



Akasha's Web



[HOME](#) * [Online Training](#) * [CyberDungeon](#) * [Story Archive](#) * [For Women Only](#) * [Articles](#) * [Miss Blue](#)

Stories

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The Unfinished Stories Archives:

The Price of Fear
The Third Room

More Archives:

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

The Third Room



Monday, 25 March

It started with a dream.

But then again, it always starts with a dream, doesn't it?

This time, it was all about the hood. I was dreaming that I had him over the bed, on his back, and his wrists were bound behind him. I could see his knuckles turning white. The hood was black - or maybe dark, dark green. His legs, I recall so clearly, were twisting under me, and I was about to reach around, somehow under the hood, with what seemed to be a notorious gag.

There was a muffled, "no, wait, no...please."

I woke up, and I was sweating. I was hot. The clock radio was right in my line of sight, and it said 3:33. In the morning. Out of breath, just a little. Sweating, yes. Hot. I was hot, and wet, and something about the dream, the little tiny vision of really nothing, set it all off.

I rolled over in bed and nuzzled closer to Steven, my husband of just less than a year, and listened to him breathe. My cat, of just less than five years, was in a ball at my feet, snoring. Past 3am was definitely not the time to wake him up and demand satisfaction. Steven - that is - not the cat. The cat would do anything for kibble, but that's another story.

Shutting my eyes, I willed myself back to sleep. After all, it was only a dream. What harm could it do?

**

It was one of those mornings. We were both running late. I had to put on the premium business suit for a presentation, he was caught up after his morning jog and trying to finish cereal, read the paper and pack a lunch all at once.

"It's starting to come back," I told him.

"Uh oh," Steven said through toast. He knew what I meant. He knew that my mood - my need, I should say, to dominate, to play power games, came about once a week or so. This time it had been two weeks or maybe three since the last time.

"Tonight's tough," he said, shutting the fridge door with his foot because he was still eating. "Hockey late, tomorrow I have to be at the office by 7. How about tomorrow night?"

I smiled at him. He was beautiful - just there, a little half-disheveled, struggling with the toast, so passionately simple, I have to say. "Tomorrow is fine, but if I can't wait, then tomorrow night after hockey for sure, no putting it off."

"It's a date," he said, and he kissed me once on the lips before grabbing his jacket to head out the door.

Is this what domestic S&M is, I wondered? Scheduling an appointment for S&M. You, me, and the third room.

**

The third room is what we call the extra room in the house. We keep that room locked. The room is mostly used for storage - all of my old crap is in there, and he has his own junk piling up. But beyond that, we have my toys.

And I have a lot of toys.

We keep that room locked because we entertain a lot, and we don't want anyone wandering into the third room. We tell people, "oh it's locked because we're re-doing it." That's dommespeak for "It's locked because I have a swing, hooks in the ceiling and a bunch of shackles hanging from the wall."

Steven is not particularly fond of the third room, but he goes there when I need him to, and we spend a few hours there, and then I am content and happy and he's exhausted but pleased by his own strength. He's not a submissive in the stereotypical way; he isn't looking to be beaten or tortured. But he does it for me, and when he does it, he gives all of his heart and soul.

That morning, before I left for the office, I cleaned up the third room and prepared it. And I prepared my mind. I was going to have my Steven shackled and helpless. I was going to torment him, and get wet, and then make him see just how wet he made me. I was going to make him beg for mercy, beg for a taste of me. Beg to know how excited he was making me.

I was going to get my fix.

Just one dream, and I was toast. And not the kind Steven was struggling to finish on his way out the door. Out of the shower, I checked my watch, and I was so in the mood I even turned on the Dom Line. Not to be

confused with the Bat Phone.

The Dom Line is the phone I use when I do telephone domination calls. I don't turn it on very often, and usually I plan ahead. But it was one of those mornings, and I just said, what the hell. I am in the mood to play, I want to play, if someone calls, god help him.

I was rummaging through my panty drawer - how ironic - when the phone rang.

**

"Hello?" I said when I picked it up. I expected it would be a hang up. I got a lot of those from guys who just read my site and wanted to hear what my voice was like.

"Hello, there, hello Akasha," was the response.

He sounded far away. There was a lot of background noise. In fact, it sounded like a club or a party - and it was 9am in the morning. Uh oh, I thought, one of those types of guys. Hitting the sauce early.

"Akasha, It's Cal. Caleb O'Connor."

First I thought it was a joke. Then I realized, within about a second, that no one would know who Caleb O'Connor was anyway, so how could they play a joke on me. He was the lead singer of a band, but a band that - while hugely popular in some countries - was mostly unknown to the mainstream, and especially in the USA.

I met Caleb for about fifteen minutes about 4 years ago. Four long years ago.

"Cal. How are you?" I didn't know what else to say; plus, I was still suspicious. Not that anyone would know I knew who he was, or would want to pretend to be him. After all, if you are going to call Akasha and pretend to be someone, at least pretend to be David Ducovny, Leonardo DiCaprio, or someone with some star power.

