



Akasha's Web



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The Escort



It's a cold November night and I have him. I own him. He is, tonight, my property. I lean down once again to his helpless frame and whisper through painted lips, "You belong to ME."

He shifts in his bonds, his hair wet and in his face, the tight bonds across his chest creaking when he moves, the distinct sound of latex against bonds. Again he tests the straps around his wrists, throws his head back and gazes at the ceiling, a muffled grunt of frustration coming from behind the gag. The tortured prize.

I stand, I pace, I trail a finger across one shoulder to the other as I move around the chair. "Only a few more hours and I will let you go."

Then I kneel, eye level with him, and he lowers his head to look at me. Dark bangs in his eyes, his eyes that crystal blue that I have grown so attached to this evening. That sweat, how it makes his lashes almost sparkle, how his cheeks are flushed from his struggles.

I lift a hand to his face and he turns to it, lowers his cheek to my palm, closes his eyes. My heart aches for him. I'm aching all over.

Two days ago he was a photograph in a big brown binder. I'd sat in that office for an hour flipping through it quietly, ignoring the woman talking to me across the desk. I tuned her out and looked at the photos. The men were all gorgeous, built. But I wanted someone with a more innocent look, not so macho, not so....

I stopped and flipped back to a picture that had been stuck to another page. There he was. Below the photo the two words: Matthew Drake.

Standing, leaning against a tree, his arms folded across his chest. His hair was brown, his eyes were blue. He had a shy smile and this look of lost-boy innocence in his face. "Oh my," I said out loud. "He's beautiful."

She leaned over and tilted her head to see. "Oh, yes, he really is. And very charming, too. "

I'm sure she said that about everyone.

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"You said you have a dinner party? He would be perfect! He's got a great knack for conversation, he just got back from Europe for the summer. He's working to pay for his last year of college."

I shut the binder slowly. "Sounds perfect. Do I pay you now?"

She hesitated. "Well, sure, but don't you want a phone interview first?"

"I don't have time," I told her. "The party is Friday. Tell him it's a no-brainer, he won't even have to talk. Just sit around and be his gorgeous self."

She chuckled. "I'm sure he'll be more than happy to be your escort, Miss Chambers. I've heard nothing but rave reviews from his past clients. "

I stood and picked up my things. "I'm sure. I have to be going though, just call me if there are any problems. Otherwise, have him be at my apartment at 7:00 sharp. I'll need him until around 1:00".

She scribbled hurriedly in her notebook. "Dinner suit? Tux?"

"Jeans," I smiled at the door. "I took down his measurements, I'll have something for him to wear."

She looked up, puzzled.

I smiled. "I haven't picked my dress yet. I want to make sure we match."

Her expression turned to warm recognition. "Of course, Miss Chambers. If you need me to have him available for a tailor I can -- "

"No need," I cut her off as I was half way out the door, "I'm sure what I come up with will fit just fine."

I walked around that day in a daze, full of nervous excitement. I bought myself a man! The thought made me giggle. Ever since Leslie told me how wonderful her date went with the escort when her boyfriend dumped her three days before her company Holiday Party, I knew it was something I had to look into.

Certainly I had more than enough play partners - but they were all so used to me, to my wicked ways. It took more and more to surprise them. I wanted someone new, someone inexperienced. And I didn't have the time or patience to go out and pick someone and court them. I just went to the agency, flipped through a book of photos, and paid my \$450.

Sure, he could be an asshole. In fact, I set myself up for it just in case he was. I figured if that was the case,

I would just keep him tied up and gagged all night and look at him. After all, I paid for his time, I would damn well use it as I found fit.

But I remained a bit optimistic, deep down, as I shopped for my new lingerie, for a new pair of boots. A pair of silk panties and thigh highs for my darling Matthew, then a quick trip to the local kink shop.

I bought a bottle of wine and some new cds, then went home to lounge with my cat and make plans for my big date in two days.

When I opened the door, there was Matthew. In jeans and a black t-shirt, his hair combed nicely back, and he smelled wonderful.

"You must be my Matthew," I smiled, purposely making sure my voice had a hint of possessiveness in it. I took his hand to lead him in and he half-laughed. A nervous laugh, I could tell. I liked that.

