

Twin Desires

It all started one blisteringly hot summer's day.

Or, well, not exactly. I guess you could say it started back when we were born, my sister and I.

Madeline is her name. And I'm Matthew. Maddy and Matty, our parents always called us growing up. A cute name for a cute pair of twins. And cute were were, adorable and inseparable. And utterly unique.

See, Maddy and I are connected. And not is some vague, silly 'we have a special bond because we shared a womb together' kind of connection. Our connection is a lot more... Intense.

All my life, I felt it but never really understood it.

I knew Maddy wanted to be close to me always. I could feel that desire of hers radiating between us, and was always powerless to resist it. My twin sister wanted to spend as much time with me as possible, and I could *feel* her desire. The longer we spent apart from each other, the more I felt it tugging at my mind.

Our entire lives, that was the case. From kindergarten to high-school.

We were inseparable, because my sister wished it so.

I knew that I should've been weirded out by my sister's desire to spend every waking moment with me; certainly, my friends growing up had found it odd and a little awkward. But, for some reason, I was totally fine with it. I saw nothing wrong with my sister's unspoken desire.

And then, one hot summer's day, *it* happened.

I was running home from school. Sprinting as fast as I could to get back to the house as soon as possible. In the back of my skull, I felt my sister's desire to be near me tugging on my brain. I felt her desperation to be close to me.

She'd taken the day off from school, had some kind of stomach bug that'd prevented her from going in that day.

It'd been hours and hours since we'd been in close proximity to each other. And Maddy, I knew, did *not* like that. Her desire to be near me again was almost overwhelming in its intensity.

I ran as fast as I could, ignoring the stitches in my sides, the burning in my chest. Compelled onwards by my sister's desire.

If I'd been more careful, it would never have happened.

I reached our house's front door, dripping an ocean's worth of sweat, bolted through the doorway as soon as I managed to get the door open. And, accidentally, I charged right into a sick and frail Maddy – knocking her to the floor before I could stop myself.

She went tumbling, bashed her elbow and the back of her head on the ground and she rolled.

I came to a stop, staring down at my poor, sick sister in horror. When she began to cry, I felt my heart begin to break in my chest. And, when she looked up at me, tears trailing down her face, I felt something even worse than heart-break. I felt *excited*.

The connection Maddy and I have is... Special.

I didn't mind her desire to be constantly near me. To me, it was totally fine and acceptable. Even though, on some level, I knew it was unusual, I didn't mind.

And *that*, it turned out, was part of the bond Maddy and I shared.

I didn't mind her deep desire. Nor, unfortunately, did she mind mine.

And *my* desire was a lot darker than hers.

After that hot summer day, I found myself developing a very dark, twisted desire indeed. One that, no matter how much I tried, I couldn't ignore. I wanted to see my sister *cry*.

Weeks went by with me battling the twisted desire.

Every moment I spent near Maddy – which was practically every second of the day – the desire grew and bubbled and boiled inside me. The image of her tear-streaked face kept me awake at night, the desire to see it again filled my every waking thought.

I couldn't even explain *why* I wanted to see it so badly. Only that I *did*.

And Maddy *knew*.

She could feel it, just as I felt her overwhelming desire to be close me. She knew I wanted to see her hurting, that I desired to witness her pain. And she was completely fine with it, just as I was fine with *her* deep desire.

I spent weeks torturing myself, depriving myself.

Then, one day, Maddy spoke the words that'd send us down a path we could never return from.

"You can hurt me if you want," she said, sitting next to me on my bed. "I don't mind if you do."

It was late. Both our parents were asleep. Maddy had snuck into my room as she often did, come to sit with me and be near me.

I gaped at her, saw in her eyes that she was serious.

"Maddy-" I began to say, my resolve wavering.

"You *want* to," she said softly. No accusation or betrayal in her voice, only kind acceptance. "It's okay..."

I was at a crossroads in that moment. Either I could fight the urge, resist the temptation, and nothing would change. Or I could give in to my desires, hurt my sister and see those sweet, sweet tears once again. Either I resist and life would continue on as always. Or I could cave, and our lives would change forever.

Fingers shaking, I reached over towards Maddy's hand.

I'd intended to place my palm on hers, an expression of solidarity and gratitude – I wasn't going to hurt her, no matter how much I desired it. I wouldn't sink so low. I refused.

Only my fingers didn't wrap around Maddy's hand in a comforting grip. Instead, they moved to her bare forearm – why oh why did she have to be wearing a t-shirt?

And, not gently, I pinched her.

My sister gasped in pain, the sound of it sending a thrill through my body.

She blinked over at me, wincing slightly.

No tears.

Without thinking, my fingers twisted Maddy's skin again – harder this time, harsher. My sister shut her eyes tight, visibly recoiled from the pain. But I held on, kept on pinching and twisting until Maddy cried out in pain.