"Brilliant. Hey, sorry about the noise, but hey...I wanted to say, thanks, thanks for mentioning us on your web site."

That stumped me. I was half into my panties, still confused, almost swimming in the silly irony because I had just played his CD three days earlier because I found it at the bottom of a box I had unpacked and remembered how good it was. "Oh," I said. Then I remembered --- obscurely, I had placed a few lyrics from a song in a story, but it was buried so deep in my site I didn't think anyone would see it.

Unless they really, really read a lot of it.

"So listen, I'm coming to the states," Cal said, and I heard some commotion in the background and him saying, away from the phone, "thanks, cheers-" and then he came back. "And I was wondering if maybe you'd like to have some coffee or something."

I sat there, stunned.

He took advantage of the pause, and he added, "Maybe you could wear the boots again."

Then it all hit me. It came back to me like a waterfall crashing down on me. Oh, shit, I thought, almost out loud. But instead I just went with it. "When are you going to be here?"

"Ahh-" he was distracted again. I heard men hollering. I think I heard glass shattering. "Sorry," he chuckled, "Pub, you know. So, uh, yeah - I'm flying out late tomorrow so actually I'll be landing I guess Wednesday. We're there - me and Kev - for a week or so, press tour, that kind of thing. New album came out, don't know if you heard."

"Uh...no, I've been really busy," I said quickly. I was still sorting out the boots thing. I remembered - yes, I remembered when I met him, backstage in a tiny little room with sodas and beers after a show and they were opening for a big band here, I had been wearing black patent leather boots. And he was this gorgeous little thing, so sweet, dark, dark hair, longish, with big blue eyes, and he was so quiet, I remember thinking the press must take him as arrogant but he's really just terribly shy. He had said to me, "oh those boots are beautiful," and I said "all the better to trample you with" (as a joke, but I am always an S&M flirt) - and then he said, "If I could be so lucky" and he turned so red, I thought he was going to die from embarrassment. He had slithered away, and I sent him a little email the next day - god, it was so innocent, I think I said, "nice meeting you Cal - you might enjoy my web site" and I gave him the Akashaweb address. Done. End of Story. Never heard from him.

Until four years later.

"So yeah, I will call you when I get in, ok?" he said as I was still trying to collect my thoughts. "Or email, is email better? Your akasha address?"

I jumped on that. "Yes, email is better. Just drop me a note."

"Ok, I will. Bye now."

And that was that.

**

I was soon so swept up in work and my domme hunger that I forgot about Cal. It was probably a prank, or

even if it was him, he wasn't serious. I hadn't seen him in four years. He was voted the most eligible bachelor in his home country a few years ago. He was gorgeous, could be a model, was talented as hell and was just fucked because his music didn't fit into any category in the US market. What would he want with me, anyway?

Besides, I was married.

The mood was killing me, though. I always know it is bad when ordinary things during the day just totally distract me or make the mood even more intense.

As a perfect example, I walked innocently into a vice president's office to share some budget information with him. He wasn't there, but seated in a simple wooden chair on the other side of the desk (waiting for him) was a senior sales rep, Rich. I knew Rich very well, but had not seen him in many months.

Rich was a casual kind of guy, and he was sitting in the horrible boring wooden chair, slumped down, with his hands behind the back of the chair. He did this for comfort, not to tease me.

But when I am in that mood, it seems like everyone is out to tease me.

I was there, trying not to stare at him in his gorgeous pose, and I was thinking, yeah, that's a great position. Right there, in a wooden chair, hands behind back, clasped together. Then he slouched down a little and mumbled something to me for sympathy, something about hating to wait around for this VP, and he exhaled deeply and I could see his chest move with the breath and I was history.

I was toast. Not the morning kind.

I made my exit, and I went outside for a smoke.

**

Mind you, I don't smoke. I never have smoked. But that's what people do in the corporate world when they need a break, they go outside and smoke. So when I need a break, I go out and pace a bit, look around, sit and think, but I don't smoke.

That day, I wasn't smoking, I was smoldering.

My former boss came outside. He doesn't smoke either, and to this day I don't know why he was outside, he just showed up there.

He knows everything about me. He knows I am kinky, because six years ago we were traveling together on business and he saw the airport guys search my carryon and take out handcuffs, a spreader bar and a cock ring.

I guess that about summed it up.

A year later, I asked him if I could stash my riding crops in his golf bag on a business trip so I didn't have to bring oversized luggage. He obliged. We had that kind of working relationship; he was like a big brother, for the most part. He respected me, knew I was kinky as hell, but didn't ask much about it.

When he came outside, he said to me, "You look like you have a lot on your mind, kiddo."

Odd that he called me that; we were the same age, he was just up the corporate ladder higher than I was. But he was tall. So I guess that might be part of it.

"The mood thing," I confessed.

"Marriage ok?" he asked. Cuts right to the chase - that is his style. He wasn't looking at me, I think he didn't want to make me uneasy. He just wanted to lay it out there and see if I wanted to talk.

I was honest. "My marriage is fine. I have never been happier. I just..I am in the mood, you know, you know how I get..."

