



Stories

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

The Seduction & Lust Archives:

Akasha's Trip: Part One
Angel Dust
A Dark Letter Of Desire
Allen 1996
Burning Inside
Dark Desires
Double Vision
My Mystery Slave
Night Club Kidnapping
Once in a Blue Moon
Open Letter to a Monday
Night Goth
Remember Me
She Lost Control Again
Submission of a Stranger
The First Kiss
The Heat of the (Femdom) Moment
A Toy Gun, A Femdom, and a Soloflex
Tragedy
Training The Professor
Using You
What Happens To Teases
What I want for Valentine's Day
Your Abduction

More Archives:

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

Dark Desires

I think it has been some time since the desire hit me so hard.

When I catch the scent of a man - his cologne, his sweat - I stop. I can sense it. I taste it. I know what I need.

This is what it is like to be who I am.

Right now, I am actively planning, plotting, and developing the complete torture of a man. My thoughts - what time I have for them - are devoted to the creation of a situation of complete helplessness for a man.

People often ask me what the desire feels like.

This is it.

I see men, random men, and I want to have them. I am predatory. I want to seduce. I could so easily dress in something nasty and go out to a club, find a man, some shy innocent creature, and turn his world upside down.

I crave the taste of new submission.

New submission is that experience of a man enduring for me - a man who has never done it before. He is so terrified. He may be older than me, wiser than me, but he is still afraid of me.

I see his body strapped down, straining against the bonds, big ...begging eyes. Wetting his lips. Thrashing against the leather straps that hold him down. I can think and talk about these images for hours.

I was tormented over the weekend of images.

Images of big, pleading eyes.

He is strapped to a steel metal chair.

Big, leather black boots.

He's so strong to me. So strong and unbreakable.

But the straps are so tight around his chest. I see it in his eyes, I see the thoughts - "how could I let myself get into this?"

I like thorough restraint at times like this. I see straps around his chest, his lap, his thighs, shins, ankles, wrists and arms. He cannot move. I watch him even try - and that gets me wet.

I had these visions. Visions of chocolate brown eyes and long,

oh-so long eyelashes and bangs hanging down, just a bit, these big, beautiful lips. A mouth I want so bad to possess. The ability to make him beg to taste my mouth. To taste my pussy.

It's a big, nasty, evil latex inflatable gag.

"If you cry, you won't be able to breathe," I tell him.

Such terror in his eyes. That's it - the climax for me. It is true terror.

He fights the tears.

It's all about rubber and mouths and sex and bodies.

The sound of latex against latex. Of leather against flesh. The chains rattle against the chair. Just sitting on his lap, I get so wet.

I make him open his mouth. Endure the tears, learn to hold your breath. He's mine.

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And then, there are the more domestic thoughts.

Locking him into a leash. Shoving his face into a dog bowl. Right now, I want to be pleased. I want a dog slut, a slave, a torture toy to use and force to please me.

A humiliating series of dog training courses.

Heel.

Fetch.

Roll over.

Play dead.

Lick my pussy.

Head locked between tight thighs, grinding pussy against suffocating face.

I want a man who can endure it all.

He arrives with roses, and ends the night smothered in wetness, wearing a leash and drinking from a dog bowl.

Just because watching it makes me wet.

I like to masturbate in front of my slaves.

But...I digress...

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It is late now. I have to work tomorrow. Do you want to know what it is like for a femdom, a real femdom, not a fictional character from a story? You see, I don't have a mansion with houseboys and a man rubbing my feet right now (oh god,

does that sound good).

I have a disheveled place and a big work day tomorrow. My mind is muddled with thoughts of men I know that I want to see in painful situations. Objects of lust are distracting me in a very serious way.

During the day I see men and I cannot help but imagine them on all fours for me.

I am a predator.

I want to stalk, hunt, capture and dominate a man. He will beg to please me. I want to see it in his eyes.

But now, I just need sleep.

I do know that I must get my "fix" in the next 24 hours. Because at work I am distracted, I find myself wanting to do nasty phone calls, set up meetings and write stories about men being tortured for me.

I just have not decided yet what I am hungry for.

At least...not yet.

Akasha
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