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Jake's Turn



Cruel and relentless.

He never thought I would go through with it. His first mistake was to doubt me.

His second mistake was to think I wouldn't execute it coldly and calmly, with precision, and a dark, deliberate intent that terrified him.

Jake looked at me with quite sincere, begging eyes. Of course I ignored him. I was glad I wasn't driving; it gave me the chance to admire my prize. Just an hour before he was walking of his own free will throughout the crowded party, until I led him out onto the front porch and we lingered over a drink.

He'd smiled and put a hand on my shoulder. "Really now," he grinned, enjoying another one of our hypothetical conversations. "Do you think you'd ever really have the nerve to try it?"

I just sipped my wine, stared into his eyes, and blinked. "Probably not."

He grinned, content, turning to lean over the porch railing and watch the view across the street. "That's what I thought."

The car arrived on time, right as we had been enjoying the silence on the porch. It was a sleek black limousine. The driver was a woman, tall and slender, wearing dark glasses and a black leather bodysuit. She opened the passenger door facing us and stood waiting at attention.

"Wow," he commented. "Someone is in for a ride."

I smiled. "Indeed."

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Jake fought with them pretty hard, but I knew how many men it would take, and I enjoyed ignoring him as he screamed at me that I had gone too far. His friends peered out the window at him, but they knew already what I had planned. So they ignored him too.

I used restraints that were totally unfamiliar to him - arm binders, something to lock his knees together. The men held him down for me while I put him into a pretty ruthless hogtie, a knee in his back for balance and a gloved hand occasionally holding a washcloth to his mouth to shut him up.

The car moved slowly, purposefully. I knew where we were going; he did not. I sat back, breathing hard, admiring my work. His eyes were on me, bangs wet with sweat, and I could see the pain in his eyes every time he tried to move.

I smiled. "Yes. This is it."

Eventually the cloth was tied over his mouth with rope around his head - a trick I had seen in pictures and found quite pretty, but held off using until I had the perfect occasion.

Of course, this was the perfect occasion.

I kept him on the floor of the limousine while I drank wine, moving a high heeled foot over his body slowly, methodically. Observing my prey. Occasionally I would give him a sharp stab to just see him squirm, because I loved the sounds of the buckles rubbing against each other, the relentless grip of the chains rattling.

Finally I slid down to him, like a cat, crawling over his trussed up form until I was practically straddling him, one knee up at the side. "You are going to be sorry for doubting me. You know better than that. I can be pretty resourceful."

He stared at me, breathing through his nose. A look of distant defiance was back in his eyes. That look he tried to unnerve me with - the one that was like a kaleidoscope, I could see many different emotions in it but never knew which one was real.

I hiked up my skirt a little and he started trying to wiggle away, slide backwards toward the wall of the car. I grabbed him by the hair and pulled him back, hissing, "You aren't going anywhere."

There was a muffled, angry, "no" from him. There was one thing he hated; being sexually used when he was angry at my "inappropriate" acts of domination. This was my spoiled-brat side, see, and he did not like giving into that side of me. He liked playing on his terms.

Which is why I suppose I chose the abduction to really take what I wanted.

"No," came his again muffled, angry response.

This time I unlatched his ankles from his wrists, locked his wrists instead over his head, and took a roll of duct tape from the countertop where the glasses were sitting.

He watched me peel off a piece and immediately threw his head to the side, hiding it against his shoulder.

I laughed.

"You're really pathetic sometimes."

It was only a matter of moments before my soiled panties were in his mouth, duct tape wrapped around his head to keep them there. Of course he cursed at me, but I slapped him (which was rare, and without warning). I held him by a fistful of hair and pressed the panties hard against his face, hissing "Look at what you've done to me, aren't you proud?"

Cruel. Yes, I know. But I needed it. I had warned him - god, had I warned him. Three, maybe four times laying in his arms in bed, whispering with tears in my eyes, "One day...One day, I ..."

"You what?" he would ask sweetly, stroking my hair.

"One day I will need to really do it. To take you. And probably hurt you, hurt you in ways neither of us can imagine."

He kissed me on the head. "You know I care about you. I trust you."

I looked at him slowly, up through my bangs. Deathly serious. "But you don't know her."

I don't think he understood.

His struggling only excited me more. I think he remembered that about half way through my cutting through his trousers with scissors. Suddenly, without warning, he ceased. Everything. His clenched fists opened and he relaxed, breathing deep, eyes closed, concentrating.

You'd think this pleased me - but in reality, it infuriated me. He was holding back, purposely not giving me

what I wanted.

Oh, the fury was unreal. How dare he fuck with a woman who had scissors in her hand. It's rare that I get like that, sitting upright, hair in my face, teeth clenched with an animalistic glare. My eyes actually burn, my vision blurs, and I can feel my blood pounding inside me, like it's going to break through my skin.

