**The Twin**

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I was sure glad to be finished high school and headed off to college far away from my home town exhilarated to be leaving it all behind. At nineteen, it sure was a thrill to experience life away from my strict parents but most especially from my most evil identical twin sister Chantal. All my life she had tormented me, teased me about my prudish ways whilst she had run wild. Somehow, my parents had always blamed me but now I was as far away as possible from her, in sunny California UCLA whilst she was still stuck in the Mid West working a crumby Mac job. Everyone used to always comment on how beautiful she was and I assumed rather vainly perhaps, by extension the same compliment rang through for me.

We were both blond haired, blue eyed and busty though truth be told I always secretly thought my 36c breasts were bigger than my sisters. This was probably because she worked out at the gym and as a cheerleader; her body was tighter and well toned whilst I preferred the more academic orientated pleasures in life. She used to tease me publicly about my larger than average rear always slapping it as she and her popular friends walked by. Apart from the glasses I wore, our slight body differences were the only way of telling us apart. I suppose I remained outside the social radar as I always dressed and thought more conservatively than my outrageous younger sister (by 15 minutes). On Friday nights she would be out at parties whilst I remained at home studying but now it was time for me to get the rewards I deserved.

I had settled in well to the rigours of university life and had for the first time in my life made friends and even began to consider myself quite popular. My academic prowess was noticed and for the first time was not a source of shame. In fact my pleasant and kind demeanour had endeared me to the other students and I was orientated into a sorority, which enabled me to attend all the best parties and meet all the cutest guys including the football and basketball teams. Any boyfriend I ever had, Chantal had stolen for me with lusty promises and had ensured my virgin status. When people asked me about my family I denied her very existence, as it was the easiest for way for me to cope. I of course didn't lie about my virgin status but that only endeared me further to my friends and particularly to the guys though I did receive some playful teasing and curious glances from the more sexually active in the sorority. The boys were just lusty as hell to get at me though.

Anyway in November I decided to head home for a brief vacation before Christmas for a week. We had a slight study break and whilst all my friends stayed on in L.A. I felt I had done enough work (and partying) to earn a break. When I returned I was surprised to find my sister had headed off also. Though I was glad I didn't have to see her I was secretly looking forward to lording up my new lifestyle, although I think the disingenuous postcards I sent detailing my new life and friends may just have done the trick. In any case I was pleased to return to L.A. when my week was up though when I returned I couldn't help but feel the mood had changed around campus. I seemed to be more popular than ever amongst the guys though I received a more frosty reception from the girls.

On Friday our football team won their match and there was to be a big celebration in campus recreation hall. All week long guys cheered me wherever I went and patted me on the back whilst my friends seemed distant and embarrassed to be around me. I figured I was just being paranoid not used to the ins and outs of popularity. Practically everyone I knew was invited and I couldn't wait to let my hair down. When I walked in the doors, all of a sudden there was a big hush followed by a huge cheer. I never felt so happy in all my life though there was a weird feeling in the air, as if something was expected to me. My friends rushed up to me, exclaiming disbelief that I'd actually come. But why wouldn't I, I wondered which only provoked more astonishment from my friends

"So you're really going to go through with it?" asked Melinda my best friend on campus.

"Just what are you talking about?" I enquired, suddenly becoming aware of the swarming crowds.

"The strip of course. What else!"

Suddenly my heart sank. What strip. Me? Was she serious?

"I don't understand! Why is everyone staring at me?"

"Oh my god. You didn't think everyone would forget did you. Last week. Your big bet."

"Last week! I was at home with my parents. There must be some misunderstanding."

"Oh I don't think you're going to get away with it that easily. You can't back out of a bet. Fair is fair. Besides, one way or another I reckon this crowd isn't letting you go home tonight with your clothes on."

And then it dawned on me. My sister! She was conspicuously absent last week when I was at home. God forbid what else she got up to in my absence. The weird looks from the guys and the sneers from the girls. If only I could explain. Unfortunately for me the crowd was getting more and more restless sensing my growing discomfort. I tried to plead for time but Mike, Melinda's boyfriend and the college quarterback approached through the crowd with a triumphant grin on his face.

"Come on then. We haven't got all day. Get up on that table as promised, we won fair and square and you know you'd have shown me no mercy."

