



## Stories

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### 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**

## Tragedy

Midnight.

Not my usual club, but suitable for the mood. Dark, moody. I sat on a corner couch with him nestled up beside me. Not saying much of anything. Fingers in hair. Hand at his throat.

"That hurts."

Images and passion. My eyes were closed for a very long time and I was in another place. Drunk - maybe. But drunk more from what I was feeling, from the redundant thumping in my chest.

"You'd look really good strapped down. Spread eagled. With something nasty forced into your mouth." My words were cruel. He looked at me and blinked. The bangs were pushed all the way back. With the rest of his head shaved, when his hair was like that he looked almost --- yuppie.

"You wouldn't do that to me," he replied. Boyish. Easy-going.

MissBlue appeared behind me, leaning down and whispering into my ear. "He's here."

"The Boy?" I asked.

"Yes, the boy is here.

"Bring him up here," I turned to her. "I want to see him."

The boy. Tragic. This is just about all MissBlue told me about him. "He's tragic," she said. "You'll love him. Those eyes. Pain. He just begs to be hurt, just the look in his eyes."

Off she went to locate tragedy.

Back to my victim. He sat, staring at me, leaned back comfortably on the couch now. I spread his legs with my hands. He opened them. Wider.

Crawling up in between his open legs, I put my mouth right above his and grinned down at him. "You don't even know," I started slowly, "just how bad I want to see you in pain right now."

He squirmed under me a little but I pinned him. Deep, relentless kissing. I locked his tongue piercing between my teeth and held him still. His head could go nowhere. Hand at his throat. He squirmed. I bit harder. His tongue struggled to go somewhere.

Images.

Crawling on the floor to me, his ass so inviting. Moving in tight, skin tight pvc. Eyes hidden underneath that matte of bangs. Use your fucking tongue. Make me want to fuck you. All I can think about is seeing you suffer. You can do better than that. Ohh..does that \*hurt\*?

Shivering. He breaks away finally and I look at him, at his eyes. I have to push a little hair away at a time. Long, black locks flow down his face to his chin. Sheepdog.

I hear MissBlue approaching. She is telling her gay friend to keep away from the boy. Dragging him by a chain that is linked to his wrists, bound together by leather shackles. Where on earth did she find the shackles.

My victim is watching me watch them. She brings him over and gives him a shove. At once he is on his knees looking at me. Almost smiling. Nervous. Looking around.

Tragedy.

He looks at my victim. They stare at each other, too strangers with some immediate bond almost.

"Nice bangs," Tragedy says to my boy.

"Thanks, man."

They shake hands.

MissBlue and I look at each other incredulously. Staring at each other.

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Fuck them both. Take them both him and tie them together. Make one sacrifice himself for the other. Make them kiss. Cocksucking, crawling, pleading. Who can save himself first?

Tragedy looks around uneasily. MissBlue is holding his beer. I reach up and she hands me the bottle and I feed him. I force the bottle to his lips while my victim watches in the background. MissBlue hold's Tragedy by the head, arched back, neck exposed.

The beer dribbles down because he can't gulp fast enough. I am so sinister in that way. I ponder pouring it over his head and watching him writhe beneath it. People are starting to peer over.

"Suck it," I order, and Tragedy wraps his lips around the bottle like a cheap slut. When I feel my victim behind me starting to make a move to get up, I put an elbow to his thigh. Sharp. Reminding. He eases back.

I let go of the beer, return it to MissBlue, and she disappears with Tragedy crawling after her expectantly, obediently, struggling to get up before she shoves him back down and says, "You know better than that!"

My victim is laying back on the couch looking at me. It's a

strange moment between us because for the first time he doesn't have a remark, a comeback. A comment.

"Did it make you uncomfortable watching that?" I ask.

"I don't know."

"Did it turn you on?"

He hesitates and looks around a little. In this mood, there is no time for idle conversation to me. It's a matter of desire, and need. The immediate fix. My fingers are already in his mouth. He squirms and reaches up instinctively. I push his hands away and order him to pin them behind his back, to sit on them if he has to.

