Evil Twin - a Story

 by Delta Venus

I am in deep shit. I must make a terrible decision. I've been

going out with a wonderful girl named Tabitha. She has been

everything I ever wanted in a girlfriend, sweet, sexy, and just

plain fun to be around. She has an identical twin sister, Mary,

and that was my downfall. If I could only have told the two of

them apart, maybe I wouldn't be in such a horrible fix.

Mary played the cliche role of the evil twin, and tricked me

good. She pretended to be Tabitha, and seduced me. She also

recorded the whole thing on video. Since I have never slept with

Tabitha, and thought the interlude with Mary was our first time,

you can guess that the video would make for excellent blackmail

material. Good guess. If I knew anything, I knew that if Tabitha

saw that video, I was done. Cooked. Hit the road, Jack, and don't

you come back.

Mary took immediate advantage. She let me think I'd had a magical

moment with Tabitha for a day or two, then revealed her trickery,

and showed me the video. She let me know in no uncertain terms

that this meant I was now subservient to her. If I chose to do

anything to change our new relationship, Tabitha would see the

video, and that would be that. I was basicly a slave, and I was

to be treated as such.

Mary was very careful to contain her abuse to times when Tabitha

was not around, she didn't want our little secret revealed any

more than I did. Revelation would mean she wouldn't have me as a

plaything any more, and she loved using and abusing me too much

to have that happen. I could always end things, simply by letting

Tabitha know what had happened, but Mary knew I would never risk

doing that, which left her free to be as cruel as she wanted to

be, and that was pretty darn sadistic.

She never let me fuck her again. I got to look at her naked all

the time, but I wasn't allowed to touch. She constantly had me

jacking off, and would force me to eat my own cum after I

orgasmed. I had to cum in my own hands and suck up my semen from

them, or lick my freshly shot cream off her toes, or eat a plate

of food with my own special sauce on it, but her favorite thing

was to have me lie on my back, hang my legs up over my head,

letting my cock hang down towards my face, and then ejaculate

into my open mouth and all over my own face. She orgasmed several

times watching me give myself the full facial treatment.

The forced masturbation was only a small part of her abuse. She

was quite sadistic, as I already mentioned. She beat the holy

hell out of me! I got spanked as roughly as possible, bare ass

naked, with her hand, a hairbrush, a wooden spoon, anything that

she could swing real hard. My cheeks would be reddened for hours

after she had been whacking me, and I'd be aware of them for

days, feeling a heated glow. I also got whipped, pinched,

punched, and manhandled in various other ways. A riding crop put

welts on my thighs that wouldn't fade for weeks. My arms had

constant indian burns and bruises on them, and my nipples

regularly felt like someone had taken a fine grade sandpaper to

them. Mary was careful never to mark my face, or anywhere too

obvious, but she gave everywhere else on my body vicious

treatment.

She fucked with my head, too. Her abuse wasn't only physical, she

laid on a heaping dose of mental malice as well. I constantly

heard about what a worthless piece of shit I was, how only a

total asshole would have cheated on a nice girl like Tabitha, and

how sick I was to put up with all this abuse, I must really get

off on the kinky shit if I could stand everything that was being

done to me. Sadly, the abuse and kinky things did get me off. I

hated what Mary did to me, but I got off on it just the same. She

had to be right, I must be a sick, kinky fuck.

During all this, I still dated Tabitha. I was in love. I would

never make a move on her, though, because Mary told me if I ever

was anything more than a gentleman, that video was still around

to cause me grief. This would have gone on forever, I think,

except for one little mistake. Tabitha and I had gone

rollerskating, and she had taken a fall, and skinned the hell out

of her knee. The next day, I was over Mary's lap, getting a

wicked spanking, when I noticed her skirt riding up - and there

was that skinned knee! She saw me notice it, so the game was up.

The blackmail excuse is now long gone, and I have to decide.

There is no evil twin, they are both wicked bitches.

Do I really like the wicked things they do?