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Against the Glass

I was standing naked on a hotel balcony, my body pressed against the clear glass door, the wind against my body and hair. Wondering, again, now how did I get here?

And he was there, on the other side of the glass. Beautiful. Tortured. Brave.

Sometime earlier that night it had started as a joke. He knew about my most secret, most passionate fantasy. Laying in bed together after a long dinner, he was stroking my hair and prodding it out of me. My legs wrapped around his reflexively as I told him about the dark, ominous images. A full-sized clear plexiglass coffin, airtight. Him, bound and naked inside, on his back, helpless. Staring up at me, his tormentress, as I slide down onto the lid above him. Three minutes of air. Forcing him to perform for me in his last moments, to seduce me into letting him free. Using his body, his mouth, his lips pressed up against the glass over the outline of my body as I lay above, watching him coldly. Struggling, gasping, pleading. His last breaths a tribute to me.

I shuddered.

His lips were on my hair, and I was watching out the window, watching the skyline. The hotel lobby had a wonderful view. We had the curtains opened wide, the only thing separating us from the outside were the large glass doors.

Then the idea came to me.

I looked up at him, lifting my head from his chest. "Angel...?" I asked carefully.

His eyes were distant. I could tell he was thinking of the coffin I had just described. "Yes?"

"I want to do it."

He slid his fingers through my hair and it felt wonderful. "The coffin?"

I nodded, I even smiled. It was all seeming so obvious now, how to do it, how to live that intense fantasy for the first time. And how wonderful he would do it, undoubtedly. Because he felt everything he did for me, no matter how much make-believe we had to add.

When he didn't say anything more I turned toward the balcony. "There's my glass. You know what to do."

"Yes," he let out his breath. His eyes lowered a bit and I

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looked at him, at his long eyelashes, at his lips. He seemed to hesitate, then said again, "Yes, Mistress. I will do it for you."

Already, he was in role. My most prized angel. My heart was pounding, I already felt gripped with arousal, pain for his suffering. I slid from the bed and went to the closet to get my robe, ordering him quietly, "Stand up and prepare to strip for you execution."

When I returned in my silk robe, tied loosely around my waist, he was slipping out of his trousers solemnly.

I slid up next to him and took his chin in my hands, kissing him tenderly on the lips. "Goodbye, my sweetest slut. You've been a treasure."

His eyes looked filled with pain, despair, but he continued undressing. "Please...can't we talk about this?"

I turned away and faced the big clear doors. "My mind is made up. You deserve this. You know the only way I will let you go."

"Yes, I know". His voice was soft. Perhaps even shaking a bit. He walked up behind me and I felt his breath near my neck.

I didn't turn but asked quietly, "Are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready." he replied softly.

I turned again and took his face in my hands, my lips on his, kissing him one last time. His kiss was eager, hungry, as if truly his last kiss. It was the most passionate kiss I had felt from him, easily. Already I was filled with lust, but this added even more. I felt myself wanting his hands on my body, sliding into my robe slowly, carressing me.

But no, the glass.

I broke the kiss and led him toward the door, then turned and opened it slowly. He stood there, staring at it.

"Come onto the balcony with me." I ordered.

"I'm naked," he said softly, hesitant.

"I don't care. Come with me."

He hesitated again but I took him firmly, putting a hand behind his neck and forcing him out with me into the cool night air. He shivered and I held myself tight in my robe, standing on the balcony together and admiring him again.

He was shivering from the cool air as I moved my fingers down his chest, down his waist, to his cock slowly. He gasped, his eyes shut tight, hands clasped behind his back.

"I'm going to miss you."

"Please..." he said, his voice shaking.

I turned him toward the open door. "Go."

He stood there, staring at the open door, the door leading into the room. He stood there for what seemed like a long time but was just a few seconds, pondering his demise. His head lowered slowly and he took a careful step, shaking visibly.

"Move," I snapped angrily. "Get inside."

Finally he took that step inside, then the other foot, and was completely back inside the hotel room. I reached up and slowly slid the door shut, dividing us, separating us with the glass door.

His back was still to me, then he slowly turned, standing still before me on the other side of the glass. He looked emotionless, tranquil. For just a brief second his eyes wandered a bit to each side, then he turned his head and looked around as if observing his new tomb. Even though he was in a huge room and I was on a tiny balcony, he looked amazingly claustrophobic.

At once he lifted his hands to the glass, fingertips pressed into it, and stepped closer to me. So close I could touch him if not for the glass.

Without thinking I felt myself open my robe, exposing my body before him, leaning up and pressing into the door.

And there I was. Ironic, I was the one outside, in the cold air, and he was in the comfort of the room. Yet, he was suffering. He was inside, he was trapped, dying for me. I was free, in the night air, with all the world around me.

His eyes were shut just briefly, his hands still lightly on the glass. My fingers moved up the door, it was so cold, feeling the outline of his fingerprints on the pane as if they were warm.

Suddenly his eyes shot open and he leaned into the door abruptly, letting his his breath in a gasp, fogging the glass around his mouth.

That shook me for some reason, the visual feel of it, seeing his breath, how alive he looked. I reached up and traced my fingers over the design on the glass as his forehead fell against it with a soft thud, his breath coming in short gasps that left sweet fogged designs again and again.

