



## Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

### The Seduction & Lust Archives:

[Akasha's Trip: Part One](#)  
[Angel Dust](#)  
[A Dark Letter Of Desire](#)  
[Allen 1996](#)  
[Burning Inside](#)  
[Dark Desires](#)  
[Double Vision](#)  
[My Mystery Slave](#)  
[Night Club Kidnapping](#)  
[Once in a Blue Moon](#)  
[Open Letter to a Monday](#)  
[Night Goth](#)  
[Remember Me](#)  
[She Lost Control Again](#)  
[Submission of a Stranger](#)  
[The First Kiss](#)  
[The Heat of the \(Femdom\) Moment](#)  
[A Toy Gun, A Femdom, and a Soloflex](#)  
[Tragedy](#)  
[Training The Professor](#)  
[Using You](#)  
[What Happens To Teases](#)  
[What I want for Valentine's Day](#)  
[Your Abduction](#)

More Archives:

[Forced Femme](#)  
[Strap-On & Anal](#)  
[Humiliation & Groups](#)  
[Chastity](#)  
[Cockold](#)  
[Pussy Worship](#)  
[Feet](#)  
[Sheila's Show](#)  
[Romance](#)  
[BDSM](#)  
[Illustrated Stories](#)  
[Unfinished Stories](#)  
[Behind Closed Doors](#)  
[Space Age Love Song](#)  
[The Corporate Slut](#)

### Double Vision

Frustration, hunger, lack of sleep. The fog. Wearing boots and pvc, wrapped up in a big shining cloak to block the wind. All I can think is that I want to be home, home with my shackles and toys, home with an innocent, naive victim. Someone who's never seen a pair of handcuffs except for the plastic ones he played with as a kid.

But wait. What am I thinking. Just so damn distracting, it's like getting it in your head you want something to eat, and it must be that. Only that. And looking around at them standing in line to get into the club, like looking over a menu. I'll take you, you, you, and you. And you over there, you'll be dessert.

I laugh at myself, my own delusions. Waiting for my friends to meet me at the door. Leaning against the bouncer for warmth. He knows me now. "Why are you so cold, you're wrapped up in that plastic, you should be warm." he teases me. "I bet it's because you're wearing very little under there."

"You know it," I say, teeth chattering. They start to let people in. I stand off to the side of the door to watch them frisk. Subtle pleasures. How some turn and put their palms to the wall, how others just nonchalantly raise their arms and wait. I could watch this for hours. Assembly line frisking. I want to slide in next to the bouncer and say, "Here, let \*me\* show you how it's done". Palms to the wall, ankles spread, bend over, hey don't fuck with me kid, what's this in your pocket?

Giggling. To myself. Jumping a little to stay warm. Goddamn, why are they always so late.

Finally, just to get inside that place. It's darker than usual, they're using a lot of dry ice. It stings my eyes. It's impossible to see. How the fuck can I look for prey if I can't even see?

I check my coat, I decide to just dance it out of my system. There will be no flirting this night, no hair between my fingers, no unsuspecting victims. Definitely no quick fixes. I can't even see four feet in front of me to identify who I find attractive, let alone pursue someone.

Then, he's there. Blonde, young, sweet. Shy, almost. "You didn't think we'd come," he says to me. No, I didn't. I had no idea. I look for the other one. Yes, there he is. The same, but different. Identical twins. I check my pulse. I want to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. Well, ok, that's not true, I want to pinch him to make sure I'm not dreaming.

Double vision. When all else fails, dance. It's a blessing; not only are they beautiful and identical twins, they can dance. They are more alluring than they had been during our brief

encounter on Saturday when I first laid eyes on them and thought, "Jesus Christ, two of them."

His hair feels wonderful between my fingers. I'm already kissing him. Damn woman, back off, I tell myself, you're going to scare this one off. I wonder, in a daze, since I'm kissing this one, I guess that means this is the one I stay with?

They were very at ease with each other. Enough so that it was natural to kiss the other. But I wasn't so much interested in dancefloor flirtations, I wanted to see them together. No, not sexually (I'm not THAT sick). Just standing next to each other. I get a thrill just watching them talk to each other, I wonder what identical twins say to each other.

