



# Akasha's Web



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## Crossing the Line

What got me into trouble was the way he said "please."

He had it down to a science. If there was a pre-packaged, ready-made, instant-wet "please," he would have the trademark on it. It started as a joke, because I knew he had the ability to do the whole "puppy dog eyes" thing, but then it led into an erotic downslide that almost took me with it.

All because of his eyes. And that one, simple word. "Please."

Colby Mitchell was an actor. Well, he still is an actor, but that's irrelevant. He was an actor when I met him, and I knew, ahead of time, he could say that word, just the right way. I don't know where I saw it or how I remembered it, or maybe I just reckoned that from photos and interviews I could tell he had just the right eyes – no, eyelashes – for the task. His eyes spoke to me. It sounds so absolutely silly, and really, it is.

But Colby knew how to say "please," and when he asked me politely if there was any way I could sneak a couple of his "buddies" onto the press list (since the guest list was full), I said, "Well, only if you beg."

It was my own damn fault. By no means, just because I was keeper of the media list, did I intentionally plan to exploit Colby's "please" talents – in fact, I honestly think it was a joke (ok, maybe deep down I did want to see him do that puppy dog eyes thing, just for me.)

I didn't expect him to get down on his knees or anything, hell, I don't think I expected him to do anything but laugh. But he did it. He said, softly, with pleading in his big, blue eyes, "Please?" And words cannot describe what that looked like. Never, in all my years of terrorizing and dominating (willing) men, have I seen such desperation in such pretty eyes. And he just pulled that out of his back pocket. Whipped it out like a credit card.

Femdom currency! That's what it was. He said it, and I think he thought I was crazy for a second, because I couldn't function for a brief instant. I dropped my pen and he picked it up, and he was already hustling. The look was gone from his eyes, he was bouncing a little in his trendy shoes, and he just wanted an answer so he could either go pee or do a line of coke – I have no idea.

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(to clarify, I have no idea of Colby did drugs, he never did any around me, and he appeared pretty clean, but with actors, you just never know. Or really care, either, as long as they do the interviews you lined up for them).

"Ok, give me the names," I said, looking down at my media list, trying to gather some composure, trying to both erase the image of his eyes from my head while simultaneously wanting to forever sear it into my brain. Or, god forbid, ask him to do it again. No, no, I couldn't do that – I stumbled, muttering, writing down the names he gave me.

One name, then two – and then, he whispered a third. I looked up from my list, knowing clearly he was trying to add one more name when he had asked for two, but he was already doing it. The eyes. Goddamn him. He was looking at me, with that look, because he knew it worked once and dammit, he was going to try again.

At that point, I would have given him ten names. Screw it, it could cost me my job, but damn, the eyes. He could have been begging me for mercy, pleading for release from captivity, whimpering for help. His eyes, alone, conveyed more helplessness and desperation than anything I had seen.

I wanted to slap myself around and put my head through a wall. Never, in my professional life, had I felt so off base, so out of control, and so helpless. It was NOT a feeling I liked (yet, I wanted it to keep going, I wanted to just stay in that moment. But somehow, take back control).

"Just make sure you have them check in through the media center," I reminded him. "And they can't bring any friends. " I tried to sound calm, and make sure my voice wasn't quivering at all, because I could certainly feel my cheeks flushed and my panties were incredibly wet. All from the one damn word. Twice.

Colby reached over and grabbed my hand, giving it a squeeze, and said "thank you thank you thank you!" before he turned and split. Off he went – into the distance, bounding out the door of the hotel suite, my makeshift media "center", and into the ballroom where the event was happening.

I sat there, just pondering what happened, and considered calling MissBlue for some immediate therapy. I looked down and saw the hairs on my arms still standing up straight and my heart was still pounding in my chest. It only took me a moment to figure it all out; it really wasn't Colby, per se, it was the timing. Not enough sleep, ten days since my last "femdom fix," and then, yeah, the eyes.