And there it was. He was eying me with an increasing familiarity. I squirmed, my body trembling with fear.

"You don't understand, it wasn't me...........it was my twin sister," I pleaded but my protestations only provoked a huge outburst of laughter from the excitable crowd.

"That's the worst excuse I've ever heard. Strange how we've never heard of her before, now pay up, you know you want to."

I couldn't believe I was in this position. Everyone knew the football team would win easily this weekend. The team had won every game this season and they were playing the worst team in the league. It was a bet I would never have made under any circumstances and that probably made it all the more intriguing for the crowd. They must have assumed I was some kind of exhibitionist but that wasn't the case at all. I had never been naked in public before and never in my worst nightmares did I imagine having to strip for a gaping crowd but there was no way out now. I knew if I tried to run away my clothes would be ripped from me anyway so trying to retain what little dignity I had, I realised I had no choice, I had to strip! The crowd by now began to chant my name as if in some hypnotic state.

NANCY

NANCY

NANCY

Mike escorted me to the centre of the room where there was a long rectangular table. This would be my makeshift stage. It meant that there would be people both in front of me and behind me as I paid out my alleged bet. I pleaded again for mercy but the crowd was whipped into such frenzy that there was no hope for me. Mike lifted me up onto the table. The crowd cheered once more as I stood before them. The chant shifted from my name to one of; STRIP STRIP STRIP.

"Remember, you're not coming down until we're satisfied you've fulfilled all your obligations, as agreed. Have fun!" these were the last words I heard from Mike as I cast a long gaze out to the huge throngs of people devouring my trembling soon to be humiliated body. Amidst all the tension, I felt something strange stir inside me as if my body was reacting to all the attention. I tried to put it out of my mind, still dazed at the task ahead.

"Performance Baby. Remember if we're not satisfied you have to do it all over again next week!"

Oh god what else had I(my evil twin) promised I wondered, as I began to nervously shake my body. My rigid dance moves incited more laughter from the crowd. I ever so reluctantly slowly began to unbutton my cardigan. What was I doing? But I had no choice. It was either this or become a social pariah and probably have my clothes ripped off me by my friends. I cursed my twin sister but what could I do? My fingers were shaking and each button was both a physical and mental struggle. Of course the crowd cheered me on soaking in my trepidation with relish. As I finally tossed it to the ground I realised the shape of my large breasts were now far more noticeable under the cover of white my t-shirt and brazier and the audience were beginning to appreciate further what was ahead.

Mike reminded me of my obligation to dance, as my movement became slightly more fluid even as I grew more self-conscious. As I bent down to remove my shoes someone fired their drink at my t-shirt, which set the crowd in motion. Everyone began tossing their drink at me completely soaking me and the makeshift stage I stood on. Mike authorising orders now through a megaphone, ordered everybody to stop but for me to continue. He winked at me knowingly as if we shared some kind of secret.

At this stage the damage had already been done. My tits were now plainly visible through the t-shirt. My damp jeans were now more awkward to pull off as well and I couldn't help be reminded that my sisters skinny butt would easily slip out of these jeans. Instead I was embarrassingly struggling to squeeze out. The crowd grew ecstatic as my blue cotton panties came into view under the rim of my soaked t-shirt as my jeans finally slipped down my legs. As I kicked them off, the crowd, mostly friends of mine cheered once more. The guy's faces were ravenous whilst the girls were mixed between pity and disgust.

"Now the t-shirt!" Mike blasted out. Of course I knew what was coming next but I didn't need him demeaning me further. I grabbed the bottom ends of the t-shirt and quickly yanked it up over my breasts and off my body revealing my matching blue bra and panties to the crowd. I wished I had made more of an effort in the gym as my curvaceous body was now almost completely on display. Why was this happening to me? And then I remembered again, my damn sister.

"Now dance. And make it sexy!" Mike ordered through the crowd. Maybe this was all I had to strip. Ok I was completely humiliated but at least I might retain some dignity I thought as I gave my best to try and satisfy the gaping crowd. In fact some part of me was beginning to enjoy I realised as I danced erotically around the stage but deep down I knew that I was merely raising the tension. Of course I saw countless camera's catching my every move heightening my humiliation. After 30 more seconds I heard Mike's voice again.

