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Twins Nudist Adventures in France – Part 1

The Twins

Adam and David were fifteen, and twins. Adam had been born first, by ten minutes, and David last. Their parents were professors at Emory University, both in languages. They were named for the first and last names in the bible – which wasn't a religious move on their parents' part; it was their idea of humor.

The boys were tall, at six foot two inches each, blonde haired and blue eyed. While slender, their bodies weren't thin, just not over muscular. They were vaguely aware of their good looks, but they were just not old enough yet to really understand it. And they were completely identical, at least until you started looking at minor things like the odd mole. They even though alike, although they were spirited enough that they weren't simply parrots of each other.

It was springtime, and their parents Kim and Chris LeTour surprised them that they were going to take a year off. They had been at university together, had married then gone to grad school together, had the boys and gone on to get their doctorates together. They had been teaching for ten straight years, and needed a break. So they planned for the family to go away together, to live in Europe, where they were going to think and write, and where the boys could learn languages. The boys were excited by the idea of going to Europe, but sad to be leaving their friends for so long.

They packed up their things, they were renting their house, and sent a box of stuff each to the rental company that they were renting a house from. Then they packed for the trip. The boys were curious that they were allowed only a few changes of clothing, one

smart set, one not so smart, and a few really casual with shorts and t-shirts. But their parents said they were going to travel light and if they needed anything they could buy it on the trip. They were going to travel like students, not like the consumer driven trips, of the past few years like their trip to Disney. The boys knew this trip was going to be very different, not just because of the packing, but because their parents were acting closer to their age, than the 36 they really were.

The flight to Paris was long and cramped for the boys. At 6'2" the back few rows of the Delta flight weren't really built for them. But between their iPods and youthful sleep habits, they made the trip OK. De Gaul airport was fairly easy to navigate, particularly since they were carry on, and the boys sleepy heads swiveled around to see what was so different about France. They decided it must be the smell. From customs it was a short walk to the train station in the center of the building, to the RER, local train. For just a few Euro's the family piled into the train which took them to their destination. From there, it was a short walk to their hotel. The boys were convinced, walking up to the door, that their parents had the wrong address. The place was very non-descript – in fact it was just a door off of the street. It seemed like it was a reasonable location, it was downtown, but the flat front to the hotel was very plain.

The front lobby, if you could call it that, was also very plain. But when the porter walked them to their room (he didn't offer to carry any bags) he led them through a courtyard that was light and airy and full of flowers and smelled wonderful. They walked up three flights of stairs, and he opened up a room that was modest, but overlooked the courtyard, and had a queen sized bed and two roll-away cots on one side.

The boys were horrified. At Disney they had had their own room; sleeping with their parents? Yuck. But their parents were bubbling over with excitements and the boys fell into that sullen silence that only teens can manage.

With the porter gone, their mother explored every closet, nook and cranny and started putting things away. Their Dad, meanwhile started to undress, right there in front of them, getting ready for a shower that he loudly stated that that he was going to have first. Now the family had never been prudes, but a certain amount of modesty had been afforded the boys at home with their own rooms.

The boys collapsed down onto their parents' bed, listening to their iPods.

After a few minutes their Dad came out of the bathroom, with a towel wrapped around his middle, and then their Mom started to strip down. The boys' minds were gently blowing. They lay on the bed basically trying not to watch, while trying to watch – and their Mom wasn't showing any modesty. At 36, with basically relaxed schedules of

university professors, both of their parents had the time for athletic pursuits, and they were both good looking. The twins were at that age where they had a lot of information, but no knowledge, and they were curious. Besides, while their parents had never locked themselves behind closed doors, they also hadn't paraded nude, at least in the boys memory. Both turned on their sides to hide the erections that were covered by their shorts.

They were next up for the showers, but they were more modest, changing in the bathroom, and then pulling on their fresh boxers and shorts under their towels.

The neighborhood around their hotel was quite nice, being only a few blocks behind the Musee d'Orsay. They wandered around, got their bearings, took a few photos by the Seine river and generally acted like tourists. They had lunch at a little café, then spent part of the afternoon dozing on the lawn of the Tuileries gardens with their view of the Louvre. It was wonderful not to be in a rush, and to be able to take in the atmosphere. And while the boys were less impressed by the atmosphere, they liked dozing with their jet lag.

