

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Some times it takes a little while for things to sink in, I'm no dumb blond but then again I'm no rocket scientist either, so I usually realize what's going on reasonably quickly but when it came to the family naturist club it took me quite a few years to realize what was going on and by the time I realized it was too late!

When Amanda was four and Clare six John's parents offered to look after the girls so that John and I could have our first 'proper' holiday since our honeymoon, twenty years earlier, we had planned to have a family holiday every year for more than ten years but John's working commitments had always overtaken the need for a holiday and so each year for ten years the holiday had been cancelled. This time as John's parents had made the offer to look after the girls I decided to try and incentivise John into making time for the holiday by offering to do absolutely everything that John asked me too for the duration of the holiday and if the holiday was again cancelled I would start searching for a new home closer to the sea.

The bargain was designed to maximize the prospect of us going on holiday, I'm usually a very strong character and John seldom gets his own way in anything, so me offering to be subservient to John was a big change, on the other side of the coin, John had lived in the same village all of his life, slap bang in the middle of the country, the same village he was born in, where his parents still lived as did his brother and seven out of ten of his closest family, I was on to a winner I was certain.

Four months to go to our holiday John was working fourteen hour days to get enough of his jobs done to allow us to go on holiday, it was very tiring for him and he was always knackered he managed to get a few hours off on Saturdays to play rugby but he had to go back to work after instead of going for the usual after match drink with his team mates. With just two weeks to go I was ready to cancel the holiday when one of John's largest customers had an office fire in Amsterdam, four hundred computer work stations and the infrastructure had been wiped out in a few hours, John assured me that he would get the customer back on their feet with time to spare before we went on holiday.

John left home for two weeks and moved into a hotel in Amsterdam to manage the wiring and infrastructure installation in an old, empty municipal building, that the customer had managed to procure in less than twenty-four hours after the fire was put out. John arrived home at eleven o'clock on the Friday night and we were due to fly out of East Midlands Airport on the following day at six in the morning, I asked what John had done with himself during his spare time in Amsterdam, "Went to the cinema every night!" John said.

I was surprised that Amsterdam would have enough films showing in English for John to want to watch, I knew that he understood quite a lot of French from his school days but doubted that the Dutch would show films in French either, John smiled and told me that the cinemas he went to it didn't matter what language the film was in as there was no story line to follow, I realised instantly that he meant he had been going to watch blue films. I half expected that John might want to spend what we had of the night together, without the girls around, jumping on my bones as we had not had sex since he started working up to the holiday, I was disappointed.

John took me to a small Greek island, the main beach that surrounded our hotel left little to the imagination, none of the women or girls on the beach seemed to have ever worn a bikini top in their lives, I felt totally out of place, I was already feeling that I was the oldest woman in the whole island, I was thirty six years old and didn't even own a bikini, John took me to a local boutique to find a new swimsuit, he really wanted me to buy a bikini, something really sexy, and he would settle for me getting a 'continental' swimming costume, something cut high over the hips and with a low front.

The boutique was a disappointment to me, they had nothing in a one-piece at all, well that wasn't strictly true, they did sell a one piece swimming suit, I would have called it a thong, John persuaded me, in the end, to buy a bikini, I could always convert it into a one -piece like the shop was selling when I got more use to showing off my body on the sand and he reminded me that I had entered into a bargain over the holiday!

We spent almost every day at the beach, John took his time but after a week he had gotten me to go topless, I had expected everyone to suddenly look at me, I was after all the oldest woman on the beach and should have known better but in fact no one even bothered to look in my direction. John did take several pictures of me in my bikini and then one of me topless, I told him that I didn't think he would have the courage to send the film off to the developers.

I spent almost three hours topless but John could see that I was a little uncomfortable all the time that I was topless because around three thousand people on the beach could see my charms. I had been expecting John to want sex every day, especially with all the young, and very young women around on the beach with just skimpy panties covering almost nothing of his body all day and especially after getting me to go topless too, but he was still so tired from four months of solid working that all he seemed to want to do was sleep as soon as we got into our apartment.

Early the next morning John disappeared before breakfast and came back with a hire car, a picnic and written directions to a more secluded beach, that was one of John's plans I saw through instantly, more secluded beach, less people around, I'd be happy to go topless all day, I saw through it but didn't mind at all, I was OK with being topless just the thought of so many strangers looking at me or potentially looking at me, that made me uncomfortable.

