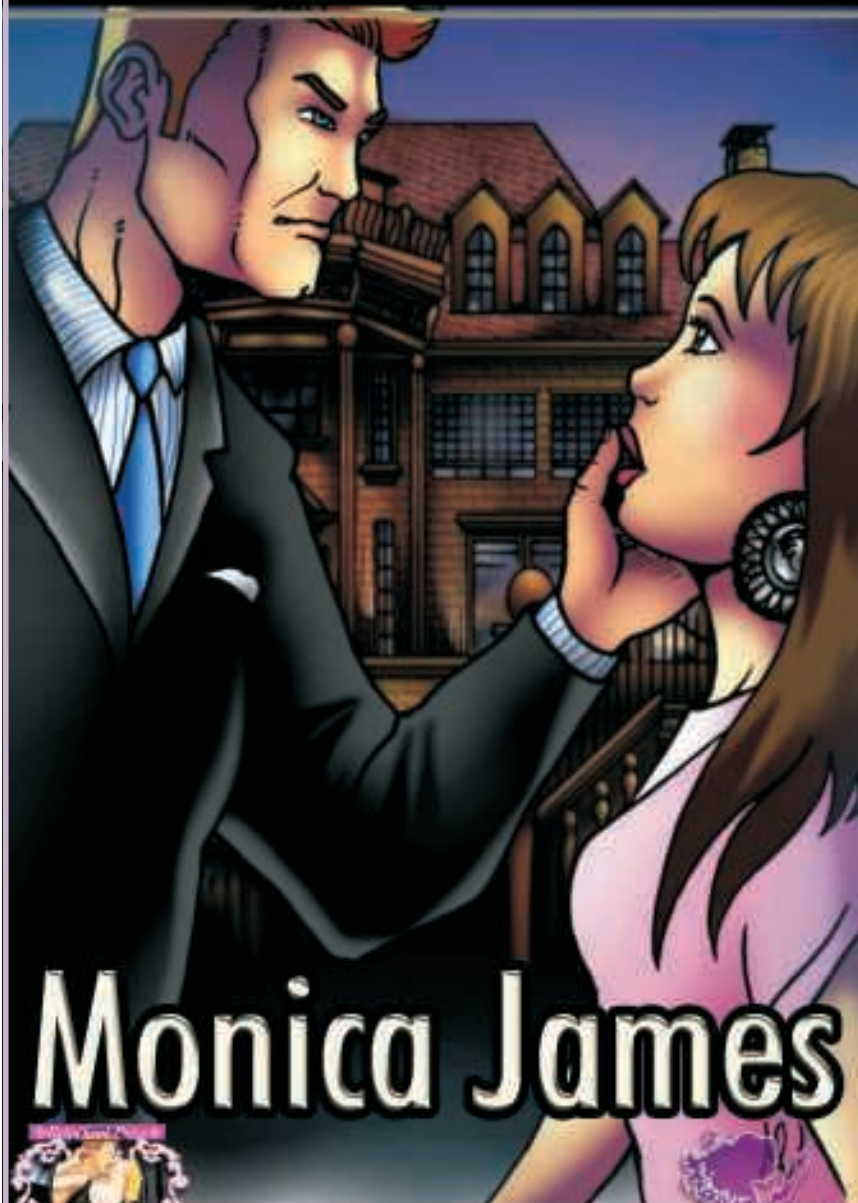


Fraternel Twins



Monica James



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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Prologue

Sybil stared at her brother, “Do you want to talk about it?”

“What about?”

She sighed. “Crossdressing. You’ve been into my undies again, I had hoped, with Mom and Dad gone, that you would grow up.”

“Is this why you promoted this trip to France? You want an argument?”

Sybil bit nervously at her lower lip. “Can you tell me what it means? Do you want to seduce girls with that ridiculous apparel? Or boys? Honestly, Seth, I wonder if all fraternal twins have such off-the-wall concerns.”

His wan smile meant to his sister that something more mysterious was on his mind. “You’re badgering because you’re older than me.”

“Ten minutes! Don’t say stupid stuff like that.”

“Maybe some new friends will clear up the confusion. In my defense, I’d like to point out that I do not criticize your choice of friends. Therefore I ask you to give me the same benefit.”

“OK, truce then. I admit I’ve been close to some girls in my little circle, The university sorority helped me see myself as I would like to be. That make any sense?”

He pounced on her so swiftly it made her come alert. “Would you rather be a boy? We would be the same.”

“Conversely, if I was a girl, uh, that too.” He blushed in spite of the hostile glare from his sister.

After a long pause, Sybil giggled. “The idea is intriguing, Would you like to be a girl to wear the lingerie you steal from me? And get unnoticed in the girl’s locker room? What? Tell me.” Her tone of voice was back to teasing mode.