An early dinner that included a healthy dose of "pommes frites" was a hit and a wander through the streets to the hotel capped off the evening. They rolled out the two trundle beds, which the boys found out immediately were barely big enough for them, but which occupied all of the floor space in the room. And the boys demurely stripped to their t-shirts and boxers. They then realized that they had worn both of the t-shirts they had and both smelled pretty rank, so to the amusement of their parents, they pulled them off under their sheets.

Their parents then amazed them and stripped before them then turning out the light dived under their sheets, completely naked. They were all tired, but the time difference made it hard to sleep, so their parents turned on the TV in the room, and flipped though the five channels. The first was a news talk show, completely incomprehensible to the boys. The second was the same but different. The third was a bad English movie, dubbed into French. The fourth was soccer, which was interesting, but in French and it was two teams that none of them could work out. The fifth channel shocked the boys half to death. There on the screen was a bare-breasted lady, happily chatting away on the screen. From the looks of things she was selling travel packages, but it was like no commercial the boys had ever seen. In fact, besides the internet porn that they had snuck peeks at, they had never seen such a well endowed lady in the buff. They guiltily looked over at their parents, who were happily watching away without comment. The boys were struck dumb, and didn't know where to look.

"You don't see that at home, do you boys?" commented their Dad.

His only reply was slack jaws from the boys. Then he flipped back to the soccer. At least they could understand the game.

The boys went to their restless sleep after a while, with a jumble of confused thoughts. Images of their naked parents and nude TV presenters floated around their adolescent brains.

Two nights later, their parents asked if the boys would mind if they went to have dinner on their own, leaving the twins at the hotel. The two boys told them to go ahead that they would be fine.

Their parents made sure that they had sandwiches and enough orange Fanta to last them the night, then left. The boys quickly stripped down to their boxers and flipped on the TV. As usual, Adam had the remote, and quickly flipped to the firth channel. There in all her glory, was the object of their dreams the last few nights.

The boys often didn't talk much to each other. As with many other identical twins, their communications together would often be much more instinctual than direct. At home they had separate bedrooms, and so while they were clearly familiar with each other's bodies (as their own) and they had discovered masturbation together, in reality, they had mostly masturbated separately – as their southern semi-conservative upbringing sort of demanded. But they weren't shy from each other, at least not entirely. And by mutual and unspoken agreement, both pulled their boxers down, under the sheets, and started stroking. Each stared at the naked woman on the screen, then from time to time shot a glance that their twin, checking the other out. The urgent rustling of the sheets and the shaking of the bed meant that each knew how far the other was, but their ingrained conservatism forced them to be modest enough to cover up. Soon, both their efforts became more urgent, and their focus became more self absorbed, until a minute later each let out a quiet grunt, announcing their orgasm. In the semi darkness of the TV screen Adam got up and retrieved a washcloth for each of them, and they scrubbed their cum off their bellies and chests where it had splattered.

Satisfied they continued to watch the jiggling and hyper endowed sales girl pitch her wears.

Kim and Chris quietly opened the door, and smiled when they saw their two boys asleep with the TV on, a new but equally endowed young lady pitching something else. Slightly tipsy from the bottle of wine they had shared, the two collapsed into each other's arms on their bed. Their lovemaking was passionate, but quiet, aware that their two teenagers were asleep just a few feet from them. They never hurried their lovemaking. They had learned early on in their relationship that with some care, each could last for a

long time and that they enjoyed the feeling of being in, and having the other inside of each other.

On his cot David had woken the moment that he heard the door open. But hadn't moved, thinking that they were soon going to go to sleep. But he quickly realized that they weren't and the sounds of their lovemaking made it completely obvious to him what was going on, even though he couldn't see anything except their outline in the glow of the TV. As his parents slowly made love before him, he gripped his iron hard cock, and slowly stroked himself. He didn't want to disturb them, didn't want them to know that he was awake and could see them, didn't want to break the spell of the moment. As their passion rose, so did his. He struggled to keep quiet and to keep his breathing even, and the effort focused all of his energies to his cock. For the second time that night David's cock exploded with his teenage ejaculation, this time the feeling even more intense.

