of humping my beloved Aunt even harder because he assumed I was a relative or a boyfriend and he was quite correct. Poor Winifred was almost unbalanced and she took it all in stride shouting out some dirty words I had never heard cross her lips before.

"Be a good boy and look for my Dicky. He is a good dog and I thought we were going to a dog park for him to make new friends and do his business. I found out that that this park is for females to make new friends and let the gents do their business from behind like the doggies in the kennels late at night."

That explained her astonishing fall from grace and the fact her bun was stark naked and obviously ready for action from any direction.

I sat down at the picnic table and accepted a can of beer from the old guy.

"You need to get on line if you want some, son, this is one of those high-class ones that thinks her shit don't stink."

I had to smile at his description of my Aunt.

I had never brought my hardness anywhere close to her feminine folds or her tight little rosebud during our many sessions together but it was beginning to look like she was much in need of such

tomfoolery just like any other sex-deprived middle-aged female with a disinterested husband or a bad case of no-boyfriend-itus.

After the third fellow went away taking off his condom, I decided to take one of the silly things from the old guy and held my Aunt's pretty bum cheeks in my two hands. She was moaning continuously now after getting it from behind from no less than three strong and virile young lads and I found it easy to slide into her vaginal entryway from the rear like dipping into a slab of softened butter. Her puddle of inside goo was still a bit firm and not running melted down the insides of her legs. The sound of my humping was enough to send her into a series of yelps that sounded more like a dog scalded by boiling water rather than a beloved Ladyship up high on a pedestal of marble with all us naughty boys at the bottom like suitors at her pussy gates just waiting for an opening to shove our junk inside.

This was the first time I had been inside my delightful Auntie Winifred and the fact that she was naked from the waist down and grunting like a bitch in heat didn't deter me from drawing the utmost satisfaction from my dogging mistress ignoring the fact she was actually my Aunt.

The old man brought me the leash on Dicky and the confused dog looked up recognizing my scent as well as his mistress's distinctive odor of aroused female pussy juice on my trousers. I found it difficult to look into his accusing eyes and simply patted him on top of the head and put him into the back of my Aunt's motorcar.

My cast had been a bit of a problem when I poked my Aunt's pretty bum but I managed to make it down the row to a popular SUV with a pair of teenaged nymphets that were taking it up the bum from all with a mind to test their tightness. I looked at the heavysset one with the drooping cheeks and decided I would give it a go just to see what teenaged sphincter felt like in the middle of this chaos with grunting and groaning and laughter blending in with the spanks and slaps that made it all a bit dirtier if the truth be known.

The girl told me her name was Margie and I felt I was obliged to tell her my name was Horace knowing it would make her giggle and I was not disappointed. She shifted her big cheeks this way and that way and even reached back with her painted nail fingers to spread them widely for my entry. I could see her reddened brown eye and she admitted that she had already taken a half dozen ass fuckers that morning but they all wore condoms so we could feel a little safe.

I squirted a God-awful amount of lubricant on her pulsating anus and she thanked and patted me on the back of my hand to let me know she was sincere. In all honesty, I felt a bit ashamed because she was giving up her most secret place to me right out in the open where everyone could see. I hoped my Aunt Winifred didn't see me addressing this teenaged girl's rump with such serious intent.

Margie took me all the way up her rectal channel like a woman with lots of practice. We seemed to fit together like two ends of a bookstand with a lot humping in between. I listened to her words that seemed a bit babyish and she called me "Daddy" several times making me wonder if her real father was responsible for her addiction to taking it up the bum. She told me that the other girl was not her sister but her brother's wife and that they always did the "dogging" together just to be on the safe side in case there was some pervert with other business on his mind.

It didn't bother me that Margie asked me to spank her when I was humping her bum because she like the way it made her feel right down deep in her gut. Her sister-in-law whose name was Grace showed her mean side by slapping the poor girl terribly hard and leaving her handprints on each cheek like some sort of badge of courage. I think Margie's sister-in-law was a bit taken with her and wanted to punish her for giving up her backside to the boys with such a degree of glee.

Please don't think me silly for getting Margie's phone number because I knew she was a keeper from the moment she put her hand on mine and told me,

"Nice and deep, please, sir!"

I went back with my Aunt to the estate and we did our regular session behind her locked bedroom door, but I am certain all the servants knew her weakness and spoke behind her back. Fortunately, she didn't see me hobbling over to the SUV and humping my teenaged queen, but I knew with a certainty she wouldn't like it just like I didn't like to see her bent over and taking random cocks from behind like some slut from a bad part of town and still pretending to be so High and Mighty with a sweet-smelling flower of a bum that only wore the finest French silk.

She surprised me by whispering in my ear,

"Would you mind terribly, dear, by making me take it face down in the pillows with the lights off and don't say a word."

Of course, I complied with her wishes and wondered who she was imagining as she writhed beneath my determined cock. I did her in her pussy and I did her in her bum and she didn't really care where I went as long as I delivered the full load of cream that she suddenly had a craving for at this point in her life.

The following weekend, I had my cast taken off and drove out to take Margie to a picture show and we kissed all through it never listening to a word of dialogue and shocked we missed the ending all in glorious Technicolor and with a cast of thousands although most of them never said a single word and there was no scenes of humping in the middle of the night.

Her mum and dad looked at me with concern in their eyes thinking I might have screwed their darling daughter moments before but the truth of the matter was that all we did was kiss because the other stuff was better suited to the "dogging" park which was quite different than the "Dog Park" on the other side of the highway with space for pets to roam and meet.

Perhaps someday they would have a Dog Park and a Dogging Park that could combine their services together and make everyone happy from lapdogs to the men that needed a little bit of "strange" to make their day. The dogs could do their business, the humans could do theirs and perhaps there might be a bit of crossover when passions run deep.

The End