"I guess that's one way of putting it, Miss Chambers. Hi."

I shut the door as he walked in. From the back I could see his hair, yes it was all slicked back, freshly showered. The sides were very short, but the top was combed all the way back to his collar. He was thin, thinner than he had been in the picture, but that suited me fine; I was dying to see those hipbones.

I was wearing a dinner dress and high heels, my hair pulled up in a high pony tail, thick curls dangling down around my shoulders. The wine was out on the table but unopened. I planned to only use it if he was completely uptight.

"The agency told me not to wear a suit - " he said as he turned to me, looking at my dress. His eyes moved so gracefully, his eyelashes were beautiful. He looked worried. "I hope they didn't fuc -- " he hesitated and caught himself, blushing a little, "Screw up."

I laughed and folded my arms. "No, it's fine. I told them I'd have something for you to wear. You going to watch your language for me tonight, Matthew? I don't want some filthy mouthed college kid making me look like shit in front of the President."

He looked visibly shaken at my harsh tone, even though I said it with a smile. "Sorry about that, Miss...It won't happen again."

I laughed as I turned to go to the bedroom, leaving him in the front room. "I hope not, I'd hate to have to gag you!"

My first clue, tossed out. I listened, carefully, for some reaction to the hint. All I heard was a nervous laugh.

Damn.

I stayed in the bedroom for a moment to gather my thoughts, to make sure I was going to really go through with it. Yes, yes I was. I was too hungry not to. If he totally freaked on me, I'd let him off and let him keep the pay. But I was praying, I was hoping, that sweet Matthew would let me have my money's worth. I just needed to determine which approach to take with him.

"Matthew, come in here," I called to him as I opened my closet doors.

Matthew walked in slowly, peering in as if to make sure it was ok. His hair was starting to dry and fall down around his face, and he looked simply gorgeous.

I turned to face my closet. "Come here and help me pick something to wear."

He walked over behind me. "Hmm...I thought you were going to wear that?"

I laughed and looked at myself, "What, this old thing? I just haven't changed from my formal luncheon. No, tonight has a sort of..different theme."

He was next to me now, and I could smell his cologne. I turned and watched his eyes survey my closet. I wondered if he noticed the leather, lace, silk.

"Well, I'm not very good with women's clothes," he said quietly. "It depends on what kind of party are we going to. Is it big?"

"No, " I smiled at him. Evil smile.

He laughed. "What kind of party is it?"

I leaned against the wall and stared at him for a second. He looked like it made him nervous, he lowered his head and ran a hand through his hair, chuckling.

"Matthew, what's the weirdest thing you've had to do as an escort?"

He laughed again. "I've only been doing this a few months. Most of the stuff is the same, dinner parties....business meetings..." he hesitated, blushed, "Proms."

"Nothing really -- out there? No women turning weird on you?"

He bit his lip and looked up, thinking, then a smile of realization came over him. "One lady wanted me to pretend to be her son all night. She was weird though, I mean we went to a family party, everyone knew I wasn't related to her. I found out later she did that every year."

I realized this was going nowhere. "Matthew, I bought your services for the night, you know that. I'll be honest with you, there's no party tonight."

He turned to me, looked serious. "Ohhhh..." he looked me up and down, looked at my dress. He nodded and wet his lips nervously. His breathing increased, he seemed to be pondering something.

"No Matthew, it's not that." I said in a low tone. "I'm not asking you to have sex with me."

"You aren't?"

"No."

He hesitated. "Then....what?"

I reached into my closet, into the very back, and pulled out a pvc corset of mine, holding it up slowly. "Matthew, I want you to wear this."

He burst out laughing.

I gave him a serious look. In fact, I scowled at him. He stopped laughing and apologized quietly, put his hands back in his pockets. My look seemed to make him nervous.

"Matthew, I bought you for the evening. You can leave right now if you want, but you committed to this. I don't want to have sex with you. I want to own you. I want to possess you, Matthew for the evening. I get a thrill from possessing someone, especially someone as attractive as you are."

His eyes were on mine, he seemed nervous, curious. His jaw was clenched.

"Matthew, have you ever been tied up?"

"No..." he lowered his eyes, then looked back at me. "You want to tie me up?"

