

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



FIFA '06 = 3, Jarred = 1. He felt like smashing the PlayStation 2. Jarred sat down on his bed, back against the wall. Determined to finally win a match at the eighth time of trying. Infuriated that he couldn't get the hang of the damn game. When his team went down 1-0, he cursed. Two minutes later, he scored an equalizer and shouted, "Yeah!" After five minutes, to his delight, he was 2-1 up and sensing victory.

Jamie disturbed his concentration and annoyed him by standing and watching in the doorway. Irritated, Jarred switched off the game. They got on well and were pretty close. When she raised her eyebrow questioningly, saying nothing and looking rather peeved.

Jarred impatiently said, "What?"

She folded her arms and clicked her tongue. "What? No! The question is, what is wrong with you? Just don't lie, okay? You've been going through my stuff again, haven't you? My cupboard and drawers! You have been looking at my private stuff, hey!"

Jarred felt his cheeks redden and fidgeted. "Aww, come on, Jamie, don't talk nonsense!" Even to him, his tone was unconvincing.

Jamie sighed good-naturedly. "Look, Bro. You're my baby brother, and you know I love you very much! (When she put on that tiny, squeaky voice, she made him smile broadly) That doesn't mean you can poke your nose around my room. You're eighteen; maybe it's your hormones, but I'm your sister, Jarred!" He was blushing now and had guilt written all over his face. "What is your story? Huh? Are you besotted with me or something? Want to ball me, Jarred?"

Jamie giggled at her ludicrous statement and her brother's distraught face.

"Shame, baby! I'm embarrassing you!" She stepped forward and ruffled his hair. Feeling embarrassed and caught out. Jarred pushed her hand away. "Your face looks like a beetroot, Jarred. Just don't do it again. Okay?" She said it as more of a gentle request than an order. Feeling sorry for her eighteen-year-old brother. She loved him too much to stay angry for long. Wanting to put him at ease.

Jamie said jokingly, "I know I'm GORGEOUS! Don't feel bad; I drive all the guys crazy. If I weren't your sister, I would go for you, stud. Even if you are two years younger." She winked at him playfully and left him alone.

Jarred felt frustrated and guilty all at once. He loved Jamie and would do anything for her. Her words made him uncomfortable and brought him close to tears because they were so true. He was 'besotted,' as she put it with her. His feelings toward her seemed to grow stronger all the time. No matter how hard and sincerely, Jarred tried to suppress them. Within days, they would surface again.

Having been silently taught that to want to bonk your sister was wrong and unacceptable. The lad had been fighting an inner battle that was tearing him apart. When Jamie said, "Do you want to ball me, Jarred?" Her words had disgusted yet thrilled him. Suppose he searched within himself and faced the truth head-on. He would have to say YES! Jarred Samuels wanted to ball his sister and would ball her if he could.

Later that night, as he lay in the dark, he thought about Jamie. Good and bad things. When his Mom and he first watched the repeats of Beverly Hills, 90210, they saw the blonde actress with short

blonde hair. The one who was married to the Dr guy. They had been astounded by how much Jamie looked like her, except Jarred, who thought Jamie was far prettier. They had called her from the kitchen, where she was washing up. "You look just like her. I can't believe the resemblance!" their Mother had said.

Jamie giggled and said, "Nah. I'm far prettier," heading back to the dishes.

Jamie's looks drove him crazy. Her short blonde bob, striking features, and beautiful green eyes held him captive. Once, while telling him something animatedly, she suddenly stopped and pulled her face comically. "What's up, Doc? Why are you looking at me like that? Don't freak me out, Bro! Lower your gaze, Jarred. The eyes are a window to the soul, and yours look very unhealthy."

She laughed and playfully hit his shoulder. Jamie had a contagious laugh, and everybody smiled with her when she smiled. He thought his sister had an aura about her and lit up a room when she entered, whereas he was shy and sensitive. Jamie made friends easily, was self-assured, and was an extrovert. Jarred wasn't at all jealous of his older sister. Instead, he was in awe of her.

