



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 BDSM Archives:

[Crossing The Line](#)
[Ambulance](#)
[Blue's Treat](#)
[Bondage Party](#)
[Bondage Party 2](#)
[The Chair](#)
[The Challenge](#)
[The Date](#)
[The Dentist](#)
[Devil's Rain](#)
[Devil's Rain pt 2](#)
[Devil's Rain pt 3](#)
[Domination Dining](#)
[The Escort](#)
[The Fever](#)
[His Initiation](#)
[Interview With The Domina](#)
[Interview With The Domina 2](#)
[Jakes Turn](#)
[Lost Luggage](#)
[The Lovers](#)
[Making Him Shine](#)
[Miss Blue's Gift](#)
[My Surprise](#)
[Owning Jason](#)
[The Palace](#)
[Seducing Allen](#)
[Thursday](#)
[Torturing Zack](#)
[Tristan](#)
[The Twins](#)
[What Happens To College](#)

Fever

I think what finally motivated me to go to the doctor was my growing inability to have a truly normal day. The symptoms were nonspecific, random, and totally unpredictable.

A lot of anxiety. Restlessness. The inability to sleep. Being easily distracted. And coupled with all of that, a lot of strange aches and pains.

Being in a doctor's office felt quite out of place for me, and I found myself staring across the way in the waiting room at a boy.

It only took me a moment to realize I wanted him.

*

I shouldn't say boy. He was probably 19 or 20, flipping through a magazine with his elbows on his knees. His hair was mostly in his face so I couldn't even tell what color his eyes were.

But something about his feet. Yeah, it was his feet that did it to me. He was wearing heavy boots and black jeans. The boots had laces that were too long.

His hair was too long. When he lifted his head and caught my glance, he looked away at once.

Ohh, shy, I thought to myself. I stared, waiting for him to look up again. I in a business suit since I had just come from the office, and I caught him looking at my legs and heels.

He cleared his throat and shifted in his chair, then went searching for another magazine. Definitely nervous.

And with that, it was simple. The way my mind wandered for that moment. Into what was in the next room. All the medical equipment I could use on him. About the straps that must exist in this place.

Staring at him. Thinking such nasty thoughts.

Boys
What Happens To Radio
Station Whores

More Archives:

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

"Michael Thompson?" the receptionist called.

Michael Thompson sprung to his feet at once, eager to get out of the room. I wondered if he could read my thoughts, or was just intimidated by a woman gazing at him. When he walked past me, hands in his pockets, I heard the jingling of metal. Chains hanging some place off his body.

I peered after him, trying to see what was jingling, as such things fascinated me. But he was gone all too soon, swept into the backroom, where all the medical tortures were waiting.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, who knows, I was thinking about poor Michael Thompson in my clutches, in a medical office quite different. The Akasha medical office. Where I would treat him to my own version of a physical, probably keep him drugged and in captivity. And how he would look up at me, so pleadingly, but would never get any mercy.

My palms were sweating. A lot.

I blinked and looked at them, then at the clock. I cleared my throat and tried to find a magazine.

*

I guess my new job had kept me so busy, I had forgotten how long it had been since I'd had a good victim in my clutches. Granted, BDSM came in and out of my life almost on a daily basis, leaving its traces and giving me little lifts here and there.

But my new early hours prevented many late nights stalking with MissBlue, and my social calendar dwindled as I was so exhausted during my job training.

I made a mental note that I needed to go out and find me some pretty boy and have my way with him. Certainly that would give me a little lift, and take my mind off things like random fits of anxiety for no reason.

*

"You're apparently going through withdrawal," the doctor said to me, staring at my chart and shaking his head a little. "You've got all the telltale signs."

I was shocked, to say the least. I think I even laughed. "How can I be going through withdrawal if I don't even use drugs?"

It seemed like he didn't hear me. Or, maybe, he thought I was in denial (how funny, I realized, no matter how much I denied it, he would say I was just in denial. I wondered for a moment if I could be committed

against my will.).

"I'd say heroin." he asked, looking up, cautiously, sympathetically.

"Heroin??" I laughed. "I've never even smoked pot. I don't take drugs. I drink, but only when I go out, and even that is minimal."

He closed the folder, sighed, and looked at me. "I'm telling you what I see here. You can choose to get help, or not."

I realized denying it would get me nowhere. "Ok, then, say, hypothetically, it's not withdrawal. What symptoms LOOK like that?"

