



Akasha's Web



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Interview with the Domina, part two

"Wait a minute, what about Mark?" the boy reporter asked.

"Apparently, Mark remained bound and gagged for the entire time, lubrication dripping from his ass, the inflatable device slowly releasing air over time. His nipples had been clamped the entire time so he was quite sore."

"And Alan? Did you get what you wanted from Alan finally?"

The domina sighed. "Alan...it appears, Alan was never what I wanted in the first place. And that night was the night that Alyssa and I began to drift apart.

She had seduced Alan quite easily and quickly, letting him believe she had just fucked his friend twice and he was sleeping in the next room, and that she wanted more. Alan was to be used by both she and I - because, as she explained, I could not get "hot" without a woman present and that is why I had shoved him away repeatedly.

His smile and his erection grew in equal proportion.

I found that I loathed him and wanted him more and more. He was a disgusting pig on one hand, yet he was charming, and handsome, and had a great body. He submitted to everything Alyssa tried - she was playfully handcuffing him face down on the floor, then spreading his legs apart. She stripped off his pants and he was going, 'Oh yeah, oh yeah please..'and she lightly tapped and spanked his bottom, looking at me as if to say 'Ohhh boy he has NO idea...'

I just stood there, shaking, unaware of what I was feeling.

Then she went in front of him and opened her legs so he was staring right between her thighs. She reached down and pulled her thong aside and said, "See how wet I am?"

'Ohh god I want you,' he said.

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I cringed. It disgusted me, but aroused me, all at the same time. His tone was so different now, his voice was low. He had the same hard dick between his legs, but instead of trying to shove it any place he could, he was enamored with Alyssa, panting on her every word.

'Tell me how bad you want to lick my friend. Tell me how bad you want to lick Andrea.'

He tried to turn his head to me. He tried, but couldn't find me. He was fumbling, and he rattled in his chains, and it made my pussy ache to watch him try to find me. 'Oh please,' he said. 'Please I will do anything.'

Alyssa called me over with her finger. She was as seductive as ever, even to me. I walked over to wear she was sprawled out in front of him, his chin to the floor. His eyes peered up at me. 'Oh please, let me taste your pussy!' he said. His eyes were between my legs. He was looking at my pussy. He just stared at my pussy. It was all about my pussy. Suddenly, I was only pussy to him.

Alyssa took my foot and pushed it toward him. 'Lick her toes.'

'But I want pussy..' he said 'God I will make you feel so good, I promise. You will cum for hours! Let me fuck you both!'

Suddenly his attractive voice was annoying. I pushed my foot to his mouth, and Alyssa said, 'Lick her toes like you would lick our pussies. Then we can watch and decide if we want it.'

Sure enough, he licked eagerly. He licked my toes like they were his lifeblood, he sucked on them, he licked the dirt from between them, he sucked all of the sweat from them. Watching him, now that he was finally quiet and not begging for pussy, he was sweetly endearing again.

His lips looked so soft, and his fingers were clenched in fists behind his back. He looked so helpless, his eyes were shut tight and he was moving his hips a little, rubbing his erection into the floor. I think he was trying to pleasure himself as he imagined he was sucking my clit, not my baby toe.

I was broken from my daydream when I felt Alyssa behind me. She was still down low and I was standing, with my one foot propped into Alan's mouth. I felt her pull down my panties, then I felt her breath between my ass cheeks, her hands opening them slowly. She was entering my pussy from behind with her tongue, and my body suddenly was on fire.

Eyes closed, I felt his desperate, whimpering sucking on my toes and her lapping, soft, luxurious tongue under me, her hands kneading my ass cheeks, finally spreading them wide and moving her tongue up behind, all around my ass, then teasing my hole until I wanted to bend over the nearby table and have her take me with her strap on.

A situation that had moments before been doomed was now one of the most electrifying experiences of my

life, with the lapping slave boy gazing up at me eagerly, my beautiful girlfriend behind me now fingering me with her hands and exploring my ass with her tongue.

**

The boy reporter was again blushing. "So, uh, I guess Alan turned out to be an ok guy for you then?"

I smirked. "No. He was the world's biggest ass. I was enjoying the situation, mind you, about to climax, when he started yammering about wanting to lick my ass too, about needing his dick massaged. He was saying, 'go down on me baby, suck my cock, please. Someone suck my cock, oh baby.'"

