

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My wife and I were at her tenth high school reunion. We got married right after college that was four years ago. We did not have children, so we spent most of our time working and working out. We own a physical fitness club that does very well. Martha runs the business and teaches several of the classes. She likes the young children, old people, and pregnant ladies. She says that they are the nicest. The rest are high and mighty social climbers that use the club to get ahead.

So anyway we took a few days off and flew back to her hometown. We stayed with her parents in her old bedroom. Martha was afraid that she would cry out during sex and that her parents would hear her. I thought that was cute.

Some of the girls that Martha used to hang out with that still lived locally invited us out drinking the next night.

In all there were five women and just me. Martha was the only one of her crowd that was still married.

Ann was married right out of high school and had her first baby five months later. She had another baby but it wasn't her husbands, so that marriage ended. She just gets by.

Beth was happily married after she graduated from cosmetology school. However, that didn't last long because he was cheating on her with another beautician. She works out of her home as a beautician.

Cathy never married but she joined the Army for four years and works as a security guard.

Donna was a waitress and had a long string of boyfriends that never lasted more than six-months.

The bar that they picked was a Country bar with line dancing. Cowboy hats, tight jeans, and boots were to be worn. That meant a quick trip to the local store. Martha must have tried on seven pair of blue jeans before she found the perfect pair. They were faded, skin tight, and they hugged all of her curves perfectly. The stomping boots were picked out much easier than I had expected. Then there was the blouse or shirt as the clerk kept calling it. It was red plaid with a stiff collar and lots of buttons. There were two pockets that covered her breasts nicely. However, she was determined to wear her sexy black bra under it. When I asked about panties she smiled and said, "I don't want any panty lines...so...no I'm not going to wear any."

I had no trouble picking out an outfit for myself. I liked a big brown leather hat while Martha got a white one with a red ribbon. Damn she looked good.

When we arrived I spotted just the right waitress. She was older and she looked a lot older than the other waitresses. She said that her name was Mildred.

So I told Mildred, "I had five women with me and I want them well taken care of. What ever they want with speedy service. Here's a hundred-dollars for your service and I'll give you another one later if you do a good job. Here's another hundred to cover the cost of our drinks. If that runs out...let me know."

Mildred assured me that she would take very good care of my five women and me.

Martha and I found two of the girls sitting at a table and saw the other two coming in the door. After hugs and kisses Mildred was right there. She told the girls that their drinks were all covered, all night long, and that the sky was the limit. I smiled at her and ordered a shot of whisky and a beer for myself. The others ordered tequila shots, followed by more tequila shots. I asked Mildred to just

bring them a bottle. She smiled and then she winked at me as she said, "Right away, Sir."

Mildred came back almost immediately with a bottle, five glasses, two salt shakers, and a bowl full of lime wedges. My whisky and beer were not far behind.

After three rounds of shots they were feeling very good and then they got up to dance. I kept an eye on the girls and admired the way they danced. God created women just to make us men want them.

Mildred came over with a set of clean shot glasses and more lime wedges. She also sat another whisky and beer in front of me.

When the girls had had enough they came back to the table and sat down. All of them had unbuttoned several buttons on their shirts. They were all wearing sexy lacy bras in an assortment of colors. When I saw them coming I poured five shots for them.

Ann shouted out, "Body shorts."

I was very impressed when Martha stood up and poked her breasts in Ann's face. Ann licked my wife's half-exposed breast, sprinkled salt on the wet spot, and then she poked the shot glass down the front of my wife's pants. After placing a lime wedge in my wife's mouth skin in first, she held my wife's ass, drank the tequila, licked the salt off her breast, and bit the lime. That somehow involved a long kiss.

My wife did Cathy, Cathy did Beth, Beth did Donna, and then Donna did Ann. It was simply amazing to watch them carry on as if no one else was watching them.

Hour after hour, dance after dance, and drink after drink...they just got drunker, more revealing, and more sexual.

I watched guys feel their asses, brush up against their tits, and steal a few kisses. I was not jealous. In fact I was getting my share of the action too. The girls would kiss me before they went out on the floor and rub my cock when they did. When they came back one or two would sit in my lap for a couple of minutes. They were great cock teasers.

