



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

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## The Ambulance



"Hello, slut."

Those first two words, cold, cold. The motion of the car is so apparent, the lights make you squint. You can't see, you can't move. She has you strapped down, and you're in an ambulance. Oh, how predictable. And as you lift your head to say that, she shoves a glove into your mouth. She is leaning down toward you, the handcuff key hanging from the chain around her neck, so close you can almost take it into your mouth...

That is, if you could open it...

Her glove, she's forcing it in harder, as if just having it there wasn't enough. No; she has to make sure it is secure, she's even telling you this in a soft whisper, her breath against your ear as she tries to get that last bit of pvc between your teeth.

Finally you arch your back, you give in, showing her that yes, it is uncomfortable, and you see how it affects her. She moans, she purrs, she strokes your hair back and wets her lips, her eyes wander your body, your strapped down frame, your helpless wrists, and ankles.

The both of you surrounded by implements that she can use, she stands and surveys them like a child in a toy store, handling each slowly, stroking it with her one gloved hand and sometimes placing a soft, red velvet kiss on the shimmering silver.

But you know she wouldn't hurt you...no, she wouldn't cut your flesh, she wouldn't use that hypodermic needle she is eying hungrily. Or would she?

And always that wonder, as she slithers toward your body, pressing her body into yours, that wonder...will this be the time? Will she go to far?

The fact that she did this..yes, she got the ambulance, she got a fucking ambulance...and she's smiling there, you see it in her eyes, she so deep into it this time, even if you could manage a safeword around that glove in your mouth would she remember what it was?

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She eyes her prey with such admiration, such hunger, she's taking her time because she just likes the way you look there.

She straddles you so the key again dangles an inch from your nose, she lets your eyes wander up her body, her breasts, she holds your wrists down with her hands even though they are already strapped down with worn leather.

"You can't move, and I like that."

The leather does bite into your wrists now, she's tightened them again, she loves to just take her time to make sure, to be certain, that your helplessness is the foremost in your mind. She adds straps over your waist, your thighs. She ponders the soft leather strap she could use for your forehead.

When she discovers that one it was like a schoolgirl finding one last present stashed far behind the Christmas tree hours after finishing her spree.

"This..." she smiles, fingering it slowly, right above your eyes, "Ohh my prisoner, look at this, do you know what this will do?"

Your eyes stay fixed on her, your fists are clenched. Strong, so strong. You see her watch you breathe for a moment, yes, you caught her there, you distracted her. You shift against the strap over your chest and her eyes are fixed, watching. She blinks, then her eyes fall back on the strap in her hand.

"I think they use this when they want to force you to breathe something," she continues. "They actually have a strap for your forehead!"

"Mmmmp.. " you reply, shutting your eyes and trying to struggle, turning your head away what you can as she has one hand in your hair.

"I think I did see a mask back there...some nitrous, some oxygen, whatever I can find, I can strap you down, make you stare up at me just like this, ooh im so tempted.."

You shut your eyes and feel her body against yours as she she slides onto you, placing sweet kisses down your cheek and neck, repeating over and over again "I'm so tempted...I'm so tempted..."

Her lips move down your neck and her nose brushes against the collar of your shirt to nudge it open, "I'm so tempted..I'm so...." she raises her mouth to yours, slowly, breathing a moment, then whispers, "wet."

You let out your breath through your nose and she laughs a little to herself, you can feel her hand between her legs on top of you working to please her, she has it slid under her short black skirt, and when you open your eyes you catch something, miraculously, you catch a tray at the far corner of the ambulance...

And you can see everything...

Your eyes move to hers to see if she notices, but hers are closed, biting her lip in concentration as she eases her hips up more to slide her hand in closer.

And in the reflection you can see her ass there, her skirt lifted, one hand sliding in from under, you can see the wetness and hear how her moans match her rhythm.

You realize though if she catches you watching, if she knows you can see, you will be sorely punished, but you don't care, being the slut that you are, you watch, fixated, trying to let your eyes wander off or shut occasionally should she catch on..

But it is intoxicating watching her fuck herself on top of you, moving her hand closer, using two fingers now instead of one, how she massages herself, pumps her fingers in and out, then pauses to caress, so methodically, so ---

"Mmmph!" you flinch when she pulls your hair back hard, making you arch your head and lose your view.

"Come on baby," she hisses, her lips close to your mouth, her voice shaking and on the edge.

You whimper a little and try to get the view back, but she is holding your head down, threatening you again with that strap, telling you she's going to strap your head down now before she cums.