Both Alyssa and I just looked at him. He was pumping the floor pathetically.

'Come on, I sucked your smelly toes. Let me get some. Let me have some pussy. Come on, I'll be a good slave. I'll be a good slave I promise. Let me suck your clit.' Again, his eyes were on my pussy. First mine, then Alyssa's then mine again. In fact, I don't think he had looked either of us in the eyes since we started.

'Go get my strap on,' Alyssa said to me. 'And a tube of lubricant.'

I turned to walk away, and I heard him say, 'Oh yeah, oh fuck yeah, Can I watch you do your lez girlfriend? Can I watch you fuck her pussy? And her ass?'

Anger burned in me.

**

I returned with the tools and he was fucking a towel in front of himself that Alyssa held, taunting him. His wrists were still cuffed behind him, he was naked from the waist down.

'Put it on,' Alyssa ordered me, not looking away from him.

He was still oblivious. He was watching me strap on the leather harness, imagining that soon he would see two women having sex right in front of him, for his benefit, so he could watch, then he would fuck both of us for hours and he'd be the stud of the year.

I strapped on the harness, shaking to the core. I had only used it a few times, and it made me wet just to wear it. The sensations of penetrating a man with it were unbelievable; the feeling of his unnatural hole opening up and taking it, his gasps of pain, the look of it sliding in and out of his ass cheeks.

It was addicting.

As I buckled the last buckle, Alan looked at Alyssa and said, 'Do you like it when she fucks your pussy with

that bid dildo?' as he tried desperately to rub his erection into the carpet.

'Oh yes,' she smiled. 'Almost as much as I love to watch her fuck a man up the ass with it.'

Then his looked turned to something completely different.

**

"So you raped him?" The boy reporter asked, a clearly uneasy look on his face.

The domina smiled, taking a long drag from her cigarette, reflecting. "No. I did not rape him."

The boy exhaled in relief. "Why? Because you could not do it against his will?"

"No," the domina replied. "Because he was an asshole, and I felt nothing for him. And while the actual sensations would have been erotic, the connection was not there, it was like...animal, raw pleasure derived from something without any meaning. As much as I craved it, I knew it was not what would make me happy. I wanted it, but I hated myself for wanting it, And I hated Alyssa for making me want it."

'I can't do this to him!' I hissed to her in the hallway moments later, still wearing the device, Alan's protests long muffled with a large dildo-shaped gag. I heard him rattling in his chains, trying to get away.

'You NEED this!' she hissed back at me, pointing a finger. 'This is what you need to feel ALIVE. You want it!' She reached between my legs, startling me, grabbing my dick with one hand, and reaching under my pussy with the other. I was soaking wet. She withdrew her finger and swiped it across my lips, under my nose.

'You cannot deny it. You cannot deny what you ARE, Andrea.'

I was unbuckling the harness quickly. I was stepping out of it. 'He disgusts me. THIS disgusts me.'

I stormed from the flat, howling, 'I disgust MYSELF!'

**

I pulled some clothes from my car trunk and actually dressed in the front seat, then drove to an all night diner on the corner to drink coffee and sort my thoughts. It was close to four in the morning, and I was delirious with emotion and rage.

Sitting in a booth in the corner, one of the three patrons in the entire place, I sipped from the cup, smoked a lot of cigarettes and analyzed my rage and self-loathing. Alyssa was right in what I needed and desired; there was no doubt that in that strap-on, wearing that harness, I felt alive and passionate.

I wanted that man. I wanted Alyssa to hold Alan's legs over his head while I pounded at his tight, virginal ass with a fury, watching his eyes beg me for mercy, beg for understanding, for anything.

Even in the coffee shop, the ideas aroused me, made me shift in the booth, change my thoughts on purpose to other things, less troubling things, less distracting things. Perhaps these were all thoughts to be analyzed another time, when my head was less cloudy, when I was not so distracted with desire.

Because I did not deny that I wanted it. I need it. It had been three nights since I had any real type of domination, and I had been spoiled by Alyssa so I needed it badly. I had not been to the studio to watch and help her dominate her clients, I had not been with any new boy victims since that night at the club that ended all wrong.

I fumed at the idea that Alyssa was probably at the flat having her way with both of them. In fact, she probably had them tied together and was making them service one another while she watched from high atop her chair, smoking a cigarette, commanding the scene.

