



# 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 Strap-On & Anal Archives:](#)

[The Third Way](#)  
[Beer Run](#)  
[Chicago](#)  
[Mickey's First Time](#)  
[Penetrating Anthony](#)  
[Suck My Cock](#)  
[You](#)  
[Femdom Reflections on Strap-On Play](#)

More Archives:

[Forced Femme](#)  
[Humiliation & Groups](#)  
[Chastity](#)  
[Cuckold](#)  
[Pussy Worship](#)  
[Feet](#)  
[Seduction & Lust](#)  
[Sheila's Show](#)  
[Romance](#)  
[BDSM](#)  
[Illustrated Stories](#)  
[Unfinished Stories](#)  
[Behind Closed Doors](#)  
[Space Age Love Song](#)  
[The Corporate Slut](#)

## Chicago

Winter in Chicago

So, I wonder how cold it will be, winter in Chicago.

You'll be kneeling there in the hotel room waiting for me, with your head down. Maybe I'll have toys laid out for you to put on yourself, blindfolds and restraints. Or maybe I will have you kneel there, naked, waiting.

Maybe I'll make you wait a long time, slut.

For all the times you waited a day when I told you I wanted something \*now\*. When I finally walk into the room, you will have waited for what seemed like eternity.

Only to feel my grip around the back of your neck as I force your face down to my feet and say softly, "Hello, slut."

Yeah, that will probably piss you off. But I'll hold you there for a bit and let you up, take a few moments to linger with your hair and pull it to see you flinch, let my hands move down your naked flesh, my property. To feel those nipples, that cock.

We will have much catching up to do.

But first, let's get one thing straight.

I'll pull you up by the hair and direct you to the desk, force you face down over it, kicking your ankles apart with my black patent leather boots. I'll pull your wrists behind your back and lock them together with the finest leather shackles, leaning down against your naked back as I hiss into your ear how much I'm going to enjoy finally fucking my slut.

Holding your head down on the desk hard, listening to you gasp in pain as I dig my nails into your tender flesh, pulling your thighs apart, my hard nipples in your back, lingering, lingering...

Leaning down harder and reaching around to make you watch me put the latex gloves on, smear the clear lubricant on my fingers and wait...wait. Pressing into you, keeping you pinned over the desk like the slut you are, your ass exposed, waiting.

And then, pulling your head up so you face the mirror, see me smiling behind you as I cover your mouth with one hand and reach the other behind you, out of your view. Yes, you know what is coming, don't you?

Oh, how long I've waited to violate you, to show you that I

mean business, to fuck you like you deserve, to force one finger inside you and watch you wince, to force two inside you and watch you shut your eyes tight in pain.

Fucking you with, hard relentless thrusts so the desk shakes, the mirror rattles, and your muffled moans echo through the room. My breath hard in your ear, my cunt wet against your thighs as I fuck, fuck my property.

Ramming the desk into the wall with my thrusting, watching you squirm in my arms, breathe hard through your nose, waiting for that moment when your eyes open and find their way up the mirror to where I am watching you from behind.

Kissing your ear, biting it, moving down to your neck and sinking my teeth into your flesh until you cry out unsuccessfully behind my latex grip.

"Are you taking me seriously yet, slut?" I'll whisper to you as I cease my assault on your ass and let you loose, prodding you down onto your knees.

That's a pleasant greeting, I will admit. But the greatest joy will be watching you as you kneel, watching me, as I pull my suitcase onto the bed and open it, slowly, and you see what all I've brought to torment you with.

January.

*(c) Copyright 1995. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com*