The secluded beach was way the other side of the island, the directions said, cross the river bridge and turn right at the burnt tree, there wasn't a road, just the marks left in the dirt by cars that had driven across the field before us. About a half a mile from the road the tracks ended in a makeshift car park overlooking a rocky cove with a tiny beach at the bottom of it.

There was absolutely nothing at the beach; I was hoping that there would be a toilet block for me to get changed into my bikini, I didn't want to strip straight into being topless, I wanted to start out with my new two-piece costume and after a while get to being topless, John pointed out that the others who were already there didn't need a changing room, as my eyes finally brought the twenty or so people into focus I realized that they were all totally nude, John spread out two towels and in a second he was nude too. I slipped my knickers off under my skirt and pulled my bikini bottoms on, then I stripped the rest of my clothes off and I was topless from the start.

I had expected to be sunbathing much as I had during the previous week, among others but in privacy, in a week on the beach not one person other than John had spoken to me, I had noticed that when John went to the bar to get drinks he often chatted to other men at the bar but never to anyone who was sunbathing close to us, this beach was different though, in less than five minutes a man walked over to us and started chatting to John in broken English, he was Kurt a German from Munchen, I tried not to look in his direction as much as possible but the size of him was drawing me like a magnet, his cock was twice as big as John's and he was definitely not relaxed, he stood over us as he chatted to John, swaying from side to side so that his huge cock swung like a pendulum above my head.

I did a quick head count, eighteen men and four other women, on the hotel's beach I was the oldest woman, here I was the youngest by a good few years, I was also the slimmest and although I didn't usually compare my tits with other women I had the biggest and best shaped breasts on the beach, they were also the whitest, anyone looking at me could tell that I was totally new to going topless,

never mind being on a nudist beach.

I realized that even though Kurt was chatting almost exclusively to John he was actually looking at me, I changed position slightly to allow the sun onto my other side, as my legs moved I realized that the skimpy nature of my bikini bottoms meant that there was a slight flash of hair as I repositioned myself, I only realized that something like that had happened because Kurt's cock suddenly bounced up to around forty five degrees and inflated slightly more in size. Within an hour there were four of the eighteen men standing around me and John still sitting at my side, someone offered John a spare snorkeling set and led him off in the direction of the sea leaving me with three strange men standing all around me.

As soon as John was out of sight and under water the men sat down round me and started to chat and flirt with me, there were lots of comments about my pants still being on, most of the men were surprised that I hadn't already divested myself of them as soon as we arrived. Wine was produced from nowhere and was passed around, there were no glasses and I thought it very strange to see men drinking out of the bottle, one after the other without wiping the bottle first, when the bottle came to me I wanted desperately to wipe it clean first, I scanned the faces around me, all were watching me expectantly to see what I did, I didn't have anything to hand to wipe the bottle top so I closed my eyes and took a large swallow.

The bottle was taken from me by the only Greek man there, he put the bottle to his lips and instead of simply taking a drink he slipped the tip of his tongue into the neck of the bottle. "Mmm, much sweeter than the wine," he said as he tipped the bottle up and took his swallow.

I blushed and looked away, to my right there was one of the other women, I noticed that she had three men and her partner sitting around her, one of the single men was massaging sun oil into her body, she was of course totally naked and as the strangers hands massaged oil down over her stomach and abdomen she opened her legs, from my position I could see between her legs, there were tufts of hair on top of her pussy mound but her labia were shaved totally clean, revealing her vagina to me and the men sitting around me, I blushed more though when the man massaging oil into the woman's body slipped an oil covered finger down between her legs and into her pussy, my eyes flashed to the woman's partner's face, he was smiling proudly as his wife's back arched off of the beach in response to her vagina being massaged.

I turned my back to the woman but that put me more square on to the three men, they were looking from me to the woman behind me, I noticed that the bottle of wine was now going from each man to me and then on to the next so I was drinking three times as much as the men. When John returned he was over the moon with his first snorkeling expedition, he kissed me on the cheek and massaged my shoulders, "Wow, you're very hot, want to come for a dip in the sea to cool down?"

I was very hot in both meanings of the word, I was extremely turned on from the attention of the men who had been 'chatting me up' for several hours, turned on from what I had seen happening to the woman behind me on the beach and even more turned on because I remembered that John and I hadn't had sex since we decided to take this holiday four months earlier. John had just been working far too hard and was far too tired from trying to clear a window in his diary so we could take just two weeks off. We usually had sex at least once a week and it four months was the longest I had gone without sex since I met John.