Beautiful, wonderful tears began to slide down a pretty face that was contorted in pain.

A little red mark shone on her forearm.

Maddy bit her lip, instinctively trying to stop herself from crying. But the tears came in a flood - followed by quiet, restrained sobs.

And, just like that, I was hooked.

I walked to class surrounded by my friends. A bunch of guys that, if movies were to be believed, would've been 'jocks'. The 'cool kids'. Sure, we were all popular. We were at the top of our school's social ladder. But we were just normal guys. Not the caricature, stereotypical douchebags seen in movies. We didn't beat up nerds or bully people. Hell, half of my friends *were* nerds. And the only person I ever hurt was Maddy – which was both a secret, and consensual on her part.

Yeah, I was popular. And yes, I enjoyed the way girls looked at me and guys respected me. But it wasn't like I was an egotist or anything. Me being at the top of the school's social ladder? I don't even know how or when that happened. I just kinda did.

To the outside world, I was a completely normal - if above average in the looks department – guy. Same with Maddy. A good-looking girl who was perhaps a little clingy with her brother, but other than that was a completely normal girl. As far as the rest of the world was concerned, there was nothing strange about Maddy and I at all.

Our bond, our secret activities and our inseparable connection, were just that. A secret.

As soon as I stepped inside the classroom, the tingling in the back of my mind vanished and was replaced with pleasant satisfaction. Maddy's desire to be near me had been fulfilled.

She was already in the classroom, staring at me as I entered. She smiled quickly, turned her head to face the front of the classroom.

No-one knew how close we were. No-one suspected that Maddy intentionally answered questions incorrectly in exams to lower her grades, just so she could be in the same classes as me. Or that she'd made it so that her best friend was dating my best friend, just so we might be able to spend a little more time in close proximity to one another during breaks and lunch hour.

As much as she desired to be near me at all times, and as overwhelming as that desire may be, she never let on publicly just how attached she was to me.

Just as I never hurt her or made her cry in public.

That was the double life we led.

My sister snuck into my room that night, climbed onto my bed so we could lay next to each other.

In most situations, a girl sneaking into a guy's bed at night would mean sex. Especially when the guy and girl were our age. And, given that my sister was only wearing a thin nightie – no bra or panties underneath – she certainly *looked* the part of a nocturnal hook-up.

But that wasn't the case. Not with us.

There was nothing sexual about Maddy climbing into my bed, cuddling next to me. It was just her desire, her need to be near me. That's all it was.

It wasn't like we were attracted to each other or anything.

I mean, I was aware that Maddy was good-looking. I knew she had nice, perky tits. It was kinda hard *not* to notice them. And she was certainly pretty. Maybe even the cutest girl at our school. If she weren't my sister, I'd probably think about boning her all the time.

But she *was* my sister. And we didn't have *that* kind of relationship.

The bond we *did* have might've been a little unusual. But it was in no way sexual. Not even the slightest bit. Not ever.

Or, well, maybe...

As Maddy cuddled close to me, the happy sensation of her desire being fulfilled flowed through me. Warm and nice. I could feel her satisfaction, her joy.

And, a little deeper, I could feel my own desire nudging me.

Maddy would be feeling it to, know I wanted to see her cry.

And, as always, she'd be totally fine with it. Fully accepting of what I wanted to do to her.

My fingers moved, pressed into the front of Maddy's nightie.

Her nipples, I'd discovered, were incredibly sensitive.

Sensitive nipples meant more pain. More pain meant more tears.

She gasped as I clamped my fingers and thumb down on one of her nipples, squeezing it tightly. She was facing me, eyes open wide. There was no judgement or dislike in that gaze, only acceptance and love.

I squeezed harder, began twisting.

Maddy bit her lip. She always bit down on her lip when I made her hurt. A natural

reaction to the pain, her anticipation of what was to come.

As I squeezed and twisted, my fingers dug into her soft flesh.

A little bit more. That's all it'd take.

Over the weeks and months since this had started, since that fateful day my sister was ill, I'd learned something important about people and pain tolerance. The more a person grew accustomed to physical pain, the more difficult it became to make them cry. No matter how much I tried, how hard I did it, pinching Maddy's arm wouldn't be enough to make her cry any more.

Every day, I had to be more creative and less forgiving. The pain I had to give my sister needed to be more and more intense.

Eventually, even twisting and pinching her nipples would no longer suffice. And then I'd have to come up with a new way to hurt her. A more drastic method of torturing her.

I didn't want to slap her or strike her. Didn't want to do anything that'd leave scars.

Likely, when that time came, I'd have to start abusing Maddy's lower region. Her clit and her pussy.

Not because I *wanted* to be sexual with my sister, but because it just so happened that the sexual areas on a person's body were also their most sensitive spots.

I'd *have* to squeeze and tug on and twist and pinch Maddy's clit. There would be no other way to satisfy my desire for her sweet, beautiful tears. Not without harming her in other, darker ways – which I would *not* do.