"Don't do anything," I hiss at him, "Unless I tell you to."

He looks at me. All I see is hair.

\*\*\*\*\*

Some time later I can't locate MissBlue. I find her in the men's room watching guys piss.

"I want to go home," I tell her. She is smiling, not looking at me, peering over at the men standing at the urinals.

"Look," she smiles. "I just love this."

Some men smile as they leave. Others look nervous. I just take her arm and touch her gently. "Can we take him back to your place?"

"Who?" she asks as a man walks by and nods at her, lowering his head. Toilets flush. "Tragedy?"

"Yes."

She sips her beer and turns to me. "Are you sure he's up for it?"

"We'll make him up for it."

"In a few minutes." she says. "I'm enjoying this."

\*\*\*\*\*

By the time MissBlue was done with her pee-fest, Tragedy was nowhere to be found. I stood, hands on hips, peering over the balcony from upstairs. "I wanted him. I needed it. Goddamn him."

"Don't worry, he'll be back next week," MissBlue said cheerfully.

"I don't care about next week. I wanted him now."

"You have your other boy."

"He isn't what I want right now."

"Next week, Miss Akasha," MissBlue said to me. And I just

scowled and muttered and had a generally bad rest-of-evening.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a few weeks later and I had almost forgotten about the little tragic one. I was sitting at the same club upstairs with MissBlue when he appeared, looking somewhat depressed and elegantly bored.

She promptly got up and greeted him. He had red marks on his neck where MissBlue's gay friend had accosted him. I guess he wasn't feeling very homophobic, and took it like a man

The night, at this point, was a haze. I had already had a few drinks and was feeling lethargic and disinterested, even in Tragedy. When MissBlue brought him over and teased me with him, though, the desires came back all too quickly.

She shoved him too his knees right in front of me and started running her gloved hands through his dark hair. He scowled and struggled but she kept doing it, and he got loud. Loud, defiant, boisterous.

"You can't hurt me," he said to me, then her. Not like a command, but more like -- matter-of-factly. Not that we were not \*allowed\* to hurt him, but that he was incapable of being hurt.

Of course, this kind of thing was fuel for MissBlue. "Oh really?" she eyed me. Big sparkling eyes, oh that hunger, I could see it in her too. So much like me, someone I could relate to. My heart was pounding. I was completely aware of his hand resting on my leg as I said in front of him on the couch.

And Tragedy was looking around like a caged animal. Drunk. Belligerent. Defiant. He looked at me and pointed to his head. "There's nothing \*HERE\*" he said to me. "I can't be hurt. You can do anything to me."

Total desolation. Like -- submissive suicide. I sipped my drink. MissBlue continued fondling his hair because she knew how I liked the way it looked falling through her fingertips.

"Little Tragedy has already been through so much emotional pain," she said to me. "Physical pain means nothing."

Tragedy offered up his wrists to me. Together, fists clenched. And he was breathing hard.

What demons, I thought, lurk behind those eyes.

Such tasty submission. I couldn't resist. I didn't know, at all, what I was dealing with.

\*\*\*\*\*

When I was fingering my removed glove a moment later, looking at his eyes and moving slow, slow like approaching a cornered beast, he reacted at once, suddenly and animal like.

"Come ON!" he snapped, and dug his teeth right into the glove that I had been moving toward him for a blindfold. Moving slow enough to give him time to know it was coming, to back off if it scared him, or to get some feedback from his eyes or body to know if I was going into dangerous ground.

Everywhere, it would appear, was dangerous ground for Tragedy.

One of MissBlue's friends, sitting at my side, stood up when he noticed the outburst in Tragedy. "Easy, man." he said.

Tragedy's eyes shot up. Fire. Breathing hard. He ran a hand through his hair and it was visibly shaking.

MissBlue looked at me from behind him. "We need to take this one home," she mouthed.

My thoughts exactly.

\*\*\*\*\*

At times Tragedy was very vulnerable.

When he talked about his fucked up past, his screwed up home life and how he had no money and no job, I just listened and nodded and then he asked if I would buy him a drink. He knew I had money. He was using me. I was using him right back.

