

Enchanted by Twin Waifs

By

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I carry my cup of coffee outside to the manicured backyard of my private estate, wearing only slippers and boxer-briefs. I'm about to take a seat on the patio under the morning sun to drink my java, as is part of my usual routine, when I behold the strangest thing.

At the center of my yard is a small pound. It's home mostly to turtles. To my surprise, there are two petite girls, covered from head to toe in mud, lying on the muddy bank slurping water from the surface. They are also stark naked.

I haven't the slightest clue how they entered my property. The stone walls enclosing the entire estate are too tall to scale and the front gate is topped with spikes. They must have parachuted in.

I chuckle at the ludicrous thought and sip my coffee. I suppose I should offer them a bath. Or at least pull out the garden hose to spray them off. Of course, then without the mud, they'd *really* be naked. I wouldn't mind seeing that, though I don't think their parents would be too thrilled.

I gulp down my coffee and then march across the yard to greet the girls.

"Excuse me, young ladies, but may I be of service?"

They both leap to their feet, flinging mud, and spin towards me with wide eyes. I've never seen eyes so gorgeous in all my life. They are glittering blue diamonds.

Even covered in mud, I can see they are twins. They are short and slender. Their chests are nearly flat and their mounds are bald.

I introduce myself. "I'm Zale."

"I'm Nereida," bubbles the one on the right with an angelic tone.

"And I'm Nixie," gushes the other with an identical voice.

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you both."

They reply as one, "Likewise!"

"So," I grin, "I can't help but notice you're naked. Is there a story here?"

They glance at each other oddly, and then Nereida replies, "You create the stories, Zale."

"Oh," I simper, "you're fans." Only my publicist knows my true surname and home address. "May I ask how you discovered my place of residence?"

They look at each other with furrowed brows in confusion.

I shake my head dismissively. "Never mind that now, let's go get you washed up. We can talk over breakfast."

"Thank you," they utter simultaneously. "We would love some breakfast!"

I lead them to my screened-in swimming pool so they can use the outdoor shower. Rosalina, my meticulous maid, would curse me with some Brazilian voodoo if I let them trek filth through the house.

They whisper excitedly at the sight of the inground pool. I guess they are impressed.

I gesture to the shower. "Rinse off the worst of the mud and then I'll introduce you to my bathtub."

I twist on the water and they step under the spray together, giggling with glee. The shower is completely open but they don't seem at all concerned about their immodesty.

I can't help myself from gawking at their unveiling bodies as the mud washes away. Their peach skin is flawless. As smooth as polished marble. Their golden hair reaches just above their firm bubbled tushies. Their clefts are perfect slits.

I fold my hands in front of my bulging crotch. Then I notice the tiny toes of their dainty feet are webbed and their small ears are pointed on top. These two strange attributes combined

with their almost inhuman beauty gets my brain juices churning. These girls are reminiscent of fae characters I've written about. Are they extreme cosplay models?

When they're filth free, I twist off the shower and they turn to me with expectant gazes as water drips off their naked supple bodies.

I stare back at them for a long moment, entranced by their blue eyes, before snatching towels down from a shelf and handing them over.

I watch them dry themselves and then lead them into the house and upstairs to the opulent master bathroom, where I run them a bath. I place a pouf and a bottle of body wash beside the two-person whirlpool tub.

I bow. "I'm sure you can handle it from here."

They plead, "Please don't leave!"

"I was planning to go prepare our breakfast but if you would prefer I remain here, I'm happy to oblige." These girls have bewitched me!

They climb into the tub. "You should bathe with us."

I hold up my palms. "That really wouldn't be appropriate."

They both eye my bulge. "You have an erection, Zale."

"Uh, yeah," I chuckle, "that happens from time to time. I'll schedule a doctor's visit."

They smile at me demurely. "We would be happy to alleviate it for you, Zale."

"Um, yeah, again, not appropriate." I awkwardly cover my bulge.

"You don't have to hide your erection from us, Zale."

I change the embarrassing subject. "Has anyone ever told you it's unnerving when you speak like you share a brain?"

They retort, "We simply share a psychic and empathic rapport."

I blink at them bemused. "Oh, well isn't that nifty?"

"Would you be more comfortable if we spoke as individuals?"

"Uh, yeah," I nod, "sure. And maybe do something different with your hair so I can tell you two apart."

The one of the right raises her hand. "I'm Nereida. I'll pull my hair into a ponytail after bathing if you have a hair tie."

The other declares, "I'm Nixie. I'll tie my hair into pigtails if you have ties."

I take this opportunity to give an excuse to leave. "I'll go find some rubber bands while you finish bathing."

As I flee the bathroom, they both call, "Hurry back!"