"Yes, and other things. But I won't hurt you, and you'll always have a way out. But overall, you will be my property. For the night."

His eyes wandered to the pvc. "And..I'll have to wear that?"

I held it up to my chest and looked at it. "Actually, Matthew, I was going to wear this. Earlier I was just testing you to see if you were a closet crossdresser. But I have something for you to wear. I need to know now if you are willing to do this. If not, you can be on your way, tomorrow I'll call the agency and find someone else."

My heart was pounding, I will admit. My fifteen minutes with him had affected me, he grew on me. And he was even more gorgeous now, his hair hanging down on his face, the way he stared at the pvc corset I held against my body, the way he actually was considering it. What was he thinking? Was he wondering if he would be hurt? Did he have any knowledge of S&M? Was he imagining me clad in leather with a whip, making him bark like a dog?

I could tell he was hesitant, nervous. I moved up closer to him, the closest I had been to him, and put my hand up on his shoulder, looking up at him. "Matthew, look at me."

His eyes moved to mine and I spoke softly, probably even a bit desperately. God knows I was hungry. I needed it. "I won't hurt you, Matthew. You need to trust me. I just want to pretend you are my prisoner, I want to tie you up and watch you struggle a little, I want to see you make small sacrifices for me -"

"What kinds of sacrifices?" he asked softly. The sincere fear in his voice aroused me.

"Just little things, I promise. Nothing you don't want to do. "

Matthew stood and looked at me, then at his watch, then slowly at the closet. After a few seconds he turned to me, looked me in the eyes, and said softly, "Alright Miss Chambers. I'm yours. I'll do what you want."

The first time Matthew kneeled, it was heaven. I don't know why, but something about his poise, how it seemed a bit foreign to him, how he hesitated just a second before lowering himself and presenting himself at my feet.

I had changed into my pvc corset, thigh highs, long gloves and boots. He was still in his jeans but shirtless, and when he kneeled I reached out and took him by the chin.

We had already had the short discussion on safewords so I felt free to express myself completely, tightening my grip and forcing his head up so his eyes were on mine.

"Tell me what you are, Matthew."

"I'm yours."

"Your my WHAT?" I snapped, tightening my grip more.

He swallowed and said carefully, "I'm your property. You own me."

I felt myself getting aroused already at the mere sight of him, his words. I made him say it again, and again,

all the while moving my fingers over his chin, to his lips. I made him suck my fingers one at a time, then I took him by the top of the head and pushed toward the floor.

"Head down all the way. ALL THE WAY!" I commanded, and pushed.

He moved down slowly, resisting a little, until his forehead was on the floor.

"There, you look better down there, Matthew. Now let's get something straight, you are not to call me Miss Chambers anymore. You are to call me Mistress, plain and simple. "

He just remained there, head hidden. I walked around him, admired his ass. I left the room and returned with the real clothes I had picked for him. He was still there on the floor, and it made me hot just to see him there. Obedient. Mine. My model slut, my gorgeous escort. 5 more hours to go.

I pulled him up by the hair and he yelped in pain. It made my heart jump. It made it jump so much that I did it again, I just pulled, pulled so I could see the pain in his eyes. This time he hissed, "OUCH!".

I took his hand by the wrist, tossing his clothes on the couch with the other. I saw his eyes follow the pile with a look of dread, but I turned his chin to face me.

He was breathing harder now, shaky.

"You look gorgeous," I whispered, my mouth close to his. "Tell me how scared you are."

"I'm very scared, Miss..Mistress"

I tightened my fist slowly in his hair and he shut his eyes tight, wincing in anticipation.

"Tell me to do it, tell me to own you. To possess you fully."

His teeth were clenched tight in pain. "Do it," he hissed, "You own me -" he gasped in pain.

I had to let out my breath, shut my eyes, feel the chill running through me. I let go of his hair and just listened to him breathing shaking in my ear. The scent of his cologne filled me. I took his hand, wordlessly, and guided it slowly between my legs.

I moved his fingers up my thigh, to my panties, and slid it slowly inside. His breath shook a little when he felt it for himself. I was soaked. I was totally wet already.

"Shit," he hissed under his breath.

I opened my eyes (I hadn't realized they were even closed) and he looked up at me. "See what it does to

me?"

