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Interview with the Domina, part one

"I see," said the domina thoughtfully. She stood in a long, black dress near the window, staring out at the city lights.

The boy was setting up a laptop computer on a small, desktop table. They were together in a loft in Manhattan, shortly after midnight. "I hope you don't mind," he said. "I take better notes on a computer. New age journalism, I guess."

"I don't mind," the domina replied, taking a long, slow drag from a cigarette, never turning to face him. "What is it that you wanted to know?" she asked him.

"You said you were a domina, a non-professional dominatrix," he mused, shuffling some papers together, adjusting his glasses and staring at the screen in front of him. "At the club, when you said that to me, I wanted to know more."

"And I wanted to know more about you," the domina said, slowly turning for the first time, walking toward him with slow, deliberate grace. She crushed the half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray she held in her other hand, staring at him, smiling in a very subtle way.

His eyes were up on her, his head tilted toward her. Sitting, he was down so low, and she seemed so towering, so ominous. He cleared his throat. "What? So you could tie me up, beat me? Whips and chains, make me bark like a dog?" he joked.

"Yes," the domina said without hesitation.

The boy froze, smiling at first, then he looked suddenly, purely afraid.

She smiled, and reached down and put a hand on his. "Don't worry. I have no such intentions. You wanted to hear about what it is really like, and I told you that I would share this with you."

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"I thought all dominatrixes did it for money," he said quickly, pulling his hand out from under hers and going quickly for his keyboard.

"No. That's not true at all."

"And I thought they all hated men or had weird childhood issues."

She smiled again. "I adore men, actually."

The boy reporter was transfixed with her, with her beauty. She was statuesque, the black dress clung tightly to her perfect body. Her hair was long, and feminine, and her nails were painted red. She was the picture of feminine beauty, like a goddess, but what was most engaging was the aura of confidence that seemed to surround her like a force field. It was not difficult to imagine men succumbing at once to her command. Even he felt suddenly captivated, even though she was probably fifteen to twenty years his senior.

She sat slowly across from him. "Let me start at the beginning. I was not always a domina. It began when I was young, only seventeen - just a few years younger than you are now. And I had no idea the turn my life was going to take."

The boy typed but watched her, watched her lips. Sitting almost awkwardly on a couch, leaning down to a small table where his laptop was open, sitting next to lit candles.

"I met Alyssa at dance club. I had a fake ID, and was a scared little teenager. That night, I entered into the place, afraid of men, afraid of boys even, afraid of kissing. I was a virgin, and while I was quite beautiful, I had no idea the ways of the world, or of love, or of power."

"That night, when I entered the club, I was normal. Human. Good. It was the last time I would ever feel purity. I have been different since that night."

When I saw her, I had no idea she would bring me to this darkness. She was looking at me, from the center of the dancefloor, standing behind a man who had his back to her. She was holding him to her, moving her hands down over his chest while staring at me.

She was holding him in place, nails digging traces into the white t-shirt that clung to his chest with sweat. And they were dancing.

It was intoxicating to watch, and I did not feel myself moving closer, but I did. Walking, transfixed, eyes on her as if she was offering him to me, calling me to join in on her game. She was beautiful.

Intense green eyes, long dark hair. She was wearing a skin-tight black dress. It was animal the way she touched him. I had never seen a woman with such self confidence. I envied her.

And when I was just a few feet in front of them, she took him by the shoulders and shoved him at me. He bumped into me, almost knocking me over, but fortunately he caught my arms to balance me. The move startled me.

Then her hands were on me. On me from behind him, pushing into him so he pressed into me. It was uncomfortable, and smothering. Then his hands were around me and I felt as if I was about to be violated and in a very compromising position, but she took him by the wrists and held his hands behind his back.

All I felt from him was the distinct bulge in his jeans. She pulled his head back by the hair and I looked up at the sweat running down his neck.

Her hands were on my ass.

She said something to me right then, but I can't recall what it was.

