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Santa's Little Helper

I tried not to giggle as I attempted to focus enough to get the key into the keyhole of my front door.

"Lucy now make sure you are home by midnight, it's Christmas Eve," she said as I left the house. It was one of her silly traditions that unless you were home by midnight Santa wouldn't come. Since Dad left two years ago, I had gone a little wild and my mother had a hard time controlling me, but I did try my best to keep with her little traditions.

I did the rounds of the pubs in the back streets of Birtley hoping to get bought drinks, as at 16 the pubs wouldn't serve me. Birtley was a rough ex-mining town in the Northeast of England, but the mines had long since closed. The pubs had groups of smokers that congregated outside, and it was easy enough to get an older person to buy drinks, especially if I promised a special thank you.

My special thank you used to consist of a hand job or even a blow job in a nearby alleyway. However, since one idiot decided he wanted to cum on my face but ended up all over my top, I stopped sucking cock. Instead, I found it much easier to offer a knee trembler fuck against the wall, providing they were sober enough to get it up.

Barry, Richard and Mark were all sober enough and after buying me drinks all night, they fucked me one after the other over a bench in the local park. Despite the wad of tissues I had stuffed in my knickers they were soaking from their collective loads and I couldn't wait to get them off.

When I finally opened the door, I was surprised that Santa's Little Helper didn't come flying down the corridor like he normally did.

Santa's Little Helper was a dog that my father had brought home Christmas Eve three years ago as a puppy that he had got from a man in the pub. The Simpsons was playing on TV and in the episode, Homer got a dog called Santa's Little Helper. My father declared that was to be the dog's name then burped before passing out on the sofa leaving a very excited 13-year-old and an exasperated wife to deal with things. Although the dog's name was quickly shortened to Santa it was still embarrassing shouting Santa at the top of your voice in the local park in the middle of August.

Dad always said he was a thoroughbred, but he was no breed I had ever seen. Whatever breed he was, he was as mad as a March hare and always overexcited to see me, but for once he was nowhere to be seen.

Then I heard Mam from the back room where we watched TV, "Oh yes Santa... that's a good boy...Mammy loves you."

Moving towards the door I could see my Mam on the sofa with her legs wide apart, her skirt around her waist. By the blinking lights of the Christmas tree, I could see that Santa had his snout buried between her thighs. As his long pink tongue delved inside, before rasping across her pussy lips and clit, she moaned with pleasure, gripping his head. I watched spellbound as my mother orgasmed on the dog's tongue but I couldn't stop myself from blurting out, "Ma!!"

"Lucy!" she cried in shock, "I'm sorry pet, you shouldn't be seeing this." She tried to push Santa's head away, humiliation and shame etched across her face, but Santa was having none of it. He evaded her hands and kept his muzzle buried in her crotch. As his rough tongue drove her to another orgasm, she had no choice but to surrender to him totally.

"How long has been licking you?" I asked

"Just six months, I haven't had sex since your father left and he came into the bedroom when I was...you know..."

"Masturbating," I finished her sentence as she nodded shamefaced in agreement.

"Has he fucked you yet?" I asked looking at her face.

"God no," She moaned still feebly trying to push him away, "I would never do that."

"Why not?" I asked, "he has been fucking me for a couple of years now."

I could see the look of shock and disbelief appearing on her face as she stammered, "Fucking you? ... two years..." her voice trailed off.

"Roll over Ma, you won't regret it."

I watched my mother roll onto her hands and knees, her upper half supported by the couch and presented her naked ass to Santa.

As she moved Santa knew exactly what was going to happen next, as he had fucked me enough times over the years in that position. Once she was ready, he took one more quick lick before mounting and starting to jab with his long red cock. My mother clearly wasn't experienced as she never moved her position to help him find her pussy. I grabbed Santa's cock and placed the twitching, squirting tip at her opening and in a flash he thrust forward and buried his doggie dick deep into her. His paws went to her hips and within a couple of thrusts buried himself fully in her before starting to fuck her with the delicious speed and ferocity that I loved.

Mother was orgasming over and over, making incomprehensible noises when Santa decided it was breeding time. With a mighty thrust, he buried his knot into the place I had emerged from 16 years before. As her howls became louder, I knew Santa was now swelling and throbbing against her G-spot. I had little doubt that as this was their first knotting, they were likely to stay locked for a while.

I could see the dog's cock clamped inside her pussy and small amounts of fluids leaking from her, such was the volume being pumped into her. I whispered, "Merry Christmas Ma...looks like Santa has cum after all."

