

Twin Desires

Chapter 2

Agony. It was pure agony. My worst nightmare made real.

To be this far away from Matty, my brother, my other half? I could think of no worse hell. Every moment was a hollow shadow of what it could've been. Every smile fake, every laugh forced.

The other girls didn't notice. Didn't see my pain.

Gossiping and chatting and spewing meaningless, trivial nonsense. Prattling on about boys and crushes and the like. None of them *knew*, none of them *understood*. They giggled like morons when I named some mildly handsome guy as my crush. I blushed, as I knew I was supposed to, feigning embarrassment – my eyes flicking to the clock.

Hours. Hours and hours and hours. An entire *night* away from him.

A sleepover. Staying over at a friend's house overnight with a few other girls. It was meant to be fun, meant to be a bonding experience or something. Some special event, with no boys allowed.

I'd have traded it – and all my 'friends' with it – to be with Matty, snuggling up to him and enjoying his warmth.

But I couldn't be. Not tonight.

We had to act normal. Hide our bond and connection from the outside world. Had to act like the regular, popular kids we were.

But we *weren't*. We were not regular. We were not *kids*.

Kids don't fuck almost every day. Kids don't do what me and Matty did together. We were adults, legally and in heart. Not like the girls around me, fawning over guys and giggling like children. They might be the same age as me in body, but they were *nothing* like me.

Calm down, I told myself. *You're just cranky*.

Of course, 'cranky' was an understatement. I felt like an addict going through withdrawal. Unable to sate my addiction, forced to pretend that nothing was wrong as I suffered in silence. My brother, oh how I longed to be near him. My body, my heart, my soul. I'd have given *anything* in that moment to be next to him.

"What do you think, Maddy?" One of the girls asked.

The sound of my name being spoken snapped me back to reality, drew my attention to the one who'd used it. But, for the life of me, I had no idea what she'd been asking about.

"Uhh," I said, eyes flicking to the other girls, hoping for a hint. "Sure?"

A few giggled. The one who'd asked me, dragging me away from thoughts about Matty, rolled her eyes.

"Are you feeling alright, Maddy?" Another one asked, sympathetic and soft. "You've been zoning out all night."

"Y-yeah," I managed. "I'm fine. Just worn out."

"Shock collars," the first girl said, gazing at me with an unhappy frown. "Ali's parents want to get one for her dog, so they can zap him whenever he gets frisky and starts humping her teddies. I say that's cruel, but Ali thinks it's okay. What do you think?"

What? *That's* why they dragged me away from thoughts about Matty?

"I don't know," I answered with a shrug. And, when I saw that wouldn't be enough to satisfy the girls around me, I sighed and continued. "I mean, if it's just a small shock and it doesn't hurt Ali's dog, then I guess it's fine."

The first girl turned away from me in disgust, spoke as if she hadn't even heard what I'd said.

"It's *cruel*, Ali. Just move your teddy bears somewhere he can't reach them or something. Or, I don't know, maybe get another dog for him to fuck so he doesn't have to

rape Mr Fuzzy whenever he gets feisty. Electrocuting him for doing something natural is *wrong* and you shouldn't."

Shock collars. I shut out the rest of what my friends said, mind focusing on that one thing.

Remote-controlled electrical shocks.

That was... That could be *interesting*.

Online tutorials were a great help with turning my twisted, naughty idea into a reality. Lots of things I'd never tried before - rewiring electronics, adjusting signal strengths and frequencies, learning all about how to redesign bras and panties so that batteries and wires could be attached while still being comfortable to wear.

It took over a week from the original shock collars arriving to having my completed project in front of me.

A wire-mesh bra with a little pad over each nipple, all wired up to a small battery and signal receiver. It was black and white, a cute little bow between the cups. The panties were a matching black and white, another bow at the front of the waistband and another wired pad directly over where my clit would be.

And, next to the underwear, a small remote with a single button and a dial. Push and hold to use, with the dial to determine just how powerful the electrical shock should be.

My body trembled at the sight of it.

I reached a shaking hand out, lifted the undies. I hadn't tested them properly, but I was certain I'd wired it all up correctly. When that remote button was pressed, whoever was wearing these undies would receive quite a shock. Literally.

Slowly, heart pounding, I began to strip.

I didn't like pain. Not one bit. I'm the type of girl who'll squeal and cry at being pinched too hard. As a kid, I once fell on my butt while roller-skating and spent the next half-hour sobbing and wailing. My threshold for pain tolerance is *not* high. I didn't like pain.

But Matty did.

For whatever reason, seeing me hurting brought him fulfilment. And his fulfilment brought me joy. Just as my fulfilment at being near him brought him joy.

This underwear I'd made wasn't for me. I'd wear it, sure. But it wasn't for my benefit that I'd wear it and endure it. It was all for Matty. My twin brother. The man I loved more than anything else in the world.

To bring him fulfilment, there was nothing I wouldn't do.

No torment I wouldn't endure.

For him.