'This one's for you'

**

Only moments later I was in a dark corner with them. I felt so inadequate compared to her. She was beautiful, with an amazing body that filled out the tight black dress perfectly, leaving little to the imagination.

I stood in a short black skirt, my plain blonde hair pulled back into a pony tail. And him - her boyfriend, I suspected, in his black jeans and white t-shirt - while not stunning, was nothing bad to look at.

She had him pressed into a wall and was locking his wrists into shackles. I immediately started looking around nervously, wondering if people were watching.

'Bring it on, ' he was saying. Drunk, a little. Sort of obnoxious. Not as attractive, anymore.

'Easy, tiger,' she said to him, backing up a little as he lurched forward, off balance, open mouth trying to get to hers.

Her hand was on mine. She pulled me over. I could tell then she was strong, I could feel it in her hand alone.

He looked at me, shaking the hair from his face, his eyes moving up and down me. Checking me out. I backed behind her a little and he snickered, or sneered, and then moved to hers. 'Give me a little more of what you did on the dancefloor, baby.'

He was getting less attractive all the time. In fact, I was finding him downright disgusting, and wanted to leave. But her hand was still locked around mine, and she was now half-straddling his lap as he was sitting on a pedestal, his arms chained above his head.

'You know this is one of my fantasies,' the guy said, still trying to get his open mouth to hers but she was staying out of reach, running her hand through his hair, pulling his head back.

'Oh, really,' she said, disinterested.

It did not phase him. He continued. 'Two babes.'

That was it. I turned to leave, but she jerked me back by the hand, and I spun around to face her. There was this look in her eyes. I can't describe it. Something deep, and primal.

She let go of my hand and spun around to him, and in one quick motion backhanded him so hard that I jumped, clutching my hands to my chest, my heart pounding. I wanted to run, to turn and run as fast as I could out of the dark corner, out of the club, and to my waiting car.

But instead I stood there, watching, watching as he lashed out at her, calling her a whore, and I saw her reaching under her dress for something, I saw the tops of her stockings, I saw garters.

And she said to me, looking over her shoulder as she held his face, by the chin, 'Give me your panties.'

*

"She asked you for your panties?" the boy interrupted the domina.

"Yes," she replied. "At that time, I had no idea what the power was behind the scent of a woman, the stain and residue upon her lingerie, the feminine mystique they held. Soon I would learn just how powerful this all was."

"Why did she want you to take off your panties?" the boy asked, leaning over to listen intently.

The domina blinked slowly, lighting another cigarette. "I am getting to that, boy. You certainly are impatient."

"My apologies. Back to the club," he motioned for her to continue.

"I don't know what possessed me to stay. I don't know if the change was already happening, and if it had started the moment she touched me.

But there I was, bending over and sliding my panties down under my skirt. They were wet, warm as a result of the earlier dancing. Before I could even lift them up she grabbed them, and I watched her as she relentlessly pushed them into his mouth.

It disgusted me. He fought hard. I stood there, unable to move.

She had something. A device of some sort. Long, leather straps. Something phallic in shape. There was a roll of tape; she tore off a strip to cover his mouth. In the darkness, with only a few flashes of light coming from the dance floor, I could barely make out what she was doing.

The device was locked around his waist. She mounted him, and fucked him. I had never seen such a thing. Her black dress hung down a little to hide it, but I could still see flashes of her garters.

He was helpless there, moaning, fighting, being used as an instrument of pleasure but not by choice. And I think the way the device pressed down into the erection in his pants caused a tremendous amount of pain.

All the while she held his head back by the chin and he could not move.

She looked at me. Her eyes were alive, on fire. I felt an aching between my legs. Maybe even an envy, jealous of the passion she seemed to be experiencing.

*

It was not over quickly. Even after she came, came right on top of him with her legs wrapped around his waist, she dismounted and disconnected the device only to hold up the wet latex object, rubbing it over his face. Leaving traces of her scent on him.

