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BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Hey, you promised you'd pick up the place."

My wife, being my wife. I played dumb and looked up distractedly from my laptop. "Uh?"

She looked sad, annoyed. "The place. While I was working. You said you'd pick it up."

She gestured around the living room. Plates, bottles, wrappers, dust. The hair of Gunther, our black lab. I am sure it smelled of me, too. I pretty much lived in this room and didn't go much of anywhere these days.

"Oh. Right. Sorry. I got caught up in this project." I gestured at the laptop.

Her face brightened. "Freelance? You got work?"

I nodded. "A little. Not long term. But some cash."

She leaned in to kiss my forehead. "Cool. Still wish you'd tidied up, though. Maybe while I'm at the gym?"

That'd be about two hours. Perfect. "Sure, no problem. I'll close up shop here. And get dinner ready."

She smiled, kissed my forehead again, and went off to get into her workout clothes.

I'd been laid off from my job at the lab about six months earlier. A big company had bought my little company, and fwoosh—consolidation, downsizing. However, the tech I'd been developing had been easy to sneak out. My little side project. It was coming in handy, for my freelance work.

I launched the app, checked her biometrics-baseline looked good. A couple keystrokes got her dopamine receptors primed, and a couple more readied her pleasure centers. Memory, personality, will, and inhibitions. Horribly easy, with this tech. Where would it be in ten years? One hundred years? I don't know if I'd want to live in a society with that sort of tech, but I was more than happy to have it right now.

I launched another app and brought the cameras and microphones online. Tiny green lights sprinkled throughout the house came to life. You wouldn't notice them unless you'd placed the cameras yourself, though.

All right. Let's earn your keep, hubby.

My wife walked out of the bedroom, ready for the gym in a black sports bra, black yoga pants, and pink workout shoes. She's short—about five foot and change—and tight-bodied. Slender. Not curveless, exactly, but not curvy, either. Healthy eating, healthy lifestyle. Cute. That was a good word for my wife—she was cute and appealing. People gravitated to her because she seemed nice, and fun, and spunky, and open, all of which she was. That's why I was drawn to her. That's why I fell in love with her.

"All right," she said. She looked a little flushed—no surprise, there. The dopamine and pleasure centers were priming all her pumps. "Emily is running the class tonight. Expect me to come back nasty."

"I'm counting on it," I said, pressing the trackpad on my laptop.

"Whhhhaaooooohhh," she said. She always said that. She shuddered, exhaled, and her eyes glazed over. No, her whole expression glazed over. Her shoulders dropped. A body in control of itself, no matter how relaxed, always has a little self-aware tension about itself. But not my wife's body. Not now. All the yoga and meditation and other hippie shit in the world couldn't produce the state she was in.

She smiled a dim and dopey smile, happier than any self-possessed human could be. I smiled at my mouthbreather wife and considered what the market wanted.

"How you feeling, baby? Good?"

"Yeah," she said. She was always a little slurry-like she was tipsy. At first, I considered it a bug, but now I liked it as a feature. "Happy." And, biting her lower lip, she touched her crotch. "Horny."

"Hands off, baby. You know that doesn't belong to you right now."

She pouted, but her hands dropped to her side.

I mulled over our finances. I hadn't worked for a while. Fuck it, I thought. We need money. Let's go big.

With a few more keystrokes, I alerted a subset of clients. Shortly, their chat icons began popping up, signaling their paying attendance. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, and finally twenty-seven. Twenty-seven visitors paying sixty dollars for an hour-long show. That's one thousand six hundred and twenty dollars. I'd put half of that into my wife's retirement account. She's helping me earn it, after all.

Ready to go. I waved at the cameras and smiled, and my wife did the same. My smart, waking wife didn't know about the cameras and her audience, but this dumb, slurry one did.

"Welcome, all," I said. "Glad you could make it. We're ready for you. Right, baby?"

"Yessssss...."

"So, baby, our home's a mess, isn't it?"

"Yep," she said. She looked around dreamily. "S'a fucking pigsty."

