Twins in College

Ch. 01

by WFEATHER Â©

Chapter 01: On Our Own

Only Siamese twins could be closer.

My big brother and I may not actually be Siamese twins, only fraternal

twins, but, to borrow a clichÃ©, we are effectively "joined at the hip."

Society may frown intensely upon the profound love we have for each other,

the profound love which has only intensified since shortly before our high

school graduation, but â€“ even though we try not to express our true

emotions in public â€“ we do in fact love each other deeply and plan to

spend the rest of our lives together.

At least we have been able to essentially "buy" four years' worth of time

together, thanks to college admissions specialists.

Our parents began encouraging us both as early as eighth grade to think

about where we would like to go for college. Admittedly, our parents had a

lot of money â€“ part of it came from our mother's share of an office pool's

lottery win, part of it came from a multi-million dollar class action

settlement our father had smartly orchestrated. While they never truly

spent a lot of money, my big brother and I both knew that we could attend

any college or university in the States â€“ and perhaps in the world â€“ and

not need to worry about paying for our post-secondary education.

By the beginning of our junior year of high school, my big brother and I

had narrowed our choices to fifteen schools each. Interestingly, as we

compared our lists, we shared eleven schools in common, with the top five

identical on each list. It is often said that twins tend to share a

special bond, able to "know" about the other at seemingly all times even

when separated by great distances; something similar had apparently taken

place in our minds as we individually chose where we would like to learn

more about the world around us, the world which decreed that he and I are

never to have the type of relationship we had nonetheless developed.

It was a few days before Christmas Eve of our senior year of high school

when my brother received some very welcome news: Just as I had done, he

had applied Early Decision to all of his top ten choices for higher

education, and one of them had accepted him. I was genuinely overjoyed for

him, certainly evidenced by my overly-enthusiastic hug... although he

definitely did not complain.

My Early Decision acceptance never came, however. My grades had never been

quite as good as his, so I was not particularly surprised that an Early

Decision acceptance was not granted to me, but at least my applications

were rolled over into the general application population. Plus, I soon

realized that my twin brother and I could very likely be separated â€“

perhaps even on opposite coasts of the United States â€“ for the first time

in our young lives. Those two elements combined to cast a gloominess over

Christmas Break for me.

At least I knew that my big brother would be attending a school in the San

Francisco area. Together, we began to research the area: the attractions,

methods of transportation, the airports in the area, annual festivals and

major events, apartment prices, restaurants... For me, it was great to

know what I might be able to do when I went to visit him there, but I

still felt both sad and mildly depressed at not knowing whether I would be

able to share in those experiences with him on a regular basis.

Months passed. Then, in a span of three days, I was accepted by twelve of

my top fifteen chosen schools. Once those acceptance letters had all

arrived, I sat at the center of my bed, each letter spread out before me,

and began to rank them all to help in deciding my future. An hour later,

my choice finally made, I walked into my big brother's bedroom, and gave

him a big grin. He knew.

We would not be attending the same school, unfortunately, as the college

which had accepted him rejected me, but we would at least be in the same

geographic area.

Toward the end of the school year, my big brother's girlfriend dumped him.

Not three days later, my boyfriend dumped me. Only then did we realize

that throughout our dating "careers" were we each looking for someone just

like our twin, and even before my tears had dried, the foreplay had began.

Not three days into the eighteenth year of my existence on this planet, I

became my big brother's woman, and our love grew exponentially.

Perhaps because they knew that we had always been incredibly close (likely

a natural extension of having spent nine months together in the same tiny

space), our parents actually agreed with my big brother's idea that

perhaps we should get an apartment together in the Bay Area. During the

summer, we made several trips to California, searching for a nice

apartment in a good neighborhood, a place where my big brother and I would

not be constantly in each other's way, a place close enough to major

public transportation lines that we could survive somewhat-easily without

a car.

By mid-July, we had found such a place in Berkeley, just two blocks from

the nearest BART station and with several bus lines also located within

easy walking distance. It was a two-bedroom apartment in a complex with

twenty total units, ten units on each floor. We would be on the upper

floor, living above the laundry room and some of the storage cages. Since

it was a second-floor apartment, we would also have a small balcony,

really just deep enough to sit in a chair and still have relatively good

legroom. The bedrooms were indeed small â€“ smaller than our bedrooms at

home â€“ but sufficient for two college students. Gas, water, and basic

cable were included in the rent; tenants were responsible for any other

utilities or amenities they wished to have.

In one of his few "heavy spending" moments I have ever known, however, as

my big brother and I were about to sign the lease, my father pulled out

his checkbook and made one lump sum payment. "I want them to focus on

their studies for their first year of college," he said as an explanation.

"After that, they are essentially on their own, and should have found jobs

to allow them to pay rent on their own." The landlord smiled and nodded,

as if our father was not the first concerned parent to have taken this

unusual step.

Before we returned to the hotel, we located an independent mailing store a

few blocks away, and our father did the same thing: He paid for one year's

rental for a mailbox my big brother and I would share. Since our landlord

did not live on the premises and my big brother and I would likely be away

in classes (or, eventually, at work) most of the time, this would allow

for us to have packages delivered even though they would not fit into our

tiny mailbox at our apartment building.

One month passed before we would finally move into our apartment.

It was a long, long day. We landed at Oakland International Airport about

8:45AM. By this time, we were nearly experts at using the AirBART and BART

systems, and were in our Berkeley apartment seemingly minutes later. While

our mother and I hung the curtains and unpacked the general things

required for a new household, my big brother went with our father to go

buy some basic groceries to get us started in life on our own. Then it was

time to confirm the deliveries for that afternoon; we were sitting on the

floor eating store-bought deli-style sandwiches when the first of the

deliveries arrived, which ironically included the table and four chairs.

By dinnertime, all the scheduled deliveries had been made â€“ the sofa, two

futons and bedding, two desks with chairs, the table and its chairs,

several bookcases, a few lamps, and plenty more. It was a Saturday

evening, and we all knew that the restaurants would likely be crowded, so

we instead went back to the grocery store, bought more deli-style

sandwiches, and ate those on the way to the nearby BART station. We were

quite early for our parents' late flight back home, but we all said our

goodbyes nonetheless. I actually had a tear in my eye as our parents

passed through the security checkpoint, then turned to wave to us one

final time before rounding the corner and disappearing from view.

By the time the AirBART arrived, my big brother had me laughing again as

he often does. My spirits were flying high once more. We were on our own

at last; the world was our oyster. And as the AirBART pulled away from

Terminal 2 with no one sitting near us, my big brother took my hand in his

and offered me a warm smile.

Only then did I truly realize that our life as a couple deeply in love

could truly begin. We were effectively alone in a strange city where no

one knew us, so we could be (a little) more free with our growing

relationship. And that realization warmed me from the inside as I patted

his thigh with my free hand, looking up into the eyes which were so eerily

like mine as I returned his smile.

The rest of the trip to our new "home" was effectively a blur in my mind.

I just barely remembered transferring from the AirBART to the main BART. I

remembered only tiny snippets of our quiet conversation. Then, suddenly,

we were on the sidewalk approaching the back side of our building, looking

up at the balcony of our apartment.

We entered the building and, strictly out of curiosity, I checked the

mailbox. There actually was something awaiting us: an envelope clearly

containing a greeting card of some kind, from our parents. As my big

brother watched, I opened the envelope and showed him the cover, an

artist's rendition of a pair of astronauts standing beside a spacecraft on

a sparsely-vegetated planet as they regarded the star-studded sky in the

background. Then I opened the card and read aloud:

"The universe is yours to explore. May you learn about life and about

yourselves through your college careers and beyond." Both our parents had

signed it, although our mother had clearly been the one to address the

envelope and write the message inside.

"I certainly hope to learn a lot more about you during my college career

and beyond," my big brother quipped with a gleam in his eye. "Ditto," I

replied softly with a smile and a wink. Then we mounted the stairs, ready

to enter our "home" for the first time alone.

"Wait." He unlocked and opened the door, put the key back in his pocket,

and then surprised me by picking me up. At least for a few seconds, I was

the wife and he was the husband; for just a moment, we were young

newlyweds, upholding the tradition of crossing the threshold of the home

together.

Then my stomach rumbled, breaking the illusion of wedded bliss but at

least causing us both to laugh a bit, even as I blushed slightly from the

embarrassment of the poorly-timed sound. I was set down upon the sofa, and

I watched my big brother close and lock the door and turn on a nearby

lamp, then move to the phone atop the bookcase. "Pizza?" he asked, even

though he knew I would heartily agree.

Our home was still in disarray; it was quite evident that we had just

moved in, and there would be even more for us to put away on Monday once

we had an opportunity to go back to the independent mailing store to pick

up the many boxes which had been shipped ahead of our arrival. But neither

of us cared at that moment. All that mattered was that we were together,

alone. Despite hearing a car horn in the distance, the outside world no

longer existed. Our relationship was no longer a taboo. We were no longer

twin brother and sister.

We were simply a consenting, loving couple.

After my big brother had ordered the pizza, we kissed for the first time

in well over forty-eight hours. I practically melted into him, and readily

admitted him entrance when his tongue knocked at my teeth. I clutched him

tightly as his strong arms enveloped me. I felt needed, protected, loved,

cherished, in a way that none of my high school boyfriends had ever made

me feel, and I knew that this relationship was real, that we were indeed

destined to be together no matter what others might say.

At some point, I moved from a sitting position to a horizontal position,

my head upon a nicely-upholstered armrest. I only realized my position had

changed when the door buzzer sounded, startling both of us from our

intimacy. As I lay on the sofa gasping loudly for breath, my big brother â€“

my lover â€“ reluctantly lifted himself from me, squeezing my heaving

breasts one more time, and went to the speaker. The pizza had arrived

sooner than expected, even when accounting for my losing track of time.

Dinner was a little unusual. At home, the dining room table was in the

dining room itself, and the television was in the living room and could

not be seen by anyone sitting in the dining room. Without a separate

dining room in our apartment, the table and the television were just

several feet away from each other. We ate in silence, using the remote to

flip through the scant number of basic cable channels, finding nothing of

particular interest to either of us. On Monday, we would definitely need

to go buy a DVD player; then we could at least enjoy the anime and movies

we had obtained over the past few years; Monday would also be the day we

would be able to enjoy our PlayStation2 again.

But for now, it was Saturday night. More importantly, it was our first

night alone... the first of many, many nights alone. No more would we be

forced to sneak a brief hug or a quick kiss. No longer would we need to

send instant messages to cryptically reveal our heartfelt desires. Never

again would we be expected to sleep solo and silently suffer in solitude.

Eventually, we had eaten our fill, and with the television off, our meager

conversation had passed from our mouths to our eyes. We were definitely

tired, having awoken well before dawn in an earlier time zone that day,

yet I for one felt more alive than I had since our special camping trip

during the summer.

"What are you thinking, baby sister?" he finally asked, placing his hand

upon mine.

I looked into his eyes once again. It was just like looking into a mirror:

I saw my own eyes as well as the bright flame of love being reflected back

at me. My heart beat a little faster, a little louder, and, for just a

moment, I could have sworn that my chest expanded subtly to accommodate my

heart's increased rhythm and sound.

"I was thinking about how our last camping trip ended," I admitted,

honestly and without any shame. "I was remembering how wonderful you made

me feel that morning, teasing me from one climax to another."

He smiled again, squeezing my hand, his eyes flickering as he remembered.

"I still don't know how I lasted as long as I did that morning," he

acknowledged. "You were definitely quite the tease!!!"

In my mind's eye, I relived that entire morning in the space of a few

scant seconds. "That was indeed a very special morning," I finally said

softly, looking down at our hands, our fingers intertwined.

"You are indeed a very special woman," he whispered, lifting my hand to

his lips for a gentle kiss.

A long silence passed as we simply gazed upon each other, our eyes

communicating what mere words fail to express, even for the most

experienced of professional authors. The Big One could have severely

disfigured the Bay Area just then, but I strongly doubt that either of us

would have noticed.

In time, I stood. He pushed back his chair to stand as well, but I

motioned for him to remain where he was. After quickly putting the

remainder of the pizza in the refrigerator, I turned off the lamp,

plunging our apartment in near-complete darkness. Only the

curtain-diffused light from a nearby street lamp allowed me to make my way

back to my lover without inadvertently bumping into anything along the

way.

I sat straddling his thighs and pressed my body against him, my arms

wrapped around his broad shoulders. We simply held each other in the dark,

contentedly enjoying each other's presence and warmth and love. I could

almost sense a sphere of loving energy gradually forming around us,

surrounding the table, enlarging to fill the room, expanding to engulf the

entire apartment. As the sphere grew, it seemed as if the temperature in

the room rose â€“ subtly, yet significantly. If we had been making love at

that very moment, I would certainly have understood the sensation, but we

were instead simply holding each other.

As the sphere grew, so did a certain portion of male anatomy trapped

between us. I smiled to myself, placing a soft kiss upon the side of my

lover's neck as I gently pressed myself against his lengthening manhood.

As his erection grew more solid, my knickers grew more moistened, and we

both held each other just a little tighter.

His lips sought mine, and I offered them to him without question. Despite

the fatigue of the long, historic day, I needed this, needed him. I opened

my mouth wide, and his tongue suddenly probed so deep into my mouth that I

very nearly panicked, resulting in a loud squeal of surprise as I clutched

at the back of his head.

He was relentless. His lips affixed themselves to my mouth like a leech,

sucking the breath from my lungs as our tongues fenced like two bitter

rivals. His hands began to roam my body, feeling me, groping me,

possessing me. My molested body responded by moving a little faster

against him as I held his head still so my tongue could perhaps gain an

advantage in our sparring. Soft whimpers rose from my throat as more of my

growing passion filled my knickers.

"Take off your shorts and your knickers," he whispered in a husky voice

between gasps for air once the kiss ended. Despite my surprise at that

particular request, I complied, kicking off the sandals and standing

between my lover and the table, removing the indicated articles of

clothing quickly before him. "On the table," he requested, and I sat on

the edge of the table, leaning back as my mind at last realized what he

intended to do next.

Seconds later, he slid the chair closer to the table and leaned forward,

his head perfectly placed between my legs. I heard him inhale deeply,

savoring the aroma of my sex, my passion, my love, then felt his kiss

directly above my womanhood. "Don't tease me!" I pleaded, fearful that he

would indeed tease me nonetheless.

He did tease me. First, he planted soft kisses all around the area where I

most needed to feel his kiss, this as his hands slid up underneath my

Usagi t-shirt and kneaded my breasts through the cups of my bra. When he

finally withdrew his hands, he stood between my legs, kicked off his

shoes, and proceeded to undress as I watched through lust-hazed eyes. Then

he stepped forward, his powerful phallus in hand, poised to pierce my

willing body so that we would be joined at the hip once again.

Instead, he used his meaty erection to gently beat my clitoris. Each

strike sent a shockwave of pleasure throughout my body, each shockwave

registering in my soul as a foreshock. I felt myself trembling even as the

fingers of his free hand respectfully stroked along my labia, spreading

the passion seeping from deep within me. Soft purrs and mews filled my

ears, and it took me a moment to realize that those sounds were actually

coming from me.

Then he sat again, his head leaning forward once more. With a hand on each

thigh, I felt first his hot breath, then his hot tongue upon my feminine

folds, and another lewd vocalization rose from my parted lips. My hands

moved to my chest, crushing the image of Usagi, my hardened nipples

responding to my touch despite the two layers of material between breasts

and palms.

Time stood still. In the darkness of a strange new apartment in a strange

new city, two destined lovers grew ever closer. Love filled the air,

charging the atmosphere in special ways and adding to the intensity of the

action behind the closed door and curtains.

When he plunged a pair of fingers inside me, he brushed repeatedly against

my "special spot" as he fiercely sucked upon my clitoris. Every cell of my

body exploded with carnal delight, my body lurching with every powerful

gulp of air. My entire body shook with the power of an intense earthquake

as my molten passion was expelled into the world.

I needed a bit of time to recover from the intensity of my orgasm, during

which my lover simply licked and stroked me gently, lovingly,

respectfully. He had admitted on previous occasions that he is always in

awe of me as he watches me experience the throes of ecstasy, and I could

feel his eyes drinking in my entirety as I recovered, my chest still

heaving beneath the image of Usagi, my parted lips still emitting soft

whimpers.

At last, I nudged him away, and heard him sit back in the chair. Gingerly,

I rose to a sitting position before him, before the man I adored and

loved. I do not know if he could see the sweet smile I gave him in the

darkness as I slipped off the table and knelt between his parted legs.

Unlike what he had done to me, I was not about to tease him. My fingers

instantly closed around the base of his fleshy sword, and my mouth

descended upon it. His erection was already hard and long and hot, poking

at the top of my throat as I bathed it with my tongue. I had yet to learn

the art of deepthroating, but knew that now was not the time to attempt

it. Instead, I wanted to give him the same delight he had granted to me

just moments earlier. I wanted to cause him to erupt, to spew his seed

like a geyser and bath me with his passion, marking me as his and his

alone.

His hands upon my head helped to keep my hair out of the way, for which I

was definitely thankful. He did not force or even guide my movements,

allowing me to do to his as I pleased. From the sound of his breathing, I

knew that he was close, that the geyser would soon be volleying its

glorious contents into the air.

I descended the manly anatomy as far as I possibly could, my lips forming

a tight seal around the throbbing erection. I hummed loudly around him as

I fondled his testicles, and his breath caught audibly in his throat with

his fingers curling against my scalp and his thighs quivering against my

shoulders. It took only a few seconds before he nearly cried out, "Oh

my...! I'm gonna...! I'm gonna...! I'm...!"

Taking that as my cue, I pulled my head back out of his grasp, releasing

his manhood from the warm, wet cavern of my mouth. Almost immediately, the

first powerful volley of his hot white desire splattered my face, hitting

me between my nose and my upper lip. With a hand closed firmly around his

erupting shaft, I pumped him vigorously, assisted by the movement of his

hips as he grunted aloud with each jet of passion arcing through the air

toward me. His orgasm seemed to last forever, and in my mind's eye, I

imagined myself being covered with so much semen that my hair and face

were practically obscured from anyone's view, much like the Japanese girls

in the few bukkake clips I had recently discovered on the Internet.

We remained like that for a long time, my lover sitting and recovering

while I knelt between his legs. We held hands, gazing fondly at each other

in the darkness. Being both fraternal twins and eternal lovers, no words

were required; we were linked on so many levels, and understood each other

so well.

Eventually, I carefully stood, my legs protesting after having spent so

much time in a kneeling position. "We should probably go to bed," I noted

quietly. "We'll have a lot of unpacking and rearranging and shopping to do

tomorrow."

"I guess you're right." Despite his response, he made no move to stand up.

I simply shrugged and went to turn on the lamp, casting light upon the

living room for the first time in seemingly days.

"Now I feel underdressed." Hearing his wisecrack, I realized that I was

still wearing my t-shirt and bra. Looking down the front of my body, I

noticed that Usagi's face was clearly splattered with his essence.

Did that make my lover Mamoru? The odd thought made me smile to myself as

I approached him again, drinking in his wonderful nudity as he finally

stood.

We hugged tightly, his manhood slowly lengthening between us. "You just

can't get enough of me, can you?" I joked, my hands slipping down to cup

his lower cheeks. But I could not joke too much about that subject, as I

was still rather moist between the legs.

"How can I not?" he replied honestly, whispering into my ear. "I'm holding

the most important person in the world to me, and she also happens to be

pretty damn sexy as well!"

"And don't forget," I added, "I'm splattered with your cum." Then, as an

afterthought, "And so is Usagi."

"So that makes me Mamoru?"

We laughed together, holding each other a little tighter. Then we kissed,

and I could taste myself on his lips, and was certain that he could taste

himself upon mine. It was the sweetest, most special kiss of my young life

to date, and it lingered for a long, long time as we stood alone in our

apartment, our home, with a lifetime of togetherness ahead of us.

Twins in College Ch. 02

by WFEATHER Â©

Chapter 02: Discussion

During the summer, on those occasions when we were both home alone, my big

brother and I would gather in either my bedroom or his and sit at the

laptop â€“ specifically, I would sit atop his lap â€“ while searching the

Internet for various stories, audio files, video clips, and pictures of

sexual activity. Not surprisingly, brother-sister erotica was a favorite

for us, but we both also marveled at the inhuman rape of the female

characters in the hentai images and video clips we found online.

On our first morning alone in our apartment in Berkeley, my forbidden

lover spooned with me, violating my body as he respectfully molested me,

his touches slow and gentle underneath my Totoro bedspread.

"Do you remember the last set of hentai clips we found online?" he asked

softly into the back of my head. "The one where the blue-haired babe was

trying to swim away while an octopus was having its way with her?"

I giggled quietly, remembering that particular eight-clip scene vividly.

The "blue-haired babe" in question had decided to go skinny-dipping in a

small lake on the property she had just bought, not knowing that a

lecherous old octopus lived at the bottom of the lake and thrived on the

sexual fluids of young women. I also remembered sitting in my big

brother's lap, watching and listening with rapt attention as he ran his

hands up underneath my tank top, opened my front-hook bra, and kneaded my

hard-tipped breasts while I wiggled repeatedly across the very noticeable

bulge in his shorts.

"'If only I were the octopus and you were the girl,' you whispered to me,"

I replied softly, "and I remember wishing the same thing, wishing that it

was me being inhumanly raped just so I could know what it would feel like

to have something so unusual being forced up inside me like that again and

again."

At that moment, my big brother thrust into me several times, then stilled

himself inside me once more. "That was nice," I admitted, knowing that he

could hear my smile.

"Have there been any other hentai clips you particularly liked?" he asked.

I somehow had the feeling that this line of questioning was designed to

lead toward a specific goal. Unfortunately, I was unable to determine

exactly what his goal was in this case. He was already buried deep inside

me, so it could certainly not be a "ploy" to try to fuck me. Was he trying

to find out what types of hentai I liked more than others? Perhaps was he

leading me toward what he liked in terms of hentai? Maybe he was trying to

hint of things he wanted to try with me now that we would have plenty of

time alone?

The latter question consumed my mind for a moment. Clearly, he was not a

shapeshifter, so he did not have the ability to suddenly grow a few

tentacles and rape me like the perverted octopus. What else would he want

to try? Anal sex? Did he want to share me with someone â€“ and, given that

we had just moved into the apartment less than twenty-four hours earlier,

who would he know in Berkeley to share me with? Back east, we had attended

anime conventions in costume on occasion, so did he perhaps want me to

find or make a specific costume and dress as that character to bring a

hentai scene into reality?

I turned my thoughts back to his question. Had there been any other hentai

clips I particularly liked?

"You're blushing," he noted, even though I could still feel his forehead

against the back of my head. Yet again, my fraternal twin knew me just

about as well as I knew myself. Once his comment permeated my thoughts, it

was only then that I realized that I felt warmer, especially in the face

and neck and chest.

I simply nodded. What else could I do?

"Why are you blushing? You know that I won't think bad of you based on

your answer."

I still drew a deep breath â€“ one which subtly jostled his hand upon my

breast â€“ before I replied. "I liked the bondage ones the best."

I heard my big brother's smile and felt him swell subtly within me. "You

and I must be subconsciously telepathic," he quipped, then thrust slowly

into me again, causing me to moan softly.

A few moments of silence passed before I asked, "What did you like most

about those bondage clips? Other than seeing those naked tits, I mean."

We laughed together as my prohibited lover fondled my chest. He was

definitely a "breast man," and he definitely made no qualms about it. When

we were alone, he would often touch my breasts, squeezing them, feeling

their weight in the palms of his hands, supporting them like a human bra,

pinching or flicking the nipples, using them for leverage as he made love

to me from behind. He would even occasionally spank my breasts lightly, or

play them like bongo drums. Yet I definitely did not mind, as I had long

felt that my chest was my best asset, and it had always given me quite a

thrill when someone openly stared at my chest â€“ especially when the

"someone" happened to be my fraternal twin.

"Well," he said, pausing to kiss my bare shoulder, "I was often imagining

that it was you tied to the bedposts, or bound with ropes suspended from

the ceiling, or being restrained by alien tentacles. I would picture you

being suddenly exposed as your clothes were ripped off. I would imagine

that I was hearing your screams as you were being beaten and whipped, or

forced to endure devious sex toys or inhuman appendages."

I considered that for a moment as I placed my hand upon his upon my

breast. "I had wondered what it would be like to do all that as well," I

admitted. "I don't think I'd want to be suspended from the ceiling, but to

be tied with ropes or chains, or made to kneel before you and pleasure

you, or even to be whipped and toyed with, I have wondered what that would

be like, how I would feel, how well I would deal with the pain and whether

I would somehow perversely enjoy being hurt, especially if I was

experiencing all that with you."

"Really?" His voice carried an undertone of surprise. "You really want to

experience that? You really want to submit to me, baby sister? You really

want me to hurt you?"

"Yes," I replied, then added, "Master."

"Not quite yet," he laughed into the back of my head. "We both have a lot

to learn first before we truly embark down that path. I have done a very

little research thus far online, and I know enough to understand that it

can be somewhat dangerous if we want to try anything beyond just the

barebones basics."

We were silent for a few minutes, simply enjoying the intimacy. Then I

happened to glance up at the digital alarm clock, and realized that the

cable installation technician could arrive in as little as an hour. "We'd

best get up and get dressed," I noted sadly. "And we'd better air out the

bedroom, or the installation guy will wonder why this bedroom smells like

sex when a brother and sister are living together."

"So what? Let the installation guy wonder!"

And my big brother made love to me. He rolled me to my stomach, slithered

his hands underneath my breasts, and began to move within me. It was

gentle and respectful, intimate and romantic, and so very different from

our prior discussion.

I completely forgot about the impending cable installation, as well as the

entire world outside our tiny new home. The upcoming first semester was

absolutely neglected. My big brother and I were all that mattered. Time

stood still, and the future was full of unfathomable joy and delight for

us both.

Fortunately, the cable installation technician did not arrive until well

after noon. That was good, because my big brother and I made love several

times throughout the morning, each time with our voices singing together

and my body being filled with his incestuous seed.

Twins in College Ch. 03

by WFEATHER Â©

Just days after my big brother and I had moved to California, I found

myself a part-time job. In high school, I had worked part-time at a local

family-owned video store, and I found a similar job in Berkeley. The only

differences were the location, and the fact that this particular store was

owned by a divorced childless woman and not a full family.

The video store itself was within easy walking distance of our apartment

building, and the clientele was largely students from the surrounding

neighborhoods. There was a bit for me to learn â€“ a different store layout,

of course, but also different opening and closing procedures and a

different cash register program â€“ but I learned it all rather quickly and

put in as many hours as I possibly could before classes were to begin. The

owner even called my previous bosses and was well pleased with their

response, resulting in my being granted one of the most coveted shifts in

terms of pay: Saturday closing.

One nice thing about this particular job was that everyone was paid

weekly, not every two weeks, which the owner said made things easier on

her. It was also a nice thing for the employees â€“ all college students,

with the exception of one high school student â€“ to have a more "steady"

stream of income instead of waiting every other week. To be honest, my big

brother and I could have easily bypassed working given the size of our

savings accounts and stock portfolios created by our parents just after we

were born, but I definitely did not want to deplete my savings unless

absolutely necessary, and my big brother felt the same.

Because I started mid-week, I had to wait to paydays to receive my first

paycheck. It happened to be on Saturday night, when the owner gave me my

check prior to the start of my shift. "Don't spend it all in one place!"

she advised with a wink and a smile as she handed it to me, and I laughed

along with her, for I already knew how I planned to spend at least part of

the paycheck.

After class on Monday, I sought out a lingerie store. I did not have

anything particular in mind in terms of what I would specifically buy; I

only knew that I wanted to surprise my forbidden lover with something sexy

that night. Just seeing all the possibilities and thinking of my big

brother undressing me was making me wet, and I had to fight with myself to

keep the impending smile off my face.

When I finally returned to the apartment, however, I allowed myself to

smile openly.

\*\*\*\*\*

After dinner and a long cuddle while watching TV, my big brother went to

his bedroom to start his first college assignment: an opinion paper on a

particular article posted to the course Web site. Fortunately, I did not

have any assignments following my first day of college, so I instead

retired to my own bedroom to prepare for my forbidden lover's surprise.

In time, I looked at myself in the mirror, quite pleased at the young

woman looking back at me. All I wore was a black mesh crotchless teddy

which left nothing to the imagination. Small embroidered red roses circled

each cup of the thin garment, effectively decorating each breast. A small

red bow rested atop the mons, adding additional decoration. The

thong-style back felt odd, having something nestled between my lower

cheeks, but it also felt sexy in itself. The teddy had no back, only a

series of thin straps to ensure the mesh front would stay affixed to my

front... until properly exposed by a specific person.

As I watched myself in the mirror, I brushed my hair until it felt rather

fluffy as it tumbled down my exposed upper back, then added just a subtle

hint of rouge to my cheeks. Then, figuring that my big brother would

eventually come looking for me once he had completed his assignment, I lit

a few candles in my bedroom, turned off the light, and stretched out on my

back upon the bed. My legs parted to reveal the crotchless nature of the

teddy, my hands resting palms-up on either side of my head in the

universal symbol of surrender, I waited, closing my eyes and trying to

anticipate my forbidden lover's reaction to seeing me like this.

"For me?"

I slowly opened my eyes and smiled, seeing my big brother standing in the

doorway, nude with the exception of his usual black briefs, with his eyes

wide and his grinning face practically glowing. "For you, big brother," I

replied softly.

Already, I could see a stirring within the briefs my forbidden lover wore

as he slowly approached the bed in the dim candlelight. He finally sat on

the bed, looking me over once again before bending down to kiss me. While

it was a struggle, I kept my arms in their surrender position, only moving

my lips to kiss him even though I wanted to pull him on top of me, feel

his weight pressing me into the bed.

He at last sat up again, openly admiring me, admiring the see-through

teddy, as he stroked my thigh. "When did you buy this?"

"Today," I answered, "after class. I felt it would be a good way to spend

part of the first paycheck."

His hand slid up my thigh to the base of my torso, a finger slipping

through the thin garment to gently stroke along my moistening folds. "You

realize that you may as well be naked right now, don't you?"

"Then you'd better undress me if you really want me to be truly naked for

you," I returned with a soft laugh.

He actually thought about that for a few moments, his finger finally

penetrating my body. "Not quite yet," he said, perhaps more to himself

than to me. He slipped a second finger inside me, then a third finger,

then pressed his thumb against my clitoris, then closed his hand as if he

was squeezing a rubbery toy ball.

I had to admit, that felt really, really good. I closed my eyes and sighed

softly, my lips parted. My hands still had not moved from their surrender

position, and I was beginning to wonder if my big brother understood why

my hands were by my head.

"If I were to suck on your clit right now, would you mind?" he asked,

surprising me with the question. "Of course not!" I replied quickly, my

eyes still closed.

"If I were to fuck you with the force of a rapist, would you mind?" "No,

I'd love it if you raped me!"

"If I were to grab your tits and squeeze until you were crying in pain and

begging me to let you, would you mind?" "Perhaps a little, but that would

still be okay."

"If I were to suddenly shred your lingerie from you, would you mind?" "I'd

be disappointed, since I'd love to wear this for you again sometime, but I

wouldn't mind too much."

"I'd definitely like to see you wearing this again as well," he responded

honestly.

Throughout our banter, his fingers had been moving within me, his thumb

slipping across my clitoris with a similar rhythm. My body had begun to

move in counterpoint, attempting to draw the familiar digits ever deeper

inside me, attempting to have him lovingly stroking my very soul. I never

needed much encouragement for my womanhood to weep with desire, and such

was the case in this situation.

Opening my eyes again, I looked at my big brother's crotch, noting that

his sex was indeed ready to violate me. I so wanted to touch it, touch

him, cause him to feel the same pleasure which was coursing through my

blood and electrifying my nerves because of his illicit touches.

Unfortunately, his hands left my body, and I whimpered softly in protest.

However, he worked his sex through the opening in his briefs, then moved

between my spread thighs, and it was clear what he planned to do:

He was going to make love to me even while we were both still clothed

(more or less).

This was indeed a new experience for me. I was officially dressed, yet I

was fully exposed, with my big brother's fleshy sword sheathed within me.

My hands were still in their surrender position, and my big brother leaned

forward, grasping my hands in that position.

His face poised above mine, my big brother's eyes locked with mine as our

bodies began to move against each other. Our lovemaking was slow,

romantic, respectful, peppered with sweet lingering kisses that stole the

breath from my lungs, yet it was no less powerful when my toes curled and

my silent scream filled the candlelit bedroom.

My chest heaving in the aftermath, I was graced by a kiss and a quick lick

to the tip of my nose, which made me smile and laugh weakly. My forbidden

lover then released my hands and leaned back, still buried within my

quivering wet sheath. We both looked down to where our bodies were fused

into one entity, and I moved my hands at last, feeling along the junction

of our joining, touching my sex and his simultaneously.

Leaning back on his heels, he encouraged me to sit upon him, so I moved to

change position, impaling myself again as I sat atop his thighs. Our arms

encircled each other, and we kissed slowly, our hands roaming and

exploring. The candlelight made the entire situation rather romantic,

especially as I felt our hearts beating in perfect synchronization.

In time, however, I needed more than just a romantic cuddle while being

deeply penetrated. Tightening my grip around his shoulders, I began to

move. Soon the slapping sounds of our bodies was unmistakable in the

bedroom, the wet sloshing sounds also discernable to my ears and to my

skin.

I was shoved backward upon the bed, yelping in surprise at the sudden

action and barely able to get my hands down behind me. With his hands

firmly gripping my hips, my big brother began to really rut into me, his

grunts loud and heavy in the energy-filled air. He rose up on his knees,

raising me as well, pounding into me with such an incredible force that it

almost felt as if my breasts would be ripped from my body given how

rapidly they were whipping back and forth atop my chest, yet even their

whiplash movements added to the overall sensations I was feeling

throughout my entire being.

As another orgasm consumed me, my arms gave out, my head and shoulders

falling to the bed. My body was arched severely, yet I did not feel any

discomfort, the adrenaline masking any strain on my muscles and spine. My

forbidden lover's thrusts suddenly stopped, and I could hear him struggle

to hold back his own release. Then he rammed into me severely once, backed

out slowly, rammed into me severely again, backed out slowly again, then

rammed into me severely one final time and filled me with his white-hot

love, calling my name several times.

When I awoke in the morning, I was still wearing the barely-there teddy,

with my big brother's arm draped across my stomach and his head upon my

shoulder. He had not bothered to tuck himself back inside his briefs, and

the sight of his manhood brought a smile to both my lips as I remembered

the events which had taken place upon the very same bed just hours

earlier.

But what I found most unique was that the lingerie I had bought with part

of my first paycheck was still actually being worn. I was still "fully

dressed," yet rather sated.

I made a mental note to look for some other crotchless items.

Twins in College Ch. 04

by WFEATHER Â©

My big brother and I had met Valerie on a few occasions, and she knew that

we were fraternal twins. Valerie was our neighbor, a college Junior living

alone in her two-bedroom apartment since her former roommate had moved out

at the end of the previous academic year, and we had often seen her

entering or leaving her apartment while we were doing the same. Since I

was the one who typically did the laundry, I would occasionally also see

her in the laundry room beneath our apartment.

Valerie was indeed a stunning young woman. She was tall, about as tall as

my big brother, and when she wore a skirt, it seemed as if her legs were

each a mile in length; if she wore a skirt and heels, her legs somehow

seemed even longer, even to my eyes. Her strawberry-colored hair and her

many noticeable freckles inherently attracted the eyes of everyone in the

vicinity. The tight tops she would typically wear definitely emphasized

her breasts, and more than a few times I kidded my big brother about

staring at Valerie's chest.

As I was removing the laundry from one of the dryers and folding the

clothes, Valerie came into the laundry room carrying a large basket of

dirty clothes. We chatted a bit: football, classes, an upcoming party one

of her friends would be hosting, what we would be wearing for the

building's Halloween celebration for the neighborhood kids...

Then, the conversation changed abruptly, just as I was about to return

upstairs:

"Is your brother... Is he fucking you?"

I felt simultaneously hot and cold: hot from an instant blush, cold from

the realization that my big brother and I had been discovered.

"If not, who is it that has you wailing so wantonly so often? I'm jealous!!!"

I felt instantly relieved. Valerie knew that I was living with my big

brother, and that we attended different colleges in the Bay Area. However,

she seemed to think that there was another guy with access to my apartment

to take his pleasure from my body. That was fine with me; in my opinion,

she could think whatever she wanted to think about me and my big brother.

"I shall never tell," I finally said with a wink and a smile, picking up

my laundry basket. "And I shall never reveal your secret either, about how

you moan sexily many evenings in your living room. I hope whoever is

pleasuring you is someone I can someday meet as well."

I would assume that my last statement had caused Valerie's jaw to rebound

off the floor of the laundry room.

By the time I returned to the apartment, however, I was shaken again. I

was internally berating myself for allowing any hint of my beautiful,

illicit relationship to seep out from the four walls I shared with my

fraternal twin.

Yet, as I was putting away my big brother's clothes, I began to change my

mind. The threat of having this socially-unacceptable relationship

discovered somehow added an additional "thrill" to the love I felt within

these walls. It was something I simply could not explain.

About an hour later, just as I finished making dinner, by forbidden lover

returned from his classes. By this time, I was back to my usual cheery

self, wearing just a black thong and my matching old faded Maki Burn-Up!

t-shirt. As I stirred a pot on the stove, he came up behind me, cupping my

breasts as he kissed the top of my head.

After dinner, I laid upon him on the sofa, my back to his front as he

fondled my body, causing the crotch of my thong to dampen. With all the

curtains closed, it was fairly dark in the apartment, with an Enigma CD

playing softly as sandalwood incense burned nearby:

The principles of lust are easy to understand

Do what you feel, feel until the end

The principles of lust are burned in your mind

Do what you want, do it until you find love

"I've found my love," he whispered huskily into my ear as he wrapped his

arms tightly around me. I giggled softly, caressing his arms. I did indeed

feel loved: loved in terms of body and mind and heart and soul.

But then, Valerie's question echoed in my mind: "Is your brother... Is he

fucking you?"

"What is it?" Yet again, even without seeing my face, my big brother was

able to know what I was feeling. He could sense my confusion and my fear,

as momentary and as fleeting as they were. I simply shook my head, took

his right hand, and moved it down my torso to cup my sex through my

dampened thong.

He continued to touch me intimately, to touch me in ways most people would

abhor between a brother and a sister, yet I could definitely feel his

concern.

When the CD ended, I slowly stood, bent over to kiss the forbidden lips,

and retreated to my bedroom to study, and to think.

\*\*\*\*\*

It must have been about 11:30PM when, wearing just the thong, I stepped

into my big brother's bedroom. "Will you be coming to bed soon, or will

you be studying a bit longer?"

He looked up from his textbook and set down his pen upon his notebook.

"I'll probably be another half-hour or so," he said. "Why don't you slip

into my bed tonight?"

"Sure," I agreed. I tugged off the thong and dropped it in his lap before

I kissed his cheek, then slipped into the familiar bed, pulling the covers

over my head to block out the light of the desktop lamp he was using.

I must have fallen asleep instantly, for seemingly seconds later, I felt

the protective arms surrounding me, and I instinctively rolled upon my

forbidden lover. My face pressed into his neck, I inhaled his natural

scent as his arms enveloped me with care, feeling secure once again in the

knowledge that, no matter what society â€“ or a particular neighbor â€“ may

think, this love was predestined, as natural as a breath of fresh air.