It was all fair game to me.

I bought him the drink and noticed MissBlue coming down the stairs with our coats.

He sipped the beer that had appeared in front of him and looked at both of us. MissBlue slid her hand under his arm. "You're coming home with us darling."

I closed my purse.

"I am?"

And he looked -- flattered almost. Boyish, shy. I could see it, then, almost, behind those eyes. Behind the dyed black hair, the trendy clothes that were hanging off his skinny little body. Before all that, Tragedy was probably a sweet little rich kid. With a bowl-haircut and straight A's in high school, being dropped off in his Mommy's BMW and taken to Paris for summer vacations.

Or maybe. Just maybe. His life was just half as fucked up as he said it was.

\*\*\*\*\*

I pondered giving Tragedy time to sober up, but it occurred to me that a sober tragic boy was probably only moderately more dangerous than an intoxicated one. I counted three, maybe four beers in my presence and figured the first touch of the lash would certainly bring him 'round.

He would need to be watched, anyway, since he was probably the original tortured-child.

I thought about how it was a work night, and leaving the club at 2am with a victim in tow meant sleep was probably not even an option.

But just glancing at him as he walked beside us made it worth it. Outside now, the wind sort of caught his hair and his bangs fluttered a little. He was taking in the air, looking up, squinting, lost.

Never before had I seen such beauty in such an obviously walking beast.

\*\*\*\*\*

Once at her apartment, MissBlue went alarmingly fast. My heart was pounding, definite fear and hesitation, because her pace always scared the hell out of me.

I was used to going slow. Feeling it out. Watching for problems. Reading reactions. With Tragedy, especially, I knew slowness was crucial.

But at 2:30am on a worknight, perhaps she knew better than I. We didn't have the time.

To his knees he went and I heard her say, after letting go of his neck (where she had given him that shove), "Put your head down, Tragedy, we don't want to look at you."

And she was ice. So cool, walking away from him, I stood and stared at her and she could see it in my face. "Don't wimp out on me Akasha," she said. "He knows what he got himself into. He wants this."

I swallowed and just stared at her.

"Don't you, Tragedy?" she called out.

I turned toward the front room where he was. He was still kneeling there but didn't move as she had ordered him to. He looked at me, then at her, then said simply, "Yeah."

She handed me a drink. Straight vodka.

Bad news.

I looked over at him once more. He was looking around the room. His hands were behind his back and he was on his knees. I wanted nothing more than to see that boy suffering, relentlessly, big pleading eyes and whimpering desperate pleas for mercy (which MissBlue would inevitably silence with her hand, and I'd pull her hand away and say "I LIKE that").

"I said to get DOWN," she hissed. She walked back to him and took him by the hair, forcing him face first down to the ground. He lashed up at her and shoved her arm away but she grabbed his wrist and pinned it to the small of his back and used a knee to shove him down.

They scuffled. This is it, I thought. He's going to get up and leave.

She forced him down, and he went. I worried idly, almost, about his head and the coffee table nearby. Like you worry about toddlers just learning to walk. Oh, I hope he doesn't hurt his head.

"Miss Akasha," she called to me, using my name almost sarcastically as she held down the struggling and cursing Tragedy. "Go get the restraints."

I peered into the glass and it was empty. Somewhere along the way, I guess, I drank it.

\*\*\*\*\*

As I went into Blue's toydrawer I did my own little mental check, I guess. Yes, he was resisting. Yes, he was drunk and belligerent. But he was there, and he could have easily gotten away by now.

I guess I was going too slow. She appeared in the doorway, hands on her hips.

"What's taking you so long?" she hissed at me.

I turned to her, leather straps hanging from my fingers, a ball gag in the other hand. "I..I was just thinking for a minute. Are you sure this is a good thing?"

"Oh please." she muttered and went to get the rest of her things.

She was firm. Commanding. I felt like such a wimp. I wanted it as much as she did. She was going through her drawer getting the paddle. The flogger. The clamps. The dildos.

She stopped and stood upright. "He \*wants\* this."

I nodded.

