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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Introduction: Older sister learns some new tricks from younger.

Once upon a time.....

No. Strike that. This isn't going to be any fairytale. It's the story of how my younger sister changed my life forever.

My name is Lisa, and in the summer of 2005 I had just come back from Iraq. Yes, I was a soldier, and I had been wounded when an "improvised explosive device" had gone off under our Hummer. Nothing major really, just a little shrapnel in my butt, but it was enough to get me evac'd. I'd always thought my butt was a little too much on the generous side, but after that experience I thought maybe a little extra padding wasn't such a bad thing.

At any rate, the docs said I had some kind of nerve damage, which occasionally gave me shooting pains down my leg, and made me walk with a little bit of a limp when I was tired. So I got sent home on leave to recuperate and get some outpatient physical therapy at a nearby Air Force hospital. My enlistment was almost up and I was trying to decide if I wanted to re-up.

My mom wanted me to take my discharge and stay home. She said that she thought one Purple Heart was enough for me, and that one child in the war at a time was enough, my older brother being an Air Force C-130 pilot stationed in England. My father didn't say much about it and I think he was a bit conflicted. He had always been supportive of me since I decided to join up, but he had been a draft dodger, running off to Canada during the Vietnam war. Myself, I hadn't made up my mind.

I arrived home on a Friday, and that whole weekend our house was full of friends and relatives coming by to visit and welcome me home. It was a difficult few days for me. I was tired, jet lagged, irritable and alternately either embarrassed by all the attention, or bored. The most annoying thing was that, although everybody meant well, it was obvious that none of them really understood. Nobody "got it."

My female relatives, aunts and cousins, were certain I had been through the awfulest things possible, and tried to divert my attention with silliness. My male relatives either were either awed or afraid of me or wanted to get into my pants. All except for one. On Saturday night I had had enough and ducked out of the house for awhile, finding a dark corner of the backyard behind the garage. I had only been out there a little while when I heard a voice.

"Lisa? Can ya stand a little company?"

It was my Uncle Mike. I had seen him earlier, but he hadn't said much. He didn't often visit us, even though he and my mom were only siblings. He had been a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, and once when I was little, he and my dad had gotten into a big argument about the war. They had maintained the peace since then, but only at a sort of distance.

"Sure Uncle Mike," I said. I had come out here to avoid company, but Mike had always been gentle to me. My mom had often told me I was a lot like him.

"You know Lisa, one veteran to another, let me give you a little heads up. Don't pay too much attention to them." He jerked his thumb toward the house. "Whether they're patting you on the back

or spitting in your face, and I've gotten both, the truth is, they'll never understand."

I just nodded and he paused for awhile. "Lisa, anything you need, you need help with anything at all, just call me." When I didn't say anything he went on, "I hope ya don't mind honey, but I been braggin' on ya some down at the VFW post. There's a few guys that have said they'd like to meet ya. Want me to bring you around some night."

I thought about that. True, they probably would understand some of the things I felt better than my own family, but I wasn't sure I was ready for the VFW. "I dunno," I said doubtfully.

"Well, no rush. You don't have to join or anything like that. Active duty personnel are welcome anytime. If you change your mind, just give me a call."

I nodded again. "OK. Uncle Mike. Maybe."

"I'm gonna head back in there," he said, "Take care."

The rest of the weekend was like I already described it, boring, embarrassing and tiring. Monday morning my parents both had to go back to work. They had jobs that were important enough that they couldn't take off on short notice, and my arrival home had been sorta unplanned.

With my parents both out of the house, it was just me and my little sister, Eva. Well, my younger sister anyway. She had kinda grown up while I was off fighting. I guess I should describe us both before I go too much further with this.

I'm Lisa. I'm 22 years old. I ran cross country in high school and I'm thin enough to be called skinny, but kinda wiry tough. I'm 5'7" and my measurements are 32 a cup, 24 waist and 34 hips and I weighed 122 pounds my last physical. In color I take after my mom, with light blond hair, blue eyes and fair skin.