\*\*\*\*\*

I dreamed of my fraternal twin, as usual. I dreamed that we were on a

private yacht, drifting aimlessly on the sea. Standing naked against the

railing, I watched the sun sink toward the watery horizon as he stood

behind me, gently manipulating my feminine swells as he whispered loving

yet naughty thoughts and observations into my ear. Then a mermaid rose up

from the sea, jumping high into the air before descending beneath the

surface, only to jump out of the water yet again.

...bearing the face of Valerie, staring at us, staring at me, her

expression one of absolute shock, even absolute horror.

I awoke with a start, my mind not yet comprehending how it could suddenly

be so dark. My body was trembling, covered with sweat as I sat up in bed,

my chest heaving. Looking at my naked twin beside me, I saw that he was

definitely in a deep sleep.

Without really knowing why, I climbed over my forbidden lover and out of

bed without awakening him. The dimmed slideshow screensaver of his laptop

caught my attention for a moment, and I watched as several pictures of us

â€“ pictures taken with his Webcam, pictures of us in various forms of

illicit intimacy â€“ floated across the screen. I remembered the evening

when he had set his Webcam to "auto-snapshot" to take a picture of us

every ten seconds, and relived those beautiful carnal memories through

these pictures, even as my mind focused on Valerie's question:

"Is your brother... Is he fucking you?"

Yes, my big brother is definitely fucking me, I replied in my mind, and

he'll continue fucking me even when we're centenarians living in a nursing

home together!!!

Smiling at that thought, I realized my mouth was dry, and quietly made my

way to the kitchen, ultimately pouring myself a half-glass of Sprite. Cup

in hand, I returned to the living room and sat on the sofa, enjoying the

darkness and the thrill of being completely naked. Even though he was

asleep in a different room, I could still feel his love surrounding me,

nearly as tangible as having his arms enfold me.

A soft feminine sound drifted through the wall. I listened intently for a

moment, trying to assure myself that I had indeed heard what I thought I

had heard, then I heard it again. Then I heard it again. And again. And

again. It was definitely Valerie's voice, steadily growing louder and more

needful.

I set the cup on the coffee table, leaned back in the sofa, and allowed my

hands to both drift between my thighs. "Yes..." I heard through the wall,

definitely recognizing it as Valerie's voice, noting the moisture

accumulating upon my fingers.

I closed my eyes and lost myself in the moment... Between Valerie's voice

and the work of my own hands upon and within my body, I was entirely lost

in the moment. My own breathing soon became heavy and loud in my ears,

even as I focused upon the sultry feminine voice piercing the shared wall,

I imagined that my own big brother was the one touching me so intimately.

...and then, suddenly, a pair of hands further parted my thighs. My eyes

snapped open, and in the darkness, I watched as my forbidden lover's face

approached my lower lips. I first felt his breath upon my sex as my hands

retreated to my chest, then I felt his tongue directly upon my sensitive

clitoris, my soft voice announcing the result of that illicit contact.

Valerie's orgasm hit her long before I succumbed to mine. Her

barely-strangled cry was beautiful, yet while I enjoyed occasionally

listening to erotic audio files online (and had more than a few on my

laptop), her voice combined with my big brother's tongue and fingers were

not quite enough to bring me to the height of sexual delight, for my

neighbor's question â€“ accusing me of being a brother fucker â€“ still

subconsciously weighed heavily upon my mind... which fortunately allowed

me to enjoy my big brother's loving treatment even longer.

"Cum for me," he finally whispered up to me. Then he launched into full

assault mode.

Very quickly, he sent me into a frenzy. I grabbed at the sofa, at his

head, at my own chest. My body writhed and bucked from my forbidden

lover's immoral actions. Knowing Valerie was just across the wall and

likely still awake following her own fun, I struggled to keep my own voice

at bay, my teeth gritted in that effort.

Then, suddenly, my world exploded, yet somehow, I was able to remain

essentially silent, my breathing so loud that what little rational thought

permitted to me wondered if Valerie could hear my heavy breathing and

guess (correctly) as to its cause.

Eventually, my sweet, gentle lover carried me back to his bed. We held

each other close as we drifted again to sleep. Yet while I felt deeply

loved and revered, I also felt rather guilty, for my lover was also my

twin brother.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You've never taken that long to finally cum before," my big brother

observed softly the following morning as we walked toward the BART station

the following morning. "Not that I really mind â€“ I adore eating you,

tasting you, sucking on your lips, dipping my tongue inside you, grazing

your clit with my teeth..."

"Stop that!" I said with a laugh, elbowing him gently in the ribs. "You're

making me blush and people will wonder why!"

And that was when I realized that, somehow, sleep had helped to squelch my

feelings of guilt for indeed being a brother fucker. And â€“ once again, as

before â€“ while I knew the importance of at least attempting to keep our

unacceptable relationship a secret, I simply did not care what anyone else

thought of our relationship, or of me.

Twins in College Ch. 05

by WFEATHER Â©

Chapter 05: Black

"I have an idea," my big brother suggested. "How about pizza tonight?"

How could I refuse? Just the mention of the word "pizza" made my mouth

water as I thought of pepperoni and pineapple and bacon combined together.

"With that wide smile," he joked, "I'll take that as a 'yes.'"

I hugged my big brother tightly. In actuality, while it was my night to

cook dinner, I was not really in the mood to cook anyhow, and we were out

of leftovers.

"But first, I have a request..."

"You want to fuck me inside the glass door to the apartment complex while

we're waiting for the pizza to arrive?" I joked.

"Intriguing," he admitted with a laugh, "but no. Something more simple,

more basic, less conspicuous."

That had me intrigued, and I looked into my big brother's eyes.

"Go put on some all-black outfit," he said. "For me. Please."

That was indeed a most unusual request after talking about ordering pizza.

I tried for several seconds, but simply could not fathom how pizza and

black clothing went together â€“ even if he were to instigate a food fight,

the dark color would almost certainly prevent anything "incriminating"

from being revealed to his eyes. The fact that we are fraternal twins did

not help in this case, as I simply could not crack the code of his

sometimes-twisted thinking.

"Okay," I finally agreed. "Do you want me to wear anything specific, or

just anything in black?"

He thought for a moment. "Black miniskirt, tight black tank top, no bra,

no knickers, black low heels." He kissed my forehead briefly. "While you're

changing, I'll order the usual. Okay with you?"

"Okay with me." I kissed him briefly on the lips, then stepped away. "And

get two two-liters of Dr. Pepper, okay? We're about out and I forgot to

buy more on the way home today."

"Will do." He moved toward the telephone while I retired to my bedroom to

change into the requested outfit, still baffled by his rather specific

request.

When I returned to the living room, no one was there. So I went to my big

brother's bedroom to find him stretched out on the bed, fully naked. Now I

was definitely intrigued as to why he would want for me to be dressed like

this while he wore only his birthday suit.

Upon seeing me, he held out a hand to me, and I approached, taking his

hand and sitting on the bed beside him. He pulled me down for a kiss, and

my hand seemed to shoot directly to his growing erection as if fired from

a cannon. It did not take long for him to begin moaning softly into my

mouth, and my moans joined his as he deftly manipulated a breast.

Eventually, however, I was nudged away, and I gave a mock pout. "Get on

your hands and knees," he instructed me, and I complied. I cooed softly as

he pushed my black denim miniskirt up atop my rear. I wiggled my ass at

him, smiling when I heard his soft sigh of appreciation.

"What are you planning?" I asked my big brother, but his voice did not

answer me. Instead, he teased me as his response, sliding the tip of his

meaty shaft along my sex, spreading my natural lubrication. He also

spanked me a few times, increasing the warmth below my hips.

When my forbidden lover finally entered my body, it was slow and cautious,

respectful and loving. Once he was fully sheathed within me, his hands

slid up my tank top, gliding along my skin en route to my chest. Cupping

my breasts, he hauled me upward until my back was against his chest, then

began to move within me. Through my tank top, I placed my hands over his,

causing him to squeeze my feminine swells as his thrusts slowly increased

in speed and force.

Just as I was mewing like a kitten, his hands retracted from inside my

tank top, and he pushed me back down to my hands and knees again upon the

bed. Gripping my hips, he became more rough with me, turning from romantic

to lustful.

"Take me hard!" I pleaded between moans of delight, and he complied. His

fingernails dug into my hips as he took control of my body, slamming me

back into him as he rutted into me. We were soon both grunting rather

loudly, and I was definitely sweating inside the tank top, but I did not

care. Yet even as the copulation continued, a small part of my mind was

still trying to calculate what my big brother had in mind with this

particular scenario.

A hand left my hip, then found my clitoris. "Yes!" I squealed as his

fingers began to deftly toy with my sensitive bud, and what little control

I had began to erode rapidly. Between the repeated filling of my sex and

the incredible sensations firing outward from my clitoris and the swaying

of my breasts beneath me and the fact that my own big brother was the one

causing the passion within me to rise so rapidly, I knew that I would soon

scream for him.

His other hand left my hip, and suddenly my head was being pulled backward

by my hair. It was definitely uncomfortable, not painful, but it added yet

another layer of delight to the prohibited encounter. My squeals and moans

and grunts ever louder, I backed against him with ferocious need,

wondering just how long I could hold back my loving deluge before the dam

of my willpower finally broke.

Just as the dam splintered apart and my voice rang out in the bedroom, I

felt myself shoved forward onto my stomach, and suddenly my body was

empty. I screamed into a pillow, humping the bed furiously, not fully

comprehending the fact â€“ or even wondering why â€“ I no longer felt any

tactile contact with my big brother, even though I could still sense his

presence and his love.

Calmed at last, I lifted my head and looked around to find myself alone in

the bedroom. My clothes definitely were sticking to me, making me feel

somewhat uncomfortable. Slowly, I rose from the bed, and looked at myself

in the mirror on the inside of the closet door, noting the visible damp

spots of sweat upon my front, especially around my chest. My face was

still flushed, and my hair was not what one would expect from a "good

girl." The scent of sex was definitely noticeable, but I was uncertain if

it was simply because I was in the bedroom or if that scent was emanating

heavily from me.

Still baffled by the entire situation, I decided to demand some answers

from my forbidden lover, and found him in the living room, now wearing

shorts as he set out plates and cups on the table. "You look like you've

just been fucked," he noted aloud with a definite smile and a glimmer of

wickedness in his eyes.

"If I look that way, it's because you did this to me!" I stepped up behind

him and pressed myself against him, wrapping my arms around his chest. As

I kissed his back between the shoulder blades, I could taste the dried

sweat and smell the scent of sex upon him.

"Why didn't you cum inside me like you usually do?" I asked. "And also,

why did you want me wearing such a specific outfit this time? Do you have

some new type of fetish or something that I should know about?"

"No," he replied, avoiding my first two questions. Stepping out of my

grasp, he went over to the stereo and put in a CD. Seconds later, the

opening notes of "Orinoco Flow" filled the air.

"Do you intend to continue avoiding my questions?" I asked. "You've really

baffled me this time!"

"Good."

The door buzzer sounded, signaling that our dinner had arrived. "Even

better," my big brother said softly. Then, turning to me: "Can you go get

the pizza and drinks, please?"

"Um, sure," I replied. I saw the money had already been set atop the

bookcase by the door, so I checked that the person awaiting at the front

of the building was indeed the pizza delivery person, then went downstairs

to pay for and accept our dinner.

The entire transaction was normal, although I did notice the delivery guy

glancing at my chest a few times, but, even without the visible sweat

stains, that was not unusual. As I handed him the money, I noticed that my

big brother had provided a larger-than-usual tip, but I figured he knew

what he was doing.

I left the delivery guy at the door as it closed and turned around to

mount the nearby staircase. "Oh my goodness! Damn!!!" I heard him exclaim,

which seemed odd to me, but I did not pay the comment too much attention,

even though it seemed like an unusual thing for him to say.

"What was his reaction?" I was asked once I returned to the apartment with

the pizza and drinks.

"He said, 'Oh my goodness! Damn!!!'" I replied as my big brother lifted

the two plastic Dr. Pepper bottles from atop the sturdy pizza box. When I

noticed his wide grin, I had to demand again, "Just what the heck is going

on here?"

"Set the pizza on the table and take off your top," he instructed me as he

took the drinks to the kitchen. This was definitely quite weird, and I was

actually starting to feel rather uncomfortable about the entire situation,

despite my deep love for and undying trust in my big brother. Nonetheless,

I complied.

...and as I held the garment in my hand, I noticed a few drying streaks of

white upon the back of the black tank top.

"You didn't!!!"

"I did."

To say I was mortified does not even begin to explain how I felt, yet part

of me also found the situation to be quite original and even humorous. I

fell to a sitting position in one of the chairs at the table, and wanted

to both cry and laugh at the same time.

A moment later, I felt the familiar arms cradling my head as my big

brother stood beside me. Instinctively, I buried my face in his ribs, my

arms wrapped tightly around him, tears streaming down my face as I laughed

uncontrollably. I felt both used and suckered, yet the brilliance of his

plan was certainly not lost on me.

"Did I push things too far?" he asked quietly, his voice just barely

audible above the music yet clearly full of concern.

Did he push things too far? I could not decide. Yet somehow, despite being

our usual order, the pizza that night was the best I had tasted to date.

Twins in College Ch. 06

by WFEATHER Â©

"My older brother is coming to visit this weekend!" Valerie beamed as she

transferred her laundry from a washer to an adjacent dryer. "I haven't

seen him since Spring Break."

"That's good to know," I stated as I began to load my big brother's

laundry into another washer. "Where does he live again?"

"David works in D.C., a staffer to some Representative whose name I can

never remember." Valerie shrugged. "Then again, he's the one who adores

politics, not me. For me, the most political thing I tend to think about

is how pissed off some ultra-far-right person would be if I wore a

particular outfit!"

I had to smile at that. Valerie's wardrobe could easily be summarized in

two words: "tight" and "revealing." Even the "casual" clothing she liked

to wear â€“ ripped denim shorts and tube top â€“ embodied those two words as

much as did her own body.

A few minutes later, Valerie returned upstairs to her apartment, leaving

her laundry basket behind. I started the washing machine and sat at the

table, opening a textbook and a notebook to do some studying while the

washing machine did its work.

\*\*\*\*\*

I decided to surprise my big brother and meet him at the BART station, and

his smile when he saw me made the decision worthwhile. He gave me a long,

tight hug â€“ certainly attracting the attention of passersby â€“ before we

began the walk back to our tiny, cozy, love-filled home.

"Guess who's coming to visit Valerie this weekend?" I began. Then I simply

blurted out the answer: "Her older brother. She seemed really excited to

have him visiting her again."

"'Again?'"

"She's a Junior, remember. She moved to the apartment last year, but her

roommate later moved out to live with her fiancÃ©. Her brother was last

here to see her during Spring Break, and her internship had kept her here

all summer long, so it's definitely been a while since they've seen each

other."

"Interesting..." my big brother thought aloud. "Perhaps she also has some

sort of illicit affair with her brother."

I elbowed him gently in the ribs. "Not every girl makes love to her

brother like I do!" I quietly pointed out to him. He simply smiled at

that, shifting his backpack upon his shoulder.

\*\*\*\*\*

Friday night, I eagerly swallowed the last of my big brother's sticky

white love, looking up at him in the dim candlelit living room. "Thank you

for dessert," I said softly, gently stroking his thighs as his fingers

continued to toy with my hair. "That was exactly what I needed."

He knelt before me, and we hugged enthusiastically. Soon we were stretched

out upon the carpet, allowing our eyes and our hands and our hearts to do

all the talking. The silence was wonderful, and the air was charged with

our loving energy. His manhood began to lengthen and solidify again, so I

decided to tease and entice him, straddling him with his hardening

erection nestled within the folds of my sex as I slid slowly back and

forth upon him, both of us sighing contentedly as our hands joined and our

eyes jousted.

"You're so beautiful in the candlelight," my forbidden lover whispered

finally. "Perhaps we should only use candles from now on at night, no

electric lights."

I thought about that for a moment. "Then that also means no TV, no DVD

player, no VCR, no computers, and not even a refrigerator, as they all

cast off some light, dim or bright."

"Damn, you're right." Then he pulled me down upon him to kiss me, and I

could still taste myself upon his lips from when he had eaten me earlier.

The kiss lingered, deepened, extended. I was losing myself yet again in my

big brother's immoral touches and prohibited kisses. I had completely

forgotten about the world outside our four walls, outside our fortress of

illicit love.

Then I heard Valerie's voice again as she proclaimed her growing passion.

Knowing that her brother should have arrived late in the afternoon, it

seemed only logical that if I was hearing her voice through that

particular wall, she was in the living room, either performing for her

brother or giving herself to her brother.

Do I live next to a brother fucker? I wondered. If so, that is rather ironic!!!

Somehow, hearing Valerie's occasional gasps and moans penetrating the

shared wall added fuel to the passionate fire already burning inside my

soul. As I imagined Valerie laying on a table as her brother sat between

her legs and gently licked and probed her body, my own body began to hump

my own brother slowly. Our kisses intensified, as did my own brother's

groping of my body. "I feel so damn dirty!" I whispered between kisses,

silenced as my forbidden lover's tongue suddenly shot deep into my open

mouth.

Valerie's sounds of desire intensified, as did my humping of my own

brother. My clitoris impacted his sex just perfectly every time, sending

shockwaves coursing throughout my body at the speed of lightning. I gave

up on kissing him, instead burying my face in his neck and clutching his

head with the desperation of a half-drowned swimmer clinging to a floating

log. His hands now on my lower cheeks, he used his tight grip to slam my

clitoris upon his meaty manhood with even more force, and although I tried

to keep quiet so I could better hear my neighbor's rising passion, my own

voice rang in my ears, overpowering the thundering sound of my rapid

heartbeat.

"Oh Davey! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Indeed, her older brother was sampling her body, and that was the trigger.

My mouth opened wide in a voiceless scream, the release I sought consumed

me, setting every cell of my body vibrating rapidly even as I stiffened

upon my big brother, my crotch ground roughly into his.

I do not remember being rolled to my back upon the floor. All I know is

that as my forbidden lover finally sheathed himself inside me, I heard

Valerie's voice again:

"Fuck me hard, Davey!"

While my brother took his time, very slowly making love to me, Valerie's

brother took her hard and fast. Through the shared wall, I could hear each

jarring impact of their bodies. Valerie's voice was louder than ever

before, short, sharp outbursts cut off by each violent impact as the

breath was forced from her lungs.

My ankles upon my big brother's shoulders, I gazed deep into his eyes,

into his soul, and saw the flame of love within him. I wondered for a

moment if the couple across the wall shared a bond as profound as the one

I shared with my twin, or if Valerie and Davey were simply using each

other for occasional short-term gratification instead.

Valerie's loud wail startled me from my thoughts, causing me to clench

involuntarily around the welcome invader, which in turn caused my big

brother to groan softly. I heard her brother begin to grunt, louder and

louder, practically in sync with the collision of their bodies. "Not in

me! Not in me!" Valerie cried, and seconds later, the collisions ended,

but the triumphant male growl was evidence of his release, her squeal

evidence that his release had indeed landed upon her.

"Do you think that was her brother Valerie was fucking?" my big brother

asked quietly, caressing my legs as he held himself still inside me.

"Definitely," I replied. "I assume Davey and David are the same person.

And that makes her a brother fucker."

"Just like you," my big brother stated nonchalantly.

"Just like me," I agreed with a smile and a nod. "I am most definitely a

brother fucker. But at least I'm on The Pill, whereas Valerie apparently

isn't."

I was indeed a brother fucker, and I was damn proud of it, too!!! But that

night, however, we did not fuck. Instead, we made love, there on the

living room floor, multiple times through the night.

\*\*\*\*\*

Monday, I had just left my apartment to go to a morning class when Valerie

stepped out of her apartment and locked the door. Only then did she notice

me, but by then, I had already noticed the radiant glow about her. "Good

morning, Valerie."

"Hey." She blushed suddenly, apparently just then realizing who had spoken

to her, then turned and ran off. "I'm late! I've gotta go!" She ran down

the staircase, and I heard her leave the building while I tried to imagine

the embarrassment she must have felt, realizing that I had probably heard

her fucking her brother several times during the weekend, and for just a

moment, I toyed with the idea of asking her a most unexpected question the

next time I saw her:

"Is your brother... Is he fucking you?"

Twins in College Ch. 07

by WFEATHER Â©

The video store where I worked kept a stock of adult films. These were

typically releases from the past six months, after which time the owner

would list them on eBay at a reduced price. Many of them, she said, would

sell on the first listing; the others would typically be won on the second

listing. It was a concept which intrigued me.

Another concept which intrigued me was simply renting an adult film.

Certainly, the store had its regular customers who preferred adult films

to the more mainstream fare. Many of them would blush a little as they

handed the selected titles to me or one of my co-workers. Some would

specifically wait until there was no line at the counter before they even

attempted to approach the register. A few acted rather nonchalantly, as if

they were renting a Barney title for their pre-school kids or relatives.

And there were a few who always hit on the female staff when they paid for

the rental.

I had no problem whatsoever with going behind the curtain to restock the

shelves in the adult section. It amazed me at first just how many types of

fetishes there are... and the adult industry has a plethora of titles for

each one. From "straight sex" to bisexual to gay to lesbian to legs to big

busts to hentai to interracial to shemales to Asians to bondage to lolitas

to gangbangs to bukkake to... In short, just one trip to the adult section

to restock the shelves was a lesson in itself.

...a lesson my parents would be shocked to know I had had, voluntarily.

Ever since I had begun working at the video store, I had wanted to rent an

adult title â€“ partially just to say I had done it, but partially to watch

one with my big brother. But I did not want my co-workers or the owner to

know that I was renting something as "scandalous" as an adult film.

I finally had my chance.

To cover for a co-worker when her mother was visiting, several of us

traded parts of our schedules for parts of hers. At first, I simply added

a Friday closing shift to my work schedule, with the agreement that she

would take one of my Saturday close shifts later. But eventually, I ended

up swapping shifts with another co-worker, so my weekend schedule

consisted of a Friday close shift followed by a Saturday opening shift,

with Saturday night off.

That was my chance.

After closing Friday night, Joyna and I had nearly finished cleaning when

her uncle knocked at the back door. I told Joyna to go, as I only had to

finish vacuuming the adult section anyhow, and I knew that she was never

truly comfortable in that part of the store.

Just as Joyna and her uncle were leaving, my big brother arrived. Of

course, I invited him into the store, and locked the back door behind him.

Together, we went to the adult section, closing the curtain behind us.

Immediately, we kissed and hugged. Several minutes must have passed, but

it seemed like only several seconds.

"I need to finish vacuuming," I told him. "But I have an idea. Why don't

you pick out something for us to watch tonight," I said with a wink and a

smile, "and I'll bring it back with me for the opening shift tomorrow and

check it back in before anyone notices."

"It already is tomorrow," he replied, "but sure."

I resumed vacuuming, smiling to myself. I wondered what my forbidden lover

would select. My first thought was that he would choose a lesbian title.

Then I thought of his comments once about some bukkake clips he had found

online and played for me. Then I remembered our conversation about hentai

and tentacle rape, and I was almost certain that he would select a hentai

title.

I finished and put the vacuum back in its place in the closet behind the

counter, then returned to the adult section. "How about this one?" my big

brother asked. "It's a selection of amateur-made bondage videos, and from

the screenshots, some of it looks rather intense."

As I reached him, I took the box from his hands and looked over the

description and the images. It seemed that every dominant was male and

every submissive was female.

"Sounds good to me," I said. "Good choice." I kissed his cheek, then

turned to go check this out.

However, I was suddenly grabbed by the breasts and pulled back into my big

brother's chest. "Of course," he whispered, "we could also just spend the

night right here doing adult things amongst the adult titles."

I giggled at that thought â€“ appealing as it was â€“ and squirmed my way out

of his grasp. "Perhaps another time," I said.

The walk home seemed much longer than usual because of my desire to watch

this with my big brother. But eventually, he sat on the sofa while I sat

in his lap. The only light came from the TV screen as he picked up the

remote to start the DVD.

Whoever was responsible for creating this DVD had done things "properly,"

disabling the option to skip the FBI warning and the sex-line commercials.

So we used this time to kiss and fondle. Already, I could feel the

familiar manhood solidifying and lengthening against me, just as I was

certain my forbidden lover could feel my nipples trying to poke holes in

the cups of my bra.

At last, the main menu appeared. Removing a hand from inside my thong, he

picked up the remote again and pressed Play.

The discovery of adult films was about to begin. I was about to

voluntarily have another lesson which would truly shock our parents.

The first scene was rather loving and romantic in a way. A tall, muscular

man in swim trunks grabbed a coil of red rope from a shed and stepped back

outside into the daylight. The camera followed him as he approached the

house, and a tall woman â€“ practically an Amazonian goddess â€“ emerged from

the back door dressed as a bride, her arms behind her.

That was unexpected, especially for an amateur scene. She had not been

shown in the screenshots on the box cover.

The bride descended the steps from the porch and stood in the grass, her

cuffed wrists finally coming into view as her arms were lifted. The camera

focused on the man's handiwork as he slowly and carefully performed breast

bondage on her. The red of the rope contracted sharply with the white of

the wedding dress, and the red color clearly enhanced the swells of her

breasts in a way that even I found appealing. Then he fondled her chest

for a few minutes, occasionally kissing her as she kept her hands behind

her.

At last, he lowered her veil, took her by the hand, and led her away from

the house. There was a trail near the house, leading into a thick region

of trees, and he led her along the trail, the camera following them

diligently with nary a cut.

Just as the walk through the trees was becoming boring, I could hear the

sound of flowing water. At first, I thought it would simply be a stream or

small river nearby, but the sound kept increasing in volume. At last, the

couple emerged into a clearing, and ahead of them was a waterfall spilling

into a small lake before flowing off-screen to the right.

The dominant led the submissive straight into the lake, even though she

was wearing heels. I found that unbelievable, almost as insane as Timmy's

mother in the old Lassie series wearing heels on a farm! Yet he slowed

their pace, allowing her the time she needed to assure herself of steady

footsteps.

The cameraperson remained on the shore, but zoomed in on the couple as

they made their way toward the waterfall. The sound of the falling liquid

was fairly loud even at this distance, attesting to the powerful

technology used in the microphone of the camera.

Once at the waterfall, the bride was turned around, the water tumbling

behind her. She raised her arms, and with his hands upon her chest, the

dominant eased her backward. She shrieked initially as the water descended

her back, its temperature apparently rather cool. Once she was pressed

against the rock behind the waterfall, he reached into the pouring stream,

seemed to search with his hand for something, and pulled out a chain with

a clip at its end, surprising me again. The clip was attached to the ring

of a cuff, then the same process was repeated to secure her other wrist to

the cliff.

The dominant walked away, leaving her there, bound to the cliff under a

torrent of falling water. The camera focused upon her as she stood in

water up to her waist. The unblinking eye roamed her body, objectifying

her with a stereotypical masculine gaze, yet I was fascinated by the

ropework and how it was used to enhance the now-wet look of her covered

breasts.

In time, the dominant returned, a long, thin stick in his hand. I was

curious as to why he was carrying a big stick until he stood to the

bride's side and held the stick directly in front of her chest.

Vicariously, I "felt" every strike of the stick. It was as if the bride's

breasts were being punished simply because she was conceived and born as a

female. More than at any other time in my young life to date, I was

conspicuously aware of my own breasts, and not just because my big brother

was squeezing them as the bride's breasts were being beaten.

She wriggled and squirmed at first, but apparently the pain of the beating

became too much for her, for she eventually was pulling furiously against

the chains and screaming with each strike. Above the sound of the

waterfall, I could hear her sobs, yet the man did not relent.

At last, he cast the stick aside, lifted the veil, and kissed her madly.

His hands groped her, possessed her as if she were simply a coveted,

idolized object.

Damn, I was wet!!!

Eventually, the bride was released, and carefully led back to the shore

with the veil lifted, showing how badly her makeup had run from her crying

and from the waterfall. Once on shore, the camera watched closely as the

red rope was slowly unknotted and removed. I was somewhat horrified at the

condition of her heels, now almost certainly ruined. The wedding dress

might have been salvageable, but would certainly take a fair amount of

effort to restore.

The dominant coiled the rope and held it in one hand. Using his other hand

to pull the bride to him, he kissed her one more time, then took her hand

and led her back up the trail as the screen faded to black.

"Wow, that was hot!" my big brother commented, his throbbing erection

pressed against my leg. "I loved the way she screamed."

I was too lost in thought to comment, but my thoughts were disrupted by

the next scene. A short blonde woman was blindfolded and naked, tied with

scarves to the bedposts. Countless canned candles lined the top of the

dresser in the background of the shot while the camera remained

stationary. A man dressed in entirely black, including a black ski mask

and painfully-dark sunglasses, moved between dresser and bed,

unceremoniously dumping the hot contents of each can onto her body. She

hissed and squirmed each time, but never complained, even when he dumped

the melted wax upon her unprotected sex. I had to admit that the way she

moved was enticing, as were the sounds escaping her lips.

Between the on-screen action and the in-person action of my big brother's

fingers plunging repeatedly into me, the crotch of my thong was thoroughly

drenched. I was horny, and I needed more than just fingers inside me.

I do not recall the next few lengthy scenes, as I was on my back on the

floor as my big brother made love to me. I remember the screams and the

sound of chains rattling, and a few spoken commands, but my attention was

focused almost totally upon person upon and inside me, the one person

whose every command I would obey even if it meant degradation or pain for

me.

I was definitely quite tired in the morning when I returned to the video

store. I was the first one there, as planned, so I immediately checked in

the DVD and placed it back upon the shelf. Only then did I go to the drop

box near the front door to pick up the films customers had left for us

while we were closed.

I was just checking in the last of the returned films when Sara arrived at

the back door. She looked at me a little strangely when we greeted each

other, but did not say anything else. I could only wonder:

Did I have "I watch adult films" tattooed to my forehead?

But I had to wonder if I was any different from our other customers who

rented the adult titles. After all, I had not seen even one-quarter of the

DVD. If I had only seen one-quarter of a major Hollywood film, I would

have been a little peeved. But in this case, I still felt strangely

satisfied.

...in more ways than one.

Twins in College Ch. 08

by WFEATHER Â©

Depending on our whims, sometimes my big brother and I would sleep in his

bed, sometimes in my bed. If one of us went to bed before the other, we

would use the bedroom of the one who went to sleep first. But regardless

of whose bed we had shared during the night, it was always thrilling to

awaken in the morning in my forbidden lover's presence â€“ typically, in his

protective arms.

This was especially true one particular Saturday morning. We had gone to

bed together well after midnight, after watching all three Sailor Moon

films consecutively. That night, having drifted to sleep in my big

brother's arms, my dream had been full of images of us dressed as Sailor

Moon and Tuxedo Kamen, as we had been once at an anime convention a few

years earlier. But in the dream, we were high atop a Tokyo skyscraper,

looking out across the neon night at Tokyo Tower in the distance as he

stood behind me, fondling me with exponentially-growing lust as I braced

myself against the tall fence at the edge of the roof...

Awakening in the morning, I found myself once again in my big brother's

protective arms, my naked body pressed snugly against him underneath his

Escher-style bedspread. The remnants of my dream not having truly been

dispelled by full consciousness, I felt as if I was being kissed on the

forehead by Tuxedo Kamen himself, even though part of my mind realized

that it was my real lover's real kiss upon my real forehead that was

stirring such real warmth in my real belly.

It was in those awkward, disorienting, hazy moments, caught in that fuzzy

mist between dream and consciousness, that I decided that we should again

dress as Sailor Moon and Tuxedo Kamen for Halloween.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fortunately, we had decided to keep the Sailor Moon and Tuxedo Kamen

costumes after the anime convention, and our parents found them in the

attic and shipped them to us. I was studying in my bedroom late one

afternoon when my big brother returned to the apartment with an

announcement: "They've arrived!"

I abandoned my homework in my bedroom and found my big brother standing at

the table in the living room, about to delve into the box with a

pocketknife. Moments later, he pulled out my Sailor Moon costume from

nearly two years earlier, and a sense of pride filled my chest, for I had

made the costume almost entirely by hand.

I knew that some alterations would be needed for both costumes. I had

actually grown an inch in height and filled out a little more around the

chest and hips in those two years, and he had grown nearly two inches in

both height and waist. Clearly, I would have some work to do on the

costumes, but I was actually looking forward to the task.

While I worked on the alterations to the costumes, my big brother took it

upon himself to scour our collection of anime music for a good mix of

Sailor Moon music he could burn onto a CD so it would play on constant

loop during the three hours the neighborhood kids would be in the building

for the typical Halloween trick-or-treating. It was so good to hear the

music again â€“ songs from the series and the films, background music,

karaoke versions of my favorite songs, and even some one-liners from both

the Japanese and English versions of the series and films that he had

stored on his laptop. But he still was not done, for once he had selected

the music and one-liners and sound effects for the CD, he then spent

several hours on a Sunday afternoon essentially blending them all together

into a nonstop aural Sailor Moon orgy.

\*\*\*\*\*

At last, Sunday October 30 was upon us. Halloween itself had arrived.

The anime posters on the walls had been rearranged so that the Sailor Moon

posters were easily visible from the doorway. The special CD my big

brother had spent so much time creating was playing, loud enough to be

heard from the doorway yet quiet enough to not intrude in any

conversations. Although the volume was off, one of my favorite Sailor Moon

episodes â€“ the one where Usagi and Ami meet Rei â€“ was playing on the TV

screen via continual-repeat VideoCD playback on the DVD player. A

recently-purchased life-size plushy Luna toy was perched upon a sofa arm,

also in easy sight of the doorway. Thanks to eBay, two new, unused decks

of Sailor Moon playing cards waited atop the small bookcase by the door.

And I was already dressed as Sailor Moon, standing at the kitchen counter,

pouring bags of Tootsie Rolls into a large bowl and trying to maintain my

willpower (so unlike Usagi!) so that I would not devour the candies before

the neighborhood children arrived.

He finally stepped into the tiny kitchen. The Tootsie Rolls bags now

empty, I simply gazed upon him fondly for a few moments as I felt his eyes

tracking all over my body. My Tuxedo Kamen looked wonderful, even better

than the animated version I knew so well. I only hoped that I portrayed

Sailor Moon with equal effectiveness and allure.

Then my big brother stepped forward, took me in his arms, and kissed my

lips with the same tender, heartfelt affection with which Tuxedo Kamen

kisses Sailor Moon, with a gentleness that heralded love and respect yet

with an awesome power that vacuumed the breath from my lungs.

We stood together in the kitchen for several minutes, kissing and hugging

and caressing each other. I could feel the hardening within his slacks,

and I was certain that he could feel the hardening points upon my chest.

Yet, we kept our actions clean.

After all, Sailor Moon was clearly intended as a "family show."

At last, I reluctantly stepped away. "It's nearly time," I said â€“ more as

a breathless explanation to myself than to him â€“ and took the candy-filled

bowl to the bookcase. Then, as is the tenants' custom for the Halloween

visitors, I opened the door and retreated back inside to my Tuxedo Kamen.

The music playing at that moment from the specially-created CD was a

karaoke version of "Moonlight Destiny," and we danced together in full

view of anyone who might stroll past our open door, our eyes locked in the

silent communication of longtime lovers.

Just before the beautiful song ended, I heard the voices of several young

children downstairs. Reluctantly, we separated, and made our way to the

open door. Within minutes, the first group of a steady stream of children

of all ages arrived at our door. We had our distinct roles: I gave small

handfuls of Tootsie Rolls to the costumed children (and also to the older,

costumed "children") and greeted them all in my very limited Japanese,

while my Tuxedo Kamen continually shuffled the playing cards and gave one

card to each costumed visitor.

A few of the more anime-knowledgeable parents and older "children" seemed

to particularly appreciate the gesture of the playing cards. Upon hearing

the music and seeing the Sailor Moon posters, several people asked to step

inside and look around, and seemed quite satisfied with the Sailor Moon

theme we had established; these were almost certainly otaku, in the

American sense of the term.

Throughout the afternoon, we were visited by wizards and princesses,

goblins and athletes, Stormtroopers and mice, dogs and vampires,

presidents and scientists, and the requisite countless Disney characters.

And, of course, there were a few other anime characters who appeared at

our door, including Lupin, San and Ashitaka, a very convincing Armitage,

and â€“ quite to my surprise â€“ the real Mimarin. By the time the parade of

trick-or-treaters ended, I had successfully given away almost all of the

Tootsie Rolls, and my big brother only had three Sailor Moon playing cards

remaining: two Jokers (one with Tuxedo Kamen and one with Sailor Moon) and

an Eight of Hearts (with the Inner Senshi in their schoolgirl personas).

I closed the door at last, shutting out the world, and turned to see my

sweet lover looking at the three playing cards remaining, and an idea

formed in my mind. As the smile spread across my lips, he looked up at me,

his eyes narrowing as my smile was mirrored upon his face. Once again, the

fact that my big brother and I are twins was demonstrated by our similar

thoughts.

A few minutes later, the curtains closed, we sat at the table as I dealt

us Poker hands using my personal, well-worn Sailor Moon playing cards, the

very same set my big brother had given me as a birthday present several

years earlier. I had lost track of the number of times we had played Rummy

or Poker or especially Euchre together, almost always using these very

same cards. I was quite certain that I would end up losing the match, as I

seemed to never be lucky when playing Poker (not even against a computer),

but I never minded being partially or completely naked in my twin's

presence.

Simply the anticipation of losing to him yet again caused my knickers to

dampen.

As "Moon Revenge" played in the background, I contemplated my opening

hand. Minutes later, I was removing my shoes per my big brother's request,

as he had won the first round.

Luck was not usually on my side when playing Poker, but this time seemed

to be different. Instead of losing roughly 80% of the hands, I was

actually winning about one of every two hands. It actually appeared that I

might still have some "dignity" remaining while my big brother sat naked

before me. I was not at all certain if I should hope to win the match or

hope to lose instead, but no matter the outcome, I knew that it would be

worthwhile.

Ultimately, we were equally vulnerable: My beautiful big brother sat

wearing just his black briefs, while I sat wearing only my white knickers.

I looked at my hand and was sorely disappointed: With the particular array

of cards in my hand, I felt that I had absolutely no chance of winning the

round and thus the match, even if I did exchange the permitted maximum of

three cards. A quick glance at my twin revealed that he felt the same.

Thus the question: Were his cards actually worse than mine?

We both sat and stared at our cards for several minutes, occasionally

glancing at each other only semi-discreetly... and I noticed with pride

that his glances tended to linger on my exposed chest. Finally, we each

discarded three cards, and he dealt three new cards to each of us. As I

reviewed the possibilities, I realized that I was about to lose the match,

and sighed in resignation.

So much for a rare win.

At last, we set down our hands. I set mine down first: a pair of sixes,

with a nine, a four, and a two.

He then set his down: a pair of sixes, with a nine, a four, and a two.

How appropriate for fraternal twins to end up with near-identical hands.

The only differences were the suits and their related colors... and the

Sailor Moon image on each card.

We both had a good long laugh at the situation. Only in a Hollywood film â€“

or perhaps a really good story â€“ should such a situation have occurred.

Once the laughter subsided, we began to wonder aloud: Was this effectively

a draw, or did we both just lose (or win) simultaneously? Neither of us

were Poker experts, so after some considerable debate, we agreed it was

only fair that we both finish disrobing together.

But then an idea came to my mind, and I rose from my chair and approached

my forbidden lover and knelt before him. With his help, I removed his

final article of clothing, then spent a moment savoring the sight of his

solid erection, my mouth watering in anticipation. But just as I was about

to consume the meaty phallus, he grabbed my head and held me back, much to

my extreme disappointment. "Not quite yet," he threatened, naughtiness

clearly evident in his voice and a gleam in his eyes as he looked down

upon me.

