



# Akasha's Web



**HOME \* Online Training \* CyberDungeon \* Story Archive \* For Women Only \* Articles \* Miss Blue**

## 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**  
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### Your Abduction

More Archives:

**Forced Femme**  
**Strap-On & Anal**  
**Humiliation & Groups**  
**Chastity**  
**Cockold**  
**Pussy Worship**  
**Feet**  
**Sheila's Show**  
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**Behind Closed Doors**  
**Space Age Love Song**  
**The Corporate Slut**

## What I want for Valentine's Day...

Of all days, Valentine's Day is on a Friday this year. The end of a very stressful workweek. And I have barely had time to think of using you. I miss you so much..but most of all, I miss having you helpless. Using you for my pleasure. Just being able to forget everything and own you again.

My fantasy. You want it? Sit down, this may take awhile.

The long drive home, of course. Friday nights are the worst. And on this day, I am sure it would be longer. And all I can think about is getting home. That maybe you would call, and we'd meet up for dinner somewhere. Yes, god knows I have been too exhausted to plan anything. Even play.

Arriving home, noticing first off - the dishes are gone. Out of the sink. The kitchen is clean. How strange. I think - at first - my sister has given me a gift, come over and tidied up for me. Then I realize she is out of town.

A wrapped present on the coffee table. Black paper, big red bow. No card. My heart starts pounding. A happy, girlish pounding.

I sit on the couch and savor the beautifully wrapped box in my hands for a moment. But curiosity gets the best of me. And I tear into it like a schoolgirl, impatient and smiling.

And inside is an evil little device. Latex. Tubing. A pump. The smell of the rubber alone makes my body tingle. Hunger overcomes me. I look at the device and bite my lip.

It's like...starving, but having forgotten what food tasted like. I had forgotten just how hungry I was. Lifting the latex to my face, I breathe in deeply. The smell consumes me. That smell drives me.

And I stop to wonder. Where are you? Are you behind this? Did you do this to tease me, to make me call you and demand you come over..and finish what you started?

I put the new toy back in the box and head to my bedroom so I can change out of my work clothes. The professional suit is getting tiring - the high heels hurt my ankles.

And when I enter the room, what I see stops me in my tracks.

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How long have you been here? Have you prepared yourself- and my apartment - so carefully? You are bound there. Helpless. So obviously uncomfortable. Curled up in a little ball

on my floor, wrists behind your back, ankles chained together. The gag - it's a locking leather ball gag - and locked. You had know idea when I would be home, and of course, in the moment that I see you, thoughts bombard me.

I imagine -- fantasize - about how you had to precariously go through my toy box and select what you would use. Oh how I wish I could have seen this! Were you scared? Uneasy? Did it fill you with dread?

When you locked that cuff around your wrist, did it give you a terrified sense of permanence?

Your eyes meet mine and I snap out of my daydream. You are gorgeous. I forget, at times like this, just how gorgeous you are. How your cheekbones look. How you have the perfect mouth and lips, and when you wear a gag like that I immediately want to see them. To taste them.

Eyes. So big, so glad to see me. You've put yourself here for me! You've given yourself to me for this night. All that is missing is a big red bow. Or have I just not found that yet?

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And I don't even notice at first the outfit. Skin tight..can they get any tighter? skin tight pvc pants. I can see everything. Are those garters underneath? Bare cheat, light black jacket - and clamps. For how long have you worn those on your nipples? From the looks of your chest - a long time. And when I touch them lightly with my finger, your expression, and gasp, and jump, tells all.

Overcome with emotion. Lust. Desire. Appreciation. Love. I want to hold you. But I want to use you. And the new toy...the new toy that sits waiting in the next room.

Your eyes search my face for some expression, some indication of what you are going to be in for. A night of torture, or a night of passion?

It is my choice. And you gave that to me. For Valentine's Day. And at 8:30 pm on a Friday night, with no plans for the weekend, you could not have had better timing.

I go fetch my new present and return to your side, prodding your head down toward my feet.

I guess that answers it for you.

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