"Now the BRA!" he yelled sending shivers down my spine. I pleaded with him for mercy but he just pointed his thumbs downwards. If only I could explain, I thought.

"Be a good girl and we'll see about the panties," were the only words I heard as I reached behind my back. There was a collective gasp in the audience as they realised what was about to happen. I unfastened the clasps and pulled the straps off my shoulder. I was teetering on the edge of exposure, the bra barely clinging on. In an instant I whipped it off to an enormous roar of appreciation from the crowd. As the cameras flashed, I looked down at my bare breasts hanging free in the open. To my horror I saw my nipples were erect. It didn't take long for the audience to notice either.

"Hey look, she's enjoying this!" came one voice.

"Yeah what a tramp!"

I quickly folded my arms across trying as best I could to hide my large sensitive tits. The touch of my skin only heightened my arousal. The crowd groaned in displeasure as I hid my breasts though they were certainly enjoying the show. Mike ordered me to drop my hands and continue to dance or he'd make me drop my panties. He said if I could make $500 strutting my stuff I could leave them on. The choice was mine, dance sexily whilst topless or completely strip and display my most intimate parts to hundreds of people.

I cringed internally but slowly I raised my hands over my head and began to swing my hips. My breasts were flailing from side to side as Mike slipped a 20 dollar bill into my panties I was so humiliated. Now I was a proper stripper. The girls were appalled at my behaviour, some of them placing their hands over their face whilst others mocked and ridiculed me as I attempted to make the requisite $500 dollars. My erect nipples were a cause of concern also and I continued to get more turned on as I danced for the salivating crowd. More and more hands began slipping notes into my pantied rear. I could feel my panties moisten as hands lingered inside far too long but by now I couldn't stop.

"Nice moves!"

"Shake those titties!"

The cries from the crowd were relentless, intensifying my degradation. Mike ordered me to place my hands on my head as I turned to shake my ass at the crowd. I couldn't believe I was disgracing myself like this. The elastic on my panties was beginning to give with each hand stuffing bills in. Then I felt a soft ladies hand, drop deep in my panties gently caressing my moist pussy and I writhed in pleasure. As I moved forward the elastic from my panties finally gave way and I shrieked in horror as my panties fell to my toes, as dollar bills waved in the air. Everyone cheered as my full nakedness came into view, my blond bush glistening under the lights. I frantically rushed my hand over it and one to try and cover my rear but it was useless. Everyone was cheering and laughing and pointing at my untrimmed golden bush. Mike commented via megaphone that he knew I was a natural blond, which brought further laughter from the crowd. Unfortunately for me the worst was yet to come.

"The loser of the bet was supposed to shave down there," cried out Mike as I stood there trying as best I could to cover my body.

"You're not getting your clothes back unless you shave that off right now!" Again the crowd grew more feverish. I hoped he wasn't serious. There was no way I was going to shave in front of everyone.

"I assumed you'd have shaved before your show but I guess that's the reason you left the razor under the table.

"No way am I shaving down my bush." I couldn't believe the words that were coming out of my mouth.

"Well either you do it or the girls will do it for you. That was the bet and they were the rules. You said there was to be no backing out under any circumstances," was the firm reply from Mike clearly appealing to the crowd who were still laughing cynically at me. Melinda stood by Mike apparently offering her support to his statement.

"You can't be serious," I reiterated but the crowd were unforgiving and once more a new chant began.

SHAVE HER

SHAVE HER

SHAVE HER

"Look's like your audience has spoken and besides don't pretend you're not enjoying yourself, your nipples nearly took my eye out," Mike said handing me the shaver.

"What here? You want me to do it here, now?" I was in shock.

"Hey, these were your rules. You were very particular," he said grinning at me.

Chantal certainly was intent on my complete humiliation. All the while he spoke my body was getting hotter and hotter. I was horrified at what I was about to do but felt oddly compelled to comply. I stretched out my hand to receive the shaver finally giving everyone an unencumbered view of my entire body. I took one final look at my pubic hair before I shaved it off as quickly as I could. Everyone was in hysterics as the hair fell from my body.

