

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



It was one of those evenings where the quiet seemed to stretch endlessly, the kind of silence that lingered even as the clock ticked away on the wall. The house felt emptier than usual, their son is out celebrating a highschool baseball game win with his teammates and friends for the night, leaving just the two of them alone with nothing but the hum of the air conditioner to keep them company.

Liam sat in his favorite armchair, newspaper in hand, eyes scanning over headlines that didn't hold his attention. His mind wandered, drifting back to how routine their evenings had become. The soft pad of footsteps broke his thoughts, and he glanced up to see his wife entering the room. Rachel's hair was loose around her shoulders, and she moved with a casual grace that seemed almost deliberate, like she was aware of his gaze even before he looked up.

She walked over to the coffee table, bending at the waist to pick up an empty glass. As she did, her leg brushed against his arm in a light, teasing caress, the contact lingering just a moment longer than necessary. She wore her high heels and dress that caressed her body like a snug candy wrapper.

Liam looked up from his paper, a small smile curving his lips as he caught the subtle movement of her eyes—side-glancing at him as if daring him to respond.

"Just us tonight," she murmured, straightening up and cradling the glass in her hands. "No interruptions... unless you count the dog." She nodded toward the golden retriever curled up at Liam's feet, its tail thumping lazily against the floor.

"Hmm," Liam hummed, setting the newspaper down and reaching a hand to pet the dog's head absentmindedly. His fingers brushed through the soft fur, but his gaze remained fixed on Rachel, watching her every move. "So what do you want to do with all this uninterrupted time?" he asked, his voice carrying an undercurrent of suggestion that made Rachel pause.

She glanced at the framed photograph on the mantle—a picture of their son's high-school baseball team, the boys grinning proudly in their uniforms. Her eyes lingered there for a moment before shifting back to Liam. "I'm sure we can think of something," she replied, her tone equally suggestive, yet still light enough to leave her meaning open to interpretation.

Liam's smile deepened, and he nodded slowly. He gestured with a lazy hand toward a long chew toy lying on the floor nearby. It was shaped like a bone. It had the exaggerated curvature of a dog's chew toy, each rounded end giving way to a slim, smooth center. Tiny, raised plastic ridges lined the surface, forming ripples that mimicked an unnatural texture of real bone, its exaggerated form almost comical, and yet... as Rachel's gaze followed his, something about the way he pointed at it—fingers resting on the curve of its elongated shape—seemed to carry an entirely different implication.

Rachel raised an eyebrow, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "What's on your mind?" she asked, voice soft, almost breathy.

Liam shrugged, his fingers still caressing the dog's fur, his touch moving in slow, deliberate strokes. "I was just thinking," he murmured, "about how certain things have a... dual purpose." He looked up at her, eyes dark with meaning, and nodded toward the chew toy again. "It's funny, isn't it? How something can seem so ordinary, so innocent, until you look at it differently."

Rachel's breath caught slightly, the meaning behind his words not lost on her. She glanced down at the chew toy, then back up at him, her lips parting as if to say something—then closing again. Instead, she moved closer, setting the glass down on the side table and leaning over, her fingers

brushing against his forearm. "And what do you see when you look at it differently, Liam?" she asked softly, her voice a low murmur.

He tilted his head, his gaze never leaving hers. "I see potential," he said quietly. "I see the possibility of exploring... something new. Something we've never talked about before."

Rachel's pulse quickened, a flush creeping up her neck. "Exploring can be risky," she whispered, her fingers tracing idle patterns on the table beside him. "You never know what you might find... or what lines you might cross."

Liam leaned forward, closing the space between them, his breath warm against her skin. "But isn't that what makes it so intriguing?" he asked, his voice dropping to a near-whisper. "The uncertainty, the anticipation... the way it makes everything feel so much more... alive."

Rachel swallowed hard, her gaze drifting once more to the photograph on the mantle, she observed all those smiling faces looking back at her before snapping back to his face. "What are you suggesting?" she breathed.

He didn't answer right away. Instead, he reached out, his hand brushing lightly against her knee before moving away again. "I'm not suggesting anything," he murmured. "I'm just... curious. Curious about where this could go... if we let it."

There was a long silence, the kind that seemed to throb with unsaid words and unacknowledged thoughts. Rachel's eyes dropped to the chew toy, then to his hand, before lifting once more to meet his gaze.

"And if I said I was curious, too?" she whispered, voice barely audible.