He nodded slowly as I felt his fingers move a little between my legs.

"STOP," I ordered, pulling his hand away. "That's not what I want you for."

"Sorry, Mistress..." he lowered his eyes.

I turned his head to face the pile of clothes on the couch. "I want you to put those on. Take them into the next room, put them on. There's baby powder on the dresser for the latex. Then, go wet your hair in the sink and come out to me, your hair wet and in your face. Come to me and kneel down at my feet. I will be on the couch having a glass of wine and waiting for you.

He lowered his head and nodded, leaning over and taking the pile of clothes. "Can I walk?"

I smiled at him but his eyes were still down. "Yes, Matthew. You can walk."

He said quietly as he stood, "Thank you Mistress," and it came so natural to him.

I wondered, as he walked into the next room with an armful of clothes, I wondered if maybe deep down he was enjoying this. I wondered what the look on his face would be when he saw the latex.

I wondered if he knew what the baby powder was for.

While he was getting changed I went through the toys I had pulled out for him but were hidden behind the bar. Yes, a few paddles, a few whips. Those were optional. The blindfold, the gag. Long leather shackles, a collar and leash. Just handling them made my arousal grow, as usual, and I found myself getting impatient.

This is the moment of bliss for me, when I know what is coming, know it will happen. Just waiting. It's like the morning of Christmas with a tree surrounded by surprises and presents - just knowing they are all mine, and every one will be a wonderful revelation.

I held my crop as I pondered this, sitting on the high bar stool, watching the shadows in the next room as he wiggled his hips to get into the latex. I could see the outline of his frame. I could see bangs hanging in his face -- all just a shadow, but beautiful nonetheless.

God, I was wet. I inadvertently had rested the crop handle between my legs and found myself wanting to rub against it, press closer to it, just because it felt good. I nudged it into my panties and just rubbed against the pressure, closing my eyes, thinking of him, of my Matthew, of what plans I had for him.

When I heard the sink running I snapped out of my masturbatory fantasy and stood, carrying the crop with me and returning to the couch.

Then out he came, my wet, latex clad little treasure. The latex body suit looked like a wetsuit, the gloves were tight. I could see every inch of his body. He looked hot, just amazingly hot. He moved to me and kneeled at once, lowering his head.

I opened my legs a little, leaned forward, and lifted my crop handle to his lips. "Lick," I ordered.

He hesitated but moved forward, opening his mouth slowly. I took the liberty of sliding it in and he moaned a little in shocked frustration.

"Taste that, and tell me if you know where it's been."

His moan of frustration turned to a moan of arousal. His eyes moved to mine in disbelief, he opened his mouth more but this time I pulled it away, smiling. I brought it to my lips and slowly moved my tongue up it, still wet from my arousal and his reluctant kiss.

His eyes were on fire now, it seemed, he was alert, aroused, nervous.

I slowly turned the crop around so the other end faced him, and he looked at it with apprehension. "This is your side, Matthew, "I told him. "The side that comes in contact with your skin. You can kiss this side, if you'd like."

He shook his head.

I used it to prod his chin up. "Do it." I ordered.

He leaned over and puckered his lips, placing a soft, delicate kiss on the crop.

"Now turn around and lay over the coffee table, Matthew. "

There was definite fear in his eyes now. "But...Miss -- Mistress, you said you wouldn't hurt me."

"DO IT," I ordered, reaching over and pulling him by the hair.

He gasped in pain and turned to the table, letting me force him over it and spread his arms. "Reach down around and hold the legs of the table," I ordered. "And if you move, I'll tie your wrists to them. Now spread your legs."

He was breathing hard again as I leaned down and pressed against him, sliding my hand over the latex,

inhaling deeply, sliding my cheek over the small of his back. "This feels so good," I whispered. "Matthew, I'm touching myself," I told him.

He let out his breath, "Oh...God..."

"I'm touching myself at the thought of what you are about to do for me, letting me use this on you, just to get me off..you want that, don't you?"

"Yes..yes I do..." He said shakily.

I removed my fingers from inside of me and slid them around, easing them into his mouth. He sucked hard, sucked the wetness from my gloved fingers as I moved my other hand over his body, still holding the crop.

"Are you going to be brave for me?" I asked, rubbing against him.