How could one woman be so powerful?

My thoughts were interrupted when the door of the café opened, and a figure in a trenchcoat walked in. He had his head down a bit and his face was hidden, and all I could see was a long black coat and black army boots. He sat at the counter and cleared his throat, ordered a cup of coffee, and picked up a newspaper.

For some time I distracted myself by watching him, imagining what he must do for a living, why he was up at 4:30 in the morning. I almost was calmed down, actually, when he turned my way and we had eye contact.

He smiled at me. From under a messy tuft of dark brown hair he smiled, then turned away and sipped his coffee.

Suddenly, it was all I wanted. All I needed.

His surrender.

**

For some time I sat there, staring at his back, willing him to come to me. I willed him to stand, walk my way, kneel down, then offer himself to me, unconditional surrender, a willing victim to feed my burning hunger.

My sweet fantasies. I imagined him hogtied delicately before me, his eyes looking up at me, a mixture of fear and arousal, desperation and awe. His lips, slightly open, inviting anything - a kiss, my fingertips, a single toe.

His hands, reaching for me perhaps, but in bonds, restrained, restrained so that he grimaced at his own lack of movement and uttered, 'hold me, please' as his own fear overwhelmed him and he urged closer to me for warmth.

My fantasies were interrupted when he stood, and took his wallet from his back pocket, and was paying for his single cup of coffee that he had finished. My heart was pounding in my chest, urging me to go forward, to call him to me, to make a move, any more.

He looked my way, just for an instant, and was putting his wallet back into his pocket.

Oh, damn you, terrified little girl, I hissed at myself. Alyssa would have had him already, she would have seduced him over to her table and he'd be under it by now, massaging her feet and promising her the world. But I was a scared, useless little girl with no powers of my own, nothing to coax him with, no seductive prowess to speak of.

I just sat there staring after him hopefully, like a wide eyed schoolgirl, when suddenly he turned, caught my glance, did a double-take, then made his way to where I was sitting.

My heart nearly stopped.

**

He asked, first, if he could sit down. His voice was soft, like his eyes. So unassuming, so sweet, and innocent. His own fingers seemed to be trembling slightly when he gestured to the open seat across from me.

'Please do,' were all the words I could manage.

He slid into the booth across from me, licking his lips just one time, and looked at me. 'My name is Philip.'

'Andrea,' I said. He reached over and shook my hand. His palm was warm. His fingers were long and delicate, I immediately noticed. As he withdrew his hand from mine I watched his wrist. The size of it. The texture.

Imagining it in bonds.

I could barely look at him without thinking of torturing him.

'Is everything ok? You don't often see women here alone this time of night,' he said, showing genuine concern. 'Did your car break down, do you need a lift or anything?'

'I'm fine,' I said. 'I just...came here to do some thinking.'

He chuckled, and his face lit up with his smile. He had beautiful teeth - white, and straight, and such sensual lips. He sat back in the booth, one arm up, his hand falling into his hair as he looked off, pondering. 'I come here a lot for that, actually. I live just up the street.'

We began to talk. About life, about our professions, about the world. I said nothing to him of domination, or my dark, evil friend who was fucking two young college boys just up the road.

I just enjoyed his warm smile, the way his eyes seemed to glow when he beamed. We drank a lot of coffee, and an hour later we were holding hands over the table, taking turns tracing outlines on each other's palms, even though neither of us said a thing about it.

I actually liked him. I liked him in a simple, non-confusing way. I liked him because he made me laugh, and he was serious without being a bore, and he was sensitive without being a wimp.

Phillip was genuine and bright. For two hours we talked, until the sun was coming up and he joked that he was a vampire and needed to go back into his coffin. His subtle way of hinting that he needed to go.

I felt a lump in my throat. The reference to vampires made me think of my own hunger (which was suddenly returning at the growing intimacy between us, even if it mostly consisted of massaging each other's hands and playing the occasional foot nudge under the table).

So I just blurted it out. 'Would you like to come back to my place?' I said.

And I was mortified. Totally mortified at the mere sound of it, mortified at his look of shock. I was a huge fuck-up in my own eyes, ruining a perfectly good thing, unable to pull off seduction like Alyssa, and as a result fucking up a possibly real thing with a genuinely nice guy.

'I'd like that,' he said.

And then all the world was roses.