"Stand." I complied, my fingers interlaced behind me, my chest thrust out

just a little more than is usual for a standing posture to give my big

brother quite an eyeful of his admitted favorite parts of my anatomy. But

instead of pulling me close and sucking a nipple or pawing my breasts as I

had expected, he slipped out of his chair and knelt before me, sniffing at

the damp crotch of my "innocent white" knickers â€“ such a counterpoint to my

current activities â€“ before carefully slipping them down my legs to the

floor. I stepped out of them, and he held the no-longer-innocent garment

to his nose for a moment before tossing it aside, looking up at me with a

wicked grin.

"Come," he said, standing and reaching for my hand. "I hope to," I

quipped, causing us both to laugh quietly as I was led to my bedroom. When

he stretched out upon his back on my Totoro bedspread, I knelt between his

legs and bent forward, my knees tucked tightly against my chest.

The meaty shaft stood proudly before me, and I licked my lips before

flicking the bulbous tip. The clear fluid at the tip was sweet, a

testament to the sugary diet he had been enjoying since we had started our

college careers. My fingers surrounding the base, my tongue flicked

lightly up and down the hearty shaft, my eyes looking up the wonderful

male body toward my forbidden lover's face, noting his closed eyes and

parted lips as my tongue bathed him.

"My dearest big brother," I whispered, then I engulfed the bulbous tip

with my mouth. He whimpered quietly as I initially took him into my mouth,

descending just a little, raising my head, then descending just a little

lower, raising my head, then descending just a little lower still. My

tongue continued to tease him, my fingers gently massaging that portion of

his tasty phallus which was not (yet) being ingested.

"You naughty, naughty girl," I heard him whisper. I smiled in response,

giggling around him and causing him to gasp as his hands reached for my

head. Although he has almost always been quite gentle with me in every

way, I somewhat expected that he would take control of my head, slamming

my face into his groin so he could climax rapidly and fill my stomach with

his forbidden love, and in a way, that is exactly what I wanted. Instead,

he brushed the hair away from my face and guided me into a gentle, steady

rhythm, a rhythm which I instantly recognized as one which would provide

him with lasting pleasure while not being enough to force him to feed me.

After some time, however, my jaw began to ache from being held in an open

position for such a long time. Lifting my head from my lover's cautious

grasp, I resorted to simply kissing and fondling his throbbing manhood,

massaging my own saliva into the taut skin. He sighed happily, caressing

my forearms, whispering naughty things to me and making my lips curl into

a wicked smile.

From simply pleasuring my big brother, my body was practically crying to

be filled via another entrance. With one more kiss to the tip of his

beautiful erection, I rose up to my hands and knees and slowly crawled up

his body, keeping my torso low and my breasts brushing along his skin, my

nipples hardening even more and practically becoming inflamed by the

direct contact with his heated skin. Like a heat-seeking missile fixed

upon its target, his eyes were locked with mine, his hands gliding across

my skin as I drew ever closer to his face.

We kissed at last: a long, slow, respectful kiss. My hands held his head

in place, my fingers gently scratching his scalp, while his hands roamed

my body, his fingers ultimately curling inward to scratch my fleshy

backside. His fingers worked their way lower, seeking out my moist

entrance and slipping inside, probing gently, carefully prying me open in

a much more intimate and fulfilling way than any speculum ever could,

prompting me to whimper around his exploring tongue and into his mouth.

His hand retreated, and I whimpered into his mouth again, this time with a

definite tone of disappointment. But I whimpered happily moments later,

his hand having assumed a new position between us as he lovingly stroked

my lower lips once again. I reveled in his touch as he again slipped a

pair of fingers inside me, my clitoris resting nicely upon his hand as he

masturbated me.

Slowly, I rocked against the manipulating hand. My breasts pressed tightly

to my big brother's chest, I could feel his heartbeat synchronizing with

mine. I moved my face to his neck, beginning to pant as my passion began

to spiral skyward, my breath hot in my face as it was reflected back to me

by his skin. His free hand nestled in the small of my back, essentially

anchoring me to him as his masturbation of my sex and the movement of my

body against his hand conspired to overwhelm my senses if this continued

for any length of time.

This definitely continued. My hands upon his shoulders, my whimpers became

moans became soft cries as I moved with increasing need upon my big

brother's penetrating hand. He was also breathing somewhat loudly as the

plunging of his fingers attempted to match the pace of my body's movements

against his wonderful hand.

The bed squealed in protest. My heartbeat seemed loud in my ears. The

sloshing sounds of the violation of my body only added to the forbidden

beauty of the moment. I moved upon this perfect lover with more force,

more urgency, more desire, and between his labored breaths, I heard him

whisper words of romantic naughtiness into my ear. I replied by clutching

his head with the desperation of a drowning swimmer in a turbulent sea,

calling not for rescue, but for more.

He delivered. His fingers moved even faster inside me, a third finger

joining the two already tantalizing my weeping womanhood.

That was apparently the key, for the passion within me was suddenly

unlocked, torrents of love gushing around him, pouring upon him as my body

trembled with the violence of an earthquake, beautiful multicolored

fireworks exploding against the dark sky inside my eyelids, my own voice

nearly overpowering the thundering sound of my heartbeat in my ears. His

manipulations never ceased, and, with barely a respite, the intensity of

the experience doubled as a second, equally-enthralling orgasm battered my

body, suffocating me with its power, and leaving me breathless as every

cell vibrated with energy.

We were two sweat-covered lovers, our lungs fighting for more air, our

hands clutching each other tightly. We were one, sharing the same

thoughts, the same love, in a way that only the closest of twins could

ever know.

It took some time for me to truly calm following the sexual storm, and I

realized that while I had just enjoyed a wonderful pair of orgasms, my big

brother had not yet reached his own release. Slowly, I slid off him, an

idea in my mind. He looked up at me questioningly, but I simply gestured

for him to remain on the bed, then I slipped out of my bedroom.

When I returned, the expression upon his face was priceless. I had again

donned the Sailor Moon costume, although this time I was not wearing any

undergarments, nor socks or shoes. His eyes grew big with surprise, then

narrowed as the implications of my dress took root in his mind.

"So much for Sailor Moon being a 'family show,'" he mused aloud, moving to

sit on the edge of the bed.

"'Family show' this!" I teased with a wicked grin as I roughly squeezed my

breasts, watching his smile widen at my sudden action.

A new idea seized me, and I gestured for him to remain on the bed, then

slipped out of the bedroom again. When I returned, I brought his Tuxedo

Kamen hat and cape. Once he was wearing both, I knelt between his spread

legs and looked up at him with another wicked grin, my hands upon his

thighs.

"I suppose we are about to enact those parts of Sailor Moon's and Tuxedo

Kamen's displays of love that ended up on the cutting room floor?" my big

brother commented, reaching down to caress my cheek and brush some stray

strands of hair away from my face.

I did not bother to comment. Instead, my head dipped toward his

lengthening hardness, and I ingested him once again. After a few moments,

I released the fleshy sword from my mouth and looked up at his beautiful

face again. "Use me," I pleaded softly with a wink, then took a deep

breath and dipped my head to ingest the meaty phallus once more.

Slowly, his hands gripping either side of my skull, my big brother forced

me to take more and more of his hearty length into my mouth. When his tip

reached the top of my throat, he held me still for several seconds as my

tongue slithered around his manhood, then slowly nudged me away until

there was no longer any contact with my mouth. I looked up at him, my

hands still on his thighs, and my heart nearly melted from the love and

affection in his eyes, the same eyes which silently asked if I really

wanted him to use me. I smiled and nodded my assent, and took another deep

breath.

We continued like this, my forbidden lover controlling the movement of my

head, slowly increasing the rhythm and holding my head in place longer

before allowing me to surface for air. In my mind's eye, I pictured Sailor

Moon and Tuxedo Kamen in this very same situation, on a stage, clearly the

center of attention as the rest of the Inner and Outer Senshi paired off,

dividing their attention between each other and the leading couple at the

center of the bright spotlight.

A very male voice groaned softly between heavy breaths as I was being

truly facefucked. The sloshing sounds were unmistakable as my own drool

spilled from my lips and began the descent to the carpeted floor. I

gripped his thighs tightly, grunting myself during this rough treatment.

My body began to drip again, aroused at this disrespectful handling at the

hands of this particular individual.

A loud groan announced that my lover was very close to climax. He no

longer held himself inside my mouth; he forced my head forward and

backward, changing direction with such speed that I felt the early stages

of a headache in my forehead.

A louder groan from above reminded me of the thunder of an approaching

storm, gradually increasing in volume as the storm advanced. There will

certainly be a storm, I thought. His love will fall upon me as his voice

thunders in my ears!

He suddenly held my head still, my mouth enveloping his throbbing

hardness. My tongue instantly went to work even as my lungs burned,

protesting the lengthening lack of air. His voice caught several times; it

almost sounded as if he was being strangled. Then he shoved my head away,

knocking me back on my heels.

I gasped loudly, my chest heaving rapidly as air once again filled my

lungs. I opened my eyes in time to see him standing before me, his fist

pumping his manhood rapidly, aiming directly at my face. I closed my eyes,

opened my mouth as wide as I possibly could, and leaned closer to him, my

hands wrapped around his legs once again.

The first jet of warm passion hit me directly above the right eye, the

second landed directly in my awaiting mouth. After that, I was no longer

paying attention; my ears were focused upon the triumphant sound of his

voice, my nose was trained upon the scent of forbidden love in my bedroom,

and my heart had grown to such a size in my chest that I felt it would

burst through bone and muscle and skin and clothing at any moment so that

it could be directly bathed in passion from the man erupting before me.

Eventually, my forbidden lover dropped to his knees before me, hugging me

tightly. I had anointed him earlier with my passion, and now he had done

the same with me. We simply held each other for a long time, even long

after we had calmed ourselves following the intimate end of the Halloween

festivities.

...yet we were still in costume, although I was wearing more than him.

At last, we stood. His hands on my shoulders, my big brother held me at

arms' length, looking me over with an observant eye. "I never knew that

Sailor Moon could be such a slut," he quipped. We laughed together as he

held me close again, and I idly wondered: Will we wear the Sailor Moon and

Tuxedo Kamen costumes much more often?

Despite being a Saturday morning, I was awake fairly early. I made coffee

and ate a pair of bagels for breakfast as I watched MSNBC, then prepared

for the special guest lecture I wanted to attend that morning.

Looking at my watch, I realized that I would be well over an hour early

for the lecture if I left at that moment. While I could certainly have

left anyhow and simply read a book or magazine while waiting for the

lecture hall to open, my devious mind turned to my twin brother sleeping

in my bed, and I felt a stirring at the base of my torso.

Quietly, I slipped back into my bedroom to find my forbidden lover still

asleep underneath my large Totoro bedspread. I stood in the doorway and

looked at him with awe and admiration for a moment, then finally

approached the bed. I took a moment to slip off my shoes, then pulled back

the bedspread to reveal his birthday suit. In his sleep, he instinctively

reached downward for something to cover him again, but found only my head

as I sat on the edge of the bed and leaned toward his groin.

Before long, I had him quite aroused, to the point where I was able to

straddle him. He was finally awake at last, a sleepy smile upon his face,

and I looked down fondly into the identical eyes as I pulled my skirt up

around my waist and pulled aside the crotch of my thong, then impaled

myself upon his fleshy sword. There was no slow teasing, no romance in our

joining; instead, with my hands upon his chest, I rode him hard, rapidly,

forcefully. This was definitely just a quickie, and even though I never

actually reached climax myself, simply feeling my lover's seed firing deep

into my body was pleasure enough for me.

I left quickly after that, purposely leaving him wondering what that was

all about. I was still smiling to myself as I locked the door to our

apartment; my heart rate was still high, and I still felt heady and

slightly flushed.

The BART station was just a few blocks away. As I walked toward the

station, I was quite aware of my big brother's love spilling from my torso

to anoint my thong. I smiled again to myself as I crossed the final

intersection, wondering what he thought of my waking him with a quickie

just before sprinting off to campus.

As I stood on the train platform, I was a little surprised at the number

of people also waiting for the next train this early on a Saturday

morning. I recognized a few people from the neighborhood, but I kept to

myself, standing near the back wall with my backpack on one shoulder, as

usual, and a dampening thong, which thrilled me immensely.

At last, the announcement was made that the train was about to arrive.

Like the others on the platform, I made my way toward the track and picked

out a set of door markings, waiting at the end of the short line which had

formed there. The rush of air as the train entered the station caused my

skirt to flutter rapidly against my thighs.

Few people stepped out of the train, causing a net gain of passengers once

those of us waiting on the platform had boarded. I did not see anywhere to

sit where I would be by myself, so I stood near the door, holding the rail

to balance myself as the doors finally closed and the train began to move.

It just happened that I was standing next to a seeing-eye dog sitting at

the feet of a blind woman. With the large dark glasses covering her eyes,

it was clear that she was not just legally blind, but completely unable to

see anything. She sat with a friend and they chatted quietly as she held

the dog's harness. I tried to imagine what my life would be like if I was

completely unable to see anything, but I simply could not fathom that

situation.

My mind wandered. I thought of the anime DVDs I had won from an eBay

auction, and tried to anticipate when they would arrive. The next week's

math exam was a bit of a concern for me, as math had never been a favorite

subject for me. I had to work at the video store that night, which meant

an extra quarter of pay per hour since it was a Saturday closing shift; I

would not return home until well after midnight.

I happened to glance down at the dog again. He (I assumed it was a male

dog) looked up at me with large brown eyes, visibly sniffing in my

direction. I smiled at him and wanted to reach down to pet him, but I knew

that he was on duty, not simply out for a morning outing with his owner.

My thoughts wandered again, then returned to the present as the

announcement was made for the next stop. A few seconds later, the train

began to slow, and I looked down at the dog once again. His nose was very

visibly working overtime, sniffing in my direction.

Could he truly smell the passion filling the crotch of my thong? That

thought made me feel a little warmer, and I realized that I was blushing â€“

just slightly, but likely enough for anyone looking directly at me to

notice. A quick glance at the others around me revealed, much to my

relief, that none of them were looking at me; in fact, almost everyone was

either speaking with a friend or busy reading a book or magazine or

newspaper.

Still, I had to get away from this dog. His nose continued to sniff in my

direction, embarrassing me greatly. I waited until the train came to a

complete stop and spotted a small group of teenagers about to vacate a

pair of seats a few yards away. I made my way in that direction, taking

one of the seats as soon as the group had vacated them. I sat with my

thighs clamped tightly together, my backpack in my lap, and hoped that the

dog would essentially "forget" me.

But when I glanced back at the dog, he was still looking at me, his steady

brown gaze broken only by the legs of passengers now boarding the train. I

turned to the window beside me, the dark background of a billboard

advertisement just a few feet away from me allowing me to see my

reflection in the window. My cheeks did seem slightly reddened, and I did

still feel a little warm.

Closing my eyes did not help the situation much. I could still feel my

lover sheathed within me, feel his anatomy swell slightly and then erupt

inside me.

I could feel even more of his passion anointing my thong.

The doors closed and the train began to move once more. I wondered what my

big brother was doing, what he was thinking, at that very moment. Did he

realize that I was effectively "wearing" his seed? Did he know that just

that simple fact made me feel like a cheap slut even as I carried a creamy

reminder of his love between my legs? Did he realize that others â€“ human

or otherwise â€“ were aware that I had ridden him just before I left our

apartment? Did he consider that a dog could cause me so much

embarrassment?

The next stop was announced, and soon the train slowed once more. I looked

at the dog again, but he was looking up at his owner now â€“ much to my

relief. Her friend helped her to stand as the train pulled into the next

station, and the dog rose to his feet. I let out a sigh of relief that I

did not realize I was holding, thankful that the dog would embarrass me no

more.

But then, just before the dog and the friends stepped off the train and

onto the platform, he turned and looked at me one last time. I wanted to

crawl underneath the seat and hide, such was the embarrassment I felt,

inexplicable as it was.

Shortly after lunchtime, I finally returned to the apartment to find my

fraternal twin at the desk in his bedroom, scrawling notes as he read from

a thick textbook. I slipped off my thong, then entered his bedroom. After

a quick kiss to his cheek, I held the thong to his nose, ensuring that he

inhaled the scent which remained from our morning quickie.

"That is the scent of passion," I said matter-of-factly, "and of all

things, a dog now knows just how much you love me. That was without

question one of the most humiliating events I have ever experienced!!!"

And with that, I left his bedroom, leaving my big brother holding my thong

and certainly wondering how a dog could possibly have embarrassed me so

deeply.

Twins in College Ch. 10

by WFEATHER Â©

It seems that most guys absolutely love to see a beautiful girl wearing a

thong, and given his reaction whenever I wore a thong, my big brother was

certainly no different. So that spawned an idea in my head...

It happened that on a Thursday, my two morning classes were cancelled: one

professor was out sick all week with Chicken Pox, and another was headed

for a conference presentation in Milwaukee. I still got up with my big

brother that morning, and I eagerly took on the "dutiful wife" role and

fixed breakfast for him, since he was the one going off to "work."

As he ate, I went to my bedroom and selected an outfit worthy of my

surprise for him: platform heels, mini-skirt, thong, and halter top, all

in black. Then I returned to the living room to find him gone; from the

sounds, he was still in the bathroom, preparing for the day.

Fortunately, my plan worked well in terms of timing, as he was ready to

leave about ten minutes earlier than usual. For me, that was absolutely

perfect.

"Hey," I said softly, stepping into his bedroom. He looked up from putting

a book into his backpack, and gazed upon me appreciatively. I twirled

around, my short skirt flaring up and giving him a brief flash of my ass,

the thong covering just enough to keep me legal if I were to step out on

our narrow balcony.

"Planning on breaking hearts while I'm in class this morning?" my

forbidden lover asked with a teasing smile.

"Actually," I replied, "I was planning on getting fucked before you leave.

You have a few minutes, right?"

"Well, it certainly beats standing around on the BART platform for ten

minutes or so."

I turned toward the nearest wall, standing as if I was about to be frisked

by a police officer. My fraternal twin noticed my stance and immediately

fell into the appropriate role, patting me down as if he actually was a

police officer frisking a suspected criminal. I kept smiling to myself as

he touched me â€“ clearly a bit rougher than how an actual officer would

frisk a suspect, but I definitely did not mind, especially when his hands

lingered at my chest for a few moments.

He finally reached a hand up my skirt to cup my sex, and by then the

crotch of my thong was already dampening. "I see a cavity search is in

order here," my big brother said in a mock-threatening tone. I heard him

unbuckle his belt and unzip his jeans, and I decided to change my role a

bit.

"Please, officer, no! I'll be a good girl from now on! I'll obey all the

laws! Please...!!!"

"Your body must be searched to find out what you're leaking and why!"

The familiar phallus was already fully erect, which did not surprise me at

all. He pulled aside the damp crotch of my thong and placed the tip of his

hearty manhood at the entrance to my core.

"Please! Stop!! Please!!!"

I yelped as he shoved himself high up inside my body in a single thrust.

Despite all the sex we had enjoyed almost daily since moving to Berkeley,

it still hurt a little to have him impale me so fully, so quickly.

"Keep your hands on the wall, you damn criminal!" my forbidden lover

growled into my ear, then he began to truly fuck me. Very quickly, we were

both gasping, grunting, practically growling in primal lust. He brought a

hand to my chest, gripping a breast fiercely, somewhat painfully.

My big brother dropped his other hand down the front of my skirt and

inside my thong, toying with my clitoris, unlocking the explosion of

passion deep within me. I wailed unabashedly and felt his own explosion

within me seconds later as he held my aching breast with a death grip, his

breath loudly catching against my ear.

When at last I was released, I slid down the wall to my knees, still

gasping loudly as I heard my big brother redress himself, and I took that

opportunity to ensure the crotch of my thong was in its proper place.

"I've gotta go," he said, still breathing a bit quickly himself. "That

certainly gave me something nice to think about on the way to class!" He

tussled my hair briefly, then left for class.

Several minutes later, I finally rose to my feet. I went about my morning,

cleaning the apartment, washing the dishes, and doing a little studying

myself.

At last, I figured my surprise was ready. When we had moved into the

apartment, our father had stopped briefly in a Radio Shack and picked up a

small package of adhesive cable clips, to better organize the various

cables and cords behind the desks and the entertainment center. There were

still a few of those cable clips left in the toolbox we kept underneath

the kitchen sink, which was just perfect for my surprise.

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When I returned from my afternoon class, my forbidden lover was gone. I

looked around the apartment, and there was no sign that he had ever been

there since the morning. That disappointed me a little, but that also

meant that he had yet to discover my surprise for him.

After changing into well-worn gray sweatpants and my hole-pocked black

Burn-Up! t-shirt, I sat on the sofa, flipping through the various cable

channels, trying to find something interesting to watch for a while but

not finding anything to suit my mood. Not long afterward, I heard the key

in the door, and knew that my big brother had finally returned.

He did not go to his bedroom right away. Instead, he sat with me on the

sofa, holding me close as we half-watched some early-1980s music videos.

We chatted quietly about everything and nothing, simply enjoying each

other's company more than anything else.

"We have some leftover spaghetti," I finally offered. "Is that fine for

dinner? That and some salad?"

"I think I'd rather eat you," he replied with a smile, "but spaghetti and

salad sounds good as well."

I kissed my big brother's cheek as I stroked his chest. "You can eat me

for dessert," I promised him with a wink and a wicked grin.

After a few more minutes of mutual admiration, I extricated myself from

his protective hold and went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. I heard him

head toward his bedroom a moment later, and smiled to myself, waiting as I

worked.

Just as I retrieved the spaghetti from the microwave, my big brother

appeared in the kitchen, holding the very black thong which had collected

our combined love earlier in the day. "You naughty, naughty girl!" he

sneered.

"I'm naughty!?!" I countered. "You're the one holding some girl's used

underwear!!!"

"Perhaps," he retaliated, "but I assume that you're the one who posted

this sex-scented thong on the wall by my desk!!!"

We both laughed at that as I served the spaghetti onto two plates. "I

thought you'd enjoy the surprise."

"I do," he assured me, "but I'd never would have thought of mounting a

used thong on a wall just like a hunting trophy!"

Twins in College Ch. 11

by WFEATHER Â©

After the volleyball match, I showered and changed in the locker room,

then purposely went upstairs in the gymnasium building, coming down the

bleachers from behind my big brother to purposely surprise him. "Enjoying

the scenery?" I asked as I stood directly behind him.

He turned around quickly, his eyes first aimed directly at my crotch since

I was standing, before he looked up my body and finally met my gaze. "You

sneak!" he teased with a grin.

I ruffled his hair briefly, then sat next to him, my smelly clothes in my

backpack as it hung on one shoulder. "Shall we go back home," I asked, "or

would you prefer to sit here and watch the scenery a while?"

He knew exactly what I meant by "the scenery." While the intramural

volleyball league was officially coed, I knew instinctively, without even

looking at his eyes, that he was primarily watching the one all-female

team on the near court.

"Let's watch the rest of this match here," he suggested, nodding toward

the near court. "These two teams are really quite evenly matched."

He was right. Volleys would last at least three minutes on average: dig,

set, spike, dig, set, spike, bump, set, spike, dig, set, spike... It was

also interesting that the all-female team was playing a team with five

girls and one guy, so my big brother had plenty of eye candy before him.

I had seen plenty of volleyball in my life, and watched countless women

and girls play the game. But as I sat beside my fraternal twin, I began to

see the scene through his eyes. I knew that he appreciated that athletic

display before him, but I also knew that a growing portion of his brain

was focusing upon the female players, and that caused me to begin to focus

upon them more and more as well. For the very first time, I truly "saw"

them: the bouncing of their breasts, the swishing of their hair across

their shoulders and upper backs, the outlines of their sports bras

underneath their thin t-shirts, the graceful dips at their waists and the

noticeable flares at their hips...

Granted, I had admired my own body plenty of times in a mirror, and I was

honestly proud of my body and its proportions as well as its ability to

attract the admiring eyes of people of both sexes. As a very sexual person

myself, especially since we had moved to California to live on our own

while attending different colleges, I knew that my big brother enjoyed

pleasing my body, just as much as he enjoyed using my body for his own

pleasure.

I looked at my big brother for a moment between volleys, and tracked his

gaze to a short Asian girl who was about to serve. The volleyball high in

the air, her arm pulled back and her palm open ready to send the ball

arcing over the tall net, I noted how the swells upon her chest caused her

white t-shirt to bulge outward, leaving a noticeable gap between cotton

(or whatever material had been used to make her shirt) and navel. With her

back arched, her ponytail hung downward, the red ribbon at its end

attracting the eye. Her short blue shorts revealed plenty of well-toned

thigh.

"Put your eyes back in your head," I teased my big brother once she had

served the volleyball into the net. He punched me playfully in the arm,

just enough to sting a little.

"Let's go," he suggested. "Let's get back home before it gets too late."

"Good idea." We stood and made our way to the top of the bleachers, and

then I stopped, not sensing my big brother's presence directly behind me.

I turned around and saw him standing, looking fondly down upon the

all-female team once again for a moment before he returned to me.

"Don't worry," I assured him, "you can see plenty of the female body once

you get home!"

He grinned widely at that. "Careful," he warned, "I may just hold you to

it!!!"

We stepped out into the wide corridor, practically devoid of people. "I'd

just settle for you holding me," I whispered nonetheless, and his smile

widened.

\*\*\*\*\*

We sat on the sofa, holding each other close in the darkness, both of us

completely nude, our combined passion still trickling from my body. We

were both quiet for a long time, simply enjoying the silence.

"Just so you know," my big brother finally whispered into my ear, "I may

notice other girls, but you are really the only one I want in my life."

I smiled into his neck. "I know," I replied softly, "and that's why I can

tease you when your eyes do stray a bit."

He kissed my cheek. "Thanks for understanding," he whispered, stroking the

back of my head. "No wonder I love my baby sister so much."

I kissed the forbidden lips, feeling quite superior to the many girls he

had been admiring so openly at the gymnasium. After all, they may have

attracted his eyes, but I had attracted his heart.

Twins in College Ch. 12

by WFEATHER Â©

I awoke to my big brother's mouth upon mine, a hand upon my chest. My lips

were moving against his even before I was truly conscious again.

"Hello, beautiful," he finally whispered, looking down into my eyes.

"Welcome to the day."

I pulled him down for a long, heartfelt hug. The feel of his arms around

me, the feel of his weight pressing me down into his bed, the feeling of

love surrounding us both, they all combined to create a wonderful morning.

The fact that this was a Sunday morning made it even better: no classes

and no jobs, so we could remain in bed for a long time, simply enjoying

each other's company.

That is exactly what we did for several hours. We caressed and kissed and

fondled and hugged. We chatted about everything and nothing. We gazed at

each other in reverent silence. The outside world effectively no longer

existed for us.

At last, we decided to start the day... officially. After a playful shower

together, we dressed each other, then headed toward one of our favorite

restaurants: La Note.

As usual, there was a semi-long wait to be seated. Once we registered for

seating, my forbidden lover and I stood in the sun on the sidewalk,

chatting quietly amongst ourselves, paying little attention to anyone else

around us yet keeping an ear tuned for our names to be called.

"I think he likes you," my big brother said softly, his words hitting me

completely out of the blue as they had nothing to do with our chat about

our plans to visit Alcatraz.

I glanced around, and indeed, there was some guy semi-discreetly looking

at me. Actually, I quickly realized, he was looking at us. "Is there

something wrong with a brother and sister going to a restaurant together?"

I wanted to challenge him, but I instantly thought better of that tactic

and continued the Alcatraz discussion, occasionally glancing back toward

the watcher.

We were eventually called, and we went in, sitting near the back of the

restaurant. I sat facing the large front window, eagerly anticipating the

first taste of the French Roast coffee. We chatted, ordered, chatted, and

we both went silent when the coffee was delivered, each of us savoring the

taste.

"He's looking again," I announced.

"Who?"

"The guy who was watching us outside. He's sitting near the window, in the

corner opposite the door, at the table by the piano. It looks like he's

with a roommate or friend or something, but clearly not paying attention

to what his friend is saying."

"Am I going to have to go pick a fight with him to defend your honor?" my

big brother quipped.

I laughed at that, despite knowing fully well that he actually would pick

a fight with someone who threatened me in even the slightest way. "At

least wait until after brunch, okay? It does no good to fight on an empty

stomach."

We settled back into our everyday sibling banter again, although

throughout our meal, my eyes kept drifting toward that corner, and I kept

noticing how the guy was looking at us. The expression upon his face was

one of puzzlement, of wonder.

"Do you think he suspects something?" I finally offered, trying to find a

justification for anyone to look at a complete stranger for so long.

"Perhaps. Were we standing too close or something when we were outside

waiting to be seated?"

"I don't think so..."

I tried to let the situation go, to free my mind and focus on my forbidden

lover and our conversation, yet that guy continued to lurk at the back of

my mind, like an itch that would not go away even once the area had been

scratched completely raw.

"Time to get back home," my big brother finally announced, the excellent

meal finished at last and the check paid. "I have a bit of research to do

online to prepare for library research this week."

I nodded. Not knowing what came over me, I slid my ankle along his leg â€“

not very far, just enough to be romantic yet innocent enough to be a

simple "accident" given the little amount of legroom available underneath

the small table. But as soon as I made contact with the very-familiar leg,

I could feel the guy's eyes upon me again â€“ specifically upon me â€“ and

felt as if my skin was crawling.

"Let's go," I said. "The sooner, the better."

We made our way back to the apartment complex, meandering instead of

taking a more direct route from the bus stop. Only once we were safely

inside our apartment with the door closed and locked did I finally feel at

ease.

"What's wrong?" my big brother asked. "You've seemed uptight almost since

we walked into La Note today."

I released the sigh I had been holding back for quite some time. "That guy

just creeped me out, that's all." Leaning into him, my big brother wrapped

his arms around me. "I feel much better now, much safer."

Even without looking up at his face, I could sense the change in my

forbidden lover's personality. "I really should have picked a fight with

him," he mumbled to himself.

"I doubt that would have solved anything in this case," I said into his

shoulder, sighing again. "Just hold me, okay?"

"No complaints here."

We stood there for a long, long time, neither of us speaking, the strong,

loving grasp comforting me greatly. It was exactly what I needed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Straddling my chest, my big brother bathed my face with his white-hot

love, his soft grunts thrilling my ears.

"Thanks for the study break," he said, kissing my forehead before leaving

my bedroom. I smiled to myself as I watched his bare behind passing

through the doorway.

I laid on the bed for a while, the illicit seed drying upon my face. I

needed to do some studying myself, but I just was not in the mood to open

my textbooks, so I decided to go out for a walk around the neighborhood

instead, not bothering to wash my face first.

I came upon the small park and watched as a group of people practiced

martial arts maneuvers I had never seen before. Several of them faced away

from me, and as I walked slowly around the edge of the park, I recognized

one of them...

...as the guy who was continually looking at me in La Note.

I do not believe he actually saw me this time, as he seemed quite involved

with the practice. In his white outfit, he looked quite appealing, but the

fact that the same person who had creeped me out earlier in the day was in

this very park was almost as creepy as the looks he had given me earlier.

Quickly yet politely, I made my way to the nearest intersection and

disappeared around the corner of the small house there. Had he seen me?

Had he seen the dried, cracked remains of my big brother's forbidden love

upon my face?

I very nearly ran back to the apartment complex, but was somehow able to

keep my pace reduced to simply a brisk walk. My mind, on the other hand,

was racing as fast as a military jet at full throttle.

\*\*\*\*\*

I dreamed that my forbidden lover and I sat on a grassy shore of a vast

lake, watching the moon slowly rise above the tree line of the opposite

shore. I sat between his spread legs, leaning back against his chest as

his fingers were intertwined against my stomach. It was a clear, calm,

peaceful night, the only sounds those of the crickets and the gentle

lapping of the waves against the shoreline. He would occasionally kiss the

top of my head, or allow a hand to dip into the front of my bikini thong

and his fingers to briefly slip inside me, but it was otherwise a very

relaxing scene.

Then a twig could be heard breaking nearby. I turned my head toward the

sound, and saw a dark shadow appear at the edge of the clearing. As the

person stepped out of the shadow of the trees, I saw the all-white attire

and knew exactly who it was...

It was the very same person who had been looking at me continually at La

Note.

"So it's true," he said softly as he approached. "It's just as I

suspected. You truly are an incestuous couple."

My big brother apparently did not hear the accusation, nor did he even

seem to see the guy approaching us.

"That's just so wrong," the stranger continued. "Does he fuck you as well?

Actually, he must, because I saw your cum-soaked face today in the park.

Until I saw that, I was actually considering trying to somehow approach

you and ask you out, but now I see that you're just dirty, in the worst

way possible, a worthless bitch who can only find love in the worst of

places: her own brother! May the shame haunt you to eternity and

beyond!!!"

With that, he turned and stalked back toward the trees, disappearing into

the shadows.

I woke up crying in my forbidden lover's protective arms, feeling his

caring embrace while the final words of my dream repeatedly echoed inside

my skull.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Are you sure you're okay?"

I nodded and tried to smile, then gave my big brother a kiss on the cheek

before we left the apartment. "I guess I'm just feeling more emotional

than usual right now," I said cryptically, hoping he would simply

attribute my recent actions as being due to "girl issues." "Let's go."

It was a Monday morning, which meant a return to the routine of classes.

Somehow, each step away from the apartment complex made me feel better and

better. By the time we reached the BART station, I felt like my usual

cheery, smiling, joking self. I was with the one person most important to

me, laughing and chatting and oblivious to anyone else around us. Yet, my

subconscious mind kept raising one issue again and again and again:

May I never see that guy ever again!!!

Twins in College Ch. 13

by WFEATHER Â©

"Sorry, Dad," I said, "but I really need to stay here for Thanksgiving and

help out at the video store."

"Okay," he said through the phone. The letdown was clearly evident in his

voice. "I understand, although I know your mother will be disappointed.

But I'll soften the blow for you somehow. What about your brother?"

"Actually, he was planning to stay as well," I replied. "He's got a major

paper due at the end of the semester, so this is a good time for him to

focus on research, plus he doesn't really want me here by myself for

Thanksgiving Break, which I guess I can understand."

\*\*\*\*\*

Weeks later, Thanksgiving had finally arrived. Yes, my big brother had

research to do during Thanksgiving Break. Yes, he did not really want me

to be here on my own while the rest of the family would have otherwise

been together. Yes, I had planned on putting in a significant amount of

time at the video store, primarily picking up closing shifts.

Yes, we both wanted to have one day entirely to ourselves. In fact, almost

everyone in the building was gone, headed to various places across the

country to spend Thanksgiving with family or with a friend's family, and

since we lived in what was largely a student neighborhood and thus

virtually everyone for blocks around was gone, we were very much alone.

That was exactly what we wanted.

I awoke first that morning. No classes, no job, and purposely no homework

or research to mar the day. I awoke in my big brother's arms as usual,

feeling protected and loved and cherished, with my nude body pressed

snugly against his underneath the covers. After a gentle kiss to his

cheek, I rested my head upon the pillow and closed my eyes, inhaling my

big brother's natural scent.

I thought of the day ahead. The only true plan we had was dinner, plus our

parents would almost certainly call sometime during the day. Other than

that, we had plenty of DVDs we could watch, we had a small collection of

games we could play on the PS2, or we could take a leisurely stroll around

the neighborhood.

Or, of course, we could spend the day loving each other, engaged in a

sexathon. I had read more than a few erotic tales online of lengthy

sexathons, and had fantasized about it for several weeks, but certainly

had no expectations that it would happen today, especially not with the

likelihood of our parents calling at some point during the day.

My mind drifted. I imagined my forbidden lover cloned multiple times,

multiple horny "copies" of him surrounding me, all of them spewing their

illicit love upon me while I was on my back across a table, another copy

rutting violently into me while my head tipped backward off the opposite

edge of the table and another forbidden phallus filled my throat and my

hands squeezed and pumped other identical manhoods.

A soft moan brought me back to reality, and I realized that there was

indeed a manhood in my hand. I gently stroked my big brother's sex,

reveling in the lengthening and the hardening, taking great pride in

knowing that I was the cause of his arousal. He still seemed to be asleep,

however, which was particularly thrilling to me.

I stroked his head as I stroked his sex, and he whimpered again. He had

already almost reached his full length and hardness, but seemed to be lost

in that hazy phase between sleep and consciousness. His lips moved, and I

thought he was lipping my name, but I was not certain.

My big brother's arms tightened around me, yet he still did not seem to be

fully aware of what was happening. I hugged him close with my free arm

while I continued to stroke him, my ears finely tuned to his breathing,

which was becoming a little more ragged by the minute, as he moved against

my hand.

"Vicki!" he suddenly gasped, and my heart nearly burst from the

overflowing love at hearing my name in this particular moment. Even though

he was "stuck" between sleep and consciousness, I still filled his every

thought â€“ could there possibly be any greater evidence of his love for me?

I rolled him back to his back, kissing him fiercely as I rolled upon him.

Something took over my body, and I began furiously humping his hot sex, my

own sex dripping upon him as he groped me, fully awake now as our kisses

continued to spiral skyward in intensity.

I swallowed his groans, and I knew that he was about to erupt between us.

Lifting myself up on my arms, I quickly found the perfect angle to rub

back and forth along the illicit manhood while also pleasuring my own

clitoris. My big brother's hands gripped my ass, driving me back and forth

with even more power as his face contorted with need.

Underneath the thick layer of covers, we had already generated so much

heat that we were both sweating, further enhancing the intimacy of the

moment. I was panting unabashedly, trying to hold back my approaching

orgasm as I wanted this moment to actually be all about my big brother,

not about me.

But I did not need to hold back for very long. With a short primal cry, I

felt his fingers burrowing into my lower cheeks roughly as he held me

still upon him. Then his voice caught, and he did not breathe for nearly a

full second before I heard him wheeze and gasp again. I knew that his

white-hot love had been spilled upon his front, even though I could not

see it from the position of my body.

Even as he was still shuddering from the aftershocks of his

sister-inspired orgasm, I pulled back the covers and slid between his

legs. Brushing my hair out of the way, I took the meaty phallus into my

mouth, feeling my big brother lurch at the feel of my mouth surrounding

the bulbous head. His fingers toyed in my hair as my tongue worked slowly,

gently, caressing him as the erection slowly faded. Only then did I

finally release him from my hot mouth and start cleaning the spilled

contents from his stomach and chest with my own tongue.

In my admittedly-biased opinion, it was a most excellent breakfast.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our parents called as we made dinner together: a small turkey, stuffing,

mashed potatoes, and salad. We ate while watching football, then put away

the leftovers and went out for a leisurely stroll through the

neighborhood.

Although virtually everyone was clearly gone, I resisted the temptation to

link my arm with his. I had read a story online once about a guy who had

met a girl in a club and she was taking him back to her apartment, her

hands wrapped around his arm in a manner that constantly pressed his arm

against her breast. I wanted to do that: I wanted to feel my big brother's

touch upon a socially-unacceptable area of my body even as we walked along

the empty public streets. But I knew deep down that I could never have

that, that as soon as we made such forbidden contact in public, our love

would be doomed, our lives changed for the worse as we were "outed."

Each of us with our hands in the pockets of our jackets, we walked along,

chatting quietly, sharing jokes, sharing dreams, sharing memories. We did

see one other couple as we walked, a pair of senior citizens on the other

side of the street, their decades-long love evident in the way they

walked, their grip as they held hands, the regularity with which they

looked into each other's eyes.

That was denied us, and it always would be denied us â€“ at least, it would

be in public. I thought of the repeatedly-shown clip of Tom Cruise jumping

up and down on Oprah's couch, proclaiming his love for Katie Holmes. While

that had been a most excessive expression of love for someone, I also

wanted to be able to show the world that I loved someone. For some reason,

it was important to me to be able to publicly proclaim to the world that

my big brother was the one who had captured my heart.