"Yes..." he said between sucking, "Yes...I will try..."

I pulled my fingers from him and slid back, standing slowly. I admire his body there for a moment, how helpless, waiting, gripping the table tightly.

"You're beautiful," I said softly, under my breath. I didn't think he heard.

"thank you.." he replied in a shaking whisper.

I slid the crop over his ass and he shook against it a little, nervous. He was being so willing, yet not hiding his fear. I was in heaven.

The first time I struck him he jumped and yelped, then his breathing was hard, steady. The table shook with him the second time, then I leaned over and stroked his hair. He was trembling.

"It's ok, "I said softly, "You're being perfect."

And I hit him again.

He yelped out loud again, his voice cracking a little, and that was all I could take. I leaned down and held him from behind, wrapped my arm around him, held him and felt him breathe. "You're beautiful," I said softly.

"Did..." his voice was shaking. "Did I please you?"

I took his hand again, pulled it behind him, slid it to my thigh. I was so wet, my thighs were hot. When he came in contact with the moisture through his glove he let out his breath. I guided his finger up inside of me

slowly, knowing that with the latex on he was more likely to feel the ease of getting inside of me than the actual wetness. I was so wet that his latex finger slid in easily, smoothly. I gasped in pleasure.

"Oh..." he said between breaths, "It makes it all worth it..."

We were taking a break, laying on the floor in the living room, eating crackers from a bowl and giggling over a glass of wine. He seemed to be genuinely enjoying himself now, much more at ease, even though he kept telling me the latex felt funny on his skin.

I fed him a cracker and told him he would get used to it. He said, "I smell like a condom."

I went into a hysterical giggling fit and fell over, but he just laughed at me.

I told him, "I LIKE the smell of latex."

His scoffed at me as he took a drink of wine, then got melodramatic, "The new cologne by Calvin Klein: TROJAN LUST."

"Are you making fun of my kink?" I giggled, getting up on one elbow.

"No Ma'am, I wouldn't do that."

"Aww that's nice," I said as I got up and took another cracker. "You don't want me to feel sick and twisted."

He smirked, "No, I just don't want you to hit me with that thing again."

I laughed and looked at him. "It didn't hurt that bad, did it?"

"It stung," he said as took a drink. "But it was more of a mental thing, not knowing what it would feel like or how hard you were capable of hitting me."

I smiled.

His eyes moved to mine again. "So, how hard are you capable of hitting me?"

"Pretty hard," I smiled, good natured. "But I wouldn't do that to you."

"How come?" he asked.

"Are you asking me to do it?" I turned, intrigued.

"No," he said quietly, "I was just wondering why you wouldn't, if you could."

I smiled. "Because I care about you and don't want to push you too far, that's why."

He smiled back and lifted the bottle to pour me another glass of wine. "I guess that's why I'd let you do it."

I shook my head at him. "You just summed up the beauty of the balance of trust in S&M, Matthew."

"I did? Cool." he smiled.

I gave him back the glass of wine he poured. He had no idea the significance of what he said, but that's what made it so beautiful. "No more wine for me," I told him. "Never mix drink with play."

He looked at me and seemed genuinely pleased. "The careful sadist. How ironic. I like that."

I leaned over and slid on top of him, snuggling close, playfully pinning him to the floor. "That's right. If I'm going to hurt you, it's going to be 100% intentional!"

"You're mean!" he laughed and smirked down at him.

"Can you act?" I asked out of the blue.

"Yeah, sure." he nodded. "I used to want to be an actor. Did some modeling, couldn't get any jobs. So I became a gigolo, I mean escort." he giggled.

"Well, I want to go back to owning you now," I said as I got up. "But this time, I want you to resist. Ok?"

He got up onto his elbows. "Ok."

"And this time I might get meaner, but don't let that scare you ok?"

He rolled over and stood, stifling a yawn, picking up the bowl and putting it on the coffee table. "Ok."

"Have you ever been slapped?" I asked as I dug through my toys behind the bar.

"Like in the face?"

"Yes."

"In high school. Pissed off my girlfriend. Are you going to slap me?" he asked, moving to the couch.

"I probably will. But I'll be careful. If it hurts, you remember the safeword. If I get too weird on you, let me

know and I'll stop."

