

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Ronald Lankster scratched his ass through his baggy boxers as he worked his way to the toilet.

'Thank God it's my day off, ' he thought to himself. Not that his wife was going to let him relax. She already mentioned several things she wanted him to do. Not that he could recall a single one of them at the moment. He found that more and more lately he had been blocking her out. Mostly because when the only time she opened her mouth, was to bitch about something. Usually about something he did, or didn't do.

He pulled the toilet seat up, and fished out his dick. He looked down at the erection he was sporting. Shit, this was going to be a problem. There was just no way he was going to be able to take a piss with 'morning wood'. Without putting his dick away he walked back to the door and thumbed the lock. The last time he had forgotten to do that, his wife had walked in. He heard for a week how big of a pervert he was, because there was no need for a married man to be wanking off in the bathroom. Well, yeah there was, when the wife in question's idea of 'an active sex life', was once a week on a Saturday night, after the eleven o'clock news.

Shit recently she didn't even want much foreplay, anymore. Just enough to get her damp, and then she wanted him on her and fucking. How romantic is that shit? There was no love making to it, anymore. It was just straight up fucking. He couldn't remember that last time they had made love.

Hell, men were the ones with the reputation of being insensitive. Not in this case, it was his wife that would roll over, and go to sleep immediately after sex.

Any attempt on his part to cuddle, and she would shout, "Would you fucking get off me? You already got what you want, now leave me the fuck alone."

Ron had been slowly stroking his dick while these thoughts ran though his mind. He shifted his feet to be a little more comfortable, and tried to focus on something that would actually allow him to achieve release. He started daydreaming of what it had been like when they had first married. How they would spend hours touching and kissing one another before any of their clothes were ever shed. Just then he moved to where the sun reflected off of something in the yard and shown a blinding his eyes.

He squinted his eyes and moved to the side to look out the window above the toilet.

"Holy fucking shit," he exclaimed, as he saw the various statues and shiny orbs that had been placed in his yard. "Last month it was fucking pink flamingoes, and this month it's someone's... whatever the fuck you call those things."

"What is it?"

He heard from outside the door before the knob was turned to verify that it was locked.

"The fucking neighborhood kids stole someone's lawn ornaments and put them in our yard again," he shouted through the door.

"Is that fucking all," came back at him. "The way you were fucking going on, you would have thought the fucking Iranian terrorists were building their fucking bombs, in our fucking backyard."

Ron was taken a bit back by her language. He had noticed that it had been becoming rougher and rougher, but now... Now he wondered if a Sailor could keep up with her.

'Is my language that bad, ' he thought, 'I fucking hope it's not.'

Then he laughed over the irony of the thought.

"What the fuck are you doing in there?" came his wife's voice through the door, " are you playing with your fucking self, again."

Ron bit his tongue so that he didn't comment. He knew that to do so would just start another argument. He looked down at his johnson, which didn't seem to be interested any longer. So he relieved himself, tucked it away, and unlocked the door. Veronica pushed past him the minute the lock was released.

He knew she was looking for evidence that he had relieved his sexual frustrations. When she didn't find any, she turned to him.

"Can't you fucking aim that thing? Look at this, you pissed all over everything, and you didn't bother to put the fucking seat down, or even flush the fucking toilet."

Ron bit his tongue, again; painfully, this time. He was sure the metallic taste was that of blood. He walked back into the small room, and took some bathroom tissue from the roll. He wiped the bowl, and tossed it in. Then he lowered the seat and flushed the toilet.

His wife continued her tirade as he walked out of the room. He closed the door behind him, effectively shutting off her comments. He went into the kitchen. He washed his hands and started some coffee. Then he got dressed in a T-shirt and his work pants from the day before. It saved him from having to transfer everything out of the pockets. He stopped at the kitchen table, grabbed his pack of smokes, and shook one out. After fishing his lighter out of his pant's pocket, he lit it and took a big drag. After a couple of customary coughs, he decided he felt better.

