



# 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](#)

## Lost Luggage



I usually dress in jeans and sweatshirts on plane flights, but I dressed up this time because I thought he might be at the hotel when I arrived. Of course, wearing boots with heels and a short skirt got me much better service at the airport, but obviously not good enough.

They lost my luggage.

First, of course, my flight was all-together canceled. This was bad enough. Even after I hassled my way into getting a re-route through Las Vegas, I only had 2 minutes to make a phone call to him stating plainly, "I won't be there until 4 now."

This put a major dent in my entire schedule; I had planned to arrive at the hotel by 2:00, meet him at 2:30 and spend a few hours together before getting to the convention center to start working on the set-up for the trade show.

I calmed myself on my flight to Las Vegas, rationalizing that I would still have plenty of time to see him later, perhaps delay my arrival at the booth site a few hours and fudge. After all, I was about to work an entire weekend.

But then things only got worse. Upon my final arrival, they informed me that they lost my luggage. Not only all my clothes and work related material...my toys! At first I worried the various metal and buckles had caused a search that delayed things, but they insisted it was a simple misroute and I would have my luggage.

Eventually.

Steaming, I caught a taxi. I bit my nails on the way to the hotel, already irritable (although treated quite nicely by my cabby, probably because of the thigh I was showing). I was angry and frustrated, feeling a total loss of control. I needed my binder, my daytimer, all my notes for the show. I needed my underwear,

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**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**

dammit. I needed...

The toys.

My heart sank. What if they were lost forever? The straps, the whips, the shackles and handcuffs? My new spreader bar!?

Even more frustrating, the idea that my dark prince was waiting there for me, ready, vulnerable...timid, scared. And here I come, with none of my favorite devices.

They were probably half way to Atlantic City. Or worse, France.

My mind switched gears quickly, eyeing the strap on my purse, the strap on my computer case. Yes, there were innovations that could be made. But what about my leather blindfold! What about my whips! I gritted my teeth.

When the taxi stopped at the hotel and I turned my legs toward the street to exit, two bellmen rushed to assist. It must be the whole boots and stockings thing. Sorry to disappoint, I raised my hand.

"No luggage."

Just me, my purse, and my computer. No whips. No handcuffs.

Checking in was a blur. The way my day had gone, I expected my credit card to be declined. I was supporting my forehead in my hand as I signed the receipt when I heard a soft, "Hello, Akasha" from behind me.

I spun around at once and just blinked, startled. My dark prince. My precious angel of misery. My pet, my slut, my whore.

"How did you know it was me?" I said as I wrapped my arms around him, shutting my eyes and falling into his scent. Holding him; what a concept. This is..him.

"The boots" he said softly, giving me a squeeze. "And the computer. How are you?"

When we parted I looked up and with a pout said softly, simply, "no luggage."

"They lost your luggage?"

"Everything."

He looked at me sympathetically as we both turned away from the front desk, a bellman approaching

enthusiastically.

"Shall I take your bags to your room, ma'am?" the boy asked eagerly.

I shrugged. "No luggage. Just...him" I smiled, looking at him. Yes, finally, in my clutches. My prized possession. Suddenly luggage didn't matter.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the elevator. The kiss was quick, demanding. We were alone and I didn't hesitate. I dropped my computer with a clunk and took him by the back of the neck, pulling him down so our mouths met.

"mmmph" he replied appropriately, and I wanted him right then.

Between breathless kisses and the 3rd and 10th floor I whispered, "You are so lucky I don't have my whip."

\*\*\*\*\*

As soon as I shut my room door it all hit me. Anger, frustration, tension from the hellish day...combined with desire, lust, just unbelievable "Oh my god it's you" sensations. I took him by his gorgeous brown locks and pulled, hard, until he was on his knees at my feet.

"These boots fucking HURT!" I scowled at him, pressing his nose to them. Hours of walking through airports and pacing in Las Vegas had taken its toll. My ankles ached. But that ache was nothing compared to the desire.

His hands felt so strong, confident around my shins as he just nuzzled his nose against my boot. It was strange, he was so affectionate yet not groveling, he was in control even as he kneeled there with his nose to my feet. His hands moved with confidence up my shin, my knee, my thigh.

The phone rang and I jumped, startled. I grabbed it shakily to find, predictably, my co-workers a few blocks away wondering what my delay was.

I watched him move his tongue up my boot, my shin, as I said coolly, "My flight was canceled, they lost my luggage. I just got here. Did all the equipment arrive safe?"

While listening to the list of equipment that had arrived I watched him, how his precious eyes peered up at me through thick bangs, how his tongue escaped his lips in long, seductive strokes up my stockinged leg.

My ankles were not the only thing aching.

I told them I would get there soon and got off the phone, taking him at once by the hair and pulling his

mouth to mine. Something about feeling his breath against mine for the first time was intoxicating.