For some reason, a thought came to mind. There are a number of "Property

of..." t-shirts, typically related to a sports team. For just a second, I

tried to imagine myself with a "Property of..." tattoo, perhaps on my arm

just below my left shoulder so it would be visible whenever I wore a

sleeveless top, indicating the I belong to my big brother. That thought

excited me, but I also knew that it, too, was unrealistic, and that notion

saddened me.

"You're rather quiet all of a sudden," my forbidden lover said, purposely

nudging my arm with his.

Quietly, slowly, I explained my thoughts to him. He never said a word, but

it was not necessary. I just sensed that he understood my concerns

completely.

Our heartfelt conversation finally reached its natural end as we

approached the apartment complex. I looked up at our narrow balcony,

thinking of all the memories we had already created within our apartment.

While we were not free to share our love publicly, within that apartment,

we created the world and its parameters, only allowing outside concerns to

penetrate our world whenever we turned on the TV or spoke by phone with

family or friends.

When we finally stepped back into our world and closed the door to seal

away the outside concerns, my previous distress began to melt away. Yet

before I could even unzip my jacket, my big brother stood before me,

hugging me tightly, and that perpetuated the melting process.

"Thank you," I whispered simply, clutching him fiercely. "Thank you, big

brother."

Thanksgiving is a time to think about and be thankful for all the good

things that have happened in our lives. What I was most thankful for was

that hug. That one simple act may have been something "strange" or

"unusual" for which one should be thankful, but the history behind that

hug was what made such a simple act so significant in my life.

That night, with tall pillar candles burning throughout the living room

and soft, slow jazz music playing on the radio, my big brother and I spent

a long time giving thanks to each other, but without words. We traded

lengthy oily massages and alternated with short interludes of lovemaking

designed to slowly arouse each other before returning to the massages. And

when we finally reached a blissful, simultaneous climax sometime around

midnight, I was so touched by the intimacy of my big brother's love and

understanding and admiration and respect that I cried openly, simply

whispering "Thank you" over and over again as he kissed away my tears of

joy and love.

Twins in College Ch. 14

by WFEATHER Â©

It was a nice, leisurely afternoon of shopping with my big brother. We

bought holiday gifts for our parents and a few other relatives, and â€“ most

importantly to us â€“ we bought our first holiday tree, along with the

appropriate decorations for it.

It was an artificial tree, about six feet tall including the base.

Fortunately, it came in a smaller-than-expected box with a built-in

plastic handle, so I could carry it easily while my big brother carried

the rest of our purchases. As we sat on a bus headed back to our

neighborhood, I looked forward to decorating the tree, as it had always

been one of my favorite moments of the holiday season.

"You're beaming," my big brother noted softly, patting my thigh.

I smiled at him, indeed happily anticipating the evening ahead. "It's our

first holiday season alone, just you and me. Why wouldn't I be happy?"

With no one else sitting near us, my big brother took my hand in his, and

my heart seemed to swell in my chest.

We finally returned to our apartment and deposited our purchases. He took

my hand in his again and pulled me close. The kiss we shared was long and

sweet, full of tenderness and love. Then he simply held me for a long

time, and I leaned against him, feeling cherished and protected.

"Let's go out for dinner tonight," I finally suggested, "somewhere nicer

than usual."

We ate at an upscale Chinese restaurant on Solano Avenue, a place Valerie

had recently suggested, and we were definitely not disappointed. The

decorations up and down the street truly gave the entire area a festive

atmosphere, even though there was no snow to accompany the jubilant

season. When we finally boarded a bus to return home, the seasonal

atmosphere traveled with us in the group of (likely) Berkeley students

dressed as elves, probably headed to a party.

"Are you glad to be off work tonight?" my big brother asked as the bus

passed through the tunnel that reminded me so much of the opening to Ridge

Racer IV.

"Definitely," I replied with a smile. "I do wish Mom and Daddy could be

here to see the tree when we finish the decorating, but at least you and I

get to do it together."

He laughed, and it took me a moment to catch the unintended

double-meaning. If other around us heard and understood the reason for his

laughter, they did not react... fortunately.

Once back in our apartment, I made coffee while my big brother lit a

number of candles in the living room and put on a CD of instrumental

versions of holiday songs. When I brought the coffee to him, he looked

particularly nice in his all-black attire: shoes, socks, slacks, belt,

shirt. I noted how his eyes drank in the vision of his own baby sister,

clad in a snug black dress with matching stockings and heels, and noticed

the how his eyes lingered upon the low neckline. Nothing was said for

several pregnant moments as we drank and gazed upon each other, the soft

music being the only sound.

"Shall we get started?" he finally offered.

We took our time opening the box with the artificial tree and the various

packages of decorations. Once we had everything spread out across the

living room, including the decorations our parents had sent a week

earlier, we began to construct the tree. With all the branches snugly in

place, we took a quick break to finish the coffee, then began to add the

lights: two strands of white lights and three strands of multicolored

lights wound around the branches in a haphazard, crisscrossing pattern

which would likely be somewhat awkward to unravel in January. Next came

the ornaments: a few which had been in the family for generations, the

ones our parents had sent, the ones we had bought that afternoon, and even

a few we had made in art classes in school.

The tree skirt was next, my big brother kneeling to wrap it around the

base of the tree. While he worked under the tree, I retrieved the final

three items: two ornaments and a star. These two ornaments were rather

plain in appearance: large white balls sprinkled with gold glitter. But

what made these ornaments special to us was that they bore our names:

Vicki and Victor.

At last, my big brother stood and turned to me. I held out the two

ornaments to him, and he smiled â€“ it was clear that these two items also

held a special meaning for him. He located a branch at the front of the

tree, about halfway up, and added both ornaments, then I handed him the

star to add to the very top of the tree, and he stepped back to inspect

his work.

We cleaned up the living room, then I sat on the sofa as my big brother

plugged in the lights. The tree looked absolutely beautiful, the contrast

of white and multicolored lights adding a visual appeal. The tree itself

was smaller and less densely decorated than what our parents would have

this year, but there was one significant difference: This particular tree

was ours and ours alone.

As my big brother approached the sofa, I thought of the meanings of how he

had placed the Vicki and Victor ornaments: touching. Anyone who knew us

would likely think of it as a symbol of the close bond my big brother and

I had always shared. But to me, it represented the inseparable nature of

our lives, the way we were practically fused together.

"Put out the candles," I suggested, and he did before he joined me on the

sofa. In the light of our first holiday tree, we held each other close,

essentially mimicking the position of those two special ornaments.

"Happy holidays, baby sister," my big brother whispered. "You're the best

possible gift I could ever have." Then he kissed me, adding to the warmth

I already felt both in the air and deep within me, and we spent the rest

of the evening on the sofa, our hands exploring and our lips adoring each

other. It was a beautiful way to end the day, and to begin the holiday

season.

Twins in College Ch. 15

by WFEATHER Â©

I was putting away my newly-washed clothes when my big brother came into

my bedroom. Stepping up behind me, he wrapped his arms around me and

kissed the top of my head. "I just had an interesting idea," he announced.

"How do you feel about taking a 'vacation' of sorts to celebrate the end

of our first semester of college?"

That made me stop and think, a smile upon my lips. "What did you have in

mind? We don't have time to go to, say, Hokkaido before we go back to see

our parents."

"I was thinking of something much more local, something which doesn't

require airfare for two."

"A drive up to Infineon Raceway? We'd need to rent a car first, and I

doubt there's much racing taking place there this time of year."

"Actually, there are several racing schools which use Infineon Raceway, so

I'm sure one of them will be in action. However" â€“ he gave me a gentle

squeeze and lowered his voice â€“ "I was thinking of perhaps a night in a

hotel in San Francisco."

I had never considered that, but I had previously heard of people "getting

away from it all" by spending a night or two at a local hotel. And why

not? It would get us away from the apartment for a while, which would make

the night special. It would not just be a short day trip into San

Francisco, and it would almost certainly spawn some very fond memories we

would carry with us for the rest of our lives.

"That would be a wonderful idea," I thought aloud, turning around in my

big brother's grasp to kiss him.

That evening, we compared our exam schedules, and realized that his last

exam was on a Wednesday morning, and my final assignment was a major paper

which was already nearly complete, so I could turn in my paper on Tuesday,

when I would be on campus anyhow for my last formal exam. We researched

hotels in San Francisco, in different parts of the city, and we had soon

made our decision â€“ a rather easy decision, actually, given our shared

interest in anime. While I took a shower, my big brother made the

reservations, and when I returned to his bedroom, all he said was, "It's

done."

\*\*\*\*\*

At last, the "big day" finally arrived. While my big brother was taking

his last exam of the semester, I enjoyed a long hot bubble bath, my mind

wondering what was in store for us for our end-of-semester mini-vacation.

I spent a long, long time that morning brushing my hair, applying make-up,

carefully considering what to wear before ultimately dressing, and finally

packing with a night of explicit fun in mind.

Lunch was light: salad and chicken sandwiches. I washed the dishes as my

big brother changed clothes and packed, and we were soon on our way to the

BART station, our mini-vacation under way.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a cool, windy day in San Francisco. The concrete canyons truly

focused the swiftly-moving air, chilling me as I rolled my carry-on behind

me. It felt strange to appear so much like a tourist in a city I was

starting to know fairly well, but my big brother gave me a reassuring

smile as a subtle reminder of what awaited us.

The bus meandered slowly through the traffic and up the steep hill.

Fortunately, we were able to find two adjacent unoccupied seats near the

back of the bus, and we chatted quietly about the end of the semester, our

plans for when we returned back east to spend Christmas with our parents,

my big brother's plans to find a new job with more hours.

Finally, we arrived within a few blocks of our destination and disembarked

from the bus. Having been to Little Tokyo several times since moving to

the Bay Area, the surroundings were rather familiar, but it still took a

few moments to truly orient ourselves so we could walk toward the hotel.

When we ultimately entered our room, my big brother gave a huge sigh of

relief. "Now it truly feels like the semester is over and done with," he

observed. I simply closed the door and ensured it was locked, then joined

him at the window as he parted the curtains. Despite the clouds, sunlight

filtered through, brightening what had previously been a rather gray,

somewhat-dismal day. It was almost as if Nature herself was agreeing with

my big brother's comment, indicating that the work was done and that now

we could play.

"Go get undressed," I instructed him. "I think you could definitely use a

massage."

"Sure," he said with a smile and a kiss.

A few minutes later, I straddled my big brother, massaging almond-scented

oil into his bare back. All was quiet, as one might expect at this time of

day on a Wednesday in a hotel. Neither of us said anything for a long,

long time. I massaged my forbidden lover as I openly admired his physique

once again, imagining his weight pinning me down on the bed as he thrust

into me again and again and again as I clawed at his back. His shoulder

blades still bore a few faint lines of red from where I had scratched him

previously during a particularly powerful session of lovemaking, and I

paused the massage briefly to trace each memorable marking with a

fingernail.

Eventually, I had to move off my fraternal twin to allow him to turn over,

but then I straddled him again, massaging more of the almond-scented oil

into his chest. We spoke with our eyes, gazing fondly at each other. There

was no awkwardness or shame in the fact that he was being touched so

intimately by his own baby sister. It was a bit unusual that I was still

fully clothed while he was the one who was naked, but that did not matter

to either of us. The love we shared filled the hotel room, warming the air

even more, surrounding us in a cocoon of devotion. And as I perched upon

him, he reached up to caress my cheek, his touch creating an additional

warmth within my chest.

In time, I changed my position so that I was flat on my stomach between

his legs. Slowly, I made love to him with my mouth, my ears savoring the

contented sighs escaping his lips. Time passed languidly as I suckled the

forbidden phallus, enjoying the experience just as much as I enjoyed my

big brother's soft touches upon my head and my hands. There was no rush

from either of us. This was not about making him explode in my mouth; this

was about demonstrating how much I adored him, about giving him

long-lasting pleasure that he would remember for a long time.

Eventually, however, my jaw was too sore from being in one position for so

long. With a final kiss to the tip of his manhood, I slowly crawled up my

big brother's body, raining gentle kisses upon him until I finally buried

my face in his neck and simply laid upon him, his hands caressing me

through my clothes.

No words were said. No words were needed. This was simply our time to be

together, our time to be alone, our time to be ourselves.

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We meandered through the various shops of Little Tokyo. We were mostly

silent, but it was a very comfortable silence, similar to that our

grandparents shared after their more than fifty years of marriage. That my

big brother and I had already attained such a level of comfort with each

other astounded me; that we could maintain such a loving silence despite

the many shoppers surrounding us was almost impossible to comprehend.

I was not at all surprised to see my big brother stop at the window of a

women's clothing store. Prominently displayed in the window was a

traditional Japanese schoolgirl uniform in navy blue. As he looked from

the uniform to me to the uniform to me again, I knew that he was

envisioning me in that attire.

"I already have a sailor fuku," I reminded him quietly, and from his smile

and the narrowing of his eyebrows, I knew that he was also reminiscing

upon our private Halloween celebration just two months earlier.

In time, we chose a restaurant for dinner: an upscale Japanese buffet.

While my big brother had been here once previously with a few friends from

college, this was my first visit, and it certainly would not be my last. I

knew instantly that it was a good place to eat given that there were only

five other non-Asians in the restaurant. The price was definitely

worthwhile, and we both ate our fill, with repeated trips to the buffet

lines on either side of the main entrance. Between the two of us, we

sampled almost everything that was offered that evening.

It was quite cold as we strolled outside, the plethora of holiday lights

casting a cheery glow all along our path. I clung to my big brother,

pressing his arm against my chest. He did not seem to mind, and no one

around us seemed to really take much notice of us. I did see a few other

couples in similar positions as they passed us heading in the opposite

direction.

When we finally reached the hotel, the warmth of the Japan-inspired lobby

was extremely refreshing. We made our way to the elevators and, once

inside with the doors closed, my big brother suddenly pulled me against

him and kissed me with surprising passion for several seconds, leaving me

breathless. "I've always wanted to kiss someone in an elevator," he said

with a sparkle in his eye, "and I'm glad I had the chance to do it with

you."

We were both still laughing about the kiss and his comment when we finally

reached our hotel room. Once the door was closed, we hugged tightly. If

not for our clothing, I believe our bodies would have fused into a single

entity, much like our hearts.

It was still relatively early in the evening, and we both still needed to

allow dinner to digest. With profound admiration, we undressed each other,

our hands and our lips continually in contact. Soon, we were sharing a

long shower together, taking our time in washing each other, but spending

the majority of the shower simply holding each other and sharing

lingering, respectful kisses. When we finally emerged, unabashedly naked,

from the bathroom, I was being carried to the single king-size bed, where

I was deposited with the care worthy of a fragile painted ceramic egg

being put on display in the world-renowned museum.

Seemingly only a heartbeat later, my big brother was positioned between my

legs, his fingers gently spreading my labia. I felt his hot breath upon

me, then whimpered softly as his tongue gently stroked me between my

feminine folds. Although he held me open, I did not feel exposed, such was

the love and the trust I felt so deeply for my fraternal twin.

"You taste even sweeter than usual tonight, baby sister," he whispered.

Then he returned to sampling my nectar, his tongue and his fingers

worshipping me and causing my passion to slowly rise. My body moved

against his well-honed efforts as I writhed upon the massive bed, my teeth

worrying my lower lip as I consciously fought the urge to moan loudly. And

when I finally did squeal (fortunately, softly), the magical forbidden

tongue was lifted away from me, frustrating me.

"Don't stop!" I pleaded with husky breath. "Please don't stop! Eat me!

Yes!"

Soon, however, my twin crawled up my body, kissing me, groping me, his

actions practically setting my skin ablaze. And when his sister-sweetened

lips finally reached my face, he flattened himself upon me, crushing me

wonderfully with his weight and swallowing the air forced from my lungs.

If the hotel cleaning staff would have entered our hotel room at that

time, they would have seen a young couple in constant motion upon the

massive bed. We groped and licked and humped and kissed and rolled and

bit, our loving banter reduced to simple short grunts and squeals. Even

the bed seemed to groan softly in protest of our incessant actions.

Throughout the loving "battle," I was extremely aware of my growing

arousal and the heat being generated deep within me, as well as the

ever-present heartiness of his intense desire for me.

With a sudden primal cry, an orgasm was inflicted upon me, and as I clawed

at my big brother's back and spasmed beneath him, his fingers continued

assaulting the base of my torso so that one climax rolled into another

into the next, until I was essentially just a quivering mindless

whimpering oozing mass at the center of the bed.

I believe I fell asleep, at least briefly, for my next memory is of my big

brother massaging my chest with the almond-scented oil. As his hands

slowly worked their magic, he looked upon me with an expression akin to

wonderment, as if my series of orgasms was something he wished he could

experience as well.

"You have a very good touch," I complimented him in a whisper, reaching up

to stroke his cheek.

"Well, perhaps it's because you're just a rather touchable girl," he

responded with equal reverence, his hands never leaving my slickened

breasts.

I closed my eyes, and simply reveled in his fondling of my chest. Even

long after the oil had essentially permeated my skin, his hands continued

to knead my feminine swells, which ensured that my liquid love continued

to spill from my body. I felt no embarrassment, no shame, at having my big

brother touch me so intimately. His touch both warmed me and calmed me.

And when he finally bend forward to kiss my lips, my mouth opened to him,

allowing his tongue access to my warm wet cavity. My arms wrapped around

him, holding him close, my fingernails gently scratching his upper back. I

whimpered softly into his loving mouth, my heart attempting to rip muscle

and bone and skin to be stroked directly by my big brother's gentle hands.

At last, my forbidden lover rose to a kneeling position beside me upon the

king-size bed. He lifted my hand to his lips, causing me to giggle quietly

at the old-fashioned gesture. But finally, I rose to a sitting position,

and leaned forward to hug him. "I love you so much, big brother," I

whispered into his ear. His response was to gently suckle my right ear

lobe, just below the small piercing.

"Stay here," I instructed him, extricating myself from his hold. I slipped

off the bed, grasped the handle of my rolling carry-on, and pulled it with

me into the bathroom.

I soon wore the same black mesh crotchless teddy that I had bought with

part of my first paycheck from the video store. Small embroidered red

roses circled each cup of the thin garment, effectively decorating each

breast. A small red bow rested atop the mons, adding additional

decoration. The thong-style teddy had no back, only a series of thin

straps to ensure the mesh front would stay affixed to my front... until

properly exposed by my adoring big brother.

As I watched myself in the mirror, I brushed my hair until it felt rather

fluffy as it tumbled down my exposed upper back, then added just a subtle

hint of rouge to my cheeks and applied my big brother's favorite

strawberry-flavored lip gloss. I was finally ready, and I turned off the

light and emerged from the bathroom.

With the exception of a tall pillar candle perched in the middle of the

table by the window, it was dark in the room. Seeing me approach the bed,

my twin sat up and smiled as he saw that I was wearing the same teddy

again. When I had first worn it for him at the beginning of the semester,

he had taken me while I was still officially clothed, exploiting the

crotchless nature of the garment. I wondered if he would ultimately

undress me this time before penetrating me.

My big brother had also dressed â€“ somewhat â€“ during my absence. He wore a

black leather thong, the front of which was just barely able to contain

his obviously-lengthening manhood. To my knowledge, my fraternal twin had

never worn such an item before, and I felt honored that he would do so for

me on this particular occasion.

"I'm glad you like it," he whispered. Only then did I realize that I was

smiling appreciatively. As he reached me, I knelt before him, gently

caressing him through the front of his thong, causing the succulent tip of

his forbidden phallus to emerge from the top of the pouch.

"Does my baby sister want to suck her big brother's cock?" he asked

softly. I looked up at him in the near-total darkness, nodding slowly, not

trusting my voice at that moment.

"Then first, you must earn that right."

Stepping away from me, my twin crossed the room toward his travel bag, and

returned to me with a thin collar. He showed it to me, and my heart soared

seeing that "Baby" has been emblazoned upon it in silver metal.

"Stand." I obeyed quickly and turned around, lifting my hair to allow my

big brother better access to place the collar upon me. The leather felt

nice, encircling my neck snugly as the collar was buckled into place.

"You are indeed my baby," my twin brother whispered into my ear as his

arms encircled me about the chest, "so I of course thought of you when I

saw this online."

I lifted my fingertips to the collar, tracing the four letters at the

front of my neck.

"Now for you to earn the right to suck me."

I watched as my big brother returned to his travel bag, producing two

items: a pair of black leather cuffs connected with a double-headed snap

clip, and a black whip with numerous long, thin tails. I smiled, albeit a

bit nervously, knowing that I would "earn" my prize by suffering pain.

Yet, as I had proclaimed to my big brother previously, I wanted to

experience pain for his pleasure.

"Hurt me, big brother," I pleaded, "please."

He smiled, then kissed my forehead. "Don't worry. I will."

Just a few heartbeats later, my wrists were secured behind me. My legs

spread to roughly shoulder width, I stood proudly in the darkness, dressed

yet essentially fully exposed to my domineering twin's hard incestuous

gaze. I squirmed a bit, testing the strength of the double-headed snap

clip, closing my eyes to relish the sensation of leather around my wrists

and neck.

I heard it, but did not have time to react before I felt the first kiss of

the whip across my chest. That first blow certainly stung and caused me to

inhale sharply and loudly, and the cuffs performed their job quite nicely,

preventing me from instinctively protecting my tender breasts with my

hands.

"Your safeword is 'hentai,'" my big brother told me.

Then the whip graced my vulnerable chest again. And again. And again. And

again. The time between those stinging strikes slowly decreased, until I

was practically dancing, shifting from foot to foot with my arms jerking

against the secured wrist cuffs as I tried to deal with the ever-growing

discomfort. My breaths came faster and harder and louder, and soon I was

grunting with each blow.

"You're doing well, baby sister."

Then he struck me harder, faster. The discomfort transitioned at that

point from an intense stinging sensation across my chest to an actual

pain. Yet my aching breasts were topped by erect nipples, and I was also

aware of a warm wetness forming at the base of my torso.

"Don't stop!" I managed to blurt out, and my big brother did not

disappoint me. Each strike of the whip was more powerful than the last,

causing my breasts to truly jiggle roughly and seductively.

At last, the dam broke, and the tears began to fall. I cried openly â€“ not

for the first time in my big brother's presence, but this cry somehow felt

so much more meaningful. He did not relent in his onslaught, battering me

breasts mercilessly for several more minutes before he finally grabbed me

by the shoulders and forced me to my knees.

He quickly stepped out of his thong, and I eagerly opened my mouth as wide

as possible. His hands in my hair, my big brother forced himself inside

me, momentarily causing me to gag on his sizeable erection. Even as I

continued to cry, I sucked him greedily, noting the taste of the sweet

fluid trickling from the tip of his manhood. He controlled the movement of

my head, whipping my neck back and forth faster and faster, grunting

softly as my mouth enticed him, until, finally, his incestuous love filled

my mouth and cascaded down my throat and dribbled past my lips. When he

had no more to feed me, he dropped to his knees and hugged me fiercely,

crushing me with his devotion, and I lamented the fact that I could not

hold him with equal enthusiasm due to the leather wrist cuffs.

Eventually, we regained our feet, and my big brother attempted to remove

the cuffs from me, but I quickly backed away, bumping into the bed.

"Please, don't," I requested. "I want to stay in the cuffs a bit longer."

It was true â€“ I enjoyed the restraint, the loss of freedom in my arms, the

way this predicament exposed me to my twin's gaze and touch and use. He

seemed to understand and nodded, but he grasped my arm and led me to the

bathroom once again.

After wetting one of the hotel washcloths with warm water from the sink's

faucet, he washed my face, cleaning the dried tears and the illicit love

from me. As he hung the washcloth to dry, I admired my aching chest in the

mirror, noting the redness showing through the black mesh teddy, and I

knew that I would sport those beautiful brother-inflicted markings well

into the evening.

"You never used your safeword," my loving twin observed, stroking my head

when he returned to me. "You took the whipping quite well."

I smiled at him. "I liked it," I admitted. "It made me feel more feminine

having you beat my breasts like that."

Bending down, my big brother placed a loving kiss upon each breast. "I may

hurt you again like that sometime. Would you like that?"

"I think so," I replied honestly. "And next time, I won't be so nervous

beforehand."

We kissed briefly, then my twin grasped my arm again and led me back into

the room. This time, he pulled out one of the chairs at the table and had

me sit. I waited patiently, my mind trying to anticipate what he had

planned for me next as he returned to his travel bag. When he returned to

me carrying a coil of white rope, I knew what was next...

...an excuse to once again practice the knot-tying skills he had learned

as a Boy Scout.

"Just remember," I chided him, "I'm your baby sister, not a set of small

logs."

"You may be my baby sister," he replied with a grin, "but you're still

just a tyable as a set of small logs!"

And in short order, I was indeed tied to the chair. My legs were free, but

my torso was pinned to the back of the chair, with several loops of the

rope both above and below my reddened, slightly-aching breasts. With my

wrists still cuffed and trapped between my torso and the back of the

chair, I definitely would not be able to free myself, relying solely upon

my big brother to either quickly free me or somehow protect me from any

falling debris should a major earthquake suddenly strike the Bay Area.

He seemed to sense my sudden concern, as he gently stroked my head again

and reassured me, "You're safe with me, always." I nodded, nervousness

welling up in my chest and squeezing my heart despite the nearly-tangible

loving atmosphere of our hotel room. "I also have something very

important," he said, returning to the travel bag and seconds later holding

up a pair of EMT scissors. He placed the scissors next to the pillar

candle on the table beside me, almost certainly more in an effort to quell

my concerns than because he really wanted them to be in that particular

spot.

I watched as my domineering twin moved toward the television. He turned on

the TV and picked up the remote as the shaving scene from Home Alone

played on one of the movie channels. Sitting on the bed, he flipped

through the channels, until he found a porn channel. Since I doubt a porn

channel would come "standard" with a hotel room, I figured that he must

have special ordered the channel when he made our reservation.

The accompanying music was wonderfully slow and seductive in its own

right, but the auburn-haired babe riding the Sybian by a glowing fireplace

was certainly giving a genuine screaming performance as someone off-camera

controlled the sex machine. My big brother turned down the sound, then

leaned back on the bed and began to stroke himself as he watched the scene

on the screen.

My eyes moved almost constantly between the small screen and the forbidden

phallus. I was in awe of her vocalizations and tried to imagine myself

perched upon the Sybian, but I also ached to feel my big brother inside me

once again, to ingest his white-hot love and allow it to nourish me.

In scenes lasting perhaps ten minutes each, we watched as three other

beautiful young women tried the Sybian, supposedly each for the first time

according to the on-screen captions. For those thirty sexually-charged

minutes, I anointed the seat of the chair with my arousal, and I became

more and more frustrated because I could not stroke my clitoris or drip a

finger inside my weeping sex. I actually became jealous of my big brother,

free to gently touch himself to maintain his full length and girth. I was

even a little angry with him, for he would occasionally tear his eyes away

from the small screen to look at me with a

don't-you-wish-you-could-touch-yourself grin. Soon I was squirming in the

chair, actually attempting to struggle my way out of my bonds, but the

leather cuffs and my big brother's ropework both held firm.

"That's right, baby sister," he said with a lecherous sneer, finally

leaving the bed and coming toward me. "Fight the rope for me. Struggle

your way to freedom."

He stood between me and the television, so I could not see the action

on-screen. I watched, fascinated, as he stroked himself again, his touches

more firm now, as I heard the rumblings of the Sybian and enjoyed the

needful wails of another young babe. My big brother performed for me,

stroking himself, caressing his body with his free hand. Likewise, I

performed for him, feeling his eyes undressing me (even though, given the

mesh material of the teddy, there was really not much to undress) as I

fought with growing vigor against my bonds, even though, somehow, I

definitely did not want to escape.

What I did want, however, was to be touched, to feel my big brother

rutting into me. My legs were thankfully free, but squeezing my thighs

together was not enough to provide me with the relief I needed. I pleaded

with my eyes and with my voice, requesting to be touched, to be fingered,

to be released and fucked like a worthless whore. And as a tiny Asian

beauty on the small screen succumbed to a shrieking, body-rocking climax,

my big brother knelt behind me, quickly untying the rope which confined me

to the chair.

In no time, I was bent over the bed, my wrists still secured behind me.

Making use of the crotchless nature of my teddy, my dominant twin impaled

me so quickly it hurt a little, causing me to cry out, the bed muffling my

voice. We were both grunting lewdly as he fucked me and spanked me. I was

my big brother's bitch, his slut, his cunt, his whore, his dirty baby

sister, his slave; he told me as much, and I kept nodding my assent, the

phrase "Yes, Master!" naturally spilling from me lips.

"Cum for your big brother!" he ordered, and with a final, brutal thrust

deep into me, his climax triggered mine. His fingernails painfully digging

into my hips, I screamed into the bed as I spasmed violently around him,

milking the last of the white-hot love from my dominant twin.

Eventually, after another long hot shower together, we cuddled under the

covers. Naked as usual, we slowly masturbated each other, maintaining a

good "simmer" level of arousal, which is all either of us really wanted

after the memorable events of the evening. In whispers in the darkness, we

discussed the bondage experience, the degrading name-calling, the spanking

and the whipping, and we realized that this was something we both wanted

to try again, soon.

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We both slept fairly late, taking advantage of not needing to go to class.

Looking at the digital clock in the television, we had missed the free

breakfast in the small hotel restaurant, and we needed to be out of the

hotel room in about two hours. Instead, my big brother ate me, taking his

fill of my liquid love, then he in turn fed me, his seed quite tasty given

the events of the night before which had brought our relationship to

another level.

It was with great sadness and great fondness that we finally left the

hotel. We made our way back to Berkeley in complete silence, looking at

each other quite often and thinking about the experiences we had shared at

the hotel.

My only regret about the mini-vacation was that I had never had the

opportunity to have my dominant twin use the handcuffs and the wooden

paddle on me. The recently-purchased items remained hidden at the bottom

of my carry-on, still waiting to be used on me. But I knew that,

eventually, I would be able to present them to my big brother â€“ my Master?

â€“ to further strengthen our profound bond.

Twins in College Ch. 16

by WFEATHER Â©

While it had been nice to visit our parents for a few days for the

holidays, it had been very strange and rather lonely for my big brother

and I to sleep in separate bedrooms, although we did sneak in more than a

few quick hugs and kisses. There were a few times when I wondered if our

mother suspected that there was more than just sibling love between her

twin children, but she never said anything about it to me.

Still, it was quite nice to finally return to California. The descent into

Oakland International Airport provided a welcome sight as we flew along

the bay. As the plane decreased its altitude, I felt my heart soaring,

knowing that, at last, we were very nearly home.

It was strange to me in a way that, despite having grown up in the same

house for virtually my entire life, the apartment I had shared with my big

brother for only a semester truly felt more "home-like" to me. Perhaps

that was due to the love we shared; perhaps that was due to the fact that

we did not share that space with anyone else. In the end, all that

mattered was that we were very nearly home, and once there, the seemingly

endless days of hiding our loving relationship would thankfully end.

Being the holiday season, the plane was practically full, and since we sat

in the very last row on the left side of the plane, my big brother and I

had a long time to wait before we would be able to deplane. We simply sat

in our usual comfortable silence, watching the mayhem before us as the

other passengers scrambled to retrieve their belongings and rush into the

terminal itself.

"You two are just so calm," one of the flight attendants commented to us.

"I've noticed that ever since I saw you two boarding the plane. There's no

hurry for anything. You just seem to move at your own pace. That's really

refreshing at this time of year."

I simply smiled, and she returned to working through her post-landing

checklist. Her comment raised another reason I was so eager to return to

the apartment: The frenetic pace of the holiday season would be locked out

of our lives... at least, until I had to return to work at the video store

the next day.

As we at last made our way through Terminal 2, my big brother took my

hand, leading me through the rushing throngs. Babies were crying, children

were running amok, adults were hurrying to catch their flights, and people

of all ages were practically yelling into their cell phones so they could

be heard... even the people moving "slowly" were bumping others out of

their way. The stress level was quite tangible. But my big brother was as

effective as a bulky offensive lineman, creating a hole in the defensive

crowd for me to pass through relatively unscathed.

At last, we made it out of the secure area, emerging by the Terminal 2

Baggage Claim area. Everything was even more chaotic here, especially

since the lengthy lines to enter the secure area extended well toward the

nearest baggage return carousels. The defense became even more unruly,

jostling me much more often as I was led through the area and finally

outside to the crowded sidewalk.

Yet, as my big brother led me toward the AirBART pick-up point, I was

still able to remain calm. Just the simple act of holding my hand allowed

his love to pour into me, to fill me with a calm and a sense of peace that

seemed to be missing from the entire world at that very moment. While I

was keenly aware of the hurrying people and the honking traffic all around

us as we crossed the intersection toward the awaiting AirBART shuttle,

none of it mattered to me â€“ it was all essentially "white noise" in

relation to the respectful love I felt flowing into me from my big

brother.

We joined the mob of people shoehorning themselves into the AirBART

shuttle. We had to stand, and we were able to arrange ourselves so that I

faced my big brother. Our luggage â€“ just carry-on bags â€“ secured between

our feet, I wrapped my arms snugly around his waist and nestled my head

against his shoulder. He held an overhead bar with one hand, his opposite

arm securely around my upper back to hold me to him, protecting me from

the noisy, chattering throng. As the shuttle finally began to move,

everyone was jostled about due to the starts and stops associated with

traffic around a major international airport during the holiday season.

Yet, as much as I have always disliked crowds, I felt secure, pressed

tightly against my big brother, feeling his heartbeat echoing mine.

I felt a significant lengthening between us as the motion of the shuttle

rocked me continually against my forbidden lover. Despite the hustle and

bustle of the holiday travelers, his growing erection was essentially an

island of normalcy, a familiar sword of calm decapitating the din around

us. I whispered sweet nothings into his ear, and his hold tightened around

me. To my surprise, I was a little reluctant to separate from my big

brother when we finally arrived at the BART station.

Even on the BART train, there was still a tangible sense of stress and

hurriedness surrounding us. Once again, there were no seats available, so

we stood, but at least the passengers were not packed in like sardines as

had been the case on the AirBART. At last, we had a chance to chat

quietly, falling into our usual banter. As the train approached Berkeley

and more and more people disembarked, the crowd naturally thinned, and the

overall level of stress lowered noticeably until, finally, we were nearing

our stop.

We were nearly home. We were nearly back in our safe haven, secluded from

this busy, stressful, fast-paced world.

It had been sunset when the plane landed; it was quite dark when we

stepped out of the BART station. Once in our neighborhood again, there was

virtually no traffic, and definitely no one joining us on the sidewalk â€“

clearly, the students were still largely scattered across the country

visiting friends and family for the holidays. Lights were shining through

only a very few windows in the houses and apartments.

Back in our cozy apartment at last, I locked the door behind us, shutting

out the frenzy of the holiday season. My big brother turned on the lights

on our tree, casting a cheery glow across the living room.

A heartbeat later, I was in my big brother's arms, savoring a long, warm

kiss. We left our luggage by the door and slowly made our way to the sofa,

where the foreplay was lengthy and slow, the undressing process proceeding

at the pace of continental drift, and the eventual lovemaking as gentle as

a young chick's feathers.

Despite the lengthy time without any sexual contact, neither of us was in

a hurry. We took great pleasure in simply being alone together once again,

our love once again expanding to fill the entire apartment with a tangible

warm energy. And as we finally reached climax together, it was such a

beautiful moment that tears of love and devotion trickled down my cheeks

as my big brother and I sang softly together, our bodies and our souls

joined as one.

Twins in College Ch. 17

by WFEATHER Â©

Sunday morning, and the holiday break was very nearly at its end. I awoke

to find my big brother's head upon my exposed chest, his ear pressed to my

sternum. He had said a few times before how much he enjoyed listening to

my heartbeat; apparently, the rhythmic sound was soothing him even as he

slept upon me.

The air in the apartment felt slightly cool, despite the temperature we

usually maintain in every room. I reached down and pulled up the covers,

almost completely covering his head.

The way he would hold me as we drifted to sleep every night would always

make me feel protected, as if I was as important to him as is pure gold to

the world economy. I cradled his head to me in much the same way, wanting

to protect him during the relative vulnerability of sleep.

I closed my eyes, thinking of what I was doing at that very moment. I was

naked, in bed with my own big brother, who was also naked. His ear was

pressed to my chest, and my hands were ensuring that his head did not move

from its current position. Anyone who saw us together in such a

compromising position would be either repulsed and/or angry at our illicit

relationship.

Yet, I did not care. The love I felt for my big brother was as natural to

me as the act of breathing. The sharing of my bed and my body was simply

an extension of my love. The occasional tickle wars and the brief shoulder

massages and the time spent washing our laundry all served to bring us

even closer together and further strengthen the love I felt for him.

His head shifted, coming to rest firmly upon a breast, as a hand slid

across my stomach to grasp my hip. Clearly, he was still asleep. He

definitely was comfortable in sleeping upon me, his own twin sister, and

in touching my naked body. It was a touching moment, poignantly heightened

by the gentle scratching of his lower face, certainly in need of a shave.

Slowly running my fingers through his hair, I closed my eyes and sighed

contentedly. My mind wandered a bit, thinking about our relationship thus

far. We had been lovers for roughly eight months, and had spent half that

time living together in Berkeley. I remembered the quick stolen moments we

had shared while we still lived back east, able only to share a quick hug

or kiss or grope so as not to arouse the suspicions of our parents. Of

course, there was the wonderful summer weekend camping trip in the

mountains, a weekend full of great conversations, fantastic views, and

intense lovemaking.

The head upon my breast shifted again while the hand upon my hip moved up

my side to wrap around my ribcage. In a way, I wished my big brother's

hand would wrap around certain other areas of my body instead, but I was

not about to complain. I truly enjoyed his touches: soft and respectful,

full of love and admiration.

The life we had created for ourselves upon arriving in Berkeley was indeed

a good one. As first-year college students, we both had our studies to

consider, as well as our jobs. In some ways, my big brother and I were

very much like a husband and wife two-income household. And while we each

had our own bedrooms with all the requisite items for sleeping and working

alone, we sometimes worked together, and we always slept together...

typically completely naked.

... as we were at that moment, on a semi-cool morning in my bedroom. Just

how many times had we made love here in this bed, late at night before

drifting to sleep or early in the morning to help chase the last remnants

of sleep from our minds? How often had we retired here during the day,

sometimes just for slow foreplay but other times just because our carnal

desires needed to be sated? There were, of course, many non-sexual

activities we had shared in this very bedroom, from massages to working on

my computer to general freewheeling chats to just simple sleep.

"My sweetest Victor," I whispered, stroking my big brother's head. "I love

you so much."

That seemed to be the key, for my big brother stirred at last, turning his

face toward my breast to place a gentle kiss just above the nipple. I

smiled as his lips kissed a short trail into my valley, ending with a kiss

and a gentle nibble directly over my heart.

"Good morning to you, too," I said softly, my hands caressing his head.

Sliding upward in bed, he finally kissed the tip of my nose, eliciting a

quiet giggle from me before his lips silenced me. He did not miss a beat

as he reached for the covers and pulled them up to properly cover us and

protect our nudity from the semi-cool air. I could feel a familiar

lengthening against me, and I wondered what he was thinking as his tongue

dipped past my lips.

I lifted his head away from me, and we gazed longingly into each other's

eyes. "I'm yours, big brother," I whispered. "Take me. Make love to your

baby sister."

"Only if you promise to accompany me to La Note for brunch."

My response was a smile and a wink.