I handed the remote over to my brother with a smile, feeling warm and happy inside. We were in his bedroom, me standing just a few feet away from where he sat on his bed. The proximity, the closeness, was everything I ever wanted. To be so near him, within arm's reach. There was no-where else I'd rather be in the whole world.

Matty raised his eyebrow at me, glancing down at the remote.

"What's this?" He asked, lifting it up and examining it.

"A remote," I grinned, staring at my handsome brother.

His eyes flicked to me. "A remote for what?"

"Press the button and find out."

I braced myself, prepared for the electric shock I knew was coming. Matty's thumb moved to the remote's button and, without hesitation, he pressed it down.

Pain shot through me.

A lot of it. Far more than I'd been expecting.

I screamed, high-pitched and loud.

The jolt shot through my body, blasting away all other thoughts and sensation. Electricity spread to every fingertip, every toe, every inch of skin on my body. My heart felt like it froze in my chest, my insides – for just that heartbeat – felt like they were on fire. I couldn't move, my muscles too tense and tight – vibrating with the electrical charge passing through them.

And then it was over.

I dropped to my knees, panting and gasping for air.

My entire body was shuddering, the echo of the agony I'd just experienced still surging through me. A shadow of the pain I'd just endured. I couldn't move; my muscles wouldn't listen.

"Maddy!" I heard my brother shout. I felt more than saw him jump off his bed, quickly kneeling in front of me. "Are you okay? What the fuck just happened?"

"It-" I managed to breathe, turning my head to look up at my brother. Tears falling down my face, eyes filled with pain and hurt. "It's a present. For you."

Matty stared at me dumbfounded, eyes wide.

And then, as he continued to look at the tears streaming down my face, I *felt* it. His satisfaction, his desire fulfilled.

He wanted to see me hurting, and I was.

A shiver of pleasure shot through me; a joyous, happy flood.

My brother looked back at his bed, to the remote he'd dropped so suddenly when I'd screamed. His mind, no longer worried about me, caught up with him. Realisation dawned in his eyes. The remote, he knew, would cause me pain whenever he used it. Like a misbehaving bitch, he could use the remote to shock me any time he wished.

"The dial," I said, heart thundering in my chest. "Adjusts shock strength. It's set to max."

That hadn't been intentional. I *thought* I'd set it to minimum charge to begin with. But, as it turned out, I'd accidentally done the opposite. Matty had just zapped me with the most powerful shock the remote and my shock-underwear were capable of.

Matty's eyes were still wide, still horrified.

Yet, I could feel his satisfaction at seeing me in pain. I knew what the thoughts racing through his head were, the conflict going on behind his bright eyes.

"It's okay," I told him, smiling. "You can do it. I *want* you to hurt me. Please, Matty, make me suffer."

I didn't like pain. Not at all.

But my brother liked it. And I loved my brother more than anything else in the world. More than *everything* else in the world *combined*. If making him happy meant submitting myself to torturous torment and unimaginable, unending agony, that was a price I was more than willing to pay.

To make him happy. To be near him. To satisfy him.

"Do it," I smiled, ignoring the wetness between my legs – an unexpected consequence of the electrical shock. "Hurt me, Matty."

Slowly, his hand shaking, my brother reached for the remote again.

The next week was a hellish heaven for us.

One moment, I'd be sitting next to my brother on his bed, doing homework or messaging friends or watching videos. And the next, I'd be writing and shuddering as electricity jolted through my body.

Matty would look down at me as he electrocuted me, eyes on my agony.

And, when he'd finally release the button, allow me to breathe again, he'd smile at me. His satisfaction would flow through me, and I'd smile right back. And the two of us would cuddle together, and my own satisfaction would amplify the happiness and pleasure we both felt.

There were a few 'accidents', sure. Electricity, it turns out, is a great way to make a person lose control of their nether regions. But, for the most part, it was all great.

Painful, but great.

My body even seemed to adapt to the constant electrical shocks.

After an electrocution, my nipples would harden to glass and my cunny would moisten and convulse – as if the electricity were a turn-on, and my body wanted more. My skin would prickle, my body would grow warm and sensitive, my mind would fill with all manner of dirty, naughty thoughts.

The first time the electricity made me climax was a surprise, to me and Matty both.

He'd stared down at me, watching the way my thighs rubbed together as I writhed in both pleasure and pain. And, eyes hot, he'd upped the voltage from low to high. The sudden burst of charge, the overwhelming, electrical pain – combined with feeling Matty's satisfaction – was too much. I couldn't hold back the wave after wave of orgasms.

Afterwards, Matty had groped me. He didn't ask, didn't say anything. Just started unbuttoning my blouse as I lay there motionless and exhausted. He'd opened the blouse, pushed my special bra down, and started fondling my chest.

I closed my eyes, enjoyed the afterglow, smiling as Matty's hands dug into my perky tits.

And, just like that, I fell asleep while my twin brother groped me.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked, unable to hide my nervousness.

