



# Akasha's Web



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

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## Submission of a Stranger

There is something about a guy on his knees.

It doesn't really matter who he is or where he does it. In fact, the more inconspicuous, the better. Men kneeling to work on things in the office, men kneeling to pick something up. Of course, both knees are better than one.

That is part of the allure of the dance club. Kneeling. Men that dance with such passion that there are times they must get down on both knees, sometimes even lower their forehead to the floor to make their point.

There are some nights that it affects me more than others.

The image of him kneeling there was strong, I saw nothing but him. Lots of black velvet, black lace gloves, and his head down on the ground. I wondered if he would ever get up. And when he rose back up and looked at the ceiling, he was breathing hard. I was taken at that point.

When he put his hands slowly up into his hair I gazed at his wrists hungrily. That is all need. Those wrists in my shackles, in my room, at my disposal.

And he didn't get up. Perhaps he was too tired, or just out of it. He was kneeling there, almost still while the song still assaulted the dancefloor and people made their way around him. He blinked, still looking up at the ceiling.

I went to him, I walked over slowly and stared at him, at his eyes, at his hair. He appeared oblivious but his eyes moved to me as I approached.

But he didn't get up.

I reached out and put a hand in his hair and he shut his eyes as if in bliss. It was intense, that first contact, and he lowered his head against my touch as if reveling in it, as if my touch was saving him from some awful pain.

I moved my gloved hand down his cheek, to his chin, lifting his head. His eyes were closed, his face solemn. He was still on his knees.

The music was still blaring, people were still dancing, and I was standing there holding his chin in my hands. Finally I could see his beautiful face up close and I wanted him. I moved a finger to his lips and pruned his mouth open, meeting a little resistance. I noticed his hands had moved slowly behind his back, away from me, away from his own body.

He was holding them behind his back.

My heart was pounding in my throat at that point. If I were a vampire I would have taken him on the dance floor right then. His eyes were shut, his head up in silent sacrifice, his neck exposed to me. His boots were sprawled under his kneeling frame and his chest was still heaving with breath.

If he could have heard me, I would have said quietly, "I want to own you, completely."

But instead I moved my gloved hand to his mouth slowly and stepped closer, my knee to his chest. I put my other hand behind his head to hold him steady and put my black, shiny palm tightly over his nose and mouth. And I held it there.

I marveled for a moment at how his heaving chest stopped, how his shoulders twitched a little against my grip but he did not pull away. His eyes remained shut. He was mine.

Several seconds later he turned his head a little but I held tight. His hands reappeared from behind his back but he just raised them, as if to push me away, but he stopped.

He stopped, and held his hands up as if wanting to push me away, to free himself, to gain the ability to breathe again, but instead he just held himself steady.

At that point I said, "You are fucking amazing, I want you."

But of course he didn't hear with the music as loud as it was. I saw him swallow hard, I watched him lower his brows in anguish-filled concentration. It had been 30, maybe 45 seconds, and I felt his breath trying to escape past my pvc-tight seal.

I remained standing, braced against his body for leverage. He was still kneeling, and his hands were poised above him, angled toward me, as if about ready to push be back but resisting the urge.

Then his eyes, finally his eyes opened slowly and he looked at me through wet bangs and perspiration, and his eyes said to me, "Please, I don't know you, but I must be free now, no matter how much I want to do this for you."

And I let go.

He gasped loud enough that I heard him, and he fell face forward back to the floor, to my feet. He wrapped his arms around my boots and his nose was nuzzled against me as I watched his back heave with his gracious breaths.

It was as if he was thanking me.

I shut my eyes, I was shaking at that point. It was like suddenly I could hear again, the song I had not even noticed was now half over, a song I considered a favorite and would never miss. And I hadn't even heard it start.

And here was this amazing creature holding my feet with his

arms, kneeling in front of me, gasping for air as if it was a precious gift I personally gave to him.

I felt weak, dazed, shaky. I don't know how I managed to move or what came over me, but I pulled away and walked, dizzy, as if drunk. I stumbled past people and got looks from those that thought I was too intoxicated, when in fact I had not touched alcohol all night.

The walk to the bathroom seemed longer than ever, the music finally faded, and I found the ladies room with a strange sort of surreal blindness.