Liam's smile was slow, deliberate. He reached for the toy, lifting it slightly and letting his fingers trail over its length. "Then I'd say we're already on the same page," he murmured softly, his gaze never wavering from hers. "It's just a matter of how far we're willing to take it."

She didn't look away, didn't pull back. Instead, she took a slow, steady breath, letting the silence between them stretch out like a taut wire—waiting, trembling with the weight of possibilities.

"Let's find out," she whispered finally, and in those three simple words, the line between what was spoken and what was implied blurred into something almost indistinguishable.

Rachel's eyes hungrily lingered on the photograph of the baseball team once more, but this time they settled on the tall figure standing off to the side—the one with dark skin and a broad, confident stance. He was wearing a coach's baseball cap, his smile wide and familiar. She blinked, a small shiver running through her, then turned back to Liam.

Her fingers brushed against a small open jar of Vaseline sitting on the coffee table next to a baseball and a glove, a hint of a frown creasing her brow as she dipped her fingers deep in to the container. Any other night, she would have sighed in exasperation at the sight of such things left carelessly around the living room. But tonight, she didn't complain. Instead, she picked up the jar, her fingers dipping inside as she glanced back at Liam, who was watching her with a gaze that seemed to pierce right through her.

"Planning on leaving that there all night?" she murmured, a playful smile curving her lips as she lifted her Vaseline covered fingers glistening faintly in the low light.

Liam's smile was slow and deliberate, his eyes never leaving hers. "Maybe I had something in mind," he replied softly, his voice a low murmur that sent a ripple of anticipation through her. He set the chew toy back down on the floor, his fingers moving with the same languid precision he used when touching her.

Rachel stepped closer, the soft pad of her high heels on the carpet the only sound in the quiet room. Her pulse quickened as she felt the heat of his gaze on her. He reached up, his hand caressing her cheek, then sliding around to the back of her neck, his fingers tangling in her hair. For a moment, his touch was almost comforting—gentle, familiar—until she felt something cool and metallic against her skin.

A soft gasp escaped her lips as she realized what it was. The smooth, leather band slipped around her neck, the buckle cool against her throat. She glanced up at him, her breath catching as she saw the intensity in his gaze.

"Liam..." she whispered, the word a mixture of surprise and something else—something deeper, more primal.

He smiled, his fingers brushing lightly against the dog's collar now encircling her neck. The gentle clinking of medals echoed added to her excitement.

"Sometimes it's the unexpected that makes everything feel more alive, don't you think?"

Rachel swallowed, her heart pounding in her chest as she leaned into his touch. "And what does this make you feel?" she asked softly, her eyes locking onto his.

Liam's smile widened, his hand slipping beneath her hair, lifting it gently as he pulled her closer. "Like we're playing with fire," he murmured, his voice a low rumble. "And I want to see just how close we can get without getting burned."

They stayed like that for a moment, the air between them charged with an energy that was almost palpable. Then, slowly, Rachel let out a soft breath and moved closer, her fingers trailing down his chest as he continued to hold her gaze.

"Careful," she whispered, her lips brushing against his ear as she spoke. "You might not like what you find if we keep going."

Liam's hand tightened slightly on the collar's leash, the leather cool against her heated skin. "I'm not worried about what we find," he said softly. "I'm more curious about where it might take us."

With a small, almost hesitant smile, Rachel nodded and stepped back. She glanced down at the Vaseline jar in her hand, then set it back on the table, her fingers dipping deeper into its contents for a moment before turning away. Her gaze drifted back to the photograph of the baseball team, but this time, her eyes surveyed the young players in the front row and rested on the tall figure of the coach standing in the background—the figure who seemed to command the entire team with just his presence.

Something flickered in her expression—an emotion she couldn't quite name. She turned back to Liam, her breath catching as she saw the way he was watching her, his gaze dark and intent.

"Thinking about something?" he asked, his voice soft, almost teasing.

Rachel swallowed, shaking her head slightly as she moved closer to him again. "Just... imagining," she murmured, her fingers brushing against his arm as she leaned in, the scent of her perfume

enveloping him. "Imagining where we could go from here."

Liam's smile was slow, deliberate. He reached up, his hand sliding over her shoulder, down the length of her arm. "There's only one way to find out, isn't there?" he whispered.

She nodded, her pulse racing as she turned, leading him toward the hallway. Each step felt heavy with anticipation, their movements almost synchronized, like they were caught in a dance they'd practiced a thousand times but never quite finished.

