



Akasha's Web



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

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Open Letter to a Monday Night Goth

How many Mondays has it been now?

A year and a half, oh I don't know, you do the math. But it hasn't been every Monday.

The first time Lisa and I went to the club I noticed you, but nothing really stood out except that you appeared to be on drugs. All too much energy and nothing to do with it. You nearly ran into me a couple of times and when I caught a glimpse of your face I thought, "my, that boy doesn't look old enough to be here.". It almost seemed as if you were alone, you didn't talk to anyone. You danced until you dripped with sweat, you stumbled a lot, but it looked almost choreographed. I was amused.

We went again and again to this place, the music was tolerable, the men weren't obnoxious, and for a dollar can you go wrong? And again and again you were there, dressed so plainly in a black t-shirt and pants, boots, again never leaving the dance floor but for a glass of water, ending the night in a pile of sweat somewhere.

About two months later your hair had grown out from that spiky black mess into something interesting, and I think you spiked it on purpose, or perhaps it was the sweat. That was the first time I started noticing your wrists, they became very apparent to me when you would run your hands, both of them, up through your hair as you danced. Keeping it out of your eyes, yes, I know, but I was just looking at the wrists. I thought, damn, all that energy in that boy, and those wrists. You stared forward when you did this, at me but right through me, and our eye contact was always oblivious, or just on drugs. Or maybe even arrogant.

A few weeks later you came in a skirt, and at first I thought you must have lost a bet. But it suited you, even though I wondered when you would trip on it as you thrashed about in your typical angry way, hair dripping, those wrists again, I can see the stamp on your hand. Sometimes it was as if you went and put your head under the sink, but you never left the dance floor. And I think this is when you noticed that I noticed you.

The skirt remained with you the next few Mondays, it started to become a regular thing perhaps, but then others were wearing skirts as well. You were looking more pale, or was that makeup? And the eyeliner, yes, you started with the eyeliner. My girlfriend and I joked that you were experimenting with your mother's makeup, you looked so young sometimes. But so angry. And that energy. And those

wrists.

A few nights I didn't hide that I was looking at you. I didn't hide that it amused me to see you on the floor when you kneeled down for the music. I smirked, I looked into your eyes, but you were oblivious. I made it so obvious, yes, I see you on the ground there, and yes, you look so good down there. When you got up, I looked away. When you got down, I smiled in approval. And you watched me, but you looked right through me. Drugs, arrogance, ignorance. It didn't matter.

To enchant you, yes, maybe. Who knows. Times I would ignore you, times I would be enthralled with you. Nights that I was particularly hungry I would dance with a stranger and stare you down, taking his hair painfully between my fingers and bringing him to the ground, staring at you, yes, can you read my mind? This should be you. On the ground. At my feet.

And you danced, oblivious. The eyeliner, the skirt. The hair now, thick, spiked. And now the black lipstick. That pouty look. So serious, how you sang, how you swore, how you were so fucking pissed off at the world. People stood back from you because you were a mess, everywhere, I can't count the number of times your sweat splashed my face when you moved past me. But I just brushed it aside and look at you, thinking about how good you'd look with a glove stuffed in your mouth.

And then you teased. What was this, the 6th or 7th month? Confidence got the best of you. People knew you now. You were quite the little goth celebrity, with the gothlings following you with their metal coffin purses. You sat out many songs, just watching. But I still danced, and maybe this time you watched me. And you always made it a point to show up at some point, there on the ground, writhing about. How many times I nearly tripped over you.

And time and time again, of all the places you chose to fall to the floor in angst, it was close enough that I could trip over you. And how you would rise up and look at me, but through me. With your eyes closed. You did everything but hand me your fucking wrists. Those wrists. Is this your idea of a game?

Overcome just a few times, I admit. The one time I took my girlfriend in my arms right in front of you and started kissing her deeply, showing you that yes, you creating such lust in me, parting from her and pulling her head to my shoulder and staring at you, right at you, serious. And you looked back. Oblivious. Drugs, arrogance, ignorance - again, it didn't matter. I don't claim to even have a vague idea what you are saying to me.

My birthday, last November. It fell on a Monday, and I took the next day off. It was probably a full moon too, who knows. You were dressed like a pretty boy that night, you were like a fucking package waiting to be opened. You were wearing more makeup than I was, you were wearing velvet and lace, gloves and boots. You danced only twice, you probably didn't want to ruin the beautiful picture that you were. And yes, I stared. I didn't give a damn at that point. But don't let it go to your head. I wasn't imagining what it would be like to take

you in my arms and kiss you. I was imagining how you'd look in a ballgag, I was imagining how you would like standing on your toes with your wrists suspended over your head. I was picturing a collar tightly around your neck, you eating scraps of dinner from the palm of my hand.

And when I stepped closer, you stepped back. You stared at me. My girlfriend's hand on my arm, nudging me, maybe she thought I would have done something foolish in that state. But you stared, and I stared back, and I shook my head. And I laughed. And you started dancing like the slut that you are with your boyfriend, and yes, I liked it. Was that my birthday present?

With the frustration in me that night I made someone you know get down on the floor and lick my boots. Do you remember that? I know you saw, you were sitting in the darkest corner with your back to the wall, and I could see one leg hanging over. He might have even told you about it later, how I made him do both of them. That boy still looks at me shyly to this day.

After that, Lisa and I didn't return to the club until after Christmas. She was busy with finals, and I had too much work to do. And when we came back in January, you were still there. But without the makeup again, and so much more tranquil. And still, no matter what, you managed to throw yourself to the floor near my feet at least once a night for the next three months. A token, a tease. A gentle reminder that you're entertained by the way I look at you.

But do you really know what I think about? Do you know how I have looked in my trunk and wondered if you would fit? How I have brought an ex-boyfriend who's three times your size and asked him, "hypothetically", if he could manage to get a person of your size and energy out of that club against his will and into my car, into chains without security noticing?

Do you know how many times I have considered walking up to you and asking you to walk outside to show you something, only to seduce you into something you weren't sure about, to get you into my car before you knew what was going on?

Do you know how I have plotted with my girlfriend into thinking we were going to take you home for a threesome, only to get you into restraint so I could do what I really had in mind?

Oh, my arrogant little pet...I do love to watch you play, and I appreciate your self confidence, your passion, and that energy you have. And when you look at me with those eyes, when you continually tease me with this game, I hope you know that I am not like the little black-lace clad angst-filled gothlings that follow you around like you are God. I don't dream of fucking you. I don't dream of your tongue between my legs. I don't even dream of kissing you.

I dream of restraining you, making you sweat like that but for me, seeing that pain in your eyes for real. I dream of you on the floor at my feet for another purpose, my little angel of misery. To see my boots up close. And in case you have

wondered, that's why I conveniently shove them under your nose when you kneel with your head down on the dance floor. I smile, and I think, get used to it.

Perhaps you think it's silly that I think of such things. Just as I think it's silly if you think I would ever want anything more from you.

And now, another Monday. One night, when the moon is in the right cycle, when I am hungry enough, when you are looking at me with those eyes just one too many times, I just might act. But until then, I am content to just look at you, at your wrists, and fondly think of what could be.

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