

Twin Desires

Chapter 3

It was impossible. No matter how hard I tried, no matter what I did to resist these impulses, it always ended up the same way. With me hurting Maddy and taking pleasure in her pain.

The only time when I wasn't driven to do those things to her was when she wasn't anywhere near me.

In those moments of clarity - realisation and guilt and self-loathing – I felt like myself again. A good, normal brother. Not the monster I knew was growing inside me. I felt like I could be a good person, kind and caring. Not the sadist I was whenever Maddy was near me.

A few times, I tried avoiding her.

After all, putting distance between me and her was the only way for me to keep my sanity. I made excuses not to be home, ditched school, slept over and friends' houses.

And, with every moment spent apart from her, came agony and discomfort.

Our bond, her desire to be near me, was too much to bare.

I knew, if I allowed myself to be alone with Maddy again, I'd do those horrible things to her – the things I couldn't stop thinking about. But, just as sure as I was of that, I knew I couldn't stay away from her forever. My sister's desire to be near me wouldn't allow it.

I'd cave. I'd submit. I'd hurt her again. It was only a matter of time.

And, upon that realisation, my resolve died.

Why fight the inevitable when you can enjoy it instead?

"Bend over my lap," I commanded Maddy with a trembling voice. "Pull down your shorts and underwear."

My twin sister complied without hesitation. Hands snapping to her waist to drag down her clothes – the only thing left in the world that could protect her from me. I watched those shorts drop to her ankles, watched as her pink panties followed them.

Maddy had a nice ass. Round and full. Bouncy.

Any guy would be lucky to have her.

She walked over to me, a pink flush in her cheeks, and did as I'd ordered her to – leaned over my lap, pushing her ass out in the air. Ready for a spanking.

My right hand found itself on my sister's firm bottom, fingers gliding over the smooth skin. So soft and cute, so pale. She really did have a wonderful ass. The kind most girls would've been jealous of. The kind most guys would've lost their minds over if they could see it for themselves.

As my hand pulled away from her bottom, Maddy tensed.

She knew what was coming – instinctively did what she could to brace herself for the impact. Her eyes were on the floor.

Were they wide with fear? Rounds and happy? Filled with anticipation?

I swung my open hand.

Slap.

The sound of Maddy's gasp rippled through her bedroom, down the halls of our home. She shut her mouth against the flash of pain, let out a soft, muffled moan.

It hadn't been a gentle spank, but neither had it been particularly harsh. A regular, ordinary strike. A warm-up for what was to come next.

"I can't stop myself," I told Maddy as I raised my hand again.

"I know," she said, and I could hear the comforting, kind smile in her voice. "I understand. Do it."

"I'm sorry," I whispered, a thrill of excitement pulsing through me.

Maddy opened her mouth to say something, but before any words could form on her tongue, my hand came down again. Harder this time. Much, much harder.

My sister cried out in pain, bit her lip.

I raised my hand again, brought it back down harder still.

Again.

And again.

No moans now. Just the sound of skin slapping skin, the gasps and grunts and whimpers. Over and over and over.

I knew the point at which I should stop. I knew how much Maddy could take and how much was too much. I knew the exact moment I should've pushed down my urges and stopped spanking her. But, when that time came, I didn't. I kept going, brutally hard slaps. The kind that left my hand stinging from the impact.

I kept going, a man possessed.

"And where do you two think you're going?" Mom asked as she and Dad began setting up the picnic spot.

"Just want to explore a little," I shrugged, "Maddy wanted to come with me."

My sister nodded her head quickly, cheeks pink.

"No surprises there," Mom sighed. "Fine, just don't be gone too long. And don't get lost!"

"Never," I grinned, turning my back on our parents and continuing on.

It was rare for my family to do something like this. A lake-side, picnic-style barbeque. I understood why Mom and Dad didn't want us wandering off god-knows where when they wanted to spend time together as a family. But, at the same time, I had my needs.

Really, it was Maddy's fault.

I didn't ask her to follow me, I didn't instruct her to. She *chose* to stick by me, knowing what was bound to happen. That wasn't *my* fault. If she'd just stayed where she was, nothing bad would happen to her. I'd have gone for a nice walk by myself, and that would've been it.

Instead, I headed straight for the forest.

Where we'd be out of sight.

And, just a little bit behind me, Maddy followed.

A lamb to the slaughter.

"Are you wearing them?" I asked as soon as we were out of earshot of our parents.

"The bra and panties?"

"Yes," Maddy breathed.

"Batteries fully charged?"

"Yes."

I reached into my pocket, pressed the magic button.

Maddy gasped, dropped down onto her knees behind me. I turned back to look at her, jolting her with another electrical burst. Her body twitched and trembled, her eyes wide and pained.

Our parents looked over at us, mild concern in their eyes.

Mom shook her head, said something to Dad.

Probably about how clumsy Maddy was, tripping over and falling like that.

I turned back around, kept walking.

Maddy pushed herself off her dirt floor, scurried after me.

And, together, we disappeared into the trees. Far enough into the darkness that there was no hope of our parents being able to see us. Far enough that, when I made my sister scream, they'd be none the wiser.

