

Ménage á Twin

Emily Sinclair

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Staring intently into her sister's eyes, Chloe let out a long, exaggerated sigh. "Okay, before we get on with it there are a few rules I want to go over. First, just because I agreed to be your guinea pig does not mean I'm even remotely into bondage or bdsm in general. The only reason I'm doing it is because I know how happy it'll make Marlee. Okay, that's not actually a rule but I figured it needed to be said. Second, the clothes stay on. Third, While I don't think it's your intention, this better not turn sexual. And fourth, if at any point I'm feeling overwhelmed and want to stop I want you to immediately stop. No trying to convince me to go any further. If you can agree to all of that then I'm willing to continue."

"That's all very fair, but please allow me to address your concerns and rules," Zoe replied. "First, I can't express how much it means to me that you're willing to let me experiment on you. I really wanted to ask a friend, but Marlee and I have a lot of them in common and word would've gotten back to her and ruin the surprise so you really are a lifesaver. Second, while it is entirely possible to put you in bondage fully dressed, the combination of rope and clothes against the skin can cause pinch points that might make things far more uncomfortable than necessary so may I offer a compromise?"

"I'm listening."

"I'll absolutely do it with you fully dressed if that's what you want, but you might be more comfortable in a bikini or bra and panties."

Still staring in her sister's eyes, Chloe took a long moment to think it over before answering. "Fair enough. I'll strip down to my bra and panties but that's as far as I'm willing to go."

"I mean, we're identical in every single way so I don't see the big deal being naked, but I'll honor your wish. As for rule number three, I have no intentions on making it sexual. That being said, putting you in bondage is going to require a certain level of touching. The best I can do is promise to do my best to keep it to a minimum. And fourth, in bdsm there's this nifty thing called safewords. Now, I know we're not Mistress and submissive, but I think we should use them here just so we're both on the same page. The most commonly used ones are referred to as the traffic lights. Green means everything is great and the scene may continue as is. Yellow means something needs addressing but the scene may continue once any and all problems have been dealt with. And red means stop. That's it. The scene ends no questions asked. If you're okay using those than that will help us both."

"I think I can do that but don't expect me to call you Mistress."

"Wouldn't dream of it," Zoe lied. "Okay, so if we're doing this then please take your clothes off while I go grab a few things from the car." Not bothering to stick around to see if her twin does as asked, she turned and walked out of the house, barely containing the joy of what was about to happen. Knowing full well that things were going to get sexual... very, very sexual, Zoe came prepared to show her identical twin sister that taboos were a frame of mind simply overcome with the right amount of pleasure. Popping the trunk of her car, she grabbed two large black duffle bags. Slinging one over each shoulder, she reached in and grabbed two more before closing it and heading back inside where she saw her sister standing in the middle of her living room naked save for a pair of the skimpiest of purple thongs. "Damn! I thought you said bra and panties?"

"I figured no bra would make it easier to bind my breasts," Chloe answered. "Jesus! That's a sentence I never thought I'd say. Especially to my own sister."

“And no panties will make it easier to bind all of you.”

“Yeah, not gonna happen. Also, what’s with all the bags? Couldn’t you have just carried what you needed to tie me up?”

“Not even close, sis. There’s a lot more to bondage than just rope. And even if rope was the only thing I brought I certainly couldn’t carry what I need without a bag.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. There are different lengths needed for different ties and complex ties can take multiple ropes. But I didn’t just bring ropes. I also have cuffs, clamps, spreader bars, arm and leg binders and a few other goodies that will give me a grasp of the fundamentals.”

“And what exactly do I get out of it?” Chloe asked, suddenly really regretting her decision to help a sister out.

“The satisfaction of knowing you helped me out? And who knows, maybe you’ll like it enough to want to do it again. Maybe not with me, but I wouldn’t say no. Especially since the more we practice, the better and more confident I’ll be when it comes time to spring the surprise on Marlee,” Zoe said as she sat the bags on the floor. “So, now that I sat the bags down I’m thinking the basement is probably the best place to do this. It’s got that large open room plus a few support columns and pieces of furniture to tie you to. Is that okay or would you rather pick another room?”

“The basement’s fine. So, am I the only one getting naked or what?”

“You’re not naked.”

“Close enough.”

Picking the bags back up, Zoe gave her twin a quick smirk. “I’ll take mine off if you take the rest of yours off.” And with that she walked from the living room into the kitchen where she opened a heavy wooden door before descending into the basement. Hearing footsteps behind her, she looked back to see her sister now completely naked. Facing forward, she grinned. *I’m going to fuck her so hard she’ll forget we’re actually twins*, she thought as she took a left at the bottom of the steps into a large, mostly open room with a bar on the right, chairs and couches on the left and a massive TV hanging on the wall straight ahead. Thankfully, her sister had listened to reason when planning the renovation and had the floor tiled instead of carpeted.

