



## Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

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## **A Dark Letter of Desire**

I want you in my collar.

I want to leash you and drag you toward me, watching you crawl on your hands and knees for me. I want to use that leash to guide your face where it belongs - between my legs, under my ass.

I am in such a cruel, relentless mood. This is your only warning. You remember what I told you earlier this week, don't you?

Well, I was right.

It is worse.

This collar I have for you - it is a special one. It is a locking collar and one that cannot be removed. It has two additional steel D-rings on the side of it - I had them added at the leather crafter. These will lock you tightly into my pussy collar. Because I have something so sinister in mind.

So sinister that I feel the need to warn you. I want to warn you because I want to hear it in your voice when I call you. I want to hear how scared you are, I want to hear you beg me to reconsider.

As I write this, I feel the heat between my legs increase. I feel myself getting wet for you. Wet as I imagine the look in your eyes when I locked that collar into place and put the small gold padlock on it. I picked out a special lock for you.

The leash will be locked on the center O-ring of the collar, and I'll use that leash to guide you. This evening, when you arrive, you are to never get up past your knees unless I tell you to. And I can promise you that will not happen, unless it is to put you into my bondage chair to or to chain your wrists above your head.

You've smirked at my collars before. You've smirked at how stereotypical they are, and the time I made you wear a leash, you told me you felt silly.

You will not feel silly anymore.

Soon you'll understand the purpose of this collar. It is to make you feel completely possessed. From now on, when I put it on you (which will be often), your place will be at my feet (on the floor while I watch television, perhaps), or locked into my pussy collar.

In fact, I can imagine how hard you'll be when you are in the

special collar and you know I'm wearing the pussy harness...but I have not told you yet whether or not you will be locked into it. Or for how long.

I imagine your cock will grow hard and you will squirm uncontrollably.

But I'll be too busy to notice.

I want to wrap the leash slowly and tightly around my gloved hand, watching your eyes as I reel you in closer to me. You are my property, my slave, my possession. You belong to me.

Don't ever forget that.

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So, lately, as you can tell, I am in this sort of surreal, bizarre huntress/protector mode. I am feeling a combination of very intense feelings. And they will continue to exist until the weekend, so consider this your warning.

The huntress side of me wants to toss my heaviest shackles into my trunk and hunt you like an animal. To find you, net you, trap you. I want to bind you quickly and ruthlessly with duct tape and a big velvet blindfold.

Thoughts of bondage rule my mind.

You could tell today because everything you said seemed to scream "bondage" to me. You are asking for it, aren't you? But you are clever; you know what you are doing, you leave me feeling wet and hungry for you, you make me want to sit down and plan just how I will bind you, just how long I will shove your face between my legs and smother you with my juices.

You'll be put through your paces soon.

For now, I am savoring the desire I feel for you.

I just hope you can handle what I want to give.

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I have this certain fascination that comes and goes.

It is back again.

Tight leather bondage, inescapable. Dark room, some candles, and your eyes - only your eyes - able to communicate to me just how much you are suffering for me.

Know now that the cruel things I intend to do to you come from my lust for you as a person and the way you make me feel. No matter how cruel I appear to be, understand that it is because I desire you so much, and I want to fully own you, I want to see the extent of your commitment and adoration for me. I want you to be brave for me, to endure for me.

I don't want you to submit to please yourself. You must do it for me. And it will hurt, and you will cry, and I will break you

down until you are shaking and terrified of me.

But I will take care of you afterward.

Only -- and only -- after you make me cum, give me what I need, and show me just how much you can take.

Tight leather bondage.

My gear, as you know, is mostly leather. All leather bondage for you, accented with one very evil piece of latex.

I see you -- my beautiful angel -- hair hanging down just over your left eye, bothering you so you have to shake it out of your face. Dark eyes, those soft lips. I see your beautiful face and you know what I have in store for you.

Kneeling for me, your ankles and thighs bound together with strong leather straps. The ones with the big heavy silver buckles.

But best of all is my latest fascination. The all leather straitjacket. Brand new, it makes the entire room smell like leather. So tight that you can barely breathe, and the buckles jingle with your struggling.

I may just have to take a break and lock your pussy collar between my thighs, only to force your mouth open with my new dental clamp and order you to only use your tongue. You have a time limit again. See how cruel I can be?

And as for breathing..well...that takes a back seat.

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Tight leather bondage is what I have in store for you. I have yet to locate the leather straitjacket but I can replace it, possibly, with my pvc one. We'll see if my fascination with the new piece of bondage gear overwhelms me and I end up getting it...

Can you tell I have spent most of the day imagining how I am going to tie you up and torment you?

After the straitjacket is in place I will lock you into my bondage chair. I may use leather straps across your chest, or I might attach metal clasps to the buckles on the straitjacket. Either way, you will be locked with your back tightly to the chair and you will be more helpless than ever.

I'll even strap your forehead back against the metal frame. Not even your eyes can get you out of this one.

Are you going to beg this time? Or are you just going to take it? I shiver a little thinking about how you'll try to get out of this one. Trust me, there is no way out.

I have waited to long to get my fix...this time, it will be intense.

And you're my prey. Do you feel hunted?

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Sweet tears form at your eyelashes when you see what I am holding.

"If you cry," I warn you. "It will only make it worse."

This time it is the latex gag. The one that grows larger and larger. The inflatable gag that straps tightest around your face, the one that nearly suffocates you. You know you will not even be able to breathe through your mouth - not at all.

I can see you trying to regain your composure before the gag goes into place. You know that if you cry, it will be much worse.

But you can't help it.

I still show no mercy.

The vibrator is in my other hand.

Do you know what is in store for you?

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I don't mean to scare you with emails like this. I just want you to be fully aware of what you are getting yourself into. When I want someone, I express my desire for them in often very dark ways.

I want to get a leather straitjacket, and I want to strap you tightly into it. I want to see such fear in your eyes that I have no choice but to bring myself to climax right in front of you, torturing you with denial.

I want you to wear this collar that you cannot take off until I am ready to have it off, and I want to smother you between my thighs until your tongue is raw and your face is drenched with my juices. I'll then perhaps lick them off slowly, savoring my own scent, watching you shaking uncontrollably right in front of me.

This is my week. You have to submit to me, you have to give me what I need. Consider this your warning for my behavior. Consider this warning to anyone, for that matter, who interacts with me until the end of this weekend.

Make my week special. Be brave. Entice me. Provoke me. Make me wet in the middle of the day. Leave me voice mails that make me want to kidnap you. Keep your hair slicked back the way I like it. Wear tight belts that show off your thin waist.

Or are you afraid to push me even more?

I'm going to take a long bath and think of you, my slave. The collar is on the nightstand next to my bed. It's my prized possession.

I cannot wait to see it around your neck.

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