When the thoughts entered his mind, Jarred swallowed hard and slid his hand over his belly under the covers. Whenever the teen lay in bed and thought of her in that way, he found the need to masturbate. Jarred reached under the elastic of his briefs and encircled his cock. Once he started to jack off, the images would always roll over him. Erotic and pleasant. Jamie, in the morning, standing in the passage and stretching her perfectly, proportioned body. Wearing tight-fitting little shorts. Below the hem. Peeking out the swell of her buns, unyielding and awesome.

On tiptoe, heels raised. Long, shapely, and tanned legs. Jamie, reaching up, makes the small T ride up her waist. Exposing, a taut, flat tummy, sporting a belly ring. Tits, pressed against the material in all their glory, nipples protruding. Jamie shivers from the effort and her body tingles. Smiling at him as he heads for the bathroom.

"Hey, Jarred! How is it hanging, sleepyhead?"

Only it's not hanging anymore. By the time Jarred's standing over the toilet bowl, his rock hard and struggling to pee.

Or Jamie, on her back, in front of the TV. Watching MTV as she exercises. Nike tracksuit pants and a pink vest. Jarred positions himself so that he can see under her arms and a hint of bra. The feminine rise and fall of her breasts. The vest pulled tight against her hard tummy. Bicycle, exercises. Ass, rising from the floor with the pumping of her legs. Her feet.

Oh, her feet! Small and attractive. Long straight toes, painted a pastel hue, the middle one on her right foot, encircled with a blue toe-ring, wrapped in red roses. Pale instep, showing blue veins. Jarred would walk around the room, making it like he was looking for something to see the ball and heel of her feet. She had looked up at him the one time. A flash of white, even teeth. "Hey, Jarred, leave my ass and feet alone!"

Jarred felt his orgasm on the rise.

His Mom wasn't home yet. She was cool and lovable. Treating both of them equally and with plenty of love. They had a good Ma. Since the divorce, though both he and Jamie thought she had been seeing to many guys. Mostly, assholes, and they didn't want her to get hurt again.

Jarred wet his palm and went back to working his shaft. Churning, his jism and wanting to cum. He wondered how Jamie was lying tucked up and what she was wearing. Without warning, a sudden

flash of what Jamie's pussy, may look like burst vividly before him. Jarred yelled a bit too loud (Maybe in his subconscious, he hoped she would hear) and came nicely. He jettisoned on his tummy and against the quilt.

From the dark, he heard her voice. "Jarred? You, okay? What was that for? You tossing off or something, Perv!"

He heard her loud burst of laughter. It got him going, and he laughed heartily.

With his Mom at work and Jamie only due home an hour after him. Jarred took the opportunity to riffle through her room. Jamie was a talented and promising artist. Her drawings were brilliant and adorned her walls. Side by side with posters and center spreads of guys she considered 'HOT.' Bearing their solid six-packs. Her portraits of her Mom and brother were on the wall in the entrance hall. Jarred and his Mom had sat separately for Jamie. He had been impatient, and Jamie had bribed him with chocolate to sit still and let her finish. The finished products were startlingly life-like. Guests would remark how amazing the drawings were and enthused about his sister's talent.

Jarred stumbled across something that would bring him and Jamie closer together that Thursday afternoon.

Lusty, after just having inspected her array of panties. Jarred opened her cupboard. Four shelves were piled with neatly folded clothing. Her denim jackets, belts, leather jackets, and other things hung to the side. He could smell the sweet scent of her perfume in the confined space. Searchingly, he placed his hand under each pile and worked his way down the shelves. On his knees, Jarred stuck his hand far back into the bottom shelf. The clothes are heavy over his arm. He had done it so many times before and missed it.

The hardboard at the back of the cupboard had pulled away slightly. His hand pushed the board back by chance, and he found her diary and a thick manila envelope. Hidden in the space. The diary had a small lock, and he excitedly searched for the key. Jarred was bitterly disappointed when the search proved fruitless. Almost as a second thought, he emptied the envelope onto the bed. When Jamie's automatic camera snapshots came into view, he froze.