Mildred came over and whispered in my ear, "I reserved a room in the motel across the street for you. None of you should drive home tonight. Just tell the girls that they only had one room left and that you all need to share it." She winked at me as she brushed her hand over the lump in my pants. Then she whispered, "If you don't get lucky with then give me a call."

We stayed until closing time at two in the morning. Then I helped two of them across the street. We got room thirteen and I laughed.

I watched as the girls started to undress for bed. Their hats and shirts came off.

Donna said, "I've got the biggest tits."

My wife said, "My tits are bigger."

Soon they were all topless and comparing the sizes in their bras.

Ann's bra was a 34-B.

Beth's bra was a 34-C.

Cathy's bra was a 36-B.

Donna's bra was a 36-D and my wife's bra was also a 36-D.

However, my wife still insisted, "My tits are bigger."

So it was decided that I had to judge them. I got to hold both of their tits in my hands and squeeze them. I stood behind them and lifted them each. I had them both try on Beth's bra to see how much over flowed. That didn't work out very well so I had them both try on Donna's bra first and then try on my wife's bra. That did it...my wife's tits were honestly bigger.

It was Ann that said, "I've got the tightest pussy."

My wife looked at me and said, "Now is your chance to fuck us all."

I watched as they struggled to get out of their tight jeans. That started a run on the toilet. I hadn't realized it but they never went to the bathroom at all. They were afraid that if they dropped their pants, that they wouldn't get back into them. Cathy and Beth had put their jeans on in the shower two hours before they were to leave the house. They agreed that hot water was best. Then as their blue jeans dried they shrank to fit them like a glove. I had to help peel them off Cathy while my wife helped Beth out of hers.

There was no formality. Martha sat me in the only wooden chair and then sat down on my cock. She watched the second hand spin around counting off one minute. Then Ann, Beth, Cathy, and Donna took turns sitting on my cock, facing me, and sticking their tongues into my mouth.

Ann really did have a tight pussy but I wasn't going to let it end that quickly. I then stuck my cock into each of them as they laid on a bed and held their knees up to their breasts. After a minute in all of them I did it again in the doggy position. I made sure to cum in Ann just before I announced that she did indeed have the tightest pussy.

I got in one bed between Ann and Donna, while my wife got in the other bed between Beth and Cathy.

I heard Cathy whisper, "I've got a virgin ass. It has to be the tightest."

My wife said, "He can judge us in the morning. I'm too tired for anal."

Beth said, "I've got a tube of K-Y in my purse."

Ann giggled and asked, "Why do you carry K-Y Jelly around?"

Donna giggled and said, "She fucks horses."

Beth shouted out, "They are ponies and you promised not to tell anyone." She was furious. Eventually she said, "Donna let two of them fuck her too."

Donna giggled again and said, "They were a lot bigger than my dogs."

My wife asked, "Do you still have Rover?"

Donna replied, "Yeah, but he's getting pretty old."

My wife said, "I remember the first time I let him fuck me."

Ann said, "Yeah, I remember that sleepover. Rover fucked us all several times that night."

Beth said, "He couldn't move the next morning. I thought we had killed him."

They quieted down and soon I could hear them all snoring. I joined them.

In the morning I asked Cathy if she was still up for an anal sex competition. She was, even sober. In fact they all were. Since it was Cathy's idea and hers was the only virgin asshole, I started with her. The K-Y certainly helped. She was tight but she was a real trooper too. She bit hard into the pillow and released a scream that only a few of us heard. She got used to it soon enough and then let me go wild. I released a good amount of cum into her rectum.

With my morning wood and four more women willing to let me go anal on them I tried each of them out for a few minutes. After enjoying them all I finally told Cathy that she was the winner and then I asked her if I could cum in her ass one more time. She really enjoyed it the second time around, her sphincter muscle was still stretched out nicely, and she knew what to expect. I was right naming her the Anal Queen.

We did finally take showers, mostly together, and then we got dressed. Cathy and Beth had to get their jeans wet in the shower before they could pull them on. We had a nice lunch on me and then each woman went home to get ready for the welcoming ceremony at the Country Club.