When they reached the bedroom door, Rachel paused, her hand resting on the doorknob. She glanced back at Liam, her eyes wide, lips parted slightly. Liam still holding the leash in his hand.

"Are we really doing this?" she whispered, the question trembling in the air between them.

Liam didn't answer. Instead, he reached out, his hand brushing lightly against the small of her back, guiding her forward. As she opened the door, she glanced back at the living room one last time, her eyes lingering on the dog still curled up on the floor, its tail thumping lazily.

"Come on, boy," she called softly, her voice almost a purr.

The dog's ears perked up, he picked up the chew toy as he scrambled to his feet, his tail wagging furiously as he bounded over to them. Rachel reached down and grabbed the chew toy from the dog's mouth and used the Vaseline from her fingers to lubricate one end of the toy.

Liam glanced down at the dog, a faint smile tugging at his lips as he looked back at Rachel.

Rachel nodded, her gaze never wavering from his as if to say "I want this." Liam got close to her pushing against the frame of the door, while he slightly raised her dress and ordered her to remove her panties.

As Rachel slipped her panties off, letting them fall softly to the floor, she noticed Max sniffing at the discarded fabric, his curiosity drawn by the scent. Her eyes followed his movements briefly, a flicker of amusement crossing her face, before she felt the gentle tug of the collar around her neck. Liam leaned in closer, one hand holding the leash, while his other hand grazed her thigh, his touch deliberate as he slowly parted her legs.

Rachel's heart pounded in her chest as she glanced toward Liam, their eyes locking in a brief but charged exchange. Slowly, she raised the hem of her dress just a bit higher, her movements deliberate, as if extending an unspoken invitation. Max, sensing the shift in the room's energy, wagged his tail, his curiosity piqued by the silent tension, unaware of the adventure Rachel was about to explore.

Liam leaned in, his breath warm against Rachel's ear as his voice dropped to a soft murmur. "Tell me... what do you want?" he whispered, the question hanging in the charged air between them.

She one handedly unzipped the back of the dress and removed her bra in a low but determined tone she replied "To be your dirty bitch" as the dress fell to the floor. Her breath hitched slightly before her lips curved into a teasing smile. Without breaking eye contact, she reached for the chew toy in her hand, and with a firm grip as she brought it closer to her. Her movements slow and deliberate, hinting at her intentions as she began to explore the boundaries of their shared moment then suddenly inserting it deep between her legs, never breaking eye contact with Liam. Max, recognizing the part of toy that extruded from her pussy, began to lick her vigorously, half trying to get his toy, half enjoying the taste. She loved the sensation and held his snout firmly between her legs and slowly began spreading her legs more apart.

Liam's smile was one of quiet satisfaction as he leaned in closer. He murmured in her ear "You're a good whore wife" his voice low and approving, the words carrying a sense of intimacy and approval.

With a playful smile she nodded and began to pull out and re-insert the chew toy even deeper and faster than before.

Liam's voice softened as he leaned in, his words laced with playful intent. "Ready to taste dog cum?" he asked, his gaze steady as Rachel's breath quickened, caught up in the moment and the sensations surrounding her. She always fantasized of talking dirty but never mustered the courage before. She nodded and softly replied "I want to feel the cum drip down my throat as I swallow it."

Liam felt a rush of excitement he never expected to feel from what had been such a predictable marriage.

Liam ordered her to get on all fours and obediently she did as told but continued to fuck her self with the chew toy as she went down. The ridges and knobs that protrude from the surface caused her pleasure and pain at the same time. Without another word she positioned her self on Max's side where his long red dick was erect. Her heart began to beat even faster as she reached for it and began to suck it, and just as she felt Max's cum into her mouth she felt Liam's dick penetrate her tight ass and started to fuck it relentlessly.

She felt a surge of excitement as the thoughts that had once been confined to her fantasies slowly began to blur with reality. The sensation was unmistakable, and it showed through the satisfied sounds she made. Her enthusiasm grew as she savored the cherry colored dick that sprayed endless amounts of cum into her awaiting mouth, enjoying each deliberate taste, fully immersed in the moment's sweetness.

Rachel's thoughts raced as the reality of the moment settled in. She knew, deep down, that after tonight, nothing would ever be the same and she would never be a boring wife again.

Liam reached over and gently closed the bedroom door. In the stillness of the night, only faint sounds of pleasure echoed softly through the otherwise quiet house.