His parents were finished with their lovemaking, they need for silence making their orgasms that much more internal and intense. David could hear his Mom get up to the bathroom, then his Dad. David really needed to go too to wipe himself off, and to pee, but he had to make do with wiping his cum around on himself to wait for it to dry.

The family stayed in Paris for two weeks, then they started traveling; to Orleans, Normandy, Dijon, Lyon, Toulon, and Toulouse. The twins had to get used to a very different set of parents than they were used to in Atlanta. To start with, as soon as they left Paris, their parents started speaking to them only in French. That was awkward at first, but with a lot of hand gestures, it quickly became more or less understandable. Second, they always stayed in a single room, and places that were clean and comfortable, but not fancy. For the boys that meant a lot of pull out coaches, some shared beds and just a much less formal lifestyle than they were used to. Chris, their Dad, started growing a beard. They had never ever seen him with more than a day's growth. Washing clothes meant scrubbing them in a shower or bath then hanging them to dry – and if the boys wanted clean clothes, that was up to them. Once they were a little familiar with an area of town, their parents set them free to explore on their own – a level of trust they had never had at home.

Finally, there was the issue of the lack of privacy. The boys began to feel a little more comfortable seeing their parents nude, or being seen nude. They still had that adolescent modesty, and certainly didn't sleep in the buff. But still, after a while, it was...well... less uncomfortable. The pattern of their parents leaving them on their own, then coming back when they thought the boys were asleep and making love continued every three or four days. It also gave the boys just enough of the privacy they needed to masturbate and relieve themselves. David had told Adam what he saw the next morning

in Paris, and the boys had quietly contemplated what that meant. Although Kim and Chris didn't know it, the boys weren't even remotely asleep the next time they came back. But little by little, the excitement of that wore off. Just listening to the rustling sheets didn't have the same excitement after a few times, and usually they had masturbated earlier in the evening anyway.

After three weeks of travels and five weeks after they had left home, they family headed to where Kim and Chris said the family would be living for the year.

When they got off the train from Toulouse, running along the old route of the Chemin de la Mediterraneene, at a station called Agde, it was drawing close to evening. Agde is a small town about five kilometers away from the Mediterranean, in a sleepy province of France called Lanquedoc-Roussillon, separated from the hurly burly of the rest of the South of France. The town itself lay on the banks of a minor tidal river called the Herault, which emptied into the Gulf of Lyon basically a big bite in the Mediterranean. The town itself was separated from the coast by a series of low hills, and it wasn't until their taxi which they had stuffed themselves in rose over the crest that the family could see the ocean in the dim light and the area called the Cap d'Agde below them.

The taxi took them to the front gate of the gated community, then after a brief inspection of their letter of introduction from the rental company, they were let though. The taxi took them through the streets that were largely deserted on this Tuesday evening in the spring, to the back door of the series of condo's that housed the apartment that would be home for a while.

The boys were fairly sick of traveling, and they bounded up the stairs to the third floor and apartment 301, to the front door to see their new apartment home. It was at once what they were looking for, and not at all what they expected.

The apartment was light, airy and sparsely but pleasantly furnished. Looking around the boys realized that it was just a very large version of the hotel rooms that they had begun to get used to. It was a studio apartment, one large single room with cathedral ceilings with a series of fans, French doors all along one wall, looking out over a terrace and a view that wasn't clear in the evening light. The bathroom wasn't actually a separate room, but was divided off by a partition wall that didn't go all the way to the ceiling. Different parts of the room were delineated by pleasant throw rugs on the all tile floor, or by different groupings of furniture. At one end was an area that was clearly their parents' bed, at the other end, there were two single beds that looked barely long enough for their 6'2" frames. The rest of the apartment was divided into a desk/office area, a sitting area, a dining area, a kitchen and the bathroom.

The boys were excited to see their boxes, left there by the rental agent, and there were a couple of more that they didn't recognize.

"We have a treat for you boys, open them up" said their Dad.

The boys happily ripped into the boxes, to find that the contents were four new laptop computers, two more clearly business like than the other two, which also had a number of games in all kinds of associated boxes. They boys started ripping into them.