A thought came to me then, unbidden.

Girls hurt when they lost their virginity, didn't they?

And, despite myself, I felt my cock harden at the thought.

In front of my, Maddy grunted. Her eyes were watering – a beautiful, amazing sight. I couldn't help myself, I twisted harder and harder. And, before long, the tears began to flow.

A shiver ran down my spine at the sight.

Sweet satisfaction flowed through me.

And, in the back of my mind, images of my sister flashed in quick succession. Things I'd never imagined before, yet now I basked in and savoured. My sister on my bed, on her back – my cock filling her insides and tears ran down her face. Maddy, her cherry popped, with me atop her; thrusting fast and hard and without mercy.

"I know what you want," Maddy said softly.

We were in her bedroom, home alone for the next few hours. She was wearing jeans and a pink tank-top, her amazing figure on full display. Ever since that night, try as I might, I hadn't been able to ignore how much of a babe my sister truly was.

"What do you mean?" I asked, though I already knew.

Just as I felt and knew her deep desires, she felt and knew mine. Her desire to be close to me, my desire to see her tears. And now, my *new* desire.

"You want to fuck me," Maddy said simply, as if we were discussing something mundane and benign. "Or, I suppose, you want to take my virginity."

She accepted my desire without question. She didn't have a choice. Just as I didn't have a choice but to accept and be fine with her longing to be near me. It was a part of the bond. She didn't find anything strange or unusual about my desire to penetrate her.

"I-" Words failed me for a moment.

"It's alright," Maddy smiled. "You can say it."

"I do," I admitted.

This conversation was dangerous. I knew my sister, and I knew the connection we shared. If I asked her to, I knew she'd spread her legs for me and not care in the slightest that I was her brother. She'd be compelled to fulfil my desire just as I was compelled to fulfil hers. Only hers was simple and innocent. And mine was not.

Maddy nodded her head, walked over to her bed and climbed onto it.

"Do you have condoms?" She asked, still smiling.

Slowly, I shook my head.

Maddy pursed her lips, thought to herself for a moment.

"Okay," she said. "You'll just have to pull out, then."

I gulped.

This was actually happening. I was really going to-

Before I'd even finished that thought, another occurred to me. An image of my sister sobbing, weeping uncontrollably because her life had been ruined by an unexpected, unwanted pregnancy. The amount of tears she'd shed, the pain and distraught she'd feel...

I shuddered, trembled with excitement.

"I can see you're ready to go," Maddy noted, eyebrows raised. Her eyes were on my crotch. "Should I take my clothes off?"

Pain. I just wanted her to hurt, to see her tears.

Slowly, I nodded my head. Not trusting my voice to speak.

"Okies," Maddy smiled. "Give me a second."

My heart raced in my chest as Maddy sat up, lowered her hands to her hips and grasped the bottom of her tank-top. Casually, she pulled it up and over her head, tossed it aside. Her breasts, clad in a plain white bra, bounced slightly with the motion.

Next, she kicked her feet up into the air, rolled onto her back as she unbuttoned her jeans and began removing them one leg at a time. Warmth spread through my face as she tossed the jeans next to the discarded tank-top. She sat up again, now wearing only her bra, a sky-blue thong, and white socks.

"It's kinda cold in here," Maddy commented as she reached around her back to unhook her bra.

My eyes widened as it dropped away.

My sister didn't have the largest breasts in the world. They weren't small or anything, but neither were they massive melons. They were, however, round and full and perky. The skin smooth and pale. Her areola were a chocolatey brown, nipples hard and inviting.

"What're you waiting for?" Maddy asked with a smile as she discard the bra. "Shouldn't you be whipping your dick out too?"

"Yeah," I breathed, face flushed and body hot. My heart felt heavy in my chest; a low, deep excitement filled me. More confidently, fuelled by arousal and desire, I grinned at her. "Yeah, I should."

As her thong was tossed aside, my jeans and boxers dropped to the floor.

When Maddy reached down to remove her socks, I stopped her.

"Keep them on," I told her with a smile, my eyes locked on to her face – imagining the tear-trails that would soon be running down her cheeks. "And spread your legs. As wide as you can manage."

However wide she'd spread them, I'd push them further. Make sure she felt every ounce of discomfort I could inflict upon her. This would be a once in a lifetime event - I'd milk every moment of agony from it as I possibly could.

As I advanced, climbed onto the bed and positioned myself above her, Maddy bit her lip in anticipation. She stared up at me with loving, innocent eyes.

"Do it," Maddy urged softly. "Don't hold back. It's okay."

In a way, I supposed, this would be fulfilling her desire as well as mine. She'd be closer to my physically than we'd ever been before – what with how I'd be inside her 'n' all.

I held my cock in one hand, moved it to her smooth slit.

"I won't," I promised.

Firmly, harshly, I thrust myself forward with everything I had.