**

We weren't really holding hands by the time we got to my place. We were holding fingers. I had the tips of his three middle fingers in my palm and was leading him inside, as if to fully hold hands would be too much of a commitment.

It was already light outside. I closed the door and turned to him, oddly enjoying the weird silence, and he had this serious look on his face as he eased off his trenchcoat. He let it drop to a chair behind him and he

was standing there in jeans and a black sweater, and when he reached for me to pull me into a kiss, I guess I half-expected him to grab my breast.

But he didn't. He kissed me, slowly, the first kiss I had really ever had from a man. At least one that didn't involve a gratuitous grope, considering the flirtation that had led into it. Phillip's kiss was deep, and gentle, and his hands were on me, but it was almost as if they were feathers tickling my skin through my clothes.

Everything about the way he moved was so understated. He was like air on my skin, and when my eyes were closed he was like an intoxicating whirlwind all around me, the feel of his mouth, the light touch of his fingers behind my neck, then lightly on my shoulders.

His hair felt so beautiful between my fingertips. I held it in my hands, I massaged it, I let it glide between each of my fingers as I let his kisses devour me, and suddenly we were in my bedroom, on my bed, and I was the one undressing him.

**

So I was a very inexperienced girl of 18 with a man probably in his early 20s, and I had never even had real sex before (unless you count the stuff with Alyssa, which while it contained full penetration, was still not the same). My head was swimming with confusion about what I was feeling, where to go next, and what it all really meant.

Philip and I had stopped kissing and were holding each other in bed, half undressed, just looking at each other. We actually started having a conversation, out of the blue, and he was rubbing my arm as we talked. I kept expecting him to reach for me, to grope me, to unzip his pants, but he was talking, staring into my eyes visibly charmed by the silly things I said.

I had never known a man to be this way. Ever.

'You're really pretty, Andrea,' he said, reaching up and using two fingers to push some of the hair out of my face. I blushed, I curled up a little, I had butterflies.

He smiled and laughed and said, 'You are. Don't be shy. Is it ok if I tell you that you're pretty?'

I nodded enthusiastically. 'You can tell me. You can tell me lots.'

Phillip laughed softly again, his eyes alive as he looked at me, then he leaned over and kissed me on the head. He asked me if I wanted to be held, and to take a nap together. I remained there in his arms, in shock, wondering if it was all a frustration-induced dream and that I was soon to wake up on Alyssa's floor as she finished Alan off with a ball-crushing scenario.

He was stroking my hair, his eyes were closed, and with the other arm he was holding me close to his body.

With my leg up between his thighs a little, I could feel his erection there, though I did my best not to disturb it, fearing a slight nudge would be seen as provocation and then his hand would go to my breast.

So I knew he was aroused, but he was content to hold me and sleep. Maybe he was just too tired for sex, I pondered, and I felt myself starting to drift as well. But in my half-asleep state, as luck would have it, I was reminded of the hunger that had been momentarily pushed out of my head thanks to Phillip's charm.

Yes, I had that hunger. The hunger for surrender. With my eyes closed, I listened to his breathing. Long. Steady. Deep. I opened my eyes and looked at his lips, closed softly, his eyelids shut. He looked so peaceful. Tracing an outline around his mouth with my finger, I wondered if he had ever been gagged.

My finger tickled his lips and he pursed them, then wetted them, then went back to his slumber. Now what was a nagging desire was turning into an ache. His hand, resting on my hip, distracted me more. I placed my hand on his, felt his long fingers, then moved my hand up his wrist and wrapped my fingers around it, watching as I did.

Bonds. Tight, restrictive bonds around his wrists. He had the perfect wrists for it, too. Delicate, but still strong. Long fingers that he could actually clench into tight fists. And his breath, in my ear, the same breath that would turn to gasps of fear and pain, and desperation and desire.

Watching his hang, tracing outlines around his wrist with my fingers, I was lost in my own fantasy. So much so that my breathing quickened, my pussy started to throb with desire and my jaw was clenched so hard that my head started to pound a little.

My eyes finally returned to look at his angelic face, and he was looking right at me curiously. 'What are you thinking about so intently?' he said softly.

I felt like I was going to cry. Actually, I think I almost did start to cry. I knew what I wanted, I knew all the dark, evil and nasty things I wanted to do and I had only ever done them to either men that paid for them or men that were assholes and somehow deserved it.

