



# Akasha's Web



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## Devil's Rain - Part Three

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Cassandra took time setting up things in the kitchen, a place where she could take Noah and spend time trying to reason with him, trying to motivate him to paint.

Bruce watched her as he leaned against the refrigerator, eating an apple. Cassandra had pulled out an old locked trunk full of ropes and scarves and shackles, some toys an ex-boyfriend of hers had once begged her to indulge him with. She peered at the nipple clamps curiously, trying them on her finger and then suggesting Bruce let her put them on him so he could tell her if they hurt or not.

He muttered and left the room, leaving her to look through the equipment with a sort of dark curiosity. The soft leather whips felt delicate in her hand, and she could not resist running the velvet blindfold over her cheek, closing her eyes.

"Bruce," she called out loudly, eyes still closed. "Bring him to me."

\*\*\*\*\*

Cassandra listened to the pair of footsteps coming down the hall toward the kitchen. There was some hesitation, a grumbling from the man followed by an audible yelp from her artist.

Once in the kitchen, Bruce promptly directed Noah toward the chair by the shoulders, pushing him down. The boy sat, looking around, but all he saw was her standing there with a box on the kitchen table.

Bruce reached down and pulled Noah's hands behind the chair, holding them there together, as Cassandra walked over with a long piece of white nylon rope. Noah shifted, looking at her and over his shoulder. His breathing came in short, ragged gasps.

"What are you going to do?" he asked quietly, peering what he could at the box which held something he knew was in store for him.

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Cassandra tightened the knots around his wrists slowly and carefully, ignoring his question, finally saying simply, "You're going to learn to enjoy painting for me."

\*\*\*\*\*

Cassandra tortured Noah.

At first it was a difficult concept for her, but once he started threatening her and screaming at her, it was with ease that she shoved the washcloth between his teeth and dug her nails ruthlessly into his tender flesh.

He wailed.

Tears came slowly, then the sobs. It was a surreal dream-state to her, and soon she was not even aware of Bruce standing there watching with a look of amusement.

Finally, when she returned to her bedroom alone, she collapsed onto her bed. Her dress was wet with her sweat and his tears, pressed against her hard nipples. She undressed slowly, hands shaking.

It wasn't until she slid down her panties that she realized the dull, demanding ache in her crotch.

Images of him shivering in her arms still haunted her.

She could hear him pacing in the basement.

Cassandra masturbated, images of him dancing in her head. Her fingers roamed within her sex, thinking of that look in his eyes when he begged her for mercy, promised to paint. Promised masterpieces.

Noah promised her the world.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day, when Cassandra visited Noah in the basement, she was greeted with a virtual gallery of work. There were six, maybe seven paintings leaning against the wall, and Noah was curled up in a little ball on the bed, asleep.

For some time she viewed the work, trembling a little, amazed at the passion in his strokes. It was unlike anything she had ever seen.

When she sat down on the bed next to him, he cowered. She stroked his hair until he stopped shaking, and soon he fell asleep, head in her lap, crying into her dress.

\*\*\*\*\*

Torturing Noah, it came to be, was one of the regular activities in Cassandra's life. Only after torture would he produce art that communicated true passion, true pain. Torturing Noah was something that became a ritual for her, and he came to know when the door knob slowly turned that she was coming for him.

Noah would cower in the corner of the room, but she'd have Bruce drag him forward, kicking and screaming, up the stairs and into the kitchen or wherever she had her place set up.

It was, she began to accept, her own form of art.

Torturing Noah was what she did. His skin was her canvas. She would communicate all the anger and fury and intense desires she had to him, and in turn he would paint. He would paint until the sun came up sometimes, he would paint between sobs and sometimes she would hear him overturning his easels again, screaming her name, pounding on the door and begging her, begging for anything, just to let him out. So he could see the light of day.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was after many days of this that Noah began to accept the torture. When Bruce came for him he would walk willingly, his head down slightly, tugging his arm away when the bigger man went to guide him.

Noah would walk into the kitchen and sit in the big wooden chair that was out for him. He would sit still while Bruce watched him, arms folded, and Cassandra began the ritual of wrapping the ropes around his body.

Noah didn't struggle anymore. He looked forward silently, emotionlessly. This time, when she came forward with the dishrag, he opened his mouth willingly and took it. So many times before he had fought, screamed, begged. He had learned to avoid it for up to ten minutes, thrashing about until Bruce had to come over and hold his head with both arms, pry his mouth open with dirty fingers and sometimes make his gums bleed before Cassandra could work the cloth in.

He didn't struggle when Cassandra opened the box of little knives and clamps and needles. He didn't look at it, didn't cry for her this time. He breathed, and shut his eyes, and accepted this torture.

Her soft words actually meant something now, as he for the first time actually could listen to them because his mind was clear and he wasn't so busy screaming at her, or thinking of a way out.

She would tell him stories as she stroked his hair, her hands starting to move slowly over his naked chest, preparing him. She was unusually gentle, he realized, and for the first time he shut his eyes and lived through it, accepted every sensation, dealt with it as it came.