The coffee wasn't ready yet, so he slipped his shoes on to go see if there was any way he could find any indication as to whom the lawn ornaments belonged too, though he didn't hold out much hope. He stepped out the back door, and strode off toward the ugly things. There were about a half a dozen of the things. They were placed in a perfectly circular design. Ron immediately started scanning the neighborhood. This was just the type of thing they would pull on that 'Gotcha TV' show, that his wife insisted on watching every Wednesday night. It was a sadistic version of the old Candid Camera show. At least the old one had been funny. 'Gotcha TV' seemed totally intent on humiliating everyone they could.

When he didn't see anything, stepped inside the circle, and took a closer look. There appeared to be several envelopes attached to the things. He took several moments to debate on what to do. Then he decided it didn't matter. If this was 'Gotcha TV', it wouldn't matter what he did. If he didn't do anything, and just went back in the house, he would get razzed on air for being a wimp. If he took the envelopes, someone was going to pop out of somewhere and bitch him out for taking something that didn't belong to him.

'Fuck it, ' he thought, 'I'm nobody's wimp.'

With that he grabbed all of the envelopes. He expected someone to jump out right there and then, but nothing happened. Ron made his way back to the house, half expecting a surprise to come out of nowhere, with each step he took. He went to the den, and set everything next to the computer. He went to the kitchen, and got some coffee. Surprisingly enough, he didn't see his wife anywhere.

He didn't give it much thought as he returned to the den. He opened each envelope, and discovered

that each contained an internet addresses. For four hours he went through the information, taking a break occasionally to get some coffee. On one trip he made a fresh pot. This was rating a 9.6, on his weird-shit-o-meter. It seemed that each address led him to a site that supported alternative lifestyles, including bestiality. In all the time he'd spent checking things out, he hadn't notice the absence of his wife. He was fascinated by what he had discovered. Suddenly a rather angry voice sounded from behind him, causing him to jump. Fortunately, he had a rather benign page on the computer.

"What the fuck do you think your doing? I told you I wanted the fucking lawn mowed today, and I want the oil changed in my car."

At that moment she must have noticed the cards he had stacked beside the computer, because with a sweeping gesture she asked, "And what the fuck is all this shit? HmMMM? Did your fucking buddies at work get together and give you pointers, or did they recommend another of those fucking self-help programs off the internet, again? What is it you are going to try this time? Hypnosis for the lame? Maybe how to grow a bigger dick? If you ordered that one though, I might be interested helping you see if it works."

Ron reddened, but held his temper.

"No. This stuff was hanging on the lawn ornaments."

"What fucking lawn ornaments?" she shot back.

"The ones I told you that I thought the neighborhood kids had put in the backyard."

A look crossed over her face that told him she remembered him saying something about it earlier.

"So what did you fucking do, fall for some fucking childish prank. I wouldn't put it past you, you fucking wanker."

Ron wrinkled his nose. Such language coming out of such a beautiful woman, it was... Well it was just totally out of place. What was worse, was that this morning he noticed, it was rubbing off on him. Then he realized that she was waiting for him to answer her.

He sighed heavily and said, "When I went out to look at them, they were placed in a circular pattern. Once I stepped into the circle I noticed the cards on them, and I was curious. So I grabbed them, and brought them inside. When I opened them there were internet addresses on them, and I was even more curious as to where the addresses would lead."

"Yeah, right," she spat, "and I am fucking supposed to buy that bullshit?"

She grabbed one of the cards from the desk and paled considerably when she read the address, because she was familiar with it.

"Okay," she said as she tossed the card back onto the desk, "So there are fucking internet addresses on them. That doesn't mean that they came from any fucking lawn ornaments."

"Well the things are still sitting outside. All you have to do, is walk out the back door to see what I am talking about."

Well she left to do just that. Then he heard.

"What fucking lawn ornaments? There ain't anything fucking out here!"

'There ain't anything fucking out here, ' Ron thought, 'and she rubs it in all the time that at least she took a year at the community college.' Though heaven forbid he should mention that she had flunked out.

He got up and walked to the backdoor.

He pointed to where they had been setting and said, "They are right..." his words trailed off, because they weren't there. That's when the sinking feeling set in. This was it. The whole thing was leading to this moment. He was going to walk out there to where the ornaments had been, and 'someone' (his wife, probably) was going yell: 'Gotcha'.