He nodded and smirked a little. Yeah, he knew. He had seen me on the road. Three years before, in Dallas, decked out in vinyl and carrying a flogger I said to him in the hotel lobby, "I need an escort because I don't want to get mugged going into Deep Ellum at 1am. Just come with me. For an hour."

"Jesus Christ," he had said to me, scratching his head and looking at me like a confused father. "What am I gonna do with you."

But he did it.

Standing outside, smoking but not smoking, I continued. "This guy called me. I haven't heard from him in years. Back when I was single, he was..well, he was someone who had a big impact on me. He called out of the blue and wants to see me."

He looked at me, thought about it for a minute and said, "Do what feels right. Be honest with Steven. Just make sure you are true to yourself and to him, and that's the best you can do."

I wanted to say to him, look, I don't want to have sex with this other guy, I just want to tie him up and beat him. But I knew that wouldn't make any sense. So I left it at that.

And I figured, hell, as soon as I got my fix, as soon as I got Steven where I needed him and got what I wanted, the desires would go away a bit and I'd be fine.

Really.

Just fine.

I told myself that as I smoldered.

**

After 10:00pm that night, I was sitting at Steven's hockey game waiting impatiently for it to end.

End. End. End.

I kept telling myself, end, end early, end so I can take him home and do my thing and sleep well, sleep through the night.

Hoods. Shackles. Struggling, and sweat. Big, sweet eyes. I had it all planned out. All of it. Down to the last drop of sweat. And watching him play hockey, even though it was recreational, was enough to push me over the edge.

Checking. Slamming. Breathing hard. He played exceptionally well; he played hard compared to the locals, and he had more talent, and it pissed them all off. He grew up playing hockey as a kid, so for his age he was for more talented than these Southern California guys who started playing ice hockey to be different.

With about three minutes left in the game I was pleased as punch. I could tell he was tired but seemed energetic enough that perhaps he had left some for me, for our time alone in the Third Room.

And just as I picked up my purse when about a minute was left on the clock, I watched one of the other guys catch him in a corner, pin him to the boards (which he hated) and mouth off something to him. Steven tends to react to that kind of thing, and gave the guy a fairly nice elbow to the chin. By the time he turned around to chase the puck, another player from the other team was there, and with zero warning, gave him a solid slut right into the face, up right under the visor.

An hour later, we were sitting in the Emergency Room waiting for him to get stitches.

**

It's surreal when you are sitting in the ER at midnight on a work night and you aren't there with a kid, or someone elderly, like most people are. I was there with an adult, my husband, who needed a half dozen or so stitches under his eye. My thoughts were mostly consumed with his well being and health - and anger that this had happened to him ("Why didn't you beat the hell out of that guy??").

I knew it wasn't a good time. When you are in the ER, there is no such thing as a good time. What was I to say to him? Hi, Steven, I know you just got slugged, need stitches and are in great pain, but are you still up for being beaten tonight?

What is a woman to do?

The sad reality is that the desire just doesn't go on hold. It goes into the backseat, but it is still there. And there it was. Right there. Needling me.

As if reading my mind, he said to me, holding an ice pack over his eye, "Tonight isn't going to work."

"I know," I said. And I felt bad. I felt bad for wanting it (despite his pain) and I felt bad for feeling bad. Everything was in conflict. I just wanted to take him home and hold him so he could get to sleep. The other part of me, though, still needed submission, surrender. And it needed it bad.

"Just give me a few days," he said to me.

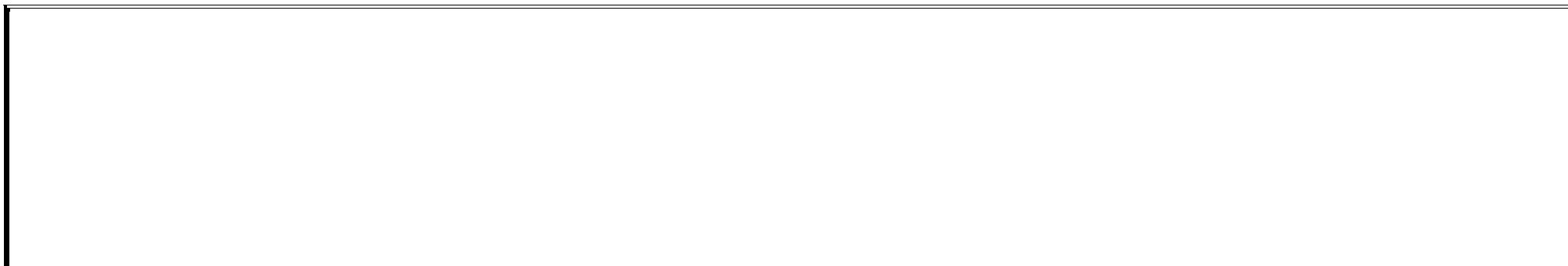
A few days, I thought.

In domme-time, a few days could feel like a lifetime.

The next morning, Caleb called.

TO BE CONTINUED

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