Marking him.

He looked miserable and tortured. Destroyed.

'Do you want your panties back?' she asked me.

'No,' I said.

'Let's go,' she commanded.

She took my hand and led me away, holding the straps of the device over her shoulder as casually as a purse. We ran out into the night together, giggling like old friends (it seemed so odd at the time), until we ended up in a dark alley that felt decidedly unsafe to me.

*

She pulled a cigarette out of her purse and fumbled for a lighter, watching me as I looked around nervously. 'Who was that guy?' I asked her.

Lighting the cigarette, she shrugged. 'I have no idea. I just met him tonight.'

'You're kidding me. ' I said, still watching her with caution. She looked at me, then walked up a little closer.

'I'm Alyssa,' she said. 'I think you're very pretty.'

Now I was frozen. This was an awkward moment for me, as I was not attracted to women. At least at the time.

Still, I did not make a move to leave, or try to stop her when she pressed her mouth against mine. She tasted like cigarettes and alcohol.

When she kissed me, it was amazing. Images of what had just happened were swimming in my head. Her tongue explored my mouth and I just stood there helplessly, somehow frozen more because of flattery.

That a woman so beautiful would actually want me in a sexual way.

Then I felt her hand under my skirt. Still without panties, her fingers made way without any hesitation to my wetness, and I moaned into her mouth as she started to touch me.

Then she spoke. Whispering, into my ear. Dizzying. 'Did you like what I did to that guy?'

I could not reply. I was lost in the sensation. Images were still flashing through my mind, and I was in awe of them.

'Did you like how tortured he looked? Did you like watching him squirm, Andrea?'

It occurred to me that I had not told her my name. Easily dismissed, as I was lost at the sensation of her second finger entering me. I found myself leaning against the brick wall. The night air was so cold, and I had totally forgotten that we were standing in a dark alley. Two young women.

'You want to do that to a man, don't you?' she asked me. Her lips brushed my ear. I arched my head back, offering her my flesh. Everything she touched on me felt so good.

'Don't you??' she hissed, this time, for the first time, with a sneer in her voice, jerking at her fingers enough to make me tense, the tender muscles inside of me contracting, making me gasp, half in pain, half in shock.

'Yes,' was all I could manage.

Then she kissed me.

We went back to her place.

*

I awoke the next morning, beside her, with a hunger I had never felt before. It was unlike anything I had experienced.

"Did you have sex with her?" the boy asked the domina eagerly.

The domina chuckled. "Is that all you are so eager to hear about?"

"Well..." he hesitated, looking down at the keyboard. "It may be important to the story, to your development, to how this all happened and your views toward men."

"Yes, I had sex with her. I had sex with her, and it was unlike anything I could have imagined. It was surreal, and beyond beauty, beyond thinking. Her lips on my body seemed to electrify everything inside of me, and I still remember how every inch of my skin seemed to tingle when I felt her warm lips trailing down me, down my belly, to my thighs. The feel of her tongue against my virgin flesh terrified and thrilled me. I held a pillow over my face in shame and desire as I felt the first few dabs of the tip of her tongue against my pussy. I felt her start to slowly explore my insides with her lips and tongue, and soon I was in a dizzying whirlpool of sensations, following the circular pulsing of her tongue in and around my clit, feeling one of her hard nipples pressed into my thigh. Her other finger was to my lips, pressing a scent to them that I had never experienced, the finger she had been masturbating with. I sucked it eagerly, hungrily, lost in the more aggressive pressure of her tongue pushing inside of me now, the rocking of her body as we both approached climax. Your erection has become astoundingly obvious through your trousers."

"Oh!" the boy blushed, shuddering, breaking his gaze to grab a nearby notebook and place it over his lap, shaking nervously. "My apologies, I just...I was listening and..."

The domina smiled. "No worries. I understand the male mind. I know how it works. I know how you are a prisoner to your own carnal desires. Shall I continue?"