We kissed again for a long, long time as my big brother lovingly played

between my legs, his fingers gently probing my womanhood. I mewled softly

into his mouth again and again as he masturbated me slowly, causing my

passion to trickle from me. Languidly, I moved against his hand,

thoroughly enjoying the illicit touches.

He finally tore his lips away from mine and wrapped them around a nipple.

"Oh please!" I begged softly, squirming from the sensations he was

creating within me. But he ignored my pleas, continuing to finger me and

suck me, occasionally taking the nipple between his teeth and tugging just

hard enough to magnify the jolts of delight without actually hurting me.

"Take me!"

"Make love to me!"

"Fill me!"

"Please!!!"

He ignored my every plea, playing my body like a professional musician

performing with a well-tuned instrument. Although I felt a tremendous pang

of embarrassment, I begged, I willingly debased myself. Tears even formed

at the corners of my eyes and ultimately trickled down my cheeks.

"I need you inside me!!!"

"Use me!!!"

"Ngyaaaaah!!!" He bit my nipple hard enough to hurt, yet the pain felt

wonderful, inexplicably increasing my desire.

"Big brother, please!!!!!"

With that, he finally lifted his face from my chest and assumed the

position above me. I eagerly guided him to my weeping womanhood, and as he

kissed a tear from my face, he pressed into my sisterly body, his

pleasurable entry slow and respectful yet still leaving me breathless by

the time he was fully and snugly sheathed deep within me.

I reached up for his shoulders and pulled him down upon me, his weight

flattening my hard-ripped breasts. I needed to feel him within me. I

needed to feel his body crushing mine into the mattress as he made love to

me.

Crush me he did. With his slow movements within me, his weight shifted

continually upon me, creating a special rocking motion of its own, forcing

me ever deeper into the mattress. It felt as if my big brother was

smothering me with his illicit love, and from his naughty whispered

comments in my ear, he was thoroughly enjoying every moment of the

experience.

...as was I, signaled by my heavy labored breaths, the air forced from my

lungs by his crushing movements upon me, the smile upon my face.

Clutching him fiercely with my legs and my arms, I bathed my loving twin

with my own love, my lips parted wide in a silent cry, my eyes open to

daylight yet seeing nothing but sparkling stars. My release triggered his

which prolonged my own, and we rocked together intimately, performing the

primal dance of lovers, our hearts pounding a beautiful rhythmic melody

only we could hear or feel.

\*\*\*\*\*

La Note was crowded as usual, and we waited outside on the sidewalk for a

table to open up for us. My mind still reeled from our lovemaking, and it

seemed as if our combined passion continued to slowly seep from me to

anoint the crotch of my thong.

"I hope I didn't hurt you this morning," my big brother said quietly with

concern in his voice. We stood a good ten yards away from the other

awaiting patrons, so it was quite unlikely that anyone would hear our

conversation.

I smiled at him, feeling a bit heady as I eagerly recalled the violent

trembling of his body upon mine as he filled me with his illicit seed. "It

was a bit hard to breathe," I admitted, "but I enjoyed every millisecond

of it."

"Good," he said with an audible breath of relief.

"It is strange," I commented, "that you would be worried about hurting me

like that given our end-of-semester festivities in the hotel."

He actually blushed! My big brother actually blushed!

At that very moment, we were called inside. After giving him a playful

punch to the chest, I led the way, buying a precious few extra seconds for

my fraternal twin to regain his composure before stepping into the small,

crowded restaurant.

Twins in College Ch. 18

by WFEATHER Â©

I returned from classes, eager to just flop on the sofa and watch some

mind-numbing TV for a while before my big brother returned from his

college campus. I paused inside the doorway to our apartment building to

check the mail, and was surprised to see a letter from my mother addressed

directly to me.

A few minutes later, as I sat on the sofa with some music videos playing

on the television, I opened the envelope. Inside was a Frederick's of

Hollywood gift card, as well as a short note:

"I realized while you were home for the holidays just how much of a

stunning young woman you have become, and although you denied it when I

asked, I'm sure that you must have a boyfriend. So here is a chance to buy

something daring to surprise him. I hope you're still on the pill; if not,

at least please buy some condoms so the surprise does not turn into a

potential nightmare for you and the wonderful life you have ahead."

Even though no one could see me, I blushed profusely. If only my mother

knew just who would be seeing and enjoying such a "surprise" thanks to her

unexpected generosity!!!

I rushed to my bedroom, brought the laptop out of Sleep mode, and started

shopping. Just the act of specifically shopping with my big brother's

surprise in mind caused me to feel rather warm somewhere other than my

face, and I was not at all embarrassed to feel warm in that part of my

body. I finally made my purchase and closed the laptop just as I heard my

big brother return to our loving abode. I went to greet him, melting into

his hold as we kissed warmly.

\*\*\*\*\*

My big brother's surprise finally arrived on a Friday, which was just

perfect: I next worked late afternoon to midnight on Saturday, and his

next shift was Saturday evening, so we could spend all of Friday night

doing naughty things if we so chose and still have some time to sleep

together (literally, just sleep) Saturday morning.

I had a strong suspicion that we would so choose!!!

I had until about 8PM to prepare before my big brother would return from

work. I showered and shaved, applied a little make-up, brushed my hair,

then streaked to my bedroom.

Upon the bed, the mint-colored lingerie awaited: a lace-accented satin

flyaway babydoll with a matching crotchless g-string. I eagerly dressed,

admiring myself in the mirror mounted on the inside of the closet door,

quite impressed with the image of femininity reflected back at me.

I checked the clock on the dresser, then added a slight hint of perfume,

something I rarely ever do. I then went around the apartment, lighting

numerous candles in the living room and turning off all the other lights.

After selecting a CD of slow instrumentals of romantic songs, soft music

soon filled the dimly-lit living room. As my big brother and I were both

underage, there was unfortunately not any wine to add to the experience I

wanted to present for my fraternal twin, so instead I poured two glasses

of sparkling grape juice, one of his favorites, and purposely waited in

the kitchen for his return.

Perhaps three songs later, I heard a key slipping into the lock. I took

both glasses with me and stepped into the living room, into the full

illumination of the candlelight, just as a very special person stepped

into the apartment, his eyes wide at the atmosphere I had created

especially for him. Then his eyes began to adjust to the dim lighting, and

I felt a warm tingle within me as I saw his lips begin to curl upward in

an appreciative smile, his eyes clearly drinking in the sight of his

scantily-clad baby sister.

"Welcome home, big brother," I said softly, perhaps too softly for him to

hear. He finally closed and locked the door, shutting out the outside

world. Setting down his backpack by the door and soon topping it with his

heavy jacket, he slowly approached, and I stood my ground, a drink in each

hand, smiling lovingly as I awaited him.

Carefully, he took a glass from me, then we shared a long, slow kiss.

Amazingly, we never spilled our drinks. Even though there was no alcohol

in the apartment, I felt rather heady from the kiss, from his free hand

gently stroking my breast.

A song ended, as did our kiss. We gazed deep into each other's eyes in

silence and, moving as one, we intertwined our arms and drank slowly, our

free hands gently caressing each other.

"I feel a bit overdressed," my twin finally said quietly, as if simply

speaking would pervert the romantic atmosphere I had created for him.

"I don't mind," I replied, unwinding my arm from his and taking his empty

glass from him. "Stay there, and I'll return to undress you myself." He

smiled at my wink and my giggle.

A few moments later, I returned, stepping immediately into my fraternal

twin's outstretched arms. The hug was long and tender as we swayed to the

rhythm of the music, and eventually, we were slow dancing, our hearts in

sync with the gentle music, my big brother's love seeming to flow through

me as if it had replaced my own blood.

"I still feel overdressed," he whispered.

"Why should you feel bad about that?" I countered just as quietly. "I'm

the one wearing lingerie!"

We shared a soft laugh and a hug, then I stepped back a bit and began to

undress my fraternal twin. My hands slipped up underneath his t-shirt to

gently scratch his chest, then I withdrew my hands and slowly began to

unbutton the garment, starting with the top button and working downward,

gently placing a kiss upon the newly-exposed skin as I worked my way down

his torso. I smiled to myself as my ears noted the quickening sounds of

breathing coming from above me.

The shirt completely unbuttoned, I reversed course, slowly rising, gently

licking my way up my big brother's torso, up his neck, licking his lips.

As I licked inside his mouth, I pushed the shirt off his shoulders, and

given that it took a few moments for his arms to again envelope me, I knew

the garment had been banished to the floor.

"Is that better?" I finally asked. "Do you still feel overdressed?"

"A little."

I kissed my way down his torso again, kissing his manhood through his

jeans when I finally knelt again before him. For a moment, I thought of

our BDSM interests, and thought it somewhat significant that I was

kneeling before my big brother, the one who had dominated me and who

certainly would master me again. I wondered if he was thinking as well

about our end-of-semester stay at a hotel near Little Tokyo in San

Francisco.

"Submitting to me again?" he asked quietly.

He was indeed thinking the same thing I was thinking. "Always, Master."

My domineering big brother clearly considered it for a moment. "Not

tonight," he said. "You clearly had something more romantic in mind

tonight."

I nodded my acknowledgement, gazing up into the same eyes I saw every time

I looked into a mirror. I moved back a bit and slowly worked my way down

his legs, kneading him through his jeans until I reached his feet. Fully

hunched over, I used my teeth to try untying his shoelaces, and enjoyed

his laugh descending upon me. But I finally gave up, resorting to my

hands, which made my work much, much easier.

The shoes removed and cast aside, I reached around behind my twin's feet

to retrieve his discarded shirt and cast the garment aside. Then I

returned my attention to the socks, and he assisted me by lifting each

foot in turn so I could remove each sock and set it upon the growing pile

of clothing. I then kissed each foot, licking the top of each toe as I

caressed his ankles.

Slowly, I worked back up my big brother's legs until I was kneeling before

him again. I kissed the bulge at the front of his jeans as I unbuckled his

belt, then helped him to slip out of both his jeans and his briefs

simultaneously.

Standing nude before me, my big brother looked longingly down upon me. He

held back my hair as I slowly ingested him, taking in his meaty manhood,

savoring the sweet drops leaking slowly from the tip. I felt an intense

thrill, slowly moving my head back and forth around my own twin's

significant erection.

"My sweet baby sister," I heard softly from above me. Looking up into my

big brother's eyes while my lips were wrapped snugly around his male

anatomy must have presented a most obscene view for him. He smiled

sweetly, lovingly stroking my cheek.

This was not about making him pour his essence down my throat. This was

about slow, long-lasting pleasure and love, about enjoying the intimacy of

the overall experience. Several songs came and went, and although my knees

and my jaw ached tremendously, I continued to please him, his sighs and

his whispered comments spurning me on and adding to the simmering arousal

within me.

I wondered how this evening would end. In my mind's eye, I saw myself on

the floor on my hands and knees, with my big brother clutching me tightly

as he lay upon my back, volleying his seed into my body. Another scenario

ended with me on my knees, my face covered with his incestuous love. Still

a third possibility involved us relaxing in a bubble bath together, my big

brother masturbating me to completion as I leaned back against him.

Slipping from me at last, he knelt before me and gave me a long hug as my

hand continued to stroke him, massaging my own saliva into his hardened

manhood. I could feel him pulsing in my hands, leaking upon me. I smiled

as I heard and felt his ragged breath against my neck.

"Make love to me," I finally pleaded softly into his ear.

A few moments later, I was on my hands and knees, my body being slowly and

lovingly penetrated by my big brother. We both moaned softly as one being

at the initial joining, and when he was fully sheathed within me, he bent

over me, his arms wrapped snugly around me, breathing sexily into my ear.

Thanks to the crotchless g-string, it felt so seductive yet so naughty to

be wearing something yet still be filled by the forbidden phallus.

Our lovemaking was slow and romantic. I was on my hands and knees for a

while before I was hauled upward with my back against my big brother's

chest; he unhooked the front of my babydoll and kneaded my breasts

directly as we began to move faster and faster against each other until,

at last, I was pushed back to my hands and knees, and he rutted into me

rapidly with his hands fiercely gripping my hips, our voices joining in a

lovers' duet.

At last, clutching me tightly as he lay upon my back, my sisterly body was

filled by the incestuous love I so desired. We trembled together like that

for some time, basking in our love and admiration for each other.

I never achieved orgasm while my big brother filled me, but he made it up

to me in bed, one arm securely holding me from behind as he masturbated me

to several breathy releases. It finally ended with a long, heartfelt

cuddle as we drifted off to sleep together, sweet smiles upon our faces.

Twins in College Ch. 19

by WFEATHER Â©

In the past, Valentine's Day between my big brother and me had been

celebrated rather simply, with just an exchange of greeting cards and

perhaps a hug.

In 2006, however, Valentine's Day would have a much more intimate

significance for us both, as for the first time on this particular day, my

big brother was also my dearest lover.

Since before Halloween, I had been considering how to make Valentine's Day

a very special one, a day which we would remember for millennia to come.

Unfortunately, Valentine's Day was on a Tuesday, which meant that if we

wanted to spend an entire day alone, we would need to skip all our classes

that day and also call off from work.

However, we decided that we should indeed take the entire day off, as it

was our first Valentine's Day together as a young couple deeply and madly

in love. Thinking fondly of our wonderful and memorable end-of-semester

celebration in December, I suggested that we return to the same hotel near

Little Tokyo, and â€“ not surprisingly â€“ my big brother wholeheartedly

agreed and announced that he would make the appropriate arrangements.

Neither of us had to suggest it: We both instinctively knew that I would

be bound and beaten again for Valentine's Day. Instead of studying, I

actually sat at my desk on several occasions, masturbating to thoughts of

restraint and pain, imagining the exposed forbidden phallus pulsing

strongly and menacingly before me in reaction to my struggles and my

cries. When I should have been writing short opinion papers for a class, I

was instead scouring the Internet for stories or video clips or sound

files featuring young female slaves being teased and tormented while in

various forms of restraint.

Thinking ahead to the upcoming visit to the hotel, however, we would not

have just one evening together. This time, I would be at my domineering

twin's mercy for at least an entire day, and I was desperately looking

forward to that experience.

As the big day approached, we chatted about the upcoming experience more

and more. In bed, my big brother would cuddle me, touching me lovingly

while whispering into my ear how he would enjoy seeing me bound again

before him, fighting the bonds as he alternated between giving me pain and

giving me pleasure, making me cry out for more of each. And as I drifted

off to sleep, my mind would be filled of those very same images, and there

was almost certainly a smile upon my face as slumber at last overtook me.

The big question which had been gnawing at the back of my mind for months,

however, was what gift I could possibly give to my big brother that he

would truly appreciate and which would be a significant symbol of our

deepening relationship. I had already given him my heart, which he

cherished with every touch, every glance. I had already given him my body,

which he claimed almost daily to the unbridled delight of us both. I had

even already given him one of my thongs, which was still mounted like a

trophy on the wall of his bedroom.

What more could I possibly give him?

At last, the idea came to me. I went online, spent some time searching for

the right place, made a number of phone calls to compare services and

prices, and eagerly scheduled an appointment.

\*\*\*\*\*

We both returned from our respective colleges to the apartment at the same

time, stepping off different cars of the same BART train and grinning

knowingly to each other as we ascended the stairs to the street level.

Once safely inside our apartment, we kissed eagerly, a kiss which hinted

at the mini-vacation ahead.

My big brother finished his packing while I made dinner: salad and

leftover pizza. We ate somewhat quickly, my bare feet nestled in his lap.

While he washed and put away the dishes, I completed the last of my

packing. With one final hug and his kiss to my forehead, we embarked.

When we at last emerged from underground, nighttime had definitely fallen

upon San Francisco, and the city lights looked rather pretty. Love was

certainly in the air, quite noticeable by the Valentine's Day

advertisements in the store windows and the greater-than-usual number of

couples holding hands or â€“ in the case of a young teenage couple two rows

in front of us on the bus to Little Tokyo â€“ making out without shame. I

wished desperately that I could have kissed my big brother at that moment

or simply held his hand, but I contented myself with pressing my thigh

against his as I looked out the window.

We stepped off the bus at last. Recognizing the neighborhood, it was easy

to find our way to the hotel. And just as we were about to enter the

hotel, my big brother stopped me with a hand on my shoulder.

"You remember the safeword and the safesound we agreed upon, right?" he

asked, his tone serious for once.

"Yes," I replied with a nod, my tone equally serious. "'Hentai' and the

sound of a siren."

"Good. Now, once we step into the hotel, I am no longer your big brother

and you are no longer my baby sister â€“ at least, not until we return home

on Wednesday."

I nodded again. "I am your slave and you are my Master. I am yours to

command and use as you see fit."

"That's right. Are you ready for this, baby sister?"

I smiled. Despite the deep love and the intense trust I felt for him,

despite our previous experience with BDSM, I was a little nervous, which

somewhat surprised me. I nodded.

"I'm ready for this, big brother. I'm ready to be your slave. I want to be

your slave."

"Okay, then." He held the door open for me, and I stepped into the hotel,

and thus, at last, I stepped into my eagerly-anticipated role.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was amazed to be standing in the exact same room my big brother â€“ my

Master â€“ and I had shared at the hotel for our end-of-semester

mini-vacation. Everything was the same with the exception of the

television set, which now had a built-in DVD player. "We could go to that

video store in Little Tokyo and buy some anime to watch," I suggested,

"perhaps some tentacle-sex hentai."

"I think I'd rather watch you," my Master replied with a lecherous smile,

"especially as you struggle for me."

We did not engage in bondage play immediately. Instead, my Master sat in

one of the chairs at the table, and I sat in his lap, facing him. If we

were not wearing clothes, it would have been a nice position for slowly

making love to him, or to simply have him filling me, each of us calmly

motionless, as we held each other. Instead, we shared numerous kisses as

our hands explored each other, as if we were two young teens each

exploring the opposite sex for the very first time. Despite the intimate

familiarity inherent with our relationship, it added a sense of (false)

innocence to the loving atmosphere within our hotel room.

"Stand," he finally instructed me, and I reluctantly complied, standing

beside him. I wore a black skirt, baby blue blouse, white bra and thong,

white low socks, and baby blue tennis shoes. My only other adornments were

the usual small hoop earrings.

"Strip."

That command I fulfilled eagerly, although it took a lot of willpower to

prevent myself from smiling with anticipation and ripping the clothes from

my own bodt as I complied. I felt proud that my own twin brother â€“ my

Master â€“ found my body so attractive, proud that my Master lusted for me,

proud that my Master would ultimately use me for his own pleasure.

Wearing only the earrings, I stood once again, my hands at my sides. "Part

your legs, shoulder width," he ordered, and I obeyed instantly,

instinctively clasping my hands behind me. Then he reached out and stroked

my bare sex, his thumb brushing along the thin horizontal line of

closely-cut pubic hair â€“ my "third eyebrow," as he called it â€“ which I had

begun to sport since the beginning of the year. I sighed contentedly,

closing my eyes, enjoying my Master's gentle touches. He continued to

stroke me brazenly, and I rocked slowly against his hand and mewled softly

as he extracted the wet love from my body.

"Kneel." I obeyed again, saddened that his hand would no longer be

touching me so intimately. But then he held the same hand to my lips, and

I took my time in gently cleaning him, licking my own desire from him,

savoring my own taste, and I rediscovered the reason why he likes to eat

me.

"Give me your thong and your bra." I retrieved the requested undergarments

from the pile of clothes on the floor and handed them to my Master. Then,

he surprised me by placing them on the windowsill, on the other side of

the heavy red curtain, in the corner of the window, so that they were well

out of my reach.

"Get dressed. We're going for a walk." That statement startled me.

Our walk was an unusual one for me. A few times previously, I had been out

in public without wearing a bra, so that did not really bother me,

especially since I also wore a heavy jacket. But to be out in public

without any underwear whatsoever certainly made me feel uncomfortable. By

its design, a thong inherently does not provide much coverage, but not

wearing anything at all under my skirt made me feel truly vulnerable.

Although the breeze was almost negligible, I could feel the cool air

caressing my body where it should not be possible to be caressed in

public, and I irrationally feared a sudden gust of strong wind blowing up

my skirt and exposing me to the few passersby.

"Are you nervous?" my Master asked, a slight hint of laughter in his

voice.

"Yes, Master," I replied quietly.

"Good."

We found a small coffee shop, a cozy place with the feel of a mom-'n'-pop

operation. There were only a few customers inside, almost all of Asian

descent. I sat at a table by the front window and waited for my Master to

order our drinks.

Sitting alone, I had a few moments to think, to reminisce about our

previous stay at the hotel and anticipate the events of the current stay.

My thoughts created a notable warmth and dampness at the base of my torso,

and that concerned me a little, as I did not have a thong to contain the

passion which may trickle from my body, which would thus create a wet spot

upon my skirt.

My Master returned with our drinks and sat across the small table from me,

his legs brushing against mine. We slowly sipped our drinks for a long

time, neither of us speaking until we were both finished. It was a

comfortable silence, highlighted by the feel of my Master's legs touching

mine.

"My sister, my slave," he finally whispered. His eyes spoke volumes of the

love he felt for me, causing my heart to swell within my chest and beat a

little faster.

"My brother, my Master," I whispered in reply, sliding my legs against

his.

"Let's go play."

I simply nodded with a smile.

\*\*\*\*\*

"No restraints tonight," my Master informed me, "other than my commands

and your desire."

I again stood naked before my dominant twin, enjoying how his gaze

scrutinized my body as he slowly circled me, inspecting me. I have long

felt my breasts are my best assets, and felt a special thrill each time

his wandering eyes lingered upon my chest. I was definitely a little

disappointed, however, that my Master was still fully clothed, for I would

have enjoyed gazing upon his nudity as well. But his clothing could not

truly hide his erection, as it created a noticeable bulge at the front of

his jeans.

Eventually, as he stood behind me, my Master pressed himself against me,

his hands cupping my breasts and squeezing gently. Instinctively, I placed

my hands over his.

"No," he said softly but firmly into my ear. "Play with yourself. Use both

hands. I'll take care of your chest."

"Yes, Master." My eyes closed, I lost myself in our combined touches upon

my body. A good fifteen minutes must have passed as we both slowly fondled

my body. Small rivulets of passion meandered down my thighs while soft

happy sounds escaped my upper lips.

"I can hear you fingering yourself," he noted with a whisper in my ear.

"It's a nice sound. It's a really beautiful sound. Can you hear it?"

I could indeed hear the slight sloshing sounds as I continually thrust two

fingers into my own body. "Yes, Master, I can hear it. It sounds dirty,

but I like it."

"Then keep doing it." He sat on the bed, unzipped his jeans, and brought

his significant manhood out through the resulting hole. "Suck me."

"Gladly, Master!" I had to wonder, Did that sound too needful, too

desperate, too horny?

A heartbeat later, I knelt between his denim-clad thighs, my lips forming

a tight seal as my head was slowly pushed further and further down the

hearty, magnificent phallus. As I suckled the masculine anatomy, I was all

too aware of its symbolism. I was also very keenly aware of its power,

surging behind the symbolism, gathering behind the hair-thin dam of will

and waiting to unleash its fury either upon me or within me.

I smiled at that thought, and my body cried with profuse happiness, the

sloshing sounds suddenly even more prominent, at least to my ears.

I could feel the blood flowing within, reinforcing his manhood, further

strengthening that symbolism and continuing to heighten its power. In this

state, it was as stern as a stereotypical drill sergeant, as angry as a

Class 5 tornado, as strong as titanium, as hot as the sun itself.

My Master filled my mouth, holding my head in place, causing me to gag.

Yet I continued to finger myself, continued to cause my passion to spill

down my thighs. Slowly, he allowed my head to ascend his solid manhood,

allowed me to breathe without obstruction for several seconds, then he

pushed my head back down upon his thick shaft.

There was no hurry from either of us. I maintained a good steady level of

arousal while my Master ensured I would please him for a long, long time.

Neither of us were approaching a point of no return, but that did not

matter â€“ all that mattered was that we were together, alone, creating new

memories in a place where other memories had been made previously.

And many more memories would be created here in the seemingly endless

hours ahead.

\*\*\*\*\*

My hair still damp from our late-night shower together, I turned off the

light and cautiously approached the king-size bed.

"Go open the curtains," my Master commanded from underneath the covers.

That seemed like a rather odd request to me, but, like a good slave, I

obeyed. As I parted the curtains, I admired the lights of the city spread

out before me. It was a most beautiful sight, and I stood there for

several minutes, simply gazing across San Francisco, once again thankful

that we had both chosen to come to the Bay Area for college.

"Are you going to stand at the window all night long?"

Only then did I consciously recognize that I was naked, potentially

exposing my body to countless unseen eyes in the low buildings across the

street. For just a second, I froze in fear â€“ what should a young college

girl do in such a situation? But then, realizing that any voyeurs would

have already enjoyed seeing me in the flesh for several minutes, I simply

backed slowly away from the window, retreating into the shadows of the

hotel room, retreating to the bed, retreating to the protective love of my

Master's hold as we together slipped into peaceful slumber.

\*\*\*\*\*

Barely stifling an impassioned cry, I fell upon my big brother, my Master,

trembling mightily from the intense climax, the first I had experienced in

nearly a full week.

It was a beautiful Valentine's Day morning. I was hunched upon my Master,

mewing softly in post-orgasmic bliss, the daylight passing through the

parted curtains to illuminate the memorable hotel room, the forbidden

phallus still hard and pulsing inside my sisterly body, his hands gently

stroking my hair and my sweat-covered back as I breathed heavily into his

neck. I was making love to the one I loved, which was what really made it

a beautiful Valentine's Day morning.

"Rise up," he finally commanded, and I obeyed, straddling my Master as he

impaled me wonderfully. I clenched around him, and felt his twitch of

response. His hands reached up to my chest, and he gently tugged at each

nipple, sending shockwaves emanating outward from those rock-hard points.

"Make yourself cum for me." As he applied steadily-growing pressure upon

my hard nubs, I fingered my clitoris quickly, my heart rate and my

breathing increasing yet again. The pressure turned from pleasant to

uncomfortable to aching to painful, and I cried out softly, strumming my

clitoris faster and faster to counteract the twin points of pain being

inflicted upon me by my domineering twin.

"Cum for me. Cum for your Master."

I rocked back and forth upon him, causing the fiery invader to shift

repeatedly within me and increase my own arousal. My eyes were open, but

my vision was clouded by lust, which enabled my brain to focus more upon

the polar sensations of pain and pleasure. The complete opposite ends of

the sensation spectrum battled for supremacy.

Pleasure won.

I suddenly felt as if I was being crushed, and was acutely aware of the

powerful torrents of incestuous love surging high within my body. I gasped

for air, but the inhalations were much warmer than usual, and only as I

finally calmed from the powerful climax did I realize that my Master was

kissing me fiercely while seizing me in a bear hug. He shook violently

through his own orgasmic storm, rocking me wonderfully, and I clung to

him, both admiring him in his greatest moment of vulnerability and

partaking in the same vulnerability as I rode him throughout the powerful

ordeal.

Both of us gasping loudly, we hugged tightly, the aftershocks felt by us

both. The air certainly smelt of our intense passion, and as my vision

began to clear, I realized something significant:

The curtains were still parted wide.

I did not care, and that realization surprised me.

Not long afterward, my Master's stomach gurgled â€“ softly, but definitely

noticeable. We both giggled and shared a sweet kiss, then, finally, I

disengaged from the forbidden phallus, sighing sadly as our physical

connection was terminated.

"Shall I go get breakfast for you, Master?" I asked, standing beside the

bed, in view of the window, my head and upper body certainly visible to

anyone in the low building across the street who might be looking up at

our window.

"Let's go together," he replied. "But I think we'd better shower first, so

our loving scent won't scandalize everyone in the restaurant downstairs."

\*\*\*\*\*

After breakfast, we returned to the small coffee shop we had visited the

night before. Again, I wore neither bra nor thong, but instead of feeling

nervous and embarrassed about it, I felt free and uninhibited. Again,

there was no breeze, so the only way anyone else would know that I was

naked underneath my skirt would be to place a properly-angled mirror

between my feet as I stood beside my Master waiting for the vehicles to

pass through the intersection.

We took our coffee with us this time, walking down to Little Tokyo itself.

We finished the coffee and finally began to peruse some of the shops. The

shop with the Japanese antiques and furniture really fascinated us both,

and as we meandered, we imagined aloud how we would decorate a house with

such items. Of course, such fine furniture and antiques carries a high

price tag, and we could only afford to decorate in such a manner by first

winning the Mega Millions or the Super Lotto Plus.

In time, however, we returned to our loving hotel room. My Master had

barely closed the door behind him when he ordered me to strip again. This

time, the curtains were closed, so I did not need to be concerned about

exposing either my naked body or our incestuous love to the outside world.

Of course, what would likely have been even more scandalous to a voyeur

would have been seeing me willingly being whipped and spanked and whatever

else my domineering twin had planned for me.

From the inside pocket of his heavy jacket, my Master produced the same

"Baby" collar I had worn during our previous visit to this hotel. I

smiled, reliving the moment when he had first placed that collar around my

neck even as he placed it around my neck for the second time.

"On your stomach on the bed," I was instructed, and I moved to comply as

my Master went to his small suitcase. I watched as he produced four

leather cuffs connected to what appeared to be a four-way snap-clip

system. I recalled having seen something like it previously, and it took

me a moment to remember that I had seen it on the Web site of a San

Francisco bondage supply shop, listed as a simple method to hogtie a

slave.

Had my Master perhaps gone to that very shop without me?

Faster than I would have liked, I was essentially hogtied, with extremely

limited movement of wrists and ankles â€“ perhaps two inches at most. I felt

stretched, my torso arched to accommodate the position. But then my Master

retrieved something new: a classic red ball gag.

I was soon drooling onto the bedspread as my domineering twin sat beside

me on the bed. He stroked my hair and caressed my taut body, and I closed

my eyes and enjoyed his touches.

Amazingly, that was all we did for quite some time. I was petted and

fondled, and my only response was to drool and occasionally whimper or

sigh happily. It was embarrassing to drool, to essentially need a bib at

my age, and it did bring a slight blush to my cheeks, but, overall, I

enjoyed the restriction, even as my muscles ached and burned from being

set into the same position for such a long period of time. And when I was

released from my bonds, my entire body was treated to a loving massage,

helping to ease my aches and warm my soul.

\*\*\*\*\*

After lunch in the hotel restaurant, we returned to our room. I was still

wearing the "Baby" collar, and soon that and my tiny earrings were all I

wore, as I stood proudly before my big brother, my Master, avidly awaiting

his next instruction.

He approached me at last, and we held each other in a comfortable, warm

embrace. I was becoming more and more accustomed to being naked while he

was fully clothed, and in my mind it made me feel even more like a slave,

my nudity allowing him easy access to my entire body for the inflicting of

pleasure or the inflicting of pain.

"To think that my baby sister is willing to submit to me," he finally

whispered, "that fills me with great pride, and honor. And that's just one

of the reasons I love you." I simply kissed his cheek, not knowing how

else to respond to his beautiful words.

"But now, I need to hurt you."

I looked into his eyes and smiled. I was suddenly more nervous than I had

anticipated, even though I had been through a similar ordeal some two

months previous to this.

Still, I wanted this. To some extent, I needed this. "Hurt me, Master," I

requested. "Hurt me and use me, please."

We shared a kiss. It began softly and lovingly, but grew more heated, more

needful. We were soon groping each other. I could feel the

all-too-familiar manhood lengthening, solidifying; I was almost certain

that he could feel the hardening points upon my breasts.

We were both breathless when my Master stepped away from me and sat upon

bed, leaning back against the headboard. "Across my lap," he ordered, and

I scrambled into position, my nervousness now greatly reduced, my

breathing and heart rate still elevated from the heated embrace we had

just shared.

He wasted no time in spanking me, and he did not even bother to start

slowly. The sting of the first blow to my rear had barely registered in my

brain before his hand befell me again. In the space of a few heartbeats, I

was squirming across my Master's thighs, each blow stinging and warming my

backside as he punished my ass harder and faster, harder and faster. I

grunted, I groaned, I yelped, and I did not want the ordeal to stop. It

hurt, yet I knew that my body was dripping upon my Master's denim-clad

thighs.

"My dirty little slave loves being spanked, huh?!?" my domineering twin

challenged me. "You are such a slut, a horny bitch who gets off on being

kinky with her own big brother! And don't think I'm not aware of your

pussy drooling on my legs, you damn slave!"

He continued to spank me and verbally abuse me. The way I squirmed kept

bringing such pleasure to my clitoris that I was afraid I would climax

upon him even as he was spanking me. I was crying out with almost every

blow, definitely feeling the pain and the heat his hand was generating and

wanting more.

But suddenly, he stopped. I was panting heavily between moans, still

sliding my clitoris across my Master's thigh.

My mouth opened in a silence scream as a new, more intense pain graced my

rear. Where did that paddle come from!?! I thought with panic.

He waited a few seconds, clearly allowing the new sensation to sink in for

me, then he struck me again. I did not cry this time, but the pain was

intense as the blow fell upon my spanking-reddened lower cheeks.

I was paddled again, and tears welled up in my eyes, threatening to spill

down my cheeks.

Fortunately, my face was buried in the bed, for with the next painful

strike, I screamed, and I simply could not stop screaming. I was aware of

my Master's free hand gently scratching the back of my head as if I was a

young kitten, but my senses were so acutely focused upon the descending

paddle as it continued to beat me, punish me, hurt me.

Yet, through it all, I felt loved. My Master, my brother, loved me so much

that it hurt me.

And I continued to scream into the bed even after the paddling had ended.

At last, when my vocalizations had finally subsided to simply loud

whimpers, I felt my Master maneuvering me, and I was certainly in no

condition to disallow it. He was soon on his back on the bed, and I was

stretched out upon him, crying upon his shoulder and neck as his hands

caressed my body, purposely avoiding my still-fiery ass.

"You did well, Vicki," he whispered again and again. "You did well."

The last of my tears were tumbling down my wet cheeks when I kissed him.

Despite the painful experience which had just passed, despite the pain I

still felt, our kiss was slow and loving, and sealed the bond between us.

\*\*\*\*\*

After the shower, I stepped out of the bathroom to find my Master awaiting

me with a towel. He took his time carefully drying me, and it was so

different from the activity which had taken place in this very same hotel

room earlier in the afternoon.

Two acts of love, at completely different ends of the scale.

He was still fully clothed, although he had changed to another pair of

jeans. He was properly dressed, whereas I wore only my earrings. Yet I did

not feel awkward or embarrassed.

Ultimately, the towel was banished to the floor, and the embrace we shared

was long and calming, chasing away the final remnants of discomfort in my

lower cheeks.

"My beautiful baby sister," he said softly before placing a kiss at the

center of my forehead.

I clutched him tightly, my head upon his shoulder. I just needed to hold

him, needed to be held. And as we stood there, I was very aware of the

nearly-tangible love filling our hotel room.

\*\*\*\*\*

My Master was still properly dressed and I was still properly naked,

having only added the "Baby" collar following the shower. We sat together

on the bed, both of us leaning back against the headboard, watching the

hotel's porn channel.

Ever since I had first truly "seen" the female body through my big

brother's eyes following one of my intramural volleyball matches the

previous semester, I had more of an appreciation for the female form. As a

beautiful college girl crossed campus, my eyes might track her, noting her

curves, digesting the bounce of her hair and her breasts as she walked on

long, proud, bare, well-toned legs. While my big brother and I had

occasionally listened to sound files of women enjoying sex, I found myself

becoming even more attuned to the sounds of a woman's passion.

We watched as a pair of young women tenderly touched and kissed upon a

furry rug before an active fireplace. Both wore jeans and sweatshirts and

socks, both had lengthy black hair tied back into a ponytail, and, judging

from the sweet smiles and the sparkling eyes, both appeared to genuinely

love each other.

"They truly are beautiful," I whispered absently as I leaned against my

Master, an arm draped behind his neck.

"They are," he agreed, "and they certainly look like long-time lovers."

"Do they turn you on?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"Two girls being intimate? Of course!" He patted my bare thigh. "But I

would much prefer to watch a particular baby sister."

"Alone or with some other girl?"

"Yes," was my Master's immediate response, no hesitation required.

I could only laugh quietly at that. "Would you want to participate or

simply watch?"

One of the beauties on the screen rolled the other to her back upon the

carpet, maintaining lips-to-lips contact. "I'd be content either way," my

Master replied honestly, "but unless the other girl was familiar with and

very accepting of our relationship, I couldn't really touch you at all if

I were to participate."

I had not considered that, but decided to turn the tables slightly. "In

that case," I said, stroking his chest as I spoke, "we'll just first tie

you to a chair or something to ensure that you can't touch me. How does

that sound?"

His response was a kiss, with his hand moving from my thigh to my sex.

We watched as the two women on the screen took plenty of time in slowly

undressing each other, constantly touching and kissing throughout the

foreplay. Through several positions, they languidly masturbated and ate

each other to several orgasms. And through the hour or so of this

particular scene, my Master masturbated me, able to keep me on the edge

until, as the scene finally ended and the two beauties on-screen reached a

noisy climax together, he touched me in just the right places to grant me

the release he had been denying me.

He held me through my post-orgasmic bliss, stroking me and caressing me as

I trembled from the aftereffects and whimpered into his neck. The next

scene played, another slowly-progressing lesbian scene between two exotic

beauties, but neither of us paid the scene much attention. Instead, we

simply cuddled, treasuring the loving moment together.

\*\*\*\*\*

We returned from dinner in Little Tokyo and we both knew: It was time to

exchange gifts. Minutes later, we sat on the bed, and I gave my Master, my

big brother, my Valentine's Day gift to him.

He smiled as he read the card and gave my hand a gentle squeeze. Then he

carefully opened the red-and-white heart-print box and lifted out the item

inside. He peeled back the bubble wrap, and gave a soft gasp of pleasant

surprise.

He held in his hands a framed picture of me in a full wedding dress,

holding a bouquet of red roses and smiling sweetly at the camera, at him.

"It's wonderful," he breathed, his fingers stroking the glass covering my

face in the photo. "It's perfect."

The hug he gave me was fierce and heartfelt. I had known my big brother

would truly adore this particular gift. Now, I knew that it was definitely

worth the price to rent the wedding dress and buy the roses and pay all

the fees associated with the photo shoot and the framing.

"I know we sometimes say we're already just like husband and wife," I

whispered into his ear, "so perhaps this will bring us one step closer to

being an actual married couple."

The kiss was long and loving, just as heartfelt as the hugs both before

and afterward. "My sweetest baby sister," he whispered into my ear. "I

love you so, so much!"

We held each other for a long, long time before I was handed my

Valentine's Day gift. From its shape and size, it was clearly jewelry,

most likely a necklace, which I found slightly odd given that I very

rarely ever wear jewelry other than my tiny hoop earrings.

I slipped the card from its red envelope. "I love to make love to you..."

the front read, and inside: "...but I love to love you even more."

"I feel the same," I said with a smile, and kissed his cheek, leaving

behind a slight impression of my red-painted lips.

I then unwrapped the gift, and it was indeed a small, elongated jewelry

box. Upon opening it, however, I was a bit surprised that it was not a

necklace. I lifted it out of the jewelry box, and smiled at the

thoughtfulness and symbolism.

My mind flashed back to a discussion we had had in bed late one night

shortly after our end-of-semester mini-vacation. My big brother had asked

me if I were to become his full-time slave how I would like to be

constantly reminded of my status. I had replied that a belly chain would

be best: I would always feel it surrounding me to remind me that I

belonged to him, yet it would not carry the social stigma which would call

attention to either me or our illicit relationship.

I gazed fondly upon the belly chain and its detachable charms: a heart, a

crescent moon, a snowflake, and a pair of handcuffs.