My sister's name is Eva. She just turned 18. She's a swimmer though she isn't so competitive that she has a real swimmer's body. She definitely has strong shoulders and back muscles though. She's also 5'7" (she checked the first day I got home, claiming she was taller than me.) I don't know exactly how much she weighs, though probaby more than me since she's more muscular and has bigger boobs, maybe 34-35 b or c cups. I saw her in her swimsuit the first day I got home but those racer back suits kinda flatten you so I'm not sure. She takes more after my dad, dark hair, brown eyes, olive complexion.

I was sitting at the kitchen table finishing my coffee when Eva came downstairs. She was wearing her 'work uniform,' a red one-piece racerback swimsuit. She was a lifeguard at the municipal pool and also taught swimming lessons there. She got a granola bar from a box on the counter and sat down at the table. "Mom said you should drive me to work and then you could have the car."

"I don't need the car," I said.

"Oh? How you gonna get to your appointment?"

Shoot! I forgot I had an appointment for physical therapy. It was really my brother's car but since he was off in England Eva had been using it. "Oh, yeah." I glanced at the clock. "What time do you have to be there?"

"Ten."

It was only a few minutes drive to the park but it was already a quarter till so I got my keys and some paperwork I needed for the hospital. I dropped Eva off and went to my appointment where they evaluated me and scheduled me for therapy three times a week. When I got back home it was barely noon and since I was still on Baghdad time I decided to take a nap.

One of Eva's friends dropped her off from work and the noise woke me up. Our mom got home a little later and started dinner and the rest of the evening was almost like old times, I even did the dishes. After dinner though was boring. I was used to having all my time accounted for and I didn't know what to do with free time. I thought about taking Uncle Mike up on the VFW thing but decided to put that off and went to bed.

Before I joined the army I had been a pretty sound sleeper. I would sleep through thunderstorms and stuff that would wake everyone else up. My family used to joke that they'd have to use a bomb to get me up if there was a fire. They didn't joke about bombs around me anymore. What they didn't know was I was now a very light sleeper.

It was about 2am and I couldn't sleep. I was thinking about going downstairs to read or something when I heard a noise from the hall. I sensed someone pause outside my door. It had to be Eva as my parents' room was between mine and the stairs and they had the master bathroom attached. Eva's room was down the hall and she would have to pass my room to get to the stairs. But why was she listening outside my door? I thought maybe she just didn't want to disturb me. At any rate, she finally left and I could hear her slowly moving down the hall.

My curiosity was piqued and I had to get up to see why she was sneaking around. I crept to my door and peeked out. Eva was stopped again, listening outside our parents' door. After a bit, she evidently satisfied herself that they were asleep and continued down the stairs. Using my Special Forces training, (well, OK, I didn't have any, but I did take an escape and evasion course once) I followed her.

Eva continued through the living room and the dining room into the kitchen. I still wondered, if she was just after a midnight snack, why all the sneaking around? I peeked into the kitchen just in time to see her head down the basement stairs. Again I followed, but she didn't go down to the basement. Instead, she eased open the side door and stepped out onto the driveway. She was wearing a large t-shirt as a nightshirt and I had to know where she was going dressed like that in the middle of the night, so I continued to follow.

I was wearing a cammo t-shirt and men's boxers that I was used to sleeping in. It wasn't exactly what I'd wear out in public but I was going out in my own yard so I pushed open the door and snuck out behind Eva. I was just in time to see her go around the front corner of the house, heading across our front lawn. I hurried after her and peeked around the corner just in time to see her make another right turn onto our neighbor's driveway.

I couldn't stop now, I had to find out what she was up to. Was she meeting a boyfriend? If so, I didn't know why she'd go into our neighbor's yard, I was pretty sure it was fenced all around, with no way out. The thought briefly struck me that maybe she was having an affair with our neighbor, but that seemed unlikely. I once again peeked around the corner, half expecting to see her with someone.

The driveway was dark but I could tell it was empty because there was moonlight in the backyard. I crept slowly down the drive because I knew she must be in the backyard with nowhere to go. Suddenly, my foot struck something soft, cloth. I bent down and picked it up. It was Eva's nightshirt. Whatever she was up to, she was now naked. I figured she had to be meeting a guy.

Still carrying the nightshirt, I crept further down the driveway, keeping close to the neighbor's house until I could see into the backyard. I was still in shadow but the backyard was in bright moonlight. What I saw almost caused me to rush forward. The neighbor's dog, a large Golden Retriever, was evidently attacking something. Someone rather, as I could see arms and legs, a girl on all fours. It had to be Eva.