"Yes, " the boy stammered, clearing his throat and catching his breath.

"Later that day, walking through her tiny apartment by myself, her robe wrapped over my shoulders, I looked at the images that covered her walls. Paintings, photographs. Men bound. Male bodies, tight and helpless.

Torture. Sometimes graphic. I looked over them with a sense of awe.

Finally, at the end of the short hallway, my eyes fell on a painting of a man kneeling before two women. One was holding his chin up to face the other. His wrists were chained behind his back, and his muscles strained. Fingers dug at the metal desperately. The look in his eyes was one of total fear, yet devotion. Acceptance.

'You like that one,' her voice came, startling me.

I jumped, turning to her. She was standing there in a white silk robe, sipping coffee.

'Why do they look so beautiful in these pictures?' I asked. 'What is it about men in this horrible, terrifying situations? These situations, some of them which are...disgusting?'

She laughed, walking up to me slowly. Looking at the art as she did. 'These are images of true feminine power. Of the every essence that makes a man worship the goddess, worship everything that is feminine. A man can never be truly a man until he has been rendered powerless for a woman, stripped of his every essence and made truly vulnerable for her.'

Listening to her, I turned my attention back to the painting.

'We have been blessed with these beautiful creatures. To adore us, to suffer for us. To pleasure us. 'Turning, walking away, I could hear the creaking of her hardwood floors. 'They are mere toys for us, Andrea.'

"So then, at that point, did you start to have the same desires she did? To use men in that way?" the boy reporter asked the domina.

The domina pursed her lips, sitting back, reflecting. "Not really. Not in the same way that Alyssa did. She was a cruel, ruthless sadist that would stop at nothing to get a man kneeling at her feet. She was addicted to the slow, evil process of stripping away everything a man had and then laughing at him, crushing him. She would squash them like a bug, then laugh at them as she kicked their remains off of the end of her stiletto heels. Any adoration she felt was more like amusement, and they were mere instruments for her pleasure.

Alyssa was also a professional dominatrix. She worked in a dungeon three days a week, beating men for hours and hours and hours, sometimes letting sessions run three or four times the paid length just because she enjoyed it all so much. I would watch sometimes, curled up in a little ball, fascinated, like watching a horrible car accident.

I watched her put grown men twice her size in big tubs then stand over them and piss all over their face. I watched her strap men down on large examining tables and slowly, painfully expand their anuses until they were inhuman in shape, only to insert objects into them and pump liquid into their bowels.

I watched her give men enemas and make them hold them too long, until they were slobbering and crying at her feet, but she'd kick them aside and laugh and mock them when they messed themselves all over the floor.

One time she had a man there and she sat on his face in her thong panties, laughing toward me, giggling, saying, 'Come to me, Andrea! Join me! The pig slave wants to be used! He's a pathetic little shit, step on his balls, my lovely one.'

And I walked over, shaking, my eyes fixed on his stiff erection. His large cock, pulsing with blood and oozing white milky fluid from the top, his big belly shaking. His face, hidden under her strong thighs, his chin moving as he lapped at her thong.

She pointed a gloved finger toward me. 'Stick your heel right there. Press down. There you go, my pretty one. Press harder. He can take it.'

I worried that his testicles would explode under my feet. I was shaking, mortified, but dripping wet at the same time. Meanwhile she was bouncing on his face, and her cheeks were flushed, and then her hands played with her own nipples through her tight latex bra.

'Harder!' she ordered me.

He howled in pain, I could hear it even though his pussy on his face seemed to muffle it all. She came on top of him when he howled, and I was shaking like a mess, unable to hold myself together, not even aware of what I was feeling.

'Piss on his face!' she ordered, grabbing my hand as she dismounted.

'Piss on his face, now!' she ordered.

I saw this fury in her eyes, post-orgasmic, she watched him, licking her lips, tapping his erection with a riding crop and hissing, 'Pigslave wants to cum! Pigslave wants to cum!'