I dimmed the lights and met him in the living room, took him by the hands, and led him to the strong back chair.

He whispered, "Do you want me to start acting yet?"

"No," I replied, prodding him to sit. "First I'm going to tie you up, then we'll start. You're my arrogant prisoner. But don't get too arrogant."

"One medium arrogant prisoner, coming right up," he said quietly as he watched me bind his wrists to the chair with leather straps. "Wow, hardcore," he commented as he made a fist and tested the strength.

I oohed and said quietly, "It turns me on when you do that."

"Oh yeah?" he smiled, pulling some more. I just smirked at him and went to the other wrist. Once they were done, I kneeled and spread his ankles apart, binding them to the legs of the chair. He watched me for a bit then looked around the room, then shook the hair out of his eyes. He blew his bangs up a few times then commented that the latex suit was getting hot.

I told him to shut up.

He scoffed a little and I stood with a leather blindfold. "Say goodbye to vision." I smiled.

His eyes moved to the blindfold then he looked up at me and gave me this melodramatic look of desperation. "So this is goodbye?"

I have to admit, the look got to me. I wanted to melt. He faked it thoroughly, like he was softly terrified, dreading it.

His eyes were killing me. I used the blindfold at that point because I had to. Damn, I thought to myself, he was one surprise after another. I leaned down and kissed him softly on the lips, then leaned to his ear, "When I come back, it's the other me, ok? Thank you for doing this. Please trust me. But use your word if you have to, I won't think anything less of you if you do. It's the only way I can do this, if I know you will stop me if I go too far."

He nodded silently then I stood up and walked out of the room.

Total arousal. It was only 9:30.

I did masturbate a little in the next room as I prepared myself for him. I changed into a "bitch outfit", higher boots and a catsuit, leather gloves. I returned to the room and found him struggling there, pulling uselessly at the straps, but nonetheless pulling with determination.

The sound of my light steps caught his attention and he looked toward me. "Let me go," he said. It was an order, not a question.

I laughed.

He gritted his teeth and shook so hard the chair creaked. "Goddamn it, LET ME GO!"

When I was at his side I put a hand tightly over his mouth and he threw his head from side to side furiously. I held firm and leaned down to whisper, "You're helpless. Deal with it."

There was a muffled, "NO!" behind my hand.

I let go and pulled the blindfold off his eyes. He blinked and squinted at me, looked me up and down. "Who are you!? Let me go!" He shouted.

I sat on his lap and he growled at me as I took a fistful of his hair and pulled it back, exposing his neck to me. I licked slowly at his flesh and ground my hips into him, pressing down into the hardness between his legs.

"You will do as I say," I whispered.

"Fuck you!" he snapped.

I pulled back and slapped him hard, carefully, nervous. Still half there, half in headspace. He let out his breath and gasped, then moved his eyes to me. He blinked. He swallowed.

I waited, but there was no safeword.

"You ready to behave?"

"I'd rather die."

I laughed. He looked beautiful. He was mine. I went to my things and took a leather gag, my favorite, and made my way back to the chair. His eyes fell on it, then went to me. He shook his head.

I took him by a fistful of hair and wrestled with him, he kept shouting, "NO! I won't let you!" I had to plug his nose, shove the gag in with force and then hold his head between my breasts as I locked the buckle behind his head. He was panting through his nose, his chest heaving.

When I stepped back to look at him, I was shaking. I couldn't look at first. I know it is silly, but there are times when it is like this. I can't bear the sight, I can't face my own arousal. I had to turn and pace a little, just listen to his breathing, his shifting in the chair, the muffled gasps from behind the gag.

I knew then..I knew, the mere sight of him in the gag would be too much. I paced, I shut my eyes. I remembered back to the photo in the big binder. The boy with the big blue eyes. The model. The actor. The sweetheart that had made the joke about a cologne that smelled like latex. The guy with the gorgeous eyelashes and pouty lips.

And I turned, looked at him. Finally.

His head was down, his hair blocked my view. His chest was still heaving. His hands were both in tight fists. I walked over slowly and put my hand under his chin but met with resistance. He would not let me lift his head. He started shaking it.