"Whoa, whoa guys, let's talk a minute before we totally get lost in those" said Dad, for the first time in three weeks speaking English.

"There are games there, but the computers are pre-loaded with stuff for you to study with, and we will be getting a proper internet connection. Remember what we said about you guys having to study while we lived here, well that starts soon. Your Mom and I have your studies planned out, and you have to get thought those before game time.

"There are some other things you should know about this. This area is called Cap d'Agde. As you can tell, it is on the ocean, and it is a big resort area. There are plenty of distractions for you, mostly on the weekends, but the biggest thing that you should know is that it is the biggest nudist town in the world."

Both boys' jaws fell open in unison, causing their parents to smile.

"Now guys, you know that your Mom and I aren't terribly shy about our bodies. At home we have always been a little careful. You never know what neighbor is snooping in the windows. We have never told you, but when we were at college we lived at a nudist house, and we loved it. We have always regretted it that we couldn't provide you with the sort of freedom that we felt there, so when the opportunity came to live abroad, we thought of this place."

"Now dears," started their Mom, "We know that you are going to be uncomfortable with this to start."

"Well yeahhaa" blurted out David.

"But you are going to find out pretty quickly that it is a really liberating way to live. There is absolutely no bullshit" (the boys had never heard that word from their Mother) "and people are exactly what they are. You boys are incredibly handsome and you have great bodies. You are going to learn to be more self confident and self expressive with your bodies than you ever thought possible."

"OK, guys," continued Chris. "So there are some rules while we are living here.

"First, we are going to be nudists. And I mean really nudists. While we are on the property, none of us in this family are going to wear clothes, shoes, jewelry or makeup,

unless it is for safety somehow. If we leave on a trip somewhere we will get out our clothes, but between then and now..."

"But Dad," started Adam in a whiny little boy voice.

"No but's boys. We want you to give it a try. We are sure that after a few days you will be completely comfortable and enjoy it."

"I doubt that," said a sullen Adam under his breath to David.

"Don't dismiss it, until you have tried it.

"Second, sunscreen is an absolute must. Every morning, whether you plan on going out or not, you need to be covered head to toe with sunscreen. Yes, even down there. And then you need to re-apply it every few hours. We will all help each other, and it's a great opportunity to get a free massage" Chris continued with a smile. The boys didn't get it.

"Third, one thing we expect you to have is a fanny pack, wherever you go, we want you to have an ID, sunscreen, money, condoms things like that."

The boys thought the condom thing was just their Dad trying to be funny.

"Fourth, we are excited that because this is a closed community, you will have certain freedoms to come and go as you please. We aren't going to follow behind you. But we do expect you to check in with us at the times we agree each day. If you have work to do, we expect you to do it, before you jet off somewhere, even if that means making friends wait. We expect you to look out for each other, which we know you always do.

"fifth, as well as the resort being nudist, there are certain other freedoms that are expressed here. You will see a lot of body art, piercing, provocative clothing and that kind of thing. You will also see drugs and alcohol. The drinking age here is 16, and there officially isn't one if you are with your parents. We expect that you will have some wine or beer with us, but we also expect that you are sensible and don't get drunk here. We also are going to be as strict here about drugs as we are at home. Just because there is free expression here doesn't mean that drugs have a different effect. So no is the answer.

"Finally, we really mean for you to enjoy the freedom that this allows you. To be completely free means leaving old habits behind. At most nudist facilities, it is considered required to carry a towel around and if you sit anywhere to sit on it. Here that is not so much the case, although hygiene is still important. But we don't want you using towels, or sheets, or whatever to hide behind and make the celebration of the body an act of embarrassment. This is a place where you guys can really grow and learn in a totally different way that at any other time in your life, and this is the time in your life when you can do that stuff joyfully. So, there it is."

The family stood there quiet for a second, then Kim said,

"OK guys, enough of this standing around, lets get all of these things put away, and find spots for them and I think that the rental agent left us some stuff in the refrigerator to eat."

So pulled out of their stunned attitude by action, the boys set to, unpacking all of their bags that they had been traveling, and their boxes that held all of their little touches of home. Once one of the boxes was empty, their Mom took hold of most of the clothes, and packed them away in the box and then put that on the top shelf in one of the apartment's closets, the reality of that not being missed by the boys.

