Twins

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

**Part 1:**

“How did you get me in to this?” Jasper asked his sister.

“It just came out,” replied Jade. “When he said he was a twin I just blurted out that I was a twin too. Then he suggested the double date, and … well, he just so cute I could not say no.”

“And you really expect me to do this?” He looked at her with a look of total exasperation. The truth is that he would do anything for his sister. The way she was looking at him now was all the persuasion he needed.

Everybody said that Jasper and Jade Lawrence were as close as identical twins, even though they were boy and girl. They had the same colouring, olive complexions and dark brown hair, they were the same height and close to the same weight. They shared similar bubbly personalities. And they seemed to communicate like identical twins – one glance could speak a paragraph.

“I could never get away with it,” he said.

“We have before. Plenty of times. We even confused family.”

“That was when you dressed as a boy.”

“I was thinking more about last Halloween,” Jade said. “Everybody said that you were incredible.”

“That was just weird,” said Jasper, thinking back. It was supposed to be a costume but he ended up being hit on by guys he did not know, and even one that he did.

“I’m begging you Bro,” she said. “I will owe you big time if you do this.”

“Yes, you will,” said Jasper.

**Part 2**

She spotted them and embraced one of the two good looking men waiting at the bar.

“Matt, this is my sister Jasmin. Jazz this is Matt I was telling you about, and this must be Matt’s brother Mark.”

Matt smiled at his date, and then greeted Jasmin, her twin sister. She had the same lovely long hair and almost the same face. She jumped forward and greeted Matt in the same way – with a hug.

She broke off to examine him and said to her sister: “Well done sis. This guy’s a looker.”

Her voice was different from Jade. Deeper. Matt thought she might be a smoker. Mark would not like that.

Jasmin turned to Mark and said: “So that must make you the ugly brother.” Mark smiled, not at her humour but at her cheekiness. He accepted the embrace from Jasmin. He breathed in the smell of her, and he liked it. Musky. The smell of sex. Then the embrace of Jade. Her smell: floral.

Matt signalled the Maitre d’ and they were shown to their table. A table for four in a booth, with the girls wedged in.

Jasmine smoothed her dress out under her padded bottom. She had shaved her legs again that afternoon, just as she had three days before when she had agreed to this date. Three days of living like this, so she felt prepared. The hair was woven in invisibly. Jade had applied the makeup perfectly. Jasmine was tightly tucked and that was a little uncomfortable, but otherwise she felt relaxed. She was determined to have a good time.

If her secret came out she would deal with it, but for the sake of her sister she hoped that would not happen. Her role was simple: Keep Brother Mark occupied so that Jade can get to know Matt better. It was her play, she just had a small role in it.

“I understand that you girls would prefer wine,” said Matt. “So what kind?”

Jade started looking at the list. But Jasmin said: “You guys are paying so why don’t you choose?”

“I drink beer,” said Mark flatly.

Jasmin put both her hands on his shoulder, and said: “OK, choose me a beer instead. But make it a good one. A new craft beer perhaps?”

“Do you like American or Indian pale ale?” quizzed Mark.

“Don’t get him started,” warned Matt.

Jasmin responded: “I am not worried about strength as I won’t be drinking much, but if we go APA then try to find something with Amarillo or Nelson Sauvin hops.” Then she added coyly: “Pleease”.

Mark laughed, not just a little impressed that a girl would know beer better than he did: “Sure. I know just the thing.”

“I will have a chardonnay, thank you,” said Jade. “And I expect you to show off your expertise on wine to match your brother on beer.”

“Can I say it - You two are not identical like me and Mark,” observed Matt. “But you are clearly twins. It is very close, but trust a twin to pick up the physical differences.”

“I never said that we were identical,” Jade defended.

“You could be. I can see just slightly different bone structure. Very different voices, but then we sound different. People can tell us apart over the phone. But I am noticing that where you are identical is in your personalities. Similar. In fact, it is almost as if you are the same personality together like this. Mark and I are the opposite – genetically identical but very different personalities.”

“No two men are alike,” said Jasmin. And as the drinks arrived she added: “Men are just like craft beer, varied but gassy, and sometimes disappointing.” She chinked glasses with Mark.