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## **Caught In The Rain**

Staring out into the rain-swept hills Cameron McCloud cursed silently as he would never curse out loud in case his wife Morag heard, though that was an unlikely event as she had been gone nearly 15 years. She always admonished him for using profane language so even to this day he was careful not to cuss out loud in respect of her memory. He drew his waterproof coat close around himself, buttoning the neck, before pulling his boonie hat down onto his head as protection against the pelting rain. Then, leaning forward, he started climbing the notorious slopes of the craggy mountain range, hoping it wouldn't take him long to find the stupid young girl who had gone off with her dog.

Cameron knew the hills well as he was born there nearly 60 years ago and had returned to the family home after he left the army nearly 20 years ago. The weather had a nasty habit of turning quickly and even the most experienced walker could get caught out, with it moving from what seemed to be a pleasant autumn day to a raging thunderstorm, in a matter of a few hours.

Elsie had no worries when the rain started as she had walked with her father many many times over the years in all sorts of conditions. She was more concerned about Nelson who was really used to being out in all conditions and the poor dog was starting to shiver with the cold. Seeing a small opening in the rock face she crawled in pulling Nelson by his collar until they were out of the rain. She judged that the rain would take a few hours to pass so using standard survival techniques she stripped out of her wet clothing and spread it out to dry. Nelson was still shivering so she wrapped her arms around him and pressed her body against his fur so they could share body warmth.

Cameron had heard the noises coming from the cave. At first, he thought they were from animals, but as he listened carefully, despite the noise of the rain, he realised they were human in origin. His next thought was that it was someone in pain but as he concentrated he realised that the yelps were of a much more carnal nature and pure pleasure. Sliding into the entrance he slipped on the night vision goggles that he had accidentally forgotten to hand in when he left the service. Toggling the switch the interior was bathed in a green glow and he could make out quite clearly the shape of a dog humping a female on all fours. The speed of the dog was astounding and from the noises she was making she was clearly enjoying herself.

Elsie felt Nelson drive his thin red cock into her body, moaning with pleasure as she always did when one of the dogs fucked her. There were currently eight dogs on the farm and they were used for breeding purposes as well as being trained to be sheep dogs if they were kept on. Nelson was now a three-year-old border collie and like the rest of the male dogs, from the age of two, he had been put out to stud. When demand was low it seemed the most natural thing in the world to her to be a stand-in to stop the dogs getting frustrated. The more she did it, the more she wanted and this sometimes led to arguments about the dogs being too exhausted to perform their stud duties. Things had come to a head when she was caught in the dog kennels having been serviced by all six males. Now she would sneak away early morning with one of the dogs and enjoy some alone time before returning in the evening very dishevelled.

Cameron crouched down to get a better view of the dog and admired the way its cock slammed into the young girl's body. He noticed that the girl had spread her clothing out to dry so she had some survival skills and would no doubt claim that she was generating heat by her actions. Billy debated fishing his cock out and having a wank at the sight before him but judging by the noises things were reaching a climax and the knotting was about to take place. Sure enough, the girl screamed loudly as the dog drove his knot in and started to swell locking inside her.

Elsie loved the knotting, the feeling of the cock swelling inside her body sealing her before breeding started. There was the initial pulse that signalled the imminency of the first jet, followed moments later by a spurt deep inside her as the knot pulsed against her G-spot. Just as she orgasmed she heard a slight cough and realised she was not alone. There was nothing she could do as the dog was locked in her as she squeaked, "Who's there?"

Cameron said nothing, chuckling softly as he studied the young girl's face.

"Oh Daddy it's you," Elsie exclaimed, "You had me worried for a moment."

Cameron studied his daughter's face, recognising the look of bliss he had seen many times on his wife's face when she serviced the dogs, long before Elsie came along. His thoughts were interrupted by Elsie giving a soft cough and looking up he could see she had opened her mouth in invitation. He had never been with another woman since Morag had died and refused to fuck his own daughter despite her pleading and offering. In compromise he had allowed her to give him a blow job, something she had become very skilful and very eager to do at every opportunity.

“Rain looks like it has settled in for a few hours so might as well enjoy ourselves before we set off home,” Cameron laughed as he pushed his cock into his daughter’s willing mouth. Sighing with contentment as she started to suck he listened to the rain beating down outside.