Seth considered the end of the discussion but the thought nagged him. “Is it good with a girl?” he asked slowly.

She rested against the seat cushions. “Just forget you ever asked that.”

“You don’t want to talk about oral sex, do you? Does it bother you that we are so different?”

“The same but different. Yes, I can see how that could add to your confusion.”

FRATERNAL TWINNS

by **Monica James**

One

Seth sat up and leaned toward the window. The sleek jumbo jet slipped out of cloud cover; Sybil moved aside so her brother could see.

“It’s the coast of France,” Seth said laconically.

“This is so exciting,” Sybil answered. She couldn’t hide her enthusiasm.

The usual cabin chatter silenced them. The steward predicted landing at the Paris International Airport and asked for seat belts to be fastened and the service trays secure. After that he stood next to the twins and smiled.

“First Class passengers can leave as soon as the forward ports are open,” he said in an automatic monotone. His eyes flicked interest in Sybil’s luscious body curves but he was able to hide his feelings.

“Your luggage will be forwarded to your hotel as soon as we land, Hopefully no delay by the customs. Your behavior has been a pleasure. Thank you for flying Air France.”

“Maybe we will meet again,” Sybil said as they made ready to exit.

She forwarded her hand which he grasped lightly and smiled. “It is my hope,” he said, then attended quickly to the exit procedures,

Sybil turned and looked behind them as they left the terminal, Other passengers were milling around waiting for their customs checks. Soon the taxi zoomed down the busy highway to the hotel,

“That steward was about to eat you alive,” Seth said in a controlled whisper, “Good that I was there to protect you.”

She giggled, “If he had asked for just a tiny taste, I’d still be on the aircraft with my legs spread for him. He is so cute.”

Seth frowned, “Don’t be gross. At least pretend we are personable.”

She slapped his leg. “You are no fun. Oh look, there is the Sorbonne. Appears just like the brochure.”

As they turned onto the street to their destination, Sybil was sitting on the edge of her seat/ “Look for number 71 Avenue du Bosquet,” she said, quickly scanning the myriad signs. “Yes there it is-The American University.”

“It even looks expensive. I know we have the money our parents left us but at least be grateful.”

“It was destiny, Mom begged Dad to avoid flying together in case of trouble. Dad would have none of it. It’s comforting that their last thoughts were for our mutual benefit.”

Seth squinted at the busy pathways in the shadows of the later afternoon. “We have to make the best of a bad situation when we remember them.” He was thoughtful as he gazed onto the manicured campus. “It looks like I might have been too hasty trying to dis-

courage you on this educational adventure, This place is full of girls, like a platoon on each corner.”

Sybil jabbed him in the ribs. “Calm down brother dear; we are told the boy students are the minority, Girls: eighty percent, Guys: twenty percent. What think ye of that?” She burst out laughing, “You can be the pirate leader running off with the pretty girls.”

Seth sat back and took her hand. Next he whispered, “Smorgasbord.”

She slapped him lightly on the shoulder. “And you say I’m bad, Are you ever going to grow up?”

He grinned. “We are the same age but the gender might be confusing.”

“Blame it on the DNA; the plan was for us to be the same sex but the XY and XX chromosomes won out.”

“Yeah yeah, cCool it. Wait until these hot French chicks get a look at your figure, You will be the gal in the candy store with a credit card.”

The taxi jerked to a stop as the front tire hit the curb. The driver collected his fare and abruptly left them standing on the sidewalk,

A uniformed man approached them.

Seth blinked, “I think we’re on our way; here comes a rent-a-cop.”

Sybil chuckled, “*Gendarme* to you. Where were you when they handed out curriculum for High School French class?”

He stepped toward the security guard and extended his hand. “Could you...” he asked but was interrupted.

The guard motioned them to follow him, “This way,” he said in accented English.

Two

Sybil jumped up off her bunk when she heard Seth come in.

“Where have you been?” she said. Her tone was laced with an accusation that he had committed a mortal sin.

He laughed. “I know the plan was for me to return to the States when you were settled, in class and all that. I didn’t feel right about leaving you to the mercy of these adventuresome students and your roommate takes offense at me being here most of the time so I decided to find a place of my own. Come on, I’ll show you, It’s perfect for the free-lancing lover in Paris.”

“I’m in shock. We could have discussed whatever it was that prompted all this.”

They walked across the campus past the AMEX Café. “You need to spend more time here. Many interesting folks, like a cross-culture survey each minute.”

Sybil ignored him as they strolled hand-in-hand along the wide boulevard. “At home the student union was for the younger set,” she said as if she was laying a problem to rest. “Where is this room you are so excited about?”

Finally they turned the corner and stepped through a tall gate hiding a lush garden.

“See? Three floors, six mini apartments, A guy on the first floor is graduating this term so I bought in to get his place. That having been done, my generous resident left with his parents. Voila!”