He was growling just loud enough for me to hear it over the hum of the air conditioning unit behind the house, and I figured he must have knocked her down. He was still growling, and I started forward to rescue my sister.

Just then Eva moaned, and there was something about her tone that caused me to stop. Suddenly, I realized what was happening. The dog wasn't attacking Eva, he was sexually humping at her, and from the sounds she was making, she wasn't resisting. I stepped back into the shadows, but I couldn't tear my eyes away.

I'd heard stories about girls and dogs, rumors about a girl in high school, a couple guys in the barracks claiming they'd seen it, but I thought those were just stories. Now it was happening right in front of me, and it was my sister!

They were turned sideways to me and I could see how he was riding her. His front paws were around her waist, gripping her tightly. His back was curved in an 'S' shape, his hips wrapped around hers. The frantic thrashing that I had first observed had settled into a more purposeful, albeit still rapid, thrusting. There was no longer any doubt about Eva's participation. Her moans were clearly those of passion, and she reached back with one hand, gripping the fur on his hip as if trying to pull him closer.

The dog was panting now, his tongue lolling out of his jaws as he continued to hump at her. I could make out a few words, "Yeah! You like that!" Then the thrusting almost stopped and Eva groaned, "Oh God!" I could see the muscles in his haunches flexing and I knew he must be cumming in her. Eva moaned again and lowered her head and shoulders to the ground. The dog continued to pant, resting on Eva's back, though his thrusting had stopped.

I realized they must be finished and I should get out of there. I also realized I had put my hand up one leg of my boxers and my fingers were wet as I fingered myself. God! I was turned on by watching my sister fucking the neighbor's dog!

I hurried down the drive, anxious to get in the house and up to my room before Eva got back. Halfway across the lawn I realized I still had the nightshirt. I dashed back and dropped it in the driveway, then hurried on up to my room. I waited just inside my room with the door cracked open like it was before. Soon, I heard Eva coming up the stairs. She didn't stop outside my parents' room, but did stop outside mine. I held my breath until I thought my lungs would burst before she finally continued on and I heard her door close.

I was shaking all over. I didn't know what was more shocking, what I had seen Eva doing, or my reaction to it. I knew I shouldn't be turned on by seeing my sister fucking a dog. I should be disgusted but it just was so erotic. The setting, the just plain naughtiness of it. My hands went back to my still wet cunny and I tried to keep from screaming as I jilled off and finally managed to get to sleep.

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## **Part Two**

*Introduction: I find out more about my 18 year old sister Eva and what she has been doing while I was in Iraq.*

I woke up the morning after catching my younger sister Eva having sex with our neighbor's dog unsure about what I really saw. I mean I had seen it with my own eyes but it was such a shock that I kept questioning whether there could be some other explanation. As hard as it was to believe, I had to concede that my sister had developed some strange behaviors while I was away in Iraq. I also had to admit that I myself had behaved a bit bizarrely, fingering my own pussy as I watched her and then later masturbating, making myself cum while thinking about what I had seen.

I didn't know what to say to Eva as I drove her to her lifeguard job that morning, so we drove in silence. "Later," Eva said as she hopped out of the car at the pool. I drove over to the hospital for my therapy session, which consisted mostly of exercises to strengthen my glutes and leg muscles. Boring really, except my therapist was kind of a cute guy about my age.

I didn't see a ring on him so I was kinda flirting as he had me lay face down on this table. He had his hands on my thigh and my butt as he showed me the exercises. He said it was to be sure I was "activating" the correct muscles. I thought things were moving along nicely, and that therapy was going to be something to look forward to, but then as I was leaving he was going on lunch and I saw him meet this other guy and give him a big sloppy kiss, so therapy's gonna be boring after all.

Well, even if therapy was boring I had plenty to keep my interest up at home. Eva was still at work when I got home, as were my mom and dad so I had some time to think over what I saw last night. I no longer thought it could have been some kind of accident or the dog attacking her. She looked like she was enjoying it too much. I had to admit to myself that my sister had sneaked out of the house for the purpose of fucking the neighbor's dog. However, I couldn't help but wonder about a few things.