You whimper again, resist, this time you really don't want it, you don't want to be forced to stare up at the ceiling of the ambulance, at her above you, knowing you can just turn your head slightly and see that view...see her touching herself..so hungrily...

As she sits up a little to get leverage for the strap your eyes find their way back to the reflection and she sees, just as she stops and sits up on top of you.

And that moment your heart stops, as she turns back to see what you were looking at, then slowly back at you, raising a finger to her lips to suck the wetness from them slowly, staring at you, pondering, then, it is as if a light goes off in her head.

She whips back around to look once more, then back at you, then with a glare, and a scoff, she leans back to slap you hard across the face.

You gasp what you can and wince, painfully, while she leans down and takes you by the chin, "You cease to amaze me, slut! you really get what you can, don't you?"

You whimper.

"Don't you!?"

She yanks the glove out suddenly, hard, it almost rips at your teeth as it comes free, leaving you to gasp, to swallow back the taste of rubber and pvc. "Tell me how pathetic you are!"

The words come hard, it seems like it has been ages seen you spoke. "I ..I am pathetic, Mistress, I just wanted to see..."

"tell me what you saw, slave, tell me what my little virgin whore wanted to look at? were you looking at my ass? were you watching me fuck myself?"

"yes..yes Mistress, I am sorry, I really am..I couldn't help..." you hesitate as you feel it, the strap, slowly tightened over your forehead. Your eyes lift to hers and she is smiling, pleased with herself as she finds the buckle and pulls it tight, making you arch your head back a little, locking your head tight in one position.

"You like to watch your Mistress touch herself, don't you slut?"

"Yes..yes I do, I can't help it."

She stands and moves away from you, you cant see, no matter how hard you try your view is limited to the ceiling, the wall, and a little medical box near the bed. You hear her digging through things, then snickering.

She returns and you see the mask, clear in color, medical, ominous. Without warning she forces it over your nose and mouth and you cry out, but she growls at you to shut up as she straddles you, pressing against your crotch with her wetness, glaring down at you.

The instinct to struggle against it is useless because of the strap over your forehead, so all you can do is watch her with begging eyes as she fastens it behind your head and tells you how nice it looks.

Once it is securely in place she leaves and returns after finding a mirror, using medical tape to tape it to the ceiling of the ambulance so your own image stares back down at you.

"Why don't you watch THIS while I make myself cum," she growls, making sure your chin is up and the strap is intact, making sure you have a perfect view of yourself strapped down helplessly.

As if a token measure she places a kiss on your head and then disappears from view, and all you hear is the long zipper of her pvc jacket, followed by the sound of her skirt falling to the floor.

You hear her digging around again and then she laughs softly, saying "What is this?"

You can't see, or move, so you shut your eyes for a moment.

"I think its something they put in mouths of people having a seizure."

You instinctively try to lift your head to look at what she is talking about, but the strap over your head doesn't let you move at all. All you know is the strange, plastic smell of the mask, the pain in your limbs. All you can think is that you are grateful she isn't using drugs with the mask, at least not yet, and that maybe she has forgotten your earlier behavior.

You hear her moan, and then she tells you how good it feels between her legs. You hear her slide down against a counter and lift her legs, you hear her boots on the counter, her legs spreading. She tells you as she slides the piece of plastic inside her.

"You like that, my pretty prisoner?" she asks, gasping in pleasure as she continues, doing what you can only imagine. "Do you like knowing that I'm going to cum with this inside me, and then gag you with it afterward?"

You tense at the image and try to lift your head, again, but can't.

She moans, and gasps, and you can hear her close to climax. Your resistance is useless and you know it only excites her more.

When she cums you hear her cry out your name, almost lovingly, so sweet, as if you were making love like the night before, she moans, cries out, almost breaks into delirious giggles it sounds like, then falls silent, and all you hear is her content breathing.

Then her footsteps, and she approaches, you see her slide into your line of vision, straight up at the mirror, and she smiles down at you, lifting the peculiar shaped piece of plastic.

As she removes the mask from your face she says with a slow smiles, "I hope it's as good for you as it was for me," pausing only briefly before she forces the object into your mouth.

You almost take it willingly, it smells as tastes so much of her, of her recent pleasure, but she puts it in so tightly and roughly that you resist what you can and look at her with eyes of betrayal.

She looks sympathetic now, staring into your eyes and again putting a hand in your hair, saying softly, "just for a little while, then we should be there."

there, you think, and your mind races, you forgot almost that you were in a moving vehicle, that you were indeed being taken somewhere.

And all you know as that she has plans for you. Plans for the weekend. And this is just the beginning.

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