"Well, your guys out there want to see you clean it up. Get to work."

"Okey-dokey," she said, blowing a sloppy kiss at the camera. And she started picking up plates from the floor.

Comments started coming in. Naked, said one. Strip the bitch, said another. Most were like that.

"Hey, babe," I said. "Not like that. Cameras are rolling, right?"

She addressed her audience. "Y'wanna see me naaaaaked?"

"You know it, baby. A woman who cleans should do it naked. Take that shit off."

My wife pulled her sports bra off over her head. Her pale white boobs bounced out, pink nipples erect. Then she kicked off her shoes used her toes to pull off her socks. Finally, she tucked her thumbs into her yoga pants, pushed them down, and kicked them away, a neatly trimmed triangle of light brown hair fluffing free. The whole time she was seducing the camera, biting her lower lip.

Sultry.

“Better?” She wasn’t talking to me; she was talking to all the people watching her.

Messages popped up. So much better, said one. Collar her like a fucking dog, said another. Wish my cunt of a wife would clean the house like that, said a third.

“They love you, baby,” I said. “They’re happy as fuck.”

My wife perked up. “Fuck? You boys wanna see me fuck?”

Comments flooded my feed. A bunch of viewers, knowing what was coming, wanted to rush to the end. “They want the grand finale, baby. But we’re not ready to give them that, are we?”

“No,” she said, giggling. “Not yet. I have to cleaaaaaan first. Right?”

“Damn straight. The place is a fucking pit.”

“A fuck pit, you mean.” And she laughed.

I inwardly rolled my eyes. Having a dim, horny wife meant she thought everything was funny. That was part of this bimbo-ish persona, but I got a little tired of it.

A suggestion flickered up on the screen. I liked it. “Hey, babe. Why don’t you put back on your socks and shoes? Just those, nothing else.” My wife sat and pulled back on her footies and pink workout shoes. Standing, she looked like a fit, adorable, and somewhat stoned nudist jogger.

“Looking good, love,” I said. “Almost there. C’mere.” I gestured, and she leaned in so I could whisper in her ear. She giggled, scampered off to our bedroom, and returned moments later wearing a pink dog collar.

The audience let loose with the comment-board equivalent of catcalls. FUCK YEAH, said one. Get that cunt on all fours, said another. Thank God, a woman that knows its place.

Jesus Christ. So much hate against women. And this was my wife, after all—show a little respect. But I stayed professional and hid my dismay. This was just business, after all.

“All right, baby. Now get cleaning. Do it fast. As much as you can do in about 45 minutes.”

And for the next three-quarters of an hour, that’s what she did: Wearing only pink tennis shoes and a pink dog collar, she cleaned the living room, the kitchen, and the upstairs bathroom. Cameras in each room showed her work in fine detail—all the picking up, vacuuming, dusting, emptying the dishwasher, scrubbing the linoleum. I monitored the comment feed. Activities that required bending over got great praise, as did any actions that made her boobs swing and sway. Scrubbing floors and the bathtub, which did both, led to cheering.

I mulled over the comments coming in. Some in the audience just wanted to get to the main event—no surprise. I liked watching it, myself. But a lot of them were just happy to see a naked, horny, stupid, collared wife clean a home. That suggested most of our audience consisted of older married guys-guys with a little money and a long marriage who thirsted for the fantasy wife instead of the one they had. And chances were pretty good, actually, that the wife they had was all right, just like mine was all right. Some of them probably even loved their wives. But they also wanted the fantasy wife—the dog-collared, pink-shoed, sexually insane slut who would eagerly do whatever she

was told.

Who the hell wouldn't want that? At least for one hour a week?

Forty-five minutes went by quickly. And just as it was up, I heard familiar sounds at our back-porch door. Nails scraping on the glass, light whimpers punctuated by occasional barks. Gunther, our black lab. Good timing, boy.

"Hey, babe," I called. She was in the bathroom, scrubbing the bathtub. "I think the place is clean enough. Don't you?"