My five women decided to stick with me that night and it was funny but they all decided to wear their sexiest black dress without a bra or panties. They even agreed on red high heels with pearl necklace and earrings. Ann and Cathy did not have pearls so I told them not to worry. While Martha was getting dressed I stopped off at the local jewelry store and pick them both up a set. Then I ordered a stretch limousine to pick us all up. When Ann and Cathy got in I handed them each a box. They were flabbergasted. I attached their necklaces and they inserted their earrings.

When our limousine pulled up no one seemed to notice but when our driver helped five gorgeous women get out heads turned. Not only did the men start to drool but the other women appeared to be very envious. I was proud as a peacock.

A couple of women called to us and waved us toward the flower garden. The welcoming was taking place there. They had a keg of beer on tap and a punch bowl. That wasn't going to do it for my girls. I let them socialize while I made arrangements for another table to be brought out along with six bottles of Tequila and plenty of glasses, salt, and limes. We were going to have a party. There was some heated discussion among those in charge and then a rift occurred. There were two factions in that school, those that had money and acted as if their shit didn't stink, and the rest that just wanted to party and enjoy themselves. Our group was much larger than their group was and of course we were much louder too.

That afternoon was terrific. The music came on and the girls started drinking. My wife was going to start a wet T-shirt contest but she was reminded that all any of them were wearing was a dress, besides no one had a T-shirt on, not even the jocks. When the booze ran out we left. The next afternoon we were invited back to the Country Club for a private swim in their pool. Then later was the formal dinner and dance.

So first thing in the morning the girls went looking for sexy bikinis. I paid! Then we had lunch and went to the pool party. I had been teasing them all morning about the wet T-shirt contest that they were going to start the day before. I suggested they start a topless contest at the pool with us guys being the judges.

Well, once again the up tight girls in charge looked down on my five women when we entered. All that aside, the guys drooled over them. I felt so proud.

Just to get things started I shouted out, "The Wet T-shirt Contest starts in ten minutes. Get your wives drunk and get them ready."

Of course my women were right in there drinking. I kept the pressure on the other guys by calling them wimps, hen pecked, and pussy whipped. I even told them they would be amazed at my wife's tits. I made it perfectly clear that they were all natural. Then I suggested that we hold two contests, one for breast enhanced women. That got a few snickers. Apparently the up tight girls were in that category. Figures!

Against several protests by the girls in charge we went ahead and did it anyway. My five women had each talked another women into joining so we had ten. One of my girls started out followed by the girl that she had talked into it. We kept Donna and Martha until the end.

Before we got to Donna three guys dragged their wives up to the stage and practically pushed them up there. Two of the guys went up with their wives and removed their tops themselves. The rest of the audience went wild. One of the wives had eyeballs tattooed over her breasts so that her bikini covered them perfectly. Then without any warning he stood behind her and dropped her bottoms. She had a big red tongue tattooed on her pussy mound that appeared to be licking her enlarged clit. Once again it fit perfectly under her bikini bottom. Donna and my wife got up on the stage and removed their tops, as did the girls that they had recruited but it was no contest. The woman with eyeballs and a tongue won hands down. Her husband let Martha and I get our picture taken with his wife. It was great. When she asked what she had won I handed her a hundred dollars.

We were warned about pulling any stunts at that evenings formal dinner and dance.

Actually my women were pretty worn out from all of their activities and were on their best behavior. That seemed to amuse the up tight girls. However, like all good things...it had to come to an end.

My wife was in the lady's room in a stall when three of the up tight girls came in and started talking. Martha lifted her feet up off the floor.

"That Martha is the biggest fucking bitch of the group."

"That Donna isn't much better."

"Drunken orgies at that Cowboy bar, drinking contest at the Welcome ceremony, and topless bikini contest. What's next a fund raiser for band uniforms selling our panties to the highest bidder and letting him remove them?"

That was it! She even recognized that voice. It belonged to the head bitch, Laura Green.

As soon as Martha came back to us she told us what she had over heard.

Not one to pass up a chance like that I walked up to the band stage and talked to the guy for a moment. He was a high school drop out from that very class so he was all for it.