"It's withdrawal," he said.

*

So I found myself standing out in the hall as nurses gave me little leaflets on AA and drug rehab centers. I was standing next to Michael Thompson, who was holding the same flyers. I wondered if everyone who came into that place was suffering from withdrawal.

Sore throat? You must be addicted to crack. Broken ankle? Sounds like you need AA.

Then I wondered if I should go to the same rehab center as Michael, and see if he wanted to get to know me better.

My thoughts shifted, and I was looking at him. I said hello to him. He smiled shyly, stuffing his rehab literature into a backpack. A soft hello came from him, and I watched his mouth, the way his lips moved. I could see a trace of his tongue.

Then it hit me.

I was in withdrawal.

*

Like any good addict in withdrawal, my first course of action was to get a fix. So I called MissBlue.

I didn't go into the gory details of my condition with her, just told her I needed to go out. It had been one month. A month too long.

Being the sport she is, and that she could never turn down a good time on the prowl, she agreed.

I guess part of me wanted to laugh in the face of this so-called "withdrawal" theory. I still felt sick as ever as I drove out to Hollywood, probably too sick to be going out. Wouldn't an addict be charged up with the knowledge of the upcoming salvation?

Not me. I felt ill. It must be a vitamin deficiency, I thought to myself. And a night out at a club til 2am wouldn't do me any good.

But, I rationalized, maybe I would find some nice young thing to torment.

*

The first thing that hit me inside the club was the smell of dry ice.

It had been so long since I had been out that I forgot about that smell. And it brought back all the memories of that place. And how dark it was. Then I felt the music, and I saw bodies mulling around.

My palms were sweating again. I had to take my gloves off.

My drink was waiting at the bar for me by the time MissBlue and I made our way over there (a good bartender never forgets), but I had to push it across the counter, shaking my head. "I'm in withdrawal." I said.

The bartender looked at me, confused. MissBlue was already off talking to some friends. I didn't want to take the drink simply because I wanted a clear understanding of the feelings I was going through.

So I pushed it aside again, this time turning to see who was around.

There was a guy standing there. Tall. With spikey blonde hair. Some of which was hanging in his face. He was wearing a bondage collar. I slid my drink to him. He looked at me.

"Drink," I said.

He looked at it. "I see that."

"Drink it," I said.

Without a second thought, he picked it up and drank it.

At that point I felt very lightheaded, and immediately wanted to go outside.

Withdrawal, my ass, I thought. I went to the bathroom and threw up.

*

I was sitting on the floor in the bathroom as goth girls wandered in and out, and finally MissBlue showed up. "What happened to you!?" she asked.

"I don't feel well." I said. Actually, I was feeling better at that point.

"Do you want to go home? Should we leave?" she asked, and I know she would have crouched down to assist me but she was wearing a killer corset so she had to stand there, gesturing with her arms that I should get up.

"I feel fine now," I said, getting up to my feet again. I went to the sink to splash some cold water on my face.

"I have a surprise for you!" she said, taking my arm.

I knew what that meant. Oh god, from experience, I knew what that meant. And she knew my taste very well.

Too well.

*

There, in the dark lobby upstairs, she had a present waiting for me. A welcome back present, a get well present. All wrapped up, even with a bow around his neck. Where did she find the bow, I pondered. Only MissBlue.

He was kneeling with his head down. His legs were spread apart a little. His hands were behind his back, and I could not see if they were tied or not. I assumed not, considering we did not bring any such equipment.

But, being the MacGyver of dommes, hell, who knows. After all, she did find the ribbon.

"His name is Lucas. Isn't he as cute as a bug?" she asked, going over and standing behind him, taking his head between her two hands and with one swift motion tilting his head up to face me.

Oh, cute indeed. The biggest, most piercing blue eyes I had never seen. Dark, dark hair that was slicked back but now starting to hang in his face. Cheekbones to die for. Amazing lips, pursed just right, almost pouty. And his eyes shifted up to me with a solemn expression.

And as I walked to him, every ache in my body disappeared. The fuzziness in my mind turned sharp and

vibrant. My fingers came alive again, and I could feel my own blood coursing through my veins.

When my gloved hand found its way around his neck and he parted his lips, just a little, I felt stronger than I ever had before.

*

The next morning, I woke up with a tremendous hangover.

I was so exhausted, I could barely move. My mouth was dry and felt like I ate paste for dinner. My muscles ached.