I looked at my sister, eyes running up and down her body.

She was wearing a sundress. A cute, plain white thing with thin straps and no cleavage. And, over that, she wore a simple cardigan.

"Turn around, show me your ass."

Maddy complied without hesitation, spinning on the spot so fast the hem of her dress flared up. She grabbed it, raised it up above her waist.

Two bright red, welted ass-cheeks shone at me – clad in the special electrical panties that Maddy herself had made.

I couldn't hold it back. Couldn't stop it.

"Get naked."

No complaints from my sister. Just blind, loving obedience.

As she began taking her clothes off, I searched the forest floor. Kicking aside brambles and leaves, eyes roaming the shadows for the perfect tool. In the back of my mind, a part of myself screamed at me to stop, to rethink what I was planning. But it was too late for that now.

My sister had given her consent. Would continue to do so.

For as long as we were linked, there was nothing Maddy would not do – nothing she wouldn't endure - in order to be near me.

There.

I crouched down, picked up the long stick, tested its flex.

When I returned to Maddy, she was naked. A beautiful, sexy body on full display. Perky, bouncy tits with deliciously hard nipples. A trimmed bush downstairs pointing towards the slit that so many guys wanted to experience.

She was hott. One of the most attractive girls around. The source of fantasies for so many of my friends, and countless other guys I didn't know. Sex on legs, just begging to be fucked and abused. Maddy was everything a guy could hope for in a girl, amazing right down to her core. Too perfect and pure for her own good.

A wicked thought entered my head.

What kind of torture would it be for her to have pictures of her naked body spread around for all to see? The humiliation and torment. The pain. The *anguish*.

"Over there," I instructed her, "put your hands on that tree and brace yourself. This is going to hurt. A lot."

Maddy's eyes flicked to the stick I held – my makeshift whip.

Silently, she gulped. Nodded her head.

Did exactly as I'd told her to.

I paced back and forth in my room, fists clenched and eyes narrowed.

What was wrong with me?

To do that to Maddy... Whipping her like that...

This had gone too far. I *couldn't* keep doing this. I just couldn't. Each time was worse than the one before. More painful, more agonising. Every time Maddy let me hurt her, I hurt her worse. I'd whipped her today! Actually whipped her with a tree branch! What next?! An actual, real whip?

The memory of it was like a knife through my chest.

The pained gasps. The grunts. The sobs. The screams...

I was a monster. The worst kind of scum. Not just because of what I'd done to her, but the fact that just thinking about it was making me *hard*.

Why was it so *satisfying* to me?

It had to stop. Now, before I took it any further.

Maddy... She'd played it off so well. When we returned to the picnic site, she'd kept her back straight, didn't show any sign of what she'd just been through. She'd been quiet as she ate, sitting next to me, but otherwise she was her usual self.

Should've whipped her harder-

No!

The car-ride home, when she'd pretty much been forced to have her back to the

seat... The wincing, the clear discomfort and pain in her eyes...

I'd had to hunch forward, arms on my lap to hide my bulge.

And then, when we'd gotten home, and she'd walked into the house. Every step was painful for her. Every movement a tiny agony to endure. I'd followed her up the stairs, watched her as she practically limped to her bedroom. She'd looked back at me, the pain on her face vanishing as she flashed me a smile.

Why? Why did she have to be so... so...

I shook my head, stopped pacing.

All she wanted in the world was to be near me. And how did I reward her?

With torture.

What kind of brother does that?

Even now, I knew, she was suffering. Laying in bed, on her chest so that her back didn't rub against anything. Maybe she was crying, or fighting back the pain. Maybe she was regretting ever having me for a sibling.

Resolute, I opened my bedroom door and stepped out, made my way to the bathroom.

In the cabinet there, I found an old first-aid kit.

A minute later, I was opening the door to my sister's room and stepping inside, salve and bandages in hand.

As expected, Maddy was laying face-down in bed, sundress and bra discarded. All over her back were thin red lines, criss-crossed and sore – a stark contrast to her otherwise milky white skin.

"Maddy?" I said, closing the door behind me. "Are you..."

Alright? Okay? Fine?

She was none of those things. That was blatantly obvious.

"Hey Matty," my sister said, moving her head to look at me with a smile tugging at her lips. "What've you got there?"

"I..." Apologise. That's all I had to do. Apologise and offer to help her, apply the salve and put on the bandages. "I figured I could, you know..."

Maddy's eyes drifted to the salve and bandages I was holding. Her smile brightened. She nodded her head.

"Go ahead," she said quietly. "Thank you."

I climbed onto her bed carefully, positioned myself above her and opened the salve bottle. It was only then that I realised I needed a sponge or a cloth or something to apply it. For the briefest of moments, I considered quickly leaving the room to go find something. Then I shook my head, poured the salve into the palm of my right hand.

I'd just have to apply it manually. Like a backrub.

A relaxing, lovely backrub.

That's all it was...

The moment my hand, and the cold salve smeared all over it, touched Maddy's skin, she shuddered.