It seemed quite certain that this wasn't the first time she had done this and I had to wonder how she had started such bizarre behavior. I also wondered how often she did it and what other sexual secrets she might have. I took a nap while Eva was still at work and resolved to stay up that night and see if I could follow her again. She never left her room that night though and by the next morning I thought maybe it was something she did only rarely. I didn't fall asleep until early morning, so when Eva woke me up to ask if I was going to drive her to work again, I decided to sleep in and just told her to take the car.

I didn't try to stay awake the next night but I guess I was still sleeping pretty lightly because around 2am I heard a noise from the hall and then Eva was sneaking past my room again. Again she paused outside my door, listening, I suppose, to see if I was awake. I kept perfectly still, trying to keep my breathing deep and regular. After a few moments she continued on down the hall and downstairs.

As soon as Eva was past my door I was up and out of bed. I was sleeping in underwear again, just a camouflage t-shirt and guy's boxers like last time. I didn't want to go out in underwear again, so I quickly stripped off the boxers and pulled on a pair of shorts. Carrying my sneakers, I slipped into the hall and started after Eva.

I hurried down the stairs while trying to be as stealthy as possible. I peeked into the kitchen just in time to catch a glimpse of Eva heading down the stairs to the side door. As soon as I heard the door close, I was down those same stairs in a flash. This time I didn't want to miss anything. I waited just the few seconds I thought it would take Eva to get to the front of the house and I pushed the door open a crack to peek out.

To my surprise, Eva had NOT headed across our lawn to the neighbor's house, nor was she wearing a nightshirt like last time. When I looked down the driveway, I saw Eva heading across the street. She was dressed pretty much as I was, jogging type shorts and a tee. I ducked back a little, keeping the door open just enough to watch her.

When she got across the street, she turned left, heading up the street. When she passed out of my view I hurried out and went up to the front of the houses so I could see her again. She was still walking away from me, about three houses up the street now. I started to follow, keeping on my side of the street so that I would have the cover of the few parked cars and the occasional tree on a tree lawn.

She went past one more house, then turned up a driveway. The garages in our neighborhood were all in the backyards, so driveways ran between the houses, from the street to the backyard. As soon as she started into the driveway, I crossed the street and hurried to a spot where I could peek into the drive. I couldn't see Eva. There was a gate across the drive, even with the back of the house. The gate and the fence were chain link with those little strips you could weave into the links to give some privacy.

I cautiously approached the gate, crouching down below the fence and trying to see between the little gaps in the fence. The night was again bright with moonlight, and as I got closer I was able to see into the yard. There was a deck behind the house that came right up to the driveway and extended back from the house about ten meters. The garage was about 20 meters past the fence and to the left of the garage was a large doghouse.

I could see Eva, standing on the driveway next to the deck, facing the doghouse, which was about 10 feet in front of her. She took her shorts off while she stood there, sliding them down her legs and off over her shoes, which she kept on. She folded the shorts and put them on the edge of the deck, then grabbed a cushion off of a deck chair and walked toward the doghouse, calling softly, "Buck!"

There was a rattling of chains and out of the doghouse stepped a huge, heavy dog that looked like a rottweiler. Eva stepped a little closer. Her right arm was around in front of her and it looked like she was moving it up and down, then she held her hand out to the dog, who sniffed it and snorted, then quickly advanced toward her.

As soon as she saw him moving, Eva turned her back to him and dropped the cushion. She got down on all fours, her knees on the cushion. She was now facing me and I worried a bit about being seen, but not only was there the fence, but she was paying most of her attention to the dog behind her. She braced her hands on the driveway in front of her, spread wide apart.

The dog was right behind her and I could see the top of his head as he sniffed at her. She gave a little whimper and I could see his head moving up and down and twisting this way and that. Wet slurping sounds and more moans from Eva confirmed that he must have been licking at her.

I watched for a while and got to thinking that was all he was going to do but then he reared up and wrapped his front legs around Eva's waist, humping at her. I don't know if it hurt or what, but Eva gave a little yelp and dropped her shoulders down a little. Suddenly Eva gasped and the dog started humping her much faster and harder.