When his eyes fluttered open I found it hard to even look at him. He looked so timid, so weak, yet so hungry for me, for my touch. I lifted a finger to place it on the glass near his eyes and he watched it, leaning up to it and placing his lips there, eyes closing, placing a soft kiss on the other side of the glass.

I was shaking.

Nothing affected me other than him. The cold night air, the noise of traffic below, the wind against my back. All I felt was

his sacrifice to me, I watched his chest with such admiration, how he held himself steady against the wall between us with two strong palms, his breath harder now, shorter, his eyes shut tight in concentration.

My fingers traced down the glass as I watched his body. "You are so beautiful," I whispered, mesmerized. His chest rising and falling, every muscle in his body tense with the fight. His cock was hard, inviting, I found my hand sliding out toward it, so close I could touch it, so close..

His head fell into the glass with a thud and I jumped, looking up at once, His eyes fluttered open and he breathed, staring weakly into my eyes. So close, so close.

I slid up into the door, pressing my naked body against it. It felt cold against my hard nipples, if felt natural, I wanted to press every part of my body into it, against it.

When I slid closer he weakly lowered his head, parting his lips, sliding his tongue down to where my nipple was pressed hard into the glass. When his tongue moved to where it was I gasped audibly, he could probably even hear me through the barrier. Watching his tongue move in small circles made me ache even more, so hungry for him.

His cock touched the glass, leaving a trace of precum on the surface. I leaned down slowly, sliding down, holding myself up with my hands and placing my lips against the cool barrier. I licked, shutting my eyes, pretending I could taste him one last time, licking the precum from the wall that divided us. My lips felt warm against the cool door, I was lost for a bit, until a thud of his knees falling into the glass shook me back into reality.

I looked up and he was falling against the door a little for support, his hands weakly pressed into it. I slid upright and stood again, placing my mouth on the glass where his was on the other side, giving him an imaginary final kiss as his breath came more irregularly and with great difficulty.

He looked simply beautiful, weak, and in such precious agony. His eyes were filled with pain and need, mixed with soft solemn sacrifice and desire to please. His lips were parted, his hair hung down in his eyes, too weak to push it aside.

I felt myself pressing my waist into the glass in slowly motion, realizing the cool surface felt good against my wetness. I felt the desire to lay down right there on the balcony, spread my legs up against the door, pressing myself as much as I could into the cool glass and just imagine his tongue inside me, desperate, licking at me as it to satisfy me through the barrier, anything, to save his life.

When he started to slide down, slowly, I looked at him with pain and sympathy. His lashes fluttered and he looked up at me, weakly, giving in, sliding down slowly to his knees. His palms moving down the glass rattled the door a little, his breath in short little pants leaving a fogged trail down as he moved.

I remained standing, palms holding me up, watching him decline, down, down, weaker, until on his knees there on the floor, his head slowly falling forward into the glass with a soft, precious "thud".

I bit my lip and remained standing, staring down at him as he concentrated intently on each breath, in then out, what little air he could find, his eyes shut in pain.

Then, slowly, his eyes opened and looked up at me, weak, lost. He begged with him, his lashes wet, his eyes red. I just shook my head at him, pain in my eyes as well. I can't save you now. I'm sorry. I wanted to cry.

It almost looked like a half sob, or maybe it was a gasp in desire, but he leaned forward at once, toward my cunt, pressing his lips into the glass, opening his mouth, and sliding his tongue up slowly, slowly.

The image made my desire burn, making me involuntarily stand on my toes to follow his tongue with my wetness. I pressed my body into the glass as much as I could, moving with his tongue, imagining that if he were just free, that moment, his tongue would be carressing my wetness, up between my legs, finding its way inside me.

I shut my eyes and arched my back, pulling my nipples off the glass and leaning back toward the night air, pressing rhythmically against the door in steady motion with my hips, fucking him through the glass. Making love one last time, while he was on the edge of death for me, on his knees, using his last breaths to lick me to orgasm.

For several seconds I bucked against the door, wanting more stimulation but unable to get it through the cold surface. I slid my hand down and a finger moved inside with ease, my eyes fluttering open to look at him again, my victim, on his knees on the verge of demise for me.

His lips were parted, his eyes shut, the breaths now short and infrequent. He was sweating, shaking, his forehead resting against the door for support, his hands weakly pressed, palms forward.

I was close to cumming just from one finger inside me, bucking softly into the door, and when I leaned forward again and my nipples pressed into the glass the stimulation overcame me.

His eyes opened and he looked up at me, weakly, for one last time. With his last breath he whispered, with difficulty, "I love you."

I came against the glass, bucking so hard it shook the panes, and he slid down slowly, unable to even watch and his last breath consumed him. He slumped to the floor as I shuddered in recovery, too weak to even get the door open with out nearly breaking my fingers.

I fell on top of him and rolled him over but he was still,

lifeless, not breathing. I started to cry softly, overcome with lust, pain, joy. Taking his face in my hands, cradling him, sobbing his name, calling him back. My tears fell on his lips and he licked them, slowly.

"You are the most beautiful creature," I whispered shakily as I kissed his forehead, my tears feeding his thirst, bringing him back.

His eyes opened slowly, weakly, and he looked up at me and watched me cry. He smiled softly, reaching up, putting a hand in my hair. "It's ok, " he said quietly. "I'm fine."

I shut my eyes and listened, biting my lip, shaking.

"I'm fine," he repeated. I leaned down and fell into his open arms, still shaking, wrapping him up with me in my open robe.

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