“Have I disappointed you,” he asked.

“Not yet,” she said. “I like what I am holding.” Her left hand slipped onto Mark’s arm. She was flirting with him, shamelessly. She was not quite sure where all this was coming from. She was not drunk. Not yet anyway. She could talk with him and engage with him to her sister’s benefit without flirting. So why was this happening?

The truth is that there was something about the hair and the mascara, the eyeshadow, the dress and the heels, and all the girlishness of it, that was making him feel playful. There was something about the deceit taped down under his pink panties that made him feel mischievous and uninhibited.

The beer was good. His taste was excellent. But a girl does not guzzle – she sips.

They talked and they ate, and they drank too. American Pale Ale can be a little strong, so Jasmin was happy to let Mark pull ahead with an extra couple of bottles. He was bigger than her, afterall.

“Are you trying to get me drunk?” he asked her.

“You can do that all by yourself, I am sure,” she replied.

Mark liked her. He found Jasmine outgoing and funny, and very attractive. He had a sudden thought about taking her to bed and having vigorous sex with her. He could not imagine it being anything less than amazing.

As they prepared to leave he suggested that they go for a nightcap.

“Where?” said Jade. “Somewhere near here?”

“Very near,” said Mark. “Matt and I share a flat 2 blocks down from here. I think that its tidy enough to receive visitors. What do you think bro?”

**Part 3**

I had been a few minutes since Matt and Jade, had retired to Matt’s room, leaving Jasmine and Mark alone on the couch.

Mark had lined up some bottles from his beer collection, but she selected only one. She was a little affected by drink, but she knew one more, sipped over time would protect her modesty.

And on that subject, she had been to the ladies with Jade twice at the restaurant and she struggled to restore the taping, especially when Mark had kissed him, not long before they were to leave. Jasmin just figured: “What the hell?” and let him do it. The truth is that she enjoyed it. For the first time she had tasted a man’s tongue and she had enjoyed it. She wondered if that made her officially bi-sexual.

She found herself snuggling up to him on the couch.

“Are these extensions in your hair?” asked Mark.

“I have shorter hair that my sister normally, but were going for the twin look tonight.” She sipped her beer. So did he.

“I like long hair on a woman,” he said.

“I’m keeping them then,” she said. “They are permanent. I would have to cut them out. I like long hair on a woman too.”

“Would you like to go into my bedroom to look at my beer label collection?”

“I don’t believe you,” said Jasmine. “You don’t have a beer label collection.”

“You are right,” he said. “That was just an effort to persuade you to go in there before we start hearing noises from my brother’s room. The walls are thin but we cannot hear him from my room. At least I know that he cannot hear me from his room.”

“I don’t think that we will be doing what you want tonight, Mark.” Jasmin was suddenly a little sad. “At best you would be disappointed. At worst, very angry with me.”

“Let me decide,” he said. “I would be prepared to chance it.”

He stood up with her still draped across him. He carried her is his arms as if she was a small child. Into his bedroom.

“Where are the beer labels,” she joked. “You have brought me here by misrepresentation.”

He tried to kiss her but she put a finger in front of her face. She said: “You should see what you are getting into first.”

She had kicked off her heels in the living room. She now unzipped her dress with some skill and then unfastened her powder blue bra. If fell to the floor with a thud weighted by the gel globes in each cup. Next came the powder blue panties, and finally she tore away the last of the tape to reveal her secret.

Suddenly she was crying. The reveal was supposed to be designed to shock – to put an end to the evening and to this charade. Jade was with her man now and if the double date worked, it could work without Jasmin.

“Dissappointment or anger?”

“Hmm,” he said, looking her up and down. “Disappointed a little, not because of the dangly bits, they don’t look threatening. but because I do like a good pair of tits on a girl.”

He came closer and gently pinched a nipple. He said: “We’re going to have to get you a pair, aren’t we?”

“Are we?” she asked. “Yes, Ok. We are. Whatever you like.”

“How about that kiss? He said.



Jade and Jasmin

The End

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Maryanne