My wife replied with an uh-huh that was partly words, partly a moan. She'd started our session horny, remember? And her arousal had only built as the audience watched her flesh wobble with all the bending over and scrubbing.

"Cool. I think Gunther wants in, now. Can you let him in?"

"Oh, YES." And she scampered from the bathroom to the porch door. Gunther bounded into the living room. Happily, my wife following behind him wearing a huge grin. Both knew what was coming next. As did the audience: text-cheers flooded in.

Time was wasting. "Baby, we need to finish cleaning, right? You've cleaned the house. Now it's time to clean Gunther."

She nodded. "Gotta clean Gunther." She was sitting on the floor as the dog nuzzled and licked her boobs.

"What's the dirtiest part of a dog, baby?"

We'd been through this routine a few times before, so she knew what to say. "His balls."

"Yup. Inside or outside?"

"Inside," she said. "Doggie balls 'r dirty on the inside."

"Atta girl," I said, and she shivered with delight. "So. Gunther's balls need cleaning from the inside. Can you show these nice people how you clean Gunther's balls from the inside?"

That's all it took. My wife got on all fours, planted her forehead on the floor, and thrust her ass up. Gunther's tail slapped happily as he ambled around my wife. He sniffed her sides, her armpits, the bottoms of her shoes—but, of course, he mostly poked his cold nose up into her asshole and her pussy. And then he started lapping at them both.

"Muuuhhhh," said my wife. She was pretty much out of words, so I had to hurry.

On my laptop, I switched to the camera in front of her face. Just so I could see. "Look at the camera, babe. Tell your fans what you want."

Her eyes were wide and empty, and sweat was running down her temples. She was in heat. "Fu-fuck," she gasped. "Wanna fuck my doggie. Be my doggie's bitch."

"You want to be Gunther's bitch?"

My wife made a throaty sound that clearly meant "Yes," but there wasn't any language to it. Just

animal need. She was ready.

Which was great, because so was Gunther. A few last laps at her cunt, and Gunther pulled himself up onto her backside. My wife had enough wherewithal to reach back and guide Gunther's prick into her cunt. Once it was in, it was over for her. My wife was a brainless, quivering, sweaty mess, an empty vessel for our black lab's lust.

Gunther pummeled her backside with jackhammer thrusts, forcing guttural sounds out of his bitch. Dog fucking was fascinating. The back of the animal was hydraulically determined, pump-pump-pumping away. But the front of the dog seemed almost bored, looking this way and that, tongue lolling here and there. I wondered if this seeming split between loins and brains was an evolutionary advantage. The crotch does its business, and the head stands guard to keep both cur and bitch safe.

Of course, my wife wasn't a dog. She was a person of a sort, and her upper half was as into it as much as her lower one. I studied her on the camera: Eyes happy half-moons gazing at nothing, mouth a toothless grin and lolling tongue, face flushed the color of strawberries. She was in ecstasy, wearing a pink dog collar and getting fucked to heaven by a black lab in front of an audience of paying strangers. Practically a religious experience.

The message feed approved of what they saw and heard. FUCK YES! and Load that cunt up with doggie sperm and Fill my wife with your pups, Gunther and make her big with a litter.

I snorted inwardly at the comments about Gunther impregnating my wife. Did any of the audience believe it could really happen? I hoped it was just fantasy. Nobody could be that uninformed.

Hell, even I couldn't make my wife pregnant. Nobody could, now. Although she wanted kids, I didn't. They'd get in the way of our life together—especially times like these. So, one time, while she was under, we went to the doctor, and I got her fixed. The only trace of the operation was a tiny scar near her belly button.

I'm sure she'd thank me if she knew.

Gunther didn't last long. He never did. His thrusts came to a sudden, jerking halt, and his back legs gave out a bit, and hot dog cum flooded my wife's pussy. And, of course, he was now knotted up inside my wife, so he'd be there for a little while.

Gunther had cum, but my wife hadn't. That wasn't how this game worked. She was on the cusp of her orgasm, panting frantically with a huh huh huh huh huh huh and occasionally keening moans. Very much like a dog. But only when Gunther's knot shrank and he pulled out would she tip over the edge into an actual orgasm. Just a little touch I'd included in her programming to keep things interesting until the very end.