“Your turn,” Chloe said.

“Let me put the bags down first. You may wait by kneeling in the middle of the room with feet together, knees spread and hands clasped together behind your head. And before you open your mouth to protest, don’t. Just do as you’re told and I promise we’ll both have a good time.”

“I don’t like the way that sounds, but I’ll play along for now.” Giving her twin a once over, Chloe walked to the approximate middle of the room and then got down on her knees. Before they parted even an inch she felt her entire body burning hot. Not really liking the idea of putting herself on display in such a manner, she nevertheless complied if only to save the protests for something more damning or demeaning. In silence, she watched as her sister stripped completely naked.

Of the four bags Zoe carried in only one had padlocks on the double zippers of every compartment. Sitting that one aside, she unzipped the main compartment of one of the others and reached inside. “Remember, there’s far more to bondage than just rope,” she said, pulling hands out holding a nice metal case. These are very necessary for what we’re doing here so please don’t balk at me for putting them on you.”

“What are you going to put on me, Zoe?” a very nervous Chloe asked.

“You’ll see. Just relax and let it happen and everything will be okay.” Walking behind her sister, Zoe sat the box on the floor before opening it. “No peeking. Eyes forward until I say otherwise or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Um, don’t you think you’re taking this a bit far? Chloe asked, eyes straight forward.

“No, no I do not. And I asked if you understood so please answer my question.”

“I understand the question but not what it means. What the hell do you mean I’ll be disciplined? I never agreed to...” the rest of her words were cut short as something cold pressed against the front of her neck. It did not take a genius to know she was being collared. Biting hard into her lower lip, she closed her eyes and did everything in her power to remain calm. Next, she experienced the same cold feeling around her left wrist followed by the right and then her ankles and then finally her waist. Letting her gaze drift down, she saw a metal belt with several built-in d-rings where any number of things could be attached.

“Damn,” Zoe exclaimed. “I was kind of hoping you’d protest so I could bend you over my knee, but you knelt and allowed me to place you in cuffs like a good little submissive.” Bending down, she grabbed the two smallest items from the box and then stepped in front of her sister. “Okay, so where’s where we get a bit touchy-feely. I’d tell you to play with your nipples to get them hard, but I can see there’s no need. Is this turning you on, sis?”

“No!”

“Lying will get you punished.”

“It’s not!”

“Your nipples are hard enough to cut diamonds, sis, so try again.”

“They’re hard for the same reason I’m covered in goosebumps. I’m kneeling butt naked on a cold tile floor.”

“Sure, we’ll go with that for now. Retracting the screws set on either side of a metal ring, Zoe placed it over her sister’s left nipple and then screwed them back in until Chloe sharply inhaled. Testing it, it stayed set in position, but she was having way too much fun to stop there so she gave the screws another half turn each before repeating on the right. “Not gonna lie, sis, you’re looking pretty fucking hot right now. Of course, I’d look the exact same if our positions were reversed, but still, damn sexy.”

“Let’s not make this weirder than it already is.

“I don’t see how calling you sexy is weird, but sure. Anywho, you’re probably not going to like this next part at all, but it’s the final piece for this particular getup. I want your word you’ll accept it without complaint.”

“I can’t promise you that without knowing what it is.”

“Would you rather me show you or just put it on you?”

“Honestly, I’d rather you not do either, but if we must then just get it over with.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Then I need you to do exactly as I say without question or I will discipline you, Chloe. Is that understood? The correct answer is yes Mistress.”

“I told you I’m not calling you Mistress. Now do whatever it is you’re going to do so we can get this over with.”

“You might refuse to call me Mistress now, but I promise that’ll change before the day is over. I need you to put your head down and get that ass up. And while you’re at it, put your arms out in front of you and spread your legs.”

“W-Why? What are you going to do, Zoe?”

“You agreed to do it no questions asked so get into position like a good submissive or use the safeword to make it all stop. Your choice. Are we both still women of our word, or is this where we finally find a difference between us?”

“I’m not liar,” Chloe grumbled even as she got into position.”

Plucking a metal hook with a sizable ball on the curved end and a ring at the other, Zoe applied a bit of lube to the ball end. “I need you to relax and take deep breaths for me. On three you’re going to feel some pressure. Just breath and relax and it’ll be over with quickly.”

“I don’t like the sound of this, Zoe. Please tell me what you’re going to do to me.”

“One... two... three!” Placing the two-and-a-half-inch thick lubed ball against her sister’s tightly puckered back door, Zoe pushed and was expectantly met with resistance.

“WHAT THE FUCK!” Chloe exclaimed. “I said no sex!”

“I’m not fucking you. Now, I don’t want to hurt you so relax and let it in.” Pushing harder, she saw her sister’s asshole beginning to give way. “Keeping your head on the floor, reach back and spread yourself open for me.” More pressure.