At that very moment, their dog, Spangled, played happily in the garden. Forever oblivious to Jarred's find. The photos were mostly closeups of the Dalmatian's cock. The pink doggy cock was small in some, and just the head stuck out from the sheath. The majority were of Jamie's hand wrapped around and manipulating the dog's now erect cock. The thing was surging, thick, and glistening. Two showed the result of her working hand. Captured in Polaroid and paused. His sister firmly held the swollen, more purple phallus as liquid spouted.

Three of the photographs made Jarred dizzy. They were of the canine's pecker stuffed into his sister's vagina. His heart was pounding, and he felt weak. Jarred felt his perspiration roll down his sides from his armpits. He gapped at the photos, Jamie's shaven pussy making his knees shake.

Unable to handle the sensations rippling through his body. He rummaged through the draw of panties. Picking out his favorite, a little black thong. At the groin were a pair of shiny, luscious lips parted by a big licking tongue. He turned them inside out. Judging where he thought her mound nestled when she wore them. He then feverishly pulled down his zipper. No sooner had he placed his noodle against the material than he ejaculated strongly. His spurts inundated the crotch of the underwear. Draining him and sapping him of energy.

Mind racing and a dull headache from his mighty orgasm, he stuffed the panties back into the draw. Bending down to put the diary and envelope back.

That night, Jamie had just showered and looked for underwear. She found the crumpled pair. She stood, staring perplexed at the ravished thong. When she opened them, the material stuck together and came away grudgingly. Jamie raised them to her nose and smelt the cotton. She recoiled, stamping her foot.

"Awwww, Gross, Jarred!"

Their Mom went out for supper and a movie with Larry on Friday. Telling them to expect her home extremely late. Jamie made an omelet, and they ate in front of the TV.

"These eggs are watery, Jamie," he said, unhappy with the meal.

"Don't be an ungrateful, little shit! Just eat, Jarred. I will watch how they do it on the Food Channel next time. Okay, kiddo."

He smiled at her sarcastic tone and looked at her. Sitting cross-legged, she was watching South Park. Jamie adored animation and could draw all the characters out of their head. She laughed prettily at the screen, and Jarred admired her dimples. Aware of him watching her, she turned her head. Jamie loved to catch him off-guard.

"Why are you sowing your oats over my panties, Bro?"

It was just like her, out of the blue and to the point. Jarred coughed spectacularly and giggled nervously. "Why are you humping the mutt, Sis?"

They both howled with laughter.

They fell silent, and Jarred was starting to feel uncomfortable. There was tension in the air. Jamie's eyes were back on the TV. He was happy when she spoke. "I don't know, Jarred," she sighed. "It seems your sister likes bestiality."

Jamie looked deep in thought and then continued, "Fucked up family, aren't we, Bro! Mom's carrying on like a nympho. The daughter's doing the doggy, and the son wants nothing more than to do the daughter. Crazy stuff!"

Jarred felt himself growing hot with her forthrightness.

"You gonna tell Mom, Jarred?"

He started wriggling on the sofa. "No. Why would I? Don't be mad!"

Just before she put a spoonful of congealing eggs into her mouth, she asked him, "Want to screw me, Jarred?"

Jarred swallowed so hard that it hurt. It was a beseeching whisper... "Ahhh... Yesss."

She looked him in the eyes and smiled lovingly. "Okay, Bro. I will help you. Just now, OK?"

Jarred couldn't contain himself. His face was burning, and he was short of breath. Between his legs, his dick was so hard it hurt. He had never got such a stiffy, ever. When the credits rolled, Jamie placed her plate on the seat beside her. Reaching for the remote, she pressed the off button, and the screen faded to black. She could see that Jarred was under awesome pressure. His face had always been like an open book to her. From what she saw, the kid was soooo nervous. Overriding the nervousness and swamping it like a tidal wave. 'Shit!' she thought. 'Could someone look and be that

horny?’ Jamie coaxed him to his feet. Holding his hand in hers. His palm felt sweaty.