In the sea I took the opportunity to pee, get rid of all the wine the men had been plying me with, I had to use the sea as there was no toilet facilities on the beach, John took me out to sea far enough for the water to cover my breasts, the movement of the sea was very gentle, almost like a swimming pool, John started to kiss me, then he rubbed his cock across my abdomen a few times under the

water, I looked nervously back towards the beach, if John wanted to fuck me in the sea I wouldn't stop him, in fact I was almost thinking of making the first move.

John turned me so that the beach was behind me, he stood close behind me and started kissing my neck, one hand slipped under my arm and round to my breast, rolling and pinching my nipple, his other hand slipped down over my stomach and slipped down under the waistband of my bikini bottoms, one finger slipped into my inner place, "I see you're very turned on darling!"

John's finger was slipping easily into my very well lubricated pussy, I felt my bikini bottoms slip down over my hips, I went to look back over my shoulder but John stopped me. John bent down and picked my bikini bottoms off of my feet, he pressed the skimpy material into my hand and then went back to finger fucking me. I was driven expertly and rapidly through the early stages of excitement and on to a powerful orgasm, I was breathing so heavily that the extra air in my lungs altered my buoyancy and my legs started floating to the surface.

I had expected John to stop his magic finger action as my lower body broke the surface of the sea but he didn't, I was in no position to stop him myself and suddenly the men on the beach came into focus, upside down but in focus, they were all standing in a line watching John and I closely, I closed my eyes and relaxed into a fantastic series of chained climaxes, one leading immediately into the next and each one more powerful than the last.

Time meant nothing to me in my 'pleasure dome', John could have been finger-fucking me for five minutes or an hour, I had little idea, it was actually closer to an hour in the end when I finally stopped him, I didn't want to stop him but I was starting to get sore from all the finger action and salt water, John stopped and as my breathing regularized my legs sank back to the sea bed. I took hold of John's cock to reciprocate the pleasure for him but he stopped me, he started to lead me back onto the beach, I suddenly remembered my bikini bottoms, they had slipped from my grasp a long time ago. I just shrugged my shoulders and walked happily onto the beach totally nude.

I scanned the beach, the men seemed to have divided themselves equally amongst the few women that were there, I had four men waiting for me and John made five, each of the other women had four men sitting with them and chatting with an occasional touch in the guise of rubbing sun-lotion onto their bodies. I lay on my towel being as careful as possible not to show too much of my inner body to my entourage. After another bottle of wine or two was passed around Kurt asked me if I would like him to put some sun oil on me, I turned him down then John kissed my cheek and kissed up to my ear where he whispered, "Why not lie on your front and let him oil your back?" John waited a moment then added, "For me!"

I turned onto my stomach without saying anything and John gave Kurt the nod to oil my back, Kurt's fingers were well trained and ever-so slightly magical, as John and the three other men chatted away together Kurt's fingers worked oil into my back, I ended up purring like a cat within minutes and kept drifting in and out of sleep. Kurt didn't touch me in any kind of inappropriate way, I was certain that if he had actually tried to massage oil down between my legs I would not have actually stopped him, after all John had asked me to let his new friend oil me, he didn't say how far I should let it go.

Around four in the afternoon things suddenly changed, people were getting dressed and making a hasty march toward the impromptu car park, I was still in a dreamy state from my back massage and very disappointed that Kurt hadn't asked me to turn over for him. John had a hurried conversation with one of the passing men; "He said that the police patrol this beach around four o'clock every day so we all have to go!"

I started to dress quickly but not fast enough, John and I were the last two on the beach just as the

police launch slipped around the headland. John and I were questioned and asked for passports and such, of course we didn't have them with us on the beach so the police had to check with our hotel that we were who we said we were, it wasn't anything serious but it was a huge inconvenience, I could see why everyone had beat a hasty retreat. Another reason for the hasty retreat was the failing light, by the time we reached the burnt out tree it was so dark that it was difficult to follow the tire impressions marking out the makeshift road.

I was horny as a bitch on heat, John had spent an age masturbating me in the sea and that was a very nice relief after so long with out sexual contact between us but it didn't totally take the edge off of my frustration and I had just been very sensually massaged for almost an hour by Kurt, I was definitely looking forward to getting John into our apartment and getting him to scratch the itch that had been building inside of me all day.

It was a first for me but I made the first move on John, he rejected me at first, I couldn't understand it, we hadn't had marital relations for four months but that was all because John was over-stretching himself to give us a fortnight clear for our holiday, eventually the bastard offered me a trade off, he'd give in to my demands for sex if I let him have a little fun first, I would have agreed to walking down Main Street back home in the nude at that point if it got me fucked.