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Saving Christmas

Annie rubbed her eyes as she woke from her deep sleep. Looking at her phone her first thoughts were, “What the fuck? Who is that on the roof at 3:00 am”

Her second thought was, “Where the fuck am I?” Then the night came slowly back to her as she remembered giving out Christmas blowjobs on her knees in the bar. Running a hand through her hair she felt the gummy mess where a couple of the guys hadn’t been able to hold back and had spurted on her hair.

She did feel that it was a little harsh of the bar owner to ban her as the guys seemed to be enjoying themselves. For some reason, she lost her sense of Christmas cheer when she saw that one of the men was her husband.

Suddenly six very serious-looking elves appeared in the room in a flash of sparkly dust.

“Slutty Annie,” the oldest one shouted, “we have found you at last. We searched everywhere. We need your help.”

At that point, one of the two men sleeping on either side of Annie yawned and started to sit up. The tallest elf, whose hat had a bell on it, shook sparkles from what looked like one of those castor sugar shakers over the man who fell back into a deep sleep.

“He won’t remember a thing,” the elf chuckled as he sprinkled some on the other man.

“You have to come with us,” the elf with a beard insisted, “only you can get Rudolf going again.”

“If I am going with you then I want a gang bang” Annie pouted.

The elves put their heads together and muttered before one turned to her and said, “OK deal.”

Before Annie could ask which one was going first the bell-hatted elf sprinkled some pixie dust and she immediately fell asleep.

When Annie woke her head hurt a little and she thought at first it had to have been a dream. Her headache must be the after-effects of the copious volume of seed she had swallowed which she had washed down with free beer. Then she opened her eyes and found herself staring into the face of a fat man with a white beard.

“Annie you angel. Thank goodness you are awake we need your help. You have to work your magic and do what you did last year, break Rudolph from his negative spiral.”

“Ohhhh it’s you Santa high and bloody mighty Claus,” Annie pouted. “Last year you called me...what was it?...oh yes...a horny little slut when you caught me blowing your moose thing but now you need my help, I am an angel.”

“It’s a reindeer, not a moose,” Santa huffed, “and it’s your fault anyway, since you blew Rudolph, he talks about nothing else. It’s Christmas Eve tomorrow and he has gone on strike.”

"Let me think about it," Annie said lying back on the cushions and closing her eyes as if she was deep in thought. She had already made her decision but was enjoying the torture.

The elves and Santa nervously paced about the room and every time they went to say something Annie would hold her hand up for silence.

Finally, after what seemed forever, she cleared her throat, "Firstly I would like a hot chocolate, you know the ones with little marshmallows and chocolate dust."

Santa waved his hand and an elf scuttled off as Annie continued, "Second, I remain on the good list...for life. Regardless of whatever I do bad."

"Deal," said Santa quickly, "so will you do it now?"

"OK," said Annie, "there is a third thing, but I need to talk to the other reindeer as well. lead me to them."

"Anything," Santa said in panic, "Whatever you want is agreed." Then, followed by the elves, he led Annie to the open barn but as they approached Annie held up her hand and said, "OK That's close enough, wait here."

Rudolph snickered excitedly when he saw Annie and his long pink cock started to hang down and sway from side to side. Annie ran her hand along the pink shaft making it grow and harden until it stuck out from Rudolph's body. She started to work her hand up and down the shaft and the other reindeer watched on and started to make excited high-pitched whistling noises.

Then Annie stopped and said something that only the reindeer could hear as the rest were out of earshot.

At first, Rudolph went quiet and the look on his face was that of shock and disbelief. If anything, he looked more depressed than before Annie arrived. The other reindeer started to make even louder rutting noises, their cocks starting to show.

Then Annie whispered in his ear and his face split into a wide grin as he perked up and started to strut around.

Annie strolled back to Santa grinning broadly. "OK that's all sorted you will find a very eager group of reindeer ready to work on Christmas Eve."

Santa's jaw hung open and the elves stood in silence in stunned disbelief.

"What on earth did you say?" Santa finally managed to splutter out.

Annie chuckled, "Well I told them all that if Rudolf didn't get his act together then he would have to watch while they fucked me one after the other."

"That explains his sad face," Santa said, "but what did you whisper in his ear?"

"I told him that if he led the team then as they fucked me, I would blow him. Not only that I promised that I would come back every 23rd December and repeat the whole thing."

"Now I need some sleep, it's going to be a long night after you get back from delivering those presents." Then she paused and turned to the elves, "but before I do you six promised me a gang bang."

“Thank you, Slutty Annie,” chorused the elves, “You have saved Christmas so we will be very happy to fuck you.”