"You are the most beautiful creature," Cassandra whispered to him as he felt the waves of pain in his body. "With the ability to create things no one else can even come close to." He felt her breath against his neck and he found he was shivering. His mouth was dry, he wanted the gag out just so he could breathe. He was quiet now, he wished she realized that.

Cassandra caressed him as she performed the ritual. Now, as he sat there before her, she realized something in him had changed. It was as if he had no will to fight anymore, and it terrified her. What if he was indeed broken, and there was nothing left to inspire in him. Indeed she had already delivered all the pain she could endure herself, and pushing him farther would not be an option, unless she made Bruce do it and she left the room.

That, even to Cassandra, was unthinkable.

\*\*\*\*\*

Then came the night they made love.

Unexpected, unplanned. Cassandra was in his room, looking at his art. He was sitting on the bed with his head down, knees up and arms resting around his legs. His hair was tattered - he was filthy, unshaven, disheveled.

She lifted one of the paintings from an easel and carried it over. It was mostly a blur of dark images and there were a set of eyes in the distance. She sat on the bed next to him. "I like this one."

He nodded, sniffed, and said softly, "I barely remember making that one."

Cassandra looked down to the corner. "There is no name on this one. No date."

"I know."

She turned to him and he was looking at her. Weary. Weak.

"It's beautiful," she smiled, looking at it, then back at him. "A combination of pain and beauty. Something evil and foreboding, yet.." she turned and looked back at it, trying to find the right words. "Alluring." She paused, then again turned to him and looked closely at him, at how his eyes avoided hers for a moment. "What are you going to call this one?"

He didn't speak for some time. Then finally, one word. "Cassandra". He wasn't calling her name. It was his answer to her question.

Cassandra was a bit taken, surprised. She didn't know if it was a trick. Yet it had been days since Noah resisted, and he had been looking at her lately with the strangest gaze.

She moved quickly, without hesitation, leaning into him and lowering him back down onto the bed. He whimpered under her touch when she moved her hands over the fresh bruises, yet when she slowed down he took her hand and prodded it forward.

Their lovemaking was delicate at times and rough at others, leaving him in tears when she finished with him, curling up once again and hiding his face.

She dressed, looking at him, detached and in a daze.

"I never thought this would happen," she said softly. "Falling in love with you, that is."

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It was a few weeks later when Noah was sitting in the basement, painting something silently with some soft music in the background. Cassandra had bought him a cd player and some music he missed.

She came down to visit him and he didn't move, just kept staring at what he was doing. His sleeves were rolled up around his arms, his hair clean, slicked back. Most of the bruises were long gone, and she'd left him to rest, recover, for several days. Their only contact had been to make love, every other day, then afterward she would leave and he would sleep. They said nothing to each other.

She looked at the painting and said nothing.

"It's no good." he said, dropping the brush, rubbing his eyes hard, then resting his elbows on his knees, face hidden in his fingers.

Cassandra didn't disagree with him. She kneeled down behind him, chin on his shoulder. "Where did all that passion go, Noah?"

He just shook his head. Slowly.

Her hands made way into his hair. He tilted his head back to meet her touch. A kiss on his ear made him shiver a little. "My artist," she whispered. "My slave."

She felt him quivering a little, falling back toward her for support. Her hands were still in his hair, she was staring at the lifeless painting as his back slid closer to her chest. "What do you need, Noah?" she asked, kissing him on the head.

He was shaking more, she could feel it. As if he was freezing. He slid around, turned his body, and buried

himself into her breasts, arms wrapped around her tight. "I need..." he hesitated. Breathed. Voice shaking. "I need you to hurt me, Cassandra."

Something close to a smile crossed her lips. But it was more a shocked look of amusement. She did not believe what she was hearing.

Noah's head lifted up slowly, he peered up at her through his bangs. "I need to feel desperation. Helplessness. Fear. Pain."

"You like those things?" she asked, pushing his hair out of his face.

He shook his head at once. "No. I hate them." He paused. Swallowed. "But I need them."

Cassandra moved slowly, carefully, and he probably didn't even know what she was doing. But she lowered him onto the floor and held his wrists over his head, then began kissing him, hard.

When they made love, she hurt him. Her nails were in his back so deep that they drew blood, and when he didn't meet her thrusts with equal intensity, she backhanded him from below, then rolled him over while he was still shaking and held a hand tightly over his nose and mouth.

She moved against him quickly, relentlessly, locking him down with her thighs and eventually using a stray cloth to gag him. She wrapped her belt around his throat until he begged her with his eyes for release, only to let him gasp desperately through his nose.

When she came, she came hard, breaking away from him at once, pushing him down, leaving him cowering and on his knees as he tried to raise up to join her.

She pointed, panting. "Down," she ordered.

He slid down. Down onto all fours almost, sliding his chest down to the floor. Eyes on her, lashes wet, cheeks flushed.

"Paint," she ordered as she backed up to the door. "I'll be back in an hour. Things will be ready downstairs in case you need more inspiration, Noah."

The door closed, and the lock clicked shut.

Noah remained kneeling down low, shaking. He shut his eyes.

"Thank you," he said softly. "Thank you."



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