For what seemed like a long time we remained there kissing, him on his knees between my open legs, me sitting on the edge of my bed. My eyes caught my purse on the floor and the wheels started turning.

At once I was holding his wrists together behind his back, wrapping the leather strap around them tightly and knotting it three times. He gasped and winced and whimpered for me, making me hesitate and silence him with even more demanding kisses, this time holding him by a hand around the neck.

My gloves, I whined in my own mind, I want my gloves.

His mouth was amazing, how he parted his lips when my fingers brushed over them. I wanted my gag, I wanted my whips..I wanted my clamps. My luggage...

The anger and frustration drove me and I pinned him to the floor, straddling his waist and rubbing against his crotch. He rubbed up against me like the slut that he knows I adore, and I chastised him with a scowl and a playful slap.

His little whimper of acknowledgment is probably what set me off. It is such a hot, tense little blur in my head. grabbing him by the hair, pulling him up and holding him there. Getting up and wiggling half way out of my stockings and making him use his teeth to finish, shoving my crotch into his face to distract him. Slapping him when his lips wandered up my thighs.

When my stockings were off I walked into the bathroom and returned with a rag, stuffing it into his mouth without hesitation. He groaned miserably and looked up, giving me his eyes of desperation, but I immediately took one of my stockings and wrapped it around his head, knotting it tightly, holding the cloth in place deep into his mouth.

As I tied it behind his head he whimpered again, but this time I silenced him by pressing his head up between my legs, under my skirt. "You want that, slut?"

He moaned in return and I ran my hands down his body, down the front of his jeans, rubbing his crotch and locking my legs around his waist as he kneeled upright.

I pulled his head close so it rested on my shoulder and my lips were next to his ear, then slide my right hand down between my legs, under my panties, inside me. I was so wet that I moved with ease; he probably would not have known if I didn't tell him.

"I just slid two fingers inside of me," I gasped in a whisper. He shifted but I didn't let him pull back, I kept him pressed against me, locked between my legs. I could feel his crotch against my hand as I fingered myself, so I know he knew what I was doing.

"If you whimper just right," I said breathlessly, "I might let you have a little taste. You want a taste, don't you"

"Mmmm" he replied, rubbing against me in rhythm with my hand.

I withdrew my fingers and wrapped them around his head from the other side, out of his reach and sight, sliding them both into my mouth as my chin rested on his shoulder. "Mmmmm," I moaned as I tasted the wetness, the scent filling me. "I am so wet right now, you can imagine that taste, can't you?" I teased, sucking slowly, backing up to kiss him close to his mouth so the scent would linger close to him.

He twisted and moaned against me.

"That isn't a whimper," I scoffed into his ear as I slid my hand back down, one finger now easing inside of me, shifting my hips above my hand for leverage and rising a bit. "If you whimper just right, now, I'll lock your head between my legs without mercy. Otherwise I'm going to cum right now and then figure out ways to torture you."

He turned his head and breathed into my ear, knowing that would get to me. Hot, shaky, difficult breaths that made me shiver. I found myself thrusting against my fingers eagerly, losing myself in it. I bit my lip and whispered back, "Do it, slut."

He whimpered, softly, and it got caught in his throat. That's what makes him so precious; it is so hard for him to submit at times.

I tightened my legs around his waist as a reminder and ordered into his ear, "Louder"

This time he complied, whimpering loud enough that I shivered softly, and then he did it again, pulling his head back as if looking up to the ceiling, and it was almost a half-sob. I started shaking, shutting my eyes tightly. His muffled, "Please..." destroyed me, and for the first time ever I felt myself climax just as the tears started to well up in my eyes.

I half gasped in pleasure and half cried out in guilt for him in that brief instant, feeling terrible for having stuffed a rag into his mouth and feeling such lust for him over his affect on me. I squeezed him so hard with my legs, involuntarily, that he yelped in pain from behind the gag and I pulled back, terrified, taking his face in my hands and staring at him in tears as I half-shook, half-cried.

He blinked and looked at me curiously, solemnly, and I simply lost it. For a second I was unable to even let him go. I wanted to jump on him, kiss him, caress him and hold him, make love to him, and fall asleep in his arms. I fell against him and just held onto him for a second to regain my senses.

When the phone rang it startled me, I grabbed it and knocked the receiver to the floor. After a short

fumbling for it I lifted it to my head and managed a soft, "hello?", staring sympathetically at him as I started to stroke his hair and search for the knot that held the gag in place.

"Ma'am," a pleasant voice replied, "We have your luggage in the lobby."

A slow smile crossed my face, even before the last tear had dried. Whips, and shackles, and gloves, and...

"Bring it up to my room right away, " I ordered, grinning at my prince as I stopped, leaving his gag in place.

His eyelashes fluttered and he looked up at me, quizzically.

"Guess what just arrived?" I smiled softly, taking his face gently in my hands.

His expression was blank - perhaps a cross of arousal, fear, and impending doom.

"My lost luggage."

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