The next thing we knew he was calling Laura Green up onto the stage. When she got there he introduced her, he told everyone about the fund raiser for band uniforms, and then he started the bidding on Laura's panties...the ones that she was wearing...with the winner getting to remove them.

I bid three hundred dollars before she could protest. Her husband bit three hundred and one. So I bid four hundred. He bid four oh one. I bid five hundred and shouted out, "If you one up me again the band will be thanking you." He was silent.

I walked up on the stage and handed the bandleader my five hundred dollars and then I knelt down at Laura's feet as the band played stripper music. She froze as I tucked my head under her long gown. Her hands grabbed my head as I reached up for the waistband of her panties. Very slowly I pulled them down, I exposed her pussy mound, I exposed her pussy slit, and I exposed a tiny penis. She was a hermaphrodite. She had both male and female sex organs. She could go fuck herself if she wanted too. In fact that little cock had been neatly tucked into her pussy. I kept lowering her panties as I leaned in and kissed her pussy. I licked her clit and as God is my witness that was the only cock that I ever sucked. She shuttered as I did it. By the time I had her panties to the floor and she was stepping out of them her pussy had an orgasm.

I got out from underneath her gown without embarrassing her any further. I held her panties up and shouted out to her husband, "You are one lucky son of a bitch."

The rest of her up tight staff suffered the same humiliation at the hands of mostly the class nerds that they had made fun of in school. They all needed to be put down a notch. After the Reunion Staff had taken their turns my five women volunteered. In the end several thousand dollars had been collected for new band uniforms.

At the end of the night Laura took my arm and ushered me around a corner. She kissed me full on the mouth with tongue for a full minute. Then she said, "That you! Thank you for not telling the world about what you found down there. Thank you for starting that fundraiser, the band really does need new uniforms. And thank you for that orgasm, it was spectacular. My own husband won't suck my cock and I've sure sucked his plenty of times. I was the best cocksucker in high school and in college. If I sucked them first they were not as pushy when it came to other kinds of sex. My husband prefers anal sex with me. I'm practically a virgin."

I asked, "Would you like to spend our last night in town, in bed with Martha and I? I can promise you a very long night of orgasms."

Laura said, "Let me tell my husband to go out with his friends, that I have other plans."

I asked, "Won't he care?"

Laura said, "Not really. He has a girlfriend and our marriage isn't that good anyway. I wasn't at all surprised that he wouldn't pay five hundred and one dollars to save my dignity."

I laughed softly and said, "You never lost you dignity. Even when I gave you that orgasm."

She said, "I almost peed on you, my knees were shaking so that I thought that I would pass out."

I said, "Yeah, but you didn't. Go tell your husband and I'll get my wife."

Martha was surprised that I had invite Laura to join us in a threesome, but she was even more surprised that she accepted my offer.

The ride to the motel was unusual. We had to drop off the other four girls at their homes first. They were very curious and wanted details the next day. They never did get them.

At the motel I undressed first, then I undressed my wife, and finally I undressed Laura. I shielded

her lower body from Martha. Then when I just started sucking on her pussy, Martha started sucking on her nipples. Somehow we wound up on the bed going at it. When Martha had enough of Laura's tits she came down to where I was and pushed my face away. She was right in there for about a minute when she sat up, looked at Laura, and then she said, "I wish I had known about you in high school. We could have had a lot of fun."

Laura asked, "You aren't turned off?"

My wife said, "Hell no, I'm going to fuck that little guy. He sure is hard enough. In fact you could have fucked me when I was a virgin and never ruptured my hymen."

So after Martha fucked Laura's little cock, I stuck my big cock into her pussy. We both enjoyed it a lot and she was so thankful that I would be willing to fuck her pussy.

I had sex with Laura two more times that night and two more the next day before we left town. Martha had sex with Laura non-stop. She only backed off long enough for me to fuck Laura.

We had a tearful goodbye when we dropped Laura off at her house. There was a red Corvette in her driveway. That was her husband's girlfriend.

We invited her to come stay with us anytime that she wanted to dump his ass and get a divorce.

We went home feeling a lot better than when we had been dreading going to her reunion in the first place.

The End