I hugged my big brother and Master fiercely. "Thank you!" I whispered

repeatedly between kisses to his neck and cheek. He simply laughed and

held me, clearly glad that I liked his gift so much.

"While I would be honored to 'collar' you with the belly chain," my Master

finally said, looking sincerely into my eyes, "it's not a decision to be

taken lightly. Perhaps we're still far too early in our BDSM exploration

to truly take this step. But I at least wanted you to have it, perhaps as

a precursor to things to come."

I nodded. "I know exactly what to do with it until it's time to fully

submit to you," I said.

Soon, we stood and put away the gifts. Then we embraced once again,

Valentine's Day having turned from harsh love to soft love between us.

"Wait here, big brother," I finally whispered. "I want to go prepare for

you."

"You don't need to prepare anything for me," he whispered, fingering the

spaghetti strap on my little black dress.

I simply lifted his hand away from my shoulder. "Please," I pleaded, "I

want to do this for you."

With a knowing smile, he nodded, giving me one more kiss to the forehead.

When I emerged from the bathroom, my hair was tied back into a ponytail,

my lips had been painted a prominent deep red, and I wore a Wonder Woman

cami and panty outfit. Standing at the table and lighting a pair of

candles, my big brother was wearing only the thong he had worn on our

previous visit here. I smiled upon seeing my forbidden lover in such scant

clothing, and for just a moment felt a big smug in the fact that, for

once, I wore more clothing than him.

He apparently had not heard me open the bathroom door, so I turned off the

lights of our hotel room. That certainly attracted my big brother's

attention, as he looked up. His eyes grew big and a smile stretched

practically from ear to ear once he saw me.

"From baby sister to Wonder Woman!" he commented with a jubilant laugh. "I

can just imagine the roleplay possibilities here!"

I was very quickly in my big brother's arms again, imagining myself in

this very outfit, bound to a tree in a torrential rainstorm, struggling

furiously, playing the role of a captured superheroine. But those thoughts

were dispelled as I felt a familiar lengthening and hardening against me.

"You're getting hard, you naughty boy," I whispered. "Does your baby

sister turn you on? Or is it the thought of making love to Wonder Woman

that has you so excited?"

His hands seized my head and he kissed me, his tongue instantly

penetrating me, his meaty manhood attempting to do the same via my navel.

I surrendered my mouth to him, allowing my big brother to make love to my

mouth as I closed my lips around his thrusting tongue. Gripping his

exposed lower cheeks, I held him close, wiggling slightly from side to

side across the forbidden phallus.

Soon, I was able to wrest my head from the formidable grip. Despite

gasping somewhat for air, I kissed him repeatedly, leaving a trail of red

imprints from his lips to his chin to his neck to his shoulder and down

his chest and stomach until I finally knelt before him.

Caressing my big brother's sex through the pouch of his thong, I looked up

in the candlelight at his sweet face. "Feed me your love," I pleaded

softly. "Feed your baby sister."

With his hands caressing my head, I revealed the prize, lowering the

thong. It could have simply been my perception on this particular night,

but the hearty erection appeared to be even longer and slightly wider than

ever before, pulsing with a superb power. Like my own body, his body was

dripping, and I brushed a fingertip across the tip of his manhood to

collect some of his illicit love, then brought it to my lips, tasting the

sweetness and closing my eyes to better savor the moment.

"Feed me," I pleaded again, and I accepted my big brother's powerful

erection into my eager mouth.

My eyes still closed, virtually all my senses were highly attuned to the

action taking place in my mouth. Kneeling in the position of submission

before my big brother with my lips wrapped snugly around his meaty manhood

felt right, natural, perfect. Keeping my eyes closed, I reveled in the

feel of his familiar hands in my hair, and my heart swelled as he guided

my head so he could make love to my mouth.

"Sweet Vicki," I heard my big brother whisper from above me. "Look up at

me."

I opened my eyes and obeyed, noting the flame of love behind his eyes.

"You mean so much to me," he whispered, "that I can't imagine my life

without you. I love you, Vicki, I truly love you."

I responded by squeezing my big brother's lower cheeks and twirling my

tongue around his invading erection. I thought I felt him shudder

slightly, and I definitely saw him smile. Then I set myself to the task of

truly making love to him with my mouth, bobbing my head upon the forbidden

phallus as my head was held and caressed sweetly.

Slowly, the pace of my movements increased, but our collective desire

increased at least twice as quickly. It was such a thrill to hear my big

brother's breathing increasing in both volume and pace. And I realized

that the overall situation had caused my body to moisten the panty of my

Wonder Woman outfit.

Finally at his breaking point, I was pushed away, my mouth suddenly

emptied. "Feed me!" I pleaded as he wrapped a hand around his angry

erection and pumped quickly. I closed my eyes and leaned forward with my

mouth open as wide as possible, and nary a second later, I received my

Valentine's Day dessert and ingested the sweetness once my big brother had

no more to feed me.

Dropping to his knees, he held me, his body trembling subtly following his

climax. I was proud to be the one to bring such pleasure to him, and

honored that he trusted me enough to make himself so vulnerable to me as I

provided that pleasure.

"You've been eating a lot of sugar lately," I finally commented. "Your

incestuous love tastes even sweeter than usual."

We laughed for a few moments before my big brother nudged me to my back

upon the floor. Straddling my legs, he gazed upon me, showing absolutely

no shame in simply looking at me as he returned his thong to its

socially-acceptable position, and I felt absolutely no shame in being

viewed with a mixture of love and lust by my own big brother.

Reaching forward, I took my forbidden lover's hand and placed it upon my

chest. We shared a smile and a loving gaze as his other hand joined its

counterpart upon my body. As I caressed his thighs, he gently manipulated

my breasts, his touches sending waves of desire emanating outward from

each feminine swell. "So different," I whispered absently.

"Different from what?"

"Different from being spanked and paddled and bound earlier, although I

found a strange pleasure in all that as well, even when I was screaming

and crying from the pain."

He seemed to think about that for a moment, then moved off me. "Come,

Wonder Woman," he said, taking my hand and helping me to stand with him.

"Is this beautiful young superheroine going to be restrained somehow and

be forced to fight her bonds?" I asked with a smile, batting my eyes at my

domineering twin.

"'This beautiful young superheroine' is indeed going to be restrained," he

replied, "but I highly doubt that she'll be fighting her bonds."

Moments later, a fur-lined leather blindfold was placed over my eyes,

robbing me of vision but enhancing every other sense to compensate for

that exquisite loss. Over the next few minutes, my loving Master stood

behind me and fondled my breasts, pausing a few times to pluck at my

nipples through the thin garment, playing my hardened nubs as if they were

violin strings. His handling of my body was affecting us both: The

telltale warmth and wetness grew within the base of my torso as the

telltale lengthening and hardening grew between us.

"I want to feel you inside me," I admitted softly, breathily.

"Not quite yet, slave," he responded. "I haven't even used the ropes yet."

A few seconds later, I stood alone as my Master moved across the hotel

room. I heard him rummaging, then shortly after that sound ceased, I felt

his hand upon my shoulder, turning me around to face him.

"Wonder Woman blindfolded," he thought aloud. "I don't recall ever seeing

that on Super Friends when Cartoon Network was airing it several years

ago."

I smiled. "It was probably in an episode considered to be too racy for

television. It's still locked away in a studio vault somewhere."

I received a playful slap to the chest for that comment, and my smile grew

into a grin.

My grin faded as I was turned around again.

Slowly, my Master wound rope around me, pinning my upper arms to my torso

while also creating breast bondage. He soon created a sturdy knot behind

me and brought the rope up over my left shoulder, winding it through the

horizontal ropes above and below my breasts, pulling tightly to securely

cinch everything together, then brought the remaining rope up over my

right shoulder to tie the ends at my back. The cinching between my breasts

was certainly confining, but in a very good way, although it did cause my

top to scrunch up a bit.

I was turned around again, and I knew without even needing to verify it

visually that my Master was scrutinizing his handiwork. He clearly noticed

how the cami had bunched up during the binding process, for he tugged

gently here and there several times.

"Quite worthy of a picture," he commented at last. "Too bad we don't have

a camera with us."

"Who would process the pictures for us?" I asked. "My being bound like

this falls into the realm of sex, which cannot be processed by a

mainstream company, especially not a one-hour place that probably has part

of its processing machinery in plain public view."

I thought I heard my Master shrug. "Then we need to invest in a digital

camera."

I filed that suggestion for later consideration as a potential birthday

gift.

"It's too bad that isn't a gold rope," he commented. "Imagine the picture

that could be posted on the Internet... Wonder Woman captured and bound

with her own rope!"

I had to laugh at that comment, but was suddenly silenced by his mouth

upon mine, his hands upon my chest, squeezing my confined breasts. While I

still had the free use of my lower arms, I held him close, gently

scratching at his back.

He finally stepped away. "Next, the forearms."

I was soon turned around again and instructed to bring my forearms

together behind my back, an elbow in each upturned palm. I could not quite

grip each elbow, but the position was good enough for my Master's

intentions. Starting near my left elbow, a new rope was wrapped around

both forearms, slowly cocooning them as he progressed toward my right

elbow. The remaining rope was wrapped around my waist, run through several

of the loops binding my forearms together, and tied off well away from

potential prying fingers.

I tested the ropework, and found that I had at most an inch of movement

available to me, and that motion would cause the rope to dig into my lower

stomach.

My Master gripped my shoulders and placed his lips directly against my

right ear. "Just think how vulnerable you are now," he said quietly. "I

could beat your chest until it turned as red as a cherry, and you couldn't

cover yourself to protect those beautiful mounds. You may be able to run,

but since you're blindfolded, you wouldn't know where to go to escape if

necessary; I doubt you could even find your way to the door of our hotel

room right now if you had to.

"In fact," he said, some levity returning to his voice, "I want you to go

to the door. Do you know where it is? You have thirty seconds to find it.

If you can press yourself against the door, I'll reward you by buying that

black dress you showed me recently on the Victoria's Secret Web site."

That was indeed incentive, but he was right: I had no clue of my

orientation in the hotel room. I knew that I was near the bed; I

remembered that from those final seconds before I had been robbed of

vision. I could not just reach out with my hands and essentially "feel" my

way to the door, because he had so thoughtfully bound my arms and rendered

them thoroughly useless. With the exception of the bathroom, the entire

hotel room was carpeted, so I could not use a change of floor covering to

estimate my location in relation to the door.

"Thirty... Twenty-nine..."

I turned, took a few tentative steps, and my left thigh brushed against

the king-size bed. I stopped, taking a precious second to try to remember:

Was I positioned between the bed and the table, or between the bed and the

bathroom wall?

"Twenty-two..."

I turned around â€“ at least, I hoped that it was a 180-degree turn, since I

had no visual reference points for verification â€“ and took a few tentative

steps forward. Since I did not bump into anything, I took a larger step

forward, then a larger step forward, and bumped into a wall.

"Sixteen..."

I knew that it was a lost cause, that I would not be the recipient of a

Victoria's Secret dress anytime soon. Still, I wanted to figure out this

challenge. And, admittedly, I wanted to put on a "show" for my Master. I

turned, took a few tentative steps forward, and bumped into another wall.

I finally knew where I was in the hotel room: I was between the bed and

the bathroom wall, facing the wall shared with another hotel room. The bed

was to my left, the bathroom wall was to my right, and I was probably just

two steps from the junction of the two walls.

"Eleven..."

I turned, stepped forward, and bumped into the bathroom wall. I turned so

that my left side was against that wall and slowly made my way forward.

When I reached the end of the wall, I knew I needed to turn left.

"Four..."

I turned left and took several large steps, finally bumping into the door.

I could feel one of the required signs â€“ probably the emergency escape

plan sign posted on the back of the door â€“ against my nose, and I smiled

to myself.

"Zero. Congratulations, slave, you just earned yourself an elegant, sexy,

and somewhat revealing Victoria's Secret dress. Now come to me."

I turned around and approached the encouraging voice, moving slowly. Soon,

I was in a warm embrace that I unfortunately could not return, but I was

at least able to share in the delightful accompanying kiss.

"And now, a very different reward," he announced. He maneuvered me until

my legs were against the bed, then bent me over. I knew what was coming

next, and eagerly parted my feet.

I did not need to wait very long before I felt the familiar fingers

pulling aside the dampened crotch of my panty. His fingers stroked my

womanhood, drawing out the nectar within, brushing the small nub that sent

currents of passion coursing throughout my body. He played me once again,

slowly raising my level of desire. My cheek pressed against the bed, I

whimpered softly as I moved against his hand, somewhat frustrated the my

bonds would not permit me to reach back and grab his solid erection and

force him to violate me instead of simply molesting me.

When he did finally enter me, however, it was definitely worth the wait. I

cried out softly at the initial entry, enjoying the illicit feeling of my

vagina being spread apart to accommodate his invading manhood.

He bent over me, his weight balanced precariously upon my bound forearms,

and whispered into my ear, "Shall I make love to you, or would you prefer

for me to rape you?"

The word "rape," while usually evoking a young woman's worst nightmare,

seemed perfect to my twisted mind. After all, I was bent over a bed, my

weeping sex filled by an incestuous anatomy on a day devoted to love even

though almost no one in society would ever condone the love I felt for the

person who was violating my body.

"Rape me."

He did.

\*\*\*\*\*

Even after the long bubble bath together, as my big brother applied the

massage oil to my naked body quite some time later, I was still a bit

sore. As we watched the Sailor Moon S film (from the DVD he had brought

with him â€“ had he known in advance that there would be a new TV with a

built-in DVD player in our hotel room?), my mind recalled how the ropes

had become even more confining as my body had lurched and twisted from his

sexual onslaught. I remembered the pinching of the ropes, especially

around my breasts. I thought of the pain as he had spanked me hard and

yanked on my ponytail. And my ears could still hear my screams as one

climax after another had been forced upon me; I could still hear my joyful

sobs at the culmination of the intense experience as the incestuous seed

practically poured as if from a hose into my accepting body.

I looked at the digital clock built into the television. It was still

officially Valentine's Day. Despite all the day's activities, despite the

fatigue I felt, there was still time to honor this special day with this

special person.

Sometimes, as often occurs between twins, my big brother knows exactly

what I am thinking. This was one of those times, for he gently rolled me

to my back, which caused my head to tip over the foot of the bed. I

initially thought that he simply wanted to massage the oil into my chest,

especially since he is a self-admitted "breast man" (and unashamedly so),

but he wiped his hands on the bedspread, parted my legs, and took a

position between my thighs. He lapped at my sex, holding apart my labia to

allow his tongue maximum access to pleasure me. And as I faintly heard

Luna delighting in her transformation, I vocalized my delight in the

action between my thighs. But it was my big brother's fingers pinching my

right nipple that was the key to releasing the torrent of passion which

bathed his face with my love. As I calmed with the blood pooling in my

head, he suckled at the same nipple, his hand cupping my sex and gently

squeezing me.

When I looked at the television again, the film had ended, as had

Valentine's Day, and while the day devoted to love had not ended with the

same intensity as it had begun, I had never felt closer to my big brother

than I did at that very moment.

\*\*\*\*\*

The scent of our passionate stay lingered in the hotel room, and I simply

had to smile at the memories. Standing at the window one final time, I

looked out across San Francisco, admiring the view one more time.

"Ready?" my big brother asked.

"Sure," I replied. Then, just before I turned away from the window, I

noticed my bra and thong from Monday night peeking out from behind the

right curtain. I hesitated, then simply left them there. If the cleaning

crew missed them, then perhaps the next person or couple to stay in this

room would find them and be able to sense the adventures those garments

had "witnessed" here.

It was with great sadness that we stepped out of the hotel, and back into

reality.

\*\*\*\*\*

Upon returning to our apartment, I immediately went to the kitchen, to the

toolbox underneath the sink, and retrieved the adhesive cable clips. I

took two of them with me to my bedroom, and, in much the same way I had

mounted one of my thongs on the wall in my big brother's bedroom about

four months earlier, I mounted the belly chain, with only the handcuffs

charm attached.

That evening, my big brother and I planned to sleep in my bed. When he

entered my bedroom and saw his gift to me upon the wall above my desk, he

smiled his approval. He was already fully nude, so I had him sit on the

bed, and I knelt before him, using my hands and my mouth to make love to

his forbidden phallus as his eyes kept shifting from me to the belly chain

upon the wall.

"You may or may not truly become my full-time slave," he said softly as he

brushed my hair away from my face, "but you will always be my baby sister,

and I will always love you and cherish you."

I lifted my head, allowing his male anatomy to slip past my lips. Looking

deep into his eyes, I simply whispered, "I'll hold you to it."

Twins in College Ch. 20

by WFEATHER Â©

I returned from grocery shopping to find my big brother was gone. In a

way, that was good, as I had some quiet time to myself, which I

occasionally needed despite the deep, intense love I felt for him. Yet, as

I put away the food we would need for the next few days of our existence,

I missed his presence â€“ even just knowing he was, say, in his bedroom

studying while I was in the kitchen would have lifted my spirits a bit.

It was still only about 10:30AM on a Saturday, so he would be at work for

several more hours. Knowing he would need to study a bit when he returned,

I decided to wait and study when he did, so I figured I would go online

and simply roam.

Once in my bedroom, I first checked my e-mail... and was not really

surprised to find another message from my fraternal twin. He often sent

some rather good jokes, or links to interesting Web sites, or particularly

steamy stories and images he had found online or received from friends,

but I was a bit perplexed by the subject line:

"Little Things"

I opened the message, finding that he had attached an HCG image. Very much

in anime style, a college girl was on her back on a bed, the pink sheets

really bringing her lengthy blue hair to prominence. She wore only a panty

with horizontal stripes in blue and white, with "Little Things" printed in

English across the topmost stripe. Perched over her on his knees with one

hand flat on the bed for support, a faceless guy in a blue shirt and blue

jeans had his free hand down the front of her panty, clearly masturbating

her; as is true of virtually all Japanese-created porn, the genital region

was pixilated, so I could only assume that he has several of his fingers

embedded in her small frame. His actions clearly had an effect upon her,

for her hands clutched the pink sheet beneath her in a fist, and small

drops of sweat dotted her body; her nipples were so prominently erect that

even I felt compelled to suck them, and a nice blush colored her face and

highlighted the large tear trickling from one of her closed eyes; her

mouth was wide open as if she were questing for air or crying out in

pleasure, and a prominent wet spot was visible on the pink sheet between

her spread thighs.

Even before I read the text of the message, the image reminded me very

much of the events of the night before. Wearing just as little clothing as

the beauty in the image, I had been in very much the same position upon my

big brother's bed. With his hand down the front of my thong, my big

brother had masturbated me for a long, long time, eschewing his own

pleasure to ensure that my desires were well sated... several times over.

And while I sensed a hint of embarrassment from the college girl in the

HCG image, the knowledge that my own big brother was not just masturbating

me but also closely watching me and savoring my impassioned sounds had

made each glorious climax all the more meaningful, all the more powerful.

My sweat-covered body had been gladly and proudly at his mercy as I

writhed upon the bed in the seductive display that comes so naturally to a

young woman once again climbing the mountain of ecstasy.

"That's it... Cum for me, baby sister... Let yourself go... Enjoy it...

Let your big brother please you... Go ahead and shred the bedspread...

Scream as loud as you need... Tonight is all about you... I want to feel

you cum again... Do you want to cum again?... You're so damn beautiful

like this... Drench my hand..."

With only his manipulating hand and his soothing voice, my big brother had

been able to inflict pleasure upon pleasure upon pleasure upon me. I had

relinquished all control to his manipulating hand and his soothing voice.

Without needing to use any restraints, he had captured me, he had bound me

to his will, and his will had been to batter me with carnal delight until

I had felt I could no longer breathe, until my trembling body had at last

fallen exhausted and limp and definitely sated upon his bedspread, quite

wet from my sweat and my love.

With only his manipulating hand and his soothing voice, my big brother had

caused time to stand still. All that had mattered to him was me and my

pleasure. All that had mattered to me was that each lewd motion of my

body, each sharp cry passing my lips, each quickening beat of my heart had

bound us ever closer together, even closer than we had been while still in

the womb.

The message my big brother had included with the image was quite

appropriate: "Thinking of last night..."

There was only one logical thing to do. I saved the attached image to my

directory of HCG images, then set it as my wallpaper. Looking fondly upon

the new wallpaper, I sat at my desk, my jeans unbuttoned, my hand inside

my thong, and masturbated slowly for quite some time as my mind replayed

the enjoyable memories the wallpaper evoked.

When my big brother returned at last from work, I was playing Tekken 5

again and not faring too well, as fighting games definitely are not my

forte. He bent down to kiss me between rounds, and I simply said the only

thing that I could possibly say:

"Thanks for the loving memories."

Twins in College Ch. 21

by WFEATHER Â©

All day long, I had been incredibly horny, a terrible condition which

seemed to only worsen by the hour. Despite a few trips to the library

restroom when I was supposed to be researching for a major paper, my

fingers simply were not enough to gratify me. Being the one to restock the

adult section of the video store that night simply exacerbated the

situation: Being surrounded by all the various forms of sex for those

fifteen minutes only served to make me even hornier.

I was so thankful when midnight came and Joyna locked the door after the

final customer had left the store. We began the closing process, and since

Joyna has always been really uncomfortable in the adult section, it fell

to me to go behind the curtain for the second time that night, which made

me even hornier still. Yet, somehow, I was able to resist the urge to

reach up my skirt and touch myself to try to relieve some of the pent-up

pressure.

Eventually, we heard my big brother's signature knock at the back door.

Joyna admitted him in, and he politely helped by vacuuming while I counted

the cash and Joyna finished packing the last of the old videotapes in the

foreign section for the store's owner to take home the next day and sell

on eBay.

Finally, Joyna left the store with her uncle, leaving me alone with my big

brother. I so desperately wanted to pounce on him right then and there,

and I honestly do not know how I managed to keep such an intense desire at

bay. Even if I had been shackled to the wall, I probably would have broken

free and shredded his clothes before pulling aside the crotch of my thong

and rapidly impaling myself upon him.

When he put his hand on my shoulder and chastely kissed my cheek, my thong

could no longer contain my passion. "Please don't," I pleaded breathily,

"or I may not be able to control myself."

He gave me an inquisitive look, but somehow seemed to understand both my

need and my predicament.

When we finally returned to our apartment, my big brother turned on the

main light and closed the door, but then I was on him even before he could

lock out the rest of the world. I practically flung myself at him,

crushing my breasts against his back and forcing his chest into the door.

My hands were all over him as I kissed and nipped at his neck. My body was

immediately slithering against him, and I wondered idly if he could feel

my arousal-hardened nipples through bra and sweatshirt and coat and coat

and shirt.

My big brother at least had the presence of mind to lock the door while I

was assaulting him. "Shit, girl!" he exclaimed. "My innocent baby sister

has suddenly turned into a real bitch in heat!!!"

That vulgar statement made me particularly happy, in an inexplicable,

lust-informed way. I responded by reaching around him, my hand dropping

below the beltline, and fondling my big brother's lengthening manhood

through his jeans. "How fast can you get this inside me!?!" I challenged

with a heated growl in his ear.

It was definitely fast. In less than thirty seconds, he was on his back on

the floor, his sex saluting me proudly through the open zipper of his

jeans. He thoughtfully held my skirt up for me as I squatted over him, so

I could pull aside the crotch of my thong and sink down onto him. I

lowered myself rapidly, groaning with primal lust as I felt my body being

violated, my insides being pried apart by the thick manhood I knew much

too well for my own good.

I leaned forward, and with my hands gripping his shoulders, I fucked him,

hard and fast and vigorously. At last, I truly felt whole, complete,

feminine.

We were both incredibly hot. Neither of us had undressed â€“ that was

definitely my fault, as I did not allow us the time to undress â€“ so our

coats were doing a flawless job of containing the heat rising within us.

Even though I wore a skirt like I often do when working at the store, even

my legs felt incredibly hot, such was the extent of my pent-up passion as

it surged throughout my body in search of an escape route.

As I continued to fuck my big brother as rapidly as I could, I was stunned

by the force of his grip upon my left breast despite the coat I wore. His

grip was the key, unlocking the dam holding back my first deluge of lust,

and as the initial climax washed over my body, I no longer felt any

discomfort from slamming my sex down upon the open metal zipper of my big

brother's jeans. All I felt was a surge of adrenaline and a pulsating

pistoning deep within me. If I cried out, I did not hear it, for the sound

of my own heartbeat was thunderous in my ears.

I collapsed upon his chest, my entire body spasming even as the intense

heat began to overtake me. Yet I still wanted and needed much, much more.

I believe my big brother sensed my distress, for he rolled us so he was

upon me, then slipped out of my crying womanhood. Quickly, he unbuttoned

my coat, parting the garment as much as he could. Briefly, he squeezed

each breast playfully, then slithered his hands down my chest and stomach

to the base of my college sweatshirt, exposing my stomach to his view as I

instinctively arched my body to assist him. Only when the sweatshirt was

bunched up above my breasts and the cups of my bra had been lowered did he

finally lean back and pause for a moment to enjoy the incestuous view of

his baby sister's sweaty body.

"Please," I begged, already starting to feel better now that more of my

body was exposed to the seemingly-cool air of the apartment. I glanced

down at my big brother's jeans, and his sex seemed so beautifully obscene

jutting forth through the open zipper. I reached out to manhandle his

love-slickened manhood, and he visibly shuddered from my touch as he

unzipped and removed his own coat, and then unbuttoned and removed his

shirt.

But next, instead of impaling me as I had expected (and truly wanted), my

big brother slid backward toward the locked door. There was little room

between my sex and the door, so he looked really awkward as he bent over

in that small area. But once his fingers were inside me, my eyes closed

and I was focused on the sensations he created within me. His free hand

shot up to my chest, manipulating my heaving breasts and pulling at the

rigid nipples to send still more pleasant sparks shooting throughout my

body.

My hands in his hair, I lost myself in my big brother's illicit actions.

He fingered me, he ate me, he toyed with me. He showed me no mercy, and I

definitely did not complain. He lovingly inflicted much more pleasure upon

me while I humped his face and fingers and moaned and grunted and gasped

and wailed and spewed lewd obscenities of encouragement.

When I finally pushed my big brother away, I was limp and exhausted. I

felt as if I would melt into a big puddle on the carpet, but I was

finally, thoroughly, thankfully sated. My eyes closed as I gasped for air,

I heard him move around me, but did not think anything of it until, a few

moments later, I felt his white-hot love falling upon my face. Instinct

caused me to open my mouth even wider to provide him with a better target,

and I was appropriately rewarded.

I remained there on the floor for a long, long time, even after my big

brother had moved away from me. The cooling sweat made my body feel

clammy, and my mouth was as dry as the Arizona desert in the midday June

sun. Yet, in a way I had certainly not expected, I felt sated. I felt

sated in body, of course, but also sated in mind and â€“ most importantly â€“

I felt sated in heart.

I inhaled two glasses of water and took a long shower before slipping into

my big brother's bed. He was already asleep, yet his arms instinctively

enveloped me protectively as I pressed my naked body against his

underneath the heavy warm covers. "Thank you for giving me what I needed,

big brother," I whispered to him as I stroked the back of his head,

knowing that despite his sleep, my sincere words were definitely heard.

With my forehead pressed against his, I closed my eyes, and drifted into a

deep, peaceful, sated slumber.

Twins in College Ch. 22

by WFEATHER Â©

I awoke that morning alone in my big brother's bed, the flannel sheets

warm against my naked body. A few moments later, I heard the shower start,

and thought of perhaps joining him, but instead decided to remain in bed,

enjoying the feel of the sensual flannel.

Clearly, I had fallen asleep again, for seemingly a heartbeat later, my

forbidden lover was kissing me, his tongue gliding along my lower lip. I

submitted to him, allowing him entrance into my mouth as his hand stroked

a breast through the covers.

That was as close as we came to true intimacy that morning, as we needed

to prepare for our trip home for Spring Break. As I washed my hair in the

shower, I thought fondly of our lengthy lovemaking the night before.

Knowing that we would not be able to indulge in each other again until

Wednesday night, it had been a particularly meaningful intimacy, slow and

respectful, lasting well into the night with multiple releases for us

both.

But, eventually, it was time to finish packing. I was just about to zip up

my wheeled carry-on when my forbidden lover stepped into my bedroom. He

simply pulled me back into him, lovingly fondling my chest for a few

moments.

"I'm going to miss this," I whispered, "these small moments we share

together."

He squeezed my breasts through my sweatshirt and bra. "What I'll miss most

is the honor of waking up in the morning next to the wonderful young woman

I truly love."

I sighed contentedly, wondering if my big brother's hands could feel the

slight increase in my heart rate in response to his kind, flattering

words.

As the airplane banked to the left over San Francisco, I looked fondly

upon the city, my big brother holding my hand as he shared the view. There

was no one sitting around us, affording us this last moment of affection

before arriving home for Spring Break.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Where's Daddy?" I asked, surprised that he did not come to the airport to

meet us. "Is he working on a Saturday again?"

"Actually, no," our mother replied sadly. "A longtime friend from college

is on his death bed after a severe skiing accident. Your father received

the call late last night, and his plane took off about twenty minutes

ago."

"Damn," my big brother muttered.

"So it's just the three of us, at least for now. He said he'd call

tonight."

It was an odd way to start the trip home.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sunday afternoon, our mother approached me after lunch. "Care to go

shopping?" she asked. So we left my big brother behind as he did some work

on one of the computers, blowing out the accumulated dust inside the tower

and installing a few new cards and a larger internal hard drive.

I quickly realized why I had been specifically asked if I wanted to go

shopping, for once in the car, I was trapped, captive.

"What did you think of the gift card?" she asked shortly after we were out

of sight of the house.

I smiled. "It was quite a surprise," I replied honestly. "I definitely had

not expected it, especially coming from a parent!"

My mother laughed a bit. "I figured you would appreciate it. I hope your

boyfriend enjoyed seeing you in whatever it was you bought."

I felt a little warm, and hoped that I was not blushing. "He did."

"So," she said triumphantly, "I was right. You do have a boyfriend!"

I did not argue the point, for fear that it would somehow incriminate me.

"He's a very lucky guy," she commented. "You're beautiful, you're smart,

and you're intensely loyal to him."

How would she know about the loyalty aspect? I wondered, but I tried to

keep my expression blank and blush-free as I looked out the passenger

window.

"You're still on the pill, aren't you?" my mother asked, surprising me

with the question. I only nodded, too stunned to speak. "Good, because I

know that you don't want to be suddenly burdened with a child you are

probably not mentally prepared enough to raise. Besides, for us women,

having kids can really put a slowdown on a career â€“ and if you do want to

have a career, you will really need to carefully plan when you have kids."

I simply nodded again, trying to figure out where this conversation was

going.

She was silent for a while as she navigated her way toward the highway,

then finally resumed the conversation. "You will probably be surprised by

this, but I have a confession to make, and I believe it will help you as

well to hear this."

I simply looked at her, an eyebrow raised inquisitively.

"You never knew your Uncle Rob, but I believe I told you about how he

died, right?"

"A military training accident," I replied. "An engine malfunction in the

helicopter he was in."

"Exactly." She sighed sadly, clearly remembering. "I really loved Rob. I

would do anything to be close to him, to spend time with him. We were

closer than most brothers and sisters ever are, although not nearly as

close as you and Victor are to each other, being that you two are twins.

"Anyhow, when I was home from college one summer and he happened to be

home for a few weeks on military leave, we went to an off-campus party

together, since he also knew people who were likely to be there. Not

surprisingly, the alcohol was freely-flowing, and soon things quieted down

as people paired off and went to semi-secluded locations. Soon, the sounds

of sex were unmistakable coming from some of the rooms upstairs, and those

downstairs and outside began get rather sexual as well."

I suddenly wondered just how close my mother had been with Uncle Rob, the

one family member whose photograph was perched atop the mantle yet who I

knew very little about besides his untimely death.

"Rob and I soon left, but neither of us wanted to go home yet and we

needed to sober up first anyhow, and it was clear that both of us were

rather... turned on by the sexual activity at the party. So we walked to a

small park, went to the picnic pavilion, and in the shadows there, we...

relieved our sexual urges. I'm sure that whoever came to the pavilion the

next day must have wondered whose blood was on the cement floor."

My mouth was agape. Not only had my own mother been in an incestuous

situation, she had also lost her virginity to her brother. That

pronouncement made me really wonder just what our "shopping trip" was all

about.

"The next two days, Rob and I both tried to act as if nothing had

happened, but we finally had to confront it. We had a long, long talk, and

finally we realized that 'as close as we had always been' was no longer

enough. At that point, we became lovers â€“ secret lovers, of course, but

lovers nonetheless. And it was hard, because he was so often away due to

his military career, and when he was at home, we only had short stolen

moments together and the rare opportunity to run off somewhere to make

love to each other."

She slowed as she drove down an exit ramp. "It really hit me hard when we

learned that Rob had died in the helicopter accident. Everyone else in the

family thought I was so crushed because Rob and I had always been so

close, even though he was some three years older than me. I don't believe

they knew that he and I were also in love.

"So that's why I felt that it was fine for you and Victor to live together

in Berkeley while going to college. I've just had an instinctive feeling

that you two were in love, and seeing how you two interacted during

Christmas Break reminded me so much of me and Rob trying to act nonchalant

to cover our own relationship.

"I don't believe your father knows about you two," she continued. "He

certainly doesn't know about me and Rob. But most importantly, knowing how

close and loyal you two have always been with each other, I want you to

really, truly cherish your time together, because, as I found out the hard

way, you never know when you will not be together again. Even if society's

'ethics' do not tear you apart, something tragic could happen to rip

through your relationship."

Turning into the vast parking lot, my mother's eyes immediately began to

scan for a parking spot near the main mall entrance. "Even better, unlike

me and Rob, you get to see Victor every day, which can make your love for

each other all the more meaningful. There are a number of things that you

can do to add even more meaning to your relationship, like occasionally

wearing lingerie for him or simply massaging his shoulders when he's been

studying for a while. I won't ask what you already do now, but at least

you now know that you have my total support, and that if you want to do

something truly special for him on occasion, I'll be more than willing to

help you make it happen if I possibly can, okay?"

I could only nod, still stunned at this revelation, this confession, this

advice. We finally parked, and immediately, my mother reached into her

purse.

"Here," she said, handing me a small envelope. "You can spend it now, or

you can wait and spend it back in California. I can promise you this: You

and Victor will have the house to yourselves tomorrow, because I must be

in the office all day due to prior commitments, and your father won't be

back until Wednesday at the earliest, so you can indulge with your brother

all you want tomorrow without needing to worry about one of your parents

discovering you.

"Now, you go do as you will, and let's meet at the coffee shop at the

south end of the mall in, say, two hours, okay?"

She held my gaze for a few seconds and smiled. "I know I just poured a lot

of information on you. I know you must be incredibly surprised by all

this. And, admittedly, perhaps I am living vicariously through you. But

what is most important to me is that you are happy, and clearly, you are

extremely happy with Victor." She patted my thigh. "So do whatever you

believe will help to increase your happiness, whatever you believe will

bring you two even closer together than you already are."

My knowing smile joined hers, and she leaned forward to kiss my forehead.

\*\*\*\*\*

There was no need to wait until Wednesday evening.

After I heard our mother leave the house, I quickly shed my sleepshirt and

thong and meandered to my big brother's bedroom. Opening the door slowly

and silently, I discovered he was still asleep, on his back, his arms

flung wide across the bed as if he was skydiving with the parachute

beneath him. It was an odd sight, and an odd vision.

Since I knew for certain that our mother would not be returning until

dinnertime at the earliest, I did not bother closing the bedroom door.

Even when I climbed up onto the bed, my big brother did not move,

indicating that he truly was in a deep, deep slumber. I simply lay upon

him, the covers between us preventing the skin-on-skin sensation we both

enjoyed. Instinctively, his arms enveloped me as he slept. With my face

pressed into the side of his neck, I felt myself drifting back into

slumber myself.

Nearly an hour later, I awoke to a gentle squeeze of my lower cheeks.

Smiling into my big brother's neck, I gave him a gentle nibble before

lifting myself up enough to gaze down into his sleepy eyes. "Good morning,

love," I whispered before descending to kiss his lips.

He suddenly seemed to recall where we were, for I felt my big brother

instantly tense beneath me. I lifted myself enough to again look into his

eyes, and I could see the fear of discovery within. He was about to

protest the fact that I was naked upon him in our parents' house when I

put a single finger to his lips to silence him. "Daddy's out of state and

might be back Wednesday," I reminded him, "and our mother is at the office

all day long due to prior commitments that she cannot break. We are

entirely on our own until at least dinnertime."

My assurance softened his expression. It took a few seconds longer for his

just-awakening brain to process the meaning of my assurance, and he

grinned.

I had never expected that I would make love to my big brother in the

family home ever again. We made love several times that day. I never had a

chance to show him what I had bought the day before with the gift card our

mother had provided for me, but then again, I was not really certain if I

wanted him to know that our mother knew of our incestuous relationship and

actually condoned it and provided the means to enhance it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our father met us at the airport as we were returning to California. He

had just stepped off a plane after traveling all night, and he looked

extremely ragged. We spent about an hour chatting at a coffee bar near the

security checkpoint before our mother finally dragged him home. After the

ordeal he had suffered through that week, he clearly needed to be consoled

by his wife and then sent to bed, but the fact that he had been able to

spend an hour with us had certainly meant a lot to him â€“ that much had

been clearly written upon his face as the hour passed.

Landing in Oakland was an adventure as usual: Descending over the water

and not seeing land until just seconds before touchdown always made me

feel slightly nervous even though I knew that we were on the appropriate

flight path. The familiar hand upon my thigh was a definite comfort,

taking the edge off my nervousness.

Once back in our apartment, my big brother and I embraced, then retired to

the sofa, where I curled up in his lap as he held me.

"You've learned something significant this week," he accused, "I could

sense it. Is this something I should know?"

A long silence passed as I debated with myself whether I should relay our

mother's confession. She had not told me to never tell my big brother

about her incestuous relationship, but I had assumed that her words had

been for my ears only.

Finally, I decided.

"It's a good thing you're sitting down," I said, "because you'll be just

as surprised as I was by this confession..."

Twins in College Ch. 23

by WFEATHER Â©

Chapter 23: Cloned

I awoke first, and placed a gentle kiss upon my big brother's cheek. A

subtle smile was upon his angelic, sleeping face, making me wonder just

what he was seeing in his dream. Was he dreaming of us making love before

a glowing fireplace? Was he dreaming of us dancing together? Was he

dreaming of me submitting to his whims? Was he dreaming of us simply

joking around?

With one more kiss to his cheek, I slipped out of bed, donned my robe and

slippers to thwart the slightly-cool air, and headed to the kitchen to

make some coffee.

When I returned to my bedroom, my big brother was still asleep. It is rare

that the scent of coffee does not awaken him, so I knew that he was in a

deep sleep with a highly-enjoyable dream filling his mind. I removed my

slippers and robe and slid back into bed with him, and he instinctively

drew my naked body against his. His erection was unmistakable, pressing

against me and signaling that his dream was definitely sexual in some

manner. Was he dreaming of watching me squirm in bondage? Was he dreaming

of my deepthroating him, even though I could not yet get past the gag

reflex in reality? Was he dreaming of feasting upon my dripping sex? Was

he dreaming of watching me having sex with another college coed?

Was he dreaming of his twin having an identical twin?

That was an intriguing thought... What if I had both a fraternal twin and

an identical twin? In essence, what if I could clone myself?