My girlfriend arrives and I turn and whisper to her, "Look what I got, twins." She is laughing at me. I give her one of them. They get together. I don't know who's who anymore, but it doesn't matter. I just want to tie them up, kidnap them, take them home. Roleplay. The evil spy that wanted him and didn't know he had a twin, found them both and had to take them both. Making them talk. Threatening one with the other. Protective. Which one is younger?

"I'm three hours older," he says to me, proud.

"Are you protective of him?"

"Yeah, well we both are, of each other."

"Did you used to fight as kids, wrestle?"

"A little, but we've always been pretty close."

Yes, they are. It's a bit too much for me, I fall into the arms of my girlfriend and we start kissing. I don't know why, maybe for escape from the twins, I can't bear to even look at them anymore. And it's not so much that I don't want to make a move, it's that I'm scared. I usually have no fear on the dance floor, after all, it's just a game. But these are twins. I don't want to fuck this up. I'd be content just to stare at them.

I find comfort in the warmth of her mouth for some time. The twins are lurking around behind us, talking I think, half dancing. One of them is wearing a leather collar. The other one tells me later, "I want one too, but I want one with a ring on the front, for a leash." I just stare, blink. Nod. I had told him about different kinds of collars during our brief meeting on Saturday.

As the night goes on, I get more bold. More hungry. We're standing all together near the wall talking and kissing. My fingers are in his hair, I'm feeling his breath in my ear. "You really are dominant, aren't you? You're for real." he says when he feels my fingers tighten in his hair and my soft moan from his wince.

"Yeah," I say back, "In fact, if you were to get down on your knees right now, I'd probably lose it."

He smiles but shakes his head. Some guys just don't kneel in

public. Funny, his brother didn't have a problem with it earlier in the night when we were dancing.

I turn to his twin and say into his ear, "Your brother won't kneel for me."

He laughs and looks at him.

"Make him. For me." I say. The mere thought makes my blood pulse. Something about it.

"I can't do that," he says, " You need to make him yourself. I'm sure you can find a way."

I fold my arms and look at the stubborn twin. He's smiling proudly. I turn to the other twin and say, "Ok, later. But hold his arms behind his back for me. I want to do something."

He smirks at me and moves over next to the other, who looks at him suspiciously. The moment is golden. The twin hesitates and looks at me.

I reach over and take his brother's wrist and hold it out to him. "Go ahead, put it behind his back."

His brother does not resist. That's the beauty in it. He is laughing a little, he's probably thinking, "This must really be getting her hot".

He pins his brother's hands behind his back for me and they both are smirking. My girlfriend is giggling behind me, she knows the way I think. I lean up and put my hands around his waist and he writhes a little under my touch. When I lean up to his mouth to kiss him I see both of them there, they both have the same smirk. Identical. Double vision. When I kiss him, it's like a small victory.

His brother lets go and they both laugh to each other.

It's late. My legs are sore, I'm tired. I'm sensually overloaded from a night with identical twins, and I have enough fuel for fantasies to last a long time. But standing next to him with his arms around me is comforting, warm. Just watching people dance. Watching his brother talk to my girlfriend. Make out with my girlfriend.

Watching the little goth boys do their thing. I can see now, there's more light, and the dry ice has evaporated. There they are. Even the one I'd spend many a night imagining at my feet. But they don't matter anymore. Identical twins.

"You still have my number, right?" he says into my ear.

Of course I do. Not that I would use it, but I do have it.

"I come here every Monday," I tell him as I wrap my arms around his neck to say goodbye. "You know where to find me."

He smiles and his brother moves next to him so they can leave. There they are again, standing next to each other. I look at them both and my girlfriend puts her arms around me

from behind. We wave at them.

They leave and she says to me, "Are you going to call him?"

"No," I say back. "Probably not."

This morning, today, I'm half asleep as usual. Typical for a Tuesday. I was going through my purse looking for change when I found the slip of paper with his phone number on it.

Of course there's that part of me that wants to call. But this is too much like it has been with the one I watch from time to time at the club. Taking it further isn't worth it. I don't want that. What I have already is more than enough.

Then I wonder, though, maybe this time is different.

*(c) Copyright 1995. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com*