



## Stories

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

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### Angel Dust

For those that have never been to an industrial dance club, it is a little difficult to describe. There is a feeling there that I don't quite think there are words for. Perhaps it is an energy, or maybe it's just that the bass is so loud it makes your bones vibrate.

At any rate, this is where I feel at home. Very loud, angry, dark. It's not a small, crowded little hole in the wall pick-up place. It's a large, spacious and cool throbbing place full of energy and people there to dance.

And it is no secret that I do my stalking there. Not stalking in its most ominous form, but stalking in that I watch, lurk, seduce, conquer and overpower. A little game that sometimes takes an hour, sometimes takes several weeks, as the same people tend to attend week after week.

And my prey seem to fit a certain category. Maybe in a past life I had a dark lover that consumed me like no other, and I am on an eternal search to find him. First it's the bangs I notice, and his head is usually down because he's looking at the floor as he dances. When he lifts his head I see the reflection of the light off his cheekbones. Thin, feminine. Quite pretty.

Sometimes, in fact, I have gotten half way through my stalking before I realized he was a she. Androgyny runs rampant. Exciting. Passionate. And besides, women kiss better than men, I have found. Usually.

Then there was the night he was there. I saw him coming down the stairs because I was standing at the bar having a drink, watching the mirrors, watching to see if anyone was coming in that I knew.

Oh yes, I knew him.

I turned and he saw me at once, and he was smirking. A knowing smirk. And he was wearing jeans, a blue shirt and tennis shoes.

A little goth girl gave him a half look as she pushed toward the stairs, then did a double take as she disappeared. A mass of dyed black hair and piercings, I don't think she'd seen a man of his type in many years. Perhaps not since high school. One of her teachers.

And I just stood there. I'm not usually dumbfounded, but I was. When he stopped next to me and stood there, the bartender looked at me, and then at him. Yes, the bartender was used to seeing me force-feed a helpless little industrial boy a glass of juice at the bar while my friends held his hands behind his back, giggling. Silly club games.

He was definitely not used to me standing next to a man nearly twenty years my senior.

"I thought I'd find you here," is what he said to me. He was standing, waiting for a drink, but of course being ignored. Prep boys and yuppies were often ignored by the regulars, and the workers there. I think the first impression is that these outsiders are there to look at us like we are circus freaks in our pvc and genderless gear.

I drank my drink and stared forward. I could smell his cologne. Damn him, something about just standing next to him did something to me. Maybe it was the age, maybe it was that I couldn't quite put a finger on what it was about him that made me want to...

Confidence.

Even in such an ominous place. I sensed no discomfort from him, he was leaning on the bar now and talking to the bartender. He was making him laugh about something. So soon at ease. The very somber bartender was giggling at something he had said.

His body was very apparent to me. Fit. Very lean, and again assertive. A swimmer's build, the subtle traces of his frame shining through. And a great ass.

Something occurred to me at that moment when we were standing next to each other and he was sipping his beer. He knew the music.

No, maybe not. I had to watch out of the corner of my eye, but I saw his hand on the bar, and by the way he drummed his fingers, I realized he knew the music. It was a very specific song, with a particularly strange beat. He had either picked it up immediately or heard it before.

I was about to turn to him to have a conversation, to say something, to stop the tension that I was feeling (and he was obviously not), when I found myself at a total loss of words.

He looked at me, expectantly, tipping the bottle again at his lips and never taking his eyes off mine. That expectant, comfortable gaze.

\*Angeldust\*

"I need to go dance," I said, the first words that came to my head when I heard the song starting. A good long intro.

He tilted his bottle toward the dance floor. "Have at it. I'll talk to you later."

How strange. He was staying. Not a rite of passage. Not a test. In fact, he turned comfortably away from me and immediately starting chatting with the girl standing next to him waiting for her drink. I saw her turn, look up at him, blink at him, and sort of gaze with a look like she didn't know where he wandered in from. She wear wearing black lipstick and had dyed burgundy hair and a nose ring. I had seen her there before; she was beautiful.

\*Angeldust\*

I left. Walking sort of hard, and my heart was pounding. The smell of dry ice was almost comforting. Drugged, delirious. Or was it hunger? I heard myself hissing, "What the fuck is the matter with you."

My eyes were closed when I danced, and at some point I felt a soft, warm body next to me. I didn't look, I just responded. Breasts were against mine, long thin fingers were on my hips. I could smell her scent, and I

needed her close. We kissed, long, sensual, and my hands found their way happily into her long dark hair.

At some point she said into my ear, "How are you?"

And I replied, "I'm having a weird night."

"There's an older guy at the bar," she said out of the blue.

"I know. I know him."

"He's pretty cute."

So she agreed. We kissed again for sometime, tongues intertwining and leaving me in a state of content bliss, forgetting for the time being that I was really distracted, cunt undeniably aching. Strange desires indeed.

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Back at the bar he was missing for a bit, but I spotted him in a corner talking to two girls. They seemed to be rather taken with him, looking up at him with schoolgirl gazes like they had some sort of wordless crush.