I tried to imagine that scenario from my big brother's point of view, with

all other aspects of our lives together being equal. He would sleep at

night with two of me: one of me on either side of him, each of me with a

head upon a different shoulder as we all drifted into peaceful slumber. He

would have two of me to dominate, two of me more than willing to submit to

whatever pain or pleasure he wished to bestow upon either of me at any

time. He would have two of me to meet him at the BART station after class

or work, or two of me to have dinner ready for him when he returned to the

apartment. He would have two of me to ogle, especially as both of me

paraded topless or nude around the apartment. He would have two of me to

entice him to a throbbing hardness, two of me to ultimately devour his

incestuous seed. He would have two of me to make love to him on nearly a

daily basis. He would have two of me to simply smile at him on occasion to

make him realize just how lucky each of me was to have him as a big

brother.

And, I was certain, he would want to watch me make out with myself, as it

would effectively be the "safest" way to indulge in his once-admitted

fantasy of watching me doing naughty things with another girl.

I reached for my big brother's solid erection, causing him to shudder in

his sleep beside me. Resting my head upon his shoulder, I smiled, closing

my eyes and envisioning my clone on the other side of him, also gently

stroking his manhood, my hand occasionally touching mine. How strange it

would be to open my eyes and see myself across my big brother's chest,

looking back at me, reaching out to me, stroking my cheek, pulling me

close to kiss my own mirrored lips...

With a soft moan, my big brother stirred, turning toward me, his arms

instinctively wrapping around me. My arms surrounded him likewise, yet I

still pictured a copy of myself pressed against his back, also holding

him.

I felt a kiss upon my lips and a hand upon my breast, and opened my eyes.

My big brother lifted his head away and gazed down upon me, a soft smile

upon his face. "Good morning, baby sister," he whispered.

I blinked several times, my mind still caught in the haze between dream

and consciousness. For a few seconds, I could still fee the presence of my

clone behind him, but then that presence dissipated in the initial rays of

daylight.

Once again, I had my big brother all to myself. Reaching upward, I pulled

his head back down to my face and kissed him, slowly and lovingly. His

hand squeezed my breast a little more firmly, and I know from his touch

that my clone had indeed been simply a dream, that I was very much and

fortunately alone in receiving his sweet, respectful attentions.

Twins in College Ch. 24

by WFEATHER Â©

A gentle touch upon my shoulder violently startled me awake, but almost

instantly, my eyes started to close again. Even though I recognized my big

brother's hand upon me, it took several heartbeats for me to realize that

I sat at the table, my arms folded atop a thick textbook.

"Come to bed, baby sister," I heard softly as the familiar hand gently

caressed my shoulder. "You won't do yourself any good at all by studying

all night, especially if you're this tired just after midnight. Come to

bed, please."

I shook my head, partially in response to him, partially to try to clear

my head. "I've got to keep going," I replied. "I'll be done in about two

hours, I promise."

Through simply my big brother's touch upon me shoulder, I could feel his

hesitation; I could tell that he did not truly believe me. "Two hours," he

warned, his tone clearly harsher than usual.

A few heartbeats later, a gently touch upon my shoulder once again

violently startled me awake. Once again, almost instantly, my eyes started

to close again.

"Come to bed," I heard, this time not nearly as gently.

Slowly, I turned my eyes toward the clock on the VCR, and saw that it was

only 12:30AM.

He must have sensed that I was checking the time. "You're too damn tired,

baby sister. Come to bed, now."

The exam was so important to me, however, that I slowly shook my head in

the negative.

Reaching underneath my arm, my big brother roughly seized a breast, and,

despite my fatigue, a soft sound immediately flowed past my lips.

Then, however, I winced and grunted with pain as his hand clamped

ferociously upon my breast. "You're coming to bed, now!" he insisted.

"No! I can't!"

"Stand up, slave!"

That set the tone. Never before had my big brother "pulled rank" on me

like that, suddenly engaging our master/slave hierarchy without first

consulting me. Never had he attempted to dominate me in anger, for which I

had been quite grateful, but I thought that I was really, really in deep

trouble, that he would punish me in anger.

As quickly as my exhausted mind could form the commands for my body to

execute, I stood before my big brother, my master.

"Strip!"

He was clearly not happy with me. I did not bother trying to take my time

or trying to make my disrobing particularly sexy for him. Instead, I

stripped as quickly as I possibly could, for once taking no pleasure in

the act, ultimately standing fully nude before him yet unable to feel any

pride in displaying my sisterly body for his viewing pleasure.

"I will meet you in my bedroom in five minutes," he informed me, the edge

still quite evident in his voice as he glanced at his watch. "If you are

even one second late, the punishment will be even more severe."

Just shy of five minutes later, I stood just within the doorway of my big

brother's bedroom. The covers on his bed had already been pulled back, and

he was already fully nude as he closed the door to his closet. Seeing me,

he gestured toward the bed, and while my eyes saw him naked before me, my

mind was far too exhausted to take any pleasure in the vision.

A few moments later, I was in bed with my big brother, my master, his body

pressed snugly to mine from behind. "I set the alarm for 5AM," I heard

faintly in the darkness as sleep threatened to devour my consciousness

once again. "You can resume your studying then."

"Yes, mas....."

\*\*\*\*\*

I had to work the late-afternoon/early-evening shift at the video store,

so when I returned from class and from work, my big brother was awaiting

me, sitting at the table and reading a magazine. Immediately, I went to

him, bending down to kiss him, but I sensed something "dark" in his kiss,

and I knew that he had been serious the night before about punishing me.

"Strip. Now."

I hesitated only a millisecond before setting my backpack down beside the

table and beginning to undress. This time, at least, my mind was clear

enough to take at least a little pleasure in undressing before my master.

His eyes, however, seemed cold and distant, scrutinizing and calculating,

and that kept any delight held at bay.

"Over the end of the sofa," he ordered. With a nod, I complied, bending

over one upholstered arm, my chest pressed into one of the end pillows and

my cheek pressed against an upholstered seat cushion.

"Sometimes," he said with an exasperated sigh, "you can be so damn

stubborn about the strangest things!" Slowly, he stood, and began to

slowly approach me while unbuckling his belt.

I knew instantly what my punishment would be. I just did not know how many

kisses of the leather belt would grace my vulnerable flesh.

"Last night, you were particularly stubborn. I know today's exam was

important to you, but your stubbornness would have certainly earned you a

much lower grade if I had not stepped in and pulled rank on you."

"Yes, master," I whispered, more for myself than for any form of agreement

with his statement.

Nothing more was said. He removed his belt from his jeans, doubled it

over, assumed the position, and struck me.

By the fifth strike, I was definitely breathing hard.

By the tenth strike, I could not remain still.

By the twentieth strike, I was crying openly. Yes, I was suffering pain,

and yes, I did like to have my master hurt me on occasion.

The tears themselves were caused by the physical pain of the punishment,

but the sobs were caused by the emotional pain of needing to be punished.

When my punishment finally ended, he knelt behind me, pried apart my moist

sex, and began to slowly eat me. Yet I could not take any pleasure in his

loving gesture, so great was my distress and my shame at needing to be

truly punished.

Yet, even though I vowed to myself to never again do anything which would

cause him to hurt me outside of agreed-upon play, I loved him even more

for taking the initiative and truly punishing me to help me to become a

better person, a better student... and ultimately a better baby sister.

Twins in College Ch. 25

by WFEATHER Â©

Typically, when we went to bed, my big brother would hold me. He would

sometimes align himself behind me, fitting himself against me like two

identical spoons in a silverware drawer, an arm draped over me and holding

me against him. Often, his hand would cup one of my naked breasts, the

warmth of his hand warming my heart as well. This particular scenario

would always bring a smile to my face and ensure that I had a very

pleasant dream each night.

Late one particular night, as we slept in my big brotherâ€™s bed, I awoke to

a gentle squeezing of my breast and a telltale poking at the base of my

torso. Since I was facing the wall, I could not see the clock, so I had no

idea what time it was. I only knew that it was still rather dark, the

faint light in the room coming from the screensaver running on my big

brotherâ€™s laptop.

I tried to determine if he was awake or asleep, without alerting him that

I was awake. His hand squeezed my breast again, and it took a bit of

willpower to keep myself from moaning softly. Despite his apparent

erection, he was not actively trying to impale me, so I surmised that he

was actually asleep, enjoying a rather erotic dream... hopefully a rather

erotic dream featuring his twin baby sister.

Despite still being a bit sleepy myself, I decided that if my big brother

was awake, I would let him know that I was awake as well and more than

willing to allow him back inside me. But, if he was truly asleep, my plan

would add realism to his erotic dream.

Reaching back over my thighs, my fingertips found the hardened phallus I

knew much too well for my own good. At my touch, I felt his entire body

twitch against me and his hand squeeze my breast a little more firmly.

Gently, I fingered his length, pressing the tip against my entrance to add

his trickling lubrication to mine, and the soft brush of our sexes

elicited a whimper from my lips.

â€œIâ€™m going to fuck you,â€ I suddenly heard in a low growl from behind me,

â€œfast and hard.â€

My big brother was very evidently awake.

Slowly, I slipped out of his hold, pushing the covers away and moving to

my hands and knees upon the bed. â€œTake me,â€ I offered, pleaded. â€œTake your

baby sister.â€

As my body was slowly, respectfully impaled by a familiar, hardened,

fleshy sword, I moaned involuntarily, softly, the sound combining with the

penetration to cause me to fully awaken. My big brother slid his hands up

my sides, igniting beautiful electric sparks along where his fingernails

gently scraped my skin.

â€œIâ€™m going to fuck my baby sister,â€ I heard, a false menacing tone in the

voice, â€œand Iâ€™m going to be hard and rough and violent with her.â€

I smiled. â€œAnd she will thoroughly enjoy it,â€ I replied, almost certain

that my big brother could hear my smile.

My forbidden lover delivered on his promise. At times, his hands gripped

my breasts fiercely, his fingernails burrowing into my sensitive swells,

hurting me just enough for the pain to be highly erotic. At times, he

would pull my hair, sometimes with a single hand, sometimes with both

hands as if using my hair as reins, both situations causing my head to

raise and my back to arch from the strength of his pulls. At times, he

would spank me with tremendous force, adding yet another source of pain

and ever-growing to my existence.

And through it all, he pounded me, turning my arms and my legs to jelly,

causing my heartbeat to thunder vociferously in my ears and my entire body

to tremble and quake violently upon the loudly-protesting bed. He growled

and spewed crass obscenities at me, and I responded in kind, our voices

continually rising in volume, our banter continually descending ever

deeper into the proverbial sewer.

He announced his orgasm with a terrible roar, and I responded with a

scream, clawing at a pillow as my climax consumed me and poured around his

scalding male spear. I collapsed at last, and my big brother tumbled upon

me, still lodged within my sisterly body, his hands still roughly gripping

my breasts, his breath hot and fast and hard against my ear. I was being

crushed into his bed, but I did not care â€“ to feel him both within me and

upon me filled my heart and my soul, making me feel used, of course, but

also both loved and protected.

â€œThat is the last time you will cum until after the end of final exams, is

that understood?â€

He had not called me â€œslave,â€ and he had not used a particularly stern or

authoritative tone of voice with me. However, the intent was clear, and I

instinctively responded in the only manner which made sense:

â€œYes, Master.â€

And the countdown to the end of exam week began.

Twins in College Ch. 26

by WFEATHER Â©

I was, in a word, frustrated.

"That is the last time you will cum until after the end of final exams, is

that understood?"

My big brother, my Master, had given me an order, and I had no option but

to obey. While Exam Week seemed to approach rather quickly as the end of

the semester loomed, it also felt as if it was light years away â€“ such was

the state of my frustration.

After all, after nearly a full academic year of making love to each other

on very nearly a daily basis, I had become addicted to it, addicted to the

intense climaxes which only my big brother could bestow upon me. Because

of our near-daily copulation, I had almost never needed to satisfy myself,

and when I did, the orgasms just did not compare.

Yet, to be suddenly thrust into a situation where I could not achieve

orgasm for such a long period of time was almost maddening.

Rarely did I ever purposely disobey my Master. Only once had I ever really

needed to be truly punished, not "playfully" punished. Yet as the days

without gratification wore on, I thought more and more of purposely

disobeying him.

At first, it began innocently enough. After all, my Master had simply

ordered that I could not cum until the end of final exams. He had not said

that I could not play with myself and enjoy the climb toward a climax.

My Master did not help matters at all by being sexual with me even more

than usual. For once, he would often parade around the apartment fully

nude while I was fully clothed, specifically to remind me of my

prohibition against attaining the ultimate carnal pleasure. At least twice

per day, he would insist that I suck him; he did not always cum himself,

depending on when he would have me stop, but when he did, he almost always

pushed me back so that he could release his incestuous seed upon me

instead of inside my mouth. As we watched television together or cuddled

in bed together, he would finger me, repeatedly bringing me to the

precipice of delight before rudely hauling me back into the reality of my

frustration.

I thought it was going to come to a head on a Saturday night. I had been

incredibly horny all evening long, and being the one to restock the

shelves in the adult section of the video store did not help my situation

at all. It took all my willpower to prevent myself from jumping my big

brother and Master when he came to the store to escort me home. Purposely,

I dallied a bit, until finally my other coworkers had left the store,

leaving me and my sexual tormenter alone.

"Please, Master!" I pleaded shamelessly. "Let me cum! Please!!!"

He had the audacity to smirk. Clearly, he was enjoying my frustration, my

wanton need.

"Damn you, Victor!" I nearly screamed. "This is so unfair!"

"Is it?" he challenged. "Will you think the same when you are finally

permitted to cum again?"

"Yes!"

"Are you certain about that," he challenged again, "or will you be so

consumed with finally experiencing an orgasm again that you will forget

your place as a slave?"

So that was it. He was simply using my orgasms â€“ rather, my prohibition

against having and enjoying an orgasm â€“ as a new way to exert his

dominance over me. I had actually expected that, but to hear him state it

himself surprised me â€“ surprised me enough to temporarily squelch my

wanton need.

...until we returned to our apartment. There, as soon as he had locked out

the mundane world, my big brother ordered me to my knees before him, and

without needing to be commanded, I released his hardening manhood and

ingested him, reveling in the feel and taste of him inside my mouth,

reveling once again in my submissive position to him, yet angry at him for

denying me the what I wanted most while making me give him orgasm after

orgasm after orgasm in the preceding weeks.

In time, we moved to my bed, where we both stripped naked and I was

ordered to truly fuck him, faster and harder than I ever had before. So

great was my need that tears streamed down my heated cheeks as the

pleasure generated my our quickening friction radiated from the point of

our joining. And as the incestuous seed rose high into my body, I could

take no pleasure in it, for his climax only frustrated me further, and I

sobbed, loud and long, collapsing upon my Master and pleading with my

broken voice.

Ultimately, I was left alone on the bed, crying until my body had no more

tears to shed. And then I felt it, quite unexpected: a sense of calm, a

sense of servitude. In that moment, I knew that I existed to please my big

brother, to please my Master in whatever way he defined, and that if my

orgasm denial was the means to his pleasure, then I should and would

gladly suffer it â€“ if necessary, for decades.

Twins in College Ch. 27

by WFEATHER Â©

"You most definitely need to get fucked."

I stopped at the center of campus, my jaw hanging open in disbelief.

"I mean it," Samantha said, barely skipping a beat and tugging at my hand

to drag me toward class. "For several weeks, you've been... what's the

word? You've been fidgety, on edge, nervous, a bit bitchy which is not

like you... Trust me, I know, and I can clearly see that you need to get

fucked."

My friend's sex life was not a secret between us. I knew much of what she

had done previously, and she shared with me everything she did now that

she was in college. I had grown used to her comments, like, "I'd love to

kneel before him and have him cum in my face!" or "With her long fingers,

I'll bet she'd fill me quite nicely if she wanted to fist me!"

If only Samantha knew the truth about my sex life. She had no clue that I

was getting fucked almost every day since late August... by my own twin.

She had no clue that despite the prohibition against my having an orgasm,

I was getting fucked fairly regularly.

So, Samantha was wrong. In reality, I most definitely needed to cum.

And simply thinking about my need to cum made me even hornier, made it

even more difficult to focus on the boring professor's monotone voice,

made it even more imperative that I return to the apartment as quickly as

possible after class.

"...he shoved his cock in my mouth," I overheard from one of two young

women sitting in front of me on the BART train, "and I could taste my own

cum on him!"

I tried â€“ with difficulty â€“ to focus harder on the book I was reading, but

felt my nipples harden once again. My mind was no longer filled with the

images of life on a futuristic space station, but with my big brother

withdrawing from my dripping body and quickly forcing his cock into my

mouth, making me taste myself upon him.

"Did he cum in your mouth?" the other young woman asked, clearly

interested in her friend's tale.

The announcement of the next station drowned out any response, but in my

mind's eye, I saw my big brother withdraw from my mouth and return to his

previous position, filling me with such a brutal thrust that I gasped

aloud.

Quickly covering for my outburst, I feigned surprise at what I was

reading, trying to keep my eyes upon the book even though I noticed

several passengers, including the two young women in front of me, turn to

look at me.

When I finally reached the apartment, my need was so great that I knew I

had to masturbate. But I opened the door and saw my big brother and Master

sitting at the table, writing something.

He looked up at me. "How is my horny baby sister?" he asked sweetly with a

smile, a false innocence in his voice.

"Frustrated!" I closed and locked the door, my frustration so great that I

was very nearly ready to debase myself entirely and throw myself at his

feet, crying and begging to be permitted to cum.

Even worse, given that he was already home, I could not really masturbate

like I had planned.

"Come here," he ordered, standing. I set my backpack on the sofa and moved

into his embrace, enjoying the feel of his arms around me yet becoming

even hornier just from the close proximity.

Without expecting it, I began to cry. A single tear trickled from my left

eye, and the horniness within me was instantly joined by another emotion:

shame. My need was so great that I was ashamed of my inability to complete

my unusual task without crying, without a silent begging for mercy.

"You've done well thus far," my big brother whispered to me. "I know you

need to cum, and this lengthy period of denial has been really difficult

for you, but you need to hold out just a little longer, understood?"

"Yes." My voice cracked, and the tears came unabated. I sobbed long and

hard as my big brother held me, stroking my hair, allowing me to unleash

my sexual frustration upon his chest.

When my tears finally ceased, he lifted my chin to cause me to look up at

him, and he kissed away my tears. He sometimes commanded me harshly as my

Master, but he always loved me sweetly as my big brother, and both of his

roles made me feel more at ease compared to when I had entered the

apartment.

Twins in College Ch. 28

by WFEATHER Â©

"Please, stop teasing me!"

My big brother and Master had bought an under-the-mattress restraint

system, consisting of a wide strap surrounding the mattress with a pair of

D-rings, one on either side of my head. I wore a blindfold as well as the

pair of fur-lined wrist cuffs he had bought recently and now used for the

first time with a pair of double-end snap hooks to secure my wrist cuffs

to the D-rings.

Otherwise, I was completely nude... and completely frustrated. The pair of

vibrating bullets inside me churned at the lowest possible setting,

keeping me aroused without permitting me to cum and exponentially

increasing the frustration I had felt for weeks.

All I wanted to do was cum!!!

My Master simply stood beside the bed, undressing slowly, drawing out the

process, smirking at me the entire time and clearly taking great pleasure

in my inability to achieve an orgasm on my own. My legs were free, and I

tried to rub them together in just the right way to increase the pleasure

building within me, yet it was not enough.

"Master, please!!!"

My entire body felt hot â€“ not because of the slow rumbling of the two

bullets lodged inside me, but because he had finally done it: My Master

had succeeded at last in reducing me to whining, begging to be permitted

to cum.

It had been hard, it had been difficult, it had been almost crippling at

times to come to terms with my exponentially-growing need, but at last, I

had made it through the terrible weeks.

...and my Master and big brother was mercilessly teasing me!!!

Instinctively, I was pulling at my bonds, but clearly unable to free my

wrists so that I could finger myself to climax. I began to babble

incessantly, continually pleading for the orgasm I had so properly earned,

debasing myself even more. The bedroom seemed even hotter, yet

subconsciously I knew that it was due to my ever-growing embarrassment.

Then, fully nude, he left me.

"No! Please! Come make me cum!!!"

I was ignored, my pleas falling upon deaf ears. It was too much to bear,

and as I felt the pool of wetness expanding beneath me, still more wetness

seeped from my eyes and trickled down my cheeks. My need was so great that

I was shamelessly crying, fighting my bonds vigorously in the process,

angry at my forbidden lover for imposing this completely unfair sentence

upon me, my need to cum so desperate that I felt like I was crawling

through the desert and nearly dead from severe dehydration.

I was a sobbing, blubbering idiot, stilled and defeated upon the bed, when

I felt my big brother sit beside me upon the bed. Opening my tearful eyes,

my blurry vision saw him lean forward, and I felt him begin to wash me

with a cool, wet washcloth. It was a beautiful, touching, loving moment,

an act which helped to calm me and which demonstrated that despite the

cruel sentence I had endured, he still cherished and respected me.

When the washcloth finally was moved over my sex, I moaned aloud, lifting

myself to press against the washcloth. Just that simple motion caused

sparks of delight to spiral outward from the base of my torso.

"From now on, whenever we are in private, you are to call me either 'Sir'

or 'Master,' is that understood?"

He held his hand in place, allowing me to hump the cool-but-warming

washcloth. My breath and my heartbeat were both quickening, my ears not

entirely focusing upon his words.

"Slave, did you hear me?"

The "s" word definitely caught my attention.

"From now on, slave, whenever we are in private, you are to call me either

'Sir' or 'Master,' is that understood?"

I nodded, not trusting my voice as he pressed his hand a bit harder

against my weeping womanhood.

"Good enough." He retracted his hand and tossed the washcloth onto his

desk chair, then removed my wrist cuffs from the snap hooks, allowing me

full use of my arms.

"Go ahead," he said, "make yourself cum." He smiled, warmly and lovingly.

"You definitely deserve it."

My hands had begun working feverishly between my legs when he left the

bedroom. I rolled onto my stomach, humping my hands as my fingers toyed

with me and plunged into my body. In well under thirty seconds, I was

screaming into a pillow, enjoying the first orgasm in weeks, my world was

reduced to my body and my voice, as everything else in my life stopped. I

was detached from the world as one climax slid into a second into a third.

When I at last returned to reality, utterly spent yet still incredibly

horny, I felt my big brother's hand upon my back, gently stroking along my

spine. I needed several minutes to finally calm and recover, during which

time I melted under his touch, forgiving him at last for the weeks of

denial.

"On your hands and knees."

Slowly, I complied, my body not quite wanting to cooperate after such an

intense string of orgasms. I rested my forehead on a pillow, looking

upside-down down the length of my body.

...and I was absolutely stunned, for my Master was affixing to me the

belly chain with its detachable handcuffs charm â€“ the same belly chain

which had been affixed to my bedroom wall since our return from our

Valentine's Day mini-vacation in San Francisco.

"Oh my..." My voice suddenly failed me as tear of joy filled my eyes.

We made love for the first time as Master and slave, and throughout, once

I had found my voice again, I kept repeating "Master!" again and again and

again, climaxing twice more before he filled me with his loving essence,

claiming me as his, owning me as I had secretly dreamed for months.

My big brother had been my forbidden lover, and had finally become my

Master, and my joy overflowed my eyes for a long, long, long time.

Twins in College Ch. 29

by WFEATHER Â©

"What do you think of her?"

My eyes followed the nod of my big brother's head and spotted the

out-of-place person in question: a young jogger, perhaps twenty years old

at the most, wearing rather short red shorts and a pink t-shirt which had

been raggedly sliced off below the breasts so that her taut stomach and

lower back were plainly visible. Her long swaying hair was pulled back in

a ponytail which sprouted through the hole at the back of her Oakland A's

baseball cap. Her breasts were about the same size as mine, providing a

nice visual enticement to watch her jog toward and ultimately past us.

"So, what do you think of her?"

This was the latest game between me and my Master: commenting on the

various young women we saw. We sat at a table by the main window of a

Starbucks in San Francisco's financial district, sipping our coffees and

watching the people passing by.

"She's a bit tall," I noted. "It would probably be easier for you to fuck

her standing up than it is to fuck me while standing."

We both grinned at my comment. If anyone sitting near us was listening,

they did not react to what I had just said... or to the fact that my

Master and I clearly appear to be related by blood. But what was most

important is that I could make such a comment without fear that my loving

Master actually would fuck another girl. I had no qualms with him admiring

other girls, so long as he continued to follow the "look but don't touch"

concept.

...and I knew he would, which is why, between the support post for the

table and the window itself, I brushed my ankle against his. He smiled

with his eyes as he took another sip of his espresso.

\*\*\*\*\*

As we rode BART back to Berkeley, despite all the people we had seen that

day, that one particular jogger remained fixed in my mind. I remembered

the sculpted leg muscles, the bluish-green eyes darting about to ensure

she was not about to run into anyone, the nipples discernable despite her

shirt and bra, the reddish-orange coloring at the end of her bouncing

jet-black ponytail, the pale lips parted to facilitate her breathing.

I wanted to see her again - not in my mind, but in the flesh. I wanted to

see her completely naked, to compare myself to her, essentially to ensure

that I was "better" than her, to assure myself that my big brother and

Master would never leave me.

...not that he was likely to leave me, in actuality, but somehow, there

was something about her which made me a little cautious, a little nervous,

a little jealous, but I could not quite place my finger on it.

No one was sitting near us, so when I felt my Master take my hand in his,

I did not flinch or withdraw. I welcomed his gentle gesture, especially at

that moment, especially given the concerns floating around in my head.

Then as he guided my hand over high thigh and to the front of his jeans, I

smiled to myself, looking at the growing indentation I was caressing with

his guidance.

All too soon, our stop was announced, and I tried to retract my hand, but

he held it against the bulge for a few seconds before releasing me. It was

subtle, but it was a silent warning nonetheless: "Do not forget your

place, slave. I did not tell you to stop." I nodded meekly, my eyes

downcast, my expression solemn.

As we stepped off the subterranean train, I thought again of the jogger,

but I also thought of what had just taken place. I tried to imagine the

jogger acquiescing to my Master's whims, tried to imagine her gladly

suffering pain for his enjoyment or accepting humiliation in the hopes of

receiving carnal pleasure afterward, but I could not. There was simply

something about her, something intangible, which told me that she would

not willingly submit like that - not to him, not to anyone.

On the other hand, I had one very important advantage over her: blood.

Throughout my dating career, I had been subconsciously looking for someone

just like my big brother, and he had simultaneously been subconsciously

looking for someone just like me. Once we both realized that the person we

each wanted lived under the same roof and breathed the same air, our lives

became even more heavily intertwined than for the typical set of twins.

I could not imagine ever "going back" to a more traditional,

socially-acceptable relationship. And as my big brother and Master

ascended the stairs to street level, I could not envision him ever "going

back," either.

My Master might look elsewhere on occasion, but he would only ever touch

me.

Twins in College Ch. 30

by WFEATHER Â©

My big brother had just escorted me home from the video store after the

midnight closing. As he sat on my bed and watched me fondly, I took off my

shoes and socks, and then removed the skirt. I was just about to remove

the t-shirt when he spoke up:

"Don't. I have an idea. Stay here."

And with that cryptic statement, I was left on my own, standing in my

bedroom wearing a t-shirt, bra, and thong, wondering just what my Master

had in mind for me now, yet growing excited from the anticipation. It was

an odd moment for an idea to suddenly come to him, especially so late at

night, so something about what I was wearing must have triggered a memory.

A few minutes later, he returned, carrying a single blindfold. "Roll up

the bottom of your t-shirt so that your stomach shows," he instructed as

he approached me.

I thought about that for a moment. "Should I knot it instead to make sure

it stays in place?"

"That would be even better."

As I obeyed, I wondered what his being able to see my stomach had to do

with whatever he had in mind. Granted, it made my waist chain visible, and

ensured that he could fully see my thong, but beyond those two points, I

was a bit confused. Nonetheless, I knotted the front of the t-shirt just

below my breasts. Glancing at myself in the mirror, I saw that it made my

chest seem a little more prominent, and I assumed that this was exactly

what my Master had wanted to see by having me do this.

"Good," I heard him say, which turned my attention back to him. "Now put

this on."

He handed me the blindfold, and I donned it as instructed. Once it was

properly in place, he took me by the hand and led me from my bedroom. He

then stopped me, put his hands on my shoulders, and practically spun me in

place, turning me around so quickly and for so long that I very quickly

became dizzy. If I had been able to see anything, my world would have had

a constantly-moving horizon, like being on a boat in the middle of an

ocean. But then I was stopped â€“ rather, my body was stopped, but my mind

was still spinning â€“ and led elsewhere in our haven of incest, until I was

backed into a corner.

"Sit." I complied, my mind still revolving.

"Knees up. Spread your legs wide." I obeyed.

"Put your right hand on your right knee, and slip your left hand inside

your thong and play with yourself."

"Yes, Master."

I complied, the earlier anticipation having already made me a little wet.

I enticed more desire from my body, then brought some of that moisture up

to my clitoris, the initial touch causing a soft gasp to escape my lips.

I could hear my loving Master walk away, leaving me sitting on the floor

in a corner with a hand down the front of my thong. For my being in such a

compromising position, I had assumed that he would be nearby, watching me,

yet I could not even feel the caress of his eyes upon me. But I simply

cast that issue aside, focusing instead upon the task quite literally at

hand.

An unknown amount of time passed as I continued to pleasure myself,

continued to whimper and gasp and moan softly.

"My baby sister is such a brazen slut."

At the sound of his voice, I jumped, startled since I had not heard him

return to me. But even as he chuckled at my reaction, my hand continued

its work within my thong, continued to draw out more of my growing desire

as I rocked against the questing digits.

The unmistakable sound of a camera shutter startled me again, and for a

moment, I felt as if I could not breathe. I was no stranger to my big

brother's camera, but it had been quite some time since he had taken any

pictures of me â€“ illicit or otherwise â€“ so that particular sound was quite

a surprise. He chuckled again, then took several other pictures.

Now I understood why he had wanted me in this position. I redoubled my

efforts, my breaths breathier, my moans moanier, my squeals squealier. My

body moved with greater force, greater need, against the fingers which

penetrated me, the hand which cupped my sex. And the shutter continued to

click, its unmistakable sound seemingly thunderous in my ears.

Then the repeating sound of the shutter abruptly ceased, but my

performance continued. I was breathing faster and louder, my breasts

straining against the knotted t-shirt. And before I knew it, I heard a

masculine groan, then felt my Master's incestuous love upon me, the white

ropes binding me to him, the sticky warmth upon my stomach and forearm and

left thigh as he continued to unleash his dominance upon his willing

slave.

"Make yourself cum," I was commanded.

It did not take much longer for my body to succumb to the throes of

ecstasy. Commanded by my Master, especially with his own cum upon me, how

could I not comply?

\*\*\*\*\*

When I awoke in my Master's bed in the morning, he was sitting at his

desk, doing something on the laptop. When he heard me stir, he turned to

greet me with a smile, then stood and approached the bed, allowing me to

see the screen of the laptop...

Clearly, he had already uploaded the pictures he had taken, for on his

desktop was a wallpaper of me, sitting on the carpeted floor in the corner

created by a closed door and an adjacent wall, blindfolded, t-shirt

knotted below the straining breasts, my mouth agape, head thrown back,

back arched a hand down the front of my dampened thong, knees bent, thighs

parted, toes curled, with splatters of white upon my stomach and forearm

and left thigh.

It was quite a surprise to see myself like that, to see myself as my

Master had seen me mere hours earlier, especially since I had never heard

the shutter after he had coated me with his seed. In a way, it was

embarrassing, a compromising picture, but mostly, it was beautiful, sexy,

arousing.

...and I wanted to do it again â€“ for my Master, of course, but especially

for me.

Twins in College Ch. 31

by WFEATHER Â©

In a way, it could well have been any given tender family moment on any

given Sunday morning.

I knelt upon the floor between my big brother's thighs, my hands clasped

together in my lap. Leaning back against the sofa, my eyes were closed as

my ears focused upon the music of Hamasaki Ayumi. I probably had a slight

smile upon my face, for "Bold & Delicious" was definitely one of my

favorite songs.

Slowly, deliberately, my big brother brushed my hair. He took his time,

his fingers reveling in the feel of my many strands, his heart being

poured into the act. It was such a simple thing, having my hair brushed,

especially by him, but it meant so much to me â€“ to us both â€“ that my heart

pounded faster than usual, threatening to burst from the love swelling and

pulsing within.

I sighed contentedly, reveling in the feel of the bristles against my

scalp, the feel of my big brother's thighs pressed against my arms, the

feel of the gentle tugs on my hair. I knew, deep within, that this was

where I belonged, even though the sigh reignited a most unusual pair of

aches.

Granted, to an outsider, seeing a big brother slowly brushing his baby

sister's hair would not seem at all unusual â€“ especially in large families

where the older children are expected to help take care of their much

younger siblings, I am fairly certain that such activities take place

quite often between an older brother and his younger sister. However,

there were several significant differences to the scene we presented to

the imagined outsider.

First, my big brother is indeed older than me... but only by a few

minutes. I have absolutely no doubt that he essentially shoved me aside to

exit the womb first, asserting his dominance over me even before either of

us had taken a single breath on our own.

Second, kneeling between my big brother's thighs, I was completely naked,

fully exposed, just the way he wanted me, and just the way I wanted to be

â€“ both for him and even for me. All I wore was the waist chain, the symbol

of my submission to my big brother, my forbidden lover, my Master.

Third, the tugs of my hair did not hurt, but the tugging of my nipples had

created a dull ache. Gravity was working quite nicely, pulling the

weighted nipple clamps and thus pulling at my breasts, but the pain had

become bearable, and even somewhat comforting in conjunction with the

tugging and brushing of my hair.

In addition, my wrists were secured by metal handcuffs, the key on the

floor about eighteen inches in front of me. "When you've had enough," my

Master had instructed me before starting to brush my hair, "just lean

forward and pick up the key, then straighten up and present it to me, and

I'll release you from the handcuffs and the nipple clamps. Of course, that

will cause the weights to sway and that will almost certainly hurt your

succulent nipples even more. The choice is yours, of course, slave."

An outsider would almost definitely find the scene quite perverse: a

beautiful young woman, naked and handcuffed and silently and calmly

suffering with a slight smile curling her lips upward, kneeling between

her big brother's legs as he brushed her hair on a calm and serene Sunday

morning. Most people would not find the scene "normal." Yet to me, and

certainly to my big brother and Master, the scene was not just normal â€“ it

was actually quite tender, full of love and trust and devotion and

respect, allowing us to connect on a deeper level even though I wore the

weighted nipple clamps for the very first time and the handcuffs for the

first time in several months.

Setting the brush aside, my big brother and Master leaned forward.

Wrapping his arms around my from behind, he whispered sweet nothings into

my ear, his fingertips stroking the sides of my breasts, pressing my

feminine swells enough to jostle the clamps and reignite the pain

torturing my proud nipples. I cried out softly in reaction to the renewed

sensations emanating from my chest, but otherwise I did not flinch.

Such a perverse scene, at least to an outsider, yet I relished it, I

craved it. The contrast between the innocence of having my hair brushed

and the naughtiness of being bound and hurt by my forbidden lover filled

me with an unexpected joy. I wanted to remain there like that for hours,

for days, for centuries, suffering both because of and for my loving

Master... and not-so-secretly adoring every precious second of the taboo

experience.

In time, he straightened again behind me. Picking up the brush once more,

he resumed his previous self-appointed task, and I imagined the proverbial

outsider turning crimson from watching our most unusual expression of

love.

Twins in College Ch. 32

by WFEATHER Â©

We were back at the family home, spending not quite a full week with our

parents.

At least, that was how we justified it to them in making our travel plans.

We were home for a few days. The best my big brother and I could muster

were a few stolen moments here and there, my favorite being the morning

when, with our parents both in the kitchen fixing breakfast, my forbidden

lover entered my bedroom, pinned my body to the wall beside the open

bedroom door, and humped me as he molested my willing body and swallowed

my joyous whimpers.

Fortunately, our parents both recognized just how much my big brother and

I wanted to return to our favorite camping spot in the mountains, and

graciously allowed us to go spend two days there. I had not expected they

would allow it, as we were only visiting our parents for such a relatively

short time, returning to California on a Friday so that my big brother and

I could both return to our jobs on Saturday.

As my fraternal twin finished packing the truck on a Tuesday afternoon, my

mother caught me packing in my bedroom and gave me some advice:

"Scream for him, loudly," she said with a wink and a grin. "He will really

love that!!!"

I blushed, profusely. Receiving sex advice from my own mother was

incredibly awkward at best, even though she both knew about and definitely

approved of the forbidden relationship. But at least I still had one key

secret: She did not know that my fraternal twin was also my Master.

When I finally slid into the truck and sat beside my Master once again, I

was full of excitement. My body was practically vibrating with

anticipation of our campout and of the illicit adventures we would have.

And, just as importantly to me, I was looking forward to screaming for him

â€“ screaming of my love and my pain for his enjoyment, screaming loud

enough to scare away any animals who might be in the area, screaming until

I practically lost my voice and did not need a gag to be muted.

"You're grinning, baby sister," he noted as he started the engine. "Is

there something I should know about?"

"Just looking forward to truly letting go," I admitted, quite aware of the

smile upon my face, "unleashing my voice and screaming for you again and

again."

"Hmmm... I think I'd like that!"

We laughed together for a moment, then began the journey toward our

favorite camping spot.

Once we were out of town, my domination began.

"Off with the shorts and the thong," my Master commanded. That did not

bother me much at all, as no one would be able to see me below the rib

cage unless they were in a passing semi. I slipped off my sandals and

began to undress as ordered, leaving the shorts and the thong between us

on the bench seat.

I looked at my Master and saw his smile as his eyes glanced over me and

confirmed my compliance.

"Do you like what you see, Master?" I asked in my best possible "innocent

little girl" voice, smiling sweetly and batting my eyes.

"Definitely," he replied, quickly returning his eyes to the pavement

before us. "Now, I want you to make yourself wet."

I maneuvered to lean in the corner created by the door and the back of the

seat, my hair being whipped around my face by the wind. A slight concern

passed through my mind at doing such naughty things in public, but no one

but my big brother and Master could see anything which society dictates

must always be hidden from view, so I took a deep breath, closed my eyes,

and began to finger myself.

By the time we arrived at the base of the mountain, I had brought myself

to the brink of orgasm at least six times, but had disappointedly obeyed

my Master's commands and denied myself the release I so desperately

craved. It was actually a letdown to don the thong and shorts once more,

and that emotion surprised me greatly.

Perhaps I had a deep-hidden desire to be discovered in a compromising

position by strangers. Perhaps I was an exhibitionist at heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

The campsite set up, the dinner dishes washed and put away, the bear bag

hung, I straddled my Master as I massaged his bare back. We each wore only

our swimwear, but I had a strong feeling that even that scant clothing

would be shed before nightfall.

Movement at the edge of my peripheral vision caught my attention, and I

slowly turned my head to see a deer, a doe, slowly approaching the stream.

She kept an eye on us as she moved cautiously, remaining alert, vigilant.

"Deer to your right," I whispered, and my Master slowly turned his head in

that direction.

In a way, it felt like the calm before the storm. We both watched with

interest as the doe made her way to the stream, dipped her head, and began

to drink. My hands never stopped their work, functioning on auto-pilot as

my attention was focused upon the wary creature gracing us with her

presence. I wondered if she would return later, if our choice of campsite

violated her sense of territory, if she would flee the state once my

Master made me scream for him.

\*\*\*\*\*

My ass was truly aflame, certainly impressively marked by the thin branch

my Master wielded. Tears cascaded down my face, and rough tree bark

scratched at my arms and the front of my naked body, for I was secured to

the tree with rope linking the D-rings on the wrist cuffs and ensuring

that I was continually hugging the tree.

