

Identical Pleasures

Emily Sinclair

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In the world of twins it is one thing to look alike and another to look so identical it fooled everyone including one's own parents. That was me and my sister Paige. From the color of our hair and eyes, to our lithe bodies all the way down to the size, shape and placement of the vaguely heart shaped birthmark we shared everything was an exact copy and when we got old enough to realize it we used it to our advantage. But as the years drifted by and we grew into our teen years tiny differences began to emerge in our personalities. While she was about as outgoing as humanly possible I was shy and introverted to the point I had few friends. She of course made every attempt to break me out of my shell but I resisted if only to maintain some semblance of individuality.

We had been mistaken for each other so often over the years that it had become a tradition to just go with it and let whomever is talking think they are speaking with the right one of us. To pull it off we had to know every intimate detail of each other and I would like to think we pulled it off like masterminds. But then things started getting weird. Such as the time I lost my virginity in the shower when her boyfriend Dante mistook me for her. Or a week later when he caught me sunbathing nude in the back yard and once again had his way with me – only finding out afterward that he had made the same mistake twice.

This went on for weeks before I was introduced to threesomes when he and his twin brother, Dylan, spit-roasted me. Which was surprising for many reasons least of which I had no idea he was a twin. I learned my mistake a month later when three incredibly similar looking boys showed up while I was in my bedroom changing after a shower and showed me the pleasures of being taken in all three holes at the same time by triplets. This went on for the better part of four months but it took less one for me to realize they only showed up during the three or so hours when I was home from school and our parents were still at work.

Why I allowed it to go on for as long as I did still remains somewhat a mystery to this day, but a part of me believes I did it because it was the only real attention I had ever gotten from boys and deep down I was not only desperate for such intimacy, but hoped it would somehow break me out of my shell. What it did, however was see my sister and me sitting on her full-sized bed telling each other that we were pregnant. And while I was devastated at being knocked up by three black boys at the age of sixteen, she could not have been happier.

It was then she told me all about how she started letting her boyfriend's brothers have sex with her pretty much every day and of her plan to break me out of my shell by introducing me to the joys of sex. What it did, however, was drive a wedge between us and I went out the next day after school and got a small realistic butterfly tattoo on my back right shoulder. Unfortunately, I had greatly misjudged her commitment to being identical and she showed me the exact same one on her a week later. I had three more much smaller ones added around it and she did the same. I had my nipples pierced. She did the same. Tired of her copying me, I went to the ultimate extreme in body modification and had a small rose branded on my left hip. To my aggravation she did the same. Knowing she would never give up being completely identical I stopped before I was covered head to toe in ink, piercings and other forms of body modification.

Three months after discovering we were pregnant, our bellies swelling with child we had no choice but to tell our parents. Paige, of course, wanted to lie but seeing this as my opportunity to get a little revenge I told them everything from the first time Dante took me in the shower to the last time he and his brothers triple penetrated me and all of the work we had done because of it. To say they were pissed would have been an understatement, but they loved us none the less.

Dante and his brothers were forbidden from ever stepping foot on their property every again. Coming from money, the Cooper brothers all had trust funds and monthly allowances more than some people made in in three. Our parents fought for us to receive child support and once paternity was established the courts agreed and to our surprise the brothers not only paid willingly and without hesitation they fought for their right to be in their child's life and despite the way things worked out everyone agreed if only for the best interest of the children.

I saw it coming a million miles away. Less than three months after giving birth, Dylan, the father of my first child and my first actual boyfriend started breeding me a second time. It did not take long for Dante and Damien to join in and my life as a baby factory began. Missing a lot of school, our parents hired tutors to ensure we graduated on time and knowing there was virtually nothing they could do to keep the boys away they converted two old grain silos on opposite sides of the farm into pretty cool homes so that we could have some semblance of privacy.

Whether through sheer coincidence or divine intervention, by the time my sister and I went off to college we each had three children by three different men who gave no resistance when ordered to pay more child support. Their parents were a far from happy about the situation but the money continued coming our way. I always wanted a large family but I thought it would be later in life once I graduated college and settle into a new career.

At nineteen I already had three and as far as I was concerned that was enough until I was more financially secure so after a great deal of contemplation I got what is known as a chastity piercing which basically consists of five tunnels in each outer labia through which long barbells are locked in place preventing anyone from fucking me vaginally. Sure, birth control would have been a much easier and far less painful option but coming from a fairly strict Catholic family that was not really an option. To my surprise, in an effort to remain identical in every way, shape and form my sister got the same and we swore off vaginal sex until we graduated college and found jobs.

I wish I could say it lasted, but if college taught me anything it was that a few drinks turned me into a complete slut and the barbells came out. The first time happening at a campus party, it was my first experience with men other than the Cooper triplets and as much as I would like to say otherwise, I loved every second of it. Including explaining the meaning behind every tattoo, piercing and brand to a group of about sixty men and women I did not know while my identical twin sister was fucked by three white guys not twenty feet away.

Once became twice became a nearly weekly thing as we partied and fucked our way through our first semester and into our fourth pregnancy. With no way of knowing exactly who the father was we did not fight for paternity or child support. If college taught me anything else it is that life is far more exciting and enjoyable than I ever imagined and while I was still somewhat shy and reserved, I was putting myself out there and it felt good.

Keeping up with our insane pace of getting knocked up and having a child every year, Paige and I were two months pregnant with our eighth by the time we walked across the stage. A few weeks after that we discovered we were both having triplets – bringing us to a whopping ten kids each at the age of twenty-four. Having greatly expanded our silo homes to accommodate our growing families, we continued living on our parents' farm.

But we were not the only ones popping babies out like Pez. Backtracking five years to a few weeks into our first semester of college, Paige and I arrived home after classes and walked on our respective babysitters being fucked by two of our baby daddies. Giving them their privacy we went for a walk around the farm and as we approached one of the barns heard the distinct

sounds of a woman moaning. Peeking in, we caught our mother with Dante while our father jerked off watching. They did not see us and a few months later all three women turned up pregnant. Mom and dad lied to us at first but when Paige and I called them out on it they came clean and confessed they had signed papers agreeing not to go after any sort of child support if the Cooper brothers agreed to breed her. Turns out she was every bit the cock-hungry slut her daughters were and daddy, for as much as we all loved him was quite the cuck. Fast-forward five years and we had two younger sisters and our first brother and she was pregnant with what she claimed would be her last due mostly in part to her closing in on forty-five.

Ever the identical twins, once Paige and I walked across the stage and were handed our degrees we immediately went job searching. A few weeks later we both landed nursing jobs at the same hospital.