

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My sister's eyes grew to the size of walnuts when she saw me, naked from head to toe and in a very compromising position with our dog.

It's not as if my sister had never seen my body before. Still, we grew up in a very modest household, and by the time we turned 10, neither of us was comfortable changing in front of each other as we had when we were children. After puberty, our lives took two separate paths. While neither of us was religious, she became a bookworm and hung out with the same friends she had since kindergarten. She blushed whenever someone mentioned anything remotely sexual.

On the other hand, I took an entirely different path in life. When I turned 14, I started smoking cigarettes and hanging out with a darker crowd at school. Most girls I hung out with were older than me and into other women. For the most part, they left me alone until I turned 16 and began to take notice of my quickly growing body and brought me to where I am now.

I'm into a lot of things my sister may consider taboo. We lived on a farm our entire lives, and as soon as my dad passed away, my mom stayed in her room for the most part. We spent our days after high school working long days on the farm trying to keep up with all the work he had left behind.

The heat must have been getting to my head that day my sister saw me naked because I felt my body slowly becoming more and more excited as I brushed out each of our horse's manes. We had 6 of them on the farm, including a younger one that wasn't quite to adulthood yet. By the time I had gotten to him, I grew curious about the older horses large cocks. I shook my head and remembered what a friend told me about horses when I was younger. Their sperm is powerful, but their cocks feel so good inside of you. I had decided from then on that I would rather have my dogs.

I checked around me to see where my sister went and dropped my underwear, revealing my shaven pussy. One of our dogs, Jack, had been following me for a while now, sniffing at my butt and pawing at my leg. I decided to humor him, patted him between my legs, and whistled gently. Jack nuzzled his head between my legs and sniffed before taking a long lick between my pussy lips, hitting my clit at just the right angle.

Letting out a soft moan, I pulled my shirt and bra off and tossed them over the railing of the younger horse stall. I wasn't concerned about where my sister was as my dog licked furiously at my clit. I watched my younger horse's cock as I thought about having it inside of me instead of the small dog cock that was growing hard while my fingers massaged his balls.

I was so close to cumming, so I patted my chest gently, allowing Jack to pounce on me, and I helped him guide his dripping cock into my pussy. Grunting slightly, I grabbed my nipples between my fingers and twisted them, feeling the pain all the way down my body as he jumped me furiously.

I didn't hear the leaves rustle in the trees by the horse barn. I certainly didn't hear the gasp coming from my sister's mouth. I only heard her when Jack finally finished into my mouth, when I threw my head back and caught a glimpse of her innocent face. The innocence that I would soon take away from her that same day when she found me furiously rubbing my clit while our family dog released his sperm inside of me.

I pulled my pants up quickly, giving my sister a sheepish smile. I felt the cum dripping out into my panties, but I didn't care. I had more things to worry about.

"Amy, wait!" I yelled, following quickly after her. She took off running into the house after she found me with our dog. She got no further than our pigs before I tackled her into the dirt.

"Get off of me, Emma! I'm telling Mom!" She hissed under her breath. I never thought she could be so menacing. Her general demeanor was usually sweaty, but she had a look of pure anger in her eyes.

Straddling her lower back, I held her face down by her arms. "Amy, stop. Do you really think that is what she needs right now?" I tightened my grip on her arms, digging my knees into her sides as she squirmed harder but loosened them as she relaxed a little bit. "Dad just died a few months ago. She doesn't need this!"

"That is just gross, Emma! Why are you doing that! You just let Jack stick his...." She paused.

"Cock," I said.

"Emma! His... Penis..." she grimaced as if she was twelve again, and she didn't want to cuss in front of our parents.

I couldn't help but laugh at my sister. She was 10 minutes younger than I was but was almost 50 pounds smaller throughout our childhood. She grew slower than I did and blossomed slower, but as she was being held under me, I realized that my sister was beautiful. I couldn't see from this angle, but by the gap between the ground and her, I could tell that her breasts had grown a significant size from the last time I had truly noticed her. Not only that, but as she squirmed under me, I realized I didn't want to let my sister go. I wanted to hold her there, in the dirt, for as long as I could.