"I will not stop until you scream for me," he had threatened with his

kind, soothing voice.

I had lost count of how many strikes I had already endured from the thin

branch. Ultimately, it did not matter. Either the fiery pain would become

so unbearable that I used my safeword, or I would essentially admit defeat

and scream loud and long for him.

As it was, my body was shuddering almost violently in the aftermath of

each bite of the thin branch. Each strike added a new line of searing pain

to my existence, causing me to grunt loudly through gritted teeth. Even

without the bonds, I would almost certainly have been hugging the tree

tightly, somehow drawing a meager ray of comfort from its steady strength.

Watching the doe had been the calm; this was indeed the storm. My tears

fell unabated, my heart thundered rapidly, my breathing was rapid and

shallow, and I struggled in my bonds even as I firmly held the trunk

before me.

More than anything else, this was a test. My Master was specifically

testing my limit with this branch â€“ he had said so before starting to hurt

me. Yet, although this was simply a test, the level of pain was unlike

anything I had felt before, giving the scene the semblance of a harsh

punishment.

Mentally, I was in turmoil. I could not decide if I could endure any more,

yet I did not want to give in and admit defeat, whether via safeword or

via scream.

But then, suddenly, I felt as if I was floating. My body felt detached

from my mind. The pain did not seem so bad, and seemed to actually be

lessening even though I could still feel the bites of the branch...

And then, I was laying upon my Master, his hands caressing my

sweat-dampened back as a gentle cool breeze wafted over us. My ass still

felt ablaze, and I was sniffling between whimpers into his neck. Nighttime

enveloped us completely, with only the small campfire providing any light,

and even the flames had nearly regressed into smoldering coals.

It took some time for me to find the strength to lift myself up on my arms

and gaze upon the loving face of my big brother and Master. His expression

was one of concern laced with desire, and I felt a telltale solidification

and lengthening beneath me.

"I don't remember," I said in barely a whisper, not having truly found my

voice yet. "Did I scream? Did I safeword?"

He shook his head solemnly. "You had taken so much already and had not

screamed and hadn't used your safeword, and I was afraid to give you any

more so that the markings and the pain will be hopefully gone by the time

we return. We don't want our parents to know that I've been purposely

hurting you, even with your consent"

I simply nodded my acceptance of his decision and rested my head upon his

shoulder once more, flattening myself upon him. Only his swim trunks

prevented a full skin-on-skin sensation. I sighed into his neck, my warm

breath reflected back into my face.

In a way, I was sad, for my limit had not been discovered, and that had

been the point of the scene. But in a way, I was sincerely thankful that

my Master was so practical, keeping my best interests in mind even when I

might hate him for it... such as when he had ordered me to bed on the

night before an exam.

But that was yet another way that my Master, my big brother, my fraternal

twin, my confidant, my greatest fan, had definitely earned my heartfelt

respect and my undying love.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the morning, I was kneeling beside the ashes of the campfire, purifying

the water I had just drawn from the stream, when I saw my Master emerge

from the tent. He came to me, as naked as the day we were born, and knelt

behind me, enveloping me in his loving arms as I finished my

self-appointed task.

We remained like that for several long minutes, enjoying each other's

company, listening to the sounds of Nature all around us. I leaned back

into my Master's chest, smiling to myself as his hands moved to my chest

to fondle my breasts through my bikini bra.

"What shall we do today, Master?" I finally asked quietly, my hands upon

his in a subtle signal for him to squeeze my breasts a little harder.

"After breakfast and a short swim," he replied in my ear, "I think a hike

to the top of the mountain would be in order."

"That sounds great," I replied.

His hands began to travel down my torso, leaving me fondling my own

breasts, until they reached my waist chain, my "collar." I purposely had

not worn the charms on this visit home, so as not to alarm our parents if

they were to see the handcuffs charm in particular, but just the fact that

I wore the "collar" and the fact that my Master was fingering it reminded

me yet again of my place in our forbidden hierarchy.

"Does your ass still hurt?" he asked with genuine concern in his voice.

"Only a little," I replied, "more of a slight ache than an actual hurt.

But I'm sure I'm still well marked. I can particularly feel it if I sit or

if I lay on my back."

"That's good to know." He gave me a gentle squeeze, then released me and

stood, moving to stand in front of me with my face directly in front of

his crotch.

No verbal command was necessary. I looked up at my Master with a sweet

smile, then accepted him into my mouth, eagerly anticipating my illicit

breakfast.

\*\*\*\*\*

The view from the summit was spectacular. We ate in silence, gazing all

around us, my Master occasionally taking pictures (and not always pictures

of the scenery) with his digital camera. When lunch was finished, we put

the trash into the backpack, then we both leaned back against the trunk of

the lone tree at the top of the mountain, a tree which clearly had

weathered many a literal storm and was too damn stubborn to give way to

destiny.

As my Master held me close and I rested my head upon his shoulder, I

smiled to myself, thinking about how the tree was just like us. Clearly,

the tree was strong and able to survive on its own despite the many

obstacles brought by the weather over the decades. We were strong as well,

weathering the norms of society yet still maintaining a solid relationship

while simultaneously surviving on our own in our first year away from the

nest.

"A lot has happened in the past year," my big brother noted softly, giving

me a gentle squeeze. Once again, the quasi-telepathic link between twins

made its presence known.

"That's true," I responded, stroking his chest directly over his heart.

"When we were camping on this mountain last summer, I had both a big

brother and a lover, but not a Master."

I did not need to look at his face to know that he was smiling.

\*\*\*\*\*

"That's right, bitch, scream!"

Between the pain of having my hair pulled so roughly and my body

repeatedly filled so rapidly, I continued to scream, my throat feeling

raw, my voice beginning to wane. Tears of delight clouded my vision of the

flickering flames before me. I clawed at the ground, highly aware of my

breasts whipping back and forth beneath me.

"Master!!!" Then I wailed loud and long as another climax wracked my

senses.

With a triumphant bellow, my Master finally unleashed his white-hot love

inside me. Our voices sang a primal duet which seemed appropriately

fitting in this location. It was a beautiful song to my ears, but probably

sounded eerie and haunting to the residents of this mountainside â€“ after

all, they were likely not used to humans, especially two humans fucking

viciously in the night.

As I lay on the ground, attempting to recover both my breath and my voice

as our combined love trickled from my well-used body, I felt truly owned,

moreso than ever before. I also felt strangely satisfied and sated on a

non-sexual level, for I had screamed for my Master at last.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the morning, our lovemaking was long and slow and tender, the extreme

opposite of what had taken place during the night. Even as we were packing

everything for our departure, my body still trembled randomly, as if

remembering the passions my big brother and Master had unlocked.

Once again, it was with great sadness that I left the mountain behind us.

Once we were on the highway and he would not need to shift gears for a

while, he took my hand in his. That was all the communication we needed,

and it helped to bring a smile back to my face.

\*\*\*\*\*

After a few more days of brief stolen moments, we were finally on a plane

headed back to California. I wanted so desperately to cuddle in my

Master's arms, but somehow was able to will myself into waiting until we

had at last returned to our apartment.

As I was unpacking my small suitcase, my Master stepped into my bedroom.

In his hand, he held the same thin branch.

We both smiled as one.

The pillow certainly received an earful that night.

Twins in College Ch. 33

by WFEATHER Â©

I was on my back upon the sofa, my head in my Master's lap, his hand

gently stroking my hair as we rested in the darkness. We were both fully

nude, our combined passions trickling from my body, the scent of our

recent lovemaking quite pungent in the air.

"I think it's time..." he said quietly, then fell silent once more. I kept

waiting for him to finish his thought, but he did not for a long time.

"I think it's time," he finally resumed, "that we take the next step."

I was not quite sure what he meant. "'Take the next step' and get

married?" I asked quietly. "I highly doubt the State of California would

allow a sister and brother to marry each other."

"Actually, I had another 'next step' in mind. I was thinking about us

moving to another place."

We had occasionally discussed this over the previous few months. Our lease

would expire before the end of the summer, so we would need to either

renew or move.

I thought about it for a while. "We've made so many memories here," I said

honestly, "and in a way, I'd like to stay here. It would make the memories

more 'real,' at least to me."

I could hear my big brother's smile; I could feel it in the way his hand

stroked my cheek. "But what about creating new memories... perhaps even

'better' memories? If we could stay in this same neighborhood, would you

be interested in potentially moving?"

We had discussed this issue previously as well: Where would we live if we

moved out of the apartment? Certainly, a small house would offer both more

space and fewer neighbors in immediate earshot of my impassioned cries.

There were apartment buildings within several blocks which offered more

amenities, such as a pool and a weight room, but they were also

astronomically more expensive even by Bay Area standards.

"Do you have anything particular in mind?" I wondered aloud. Somehow, it

seemed to me that my big brother and Master would not be presenting this

scenario for discussion again unless he had a specific reason to do so.

"Actually, yes," he admitted, the slight laugh in his voice evidence that

he had anticipated my question. "There is one small house in particular

along the edge of the park which I think would suit us nicely. Two floors

plus basement, perhaps an attic as well. Small front porch. Compared to

others, there's a little more space between it and the nearby houses. From

what I can tell, the immediate neighbors are all students, renting houses

or perhaps just rooms in the surrounding houses. It would mean walking an

extra three blocks to the BART station every day to get to and from class,

but I think it would work well for us."

I thought about it for a while as I enjoyed the feel of my forbidden

lover's hands upon me. I weighed several options, compared various

scenarios, thought of the likely financial difference.

What really weighed somewhat heavily on me was the financial aspect of a

move. Our father had paid our entire first year's rent in advance for this

apartment; after this lease lapsed, my big brother and I would be fully

responsible for rent no matter where we lived. Plus, there would

inherently be expenses involved with a move itself, even if just moving a

few blocks away. We would also need to consider the time involved â€“ the

packing, the physical moving, and the unpacking, as well as informing

friends, our respective colleges, and the companies we dealt with about

our new address and phone number.

"Let's go see this house tomorrow," I compromised. "Then we can revisit

this issue. Fair enough, big brother?"

"Fair enough, baby sister."

I may be the slave, and he may be the Master, but we each knew when our

status as siblings held top priority. This was indeed one of those times.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I'll admit, I tend to frown upon students of the opposite sex living

together here," our potential new landlord said honestly. "But since you

two are twin brother and sister, I doubt I'd be seeing much 'drama'

between you two... and less drama typically means much less to fix and no

disputes over late rent payments. That's why I'm willing to offer the

discount to you two."

We stood on the porch, which was positioned five steps above street level.

Across the street was the park, where a young mother was helping her baby

boy to take his first steps as another young woman (a sister? a

godmother?) watched fondly. Crime was fairly low in the neighborhood,

especially around the park due to the many lights at night.

We had been inside the house itself. There were a washer and dryer in the

basement, along with the furnace and the water heater, all in one room;

the other room was barren, with the exception of various O-rings sunk into

the walls and ceiling. Simply seeing those O-rings had caused my loins to

warm and my heart to beat a little faster as I imagined myself secured to

them with chain or with rope, unable to protect myself, completely at my

Master's whims to endure whatever pain or pleasure he chose to bestow upon

me...

The main floor offered a small kitchen, a small dining room, a small TV

room, and a tiny coat closet. Upstairs were two bedrooms, a bathroom, and

a pair of hallway closets. The house was already wired for cable in the TV

room and in both bedrooms; one phone line was assigned to the house, but

there were phone outlets in each bedroom and in the TV room.

"And if you're willing to help keep the tiny yard looking nice, I'm

willing to give you a further discount," she announced. "I keep a push

mower and a small can of gas in the tiny shed out back, along with pruning

shears and other things to maintain the shrubs and the flowers."

I nodded imperceptibly to my fraternal twin. "I believe you have a pair of

new tenants, Ms. Ovni," he stated proudly.

Our new landlord smiled.

\*\*\*\*\*

Cuddling in my big brother's bed that night, we chatted quietly about our

new home... literally, a home. The apartment had been nice, and even with

the discounts Ms. Ovni was willing to give us, it would still be a little

more expensive than the apartment. However, we both felt positive about

the move. In the morning, we would go back for one final look, and sign

the lease if it all met with our approval. We could move in whenever we

wanted, and she would only charge us a per diem rate to cover a partial

month.

"What did you think of those O-rings in the basement ceiling and walls?" I

asked my Master.

In the dim light emanating from his laptop's screensaver, I noticed his

smile. "I was thinking about buying some chain and snap hooks, so you

could be secured to the walls or the ceiling, completely vulnerable as I

whip you, as I make your beautiful body turn an angry red."

I felt the wetness begin, and I kissed his cheek. "I would love that,

Master."

He laughed softly. "You do realize," he noted, "that when most people move

into a new place, they buy furniture, but we're thinking about buying

things to restrain you and hurt you!"

I buried my face in his neck, laughing with him. "So we're a unique set of

twins," I responded. "That's all it means. We're just unique."

\*\*\*\*\*

We became more unique in the morning, for that was when my big brother

checked the California Lottery Web site and discovered that we were

suddenly over $120,000 richer. His habit of buying lottery tickets had

paid of at last.

Not only were we incestuous fraternal twins with a Dom/sub relationship,

we were also lottery winners.

...or, almost. We did not match the Mega Ball, so we did not win the

jackpot.

Still, $120,000 is not something to dismiss very easily.

Suddenly, paying rent ourselves no longer seemed like such a daunting

responsibility. My big brother and I were both smiling as we signed the

lease.

\*\*\*\*\*

That night, as I knelt beneath his desk and further honed my fellatio

skills, my Master visited numerous Web sites, making a list of

bondage-related items to buy. I was not permitted to know what he was

seeing, what he was considering purchasing, but it did not matter to me. I

knew that he would make good choices and always keep my safety in mind.

I smiled obscenely around his thick length, already imagining myself in

various scenarios in the basement of what would soon be our first home

together. Knowing how he thought, my Master would rather quickly turn the

second room of the basement into a small dungeon.

Sadly, I had to work at the video store the next day, so I would not be

able to accompany my big brother to the East Bay Lottery District office

to claim the prize. But that was just as well, for we both planned to

continue to keep our part-time jobs, both because $120,000+ is not enough

to live on forever, and especially because we wanted to keep ourselves

grounded in reality.

But at the moment, my reality was that my mouth was stuffed with my

Master's manhood pressing against the top of my throat as he held my head

in place with a single hand and continued his online shopping with his

other hand. It was an arousing reality of the kinkiest, most forbidden

kind, and I would not have exchanged it for anything else... not even a

lottery jackpot.

Twins in College Ch. 34

by WFEATHER Â©

For several weeks, I had been honoring a new routine. It was one which

meant that I would be hungry for a while, but I still somehow found a

gentle pleasure in making my Master's Saturday mornings a little easier

for him.

The first step in the routine was perhaps my favorite: I was to awaken him

with oral sex. Given the often-cool air of the Bay Area in the mornings

and the fact that we almost always kept the bedroom window at least

partially open during the night, it was somewhat difficult for me to draw

down the covers and expose my naked body to the chilly air. But, with an

eager heart knowing what was to come, I would indeed draw down the covers

and slowly caress and kiss my way down my Master's enticing body, my nose

filling with his unique scent. Once in position between his thighs,

however, I would pull the covers over me as much as possible, then begin

my Saturday morning compliance, gently holding his proud manhood between

my fingers, suckling slowly at the tip, and ultimately lowering my head,

ingesting him slowly, tasting him with my tongue, loving him with my

mouth, fondling him with my hands. Between the cool air and the pleasure I

was giving him, my Master would moan softly and shudder erotically,

signaling his happiness, his desire. But when he had had enough for the

moment, he would gently nudge my face away from his crotch, and the first

step in the routine would officially end... although I typically would

crawl back up his body and ultimately share a few lingering kisses with

him before moving to the next step.

The second step in the routine was for me to fix him breakfast. He never

made a specific request; instead, it was my choice what to prepare for his

morning meal. However, since I was not permitted to wear anything other

than my waist chain â€“ my "collar" â€“ that meant that I could not go out to

buy something, like freshly-made donuts or bagels, although I suppose that

if I had asked, my Master would have allowed it. So, the choices came down

to reheating leftovers or preparing something new; in either case, coffee

was to be included, freshly ground from the ample stash we maintained and

prepared not with the coffee maker, but with the French press instead

("Coffee made from the French press tastes more 'pure,'" he argued,

although I could not really tell the difference).

Once breakfast was ready, including the coffee, I was to come to the

bedroom to inform him of such. If we had slept in his bed during the

night, he might be sitting at his desk at this point, checking e-mail or

doing something else online; if we had slept in my bed during the night,

he was still there, enjoying the warmth of the covers. In either case,

while my mind had become accustomed by this point to the cool air in the

apartment, my nipples would still be fairly hard, drawing his attention.

Having informed him of the status of his morning meal, I would then return

to the main room and kneel beside his chair, awaiting him.

Usually within a few minutes, my Master would appear, wearing at least a

robe but sometimes more. He would sit at the table and eat and drink while

I knelt upon the floor, my stomach rumbling softly and my mouth watering.

With the exception that I was naked and kneeling upon the floor, it could

have easily been any typical Saturday morning shared by any given brother

and sister, such was the banter that passed between us. On occasion, he

might reach a hand down to pat my head as if I was a dog (perhaps I was,

as he would occasionally call me his bitch), but otherwise, he left me

alone aside from the conversation.

In the end, when my Master had finished his breakfast, he would instruct

me to clear away the dishes and prepare his morning dessert. After

kneeling so long, it would be difficult at first for me to stand and move

freely again. But soon, his dessert was ready for him:

Me, on my back upon the table, my sex already a bit wet in anticipation of

the culmination.

By the time the Saturday morning routine had ended, I still would not have

eaten, but I would have been eaten quite expertly, thoughts of food pushed

far from my mind.

Twins in College Ch. 35

by WFEATHER Â©

My big brother and I had agreed that Sunday would be a day I submitted to

him. "Twenty-four hours," he had informed me. "Twenty-four hours in which

you are no longer my baby sister and I am no longer your big brother.

Understood?"

"Yes, Master," I had replied quietly, hoping that none of the other BART

passengers could hear my response. With a smile, I added, "I'm looking

forward to it already!"

\*\*\*\*\*

It began at midnight. Actually, it began well before midnight.

Per my big brother's request, I was to be wearing nothing underneath my

skirt at midnight when he came to the video store to escort me home. So,

in order to comply with the order, that is how I went to work that night:

skirt, no thong. It reminded me of the Valentine's Day mini-vacation in

Little Tokyo, when I had been his slave during our trip, when I had been

required to go outside wearing a skirt but no thong. But while I was a

little concerned that someone might look up my skirt if I needed to walk

up the stairs to the second floor of the video store, I felt much more at

ease this time about being pantyless â€“ or, more specifically, thongless â€“

in public.

Shortly after midnight, while I was (appropriately) restocking the adult

section, my Master stepped past the curtain and grinned at me. I knew he

was wondering if I had followed his orders, so I stepped over one aisle so

that I would not be seen if someone else stepped past the curtain, then

briefly lifted my skirt long enough for my Master to be assured that I had

indeed obeyed him. He simply winked, and soon stepped back into the main

area of the store.

I was the last employee to leave, which meant my Master and I were alone

for a few minutes in the video store. Just as we were about to leave

through the back door, he suddenly grabbed my arm, turned me quickly,

backed me hard against the door, and began assaulting me with his hands

and his mouth. He swallowed my squeals and my groans as he molested me,

and I eagerly gave myself over to him, allowing him to do whatever he

wanted with me, to me. He pressed a knee between my thighs, and I clutched

him tightly as I slid back and forth upon his knee like a shameless harlot

trying to entice a potential customer into paying more.

Then, just as suddenly, the much-welcomed molestation was over. I was

breathless as we stepped out of the store and I locked the back door.

Then, arm-in-arm, we headed back to the apartment, back to our refuge from

the world, and into my submission proper.

"One hard-set rule for your twenty-four hours of submission," my Master

informed me as we neared our apartment building. "You will wear at most

only a thong and a collar, unless we decide to go out somewhere.

Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied, trying to hide a smile, "I understand."

Once in the apartment, my Master had not yet even closed the door when he

ordered: "Strip."

I quickly complied. Jacket, t-shirt, skirt, bra, shoes, socks â€“ all my

clothes were tossed aside and I stood before my Master, wearing only my

waist chain. The entire time, he had stood leaning back against the door,

his arms folded across his chest, his face nearly expressionless â€“ with

the exception of his eyes, sparkling brilliantly, filled with admiration

and love.

"To your knees."

I knelt before him, looking up at him, smiling, trying to give him by best

"innocent little girl" expression... although it certainly was not

convincing given that a true innocent little girl would never be naked in

front of her big brother. By instinct, I reached out to him, stroked his

thighs through his jeans, but then he took my hands in his and pushed my

hands away.

"Make yourself cum," he instructed me.

For a moment, I actually felt self-conscious and shy about masturbating

for him. Rarely had I masturbated at all since my big brother and I had

begun living together, as he was very, very diligent about taking care of

my sexual needs. Yet, somehow, I was able to lick my fingers and move a

hand between my thighs and a hand to my chest, starting the climb toward

the peak of sexuality.

Slowly, he dropped to his knees before me. "Don't stop," he ordered,

lifting my chin with his fingertips. We gazed into each other's eyes, and

my heart melted, the action of my hands faltering for just a moment, but

he did not seem to notice. Leaning forward, he kissed me, directly between

the eyes, his tongue just barely brushing against the bridge of my nose.

Somehow, it was a catalyst, causing my hands to move a little faster, to

stroke with a little more pressure.

I was surprised when my Master's other hand brushed against mine, but then

not at all surprised when two of his fingers slipped up inside me as his

eyes held mine captive once more. He smiled at my gasp of delight, his

eyes narrowing as a devious thought passed through his incestuous mind.

His fingers moved slowly inside me as I worked at my clitoris, our eyes

remaining locked together until, at last, I closed my eyes and gave a

not-so-quiet unladylike groan from our combined actions at the base of my

torso.

Faster and faster our hands moved. He released my chin and brushed the

hair away from my face, kissing my cheek as his fingers continued to rise

into me. Then he withdrew from me, my body instantly crying at the lack of

tactile contact with my loving Dominant, but I figured that he was not

truly about to leave me.

I was right. After crawling around me, my Master knelt behind me,

clutching me tightly as my hands worked at my sex and my chest, causing me

to finally slip over the edge and plunge into carnal bliss. "Don't stop...

Keep cumming... Cum all you want..." His supportive words in my ear

prolonged and renewed my orgasm, his presence making the experience more

intense, more meaningful. And when it ultimately ended, as I slowly calmed

and basked in the afterglow of my self-love, I felt my Master's love

surrounding me as his hands caressed me, comforted me.

"I hope you enjoyed that cum," I heard softly in my ear, the familiar

voice seeming distant, "because you won't cum again for quite some time."

"Yes, Master."

The scent of my sexuality seemed particularly pungent to my nose, adding

to the headiness of the experience. The warmth and closeness of my Master

made me feel loved and desired. The wetness trickling from my body made me

feel incredibly naughty. And I cherished it all.

\*\*\*\*\*

I awoke in the middle of the night, naked as usual for sleeping. As if in

a dream â€“ likely because I was trapped in that hazy neverland between

slumber and consciousness â€“ I thought I heard the all-too-familiar male

voice in my ear whispering: "Suck me."

I had no idea what time it was. I only knew that it was still quite dark,

nary a hint of daylight gracing the bedroom. Yet, somehow, my body moved

of its own accord, without any conscious acts instigated by my brain,

pushing aside the covers and moving into position to comply with the

softly-spoken command.

Without a doubt, it was far from the best fellation I had ever given. I

never truly awoke, thus I had no chance to truly put my heart into my

Master's gratification. He must have sensed it, because, much too soon for

him to even come close to filling my mouth with his seed, he whispered

simply, "That's enough for now," and tugged at my hair to compel me to

again lay beside him.

He pulled the covers back over us both, draped an arm over me and cupped a

breast, and kissed the back of my head. My Master squeezed my breast

gently, and then I was lost to slumber.

\*\*\*\*\*

I awoke to my Master's kiss upon my lips. It took a few moments for my

mind to truly return to full consciousness, but when it did, I began to

eagerly return the kiss, my hands holding my Master's head in place above

mine.

After the kiss, we simply held each other close, our naked bodies pressed

snugly together underneath the covers, as was likely happening in

countless other bedrooms across the Bay Area on that Sunday morning.

Nothing needed to be said, so nothing was said â€“ our communication was

tactile, and even that was more than enough to remind each other of the

deep love and respect and devotion which formed the foundation of our

unique relationship.

But, eventually, his stomach rumbled, and just as we both began to giggle

over that unexpected sound breaking the solemn quiet of our cuddle, my

stomach responded in kind.

"Time for breakfast," my Master noted. "Why don't you go fix some

scrambled eggs for us." The question issued like a command was a

not-so-subtle reminder that for the day, I was his slave, to do as he

ordered, to endure as he willed. "And put on one of your black thongs," he

added as I rose reluctantly from the warm bed.

Wearing only the thong and my waist chain, I was soon fixing breakfast. I

was barefoot and in the kitchen, but certainly â€“ and fortunately â€“ not

pregnant... certainly the way my Master â€“ and my big brother â€“ wanted me.

Just as I was adding some diced ham to the eggs, he came into the kitchen

and stepped up behind me. I did not need to see it to know what he was

placing around my neck: the thin "Baby"-emblazoned collar. Then he wrapped

his arms around my middle, pressing himself against my backside, and I

noted happily that he wore only briefs, so that he was just as exposed as

I was... although his chest was certainly not quite as socially

interesting as mine.

"My baby sister and my loving slave," he whispered into my ear before

sucking gently at the lobe. That I could fulfill both roles for him filled

me with pride; that he could fulfill both complimentary roles for me

filled me with desire.

After breakfast, my Master wanted something I did not expect: a bath.

Specifically, he wanted me to bathe him. So, sitting on the edge of the

bathtub, I did. I took my time in bathing him as we chatted quietly. And

when he finally rose up from the warm water, I dried him thoroughly,

taking my time, ensuring his pleasure from the mundane act, and ultimately

I helped him into his own thong, the same one he last wore during our

Valentine's Day mini-vacation.

After that, we each spent time on our own preparing for the day; all that

was "neglected" was the clothing. And when I was ready at last, I found my

Master standing at the table, with several coils of white rope before him.

I knew what was in store for me next, and grinned in anticipation. The

only questions were how he would apply the ropes to me, and whether I

would be bound to something.

"Let's start simple," he said. Shortly afterward, I stood before my Master

with my forearms lashed together behind my back. The position inherently

caused my chest to be forced forward a little, and from the glances I

noticed, he certainly appreciated the "extra view." Then he stepped up to

me, his arms encircling my waist, and we kissed. It was a slow, respectful

kiss, yet it was also a frustrating kiss in a way, because I could not

return his gentle touches.

Additional rope was wound around my upper torso, framing my breasts

nicely. My Master made sure to pull the rope up as much as possible into

the soft undersides, a simple act which carried such significant meaning

in a way, making me even more aware of my femininity. Once he had tied the

ends of the rope in place, he took another rope of a much shorter length

and used it to link the upper and lower bounds between my breasts,

somewhat cinching them together. The confinement of the most visible signs

of my sex made my sex feel warm and damp, and I smiled shyly as my Master

tied the ends of the rope into a bow, as if my chest was a gift to be

presented to a lucky recipient.

"Kneel."

I obeyed, purposefully being careful since I did not have the use of my

hands and arms to brace me as I descended to the floor.

"Such expressive eyes," he commented as he took my chin in his hand and

tipped my head upward. "But perhaps I can turn those into jealous eyes."

As I knelt by the table, my Master moved toward the small TV cart. He

turned on the TV, turned on the DVD player, and picked up the remote

before returning to me. Kneeling behind me, he pressed Play on the remote,

then set the controller down beside us and enveloped me in his arms.

It was an adult DVD. After displaying the title on the screen for about

five seconds, the action began. No impractical set-up, no foreplay â€“ just

straight to the fucking, with the camera on the floor underneath a

Japanese babe's face as she was being taken roughly from behind. Scene

after scene after scene passed in rapid succession, with one female body

after another being plundered for the view of the unblinking eye. As the

DVD played, my Master played with my body â€“ sometimes pinching me,

sometimes fondling me, sometimes biting me, sometimes fingering me,

sometimes slapping me, always adoring me â€“ raising my arousal and

maintaining it at such a high level that my grunts and whimpers and moans

essentially echoed those of the young women being reamed on the screen.

Without warning, my Master fiercely grabbed a fistful of my hair and

yanked my head back, instantly causing my body to arch, a yelp of

surprised pain escaping my lips. "Cum, bitch, and you'll regret it!!!" he

growled into my ear, slapping my right breast one more time to punctuate

his warning.

And suddenly, I was bent forward, my face buried in the carpet, the wet

crotch of my thong pulled aside. I shrieked from the forcefulness of his

entry, from the sensation of being made so full so quickly. I cried out

again and again as my Master rutted into me, pummeling my body hard and

fast, clearly using me for his own pleasure, ultimately pouring his love

inside me and filling my soul, then withdrawing and ordering me to kneel

anew despite the painfulness of the position, making me watch for nearly

another hour as one young woman after another was shown and heard

succumbing to the delirium of primal pleasure, ensuring my sexual

frustration as drops of white trickled onto the carpet beneath me.

"Such expressive, jealous eyes," my Master commented, gazing into my soul

once the DVD had ended.

"Please, Master," I pleaded softly, knowing that was exactly what he

wanted to hear. "Please..."

"You can't cum yet," he stated matter-of-factly. "It's not even lunchtime

yet, and you're already begging. I like that!"

I could not help myself: I wailed sadly, wanting to cum not just for my

own gratification, but also to show my desire, my love, for him, my big

brother and my Master, so that he could once again see what no one else

had ever witnessed.

\*\*\*\*\*

By the time the rope marks on my arms had faded, it was time for lunch,

and we agreed to go to a small, nearby Chinese restaurant. I was not

surprised when my Master informed me that I was to wear a skirt with

nothing underneath; the rest of the outfit I could pick for myself.

The walk to the restaurant was not nearly as disturbing as the first time

I had gone outside pantyless. Of course, this time, there was no wind, and

it was also much warmer being mid-day in summer. There were few people out

and about, since most of the students were gone, although one guy who

passed us on the sidewalk did seem to be starting continually at my chest,

making me wonder if my erect nipples were tenting my bra and tight ribbed

tank top.

I received plenty of second and third and fourth glances at the

restaurant, as I was still wearing the "Baby"-emblazoned collar. Had these

people never before seen a slave wear a collar in public!?!?! I had to

smile to myself as I wondered how these same people would react if the

rope marks were still visible upon my arms.

On the way back to the apartment, we stopped by the house we would soon be

able to call our home. Ms. Ovni had given us the keys already, even though

we were not yet about to move in and actually live there, so we had easy

access.

Once inside, as soon as the front door was closed, I was backed against

the wall of the short entry corridor, my hands pinned above my head as my

Master kissed me slowly, pressing his lengthening erection to me. Things

progressed to the point where he was truly molesting me, using his tongue

to rape my mouth, causing my body to drip and my heart to beat so hard and

fast that it was ready to leap from within my chest into his. And when he

finally dropped a hand to lift my skirt and pressed his knee against my

weeping womanhood, I went over the edge, riding him, smearing my desire

all over the denim he wore, gasping and squealing and clutching him as he

continued to possess me with his hands...

Then he suddenly backed away from me and moved toward the stairs. "Crawl!"

he barked over his shoulder at me, clearly expecting me to follow him. I

was hot and bothered, and all I wanted was to be able to cum for him, but

after a few seconds, my trembling body descended to the floor and began to

crawl toward the staircase, my clothing somehow feeling quite

constricting.

There were two bedrooms upstairs, one a little larger than the other.

"This one's mine," he said flatly as if it was already a well-established

fact published in an encyclopedia. I did not argue â€“ after all, it seemed

fitting that a Master in this situation would take the larger bedroom

while the slave was resigned to the smaller bedroom.

...if she was to be granted a bedroom at all. She could have been ordered

to live in a cage in the basement instead.

Both bedrooms were larger than the ones we currently had at the apartment,

but both smaller than our bedrooms back east at our parents' house. As I

waited on hands and knees at my Master's feet, I tried to imagine how his

bedroom might be arranged and decorated, tried to imagine how it would

feel to wake up here for the first time with a different set of four walls

surrounding us.

"I just realized something," he noted aloud, dragging me away from my

thoughts. "You're spending a lot of time on your knees today."

"Yes, Sir," I responded simply, still feeling somewhat breathless from the

molestation and knee-invoked pleasure I had endured downstairs.

A few moments later, we went to what was to be my bedroom. Again, I tried

to imagine what it would be like to wake up here with different walls

around us.

Yet, instead of a futon or a true bed, I could only picture myself

awakening in a small cage, curled up into a tight ball, naked save for my

waist chain, shivering slightly in the cool morning air, locked within the

metal confines as punishment.

"Stand and follow."

My Master turned and left the smaller bedroom, heading for the staircase.

Carefully, I rose to my feet, then followed as ordered, my knees

protesting a little. As I had suspected, my Master led me down to the

basement, into the second room, the room which would almost certainly soon

become our dedicated BDSM playroom.

"I want you topless, then hand me your bra."

With his arms folded across his chest, my Master watched me closely as I

slowly removed my t-shirt and tossed it on the floor at his feet. I then

removed my bra and handed it to him, wondering just what he had in mind.

"On your hands and knees."

Once again, I was on the floor, the cement floor chilling my hands and my

knees. At his gesture, I crossed the foot or so of space between us and

unzipped his jeans and carefully withdrew the forbidden phallus. Already

half-erect, his manhood swelled to fullness within my mouth.

"Use a hand to play with yourself."

I did, continuing to pleasure my Master as I pleasured myself. His taste

was wonderful, his scent intoxicating, his feel in my mouth thrilling. As

I worked, his hands cradled my head, his fingers toyed with my hair, his

love tangibly surrounded me like a cocoon, my bra always held against my

face. And when he was ready, he shoved me away, walked around behind me,

dropped to his knees, lifted my skirt, and once again took his pleasure

from my willing, dripping, sisterly body, taking me hard and fast as I

cried out loudly and clawed at the cement.

He suddenly withdrew from me, leaving me feeling empty, hungry for more.

As I gasped loudly and dropped to a prone position on the cool hard floor,

I heard the barely-restrained sounds which signaled my Master's climax,

but, surprisingly, I never felt his incestuous seed befall me.

"Stand," I finally heard, and I slowly rose to my feet, turning to face my

Master as he held my bra toward me. "Here's a new way to wear your

Master's love."

Only then did I see that the left cup of my bra contained a small pool of

my Master's love. Taking the bra in my hands, I smiled widely, amazed at

his ingenuity.

"Get dressed, baby sister," he said softly, kindly. "I'll meet you

upstairs."

Once he had left the soon-to-be-playroom, I lifted the bra to my lips,

extended my tongue, and lapped several times at the warm pool of

incestuous love. The white seed looked so obscene against the black of the

bra.

Despite my carefulness, some of the male essence ended up trickling down

my ribcage as I dressed, and once I had also donned the tank top produced

a noticeable trail of discolored fabric extending downward from my left

breast. It was with a little embarrassment that I met my Master upstairs,

blushing as his eyes fixated upon the discolored fabric. He cupped my left

breast, squishing my breast in his warm seed, making me whimper softly and

my legs want to quiver.

"I've never felt so close to you, Master," I admitted softly. He drew me

in for a long, heartfelt hug, the moment so touching that tears began to

form in my eyes.

My own desire dripping from my recently-used and uncovered sex, my

Master's seed seemingly surrounding my left breast and tricking down my

chest... I felt so naughty, so dirty, so crude, so wanton.

...so scared, to be outside like that.

Fortunately, being a Sunday in summer in a student neighborhood largely

devoid of students, we did not pass anyone on the street as we returned to

the apartment. There were a few people in the park, but they were all far

enough away that they should not have been able to see the trail of

discolored fabric descending from my left breast.

"Go shower," I was instructed once we had returned to the apartment. "I

think you deserve it."

"Yes, Master. And, Master?"

"Yes?"

I kissed his cheek. "Thank you."

\*\*\*\*\*

The rest of the afternoon was slow, relatively speaking. While my Master

was fully clothed, I was completely clothesless, wearing only the waist

chain and the "Baby" collar as we battled each other in various

PlayStation2 games. An outsider would certainly have found the scene to be

quite bizarre, but for me to be partially or even fully naked in the

presence of my big brother and Master was just as instinctive to me as

breathing.

Ultimately, we had our fill of gaming, and my Master stretched out on his

back on the floor. I turned off the console and the TV, then lay upon him,

burying my face in his neck as his arms enveloped my bare body, and,

amazingly, we both fell asleep, napping peacefully in the security and the

serenity of each other's respectful love.

\*\*\*\*\*

We made dinner together, and ate in the romantic light of a single candle,

its flame practically drowned out by the natural light filtering past the

closed curtains. So it was less "romantic" than what one would expect, but

it was the thought and the present company which truly made it so

romantic.

After dinner, we tried to watch TV, but found nothing worthwhile. So we

instead watched some anime: first the entire first DVD of Agent Aika, then

Perfect Blue.

There was only about ninety minutes left in my day of submission, but ever

since the nap, I had not been treated like a slave, but an equal. Except

for being slapped around a little earlier in the day, I had not been given

any pain. Even as we were watching Agent Aika and Perfect Blue, I had kept

telling myself that before midnight, my Master would hurt me. Part of me

cringed at the thought of pain, but a much larger part of me yearned for

it.

"I think it's bedtime," my Master announced, standing and stretching. "You

can take off that 'Baby' collar now."

I was in a way disappointed. Apparently, I would not suffer any true pain.

We slept in his bed that night, his body pressed snugly against my

backside with a hand draped over me and cupping a breast. And as my mind

began to slide into slumber, I realized why my Master had not truly hurt

me: Either he wanted to view me more as his baby sister in the evening,

despite the fact that he was clothed and I was naked, or he was further

dominating me by withholding the pain I had been expecting (and craving).

Both situations were equally plausible, and, in either scenario, I was

really in no position to argue.

So instead of receiving pain, my dream that night was about watching a DVD

of other bound women in pain: a woman on a rack, a woman bristling with

clothespins, a woman being whipped, a woman being rapidly spanked, a woman

being covered with hot wax...

\*\*\*\*\*

Late Monday morning, I sat at my desk, thinking about my day of submission

to my big brother, my Master. Despite the "letdown" at the end, I thought

of the day overall with great fondness, and I was suddenly inspired to

write a letter which I later left for my big brother on his desk, right

beside his laptop so that he would be certain to see it when he returned

from work:

My Dearest Master,

Thank you for taking control of me yesterday. While I did not perform to

my usual standard early Sunday morning when you ordered me to suck you,

those few moments in the middle of the night were still special to me.

Your use of my body throughout the day delighted me, and your ingenuity

throughout the day thrilled me. If I could somehow turn back the clock so

that you and I could re-enact yesterday again and again and again and

again and again, I would in a heartbeat.

While I am always at your beck and call for any pleasure or pain you

choose to give me, these lengthy periods devoted to your dominance of me

are incredibly meaningful and fill my heart to overflowing. Once we are in

the house, with a basement room which we can devote specifically to the

painful pleasures, I do hope that we can enjoy such dedicated days â€“ in a

dedicated room â€“ much more often.

Forever your loving, devoted, twin sister and willing, humbled, loving

slave,

Vicki

zzzzzzzzzz