After about half an hour, the apartment was much more theirs, with the boys having little piles of their own junk of the type that comforts teenagers.

The boys then opened up the new computers and started them up. In the meantime their mother disappeared around the divider to the bathroom. The boys heard the toilet flush, then their Mom re-appeared, this time without any of her clothes. The boys froze what they were doing, as she walked over to the closet, and put away that last set of her clothes. She then padded over to the kitchen area and started pulling out the dinner that had been left for them.

Their Dad, not needing to go to the bathroom stripped out of his clothes, and packed them away as well and went to the kitchen to help Kim. The boys watched them, openly curious about this turn of events. THEY WERE SERIOUS! Was the scream going though both boys heads. The boys kind of ignored their parents, hoping for some kind of reprieve, not getting much done on their computers. After ten minutes their Mome called over.

"OK guys get changed for dinner."

"Huhh?" the boys looked at each other.

"We aren't dressing for dinner guys. We are undressing for dinner," said their Dad.

"Come on, strip down and let's have this lasagna before it gets cold."

Knowing that their parents were determined people when they got on a course of action, the boys slowly got up. They shucked off their socks, their t-shirts and shorts. But both boys hesitated and stopped short with their boxers.

"Don't worry guys, we've seen what you have before. You don't need to be embarrassed, we are all family" said their Mom.

"But Mom..." whined David.

"Now no 'but Moms'" cut in Kim. "Strip off, put your fannies on those chairs, and let's have dinner."

The boys reluctantly pulled down their boxers and scuttled over to the table pulling in their chairs as quickly as they could. It was quickly apparent to Kim and Chris, that while neither of the boys were erect, they both were having a hard time controlling their penises, and that was the cause of their embarrassment. Kim went over to their beds, scooped up the last of their clothes, and the top sheets and blankets from their beds and quickly packed them away in the closet. Then she returned to the table where she and Chris sat down.

The boys were tense sullen and deeply uncomfortable. They had been nude in their parents presence before, but just the kind of brief glances as doors to bathrooms were shut etc. They hadn't even been nude that much in front of each other since they got separate rooms at home. They were both vaguely aware that they were good looking. But that did nothing to give them any confidence in front of their parents, and they hadn't even though about being nude in front of others.

After a little while, Kim shot a look at Chris, who cleared his throat, and said,

"So guys, I am sure that one of the things that you are worried about is erections." The boys couldn't look up from their food. "Erections are completely natural. In fact, there is nothing about your body that isn't natural. You have beautiful bodies and you have no reason to be embarrassed about anything to do with your bodies. At some nudist resorts it's considered rude if you don't cover up an erection. Here, that's not such an issue. It's rude to show off, when people aren't interested. It would be rude to show off to younger kids. But you'll see guys with erections here all the time. But I know that you will not believe this right now, but in public you will get erections a lot less than you think. Your body naturally doesn't get erections when you are walking around, at least not much. You never have to be embarrassed about your body with your mother and I."

"We are your family, we are going to be completely open with each other. Like I said, we don't believe that there is anything un-natural about your body, or ours. Privacy is going to mean something different here. Privacy is the ability to think what you want to think. This apartment doesn't afford privacy, and we don't expect you to feel like you have to afford us any physical privacy.

"Another thing that I think we need to get clear is again, we don't think that anything related to your body is un-natural. Boys your age masturbate. Frankly, whether you believe it or not, boys and men of all ages – and girls for that matter – masturbate. We don't expect you to be monks. You are as free to masturbate here as you are to go to the bathroom, or drink a cup of water. Now I am sure that you aren't going to get over

your middle class American sensibilities overnight, but when you do, just remember what I am saying. Do you have questions?"

"No sir" mumbled both boys.

"Come on guys," said their Mom cheerily. "No one died." But what she didn't realize was that both boys were dying inside of embarrassment. With the discussion of nudity, masturbation and their mother's naked breasts staring them in the face, both boys had raging hardons hidden under the table. And no matter what their Dad might say, they were mortified.