She pointed out the door. "He's out there right now with his head on the floor and my shoe in his mouth, Akasha. He looked at me and he said "I'm feeling things that I never have before", and I think he was going to cry.

Of all the emotions I felt, right then, I think total lust was the overwhelming one.

She shut the drawer with her knee. "You wanted him. I got him for you. Now stop fucking around and let's take him."

I guess that did it. I never looked back.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Open your mouth. OPEN IT!" she hissed.

She was behind him, holding him by the chin but he was turning his head back and forth with his mouth sealed shut while I stood there with the gag ready.

She slapped him. Not hard, but hard enough that he sneered and cursed and I tried to use that opportunity to shove the leather ball in, but he pulled away again.

MissBlue plugged his nose. "I'm warning you. Open your mouth."

He strained and twisted and shut his eyes really tightly. I just stood there and watched at this point. When he finally gasped I shoved it in and she held him still, then she took the buckles from me since she was behind him and managed to lock them in place.

His hands came up, both of them, right to his mouth to yank it out. We both grabbed one of them and pulled them down. He was thrashing a little but calming down.

I reached out and touched his face. When my skin touched his cheek he opened his eyes and they fell on mine. His bangs were all wet and sticking to his forehead. He looked weary.

"You are very beautiful," I said to him, moving my hand down slowly. He blinked at me. Blinked a sweet little blink, like he was saying "I know, Akasha, believe me I know."

MissBlue clenched her fist in his hair and his sweet blinking turned to a definite grunt of pain with eyes squeezed shut in a wince that made me shiver.

"Don't try to sweet talk her with your eyes, Tragedy. You're about to be beaten." She said it with that Philly accent that sounded so much more commanding than my wussy southern california tone. "Beat-en" it came out.

He nodded. The boy actually nodded.

If there was a subspace for this one, he was getting there.

And I was getting to my own place, too.

\*\*\*\*\*

We made him face her big antique chair on his knees and put his wrists on the arms of it, then we tied them there. His shirt had been removed already as well as the gag, "until he misbehaves" we both nodded at each other.

In this position his back was exposed to us and he couldn't see unless he looked over his shoulder. He twisted at the bonds around his wrists and actually leaned forward to start biting at them.

I grabbed his head gently as MissBlue inventoried the pain tools.

Tragedy turned toward my hand and started kissing it. So out of place. I yanked away and said "Hey!" as if curiously offended.

His eyes moved behind him. "What's she getting." he said.



I turned to look. "Probably a flogger. A paddle maybe."

He yanked at his hands with clenched teeth and a total snarl. Yank, yank, yank, and the chair rattled and moved, then with two fists he twisted, slow, and I could hear the creak of nylon against oak.

"You can't get away," I said, stroking his hair back, almost sympathetically.

"I could," he turned to me. "I could if I wanted to."

She was twirling the flogger a little behind him, smiling at the way it looked. I was kneeling next to him at the side of the chair for our conversation.

He glanced back for a second, then back at me, and his breathing had shifted. Harder. "You can't hurt me," he repeated from before. He snarled and I could see his teeth and his eyes were -- dilated -- and he said "You can't fucking HURT ME!@"

"Gag him," she said.

"No!" he threw his head back and snarled and said "Fuck you!"

And she slapped him.

And he thrashed and said "Fuck!" and took a breath, then turned to me, turned so hard that the chair moved with his body and he said, "You guys don't know what you're fucking with!"

"Spare us your theatrics, Tragedy." MissBlue said. "Gag him, Akasha."

I picked up the gag and he just looked at me, then at the gag, then at me. Breathing hard.

We'd given him the safeword on the drive over. Casually, in conversation. But confirmed it with him upon entering the apartment.

"If you want this to end," I said quietly, putting a red scarf in his hand. "Drop this. I'll be watching."

He clenched it into a tight little ball in his hand and just looked right at me. A weird, intense stare, breathing hard, and when I moved closer to him expecting lots of obscenities and another scuffle with him and MissBlue, I got nothing like what I predicted.

Tragedy stared right at me and opened his mouth. Wide.