I set aside my laptop and got a plate from the kitchen. I set the plate beneath the junction of my wife's and Gunther's loins. Then I took a handheld camera, one linked to the audience feed, and turned it on. Lifting Gunther's tail—the scent of their mutual arousal was almost appalling—I focused on his swollen knot up in my quivering wife. For whatever reason, the audience wanted proof: Yes indeed, this crazy human woman had happily let herself be mounted, fucked, and filled with dog cum. It was all real.

Once I guessed the audience was satisfied, I set the camera on the floor and focused it on the plate. Gunther soon pulled out of my wife and nosed at her crotch, checking that he'd properly deposited his sperm. My wife, for her part, shouted and moaned into the floor. Her feet and hands clenching and unclenching, all her flesh rippling and shaking as waves of orgasm bounded and rebounded

around in her body. She'd be sore after that—a soreness she'd interpret as having worked out hard at the gym.

"C'mon, Gunther," I said. I gripped his collar and led my wife's sated co-star to the backyard. And then I returned. "Nearly done, folks. Time for the finish."

I pulled my wife up into kneeling position, her head lolling. Gunther's sperm oozed out onto the plate. Once she'd stopped dripping, I set the plate in front of her, gripped her hair, and carefully lowered her face over it. Her lips touched the warm oily puddle of Gunther sperm.

I whispered in her ear, "Gotta finish cleaning Gunther's balls, babe." And that was enough. Her tongue darted out, and with a moan, she sloppily and completely lapped up Gunther's cum.

Once the plate was clean, I let go of my wife. She collapsed, dead to everything except her own fading ecstasy. I returned to the laptop, scrolled through the comments. Most were like this: Totally worth the money; the hottest thing I've ever seen; Thank you for such a great show; Can you train my wife like that, and so on.

But there were a few of these: Seen this before and When will you do something new? These comments troubled me. They were right. We did the same thing time and again. If we didn't shake things up, how would we keep the audience interested? And keep the money rolling in?

I supposed there were ways around this. Pigs and horses, maybe. I'd need to make an arrangement with some rancher. There was always a way, especially where we lived. Or bring in another girl. My wife had a good friend who was pretty hot. Single, half-black and therefore exotic looking. (Was that racist? I hoped it wasn't racist. It was probably a little racist. Oh, well. I try to be a good guy. . . .) She was younger and had no kids, so she probably had no stretch marks and a super-tight pussy. Maybe I could make something of her, too.

"Goodbye, all," I said. "Thanks for coming. As it were." Ugh. Dumb sign-off. But it was true. I'm sure most viewers blew their loads toward the end, if not before. Sick bastards.

So the show was over, and we still had about 45 minutes left. I turned off the cameras and put the licked-clean plate in the dishwasher. Once my wife could move, I told her to go make dinner for us—nothing involving hot oil, like that might burn her skin. Still wearing only her pink collar and workout shoes, she made us burgers, fries, and sweet corn.

Once dinner was on the table, I told her to shower and then, without toweling off, put her workout clothes back on. That'd persuade her brain that she'd gone to the gym and worked up a tremendous sweat. Her mind would make up the story it needed to account for the last couple of hours of time. While she showered, I sprayed the living room with a scent to mask the odor of canine-and-human coupling.

My still-brain-fucked wife emerged from the bathroom in her soaked workout clothes. I took off her dog collar, pocketed it, and kissed her forehead. She smiled dreamily, picked up her workout bag, and shuffled out the side door. I heard a car door open and shut. I used my laptop to restore my wife's main personality. Shortly, the car door opened and shut again, and she walked back into the house, fully returned to herself, to find me just starting the dishwasher.

"Good workout?" I asked.

"I am so goddamned sore," she said, smiling. "And totally wiped out. But I feel great." She walked into the living room, and then the bathroom. "And the place looks great!"

"I worked like a dog," I said.

The End