But I had been around much better looking men than Colby, and the whole actor thing didn't faze me, since I was surrounded by them, once again, for a charity event. It was my third year on this one alone, and nothing fazed me coming out of Hollywood anymore.

It was just the eyes. Damn him. I resigned myself to keep my distance. Three more days of Colby, that's all

that was left. Three more days and the poker tourney would be over, the media event would be over, and I'd be on my merry way, no longer distracted by that look.

Of course I still couldn't get the image out of my head. For hours.

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Then, Leo spilled the beans. Good old Leo, who is like an older brother to me, apparently told Colby I was "some sort of dominatrix" in my spare time. Well, that's how I imagine he told him – in reality, I don't know what words he used, I just know that Colby took the information and from that point on, turned my life upside down.

Leo was the poker trainer. I knew Leo from way back, because he'd been training our participants for years. You wouldn't think actors and actresses need training when it comes to poker, but they do. They do so that the event runs smoothly and all that downtime does not drive people to kill each other. Leo knew about my kinky side only because we'd shared so many long nights together, shared details of our private lives, and grown a natural bond between us.

To Leo, my kinky thing was just what I was – and he didn't think it was a big deal, nor did he mean any harm when he apparently told Colby I dressed in latex and liked to put men in rubber straitjackets. On a first date.

We were sitting at a bar table that night, before Colby knew, and reviewing some of the scheduling for the next day. Leo was also in charge of giving me a sense of how long the players would last (confidentially, of course) so I could time their exit interviews with the media. At least, make some educated guesses.

Leo and I were drinking, talking, and handling businesses when Colby came over and joined us, causing me to close my portfolio of work and let the boys get to "man talk," as it always ended up, and plan my exit. I didn't want to be near those eyes or risk any injuries to myself or to him, as a result of me throwing him into the floor in public view and making him beg for a place at our table.

The waitress came over and Colby ordered a Sam Adams and Leo got another cocktail. He asked me what I wanted, and I responded that I would be heading up to get some sleep, because I had an early morning. I turned to Colby, professionally, strictly as part of my job, and reminded him of his call time in the morning. "Don't let Leo keep you up all night partying, 6am comes very early you know."

Colby was scheduled to do a satellite radio stint for me in the morning, which meant sitting on the line and taking call after call with stations all over the US, beginning with the East Coast. It was not a fun task. It was, however, part of the gig. Talent that agreed to be in the tourney also agreed to do press.

Colby nodded to me and said, "Cool, I got it. I'll be there."

I picked up my purse and portfolio and said, "You better be," – lightly - and thought that was it. Home free. No more worries.

And then he said it. "Or else.....?"

I turned, and he was smiling, sipping his beer. Colby was just doing that thing guys do around other guys – you know, give the lady a hard time when she's just doing her job. He grinned at me, a very processed, practiced grin – the one I knew he probably used all the time to woo women in Hollywood nightclubs and get laid nonstop. The smile, luckily, did nothing for me – I was safe, for the most part, as long as he wasn't begging me for anything.

Before I could head off the disaster, or make an escape, Leo jumped right in. "Oh you don't want to mess with her!"

That was all it took. Colby's head turned on a swivel to him, and those who don't think men like to gossip are full of shit. I saw him lower his voice and lean in, and they were off to the races. Leo had just enough alcohol in him to be dangerous, and Colby was obviously amused and entertained at the idea of talking about the ins and outs of my private kinky sex life.

I tried to salvage what I could, walking back over to Leo and putting my hand on his shoulder. "Don't be making shit up about me, Leo. You are imagining things again." I then tried to switch to more casual, now gleefully, painfully overcompensating. "Have a good night guys, don't stay up too late. Goodnight Colby."

When I was walking away, I heard it. Clear as day, I heard it, as Colby threw this out before Leo had even told him everything.

"Goodnight Mistress!"

Fucked. I knew it. I was completely, totally fucked.