Sybil glanced around. “Your partner is a student too? Why did you drag me over here when all you had to do was tell me instead of keeping me in suspense with an anxiety fit? Good-looking guy all alone in Paris; worth worrying, I say.”

They walked out between the tall, shuttered doors onto the garden. Seth pressed a key into her hand, “This is yours for as long as needed. It should help,

seems to me, to know where to go when you are as lost as I am.” They sat on a low wooden bench,

“What happened to your desire to return home?”

“Right, I wanted to come here with you to be sure you are settled, bills paid, courses lined up, all of that. You are doing fine unless you say otherwise.”

“So, now you are holed up in a bachelor pad in Paris, walking distance to the Latin Quarter. You make me feel like you should get an allowance.” She grinned and took his hand. “I’m glad you are happy and, honestly, I really feel better now that you are close by.” She leaned her head on his shoulder. “Not too close, you understand. We have to live our own lives.”

He turned and kissed her on the forehead. “Maybe I’m not ready for the avuncular role.”

She stood up. Acting indignant, she said, “Uncle Seth? I’m not even pregnant yet!”

They both laughed.

“You very nearly raped that cute airline steward. Poor fellow, he was so taken with you that he’s now a weekly wanker.”

She turned to go inside. “So, do you or not?”

“What?”

“Have some wine to offer a parched sister?”

He found the usual pleasure at hearing the cork pop out of the bottle. “Mouton Cadet. Red,” he said with authority, “Count the gurgles.”

Later, after they finished the wine, Sybil and Seth exchanged hugs as she headed back to her sorority house. On the way out the gate she was blocked by a muscular man carrying a passel of books. He smiled showing even teeth but his eyes did not betray any interest.

“Well, who was that?” he said, coming in. “You move in one day and a gorgeous creature is visiting already.”

Seth laughed. "My sister; her name is Sybil, You could have introduced yourself. I promise she is self-sufficient. Just don't get too close. She studied karate for a while." He laughed. "I brought some wine if you need some encouragement on the rigors of the class schedule."

#

The end of a relatively quiet week was upon them. Seth was curled up on his bunk engrossed in conversational French lessons based on a lusty romance novel. The evening silence was abruptly broken with a crash. That was followed by the front door opening with a loud bang as it slammed against the wall.

Damian fell across the threshold with a groan and appeared semi-conscious.

Seth swiftly went to him and helped him through the doorway. He closed the door after checking to see if Damian had any helpers or followers. Outside, the bedlam of an impending riot struck him. That was when he felt the onset of dread, a mood new to him,

Sybil was on the cell phone. "Seth; it looks bad. Stay inside, some lunatic just threw a full can of beer through our window."

He tried to be his usual laconic self. It was difficult. "That someone just has no couth; might have at least opened it."

"Oh, be serious for once. This might be the start of a war of some kind."

Perhaps. In this case, the winner gets control of your mind."

Sybil calmed enough to drop her voice a decibel or two. "You would have us man the Bastille."

"Not until the fourteenth of July." He chuckled at using the history tidbit he had just learned.

Sybil snapped her phone shut after one shriek. "Oh, you are impossible!"

Seth's amused reply was lost on her. He went to help Damian when he saw the lad struggling to get to his bunk,

He tugged Damian's shirt off and searched for any cause of trauma. Nothing. "You better get to the clinic when this dies down," he said still looking for bruises. "What happened?"

Damian felt it when Seth pressed his rib cage, clavicle and back. "Our regular Friday night poker game was shamelessly interrupted. They were milling around looking for a fight. I decided to make a run for it but didn't get far. Several of them stopped me and took their leisure to use me for a punching bag. I was giving them some response until one of them kicked me, hard enough to crunch my ribs I think. That hurt."

"Others will be injured, as well," Seth said as he removed Damian's shoes and tugged off his soiled trousers. "When it appears the trouble is over, we can go look for your friends. Did you grab the poker pot on the way out?"

"Wise guy. No, there wasn't time. I think I was the only one dumb enough to try such a brazen escape. The rest of them sprinted down the alley and were gone. Hope so, anyhow."

"My sister called to tell me to stay in as the rioters were aiming at them. Probably for the terrorist publicity."

Damian grumbled as he tried to get comfortable. "The clinic awaits," he said with an unsteady voice.

"Try for some rest. You can go in the morning, How about a hot bath? That should help. Also, I have some pain killers that might let you sleep."

Damian's facial expression changed to benign instead of pain. "I didn't know you cared." His lips curled to a smile until he groaned again,

"Well, I do care, You would do the same for me."

As Damian sank into a hot bath, Seth picked up his cell phone and handed it to him. Damian took several calls and was thankful he was the only one injured in the mllée. Seth switched on the TV but

didn't make much sense of the commentary until Damian explained it.