I was wearing a nice sundress, white and yellow and pretty. And, under that dress, I wore the special shock-underwear. Not a strange occurrence – I wore them practically every day at this point. Still, I'd never worn them *outdoors* before.

"Yes," Matty smiled, walking besides me.

The remote was, of course, in his hand.

We walked down streets, talking about little, irrelevant things. School and drama and the future, the usual stuff. But, all through the conversation, my heart was racing. My nipples had hardened already – anticipating the shock that I knew was coming.

"I've been thinking," Matty said, voice uncertain. "About hurting you."

"Oh," I blushed. "Yes?"

"New ways to do it," my brother confessed. "I don't *want* to do it. But, at the same time, I really, *really* do."

"I know," I told him. "I don't mind."

"You don't mind if I paddle you?" Matty asked. "Or whip you? Or slap you? You wouldn't care if I told you I want to record your face while I take your anal virginity without any lube?"

I shook my head, smiled reassuringly at him.

"You'd be fine with it? Just like that?"

"Yes," I answered simply.

"I—" Matty scowled, voice conflicted. "I don't think I can hold back. I tried – I don't want to be cruel to you. But I want to hurt you. I don't know why, but I do. And I can't hold it back any more. I can't..."

"Then don't," I told Matty. "I love you, no matter what. As long as I get to be near you, if you want to hurt me then go right ahead."

Pain shot through me. An electrical jolt.

Not a powerful one, and I was familiar enough with the sensation that I didn't outright collapse at it. I winced in pain, gasped and shuddered. My body convulsed slightly, but I had enough control over myself to not show anyone who might be watching that I was being shocked.

I took an unsteady step, then another.

Matty walked besides me, eyes forward and a smirk on his face.

I lost count of how many times he shocked me during the walk. Dozens, at least. Enough that I was leaking by the time we got home.

My nipples ached painfully, my poor cunny dripping fluid down my legs. With the dress I was wearing, the liquid trailing down my thighs and past my knees was entirely visible. My body's arousal on display for anyone who wanted to see it.

The moment we stepped inside the house, Matty shocked me again. A short, quick burst.

It was enough to hunch me over in pain, make me gasp in pleasure.

I felt an orgasm building deep inside myself. Each shock adding to that ever-growing pressure. One strong shock, I knew, was all it'd take to push me over the edge. Yet that shock never came, it was only little bursts that Matty sent my way.

He slapped my ass as I hunched over in the doorway, making me wince even more, my butt bouncing with the impact.

Slowly, I shuffled forward, not quite able to walk straight.

Another jolt, another ripple of pleasure.

More pressure building.

"Come on, sis," Matty said, taking my hand and leading me upstairs. Taking me to his bedroom.

I could barely think, my breathing laboured and my eyes blurry. Tingling warmth filled me up, radiating out from between my legs. I walked on shaky legs, brain filled with nothing but thoughts of the next shock – of the electrical pressure building inside me.

I needed to cum. A strong, overwhelming climax.

It was there, inside me. Just *waiting* to come out. All it needed was one big push, one final, powerful burst.

Another shock, and another.

Somehow, I ended up on my brother's bed, clawing at my dress – pulling the hem up around my waist, trying to touch myself directly. A large hand wrapped around my wrists and stopped me, held my fingers away from the sweetness of my dripping cunny.

Another shock. Another.

"Please," I cried out in desperation, tears streaming down my face. "Please Matty, let me cum."

He ignored me.

I could feel his satisfaction at my torment. His joy washing over me like a drug, fuelling my arousal even more.

Another small shock.

Stars hung in my blurry vision. I could hear no sounds other than my own moans and pleas, begging my brother to release me from the suffering – to make me cum, to fuck me, to destroy me. *Anything*, just as long as I could finally climax.

It built, grew, the pressure and pleasure consuming me.

"Please," I begged. "Please. Please."

I couldn't think, my brain and mouth unable to speak anything other than that one word. Repeated over and over, pleading as my body shock and shuddered and twitched from yet more smaller shocks.

Pain and pleasure became one thing. Inseparable and indistinguishable from each other.

"*Please.*"

The shocks stopped momentarily.

I sucked in a deep breath of air, my lungs screaming. I hadn't even realised I'd been holding my breath. I gasped for air, eyes open – staring at the blurry face of my twin brother.

And through the burr and haze, I saw him smirk.

He shocked me again – this time at max-power.

My body convulsed. My eyes rolled back in their sockets as my back arched. And, distantly, I heard a scream. My own scream, a fusion of utter anguish and blissful delight. All the pressure that'd been building up inside me exploded out all at once.

If not for the panties I was still wearing, I'd have squirted all over my brother's bed – lady cum fountaining out like an eruption.

I came. Hard.

The most powerful orgasm of my life. A mind-shattering, unimaginable burst of pleasure and pure satisfaction.

It was so amazing, so overpowering, that I could only experienced a few brief moments of it before I blacked out completely, a stupid smile tugging at my lips – face wet with sweat and tears, body twitching and spasming freely.