But Phillip was neither paying for it nor an asshole, so how could he deserve it. Still, as I wrestled with the words, his hand was on his cheek and he was looking worried. 'Is everything ok, Andrea? Do you want me to leave?'

'No,' I said quickly, my heart leaping into my throat. The thought of him leaving terrified him. I wrestled with desire. I knew I could not love him; I barely knew him. I knew what I wanted though. I need it. The animal in me needed it. I needed to seduce him and have him - have what I needed. Surrender. Pain. Suffering. Humiliation.

'What is it?' he asked again, searching my face for clues. He looked genuinely concerned.

I bit my lip. I feared he would think the worst of me. I feared I would think the worst of myself. But I let the words spill out anyway. 'I want to tie you up.'

I immediately looked up into his eyes again, and he searched my face for expression. He did not look startled, but looked concerned. He held my face in his hands, blinked slowly, then said, 'Is that what you need right now? Will that make you feel better?'

I nodded. I nodded with my head down, afraid what he must be thinking. Afraid of what I might be capable of doing. But the desire consumed me so much that just waiting for his next words seemed monumental for me. Hoping, praying for the right words.

'Ok,' he said to me. 'I trust you, Andrea. I want to make you happy. I'll do what you want.'

Something inside of me started to glow. I felt so alive, so thrilled with the prospect, with the desire, with the realization that I may soon be feeding that hunger, that Phillip was not only ready, but willing to endure it for me - at least some start of it.

I slid from the bed and his arm trailed down my back, catching my fingers, holding them gently until I let go to reach into the bedside table. I pulled a handful of scarves from the table and turned back to him. He looked at what was in my hands, then at my eyes.

Propping himself up onto one elbow, he said simply, 'I don't understand it,' he kissed me briefly on the lips, 'But I'll go along with it.'

Then he reclined back again, this time reaching up with both arms, offering me his wrists together, fists clenched and facing one another. He looked at his own wrists, inhaled briefly, then looked at me, then back at his wrists. He shook his hands a little as if to alert me to their presence there, waiting to be bound.

But I was feeling something so extraordinary that I could not be bothered, nor held back. It came rushing over me so quickly, it was like being released from prison. The words tumbled out of my mouth at once. 'Can I have my way with you?'

'Ok...' Phillip said carefully, as if he was about to add some conditions but I interrupted.

'Will you trust me, let me do what I need to do, be who I am, without judging me or thinking I am crazy?' I was speaking so quickly, it must have sounded like the legal rules and regulations they tack onto the end of radio commercials with rapid-speaking announcers.

Phillip looked at me, let the last few words sink in, still not removing his hands. 'Yessss....' He said slowly, 'So long as you don't ---'

I started to cringe. Limitations. Limitations.

He seemed to try to read my eyes. '-don't -permanently-damage me.'

'I won't,' I said without hesitation.

'Ok,' he nodded.

I started to wrap the scarf around his wrists. Once, twice, then three times around as he watched. Then a quick knot, and a second, and by then I was straddling his lap and immediately I pressed his bound hands down above his head.

I was breathing hard, animal like, eyes shut tight, teeth clenched. I could hear him hesitating, testing the bonds. When I opened his eyes, he searched my expression at once. He was nervous, unsure.

Surely I must have looked like a different person. Eyes on fire. Body nearly snaked around his frame, suddenly on top of him, aggressive, passionate, fierce. I was trying to catch my own breath.

I took another scarf and sat up with it, wrapping it around and around my palms as he watched. His face registered caution, concern. His breathing was a little faster, his fists, wrists now bound, were clenched tightly above his head.

'I need to gag you,' I said.

He looked at me, pursed his lips a little, then said, 'ok.'

I clenched my teeth hard, shut my eyes, then opened them again and I hissed, furiously, 'I need to GAG YOU.'

The tone startled him, and he jumped just slightly, eyes a bit wider, and after a moment's reflection he looked at the scarf in my hand, then at my eyes, and said, 'Please don't hurt me.'

Inside, my body was racked with sensations, with desire, with feelings I had never felt. The words came from me, but they came from places I had never been before. I was watching myself from outside, but feeling my entire body, feeling the aching in my pussy and the pounding in my chest.