Shutting off my alarm, I rubbed my eyes, and realized I could not have a hangover, because I didn't have anything to drink the night before.

Only Lucas.

Moaning, I rolled over and buried my face in the pillow. I could not face the day without retracing the events of the night before.

The beautiful boy.

*

Dry ice.

"Have you ever been gagged?"

"I don't think I'd like that," he said. Muffled, mumbled, head tilting a little, he was talking through my fingers which were invading his mouth. Looking up at me sideways from under his hair.

"You have a gorgeous mouth," I told him, crouching down, still holding his mouth open with my fingers. "I could spend all night in this mouth."

He was watching me, a bit uneasy, but transfixed. I could feel his pulse, somewhere, I think some of my fingers were under his chin.

Hand in his hair. So dark, thick. It fell through my fingers and felt like silk. Closing my eyes. Luxuriating in it. Burying my face in it. Smelling it.

All the scent of Lucas.

Somehow we had him there, laying on his back on the floor. His arms were outstretched far over his head and MissBlue was playfully sitting on them to keep him still as I straddled him.

Thinking back, it was like watching it from above, from the ceiling. How his hair spilled out all over the ground, how he tilted his head slowly from side to side as I nuzzled his neck, kissing, then finally sinking my teeth into his flesh.

And my whole body moved with the gasp that came from his chest, and I could feel him lifting a leg up, or a knee perhaps. Then a twist from his hips, he let out his breath, and he said one word.

"Please."

Then it was over.

*

In bed, reflecting back as I hit my snooze button for the fourth time, I realized I had only gotten half way there. Which is always how it is in a club, because there is only so much you can do with a stranger, and only so much you can do in public.

It felt good. Oh yeah, it felt very good. In fact, during the whole experience I didn't think once about my aches and pains, my hot flashes, my non specific anxiety and restlessness.

But it was back in the morning. Back so bad that I called in sick to work.

And that worried me.

*

I don't know if I had a fever or not, but I had feverish sleep all day. I called my mother. She brought me soup, and I was so weak I barely had the energy to kick the "Bitches with Whips" magazines under the bed so she wouldn't see.

She said I didn't have a fever. After leaving me some magazines to read (her kind, not mine), she left.

Later that night, MissBlue came over to see me (and bring me magazines to read. My kind, not my mother's).

We watched a movie on television and I fell asleep before she left, woke up the next day, and called in sick again.

*

Somehow, on the third day, I managed the energy to go to the bookstore. I didn't want to read any more magazines, of any variety, but I did want to read some books on withdrawal.

And with all that time on my hands, as day four came and went, I found myself agreeing with the doctor. It sounded like withdrawal.

But that left me with an even more perplexing challenge. Whether or not to go to a rehab center and confess I was addicted to tying up men.

*

Instead of going to rehab, I just slept. I slept most of the time, and when I wasn't sleeping, I was watching bad television and reading the same magazines over and over again. I never left the house because I felt too sick to get up.

My mother threatened to take me to the hospital.

It was three in the morning one night, I don't remember which night, when I was on the phone with MissBlue. I think I was telling her I was on my deathbed and was going to will all of my bondage gear to her. Even the chair.

She laughed, laughed with me that is, and she was talking about the books laying around my room, I guess she had been reading them too since she'd been over a few times. I guess she had some idea what I was going through.

"It's all in your head, I think," she said. "You just think you are addicted. Subconsciously. Go write something like you used to, to get it out of your system. Then you'll feel fine."

"I can't get up to write," I said. Tired, already, from talking. "I need to go back to sleep."

She said something else to me, I don't remember, but I slept the entire next day until I awoke to pounding on the door.

*

Unfortunately, I couldn't even get up to get it. I figured whoever it was would leave me alone at some point. My bed sheets were wet with sweat, I knew I must have a fever. Or, I had slept through the heat of the day and never thought to turn on the air conditioner.

More pounding. The clock read 12:22. But I didn't know if it was AM or PM because my room shows no light, and my sleeping schedule had been so screwed up.

I heard the key in the door. That meant it must be my mother, MissBlue, or a stalker who had a key to my apartment. None of them got a rise out of me. I was already falling asleep.

Until I heard a crash in my living room, the door slamming, and MissBlue's voice.

"Calm the FUCK down!" she was saying.

I heard grunting. I heard a table turning over. I heard chains.