Deciding that they needed to give them a little space, their parents chatted on about things that the needed for the apartment, writing projects, setting up the computers and so on. One thing that was totally different for the boys was that their places were set with a glass of wine, just like their parents. They had tasted wine before, but had never been served it as a normal part of dinner. That was cool. As dinner went on, the boys' erections subsided a little. The boys always cleared the table at home, and their parents expected them to here as well. The boys were a little reluctant, but moved quickly, and it didn't seem so bad, they really weren't where their parents could see each other, and it was a little like running around the locker room at school next to each other.

When they were done, their parents stood up and started over to the sitting area. At home, they were used to reading after dinner and it seemed like this was going to continue here. Then their Dad said,

"Adam, David, come over here."

Reluctantly the two naked boys complied, and stood side by side.

Their two naked parents stood before them, looking them up and down.

"It's been a long time since we have really seen you boys really naked," commented their Mom.

The boys squirmed as their parents took a good long look up and down them. The two boys were a pale golden tan almost all over, their natural coloring. Little golden hairs shone from all over their bodies, but particularly their arms and legs, where the sun had reached their skin with their shorts and t-shirts over the last few weeks. At 6'2" both boys were tall and slim, although their shoulders had a nice cap of muscle and their pecs were pleasingly sculpted from their athletics. Their tummies had little creases where their taught elastic skin wrinkled as they sat, and doing so never caused their bellies out, as with older or larger people, but simply their tummies followed the line of their backs, only the skin having to bunch up in tight, taught lines. Both boys had golden straight hair that always shone, and was most often styled brushed, or fingered straight

forward, always neat, but always distinctly youthful. The golden down on their bodies thickened a little at their navel, but didn't darken, and led down to a distinct tight little tuft of slightly darker gold pubic hair. They were both uncircumcised, and in their current semi flaccid state, their dicks hung down a respectable five inches (13cm) with the light skinned foreskins still covering the slightly bulging heads. Their balls were pulled half-way up in their scrotums, but their parents could tell that they were decent sized orbs, in perfectly smooth sacks. Their long athletic legs, and strong sized ten feet meant that they were a really attractive balanced package to look at. Too youthful to be model like, but certainly these were strong and handsome young men.

"Well, well," said their Mom. "You two have nothing to be ashamed of. Just wait until the girls see you guys. They are going to want to get their hands on you two guys."

The mention of girls was too much for David, and then of course Adam. Both their penises started to bounce to their heart-beats. Both flushed in their high clear-skinned cheeks beet red. But before they could move, their Mom stepped in between them, reached up to her two taller sons and took each by the shoulder.

"Now guys, remember what we said. There is nothing about your bodies that you should ever be embarrassed about." The press of her naked flesh against her sides, finished the boys off, and both of them developed completely rigid eight inch (20cm) hardons, with their foreskins pulling back just a little from the end of the heads of their dicks, stretched taught by the big mushroom head that developed when they got fully hard.

"Identical down to their erections, Chris. You know it's going to be even hard to tell these guys apart without clothes."

"I know. Anyway, let's stop teasing these guys and sit down and read our books. And let's switch back to French. If there is anything we want to say that's too complicated, we can always go back to English."

The boys were glad to get away from their Mother's touch, and to get the opportunity to sit down and cover up, even if it was only with a book.

The family was all tired from their trip, and after a quiet hour of reading they all got up and went about their business, brushing teeth, clearing up and getting ready for bed. The boys were curious what it would be like trying to sleep without bed-clothes, sheets and blankets, but it was warm in the apartment, with no AC. Their parents left a nightlight on in the kitchen area, and they all lay down. Chris and Kim on one side of the apartment on their queen sized bed, and the two man sized boys in their singles on the other end.

Both boys lay there, facing away from each other, thinking about the day, and instantly got erect. Both decided that they would have to wait until everyone else was asleep until they could take care of their urgent need to masturbate. Then after they had been laying down for about ten minutes, both boys became aware of the quiet noise coming from their parents' bed. Quietly, both turned to get a view of what was happening.

Across the room, between the chairs and the tables, they could see the dark outline of their parents cuddling and kissing each other. With the pale yellow light of the night light, they couldn't make out the details, but they could see the movements and they could hear the quiet sounds from across the room. Both quietly turned so that they could see a little better, and both looked at their twin to see if he was awake. Their eyes locked, and both froze. In their unspoken language they said to each other, "what's going on?" "I don't know" "this is messed up" "I'm ready to explode!" "me too!"