Ron resigned himself to seeing this to the end. He walked outside, with his wife right behind him. When he got close he pointed to the place where they had been sitting.

"They were setting right there in a circle."

His wife walked over to where he had pointed. Bending at the waist she gave him a great view of her perfectly formed ass. He felt a stirring in his pants, then quickly pushed the thought aside. She stood, holding something that was shiny and metallic. The sun flashed off of it, as it moved in her hands.

"This doesn't look like any fucking lawn ornament I've ever seen."

Ron stepped closer, to get a better look. What he saw was even more confusing. It was a dog collar, apparently for a large dog. The flashing he had seen, was the tag hanging from it. Before he could read what it said, Ronnie quickly stuffed it into her pocket.

The collar was a puzzle in itself, but where in the hell did the lawn ornaments disappear to?

Ronnie broke the silence by saying she was going to get on the internet and check out the thingie (her pet word for everything).

When Ron looked at her with a wrinkled brow, she elaborated by saying.

"I am going to check the thingie on the thingie."

Which clarified things perfectly for Ron... NOT!

When Veronica realized her husband didn't have a clue as to what she was talking about she clarified herself by saying.

"You know the fucking tag on the fucking collar. Those numbers have to be kept in public fucking records. I am going to get online and try and find out who this fucker belongs to."

As she said the last, she indicated the collar she had tucked into her pocket. Ron was sure he heard something more than irritation in her voice. It was almost as if she was nervous about something.

When she headed into the house he started to follow. She turned and looked over her shoulder and said,

"You can play for another half an hour, but then I want this grass mowed."

Ron sighed, and resigned himself that it would have to be done. He saw that she had pulled the collar out of her pocket again, and was examining it more closely as she entered the house.

Ronnie headed upstairs to 'her' computer. That was another sore spot with Ron. She had insisted on her own computer, and she kept it locked in what used to be his office.

Ron got busy checking out the final address, when he heard his wife's shout.

He went to her office. The moment she saw him, she turned to him looking rather... 'guilty' was the first word that came to his mind. She was definitely slightly flushed.

"Ummmm, sorry for shouting like that, I thought I found the owner of the collar, but the number was one off and I misread it the first time. But give me some time and I will find out who the fucker belongs to."

With that she turned back to her computer, Ron figured that he was now being dismissed and turned to leave. That was when Ronnie turned her attention back on him and said,

"Why don't you get started on the yard? I'm going to go take a shower."

Ron decided it wasn't worth an argument and headed for the garage. He checked, and added oil to the ancient mower. The mower had needed replacing for the last two years, but Ronnie always found other uses for the money.

After Ron left her office, Veronica decided that Monday she was going to see the attorney her friend had recommended. She was tired of Ron treating her like a fucking idiot. More importantly, if she didn't, Ron was soon going to discover her secret. It was getting harder and harder to hide. Today... the internet site and that collar showing up... Who could have left that fucking thing in the back yard? What would Ron have thought if he had seen it more closely. Shit, he was a fucking moron. He probably would have thought that it was 'cute' that someone in the neighborhood had named their fucking dog 'Ronnie'.

Still, since he didn't have a fucking clue, now would be a good time to file. Her friend Tiffany told her that it didn't matter that he had bought the house before they got married. She said that a good attorney could still get the fucker for her. Veronica was sure that her spineless husband wouldn't fight her over it.

She finished her shower. She fluffed her hair, before wrapping a towel around it, and then another around her body. She applied oil to as much of her body as she could reach. Taking the towel off her head and hanging it up, she started brushing her hair. She hadn't wiped enough of the oil from her hands. The brush slipped out of her hand, and she cursed. She couldn't reach it, and was forced to get on her hands and knees, to reach under the vanity.

Bowser, who had been walking by, caught notice of what he thought was an open invitation. Before Veronica knew what was happening he had mounted her.

"Damn it, Bowers, not now! Ron is home. Come on, Bowser! Stop it, damn it, I gave you what you fucking wanted this morning now get your hairy fucking ass off of me. Damn it, stop, Ron's just right outside."

Bowser paid no heed to his bitch's complaints. In fact, her struggles made it all the more fun.