"MISS Akasha, I have a present for you!"

I sat up in bed, what little I could, squinting at the light pouring in from the next room. She was standing there, still in club clothes (I wondered what night it was, and what I missed) and in her hands, being delivered to me, was a blob of a person.

Shadows mostly. I squinted. All black clothing. Handcuffs on his wrists, behind his back. Ankles chained together. Small frame - small victim, she had picked him small, maybe, because he would be easier to handle. Or fit into her trunk, or something.

And a black canvas hood over his head. She patted the hood. "I knew you would like this."

"What is that?"

"This is your present!"

He struggled now, sprawled at her feet. I slid up in bed a little to see him down there on my floor. "Is it Lucas?" I asked. Wondering if she had gotten him to agree to come over. Or maybe it was one of her friends. Or someone she paid. Who knows.

"Oh, no" she shook her head, her hands on her hips. She looked damn proud. So proud, I was scared for a minute. She laughed, that laugh. The laugh that told me she had outdone herself.

I was trembling.

"Do you want to see?" she asked.

I was afraid. I was afraid to see. Oh god, it was leonardo dicaprio. Yeah, he was small. No, it was TREY from the office, oh god!

"I ...I don't know if I want to see." I said.

"I think he wants you to see, he's been stuck in this hood all night! Don't you want that hood off, boy?" she asked, giving the back of his head a shove.

There was a definite nod from the victim.

Back to the sweating palms. I felt dizzy. I wondered how long it had been since I'd eaten.

I wondered who was under that hood.

"Take it off," I finally said, staring, solemn. And I watched her as she grinned at me, taking her time to remove the material that covered his face from me.

*

I guess it never should have surprised me that MissBlue delivered to me the man I had wanted for 3 years but never quite captured.

And he was captured alright, his black hair stuck all over his face, a big red ball gag in his mouth. Apparently for a long time, as his chin was covered with messy drool. He looked simply pathetic, and I melted for him at that moment.

I was about to say his name, but MissBlue corrected me. "His name is SHADOW. That's what we call him tonight."

"That sounds like a dog name," I said, and Shadow's eyes glared up at me. Oh, those eyes, I don't think I had ever had such intense eye contact with him.

"Alright, then can you tell me how you got j - I mean, Shadow - over here?"

"In my trunk!" she said, and off she went to my closet to get my toys.

So I sat there, all sweaty and disgusting in my bed in a t-shirt, looking at him, sprawled on my floor, covered with drool and sweat.

He looked gorgeous.

*

"Take out the gag," I said, "I want to hear his voice."

I was the commanding one, from the comfort of my own bed, as MissBlue wrestled to get Shadow out of the handcuffs and into my X-Bar without injuring him or herself.

"He doesn't need the gag out, he needs to be beat-en!". The Philly accent was back. I could tell she was in quite a mood. "I want to have him whimpering for you, Miss Akasha, so you will feel better!"

Feel better. I realized, then, that I was sick. Or supposed to be sick. But I was sitting up in bed now, feeling quite alert. Then again, I think anyone would be alert after seeing a bound and gagged little industrial club kid on your floor at 1am.

Out came the big red ball, and Shadow started coughing and sputtering and holding his head down, trying to find some place to hide in the floor. "You're HURTING ME!" he said, and his voice - it cracked. He was hoarse. He was hoarse from screaming.

I was shaking all over at this point. Mesmerized. Intoxicated. His head came up, and I saw his eyes through all those bangs. MissBlue was behind him, fidgeting with some shackles.

His eyes were red. Red from crying. He was breathing hard through his nose, and he was staring right at me. I almost expect him to say, "Damn, you look like shit."

But he didn't. He said, "Let me go."

He said it to me. And I was the one sitting in the bed watching. MissBlue was the one locked him into god-knows-what device. And I saw it, in his eyes, flinching, then shutting them tight, so tight from the pain, tilting his head back and gasping, "Ahhhh---"

I cringed. It looked like it hurt. He looked like he hurt.

And with his head back like that, his mouth open in a gasp of pain, MissBlue did what any good dom would do, and took that opportunity to shove a new gag into his mouth.

I slid closer to the edge of the bed. To see more.

*

The new gag seemed to irritate him just as much, but at least it was inside his mouth so he wouldn't be drooling any more. MissBlue was behind him, now holding his head back with a fistful of hair right off the top so he was facing me.