“Come, Loverboy,” she said softly, leading him upstairs.

By the time they got to the landing, Jarred was pensively caressing her hand. “Come on. My mouth feels yucky,” she said. They stood in front of the large bathroom mirror. Toothbrushes working in their hands. “Anti-clockwise motion, Bro! Geez. Do I also have to teach you to brush your teeth!” Purposefully, Jamie made it sound lewd.

Jarred spat into the sink. Having understood what she meant, he sarcastically said, “Ha-ha!” and washed his face.

In the sanctity of her room and with her natural demeanor, Jarred began to loosen up. “Relax, Bro. Lie back, take your sneakers off, and make yourself comfortable. Want to listen to music?” Stretched out on her bed, hands behind his head, he nodded. “Man, I love this song! Do you know it? Luther and ‘Dance with my Father”

Jarred didn’t answer her. He thought he must look so stupid and childish. The teen knew she was trying to put him at ease and was grateful to her. It’s a pity he was acting like such an idiot, though. His boner had faded away tamely, limp in his briefs. Jarred closed his eyes.

The brush of her lips over his nose made the boy shiver. When he opened his eyes. Jamie whispered. “Shush. Close them your way to tense. Take a deep breath and relax.”

He followed her advice, and a calm began to come over him. He felt those lips brush sensually over his, and then the tip of her tongue gently parted them. Exploring his mouth. He tasted Colgate sweet on her tongue. She planted light kisses on his chin. With the faint touch of her lips, she followed his jawline back up to his ear.

Expertly, Jamie lifted his Quiksilver T-shirt and placed her flat hand on his tummy. He heard her murmur. “Mmmm” at his ear as she felt how hot his body was against her cool palm.

“You sooo hot, Jarred. I ain’t a slut. I want you to know that! You are only the third guy I’m about to do it with. I can feel your heat. Like a stallion in an open paddock. Surrounded by a stable of mares. WAY too frisky, cool it, Bro!”

Her hand snaked down to his belt buckle, and she unclasped it with deft fingers. The button of his Levi’s popped open, and he felt the denim being pushed aside. When cold fingertips delved into his briefs and grasped his flaccid penis lovingly. Jarred groaned with satisfaction from deep in his being again.

“Shush. I got no condom, and I take it you don’t either. I love you, Jarred, but the last thing we need is your baby growing inside me. So, when we’re fucking I want you to remember that, OK? No cumming in my pussy! On my pussy is OK. Tits, ass, that’s cool, too; maybe if you are a good boy, my mouth, so if you feel you can’t handle it. That you gonna shoot your load. Let me know, OK? I’m placing my trust in you, Jarred.”

Her words and the gentle tugging of his meat. Had made him swell in her hand. He was as hard as he had been downstairs. Jamie pulled away from him.

When the girl’s mouth enclosed his twitching knob, his body started to spasm. With a jolt, his scrotum tightened, and he felt the pang in his anus. She was surprised he was roughly the same size as the other guys she had been with. Jamie toyed and teased his bulb with her lashing tongue.

Holding the shaft firmly, her other hand worked his shrunken balls. He got up on his elbows and looked down at his sisters, bobbing his head and puffing his cheeks. Jamie locked eyes with him. His, cloudy and lusty. She sucked harder and got him to flop back down on the bed. She had him moaning and groaning, and his appreciative noises pleased her.

Jamie was starting to get hot. His reactions and seeping pre-cum, deposited in her mouth. Made her vagina moisten and her tummy flutter with warm feelings.

She helped him out of his denim, pulling them over his socks and then his briefs, noticing the wet circular stain on the crotch. When she got him to sit up to take off the T, he was panting, his top teeth resting on his cracked lips.