"You okay?" I asked, beginning to rub my hand over the painful red lines across her back. "I can go get a cloth if you-"

"I'm fine," Maddy winced as my too-rough hand rubbed her injuries. "It's alright. Keep going."

My hand moved, fingers trailed the red lines. Pushing on them, pinching them. My sister groaned, covered her mouth with a teddy-bear to stop herself from crying out. The salve glistened on Maddy's skin as I tugged on her wounds, toyed with them.

I could feel my cock hardening in my pants, knew I'd done it again – caved to my perverse desires.

I wasn't helping her. I was intentionally hurting her. Again.

But I didn't care.

"Do whatever you want," Maddy mumbled into her teddy. "I can be your doll to play with. That's okay. Just stay near me..."

I wanted to raise my hand. Slap her hard.

But I stopped myself.

Not because I didn't want to hurt her, not because I'd discovered some well of resolve and self-control. No, the only thing that prevented me from striking my sister was the knowledge that, if our parents discovered what I was doing, I wouldn't be able to do worse to her in future.

"You're worthless," I found myself whispering. Hoping with all my heart that the words dug deep into my sister, stabbed right in her heart. "Pathetic."

"If that's what you want me to be," my sister smiled lovingly.

"You're ugly," I lied. "Hideous. Only a blind man could ever love you."

"I'm sorry," Maddy said, smile not fading in the slightest. My words having no effect, not hurting her at all. "Punish me for it, Matty. It's alright. Do anything you want to me."

I growled, frustration boiling inside me.

My hands pulled roughly away from Maddy's back, quickly unfurled a bandage. And, without hesitation, I wrapped it around my sister's throat, pulled on it.

She gagged as it choked her windpipe, gasped when I loosened my grip, choked when I tightened it again.

All the while, that same smile on her lips.

That same loving gaze.

I released the bandage, instead grabbed hold of my trousers and pulled them down.

If Maddy wanted to be my doll, that's exactly what she'd be.

"Gag yourself," I told her as I spread her pink ass-cheeks apart. "You don't want Mom or Dad walking in on this. Or maybe you do, slut that you are."

As I thrust into her, I grabbed the bandage still tied around her throat.

They must've heard it. If not Maddy's muffled moans and groans, then the sound of the floorboard creaking. They *had* to know.

Yet, neither of them came to investigate.

I pulled my deflating cock out from inside my sister's buttohole, looked down at the mess.

"Fuck," I sighed. "Gonna have to shower now."

Then, I turned my attention to Maddy.

Collapsed on the bed, back glistening. Too many red lines crossing her back to count, butt red and sore, head tilted to one side with a sock in her mouth, bandage around her throat, eyes distant and dazed, hair a mess.

She looked broken. Defeated.

But I knew better.

My sister wasn't so weak. As exhausted as she was, she wasn't *broken*. Not even close.

I'd have to do a lot more to her – a lot worse – if I wanted to break her mind. This? Everything I'd done so far? It was nothing compared to what I could do. What I *would* do.

Because there was no going back now.

I finally understood that.

Whatever was wrong with us, my sister and I, it wasn't going to change. For the rest of her life, Maddy would want nothing more than to be near me. And I'd want nothing more than to see her suffer. That was just the way things were.

She'd let me do whatever I wanted, as long as she could remain close by.

She'd endure *anything* I did to her.

These physical torments? They were nothing. Those marks on her back probably wouldn't even leave scars. I'd been too gentle. Held myself back too much.

No more.

And emotional and mental torments? I'd barely even begun in that department.

How much would it crush Maddy to lose her friends? To become a social pariah? What would it do to her if her nudes were leaked to all the guys at school, the teachers, our parents even? What kind of pain would my beautiful sister experience if she got knocked up before she turned twenty?

Her whole life, her hopes and dreams, washed away in an instant.

The agony of that...

I shuddered at the thought.

My eyes fell on those red lines once more. And, in my mind, I pictured them on the other side of her body. Tits whipped and beaten and bruised. My sister, bound and caged, not even human any more. Just a toy for me to play with.

How much could she endure before breaking?

Would she *ever* break?

I wanted to find out. *Needed* to find out.

"I'm going to hurt you, Maddy," I told her honestly. One last attempt to make her see reason. To run away, never look back, put as much distance between herself and her sadistic brother as she possibly could. One last chance to be *normal*.

The sock in Maddy's mouth rolled out, her eyes regaining a little focus.

"More?" She breathed, voice soft and shaky.

I couldn't help but chuckle at that.

How innocent. How naive.

"More, Maddy?" I said with a smile. "I haven't even begun yet. Not really."

Take it, I wanted to say. Run away.

This is your last chance. Be free. Be normal. Be happy. Just give up on being near me, and everything will be okay. Don't stay. Because, if you do, I'll torture you in ways you can't even begin to imagine.

"Okay," Maddy said after a moment, lips curling into a loving smile. "Whatever you want to do, do it. I'll stay with you, no matter what."

She smiled at me. And I smiled at her.

And, in that moment, our fates were sealed.