

# T and K

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*Twin sister find love*

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My relationship with my twin sister has always been the most important part of my life. We are identical twins, and have spent each day of our lives together. While we don't have any "mystical" connection, I have never felt as in tune with anyone as I have with Kirsten.

Our up childhood was completely normal, despite an early habit of pretending to be the other. I'm not even sure our names our attached to the same body our parents intended. Not that it matters. I am me, she is she, we know the differences, and whether we are Tegan and Kirsten, or Kirsten and Tegan, it doesn't matter.

We are in our twenties now, both 5'4" 110 pounds, skinny with short dark hair and small elfin features. We aren't completely identical of course, no one is I guess. Kirsten's face is a bit narrower, her boobs a bit bigger. Everything else on our bodies is the same, and believe me we have gone over each other with a fine tooth comb many times.

I remember the first night we hooked up clearly. It was after grad, we were both wasted, eighteen and high on life. We had gone to the school's safe grad together, gotten fairly drunk under adult supervision, then headed to an after grad party, which left us so smashed we could barely stand up, and clung to each other laughing.

There was a boy Kirsten was interested in, and she wanted to take him to a back room, but he was drinking too much to notice. As twins, we had no lack of boys trying to get with us, usual together of course, and neither of us were virgins, but Kirsten had a thing for this one, and was put out by his rejection.

To help her out I tried to work him too, kissing one side of his face, asking if he'd ever done twins. It took a while to get through to him, but once he figured out what I was implying he was more than happy to stumble to his feet and lurch with us to an unoccupied bedroom.

Unfortunately, that's as far as we got. Kirsten's boy was flaccid as empty balloon, and we couldn't get him up. All three of us were naked, him laying on the bed us kneeling over him. Kirsten and I had done threesomes before; though we preferred to have a boy each so many guys wanted the twin experience, or some shit, and few wanted to be in the same room as another naked guy. Most of the time we had hooked up solo, but we were no strangers to seeing each other in the buff.

Of course this ended up being different. My twin wanted this, I wanted to give it to her, so we took it to a level we never had before. We never had been this drunk either, which helped. Soon we were touching each other, fondling each other's tits, faking each other out, pretending to kiss for him, and sometimes actually touching lips. Both of us had been aroused before going in, and this foreplay had gotten us dripping. The guy was still unresponsive though, so we went to work on him, stroking and playing with his dick, trying to get a response. Kirsten took him in her mouth as I stroked him, but after a few minutes I bent down to help. We licked him on either side, rubbing our mouths all over his meat, tongues flicking around his shaft. He remained limp though, and we were doing more for each other than for this prick.

Eventually we realized he had passed out. Sighing, Kirsten pushed the guy away from her, and I shoved him off the bed. He hit the floor with a thump, and we shared a bitter laugh. We hugged each other, and curled up under the covers, backs against the wall. Kirsten put her head on my shoulder, a look of disappointment on her face, and I stroked her hair.

"Sorry honey," I whispered. "I know you wanted him."

She half shrugged against me, and I pulled her closer. "Meh. Whatever. He was cute I guess...but it doesn't help me any."

I kissed her head and squeezed her to me. We just lay there for a bit, sharing out warmth, relaxing in the buzz we still had. Kirsten laughed then.

"What?" I asked hazily.

"The worst is," she said softly, "I'm still so horny."

I laughed too. "Me too." For some reason, I never really knew why, I reached my hand down, down between her legs to feel her sex. "Mm, you are wet."

"Gah!" Kirsten sat up in shock. "Tegan! What are you doing?"

"I don't know," I answered slowly, trying to figure that out for myself. "I just wanted to see if you were as ready as I was."

"Oh." Kirsten leaned back into me. We sat there in silence for a while, but my hand remained between her legs. Her head was pillowed on my breast. Then she moved again. "Well...am I"

"See for yourself," I teased. "Ack! Kirsten!" I shrieked as she rang a finger down my snatch.

We laughed and struggled for a bit, grabbing at each other's bodies. We ended up lying on our sides, staring at one another, looking into eyes so similar to our own it was like looking in a mirror. I thought she was beautiful then, which was strange, I had never thought myself overly attractive. Her face was different up close, her smaller face, higher cheekbones, elfin in the dim light.

I didn't know what she was thinking, but her tongue touched her lips briefly. For some reason I wanted to touch it with mine, something that shocked me.

"Um," I blinked. "Sorry about dofus over there."

Kirsten glanced down then back up. "Whatever. I was just really hoping to get laid tonight."

"Well maybe we should go home so you can, um, finish yourself off."

"Yeah." Kirsten stared unmoving into my eyes. "Or, um, we could stay here and, um, finish each other off..."

My eyes widened, but I made no move. Slowly we moved towards each other, cautiously, hesitantly. Our lips touched softly, brushing against each other's lightly, our tongues slipping between them to touch briefly. We pulled apart, breathing heavily, eyes closed, then we lunged forward, lips mashing in a passionate lip lock.

We fumbled at each other, unsure about what we were doing; only trying to pleasure each other, and get as much of it as we could. I stuck both hands between my sister's legs, fingers rolling against her clit, slipping up into her pussy hole, pressing against her muscles that twitched as I touched them. One of Kirsten's hands groped my breasts, the other rubbed my cunt, palm against my clit, fingers up my canal. I bucked my hips, encouraging her, and Kirsten spread her legs wider, wrapping them around me.

We came together, moaning and gasping into our twins mouths. We lay there, breasts heaving with each breath, satisfied, finally. I had never felt so full, so complete as I had with my sister's hands on

me, never so happy, so worked over.

We had a lot to learn of course. We left the party soon after, fumbling our way home, were we crawled into the same bed, kissing until we fell asleep. Over the next few months we experimented, learning how to pleasure a woman, make a girl cum. We tired oral, scissoring, played with toys. That summer was the summer of our first love, full of new experiences and joys. In the fall we went to the same university, shared the same dorm, just as we had always planed. The difference was in the sex, which continues to this day. One of the best parts of sleeping with your twin was the cover; no one is suspicious about twin girls sharing everything. Our love grows every day, stronger than sisterly bonds should be, stronger than most twins, and real, more real than most people find ever.