In my bedroom, I slip on a pair of jeans because, apparently, this erection is never going to go away. Those girls are walking Viagra!

I rifle through my walk-in closet for something for them to wear, and pull out two T-shirts that should be like short dresses on them.

After finding some rubber bands, I return to the bathroom to discover the twins locked in a passionate embrace, kissing each other slow and sensual. The button of my jeans pops open at the sight. Their soft moans of affection are a choir of angels. I unconsciously unzip my fly.

When they eventually break their kiss and turn to me, I'm literally standing there with my dick in my hand. I wasn't even aware I had whipped it out, let alone been stroking it furiously.

The girls snicker as I wrangle it into my boxer-briefs and hastily refasten my jeans.

Ignoring their laughter, I announce, "I've got rubber bands for your hair once it's dry, and T-shirts that will have to suffice for your clothing."

They rise from the water, displaying their nudity, and muse, "Why do we need clothing?"

I swallow hard as my eyes rove over the gentle curves of their young bodies. “Because it’s not proper to prance around in the nude.”

Even as I drool, Nereida bats her lashes and questions, “Do you not find our physical forms appealing?”

I wipe my chin. “What forms I find appealing isn’t the issue.”

Nixie cajoles, “We find your physical form appealing very much.”

Nereida adds, “We’d worship you if you would allow us.”

“I’m a fantasy writer, not a deity to be worshiped.”

They glance at each other and then reply as one, “But you are *our* Deity.”

I’ve heard of fans deifying their idols but never thought I’d be the one deified. “I appreciate your admiration, I do, but I’m just a man that enjoys stringing words together to tell fanciful stories.”

They climb out of the tub, dripping onto the tile, and sink to their knees. “You’re stories grant us life. Please accept our devoted service.”

These girls are fandom fanatics! “As much as I may enjoy that, it wouldn’t be right, so I must decline.” I take a step back. “Please get up off the floor and dry yourselves off. I’ll go prepare our breakfast.” I twist and march out without waiting for a reply.

While I scramble a dozen locally-sourced eggs, I ponder if I should call the police. I don’t know where these girls came from but I presume someone is missing them. Of course, if I call the police and the media catches word of this, my publicist will have a conniption.

As I set the food on the table, the twins skip into the dining room, flashing their teeny twats and tiny hineys with each bound. The T-shirts aren’t long enough but what can I do? I’m not taking them shopping dressed as they are now. I would be locked up!

Like a gentleman, I pull out their chairs for them. “I hope you like eggs. I scrambled them with chives.”

They hop onto their seats like boisterous children expecting dessert. “We’ve never eaten eggs before. Are they thick and creamy?”

“No, they’re light and fluffy.” I sit across from them. “You’ve *never* eaten eggs before?” I place a piece of buttered toast on each of their plates and top them with a scoop of eggs.

They poke at their eggs as if a tarantula might leap out from under them. Neither of them looks impressed with my limited culinary skills.

“Okay,” I sigh, “if you would rather eat something else you’re welcome to do so.”

They glance at each other with bright beaming smiles and then slide off their chairs and climb under the table. Their small hands nimbly unbutton and unzip my jeans before I push my chair back.

Narrowing my brow, I demand, “What are you two doing?!”

They cock their heads adorably. “You said we were welcome to eat what we want.”

I scold, “I meant food!”

They blink up me baffled. “But your ambrosia *is* food.”

I blink back at them. “What gave you that idea?”

They blurt, “You did, Zale.”

And then it hits me like an Arctic ocean wave. Somehow these girls have come to believe that they’re a physical manifestation of siren sylphs, which I wrote a series of novellas about years ago. Siren sylphs are sustained wholly by consumption of seaman’s semen.

They can’t really believe that! “Is this some elaborate prank? Have cameras been planted throughout my home while I slept? Are you wearing prosthetic ears?”

They climb out from under the table, pouting, and ask, “Why do you reject us? Are we a disappointment? We are what you made us.”

I command, “Give me a number to contact your parents. I’m sending you home immediately.”

“We spawned from your pond. You are our only parent. Will you not love us?”

Fortunately, I’m sitting down because the room begins to spin. I’ve lived alone for years. I rarely leave my home.

The twins lean in so close the tips of all three of our noses touch. They ask, “Are you okay?”

Their breath smells like vanilla. I resist the urge to taste their soft slight mouths. “Girls, *please*, let me breathe.”

They withdraw partially. “Yes, Daddy.”

I topple backward, landing hard.

The twins pounce on me. “Daddy! Daddy! Are you okay?!”

Rolling over, I struggle to my feet and stagger into the living room as the girls follow on my heels. I stumble onto the couch and they spring atop of me, clinging to me desperately and pelting me with kisses.

This is the end of the free preview of [Enchanted by Twin Waifs](#).
The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.
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