I went back to my hotel room and called MissBlue.

"I'm fucked," I told her. And it all started with that one word. Damn him.

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After a long talk with MissBlue, I went to sleep and rationalized that after a night of drinking, those two wouldn't make heads or tails about what was said anyway, and my issues or proclivities were fairly insignificant to this overzealous "movie star" anyway. And, taking MissBlue's excellent advice, I made sure I would steer clear of him, not respond to his flirtations (if he even tried it) and claim ignorance if asked any straightforward questions. Everyone knew Leo as a prankster; even my client would brush it off if some silly

gossip started spreading. I had earned a ton of respect and had a solid relationship with my client, and I knew they would not question my integrity or capability.

It was shortly after 6am in the media suite when Colby finally muddled his way inside, just when I was about to send someone to his room to get him up. Actors were notorious for being late when their "handlers" weren't with them, and our event was set up so that nosey publicists and managers were off limits. It made my job a lot easier.

He looked disheveled and a little hung-over, disinterested and a little grumpy. Nothing new, and an attitude I felt much easier to deal with than cheery, flirtatious and curious. If he said nothing to me at all, I would be happy.

I thought I was home free because he didn't seem chatty, and the first call was going to be in less than ten minutes, putting him into back to back interviews for the better part of an hour, with no idle time for chit chat. He sat in front of the telephone, picked up the notes I had set down for him, yawned loudly, and said "Shit."

Flipping through the materials, groaning as he leaned forward to pour coffee, I saw life start to come back into him. Youth, I guess could explain it, or the Hollywood "partiers constitution" he had built up. He hunched over the documents, yawned a few radio station names out loud to himself, then leaned back in his chair and started rocking on it, stretching.

I asked if he was ready, the only thing I needed to say to him really, and luckily there was no smart come back, no flirting, no hinting, hell, he didn't even look at me (in fact, at that point, I don't know if he realized I was the one there – it could have been anyone). He said, "Ready steady," and rested his face in one hand, angling up to look at me.

I dialed the phone, talked to the producer, covered a few minor details and then handed it off to him, and fortunately, for the most part, my job was done. I was able to sit down at the table across from him, open my laptop, and start working on media scheduling for the next day. He had his notes, he knew the drill, and he didn't need his hand held. I felt safe, relieved, and fortunate that all my worry had been for nothing.

Then it all changed. About a quarter of the way into the hour, probably when the coffee started to kick in, I realized what he was doing. I wasn't really listening closely to the interviews because I was working, but I always kept aware enough to make sure he was hitting the important points. Getting the name of the sponsor right, giving the air times for TV, remembering the name of the charity – basically, everything on the "cheat sheet" I had in front of him.

Of course, DJs would ask him about his movie projects also, about past and future plans, and it was expected that he'd get into that as well. A little bit of Hollywood gossip, some questions about his former girlfriends, the usual.

What Colby was doing, though, was using incredibly suggestive – WORDS – to explain otherwise harmless situations. At first, I thought I was imagining things and it was my own hypersensitivity. I always notice when someone uses phrases like, "I was tied up with a project, " or "The situation kind of handcuffed me," Colby was using all of them. In fact, I started writing down words, just to convince myself that the pattern was not an accident.

I wrote them down because there was no way in hell I would look at up at him or acknowledge anything. He was testing me, looking for a reaction. I would give him nothing. But as he kept doing it, I got more and more uncomfortable, and more and more turned on. Because it wasn't just the words, it was the way he was saying it.

And I could tell he was staring at me. The whole time. I would get up from time to time to go refill my coffee and he'd watch me as he did his interviews, sometimes inhaling and sighing on his "special words" and sentences. Things like, "The director wanted to gag me after the first day on the set."

If I could have left, I would have. But I needed to be there in case the line went dead, a call fell through or a producer came on the line to reschedule. So I did the best job I could at listening but not listening, and hoping that the flushed feeling wasn't a clear indication that my cheeks were bright red.