I pulled harder and forced his chin up. His eyes were shut tight, his bangs wet and in his face. And the gag..the gag covered his lips, the straps tightly pulled back over his cheeks, behind his head. He swallowed hard.

"You don't like that in your mouth, do you?"

He kept his eyes shut and shook his head softly. He was breathing hard, in short little gasps, from his nose.

Suddenly I was terrified. My headspace snapped. I lost it all, goddamn it, it happens, and it did happen then. I started shaking and I wanted to cry, I thought, Jesus Christ, I blew it, look at him.

I leaned in close and took his face in my hands and whispered his name, "Matthew, Matthew...Look here, look at me?"

His eyes shot open at the desperation in my voice. His eyes were wide, alert, with concern. He was beautiful.

I whispered, "Are you ok?"

He nodded.

I was shaking and I think he could feel it in my hands as I held his face. I saw his eyes searching my

expression, confused. He looked upset that I was upset.

I whispered again, "I was just worried. As long as you're ok..."

He nodded slowly, blinked carefully at me.

"I can keep going?" I asked.

He nodded again.

I took a breath, looked away, then looked back at him carefully as I held his face in my hands. "No more breaks..I'm fine as long as you are. Make me feel guilty, Matthew. Make me feel evil. Break my heart with your agony, make me want to let you go. Understand?"

His eyes were alive, so beautiful. Sitting there in my awful gag, bound so tight he couldn't move. God, he was the most gorgeous creature. The simple sight of him made me wet.

He nodded at me then lowered his eyes.

I stepped back, I walked away. I went to my bedroom and I flopped down on the bed to gather my thoughts. I knew a few things for certain. One was that I was falling for this boy. He was either the most amazing creature on earth, or a very smart escort that knew his job - make the client happy so she will call again. God knows I would call again. I would see him every week if I could afford it.

The other thing was that coming down was going to hit me hard. I could just tell. I knew that he would play it up during our last scenes together, that he would push my buttons, that he would take what I gave him, and I would feel like hell coming down from it. That I would probably end up an emotional wreck, in tears. I cursed myself for not talking to him about it during our playful chat over wine and crackers.

But, deep down I knew he would handle it well. He would hold me, and chuckle a little, stroke my hair and say, "It's ok, you didn't hurt me, I'm just fine. I loved making you feel that way." Oh, beautiful words. And to hear them from him.

The chair creaking distracted me from my thoughts. I pushed it out of my mind, my worry that is, and got up to find my vibrator and return to my waiting prisoner.

He lifted his head toward me when I re-entered the room and his eyes were filled with begging, misery. He was gasping for breath what he could around the gag, he half coughed and shook his head to try to force it out.

"That won't work," I said as I plopped down on the couch in front of him. His eyes wandered to the vibrator I was holding. I smiled, lifted it, and brought it to my lips. I started simulating oral sex. I went down on it. I even got down on my knees right in front of his chair and did it.

This was not in my game plan, no. But something came over me. I became a whore, a cross between an erotic dancer and a prostitute. I did it because the pain and desire in his eyes drove me to sexual lust. I crawled over and put the vibrator between his legs, up against the latex, against the bulge in his pants, and went down on it as if it was his.

He moaned, he shifted his hips at me, he threw his head back and whimpered for release. But I just went down on it. I went down on my vibrator as if it were his cock, using the other hand to finger myself through the catsuit. I unzipped the crotch and slid my fingers inside, finding my wet sex, coated my fingers then brought them to his nose. I coated his face with my juices, then I licked them off.

Straddling his lap, my catsuit open at the crotch as I slid over the bulge in his latex, rubbing against him, lapping at the wetness on his face like a slut. I was on a different planet. He just moaned and writhed. It's like no other high - when lust takes over, power, control, sex. I could have cum, easily, fucking the bulge in his pants, licking around the gag he wore so graciously for me, my arms wrapped around his head and a vibrator hanging from my fingers.

I was rubbing against him, whispering nasty things into his ear, looking at the vibrator in my hand. What am I doing, I thought to myself. What am I doing!

I got off my prisoner, I dangled the vibrator in front of him. "You want me to use this, don't you?"

He shifted, he twisted in his bonds, he threw his head back and whined out loud.