They discussed the social unrest until Seth saw Damian's eyes blink. "Enough of this," he said and turned over in the bed.

"You seem improved," Seth said, "Maybe those pain killers from Sybil did their job."

Damien closed his eyes. "I must remember to thank her, Must be nice to have a beautiful sister; looks and brains don't usually come as a package."

Face-to-face with his pillow, Seth was awakened as Damien journeyed to the WC. He sat up and swung his legs out until his bare feet rested on the carpet. "Hey guy, let me give you a lift." He caught Damien by the elbow and held him upright until he made it to the small bathroom. He waited until Damien came out and assisted him to bed. "Those sure are sexy boxer shorts," he said lightly. "Didn't they have any pink?"

"No, wise ass, These are just fine, Are you commenting about my near-nakedness?"

Seth puffed up some pillows and held Damien until he groaned some more and rested. "I remember your physical body. You are all muscle, Do you work out?"

Damian turned until his shoulders were straight up. "I was more athletic in school, Some muscle tissue must have taken residence. Now I wish I could have at least landed a telling punch on one of those rioters. Maybe the gendarmes with their English billy-style clubs did some good." He glanced at Seth who stood at the side of his bunk dressed only in pajama briefs, no shirt. He chuckled. "You should be a girl with that light build. Do you and Sybil compare?"

Seth laughed. "No, she is the better of the two of us. Of course, I'm younger so that might have an influence."

"After seeing her yesterday, I wondered about age. How much older is she?"

"About ten minutes, we have been advised."

Damian grinned, “Now that you mention it, I can see a resemblance. You are both beautiful. But how can you be twins?”

Seth sat on the side of the bunk, “The word is dizygotic; both born at the same time but with different genders. We are close friends as well as family.”

“Fraternal twins; I’ve heard of that.” Damian squinted in the early morning gloom. “Don’t tell me your parents were the same. That would be incest.”

They both laughed. “Neither of us are experienced in the sensual arts. Our parents kept us closely tethered though we did manage sex-ed classes at school, some random porno at overnight sleepovers, like that,” Seth said in an easy tone.

“So you’ve managed some freedom now, They might show up any moment to check on you.”

Seth was silent for a long moment before he answered. “They were both killed in an airliner crash. We are here on the insurance proceeds. Sybil is determined to further her education. I can’t answer for her sexual adventures, if any.”

Damian coughed and touched his chest with his fist. “I’m sorry, Seth. That was really awkward; I might have guessed. There seems little I can do or say.”

Seth impulsively caught the edge of Damian’s blanket and tucked it under his chin, “Please; it’s not a problem unless we make it one.”

“You are generous.” Damian moved over on the bunk to make space. “You’ve been comforting me all evening. I should do the same for you since I brought up such a personal topic. Climb under these covers and you can go to sleep. Maybe you will forgive my crass comments.”

Seth shrugged and, remembering that Damian had only the boxer shorts on, stretched out on the bed. He sighed when Damian moved one knee over Seth’s reclining body.

The fleshy contact sent waves of erotic feeling through him. “Damian, I’ve never been this close to a guy before. Nor a woman, for that matter.”

“Are you complaining? Maybe you are feeling inferior because you are not a girl.”

Seth chuckled. “No complaint, I like the closeness. I may be short on experience but I’m informed.”

“I can’t believe this; an American virgin in Paris, And Sybil?”

She has never mentioned one way or the other. She is aware, however, that her looks attract attention.”

Damian moved his knee higher on Seth’s thighs. When he heard Seth suck in his breath, he relaxed the contact. “One of these days she might look down to see her favorite girlfriend lapping between her legs, After that we can only guess what will happen.”

“The thought makes me wish I could be a girl. Think of the thrill.”

Damian pressured higher, far enough to again engage Seth’s genitals. “It can be done, you know. Uh, being a girl, I mean.” He raised one arm high enough so he could touch Seth’s lips with his finger. The soft fingertip caressed the fine line of his jaw and onto his lips again. “Do you know what you would be doing right now if you were in fact a girl?”

“Yes, but I don’t think I could be good for you. I’ve never been in such a situation.”

Damian removed his knee and deftly clawed gently on Seth’s flat tummy. “Nice figure for a guy,” he said, teasing. “Would you like it?”

“Like what? I’m afraid of what you are going to say.”

Damian laughed, “You may have wondered about it. Do you like me? My looks? Being with me as a friend? As a lover?”

“Omigod, Damian, Take it easy, please. This is all too fast for me. You are supposed to be injured. The pills from Sybil can’t be that good.” He knew he was running his words together. Next he was aware of Damian’s hand creeping over his naked torso, lower onto his stomach. He knew he couldn’t hide the dull throb signaling his erection.