

# Twin trouble

By magentalips

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*Virginity is at stake in this game between sisters.*

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Game sits easily on the mattress on the floor, her knees raised, her thighs wide apart. It is as if in front of her there is a big mirror because the double of her is sitting in the same position with their four knees touching.

Game smiles. Almost instantaneously, Kaew follows. Game lifts her right hand from her right knee and squeaks her left nipple hard. Kaew follows suit exactly.

“Ouch,” she whispers.

Game sticks out her tongue almost down to her chin, Kaew does too. The women stifle laughter.

Kaew takes the lead and kneads both of her gorgeous breasts. Game follows exactly.

Kaew traces a line from the middle of her breasts ever so slowly down to her tummy, over her navel then down the folds of shiny flesh into the patch of curly black lawn, over her little pink button, shuddering a little. Then, like an amorous golf ball, the finger slides down her split and pushes into her waiting hole. Game’s finger does the same on the other side.

“Ha,” whispers Game.

Her movement synchronises exactly, complete with the shudder, although hers was a bigger shake.

Kaew’s fingers now walk deliberately on the bed sheet towards Game, passing those of Game in the middle walking this way towards her cunt. Reaching their destinations at the same time, the walking legs turn into thumbs which found the hard clitorises and begin to rub them.

The girls’ mouths now meet in the middle in a long sensual kiss. Again it is like Game is kissing

herself in the mirror.

As they kiss, their thumbs and index fingers are fast at work. Game is careful not to push and poke too far mindful that, unlike her, Kaew is still a virgin.

Not long at all, the girls' mouths have to break, sliding along on to cheeks, as their tempo increases.

There noises rise now above the street noise below and the slush of waves on the sand.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!...,” they yell in chorus, still in time together, increasingly louder, as the lovely triangle collapses, leaving two shuddering and sweaty bodies entangled on the bed.

The women remain cuddled as long as they can until the hot afternoon sun slants in making the front bedroom too hot and sweat drips off their sticky bodies. The women wash it all off in the heavenly cool shower, leisurely soaping each other. They kiss again, the rain of cooling water falling on their heads.

This has been their ritual for many years now, in the afternoon when Kaew returns home from her job at the bank. Each one tries to outdo the other in their inventiveness to take themselves to their daily orgasms. As this is reached everyday, with varying intensity, the girls now have an arsenal of foreplay.

The women dry each other with towels. Kaew switches on the air-conditioning and the sisters stretch out to rest naked on the big bed that they share, the cooled air tumbling on their shapely bodies.

The sisters are identical twins, well-known in this infamous seaside town of Pattaya, where sex oozes. Swaying along together on the sand, crowded streets of girlie bars or in the shopping malls, the stunning ladies turn many heads.

But none knows their secret.

“Whoa, you’re quite a dish tonight,” says Game.

Kaew is ready.

As usual it is the virgin bank teller instead who will go to the girlie bar in the lane near the beach at night where Game works during the day. Game’s regular customers are none the wiser about this switch.

“Don’t be late coming in tonight if I phone you, like the other night?,” says Kaew.

“No I won’t be. Sorry about that,” says Game.

The bar is more noisy and crowded tonight. A huge old fat farang (foreigner) that she has not seen before, grabs her promptly from the shadow and pulls her down to sit next to him.

The old guy fondles Kaew’s breasts right away. She leans back into the dark and lets him. Rock music blasts to ceiling.

His podgy hand grabs her now under her very short skirt.

“Oh mein Gott, you are some girl!” the guy yells above the noise.

Kaew hesitates. Then she remembers that Game needs to earn her money as well, as she having her fun. She slides her hand under the table up to the old man’s bulging crotch. She finds a way easily up his baggy shorts and is soon holding his big stick.

“Mein Gott, mein Gott, Ja, Ja. Don’t stop!,” he yells to other fat Germans at the next table, one of whom has a dark, leggy girl on his lap.

Kaew feels good, adrenalin flowing.

“We go to my place, OK? Ya?,” yells Kaew.

“Ja! Lead the way, Fraulein.”

The man stumbles and staggers the few steps then struggles to climb the stairs. In Game’s place, he crashes to the toilet and pisses and farts noisily.

When he comes out he is without his shorts and underpants, his large white penis wobbling from side to side. His strong farmer’s hands catch Kaew’s arms and they tumble onto the bed. His huge body, weighing a ton, pins her underneath him, her struggling making no difference at all.

Kaew feels his hard penis on her cunt and she can’t even wriggle. Her skimpy underwear is for the moment fortunately stopping the big log pushing through. But for how long?

Is she to lose her virginity to this oaf? No way, man. It is for her husband on her wedding night. And this is not it.

Then she sees Game through the bedroom door.

“Wait!, wait,” she yells.

“What?, Why?”

“I need to go or I’ll wet the bed,” Kaew yells.

“Wet it then. Exciting!,” says the oaf.

“No. Get off a minute.”

“OK. Hurry back.” The mountain rolls off.

Game is already naked in the next room. Kaew kisses her on the mouth.

“Good luck. He is an elephant,” she says.

“I’m used to them,” says Game.

Kaew found herself a chair and watches in the dark through the open bedroom door. A German bull is noisily mounting her poor Game.

That was a close call.