Eva hissed as the big dog fucked her while I watched from behind the fence. Again I found myself fingering my cunny through the leg hole of my shorts. It didn't last real long. The dog gave one last big thrust, causing Eva to grunt, then he held relatively still. I knew he must be pumping his doggy cum into my little sister's pussy and I rubbed myself harder, schlicking my stiff little clit till I

managed to make myself cum too.

It was so weird. Masturbating while crouched in some stranger's driveway while watching my sister getting fucked by their dog. After I came I decided it would be a good idea to get out of there even though I was a little worried about Eva as the dog had seemed very rough with her. She seemed okay, though she groaned again as the big dog got down off her back and kind of hopped around till he was facing away from her. She reached back and tried to grab the fur on his hip but it seemed to be too short for her to grip but she did manage to grab onto his lower leg.

I removed my sticky fingers from my shorts and I started to back down the driveway till I felt safe to stand. I hurried back to our house and waited in the drive to watch for Eva coming back, planning on sneaking back up to my room before she got back across the street. Shortly Eva appeared, wearing her shorts again. She stopped when she reached the front yards.

Instead of heading home as I expected, Eva just looked around, kinda staring at our house for a bit, then instead of turning toward home, she turned to her right and started heading further away. She still wasn't coming home so I started to follow her again, heading further up the street.

She was already several houses away from me so I had to strike a balance between speed and stealth, trying to keep her in sight while not being seen myself. I decided to stay on the side of the street I was on for now, which turned out fortuitous, as Eva soon crossed over to my side, which also let me catch up a little.

Soon we arrived at a cross street, which was a semi-major thoroughfare and had some stores and stuff on it, one of which was a little Italian restaurant. I'd heard people say it was good but we had never eaten there, despite it being so close. There was a little alleyway behind the stores for deliveries and trash removal, and Eva had gone into this alley, while I stopped in the front yard of the last house on the street where, thanks to a couple of large trees, it was quite dark and I could look over the fence into the alley.

Eva had stopped behind the second store, which was the restaurant, where I could see she was by a dumpster and was with yet another dog. This one was some kind of shepherd and looked scruffy and dirty, probably a stray, scavenging the alley for food. It was fairly well lighted in the alley and I wondered that Eva might try to have sex with the dog there. It turned out she didn't.

Eva led the dog, who seemed quite eager, around the fence and into the same yard where I was hiding. There wasn't time to run, so I just retreated further into the yard and hid in the shrubbery the best I could. Eva led the dog almost right up to me and he began jumping up on her, paws around her waist. "Just wait a minute," she told him and he did stop while she stripped off her shorts and dropped them on the ground, then got down on the grass.

"Okay," Eva told him and this dog didn't waste any time on preliminaries. He hopped right on her and began that jackhammering thrusting that seemed the hallmark of what I had seen of dog sex so far. He must have found his mark right off because Eva began moaning immediately, then started talking to him. "Oh, God yes! You're the best Lucky!" Then she said, "Gah! Ooooooooooooooh!" This time I couldn't risk jilling off and had to content myself with just squeezing my thighs together.

'Lucky,' if that was his name, had stopped thrusting and held himself against Eva and I realized that for the third time I was watching my sister being filled with dog sperm. She just stayed on all fours, letting him cum in her, not reaching back to grab him or anything this time. Soon he was finished and hopped off of her. Just like he started with no foreplay, he didn't stick around when he was finished either, heading back around the fence to the alley. "Well thank you too, sir," Eva muttered



after him, "At least you got your rocks off. Don't worry, I'll take care of myself later!"

Eva was feeling around on the grass and I realized she had lost track of her shorts and was looking for them. There were a few patches of light filtering through the trees and as she crawled around looking, I was able to see how much dog cum was leaking out of her, making the backs and insides of her legs slick and shiny.

Eva found her shorts eventually, and stood up and pulled them on over her messy pussy. She started off toward home and I was forced to follow. There wasn't any way I could get home first so I didn't try to stick too close, just keeping her in sight so I could be sure she didn't make any more side trips. It was our own driveway that she turned into however, and I hung back long enough to let her get inside and up to her room before letting myself in and going upstairs.

Once in bed I couldn't help thinking about how my sweet little sister had become the local neighborhood dog slut. I had to start schlicking again, making myself cum before I could fall asleep.