It was terrifying to me, but she literally pushed me down on top of him and reached over, grabbed my breasts in her open palms, squeezing them through my blouse, her lips close to mine, her eyes on fire.

'Piss on him,' she hissed.

And then I emptied my bladder all over his face.

"Surely this man didn't enjoy that," the boy said, a twisted up look on his face that the domina was quite used to seeing.

"Oh, as a matter of fact, he gave me a hundred dollar bill as a thank you," she chuckled. "Mumbling something about the sweet taste of my golden nectar, my champagne. He handed me a crisp one hundred dollar bill while my piss was still glistening on his face."

"I don't understand," the boy said, "Why any man would want that."

"Ahh, you see. Alyssa led me to believe that all men wanted this, deep down. But that they had not yet met a powerful enough woman to show them the way. And I knew what I felt, this attraction to the power, was not going away. I blindly followed her. Sometimes in her professional sessions, but mostly when she would go out in clubs. I was a mere 18 year old, confused about my sexuality (having only slept with one person, here, even though I was certain that I was not a lesbian).

So I followed her blindly. And it just got more consuming."

**

One night, a few months later, we had a few men over. We were entertaining two college boys we had picked up at the club. Alyssa knew exactly what she wanted; I was just going along with it, still a young child compared to her. I knew I had desires, I could feel them aching in me, I could sense them from how wet I got when I thought about it.

But I had no idea what I was doing, or what I really needed. Part of me was disgusted by what I wanted, part of me felt nothing more invigorating.

I certainly was torn about these men we would seduce in clubs, though. We were definitely the two most attractive women on the floor, usually, and could have our pick. Men flocked to us, and Alyssa commanded with total authority.

They always hoped they were going to get laid, though. And she had no intention of having sex with anyone. She knew what she wanted - their pain, humiliation and total suffering. To degrade them and trample their masculinity, and often their balls. To fuck them in the ass, to dress them up and humiliate them, to piss on them and then send them home feeling degraded and used.

She lived for that.

I felt odd about it in a non-professional context. Sure, it was one thing to do this to the men that lined up and paid her for it; but to seduce an unsuspecting man at a club or bar, only to take him home and give him a dick up the ass instead of a good lay - it seemed wrong.

Yes, I was drawn to it. I was fascinated with the way she worked the men, seduced them, captured them, then trampled them. Even at times when I thought it was downright immoral, like the time I walked in on her

with a man she'd brought home from the club. He was sobbing at her, feet, licking her heels, he had a large device sticking out of his ass and was wearing a bra and panties.

He was shackled and totally helpless.

'What are you doing!?' I hissed at her. 'He did not consent to this!'

Alyssa turned sharply to me, her hair slapping her face, glaring. She lifted her boot off of his hands long enough to ask, 'Do you want to leave, slave?'

He looked up at her, then at me, snot and tears staining his face. 'No,' he said.

But I knew what he wanted, and I knew why he stayed. He wanted to get laid.

**

But going back to that time at the flat, when we brought back the two college boys. Alan, the one that was with me, had been engaging and endearing at first. In the club he had been shy, casting his eyes downward when I spoke to him. His friend, Mark, was the dark-haired, aggressive one, and Alyssa had him wrapped around her finger in no time.

Three times on the way to the flat, Alan put his hand on my breast. I kept pushing him off and he kept trying again, and suddenly my affection for him wore thin. It was apparent he just wanted to get sex, and this knowledge burned in me and infuriated me.

I heard him mutter, 'cocktease' and saw Alyssa's eyes flash at me from the front seat through the rear view mirror. She had been driving and was keeping an eye on us, and she was clearly amused.

But I thought he was an ass, and as much as I was dying to feed that hunger in me, to see his soft blue eyes surrender to me, I could not help but keep thinking about the erection in his jeans and how all I wanted to do was find somewhere to stick his dick.