Defiant.

Totally unpredictable, this one.

\*\*\*\*\*

When MissBlue flogged him he scowled and twisted and

rattled the chair so hard that it hit the wall repeatedly and we saw porchlights go on in the walkway out front.

"Hold him still," she said to me, and I took him by the chin and ordered, "Easy now, Tragedy, you need to hold still."

She hit him expertly. In all the right places, with the right level of intensity, until his growls turned to whimpers and he was leaning so far into the chair (to get away?) that he could reach his hand, and he pressed that red scarf against his eyes.

She let up on him for a minute to take a break and go into the kitchen. She was sweating, and I looked at her and wanted to feel what she was feeling. She smiled at me, and she mouthed, "Told you so."

Before leaving she handed me the flogger. I was still next to the chair and I saw him glance over then glance away.

I stood up. It felt so good in my palm. I looked at his back, at the streaks.

I wanted some. I needed it. He was holding perfectly still.

I nudged his foot with my boot. "Ready for more?"

Nothing. He held still. I nudged his foot again and said, "You'll acknowledge me when I ask you a question."

His acknowledgement, to my total shock, was to raise his right hand and give me the finger.

MissBlue was standing in the hall drinking a glass of water and watching. She laughed good naturedly and I turned to her.

"Honey he wants to be beat. He's just \*egging you on\*."

At that moment, I had such a mixture of emotions. My instincts told me he was in hell and wanted it over. Her instincts obviously told her that he was being a bastard just to get the beatings intensified.

He had not dropped the scarf. No safeword.

"Finish beating him," she said as she returned to the kitchen. "Then we'll make him let us watch him pee."

There was a grunt from Tragedy. I stood up.

And I couldn't move.

\*\*\*\*\*

I heard dishes rattling in the kitchen and had no idea what she was doing. In the meantime I stood there, looking at his red back and wondering what my problem was.

I kneeled back down next to him and said, "Tragedy,"

He didn't turn. His head was facing forward. His eyes were closed. He was breathing deep, steady, through his nose.

I took him by the chin and turned him. The eyes opened and he looked at me, but I saw no emotion at all. He was totally gone.

"Half of me says you want to be beaten senseless," I whispered. "And the other half of me says you want to be held and protected."

He just stared.

"This puts me in a very awkward position." I told him.

I lifted the whip handle. His eyes moved to it.

"Is *\*this\** ok, Tragedy?"

He looked at it for a few seconds then at me, then back at it. Then he turned his head away and I was gritting my teeth, furious at his defiant ability to give me zero feedback.

Then, without warning, he nodded his head. Slowly, but it was unmistakably a nod.

I thought to myself, this boy is either amazing, or he's my worst nightmare.

And I beat him.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was some time later when Tragedy cracked.

It happened without warning, right in the middle of the flogging. The gag had been removed and he was cursing, swearing, hissing and rattling the chair so hard that I saw part of it splintering in the back.

MissBlue held him by a fistful of hair and yanked his head up as I stopped to see what the string of obscenities were. I could see his eyes then - they were glazed. Red. His teeth clenched tight, snarling. He went to bite her arm. She let go of his head and slapped him.

And then he threw his head back and screamed. A scream so loud that dogs started barking in the neighborhood and lights came on and I dropped what I was holding and stepped back, totally startled.

She reacted more quickly, shoving a ball into his mouth but not locking it.

"What is your fucking problem!" she hissed at him.

And he looked at her, choked a little, and started totally sobbing. It was a weird, instant transition from total fury to total desperate pain and misery, sobbing so hard that he sounded like he was going to drown in his own spit.

She stood there looking at him, shocked I think, and I reached over, yanking the ball from his mouth so he wouldn't choke himself.

"I want to fucking die," he said.

I looked at MissBlue and she looked at me.

"Keep --" he sobbed. His eyes were totally red and he was a mess - his cheeks flushed, his skin wet with tears and sweat. "Keep doing it. Don't stop."

She reached for the whip but I held it away. "Wait a second, he's screwed up."