But was I really OK with taking advantage of my twin sister? How did I know that she wouldn't tell anyone if I did? And as we sat in the dirt, I formulated a plan that I could make my sister my bitch and make her like it too.

Leverage...

Amy's face rested between her hands as she sat directly across the table from me. Occasionally, she shifted between her hands until a small red blotch appeared on her cheeks from the pressure. Her legs were crossed delicately, whereas mine were spread apart slightly as I slouched in the chair directly across from her. The mud we rolled in previously was still attached to parts of her hair.

Our small farm house connected our rooms by an adjoining bathroom. A small four-person table sat in the connected 'play area' we had as children, which had since been turned into a relaxing space for our friends. Our dirty shoes left marks on the hardwood floor that we would wash off later, but for now, a more pressing matter was on our minds.

Amy was the sister of reason. She was the only one I had but I knew by all of my interactions with everyone else around me that she was the one who could handle the most craziness, but even she had her limits. "Emma, you just shoved me into a giant mud hole and held me there."

I sighed and crossed my arms across my chest. I studied Amy quietly. The strands of light strawberry-colored hair blew around her face from the open window behind her. Her white tank top covered with mud had already dried to her body and outlined her dainty figure and her lace bra showed through her shirt well.

"To be fair, you also caught me having sex with Jack," I said.

I didn't want to alarm her any more than she already was. Using vulgar words would only make her slightly less reasonable, and I did not need her to stress our mom more.

I know it may have seemed like she had the advantage, but the way she stood there for God knows how long, watching our dog thrust inside her sister, told me something else was happening in her mind. I knew that if I did this, I had to go about it a certain way. I had to flip the tables on her to take control. She had always been one for following the rules and listening to higher authority, so it would be natural of me to assume that she could be incredibly submissive in certain terms.

"I mean, look... I don't want to do anything to hurt Mom. I know that she just lost Daddy," she said.

Her eyes watered slightly when before she whispered the reference to our father. She had always been a Daddy's girl. I was smart, so maybe this was the advantage I was looking for.

"If you need help, I can help you. That just isn't natural, Emmy. You just don't touch dogs like that. It's sick."

I stood up and paced the room, making her jump slightly when the chair grated against the floor. "It's not sick, Amy," I said. "Do you know how good a dog having inside you feels?" Standing behind her now, I leaned over her. "Do you? I mean, for a virgin, you shouldn't even care who or what I'm having sex with. I mean, you're still a virgin, aren't you, Amy?"

Her face flushed, and she looked at the floor. Her demeanor told me that while I was standing over her, she seemed more nervous about where I was. Before she said anything, I could tell whatever came out of her mouth next would be a lie. That's what happens when you're twins with someone. Your minds become so in tune with each other that no matter how different, you can always feel the other's pain or comfort.

"Yes, I'm a virgin," she admitted. "That doesn't matter, though. I know that having s-sex with dogs is sick."

She looked like she would move from the chair, but she didn't. At this angle, I could see down her shirt, and her cleavage made my entire body tingle. Her breasts weren't small, and I was actually fairly sure that she was probably a size larger than mine.

"I don't believe you, Amy," I declared. "I think you have had sex before. Or maybe not sex, but some form of it. Maybe you've let Jack lick your pussy?" I ran my fingers along the back of her neck as I paced back and forth behind her. "Maybe you've touched yourself before, and you just act shy? Or maybe you've let Daddy lick you?"

She gasped and turned around in her chair, nearly knocking us over. "How dare you suggest that, Emma?!"

She stood in front of me now, attempting to size me up. I was almost 3 inches taller than her and slightly wider in build. I looked at her carefully, studying her. Her face was almost as bright as a tomato. The freckles on her face, which only she was blessed with, were prominent.