She let him watch her undress. Taking her time. Knowing she was blowing his mind. She felt his eyes burning into her flesh and devouring her. Jarred was on a sensual high that raged within him like a forest fire. His mouth is so dry that it stuck to his palate. Her beauty was indescribable. All he could mutter was, "I, um, I... You... Ahhhh." He was bewitched.

Jamie straddled him, and the touch of their skin made them both moan. Feeling his urgency and her blossoming lust. She raised her ass and reached under her, taking hold. Her firm grip made him squirm and pulsate in her hand. Jamie guided him into her. His glans eased open her petals, and his shaft then claimed the blonde as his. He opened his eyes when he heard her murmur. "Ahhhhhhh." She looked him in the eye, grinding her hips against his base deliciously. "I love you, Jarred!"

He moaned and licked his lips as she started to ride his pole. Jamie bent forward so her stiff nipples and breasts rubbed and rested on his chest. When his hand unexpectedly latched onto her ass, and a fingertip caressed her anus, she whimpered, "Oh shit, Jarred. That feels sooo good!"

She gave over to his male dominance, and he was now thrusting his hips, banging her slit. "Yeah, baby. Fuck me, Jarred. Do my pussy... Ahhhhh... That's good!"

Jarred increased the tempo, and the room resounded with the noise of their slapping together. He got his Sister to moan when he exerted further pressure on her a-hole. Digging into the tender flesh of her rear. Her anus clasped his finger tightly like a little hand.

"Ahhhhh. Are you happy? Are you getting what you wanted sooo badly? What you fantasized and wanked, thinking about? Mmmm? You like fucking me, Jarred?"

Jarred's rapture rushed him and he was powerless. At a frenetic speed, his pent-up jism raced up his shaft. Catapulting with tremendous force into Jamie's body. It was so forceful and overpowering. That his balls knotted and his asshole ached. Screaming at the top of his burning lungs, "Jamie!"

So incestuous, forbidden, and evil. Mixed with the physical delight of being cum, inside of for the first time. The hot bursts of her brothers, seed splattering against her canal. His contorting face is a picture of bliss at his release. Jamie climaxed with him. Banging down on his meat. Wanting to milk him of every last drop. Disappointed when his fountaining ceased. Wanting more...

It was only after. When they lay side by side, gasping on the bed. The possible consequences started to set in. Jamie wiped her sodden puss with a tissue. "What now, Jarred? You got money for nappies?"

She was starting to get angry at what the oaf had done. Her tone and the seriousness of what she was saying dawned on Jarred. He needed some water! Fuck, his mouth was dry.

"Huh? Do you think you could fall pregnant? Aren't I too young?"

Jamie punched his arm hard.

"Like duh! Are you retarded or something? You got semen, and it's full of yucky, little, wiggling things that would just love to make a home in my womb. DUMBO!"

At that moment, Jarred had other things on his mind. His cock was still hard and willing after his first mount. "Get on all fours for me. Please, Jamie."

She looked at him aghast, and then her face softened. "You're such a character, Jarred!"

She positioned herself for him. Suggestively, buttocks raised, high, and legs spread. Flashing her tart and ass for him to view. Jarred patted her bum affectionately. Enjoying the newfound experiences of sex.

He stuck it in her and socked it to her. Something awoke inside him. He needs to take charge of his mate. To prove his manhood and virility.

He pistoned into her, studying the response on her face. She arched her back and raised her head. Open, mouthed as he took her. As his pounding and urgency built to a crescendo. She screeched, high-pitched, "Hey, you're hurting me! Slow down!"

Jarred ignored her plea and pummeled her wet and boiling gash. Jamie gave in to her younger brother and let him have his way with her. When he made her cum so animalistically. She yelled his name and squealed. Then, when he started to grunt, she knew he was close behind her.

She said sternly, "Not again! Finish on my ass, OK?"

Jarred smiled wickedly down at her anus. Wedged apart by his thumbs. He meshed his pelvis against her butt and exploded with abandonment inside her. It made Jamie cum again, screaming, "Noooooo... Oh, Jarred... Fuck, Jarred... You know how to do me! You da man!"

The End