Such a fucking tease. I had my head down, buried in my media lists and interview notes, forcing myself to not think about him, his eyes, or anything but work. The hour seemed to drag forever. I rationalized that he was probably so bored that he used his little word game to keep himself busy and alert, and would lose interest when he realized it wasn't even registering with me.

Finally, when the last call was done, he hung up, put his arms in the air, and pronounced, "DONE!" He stood up and stretched, and said, "Did I do a good job?"

I walked over and leaned to pick up my notes, now covered with his scribbles and doodles, and he made no effort to step away, just let me brush against him. "Did I do a good job?" he asked, again, this time a little softer. His breath smelt like coffee and body like sweat and hair products. Expensive hair products.

"You did great, thank you," I smiled. "Your publicist was a little worried about KFLY in Tampa, but they seemed to go easy on you," I said, professionally.

He yawned, stretching, "Ah," he said, "Piece of cake."

Colby wouldn't leave. I was collecting my stuff, looking at my watch, when I suggested he go take a nap because he had a few hours before the tournament started, and I didn't need him for another interview until the first break.

"Who is it with?" he asked.

"TV Guide."

"Ross?"

"Yeah," I said. "They really like you over there."

"Ross is a good guy," he said, staring down at a piece of paper, stretching again, stalling. I wanted so bad for him to leave, but at the same time, would have been happy to have him continue playing the games. After all, I had successfully ignored him. As far as I could tell, the score was now Colby:1 and Akasha:1.

Finally, he shuffled his feet a little, made a fist and knocked playfully on the table, then said, "Ok, see you later Akasha," and made his way toward the door. I felt that I dodged a bullet and was home free, and that it would be easy from that point on. I had no idea how much more fucked up it would get.

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Morning Colby had been disheveled, disorganized and half asleep, messy hair hidden under a baseball cap, five o'clock shadow and weary eyes. What I saw of them.

Afternoon Colby was pristine, sparkling, glowing. He was dressed well with trendy boots, sexy pants and a tight fitting shirt, his hair was meticulously in place, thick and glorious. His eyes seemed to collect light when he smiled. He was certifiably camera-ready, and it was clear why cameras loved him. He looked refreshed and well rested. I made it a point to NOT look at him as he took his seat at the 5- person poker table, next to Eva, the actress-model and Big Joe, the retired NFL star. The two made him look considerably short and he laughed and protested, wanting to be moved next to the grizzled TV actor.

After some shuffling of seats and the assembly of the live audience, the taping was under way, and I could safely take my position tucked in a corner with my laptop and cell phone, conducting business to prepare for the evening's press and next morning's radio interviews.

The day was long and tedious. People don't realize how boring poker can be, when so many hands are never shown on television. It goes on and on and on, and it's hard to keep the audience alert and upbeat and the participants from getting stale and bored. Leo is on hand to keep things moving at a good pace, to interject some humor and strategy, but in reality, it's one long yawn fest. They must edit out hundreds of yawns.

Idle time is bad for young, cocky actors, apparently, because Colby seemed to entertain himself by trying to get my attention at first, and later, by downright teasing me. It was so blatant at times that I was sure everyone could see what he was doing, but I had to assure myself that no one but me was attuned to such subtle distractions.

For example, when he was out of a hand with nothing to do, I looked over and saw him staring at me, somewhat blankly, with his hands back behind the chair. Oh sure, he could be stretching, but he wasn't – he was clearly looking at me, seeing if there'd be a reaction to him sitting in such a suggestive, "help I am tied up," kind of way. I responded by turning to face the other way.

When that didn't work enough for Colby, he went back to his old standby, just waiting to catch eye contact with me and then giving me the look. The "please," look – complete with big, blue, puppy dog eyes and long, beautiful eyelashes.

"What are you doing!" model-actress Eva squealed when she saw this. "Is that your POKER face!?"