I really wished I could get my hands on my sister that instant but again I felt myself getting even more turned on as my humiliation reached fever pitch. When I finished Mike ordered me to dance once more. I felt more exposed than ever but couldn't help rubbing my tits with my finger and pressing my hands against my pussy. For another minute I mesmerized the crowd most of whom were my friends as I felt myself emboldened by their appreciation of my gyrating form. Mike ordered me to make pornographic poses as the cameras continued to record.

"Now, for the final part of your bet. When you come, you can go!" Mike barked up at me, a huge smile on his face. He was serious but that was just one step too far. These people were my friends, my fellow students. I couldn't do that here but as I tried to say the words I felt my hand slipping downwards. The crowd began a new chant.

CUM

CUM

CUM

My body was on fire.

"Please, you can't be serious!" I begged despite my desire to complete the act, I certainly didn't want to do it here, in front of so many people I knew.

"Oh, I'm afraid you were quite insistent. And besides it's obvious to everyone that you want to!" replied Mike. Unfortunately for me, he was right.

Buoyed on by the crowd and my body screaming for orgasm I began to masturbate right there, in front of everyone. I was shocked at my behaviour but by now I was completely out of control .By now I couldn't see a crowd anymore, I was merely blinded by my need for release. I finally exploded into the most extreme orgasm in my life to the most deafening roar I heard in my whole life. Everybody was jumping around, doing high-fives as I lay back on the table, the reality of the situation not yet dawning on me. Melinda looked appalled as I began to scan the room for reaction, once more feeling nothing but abject shame. I placed my hands across my body and begged for my clothes back. The cameras kept rolling, as I lay disconsolate on the floor.

"Not quite yet!" came a familiar voice from the back of the room. A television began to display an image of a blond woman administering a blowjob to Mike the quarterback. Mike for once lost his cool.

"You promised you wouldn't show that to anyone," he yelled furiously at me. The face of the blond turned around and to my horror it was the face of my twin sister Chantal. Melinda looked at me with fury believing I was the one on the videotape.

"How could you, I thought you were my friend!" she yelled maniacally at me.

"No, please, it wasn't me. It was my sister. You have to believe me," was the only defence my naked defenceless form could manage.

"Oh I think we've all seen what a slut you are," she replied as she charged at me. The video image changed once more, showing Chantal giving head to another girl's boyfriend but of course everyone assumed it was me. The mood changed from revelling in my degradation to hostility. More images of Chantal's indiscretion flashed on the screen. She sure was busy for just one weekend. The aggrieved girls crowded around me. Melinda pulled my limp nude body from the makeshift stage. She raised my hands over my head as I stood there as the tension levels raised wondering what was to be my new fate. Once more I felt the familiar feeling of arousal return to my body. As I stood there held in parade my nipples once again became erect.

"You really are trash!" exclaimed Melinda in disbelief at my new display. She asked the crowd what to do with me. To my horror there was a unified response.

SPANK HER

SPANK HER

SPANK HER

Before I knew it my bare butt was slapped mercilessly by Melinda. The other girls soon joined in, landing blow after blow on my exposed posterior. Soon everyone began to join in. Everybody I knew in college each had a turn spanking my bare bottom. The feelings inside me intensified with each strike on my tanned behind. Melinda and her cohorts brought me outside and a whole new audience began to admire my display. I was brought on to the football pitch and tied to the goalpost as I longed for one more orgasm. All night long I begged for the chance to masturbate as the revellers all partied around me, taking turns to grope my body, spank my behind or even tweak my erect nipples. The whole time, I was forced to consume more alcohol and as the hours rolled on I really was quite drunk. Finally after intense sexual frustration my hands were untied from the goalposts and despite the spectacle I was performing I couldn't help but place my finger inside me and bring myself off.

Everyone was amazed at what I was doing and even as the cameras continued to snap and record my vulgar display it wasn't enough to dissuade my actions. Suddenly to my relief I noticed everyone scattering in all directions but still I couldn't stop myself. I knew something was wrong and then I saw a bright light shine over my body and two police officers, a male and female standing over me with a shocked look in their face.

"Well, I guess it's pretty clear what the cause of this disturbance was," said the male officer as through my drunken haze I could see a set of handcuffs in his hands...