John put a bath towel on the foot of the bed and told me to undress and sit on the towel while he fetched what he needed, when he returned he had a disposable razor, a tin of shaving foam, a bowl of warm water and a hand towel. He positioned me so that my bottom was only just on the foot of the bed then he pushed me onto my back, he lifter my legs and pushed my knees up against my chest. He then asked me to hold my legs in place, he gave my lower body a total soaking then he covered my pussy mound, vagina and lower in foam. John shaved my labia totally clean, then he shaved each side of my pussy mound and across the top to form an equilateral triangle, he was just about to clean off the excess foam when he had another thought and carried on the shaving down along the valley between my buttocks he even removed the fine downy hairs that covered the entrance to the valley.

John slapped my bottom playfully and told me to go and have a shower while he popped down to the reception to pick up some supplies. When I got out of the shower John was sitting on the balcony, he had a large carrier bag from what was laughingly called the hotel boutique. I stepped out on to the balcony with a bath towel wrapped around my body. John took me over to the balcony which was a hand rail connected to the floor with wrought iron staves, he opened the towel and spread it over the hand rail to hide me from people looking up, then he pushed me down so that my chest was resting on the handrail.

My arms were laid out along each side of the handrail and he took a bobbin of silk dressmaker's chord from the carrier bag and tied each of my wrists to the handrail, cutting the chord to just longer than needed. Then John crouched down behind me and pulled my legs apart and tied my ankles to the bottom of the iron staves, holding my legs wide apart, because of the positioning of my body and legs my bottom was sticking out into the balcony.

John stepped up behind me and started to fuck me very forcefully and violently, he drove me to a climax with just a few thrusts. I heard the door to the balcony of the apartment on the right open and close, I was trying desperately to keep quiet as John fucked me, I didn't manage very well. I turned my head to the right just in time to see the guy in the next apartment look over the banister and round the divider that was supposed to provide us with privacy on our balcony. Our neighbor stood there watching John and I fuck; I closed my eyes so that I could get back to enjoying a well deserved fucking from my husband.

As John started to spurt his wonderful load up into my belly he was distracted by the sound of two

stray dogs fighting over the bins behind the tapas bar below our balcony. "How would you like me to bring one of those dogs up to clean you out?" I thought John was joking and judging by the laughing from our neighbor standing watching us, he thought John was joking too, hearing the mans laughter reminded me that he had just watched me being fucked, "Untie me now please!" I said.

John was still thinking about the dog and missed my request so I repeated it slightly louder the next time. I was quickly untied and wrapped the towel back around my body. John was standing staring down into the yard behind the tapas bar still watching the two dogs fighting for ownership of the food scraps from the bars bins, he was also talking to the guy next door in an absent minded way.

"Hey darling, do you fancy a snack?" I was about to get ready for bed, we hadn't been up beyond nine o'clock since we arrived in Greece. I walked back out onto the balcony, "I've brought you a new dress and undies to ware when we go out tonight!" He said, I took the dress out of the bag, it was definitely a nighty not an evening dress or a cocktail dress and the undies were actually just a thong. I pointed out that I thought that the dress he had brought me was actually meant for wearing in bed not out in public but John told me it would be fine, "I don't see a bra!" I said.

"You don't need one!"

I dressed in my new clothes and put on a pair of two inch high, Cuban heeled shoes, John was still chatting to the guy next door when I came out and gave John a twirl, a little too fast as it turned out as the flimsy material of the nighty flew up revealing my new thong panties. John took in a deep breath but the guy next door gave out a low whistle and said, "I've changed my mind, I will take you up on that offer of a drink and snacks!"

We met our neighbor in the hall, John introduced me to the guy and of course himself too, the guy told us his name was Alan, he shook John's hand and kissed me on my cheek, then we all walked together down to the tapas bar. John ordered drinks, a mass of cold meat, chips and dips and a ton of bread, he got a bottle of white wine for me and bottles of strong larger for him and Alan. After we had finished eating and I had drunk a glass of wine John took a piece of meat and wandered off around the side of the bar, when he returned the alpha male stray dog was following him licking its lips.