"See that, Miss Akasha? Look at those eyes!"

I could barely speak. "His eyes are closed," I said. It came out in a soft whisper almost. I was in a daze, looking at him, wondering, now wait a minute, is he acting, did she pay him for this, how did this all come about? Surely she couldn't overpower him...

She did something to him, something from behind which I couldn't see, something which apparently caused him a lot of pain because he let out a muffled yelp that made me jump, then his eyes shot open at once to look at me.

"Is he looking now?"

"Oh yes," I said. I slid even closer. Slowly. I wanted to touch his face to see if he was real.

He edged backward a little. Away from me. Yet, I had not done a thing to him. "Why is he so afraid of me? You're the mean one," I said, playing on my inside joke with MissBlue and her more direct, sadistic approach.

She was bouncing a little behind him, still apparently holding him in some device that kept him kneeling, his chest out. "I told him on the way over just how cruel you were. I told him what you were going to do to him. How he earned it! I told him about your TOYS Miss Akasha!"

I reached out, slowly, and his eyes shot to my hand. Watching intensely. Then backing up a little. Terrified, almost.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said, as if talking to a small animal. In a soothing voice.

MissBlue laughed. The evil laugh, the laugh that said, "Yeah, right!"

My hand touched his cheek. He flinched.

His skin was wet. Hot. I started pushing back wet clumps of hair, one at a time. MissBlue held him still. His face was frozen, his eyes shut tight. Breathing hard through his nose.

I looked at that face, and thought back to all the times I had looked at him before. How I never dreamed I would have him this close to me. In chains. Helpless. A gift to me. From MissBlue.

As I got to the last few strands of hair, placing them so carefully as if they each had a specific place to be on his head, he tilted his cheek to my palm.

I froze.

His eyes opened, finally, and he looked at me. He was nuzzling my hand, apparently. He was - he was

kissing up to me.

"Oh, please!" MissBlue observed. "He just wants you to take the gag out."

I looked at him. He nodded.

I shook my head.

MissBlue laughed.

And for the first time in days, I stood up out of my bed. "Where are my things?"

*

Strangely enough, it never occurred to me, after that point, to ask whether or not it was consensual. And maybe that was the addiction talking.

It was the S&M version of denial. It was easy as one-two-three. She was smaller than him. He had friends with him. She could have never gotten him into the handcuffs alone. She would never risk everything by committing a felony.

Done. Where are my whips?

Feeling the handle of a flogger in my hand again was invigorating. Standing there in nothing but a long t-shirt, I still felt as powerful as ever. Barefeet on carpet, stepping right over the thigh high boots that were on the floor, over the hanging latex gloves and outfits.

I grabbed the nipple clamps. I grabbed two floggers. I grabbed a big dildo for some humiliation. A grabbed a riding crop. I felt like a kid in a candy store.

And in the next room, I could hear MissBlue lecturing Shadow. She was locking him down across my bed now, face down. He was stripped of his shirt.

All that flesh was mine.

"Now it's my turn to watch," MissBlue smiled, getting comfy in my big chair.

His eyes followed me around the room, and he had to turn his head all the way around to keep up with me because of the position he was in. And he tested the bonds, pulling on the chains that held his wrists down at the corners of the bed, his ankles at the foot of it.

"I can't do this with him looking at me like that," I said.

MissBlue stood up, and he saw her stand up, and he immediately turned his head and buried his face in the pillow. She sat back down.

I looked at her in awe.

"Happy Birthday, Miss Akasha."

"Is today my birthday?" I asked her.

She laughed. "This is birthday and Christmas all combined. This is your get well present."

Holding the flogger in my hand, I looked at it to ponder for a moment.

Oh yeah, I thought, I am sick, aren't I?

*

Shadow marked beautifully.

I don't know how long I was at it, and I had no idea where I got the strength, considering I had been in bed all week. All I knew was that I felt I could do anything.

And his face, when I held it in my hands after finishing with his beating (which he deserved, and he nodded, yes, he deserved it, especially after MissBlue stood up to come over and see what his answer was), was glistening with sweat, and tears, and snot.

He was beautiful.

"How can you look so bad, " I commented out loud to him, once again pushing the mess of hair out of his face, "But still look so good?"

Apparently the compliment got to him, because he started sobbing in my hands.

"Uh oh," I said, turning to MissBlue for help.

She walked over, hands on hips. "Did you break him? Don't break your toys, Miss Akasha!"