For the first time, I really felt a hunger I'd thought reserved for boyish types with big innocent eyes. Innocent he was not. Much older than me, much more experienced, he had obviously been through much more than I simply based on the math alone.

Not a traditional attraction, no. More a quest. To conquer all - control, passion, cockiness - and age. My hands still longed to be in that hair, even though it was not long locks of dyed black innocence.

Innocent he was not.

\*Headhunter\*

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There comes a point in the night where I sort of lose all touch with anything other than sweat. It covers my body. PVC tends to soak it all in and just hold it against you. But it almost keeps you cool, because of the dampness. It's like the opposite affect of a wetsuit.

My hair drips though, and I have no choice but to wrap it all up in a rubber band into a high ponytail, bangs and all, to keep it out of my eyes and

face. Even at the gym I do not sweat so much.

And there he was. Still at the bar, with a different pair of girls this time. It had been twenty minutes, maybe thirty. His second beer was nearly exhausted and he looked at me from across the way and gave me a half nod.

My girlfriend was behind me. She wrapped her hands around my waist from behind and watched, her chin on my shoulder. "You want that guy, don't you?"

"I want to hurt him," I replied back.

She giggled and kissed my neck. "Lucky guy. Don't you want to hurt me?" she asked. Playful, my sweet little girlslave. I had to twitch and giggle because her kisses tickled me as much as her words.

"You know I want to hurt you," I spun around and teased her, pinning her wrists behind her back and forcing a kiss upon her that silenced her.

When we parted I whispered, eyes closed, "We'll take him together."

"Mmmmm" she cooed into my ear, and I could tell she was smiling over at him.

Holding her in my arms, I imagined his fate.

Bound. Helpless, perhaps in a situation he had never seen or imagined before. Blindfolded so we could mock him. All those years of experience meant nothing.

"It means shit to you," I'd hiss. "All you know means nothing here."

Silence.

Fear, maybe. The rise and fall of his chest against the bonds. Those ankles twisting in the chains as Sarah tests the bonds under my command.

"Gag him."

She moves like a sweet serpent, her body is entrancing the way it flows. Everything about her always seems so choreographed because she is nothing less than elegant.

Struggling.

Oh, it doesn't even matter anymore. Gloved fingers prying open experienced lips, the irony is simply staggering.

Maybe the real irony is that while I thought it was strange to take him because of my youth, the ages of Sarah and I combined were close to his.

"You've met your match." I whisper.

Sarah looks simply priceless batting her eyelashes at me as she pulls out a pair of nipple clamps and hangs them from her pinkies.

"Don't get too comfy," I grin at her, "You'll be next to him soon."

Yes, she's timid about this one. Used to being trussed up and tortured next to my sweet slave is one thing - as lovers and friends, they can collaborate and commiserate. But next to this stranger, no matter how alluring, she shivers and feels helpless and alone. Relying on him -- a stranger.

It falls together beautifully.

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*\*In the Night\**

I snapped out of my daydream when I heard the song, and in my dazed and wet state we went to dance.

My energy had returned. Something about the scenario in my head gave me energy again, as if the acceptance that he would be mine, like the others, and I realized then he was no different from the others.

No different at all.

"Can you come home with me tonight," I asked her as we danced.

She smiled at me and didn't answer for a long time. Finally. "You and who?"

My hand found its way under her skirt as I held her close to my body. The heat was apparent, her panties were damp and warm. "With him."

We fell into a kiss that felt wonderful. My nipples were getting hard, pressed against the inside of my pvc dress, and I just wanted out of that

place. It was indeed time.

I took her by the hand and returned to the bar to fetch my prey.

Of course, he was gone.

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Leaning against the bar, arms folded, my sweet angel looked at me and tried giving me schoolgirl grins to cheer me up. Never had timing been so cruel to me.

My drink arrived on its own, as my presence at the bar tended to get the bartender to give me my usual without even having to ask. I was done, but I drank it anyway. "You're driving," I told Sarah matter-of-factly as I downed it.

She had her hands behind her back, head tilted. "O-kay."

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I took her by the hand and we left together, stopping at coat-check to get my pvc jacket and her long coat. When we emerged from the club the cool air felt wonderful, and I felt the familiar buzz associated with returning to reality after a several hour trip.

Reality.

Without command the bouncer followed behind us as our weekly walk to my car, holding her hand as he lurked a few paces behind to see that we met with no harm.

As I got into my car he waved, turned, and headed back to his place at the entranceway of the club. Sarah took my keys and slid into the driver's seat as I reclined all the way back to sleep on the way home.

I barely noticed what she was doing, a sleepily little blur it was, as she reached over and pulled club flyers from behind the windshield wiper and tossed them into my lap where they remained for most of the ride home.

I guess it wasn't until about half way home, when I woke up after my catnap, stretching and picking up the pieces, when I found the slip of paper.

Plain white, with black ink. Must have been stuck in between

the club  
fliers.

His name and phone number.

The simple words: "Tonight. Should you want it."

"Sarah," I said, staring at the paper."

"Yes?"

"Get off the freeway, now."