



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

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

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**Allen 1996**  
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**Double Vision**  
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## Your Abduction

You aren't going to know what hit you. Is that why this idea amuses me so much? To really catch you off guard, to make you feel the edge, to wonder what's going on, to really think for that moment that maybe, just maybe I have finally gone too far. Or, even worse, that it is not even me.

You want to be kidnapped? You want to be abducted? I don't fuck around, you know that. When I do it, it will be real. The only thing I can promise you is that you aren't going to know that it's about to happen. It might be tomorrow. It might be next week. It might be three years from now.

It might be hours after I kissed you sweetly on the lips and told you to have a good day at work. It might be minutes after we made passionate love in the backseat of the car. Or maybe I'll be out of town on business and return early, and you'll never even know I was there.

There are a few minor details I need to work on, but you know I can be resourceful. I know you're going to fight, to resist, but I will be ready for you. Whether it means hiring people to hold you down, or finding a way to drug you safely, I will make sure your futile resistance is acknowledged. In fact, I look forward to it.

Nothing will please me more than to see that desperation. Knowing that your mind is wrestling with the thought, "Is this real?"

It might be a van. It might be a limousine. It might even be an ambulance. I'll catch you somewhere when you least expect it, I'll get you off-guard and before you can even react you'll find yourself strapped down, blindfolded. Maybe you'd recognize my gloves, my perfume, the smell of my hair. But I'm certain the element of surprise will leave you so rattled that your mind is filled with nothing more than the need for escape.

And don't expect me to be sweet, my little plaything. This won't be one of my little happy-dom tricks that I do with a half-grin, Eskimo kisses and a sweet little kiss after you whimper just right. This will be full moon for me, all dominance, those times when I scare you and you see the look in my eyes, swallow hard, and think, "oh shit, she means it this time." Yes, the scary dom side, the one that freaks you out and terrifies you, the one that only creeps out when I have been pushed so far.

No mercy.

You know what I look for when I am in that mood, don't you?

You know that I will be doing everything I can to terrify you, to make you beg, to show you true helplessness. I'll take such satisfaction as I tighten each strap and bring you closer to total restraint. I'll pry your mouth open with leather-clad fingers and force the gag down deep, holding you still by a fistful of hair and laughing if you even try to pull away.

When I get you back to my lair I might change into a latex catsuit, all black and shiny, but in your tight leather blindfold the only thing you will know is how slick it feels against your skin when I brush past you.

The beauty of it is that I will take you somewhere foreign, foreign to both of us. I will know if only from my months of preparation, the purchasing of equipment, the decorations in the room. Maybe it will be a cabin hidden in the mountains, maybe the basement of a rented house. I'll have my own little dungeon set up there, and the only clue you might ever have is the depletion in our savings account for months as I buy toys one by one.

And oh the things I will buy...the toys I had once told you, "I would never use something like that". All to lead you into confusion, to make you wonder if it is really me, or perhaps I sold you to another dom for the weekend. All of the restraints will feel new on your skin, from the spreader bars and leg irons to the leather straitjacket and tight lace-up hood. The things I will try on you, one by one.

And what about the theme? the purpose of your abduction? Under what guise will I put it? My mind varies on this, my imagination reels with the possibilities. Maybe I will play the snubbed ex-girlfriend getting revenge. Perhaps the conniving business competitor looking for information. Or the undercover assassin that wants one last mindfuck from her most challenging nemesis before doing away with him forever.

Or maybe I will just be myself. Your loving, evil tormentress that has let this desire build and build, waiting for the perfect moment to live out my darkest fantasy. 72 hours in my clutches, the first two days you may never see my skin, only feel the cool, slick touch of my gloves as I fasten the devices to you, the tight grip of my hand in your hair and the soft, amused laugh you may hear when you demand an explanation.

Then on the last day I may reveal myself to you, then maybe you would laugh in relief, joy, the realization that these sinister but somehow enjoyable tortures were executed by someone that loves you.

But the game would not end there. It would just progress to the next terrifying step, when you can see what I am about to do to you, when you can lay your eyes on my skin tight catsuit and see the crop in my gloved hand, the way the high boots cling to my thighs and the laces hang down so far they near drag the floor.

And you know your sight is your worst enemy when I play up this leather-clad sweetly sinister bitch that scares you so

much. Everything from the serious look in my eye when I masturbate with the whip before I use it to the subtle smirk I give you when you scoff at my orders.

With only the moonlight illuminating the room, the sound of thunder outside, the drapes half drawn in my secret hideaway you may wonder how many days it has been, how many hours. Your body will ache in exhaustion and fear, anticipation and arousal. You will be left a disheveled mess of the man I still adore, and I will be the exhausted, deliriously satiated dom that both doesn't want the trip to end and is too tired to yield the whip once more.

And when it is finally over we will never speak a word of it to each other again, the silent understanding that leaving it an illusion will let it remain glorified. Just waiting for the next time.

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