"I don't think he's broken.." I said, watching her as she unfastened the locks that held him to the bed. When his wrists came free he curled himself up into a little ball, right next to me on the bed.

His hands were over his face. The shackles were still around his wrists. His shoulders were trembling.

He was shaking with sobs, they were kind of loud sobs, and I felt such tremendous guilt rushing over me, I didn't know what to do. Of course, he hated me. I knew this to be true.

Still, somehow I got the courage to put my hand on the back of his head, maybe just to hold him still, and in response he slid over and put his face in my lap. Then his arms around my waist. And he cried.

I soothed his hair back a little, looking down at what he had become, totally lost in the chain of events and how the hell did he end up crying and holding me in my lap like a lost puppy. How did HE end up there, of all people.

It didn't take much, probably just realization, before I turned weak all over, but a different kind of weak from my fever. A weakness of exhaustion, contentment. I just wanted to sleep. I wanted to keep him curled up on my lap and sleep just like that.

I wanted to cry, and I wanted to take care of the marks on his back, the marks on his wrists. The little bruises at the corners of his mouth from being gagged too long.

But apparently he was asleep, and MissBlue had left the room to get a glass of water, and as soon as I reclined back on the pillow, I, too, was asleep.

*

I awoke much later, reaching around under me, near me, trying to find the little tuft of hair that would be Shadow. But he was gone, and all recollection of him being taken away was gone as well.

I vaguely remembered MissBlue scooping him up off the bed until he got to his feet, mumbling, and ushering him to the door. I could hear his voice, deep, a little scratchy, as it trailed off into the next room. Then voices in the next room. They were talking to each other. Nicely. Like two friends. I could swear I even heard him chuckling about something. They were both keeping their voices down. As if not to disturb me.

And then when the door shut, I awoke once, with a start, and fell back asleep just as quickly.

*

It must have been the next day when this all came back to me. My head hurt, but it was a different kind of hurt. I heard my mother's voice in the next room and I was mortified. I was sure there were chains still attached to the bed, gags laying around. And the nipple clamps, floggers.

I sat up, gasping in shock, looking around quickly, but it was too late, she was entering my bedroom.

"How're you feeling?" she asked. She felt my forehead.

MissBlue came in behind her. In normal clothes, this time. As she tended to not wear fetish gear in front of my mother, obviously. I gave MissBlue a worried look, but she seemed oblivious. She was asking how I felt, too.

"I feel --" I thought about it for a second. "I feel fine. I feel really good, actually." I looked at MissBlue. I wanted to say, "Of course I feel good, you gave me Shadow last night, and I got it all out of my system!"

"You had a virus," my mother said. "You don't even remember going to the hospital, I bet."

"When was I in the hospital?" I asked.

"Until this morning," MissBlue said. I thought for a second. No, wait. That wasn't possible.

"At least they figured out what it was. Your fever finally broke. " my mother added.

I looked at MissBlue again. Now I was really confused, because she was smiling at me knowingly. Or maybe she was just happy I was alive. I had no idea.

"You still need to rest," my mother said, in a typical mother way, and tucked me back into bed. She left to get me some soup, then upon realizing I had none, excused herself to make a trip to the store.

Alone with MissBlue, finally, I just looked at her.

I didn't know where to start.

*

"Did anything happen last night?" I asked.

She was already distracted, running out into the next room. "I was dying, because I couldn't talk about this in front of your mother! We have to do this quick before she gets back."

"So it really did happen?"

She rushed back into my room with a package. It was wrapped. "I have a present for you."

I looked at the package. It was much too small to contain Shadow, or even Leonardo DiCaprio. I shook it anyway, just to be sure.

"Hurry, before she gets back," MissBlue grinned. "This will get you back on your feet in no time."

As I opened it, weakly, with clumsy fingers, I asked again, "Did you come over and visit me with a present

the other night?"

She didn't answer, but I don't think she heard, she was totally fixated on my opening the present. And when I lifted the lid off the box, I saw the most amazing black hood.

"Just what you need, isn't it? For KIDNAPPING!" She said, holding it up for me to see. Canvas, maybe. Black. A little worn, maybe. Totally familiar.

She immediately took it from my hands, laughing that evil MissBlue laugh as she disappeared into my closet to hide it with the rest of my toys.

And I still have no idea what really happened.

(c) Copyright 1998. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com