"Holy shit, Amy. Did he really?"

I was embarrassed that we talked about our father this way, but I needed to know. It wasn't like I had never thought about trying to seduce him, but I certainly never thought it would have been Amy

who was that lucky. She turned to walk away, but I grabbed her by the arm, and she froze. My grip was tight enough that she wasn't going anywhere until I wanted her to. "Tell me, or I swear to God, Amy."

"OK, fine," Amy snapped. "Daddy touched me a little a few months ago. Nothing ever got that far, though. Please, don't tell Mom. It'll devastate her. Please, Emma."

I could hear the begging in her voice. "And you liked it, didn't you?" I asked. She didn't respond, and I knew I had her. "I won't tell, but you have to do a few things for me."

"I'll do anything, Emma. I promise. I'll clean your clothes for a month and do your chores. I'll do anything." She was nearly pleading now, but when I started to smile, she got confused.

"I don't want any of that, Amy. I want you to sit in that chair and stay there. First, take your pants off. I'm going to wash them," I lied slightly. I would wash them, but that wasn't all I had planned for her. She hesitated a little but took her pants off and handed them over to me. "Now, take off your shirt. I'll do the laundry."

"But I don't... It's been a while since... I'm uncomfortable with that, Emma."

She couldn't quite gather her words, but the submissive in her stripped her shirt off slowly. I didn't respond but left her to walk into the bedroom and drop the clothes off in our laundry bin. When I returned, I came behind her and rubbed her arms.

"Can I have these?" I asked.

Reluctantly, she gave me both her hands and let me tie them behind her back.

"Emma, what are you doing?" Her breathing got heavy, and she squirmed slightly as I tied the knots around her hands behind the chair.

"You told me that you would do anything, right? This is what I want." I was in front of her now. I pulled up the chair and sat with her, knees to knees. I rubbed her legs a little.

"Not this, Emma." She seemed to know what I wanted. "I told you I would do anything, but this is wrong. I can't!" She squirmed a little, and I rubbed her thigh.

"You don't even know what I'm doing. Shut up, or I'll gag you." My fingers trailed along her inner thigh straight to her panties. Lace wrapped around the very top and hugged her figure nicely. I could see the small wet spot that was starting to appear between her legs, and I couldn't help but laugh. "You're a whore, aren't you, Amy?"

She looked at me, alarmed, but didn't say anything. I took my thumb and rubbed it gently into the wet spot. I could feel her clit swollen under my finger as I pressed my thumb over her panties, between her pussy lips. Amy let out a small moan, and I glared at her so she knew I wasn't kidding about gagging her. Our mom was just in the next room, and I did not want her to hear moans from our bedroom.

She nearly melted in my hands as I rubbed her. I stood up behind her, reached down the front of my bra with my other hand, and pinched her nipple between my thumb and index finger. Whimpering and squirming, I rubbed her clit until she came in her underwear. My face was centimeters from her ear, kissing her cheek gently and whispering, "You have great nipples, Amy. Let me see them."

I took my thumb off her panties and admired the puddle between her legs. Unclasping her bra, I tossed it to the side and admired her breasts before taking one of her sensitive nipples into my mouth.

“Emma...aren’t you done? Haven’t you gotten your wish? Can’t I go now?”

“No, Amy. I’m not even close to being done. Look at you, sitting there half-naked. Your body is so beautiful, and I just want to ravage it. I want to take your virginity. I want to make you do things that you never thought you could or would do. I’m not done with you and I never will be. You’re submissive, aren’t you, Amy? You’re a slut, aren’t you? And you were Daddy’s slut, but now you’re mine, do you get that?” She nodded. “I’m nowhere near done.”

I left her there, tied to that chair. I left her squirming and whimpering to find a way out, but she didn’t try for long. I watched her from the window seat behind her. I left her alone, only to return with more supplies and Jack, who followed happily behind me.

I wasn’t the only one who was ready for fresh meat.

The End