Veronica was trying to crawl away from him, when he found the spot he was looking for. Quickly, her cries of complaint turned to moans of pleasure.

Ron topped off the gas, and he started pulling on the recoil starter. Nothing! He checked the plug, and primed the carburetor, still nothing. After twenty minutes of fighting with it, Ron decided they either had to get a new mower, or hire one of the neighborhood kids to mow the lawn. He resigned himself to telling Veronica the news, and headed to the house.

The bathroom door was open, and Ron heard his wife talking to the dog.

"Damn it, Bowser, not now! Ron is home. Come on, Bowser! Stop it, damn it, I gave you what you fucking wanted this morning now get your hairy fucking ass off of me. Damn it, stop, he's just right outside."

With a raised eyebrow, he looked around the corner of the bathroom doorway. His wife was on all fours, and his dog had mounted her.

That was when he heard her moans of pleasure followed, by, "Fuck me Bowser! Fuck me with that big fucking dog dick."

Ron turned away, and headed for their bedroom.

Veronica was rapidly closing on her first orgasm. Any thoughts of her husband were gone, moments after the dog had entered her. Suddenly she saw a flash and heard a whirrrrr. She looked up to see her Ron standing there, with the Polaroid. Flash - whirrrrr!

She quickly lowered her head, knowing that he had one good picture of her already. Ron put his hand under her chin and raised her face.

"When I first saw those internet sites, I was baffled. The dog collar was just as much a mystery, but things are coming together, now. Those pictures were of a dog that looked like Bowser... It fucking WAS you and Bowser, wasn't it? Now I know why you never want to have sex, anymore. Let me tell you, that that is going to change from now on, though Bowser may have to start doing without. I don't think I want to have his sloppy seconds. Either that, or you are going to finally give up that tight little asshole of yours. I will let you decide which, for the moment. If I don't like your decision... Well, you have to understand that from now on whatever I say is law. If you give me a problem, even once, your family will be receiving copies of these pictures. I am certain that your puritanical mother will find them most enlightening, and your poor repressed dad might actually get a hard-on, instead of what he told me he calls a jelly-on."

She reached for the camera that still had pictures hanging out of it. She intended to destroy them. Ron stepped back, while releasing her chin at the same time. Ronnie missed the camera, and with only one arm supporting her and Bowser's weight, her other arm collapsed. Her head hit the floor with a thump.

Bowser seemed to like this new position, and buried himself fully, knot and all. While Veronica was struggling to get her elbows back under her, there was a constant barrage of: flash whirrrrr, flash whirrrrr, flash whirrrrr. When her orgasm took her she raised her head, and screamed in pleasure. Ron was there, and snapped several pictures of the event.

When Ron heard Bowser growling, he figured that Bowser was ready to finish. Out of curiosity, he walked around behind his wife, and watched the action. He expected Bowser to get off, then pull out and go clean himself. That would be normal for a dog to do. His wife must have trained the dog well, because instead of pulling away, he kept himself buried until his knot had swelled into place. His wife vaginal area was grossly distended so he snapped a couple more pictures. But he now understood why he didn't please her anymore.

Realizing that dogs normally remained 'tied' for a twenty to thirty minutes, Ron went to his computer. He scanned all of the pictures in, and then sent them to his various anonymous email addresses. He would keep them off-site, just in case his wife got any wise ideas about destroying this computer. He placed the pictures in a zip top baggie, and went to the garage. He put them in one of the few places his wife never touched.

'Too much dirt in that nasty garage, ' was his wife's usual comment about the place. This would suffice until he could rent a safety deposit box. It wouldn't do having her find them. Even if she didn't like how dirty the garage was, desperate people will do anything.

Ron returned to his computer, smiling, knowing that many things in his life were going to change. He went up to his office... or, it soon would be his again, as soon as he cleared out Ronnie's things. The door was ajar, so he went in. The collar was lying on the desk, so he picked it up to examine it more closely. The tag only said 'Ronnie' on it.

'How appropriate, ' he thought.

He returned to the bathroom where his wife and his dog were still tied, and fastened the collar around his wife's neck. Things were definitely going to change, and the first change was going to be Ronnie's language!

The End