I laughed. I turned it on. The familiar hum made him look, and I pondered the long, phallic item in my hand. Just the mere vibration in my palm made me wetter. Looking at it, such a simple device, flesh in color, smooth, about 6 inches long. It was still glistening.

I opened my legs. I unzipped the crotch of my catsuit more. His eyes were fixed on me as I sat on the edge of the couch facing him, knees up, my crotch in plain view.

"I'll do it," I told him, a slow, evil smile crossing my face, "But first, you need to do one simple thing for me."

I ran the vibrator down my thigh. It made my skin tingle and my cunt start to throb with need. Yes, my body was trained.

He nodded as if to say, "Yes..ok..yes."

"I want you to close your eyes."

His eyes begged me.

I laughed and brought the vibrator back to my lips. I kissed the tip. "Either that, either close your eyes and listen, or else I will use this on YOU."

He shook his head at me. Yes, I could tell, that was not on his list of favorite things.

"Do it." I ordered.

He sighed in his bonds, wiggled his fingers. His eyes fell on the pleasure device in my hand then to my eyes. Slowly, slowly and with such beautiful hesitation, he let them close.

I slid the long device inside of me, slowly. The tip of the vibrator was cool, welcoming, and the vibration sent spasms through my clit. My body started to shake. Just a quarter of an inch inside and I gasped in pleasure and saw his body shake in response, but he held in his promise to keep his eyes closed.

Deeper. It hummed and I shivered more, twisting it as I slid it in, lifting my hips and pointing it back, back, deeper. I shifted my hips on it, I lifted my ass a little off the couch. Oh god, I thought, look at me, fucking this piece of plastic with this gorgeous creature bound and gagged in front of me.

And I arched my back, holding back my orgasm, because this was true bliss. I knew that the slightest whimper from him would push me over the edge.

He kept quiet. I slid down on it further. Three quarters of the way down on the vibrating plastic, and I was in heaven. I hissed through shaking breaths, "Struggle for me, Matthew."

When he started pulling at his wrists I thought that was it. I was fighting back the waves. I held off on the orgasm, I bit my lip. I wanted him so much. I hissed, "Your eyes, open them, look into my eyes and beg me to cum, Matthew, beg me for freedom."

He waited, damn, he waited even. He knew it, he knew by having his eyes shut he was holding off my cumming. He shook the hair away from his face first and I was lost in the motion of my body against the vibrator, imagining for that instant that it was between his legs and I was straddling his lap and riding it as I held his face in my hands.

When his eyes opened slowly I let out what sounded like a feminine squeak. That was it. I was cumming. I couldn't even consider stopping at that point. He whimpered a little and I moaned out loud, I moaned his name and arched my back and writhed against the vibrator, sitting on the couch, my knees up against me, legs spread, the tight catsuit against me everywhere but the several inches opened at the crotch.

Everything was lost to me, I was in bliss. It hit me in waves and I could barely hear him in the background, whimpering for me. Mine. My property. My slave, my Matthew.

When I came down, when I came back to the planet, my eyes fell on him. He was sweating. So beautiful. I pulled out the vibrator and looked at it then at him as my breathing slowly returned to normal. I stood, wobbling, and made my way toward him.

He lifted his head and looked up at me. His eyes were sleepy, defeated, but full of lust. "You are mine," I smiled, touching his cheek.

He just nodded, nodded slowly and deliberate. He swallowed hard around the gag. He looked uncomfortable. He shifted.

"Ready to make me cum again?" I asked.

It was 10:30.

And I waited. I changed into my lace corset and heels and cleaned up the living room a little, making sure he had plenty of views of my ass and breasts. This was just pure teasing, I know, but I wanted to make him want desperately out of those bonds.

I waited until he started whimpering for my attention and then I finally went to him, looked at him, and shook my head.

I couldn't believe what I had in front of me. What he had given me already.

And he's here. My Matthew. It's November, it's raining, and the night is still young. I may let you go, I may not. I may keep you here all night. I may let you go and have more crackers and wine, giggle on the living room floor and talk about why we hated High School. Or I might show you the toys I promised myself I wouldn't. I might risk it all for you. Because you are amazing, you are both beautiful and passionate. You are the most gorgeous thing I have laid my eyes on.

And you are mine. At least until 1:00am.

But I can't help wishing you were mine forever.

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