Colby laughed and broke the expression, looked away from me and placed his bet, and then looked back up, throwing his head back slightly to get hair out of his eyes, wetting his lips quite deliberately and then looking right at me in a decidedly flirtatious way. This time, he made it very clear. He was staring at me. He was fucking flirting with me, blatantly.

That was it. I could not longer take it, I was completely overwhelmed. When I got up, I realized how wet I was. In fact, I felt considerably uncomfortable by how wet I was, and my skin was tingling all over. I needed to masturbate, I needed to orgasm, I needed to simultaneously get the hell away from Colby and at the same time nail him severely. In a sexual way, of course.

I collected my cell phone and clip board and hustled toward the door, telling my intern/assistant to take my calls as I dropped my phone into her lap. "Be back in ten minutes."

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I didn't want to waste time going all the way to my hotel room, so I settled for the ladies room. I knew what I had to do would be quick, and I only had ten minutes anyway. I needed to get my composure back, I need to figure out a plan, and I needed to get rid of that sexual tension - -or else.

Fortunately I wasn't wearing panties, so access wasn't a problem. I always carry a bullet vibe, disguised as a lipstick, in my purse. I could have done without it, to be honest, because I was so turned on, all I needed to do was hike up my skirt, visualize just one, small thing, and that would be that.

It was simple. My plan was simple. Colby would have to pay the price. He pushed me too far. Justice would come when he was bound, gagged and helpless, on his knees as my feet, my wet panties stuffed into his mouth and his eyes – those eyes – looking at me, begging. For real. Not acting. Real, bonafide pleading, a look of total desperation and need. Those eyelashes, I reckoned, were made for tears. Big beautiful eyes, pleading with me for mercy, holding back the tears, hanging onto a shred of his pride.



And then – all it would take – just one, soft whimper.

That's all it took for me, too. I pulled myself together, self righteous and indignant after my orgasm, hustling my shit together with an attitude like, "Who does he think he is? What kind of ego does he have that he thinks he can just – just MANHANDLE my sexual hot buttons for his own jollies?!"

I felt empowered, somehow, that now that the sexual tension was gone, his eyes would have no effect on me, his games would just come across as silly and childish. I took out my make up and freshened up in the mirror, smiling at my new found confidence.

When I returned to the poker tables he gave me a knowing smirk. I smiled back, somewhat unaffected. I sat down, crossed my legs, and checked my voice mail. I didn't look at him again the rest of the day.

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MissBlue had warned me that my own lust and fantasy would get me into trouble on this one. I thought I was fairly safe, having released all that desire and frustration in one mighty, stifled orgasm. Also, I turned all that pent up energy into anger and resentment toward the guy; I mean, who did that punk think he was dealing with? Cocky, for one, to assume that some flirty manipulation would get me off my game. Besides, he had no idea – no idea in hell – what it was like to truly submit to me. And he never would.

After dinner that night, some of the tournament players congregated again in the bar. I was talking with Big Joe, the retired NFL great, about some of the other work he'd be involved with. I'd known Big Joe from other charity events I worked with other clients, and he was always a delight to work with. Word had gotten around that he was in the hotel, and people kept showing up with footballs. He was always gracious and signed everything, but I knew he'd have to leave soon, because it would only get worse.

The timing was ok, though, because I needed to get to bed early also. I was standing, saying goodnight to Big Joe as he signed a football for a woman in a wedding dress (where do they get the footballs? Do they have them waiting in the car, just in case they run into a professional football player?), when Colby appeared and slid into a chair at the table. I knew he meant trouble.

He and Joe exchanged a few chatty words, harassed each other about a few of the hands and then Joe made his way out, maneuvering through the growing sea of people. Colby was still fresh and sparkly, so to speak, but he was hiding under the baseball cap again. "Hey Akasha, can we talk?"

I didn't like the sound of it. Serious, but almost playful. I had to take him seriously, after all, because he had interviews schedule for me the next day, and for all I knew, his publicist was pulling the plug on one of them and sent him to tell me. I sat back down and said casually, "Sure, what's up?"