I took the scissors tight in my gloved hand, blades closed and pointing downward, then thrust them hard into the floor of the limo right next to his head. Of course I had wanted them to stick, but it just put a large dent in the floor, his eyes shot open, then moved to me.

By then I had my thighs in position around his waist, and he knew what I was going to do.

I think the driver could hear his muffled screams through the partition. Her head turned slightly, then back.

She turned on the radio.

I laughed.

And then he sat, exhausted, up against the seat opposite me. His wrists were still locked behind him, ankles as well. His hair dripped, and he was shaking. The ice bucket had been dumped over him for not crawling across the floor to me like a snake.

He was still only in boxers, his clothes left in shreds on the floor.

I was sweating, drinking, staring at him. We had a staring competition going at that point. And I had the coldest, most relentless look on my face. He almost met it, though, with his defiance and glare.

The only time I saw his expression change to subtle concern was when he saw me lift the glass jar a third time, pouring the clear liquid into the ice filled glass.

He knew how much I loved vodka. In fact, he had seen me drink quite a lot of it.

But never. Never when we played.

A glass of wine, maybe. But that was usually the extent of it, because we both knew that drinking clouded my judgment, and god knows what would happen with that combined with my most evil, dominant side.

I watched him shift. His discomfort was even more apparent. I started stirring my glass with my gloved finger, sucking off the liquid slowly, sloppily, smirking.

He shook his head at me. This was a definite, "You need to look at what you are doing, Akasha" look. Oh yes, the real fear was coming back.

I lifted the glass jar, now about a third of the way empty, and poured me a fourth drink. A tall one.

He shut his eyes, tight.

"I'll be with you in a moment," I hissed softly, jingling the ice in the glass.

Of course, I failed to mention to him that I'd had the vodka replaced with water before the limo even got there.

He merely **thought** I was getting drunk to celebrate his helplessness.

Oh I was celebrating, indeed. But I wanted to be fully aware of the terror he would feel when I came at him with a fury he had never seen before.

With the glass jar more than half empty, I returned to straddle him and torment him more, only after taking a breath mint while I watched him gaze me helplessly.

He was perhaps resigned to his fate at this point. The limo had stopped, somewhere dark and abandoned, and the driver had walked away outside.

I began by kissing him down his neck and bare chest, digging my nails into his flesh until he whimpered helplessly and tried arching his back to get me off of him.

My skirt hiked up, I rubbed my wet sex up and down his thigh and bit his ear, whispering "Look at what you've done to me, you know you want it."

He struggled again, moaning in his throat. Of course this made me hotter, and I pinned him by the shoulders so I could plant my teeth firmly into his naked collarbone.

Jake was used to my sloppy lovemaking while drunk - he had seen it enough times to recognize it. Those were the times when I bit too hard, scratched too deep, and wanted it long and hard. I'm sure he wrestled with the fear of what this same side of me would be like while dealing with the overwhelming desire to see him in pain.

The night was indeed still young, and I was so wrapped up in how helpless he was that I nearly forgot the rest of my plans.

Holding my skirt up around my thighs, I straddled him, pulling down his boxers and guiding his cock into me. It was an easy fuck - I was soaked, he was immobile, and all I needed to do was hold my skirt up, watch my head, and move with long, deliberate thrusts until I could see the begging in his eyes. Oh, he was close.

I knew how to judge it. When he was on the edge, I dismounted and backed off, pulling down my skirt over my thigh high stockings. He whined, threw his head from side to side, gasping through his nose.

"I'd ask for my panties back," I breathed heavily, re-pinning my hair up in a clip. "But I think you'd start making all sorts of noise, and we can't have that. So I guess I'll go without them."

He watched me, eyes wide, as I checked my face in a hand mirror and then pulled a few leather toys from my bag. The blindfold went over his eyes with a lot of resistance from him, the cock ring was much easier to get on.

I locked him down to the floor of the limo by using chains and padlocks, fastening them around the handles of one of the lower compartments. I threatened him with a more relentless gag but he just shook his head at me.

"Good," I whispered, turning toward the door and bending over to exit, making sure my skirt was hiked up just enough so he could see my naked ass. "I think my panties are probably chewed to bits by now, and I wouldn't want to wear them anyway."

His eyes were on me, a combination of shock and horror, as I turned to add, "What would people say when they saw that?"

I exited, pulled my skirt down, and closed the door. I checked the tinted windows to make sure it wasn't possible to see inside, then smiled and walked toward the club to meet my friends.

I was sure they were eager to hear how the night went so far, and the time alone would do Jake some good.

****to be continued, possibly****

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