**

When we were in the flat, Alyssa got them both a bottle of beer each and excused us to the bedroom to change. As soon as I closed the door, I told her what I felt of the situation.

'This is just all wrong,' I said as I watched her strip quickly from her clothes and take the pins out of her hair, shaking it so it all flowed down over her shoulders. 'These men are both assholes, and they both want to get laid. I don't get what you see in any of this.'

'They are men,' she said plainly. 'Victims to their own hard dicks. Use them to feed your hunger, Andrea. Use them and send them on their way. Both of them will think back to this night for years and jerk off,

cumming all over their own face and thanking the goddesses each time for it.'

Alyssa was naked, and beautiful, slipping into a black thong before she put on a lace teddy and started to brush her hair at the vanity, obviously in a hurry to get to her prey.

I stood there, sulking, thinking. Certainly I had an aching inside of me, a deep longing to see surrender and suffering. I had imagined Alan's body in tight bonds, his struggle, his gasps of desperation and his whimpering into my ear. And all of that made me so wet, it made me ache.

'Don't deny your desires,' Alyssa said to me as she stood, setting down the hairbrush and walking to me. She took me into her arms and kissed me full on the mouth. Her kiss was warm, deep. It fueled my passion even more.

'Take him,' she said. 'He is your sweet, willing prey.'

**

Only a few moments later I was alone with Alan on the couch. Alyssa had retired into her bedroom with Mark, and I was certain she had him hogtied and gagged within a matter of minutes, and was probably buckling her strap on harness around her hips and selecting which size dildo to penetrate the virgin with.

Meanwhile, Alan again kept reaching for my breast, and I had to keep shoving him off and telling him to stop. As much as I wanted to desire him, he was being such an ass, it was hard to find him attractive any more. We started to make out on the couch and he was an excellent kisser, so that took my mind off of his indiscretions momentarily, and I instead focussed on my own fantasies.

While our tongues explored each other's mouths, I imagined him in the full sized rack that was in Alyssa's basement. I imagined his eyes, no longer cocky and arrogant, but instead surrendering to me, begging me. Him longing for a kiss before I took his mouth away, took it away with a large, phallic gag that terrified him because of what it would make him feel.

My fantasies were interrupted when his fingers started to try to find their way into my pussy from under my panties. His movements were short, jerky, and inexperienced (compared to my only means of comparison - Alyssa - who had always been sensual, delicate, and almost undetectable until she was massaging me from the inside and my body was writhing in pleasure).

Again, I pushed him away, and again, he scowled at me, this time cursing and glaring at me.

'Can you be a little more subtle?' I asked, trying to smile seductively.

'Seductive, my ass,' he snapped. Then he reached for me, and I tried to scream.

**

"Did he rape you?" the boy asked curiously, leaning over. "Is that where this all started?"

The domina smiled, blinking slowly. "No, no. Nothing of the sort. Alyssa was in the next room, and she has a keen ear, and she heard the moment there was trouble. Later I found out that she had just rendered her prey totally helpless and had inserted a large, inflatable dildo into his ass and had it pumped up about half way when she had to excuse herself, leaving him totally humiliated, the door wide open, terrified that his friend would wander in."

She came to check on me, and found me ejecting myself from the couch and glaring at Alan. She caught my arm as I hissed into her ear, 'These assholes need to leave.'

Alyssa calmed me, brought me into the kitchen and whispered to me, her eyes never leaving Alan, who was straightening his shirt on the couch, taking a sip of his beer and looking around.

'He is a beautiful man,' she whispered to me.

'He is a huge prick!' I hissed back at her. 'He just wants to get laid! This is not what I want.'

Alyssa smiled and looked at me sympathetically. 'You have so much to learn, my pretty little Andrea. Watch me. Follow me. Trust me.'

And she proceeded to seduce him before my eyes, degrade him, then give him to me as some sort of twisted present.

TO BE CONTINUED

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