In the bathroom I got more strange looks from women re-applying their makeup. I caught a glimpse in the mirror and saw my eyeliner was running as if I had been crying, my eyes were glazed over. My cheeks were flushed and red.

Suddenly I was aware of my body completely. I went into a stall and slammed the door and fumbled with the lock, the muffled pounding of the music in my head. And I ached.

I was aware of it fully, this aching inside of me, aching of lust and arousal. It was so obvious yet I had not even noticed it on the dance floor with the kneeling man, and yet here it was. I eased down my panties under my skirt and felt a coolness, the air against my wetness.

I gasped audibly, and I think I mouthed, "Oh shit," realizing just how soaked I was.

I slid one finger down between my legs in disbelief, thinking perhaps I had even started my period. But no, the wetness on my fingertips was clear. I smeared my fingers together and brought them to my nose to verify, still in a sort of dazed disbelief.

The smell was rich, hungry. It made me ache even more. It made me think back to what brought me there, the kneeling gift, the suffering of a stranger. How he kneeled there without air for me, wanting to push me back but resisting his own instincts to submit to someone he did not even know.

Pounding. The pounding of the music and the pounding in my cunt, both were relentless.

I found myself supporting my body with one hand on the door and the other between my legs again. My cheek was against the door and it was cool, almost cold, my fingers were hot between my legs with the increased wetness. They seemed to move with such ease, and what started as an investigation of whether or not I was really turned on turned into full fledged masturbation.

I listened to the women talk as they checked their lipstick, and I fucked myself. I used two fingers, then three, I bit my lip and just had to think back to the image of him kneeling there, eyes shut but head up for me, his chest still.

Sacrificing the very thing that kept him alive.

I let out a gasp, or squeal, and someone knocked and asked if I was ok. I hissed, "Yes," and bit my lip, buried my mouth in my arm, and pursued deeper with my index finger, as if reaching, reaching, reaching for one more taste of him.

I imagined he would still be kneeling there when I returned to the dance floor, he would be there with his wrists still behind his back, his eyes closed, his head up and waiting for me.

And this time, I thought lustfully to myself, this time when I put my hand over his mouth, he will taste what he has done to me. He will know what I was doing during my absence.

I would slide one finger into his mouth, then two, then three, just as I slid them into my cunt in that bathroom. My movements inside of me echoed the image in my head, only in my head I was sliding them into his mouth, into his lips, feeling him suck them one at a time, sucking my wetness from them, sucking gratefully at the remnants of my self-fucking to his tortured image.

And all the while as he kneeled there with my cunt-dripping fingers in his mouth he would know, he would know as he looked up into my eyes that I was in the bathroom getting off while I thought of him.

Images blurred in my mind and went from him sucking my fingers to his tongue between my legs in some dark corner of the club. That was about enough to send me to the edges of orgasm, and I cursed myself for cumming before I could enjoy more detailed fantasy of his head locked between my legs, suffering a new kind of suffocation for my pleasure, thrusting my hips against his head as it was pinned against the wall.

But I came, I came hard, I was gripping the door so tightly with my other hand that my fingers started to sweat relentlessly under the gloves.

I wanted to say his name when I came - but i didn't know it. I gritted my teeth and writhed against the door with orgasm, lifting my wet fingers to my lips and gasping, my scent strong.

But, I thought in a daze, but this is for him.

I fumbled with one hand to get my panties up around my hips and I pulled my skirt down, unlocked the door and stepped out, hoping no one had noticed how long I was there.

I got a few looks but ignored them, stepping past people to get to the exit, wanting to return to my tortured, kneeling find. Realizing I wanted to show him real sacrifice, I wanted to take him home right then. Imagining how he would look in my chains, with a pretty little ballgag in his mouth, a black leather blindfold over his tortured eyes.

I moved past people with much more self confidence, my mind not as fogged this time. No more stumbling, no more confusion. I just moved toward the dance floor to where I had left him, expecting to find him still kneeling there, his head down waiting. Or perhaps sitting off to the side, recovering.

He was in neither spot, to my dismay, but I found the unthinkable too hard to even imagine. I turned toward the bar, to the water fountain, toward the lounge.

I told myself there was no way it could have happened, but I looked everywhere.

He had vanished. And I never saw him again.

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