"I'm NOT screwed up, FUCK YOU!" he said to me, with a glare so cruel and evil and just plain mean that I wanted to shrink away. Jesus christ, I thought.

He yanked at the bonds, rattled the chair, thumped it against the wall and said, "You said you could do this so DO IT! What the hell is the matter with you two!? I told you I'M ALREDY FUCKING DEAD!"

"He's high," MissBlue shook her head and looked at me. "He's too fucking high." She walked away, into the kitchen.

I look at him, really wanting to ease closer and start comforting him, but he was snarling. I mean, really snarling, glaring at me, not caring that he was drooling, sobbing, and his face was totally drenched. His eyes stayed on me and he was hissing with every breath, then saying, in a low hushed whisper, "Come on. Come on baby. You want to fuck me up. Fuck me up."

"Easy, Tragedy." I said softly. I moved a little closer. For the first time, I was glad he was tied up because I was afraid of him.

"What's it going go take Akasha?" he said, and his eyes were glazed over. She was right, it was as if he had taken some time-release drug three hours earlier that just hit his system and now he was a totally different person.

Or maybe, it occurred to me, that what we did had brought something truly disturbing to the surface.

He was hissing. "Come on Akasha. Hit me. You want to do it. You want to break me, so do it."

"I don't want to hurt you, Tragedy, I want --"

He laughed. He threw his head back and laughed. "You don't want to hurt me? Fucking look at me! Look at my back! Look-- Look at my --" he turned and looked toward his wrists, yanking at them hard, "Look at the burns in my fucking wrists!"

I finally reached out to touch his hair, to try anything to settle him down. He wrenched away and lunged toward me, making me fall back. He started struggling to get away, really, honestly trying to wrench his wrists free, and he was saying, "I'll make you fucking hurt me, I'LL MAKE YOU DO IT AKASHA!". And it became apparent to me that he was trying to get away to attack me so I'd beat the hell out of him.

I backed up on the floor and turned toward the kitchen, "MissBlue I think you better get OUT HERE!"

And he was biting at the ropes. Biting to get them off, the yanking at the bonds, hissing between it all that this would not be stopped half way, that we started it and would finish it, and that he wouldn't be fucked half way.

She got there just as he got one hand free and caught it, pinning it back down and saying, "Calm the fuck down, Tragedy! Get ahold of yourself."

I reached over and he tried to bite my hand, literally bite it. Suddenly all these toys seemed like devices of protection. I wanted the bonds to hold him down (to protect me from him and him from himself), I wanted the gag for fear that he would bite a chunk out of my skin or his own.

She had her arm around his chest to hold him still and he lowered his head to her skin, and I thought, Oh god, he's going to take a bite right out of her.

I lunged forward to try to stop it but realized, when I touched his face, that he was just sitting there sobbing.

She kept him in a mini-lock of sorts, his one free hand pinned over his chest and his head buried down.

For a few moments he just sat there, still, but she didn't let go because I don't think she trusted him yet. Finally I was able to touch him without him freaking out, and as soon as I was able to show some physical affection his angry little sobs turned into weak whimpers like a little boy.

"Honey," MissBlue said to him, sort of sarcastically. "You have a lot of issues, don't you."

"I'm," he started, barely able to get the words out. "Really. Fucked. Up."

I looked at MissBlue and nodded. I nodded a lot.

For some time we sat there, sprawled across the floor. One of his wrists still hung bound to the chair, which was half tipped over. He wouldn't lift his head at all and eventually stopped crying, fell asleep. Somehow we managed to get him untied and left him on the floor with a blanket and a pillow, where he curled up into a little ball and seemed to sleep contently after we'd whispered to each other at the nature and seriousness of his markings, determining that no skin was broken and that by morning the marks would be gone.

It was about 5am and I looked at MissBlue. Exhausted. She looked at him, then at me, then lifted her hands as if to say, "What a night."

As I tried to fall asleep to take advantage of the 90 minutes I would get, I realized I felt like I'd been through a 3 hour workout, nothing more. Somewhere, somehow, I knew I would be able to find something good in what had happened. But at that moment, I just felt drained.

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