John ordered more beer and as we all sat chatting John was throwing the dog pieces of the cold meat. The waiter came out and chased the dog off; the waiter didn't stop until he had reached the edge of the illuminated area of beach around the front of the tapas bar. John picked up the wine bottle and his beer bottle by their necks in his left hand then collected all the rest of the cold meat on his right hand, he stood up and offered me the crook of his left arm to link my arm through, we walked off without saying goodbye to Allan which I thought was a little rude but as it turned out it wasn't at all rude as Alan was following along just behind us.

I expected John to take me back to the apartment but he didn't, he led me out along the beach, out into the darkness, I noticed John moving the meat in his hand, moving one piece from his closed hand to between his thumb and forefinger, just then the dog appeared out of the darkness and took the meat from John's fingers. The dog followed closely behind John, taking small pieces of meat as we walked along.

At the end of the beach, where the sand turned into a rocky foreshore John stopped, he had fed the dog all the meat from the tapas bar, he stopped me walking then stepped in front of me, I looked back, Alan was settling down on a wall surrounding an olive grove, it wasn't easy to see him but the full moon was giving a little light, enough to see that he had opened his trousers and was massaging his cock as he waited for John to start the show.

John lifted the back of my 'dress' to above waist height with his left hand, then he slipped his right hand down the back of my knickers and started rubbing his hand all over my bottom, down into the valley between my bum cheeks and past, he was kissing me all the time, then he pushed my panties down over my hips and they fell around my ankles.

John knelt down in front of me, kissing down over my stomach and onto my pussy, he lifted my left foot and slipped my panties off of my ankle, he placed my foot back on the floor about a foot to the left, then he picked up my right foot and did the same, he threw my panties in Alan's direction, then he stood back up, he kissed me for a few minutes patting my bare bottom, there was a sudden cold shudder running through my body as the huge ugly dog started to sniff and lick around my bottom.

John stopped kissing me and started to push my head down, I knew what he wanted from me, he wanted a blow job in front of Alan, I started to squat down to get to his cock but John stopped me. "Keep your legs strait!" He said.

I straightened up again and bent at the waist, I started sucking John's cock while the dog was licking around my backside, the fat from the meat that John had been carrying was what had interested the dog to lick me but then the dog found more interesting things to lick. John was working my pussy with his right hand driving me to suck him harder and attracting the dog's tong to lick my vagina. John fired off into my mouth and then his cock slipped from my mouth. I was just about to stand up straight but John held me down, he beckoned to Alan, I looked over, he was using my panties to rub his cock but he wasn't trying to climax.

Alan walked over to me with his cock still out, he stepped up in front of my mouth and I took his cock in and sucked it hungrily. While I was doing the business on Alan's cock John was kneeling by my side, opening me up to the dog and encouraging it to lick deep into my pussy, then he started massaging my clit as the dog licked. My knees almost buckled under me as I went weak with the muscle spasm of an incredible climax.

John kept me high until Alan climaxed into my mouth, Alan let the pleasure of his climax get the better of him and he tried to force his cock down my throat, which almost made me black out. John pulled the dog off of me and helped me to stand up, then he guided me to a rock to sit on, the combined taste of two men's cum in my mouth was too much for me and I grabbed the bottle of wine and took several large gulps of the alcohol. "You okay Alan?" John asked.

"Absolutely fantastic!" Was the reply.

"Well then there is only one of us that needs taking care of then now!" John said.

I looked around, there was only John and Alan in sight, I thought that someone else had stumbled across our little scene, then I realized that the third man was the dammed dog. John took my hand and pulled it under the dog, he placed my hand on the dog's sheath and started to pull it back and forth. The dog grew into my hand and I gently started to jerk it off. The Dog's cock was massive, I was glad that John was happy for me to give the dog a hand job, I didn't relish the thought of John making me blow the dog off too.

It was taking an absolute age to get the dog off, John reached under him from behind and grasped his knot in he palm firmly, the dog fired off in seconds, I was glad I wasn't sucking the dog for a second reason when I saw how much cum he had in his balls. I took another swig from the wine bottle and then John said good night to Alan and guided me off to the apartment, as we left the beach I could hear Alan telling the dog how good he was as he fussed with the dog.

We went straight to bed and to sleep, nothing was said on the walk back or before we went to sleep.

The morning was ripped into view at eight o'clock by the sound of a barking dog. Alan had brought the dog back to his apartment and it was on his balcony barking, I looked out, the dog was standing looking over the divider and onto our balcony, it felt like he was mocking me.

There was still a week left of the holiday but that's all I have time to tell you about for now, there will be more, you can help shape the future stories by telling me what you'd like to see.

To be continued?