They returned to watching their parents by mutual assent. They knew what must come next, but couldn't believe that their parents were going to make out, well fuck, so brazenly in front of them. They had to know the boys might not be asleep. They knew for sure that they weren't covered up.

The boys watched as their Dad quietly slipped on top of their Mother. She raised her legs and he lowered his body between them. There was some gentle movement, then their Mom let out a gentle "ahhhh" as the boys knew that their Dad must be entering her. They stayed quiet like that for a moment. The boys looked back at each other, and jumped as they realized that they were both holding tight to their dicks. "aww fuck" "I have to" "me too" "it's OK, it's just between us" "I guess" "fuck, I have to" "I know, me too" "it's just we've never seen each other for a long time" "I know, we're not weird" "it's just a weird situation" "I know, fuck!"

The boys, the boys turned their attention back to their parents. They could see the outline of their Dad's buttocks rising and falling as he fucked their Mom, the light and shadows from the windows and the night light playing on his butt and back. The boys unconsciously started to stroke their cocks in rhythm with their Dad's thrusts. From time to time, they would glance at their identical twin, and the sight was undeniably intense. They had never actually seen each other stroking their dicks since they had discovered masturbation five years earlier, when they were ten, and their bodies a lot less interesting to each other. Each could clearly see the veined, hard flesh of their brother's cock, each identical to the other. Their foreskins, rode up and over their bulbous dick heads, and then down, with a tiny little slurping sound as their pre-cum has started to flow over the head of their dicks, a few drops at a time coming out on each up stroke.

After a while, it became hard to concentrate on their parents lovemaking across the room, with the sight of their twin, each facing the other, each gripping their cocks hard

enough that the veins stood out, their scrotums drawn up tight, their smooth tight bellies tensing and jerking as the intensity of the feeling in their bodies tightened up. Then something happened that happened quite a bit to the boys, but never in this context. They each caught the other's eye, and they looked clearly into each others gaze, the coppery crystal blue eyes, full of the intensity and desire that each felt as their pending orgasm overtook each. Their bodies straightened and their muscles tensed, their hands flew up and down their cocks. Then suddenly the spell broke and first David, then Adam orgasmed hard and intensely, ropes of cum jetting out from their manhood, two, three, four, five and six times before it slowed down to a pulse of fat blobs of cum, oozing out four more times, before they subsided. Each rope of cum had shot towards the other as they had laid on their sides, facing each other, but actually had landed on the little throw rug between their beds with a dull splat as one mixed in with the other.

Quickly, their eyes shot to their parents, relief when they realized that they were still fucking. "fuck" "yea man, fuck" "that was cool" "ohh fuck that was great" David squeezed his cock, and stroked up on it. Another blob of cum formed at the head of his mushroom head. He looked up at his twin, then smiled as he wiggled his cock. Slowly, the blob oozed in a long string from his cock, and ended up on the edge of his bed, the string still attached to his cock. He looked up at his brother smiled then wiggled it some more, snapping the string. Adam, looked down at his own pulsing cock in his hand and repeated the performance. They looked at each other and smiled.

Still holding their dicks, they rolled back onto their backs, and looked back across the room. Their Dad was more urgently pistonning himself into their Mom and after a few moments, they heard their Mom go, "Oh....Oh.....Oh..Oh..OH..OH.AHHHHHHHH" and the boys knew that she was orgasming as hard as they just had. Their Dad pumped hard into her, the slap of their bodies coming together getting sharp and loud in the vaulted room. Then with a grunt, his butt froze and the boys could see his body tense, then spasm and jerk as he pumped his seed into their Mom. The boys looked back at each other, and their eyes said to each other "FUCK!"

Their own breathing calmer, both the boys rolled over on their sides facing each other, their knees tucked up to their bodies, hiding their still erect cocks. Their eyes locked, and in their own way they spoke to each other, of their excitement, of their disbelief, of their fears. Slowly, they both fell asleep forgetting the puddle of their cum on the floor.

End of Part One.