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She's Lost Control Again

10 October 1:17am Joy Division. She's Lost Control Again.

ring.

ring.

ring.

ring.

ring.

"yeah."

"Did I wake you up?". How many times have our conversations started this way? Me waking him up. Him waking me up.

Sigh. Moan. Shifting. "What time is it?"

"It's really late. Sorry I'm calling you," I say. Of course it's dark, I can dial his number in the dark even though I haven't dialed it in almost four months.

"It's ok, what's up?" his voice is coming together, I hear a yawn, he's stretching. Before I can answer, he adds a "fuck." for no reason at all.

"Is everything ok with you?" I ask first off, having not talked to him for a bit. "Are you back together with Angie?"

"I don't want to talk about that."

"Ok."

"Akasha, why are you calling me at 1:30 in the morning on a worknight."

"Why else would I be calling you at 1:30 in the morning on a worknight?"

There is another weird pause, I think he's getting out of bed to get a glass of water. He sounds more awake now, but still distracted and weary.

"I'd really like to see you," I say to him. It isn't as if I can't just come out and say it - I want to see you so I can tie you up. He knows the routine already. He's been doing it for six years. Granted, only once every several months or less, depending on my situation, but the calls still come.

I hear him getting back into bed. Usually at this point he gets

a nice content smugness in his voice, like he's got something I want (which he does indeed), but this time, he just sounds tired.

"I'm really busy right now, Akasha, they just put me on another job. This is going to be hard."

Hmm, I ponder, this is a bit different. He interrupts before I can continue.

"What happened with that guy from the party?"

"He's still afraid of me. The timing isn't right. I like him too much to blow it, I want to go slow." It's a strange, weird feeling. Such tension, anxiety. I'm realizing how bad my schedule looks. "I'm leaving town on Sunday," I add.

"Fuck," he sputters, "Are you serious? Why do you call me at the last minute?"

"I didn't think I'd need to."

He sounds awake now, but still distant. I realize I should have waited until morning to call him.

"I have to see you before then," I say matter-of-factly, "Or I'm taking you with me."

That doesn't even get a chuckle out of him, so I realize even more that the timing is bad.

"What time do you leave on Sunday?" he asks.

"First thing in the morning," I tell him. "Why don't you come over on Saturday night. We'll go have dinner then you can come spend the night. It'll put me in the right mindframe for the trip."

There's a pause. It seems like forever. He sighs. "That's not going to work. All day Saturday I'm going to be on the set, then Paul is coming over to work on some music, it's the only time we've been able to do this in a month, and if I don't finish it they'll find someone else." He pauses to catch a breath. "Look...why don't you call me when you get -"

"No." I interrupt. Getting firm. "I need to see you before I go."

"I don't think I *can* see you before you go." he responds quickly. Equally firm.

"I'll kidnap you if I have to," I snap with a bit of a laugh. More of a joke. A serious joke, though. Making sure he knows this isn't a casual request.

"I don't doubt that you will, Akasha," he says, and I can hear sincerity in his voice. Not mocking. But still firm.

There is a long, long silence. Worse than the silence on old high school break up phone calls.

I think he can hear my breathing. Hard. Intent. Frustrated.

His words come soft. Careful. Eloquent. "Maybe that's what you need." he says. No emotion. Like a different person. An outsider. Stepping out of the game so he can step right back in.

My skin starts feeling hot. I can feel a strange pounding in my veins. A surreal shiver. "You give me one scrap of consent like that," I say in almost a whisper, "And you're history." I can't believe my own voice. It's comes out like an ominous threat.

That long silence again.

His voice is cool. "Maybe that's what I need, Akasha."

I want to cry. I want to sit up straight in my bed and say into the phone, "You are a fucking saint. God, I could marry you. How can you know. How can you know me better than I know myself."

Instead I shut my eyes. "I guess I'll see you around,"

"Have a safe trip, Akasha."

My last words to him are said with definite intent. "You too."

Click. 1:24am.

I lay in my bed and stare at the ceiling. My heart is pounding so fast that I feel like it's an echo chamber in my room. My hand slides down between my legs. My panties are soaked.

Now it is worse than before. Sleeping was difficult before I called him. Now it's impossible.

So much to plan, to do, to think. So little time.

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