Never more humiliated in her life, Chloe reached back, put a hand on each ass cheek and then spread herself open. Not that it did anything to alleviate the pain. “W-Whatever you’re trying to shove into me is too damn... Aahghh! Fucking son of a god damn motherfucking bitch!” she wailed during the brief moment it took for her sphincter to lose and for the ball to fully penetrate her ass and then close around the much thinner rod.

“It’s in. You can relax now.”

“Easy for you to say. You’re not the one with a god damn baseball bat up your ass. Please at least tell me what it is and how freaking big.”

“It’s called an anal hook and the ball part of it that you just took is around two-and-a-half-inches thick.”

“Jesus Christ! No wonder it hurt so fucking much. I never use anything even remotely that big. I hope you’re not planning on using another because that’s where I’ll use the safeword.”

“Nah, if I shove anything in there it’ll be my fist,” Zoe half-joked. “But seriously, good job taking the hook. Now you’re all set to be put in bondage.”

“This was a lot. Can we take a break so I can catch my breath?”

“I’ll make you a deal, we can take a break now but it’ll cost you twenty-five swats, or you can wait until I get you in ropes and it’ll cost you nothing more than a bit of time and you calling me Mistress for the rest of the night.”

“You’re determined to get me to say it aren’t you? I don’t want to be spanked, but I said I’d never call you Mistress and as I’ve already proven I’m no liar so fine, I’ll take the swats.”

“Before you agree let me explain what’s going to happen in case you want to change your mind. You’re going to get in a similar position as you’re currently in. I’m then going to give you twenty-five swats of the cane. After each one you’ll count and say thank you Mistress. If you break position, refuse to count or give proper thanks, or forget to count or give thanks I’ll add five more swats and we’ll keep going until you get through them all correctly.”

“I said I’m not calling you Mistress so what the fuck, Zoe?”

“That is the proper way for a submissive to accept her punishment. And before you say you’re not submissive, just think about everything you’ve done so far. Now, do you understand the rules as I’ve explained them to you?”

“Y-Yes... Mistress,” Chloe said, giving in to her very insistent sister.

“Thank you. See, that wasn’t so hard now was it? And for lying I’m adding another twenty-five swats for a total of fifty. And now that you’ve finally called me Mistress, you’ll continue doing so for the rest of the day or you’ll be disciplined further. Is that understood?”

“I understand, but let me make a counter-offer, Mistress. This is some pretty fucked up shit you’re doing now and definitely not what I signed up for so how about we forget the punishment entirely this time and I won’t use the safewords to end things here and now?”

“I’ll counter your counter with forgiving all but ten swats but only if you agree to obey the aforementioned rules regarding discipline. Meaning that messing up will earn you more.”

“Fine, I did actually lie so I’ll accept ten swats, Mistress.”

“And you’ll accept them per the rules of discipline as I’ve described them?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then fold your arms and put your chin on them while raising your feet up until you’re actually on your knees,” Zoe said as she slowly turned the hook so that the ring end was pointed towards the floor. Unable to help herself, she gave it a tug and watched as her sister’s asshole opened in response. Pulling harder, she allowed about half of the huge metal ball to come out. Holding it there for several long seconds, she pushed it back in. Out. In. Out. In. All the way out. All the way back in.”

“Uhn... uhn... p-please stop fucking my ass, Mistress,” Chloe grunted.

“I’ll give you a choice and I promise it won’t involve more swats. I’ll push it back in and leave it there if you agree to prove to me just how submissive you really are. Otherwise, I’m going to pound it in and out of your ass until you’re gushing in orgasm, or writhing in agony begging me to stop.”

“What do you mean by prove how submissive I am, Mistress?”

“I want you to do something that at first thought is going to sound completely gross and unthinkable, but if you actually think about it, it really isn’t.”

“Just tell me what you want me to do, Mistress.”

“To prove how submissive you are?” Zoe asked, barely able to resist grinning triumphantly.

“Yes Mistress.” Realizing what she had just said, Chloe gasped. “Wait! No, that’s not what I meant at all. Just tell me what you want me to do and I’ll do it.

“Without question?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“No matter what it is?”

“Damn it, Mistress, will you please stop with the mind games and just tell me what to do?”

“I will just as soon as you tell me whether you’ll do it without complaint no matter what it is.”

“I’ll do whatever it is without complaint, Mistress, now please tell me what it is before I change my mind and use the safeword.”

“No matter what it is, if you use the safeword to get out of it I’ll never forgive you, Chloe. Okay, if you want me to completely forgive your punishment and to prove to me just how submissive you really are I want you to get on all fours, turn around to face me, look me in the eyes and then eat my pussy for at least one full minute. That’s what I want you to do for me, Chloe.”

“That is seriously fucked up!”