

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My wife Jeannie and I, 52 and 56, respectively, have recently sold our house in London and downsized to a cottage in Kent. Most weekends, we are out exploring our new country. We tend to book somewhere from Friday to Sunday and investigate our new surroundings. On our last trip, we booked a guided tour around a National Trust property, an old monastery transformed into a country house. We arrived with thirty or so other people, mostly couples but quite a few singletons.

We were in the gift shop awaiting our guides. I popped to use the toilet. On returning, I noticed that everyone had a drink, including Jeannie. She said it was a complimentary drink and I should ask for one. The man I asked was in his seventies. He told me he volunteered with most of the other guides, all retired service members.

I pointed out that I'd missed the drink because I'd been in the toilet. He asked if I was alone. I pointed to Jeannie and said, "No, I'm with my wife."

He seemed a little putout but poured me a drink larger than anyone else's.

Our tour began. The guide was Bill, a very formal ex-army man. He asked our names, but Jeannie was the only one he used on the way round. "Look at this, Jeannie..." and "This will amuse you, Jeannie..."

His patter could have been more varied, if not boring. People started to go ahead of the group. I needed to catch up, wanting to read all the relevant information and study the pictures.

After about thirty minutes, the rest of the group had gone ahead, and I was well behind Bill and Jeannie. They had turned a corner while I was reading some historical facts. Bill said, "If you reach through the window, you can see the original clock face."

Hearing this, I thought that sounded interesting and walked around the corner. To my utter amazement, Jeannie was looking through the window as instructed; Bill had his hands on either side of her and was pushing his groin into her arse, but what amazed me was Jeannie pushing back and grinding into him. I retreated around the corner to gather my thoughts; I knew I hadn't imagined it, and I knew I had a raging hard-on.

I poked my head around the corner; Jeannie's dress was up over her back, her knickers were on the floor, and Bill was slowly fucking her, and I had to admit his cock was thick and long, and he was burying it to the hilt.

Jeannie was moaning and making noises that she never had with me in thirty years of marriage. I thought my cock would burst through my trousers, it felt bigger and bulkier than I could remember, and I was tempted to go and intervene, not out of outrage, but to fuck my wife, who I'd never seen so wanton before.

I heard Bill groaning and knew he was ejaculating in my wife; this just made me even harder, if that was possible.

Bill told Jeannie, "Let's go and get you cleaned up."

I looked around the corner. Bill led her into a room and shut the door. I hurried down the corridor, but it said Staff Only. I guessed it was their mess room and made my way back down to the reception. There were three more old men there. One had security patches on his shoulder and had a very large dog on a lead. As I approached, his walkie-talkie crackled into life with a garbled

message. He smiled at his mates.

“Bill needs assistance upstairs,” he said, and all three grinned and made their way.

My imagination was running wild. With Bill, there were four men and a dog. What would Jeannie do? I decided to wait at a cafe across the square until she came out. I was on my third cup of coffee when I got a text from Jeannie.

Jeannie: Bill is showing me around parts normally closed to the public. I'll see you at the hotel later.

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Jeannie sent me another text. Meet me at the ex-serviceman's club at 7.30 pm.

I was feeling passionate as hell; on returning to the hotel room, I'd had a jerk off, and my cock felt bigger than ever; I might have imagined it, but I'd never seen it bigger. I turned up on time at the club; besides the chap behind the bar, I was the only one there. I made my way to the bar and ordered a beer.

“A bit quiet tonight, isn't it?” I said to the barman.

The barman named John explained that there was a special event upstairs that night, and I could attend for two hundred pounds. This seemed like a lot of money, so I declined. The barman brought a tablet and said, “Here's a taste from earlier; you might like to think again.”

The taste featured Jeannie entering the staff room with Bill, presumably to clean up. Within minutes, the other three men and the dog enter. Rather than looking alarmed, Jeannie positively beamed; the dog ran over to the settee where she was sitting and proceeded to lick her cum dripping cunt; the men stood back, appreciating the action.

The dog then jumped up onto Jeannie, hips thrusting, looking for her cunt. She reached down, found its cock, and guided it into her, The dog now began to pound her, and she loved it. After a short while, the dog was pumping her cunt full of sperm. She was screaming and gripping the dog, her legs locked around its back.

The men seemed transfixed. Then as one, they dropped their trousers, the inevitable large cocks now standing proud, waiting to have their turn.

In no time at all, Jeannie was squatted over one of the men, his cock deep in her cunt, and another was nuts deep in her arse, which surprised me as we'd only tried it once, and she wasn't keen. The third fed his cock into her mouth, and she sucked on it as if her life depended upon it.

John, the barman, suddenly asked, “Did you enjoy watching your wife fucking other men and a dog?”

I was gobsmacked. “How did you know it was my wife?” I asked.

John looked a bit shamefaced, but only a little bit.

He explained. “This local man named Vikram was an agricultural chemist and a member of our club. He'd been working on a drug to make livestock more productive. On tests with lab rats, the male rats had an almost immediate increase in the size of their genitalia, and the females were always receptive. The consequence was a huge spike in rats with the females almost permanently pregnant.”

"What this got to do with Jeannie?" I asked.

"I'm getting to it. The company pulled the plug on the program, but Vikram carried on the research in his garage. When he told the blokes about the increase in genitalia, they were up for it, which explains why everyone has such a big cock in that video."

"They took the drug?"

"Yes, however, they could hardly have many pregnant girls running around," John said. "Bill provided the answer. You met him on the tour today. He said many attractive post-menopausal women were on the guided tours. When they select a likely target, the woman's complimentary drinks laced with Vikram's drug."

"But why choose Jeanie, she's married?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, they assumed your wife was alone. That's why she got the drugged drink. When they realized their mistake, they gave you a drugged drink, too. You must've realized your cock is a lot bigger than before?"

"Come to think of it, I have," I said.

I have to confess watching the video made me hornier than ever. I couldn't wait to see what happened next.

John said, "Vikram will be here soon, and then you'll see something to make your eyes water."

*The End?*