I reached down with the scarf. I had my hands separated by a foot, with the material wrapped in both fists so I had a firm hold on it. Phillip shut his eyes tightly and turned to the side, then to the other side, and when I started to force it between his teeth he said, 'No...no...NO.' but I did it anyway.

And deep down, in the back of my mind, I knew he could have thrown me off of him he need to, and that

even bound he was strong enough to defend himself. Somewhere in his reaction, was a mixture of honesty and artistry.

His eyes burned into me as I gagged him. He finally held still, and after I had tied the knot behind his head I let go and I glared and I hissed, getting down into his face and saying, 'Well aren't you a FUCKING SIGHT.'

Phillip lowered his brows at me, looking at me with a sort of confused, bewildered desperation. Meanwhile, I realized I was grinding my crotch against his, rubbing my pussy against the bulge in his jeans. I felt nothing but sheer arousal, but a kind of arousal that consumed my whole body, not just my sex.

I took his chin in my hand. For the first time, I held him so tightly that my fingers dug into his flesh until he winced, arching his back a little. My other hand moved down his body possessively. He tried to say 'No.' He shook his head, and as he did I put my mouth on his chin, down his neck, kissing, sucking at his flesh.

I was on top of him, moving my body suggestively over him as if we were having sex, yet we were both mostly clothed. I had my hand over his face, holding it to the side, objectifying him, gritting my teeth and looking at the sheer beauty before me, this truly gorgeous man with a scarf tied around his head, biting down on it painfully, now starting to shake softly beneath me.

Eyes closed, I lost myself in the sensations, the sound of his breathing through the scarf, the bed creaking with the motions of my body, until desperately, suddenly, without warning, an orgasm came over me that led me to throw my head back, wail loudly without regard and squeeze my thighs tightly around his hips.

His bound hands came up to support me because I was about to collapse on top of him, shuddering all over. I was unable to speak, to think, to do anything but fall into his arms, what little he could do with both wrists still tied together.

I let the wave of emotions and passion spill over my entire body for a few moments, until finally I could collect myself enough to lift up and look, nervously, into his eyes. Holding me by the collarbone with both hands, cradled closely around my neck, Phillip looked at me delicately, still gagged, and didn't do anything other than look. As if he wanted to actually savor the moment that had just happened.

Then the tears started to well up in my eyes, because I had felt something indescribable, something I never wanted to end, and immediately wanted again. Yet it was so subtle, so understated (much like Phillip) that it scared to me to think how much more intense it could be more extreme scenarios - if I could even handle it.

Then his eyes widened, a look of fear, self loathing, terror - but not in a way that aroused me; in a way that scared me. He was looking beyond me, past my shoulder.

I turned around, and Alyssa was standing in the doorway.

Alyssa laughed. She threw her head back and laughed, slapping her hands together almost as if in delight. 'Well, look at you. You dismiss it as cheap, and ugly, and wrong, only to run out and find yourself your own victim!'

'Alyssa, it isn't like that. GET OUT.' I hissed. I could feel Phillip struggling to get out from under me. He had managed to pull the gag from his mouth with his bound hands, but was unable to so quickly get loose from the scarf around his wrists.

'Admit it!' she hissed at me. 'You love it. You love that little boy, all tied up and helpless for you. You are drawn to it! You need it, you will hunt it down again and again!'

I was mortified. Phillip was sitting on the edge of the bed, and now had managed to rip his wrists from the bonds painfully, god knows how, and was buttoning the top buttons of his shirt but not saying anything or looking at either of us.

I reached over and put my hands on his shoulders. 'Phillip, please listen. It isn't what you think.'

He yanked away, shaking, and turned his head toward me but did not look at me. 'I won't be a part of your exhibitionist kinky games,' he hissed. 'For you, and you alone, yes. Not for anyone else.'

'But I didn't know she was here!' I pleaded.

Phillip stood and made his way to the door. Alyssa was leaning in the doorway, blocking him, but he pushed past her and she regarded him momentarily and then said, 'Handsome. Good job, Andrea. Next you have to learn to keep them.'

I felt myself starting to cry. I jumped out of bed and chased after him, but he had grabbed his coat and was out the door before I could. I turned to her, fury burning in my eyes, and said, 'Get out of my apartment.'

Waving a few fingers, she turned and sauntered toward the door. 'When the hunger comes back,' she said confidently. 'You'll know where to find me. You know you can't hunt alone.'

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