The waitress came by and he didn't hesitate to order a beer, then looked at me and asked what I was having. Nothing, I told him, I was going to bed shortly.

"Oh," he said, then he leaned forward a little. "Damn, ok, I'm sorry. Anyway, I don't want you to think I'm a dick or anything, I'm sorry about today."

There was a brief pause. I had a split second to make a decision. Do I pretend like I don't know what the hell he is talking about, or do I accept his apology and tell him to tone down his behavior and end the games?

I didn't have to make a decision, because he took my blank stare as an opening to keep going, now lowering his eyes a little, tilting his head, pulling a sort of "bashful" routine. I think he was even shuffling his feet under the table, nervously. Or was that an act?

"I crossed the line, I know, I just couldn't help it....I was...I was so fucking bored," he laughed, and then sat back, smiled warmly at me. "And it's so fun watching you react like that."

Ok, that did it. Again, I felt myself getting infuriated, almost, at the pretentious attitude he was copping. At the same time, it angered me, because it was true. Sort of. Well, yes, it was true. And that vulnerability, like a big red bow on top, just pissed me off to no end. The words I said next, I don't know, they just sort of came. A messy explosion, just like my orgasm in the ladies room earlier that day.

"Colby," I started, taking a breath, kind of half smiling. "I am....I am a very...complicated person. And I – I appreciate. I think, I appreciate – the fact that you're entertained by my – buttons."

"That's a good word for it," he smiled. "Buttons."

"Right. So, the thing is, Colby, it's ....it's just not that simple. I think it's unfair for you to assume you can kind of toy around like that and you know I am in no position to act on anything, considering the circumstances, so it's – you know, that's just not cool." I thought that by adopting his language, maybe, he would understand.

"I know," he nodded, leaning forward and lowering his voice. "That's why I wanted to say I am sorry, really, genuinely. It's not fair of me to do stuff and then not expect you can – well, you know, react to it."

I sighed a bit. Relief, I think, because I felt that perhaps he'd leave me alone about it, and the next day, things might return to normal.

"So I want you to know, really, I get what I deserve. Honestly. I'm not just – I'm not pushing your buttons to fuck with you. I get what I deserve."

"What does that mean?" I asked, honestly confused. I was mortified, somewhere, deep down, that this was

some sort of twisted proposition. Or was I excited by it? I have no idea, I just know I was shocked.

Colby sat back and opened up his arms. "Me. I can take it. Look, I am intrigued, ok. I just want you to know that if I have provoked you inappropriately, I'm willing to let you do what you think I deserve. Or would make you feel better. Punishment, or whatever, whatever it is that you do -- to feel better. "

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. And while I knew, at the surface, all this really was was a horny Hollywood brat trying to get laid, the way he put together the offer was absolutely enthralling. What woman wouldn't want the opportunity to privately show him what begging REALLY was?

But in those circumstances – with my career, my client, and the tournament – it was absolutely off-limits, and something I would never touch with a ten foot pole.

So, I did what any professional would do in that situation. I calmly explained to him that I could not ethically even entertain that kind of an offer, and that we had a few more days together of this tournament and everything had to stay above board. And, that I knew, with all certainty, his curiosity would vanish as soon as he was in his sports car on the way back to Malibu at the end of the event.

With that I excused myself, politely, to return to my hotel room to once again pleasure myself, multiple times, to the idea of him actually submitting to me. On my terms. With those eyes.

The next day, in a move that shocked everyone, especially Leo (who had pegged Colby to finish in the top two), Colby went all in on a weak hand, committing tourney suicide and making himself the first to exit the crew. While I was scrambling to re-arrange interviews I had scheduled for him for much later, he slipped me a note that said simply, "We're not working together now. I'm yours."

**Does Colby get what's coming to him?  
TO BE CONTINUED**



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