



Akasha's Web



[HOME](#) * [Online Training](#) * [CyberDungeon](#) * [Story Archive](#) * [For Women Only](#) * [Articles](#) * [Miss Blue](#)

Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

The BDSM Archives:

Crossing The Line

[Ambulance](#)

[Blue's Treat](#)

[Bondage Party](#)

[Bondage Party 2](#)

[The Chair](#)

[The Challenge](#)

[The Date](#)

[The Dentist](#)

[Devil's Rain](#)

[Devil's Rain pt 2](#)

[Devil's Rain pt 3](#)

[Domination Dining](#)

[The Escort](#)

[The Fever](#)

[His Initiation](#)

[Interview With The Domina](#)

[Interview With The Domina 2](#)

[Jakes Turn](#)

[Lost Luggage](#)

[The Lovers](#)

[Making Him Shine](#)

[Miss Blue's Gift](#)

[My Surprise](#)

[Owning Jason](#)

[The Palace](#)

[Seducing Allen](#)

[Thursday](#)

[Torturing Zack](#)

[Tristan](#)

[The Twins](#)

[What Happens To College](#)

Miss Blue's Gift



Miss Blue certainly outdid herself this time (If you missed it, I had her pick me a phone slave while I was on a business trip last week..she was to train him on the phone for me.)

I mean, don't get me wrong, the woman knows how to pick them for me. I remember that time in New Orleans, in some dark, dingy jazz place, how the hell she found a 22 year old pretty boy is beyond me. But she did, and there he was, kneeling at my side in a dark corner, I could feel his breath on my palm and his hair was wet from the rain, and, well, the rest is history.

And this time, she really knew what she was doing. I was out of town on business and I would call her nightly for updates on who she talked to. Mostly men I knew quite well already; but they did not know me so well. Even deep down I got a tingle thinking maybe one of these men would snap out of a submissive daze and think beyond their own submission to the key - how to truly, deeply make me wet. They all showed incredible potential, and I relied on her to bring it out of them. And they all had a great shot at it. Until he arrived.

Because to get inside of my head is to succeed with me - as a submissive, if you can understand what makes me tick, you can open up the side of me that I do not even write about it. Miss Blue has seen it. My lovers have seen it. Oh, have they ever. Men have seen it, and they have said to me, "It is like nothing you write about."

And sure enough, this soft spoken little mystery apparently dialed with nervous fingers a number one fateful night, and his life changed forever.

As did mine.

**

I had no idea he'd be in my closet. And MissBlue hid this very well. She had gotten into my place with the

Boys
What Happens To Radio
Station Whores

More Archives:

Forced Femme
Strap-On & Anal
Humiliation & Groups
Chastity
Cockold
Pussy Worship
Feet
Seduction & Lust
Sheila's Show
Romance
Illustrated Stories
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut

key I gave her in case of emergencies ("If I ever die, go inside and take out everything that is incriminating...my parents know I am kinky, but not THAT kinky!").

She has seen my new closet already - I transformed my hall coat closet into a virtual bondage storage facility, complete with shelves and hooks to hang all my floggers, crops, clamps and shackles from. But the bottom of it was quite empty.

She also knew about my fancy for the new pvc straitjacket I own.

So she'd put this little "bondage bon bon" in my closet, trussed up in my black shiny straitjacket, and she'd thrown a canvas sack (a la "Man in the Iron Mask") over his head and told him to shut up.

I lugged in my crap from the road, dropped the suitcase on the floor, and she was there handing me a stoli on the rocks. Damn, I needed that. Thank god for Miss Blue.

"Miss Akasha," she said. "You need to relax. You are overworked."

I sat down, I sighed, and I kicked off my shoes. I didn't hear the thud in the closet but she did. I was oblivious and tired. I said to her, "So tell me which guy you picked for the phone session. I'm going to do that on Monday probably. Is he doing to be any good? Did you have any luck? Or am I going to have to work hard to train him?"

Then I saw her smile. And when Miss Blue smiles this way, I know something is up.

**

She left me there alone, with a card I later found on top of the kitchen counter. I read it, and her writing was excited and sloppy. It said, "Call me at 2 tonight. Don't forget to look in the closet."

And I'll admit, I thought the clever domina had bought me a new toy I had been craving and whining to her about - a leather armbinder - and that it would be hanging on the middle shelf in my bondage closet.

When I opened the door, I found something quite different.

And at first, I'll admit, I thought it was Leonardo diCaprio or that man I wanted from the club for all those years; after all, he was hooded, and seemed to be somewhat slight in build. He was breathing hard, and his shoulders were tense.

"What have we here?" I said. I was wet already. This was indeed a fantasy of mine. I left him there and grabbed my phone, dialing Miss Blue's cell phone.

I heard her laughing as she answered, "Did you find him?"

"What have you done!"

"Trust me, Miss Akasha, he is worth it. Have FUN and call me when you are done with him."

I didn't know if I should masturbate then, before even "opening" my present, or get right down to it.

Luckily the night was still young.

**

I removed the hood to find a sweaty, panting mess of a man. He was older than I had expected - but good looking, indeed. His hair was pressed down against his face and he was too afraid to look at me. When I touched his chin he recoiled a little, and I could feel his body twisting in the straitjacket.

Oh, did he look appetizing. There is something about seeing a man in bondage that does it to me. I just could feel his helpless energy, and I wanted to have him. I wanted to rape his mouth with mine, I wanted to shove a latex dick into him (in more ways than one), I wanted to turn him into a sex toy.

And I was horny; days on the road had done that to me. I wanted a tongue in my pussy. I acted on instinct; I pried his mouth open with my fingers to feel his tongue. He choked a little and backed away from me, and I heard a little, "No, wait, go slow, please.."

He pressed his back into the far wall of the closet, and buckles on his boots jingled as he pulled his legs up to his chest to protect himself. From me. How quaint.

"Open your mouth," I said. My first command. "Let me see your tongue. Are you good with your tongue?"

His eyes were shut so tight. He looked like a terrified little boy, but he was at least my age. I loved that. He was biting his lip. Sweat was coating his face already.

"I have a vice that will pry your mouth open. Dentists use it. Let me get it."

I stood, and he looked up, his eyes opening wide. "Ok. Wait. I'll do it. Wait."

I considered him for a moment, and he opened his mouth slightly, then a little more. Ooh, I thought, if I were in my pumps I would be in perfect position to lift a stockinged leg and point my 5 inch heel toward those waiting lips. And to make him suck. Lick. Adore.

"Stay here," I told him. "I'm going to change."

And the look on his face when I shut the closet door was priceless.

**

I changed into my favorite short-short latex skirt, black patent leather pumps and latex bra. I put on my bitch-gloves and dug through my extra box of riding crops, pain tools and dildos (they had not made their way into my closet yet).

I took the largest dildo I had - a nice 10 inch pink realistic dildo, with balls, and carried that to the hall. When I opened the closet door he was bunched up in the corner, even more sweaty. Apparently he had been struggling.

"You can't get out of that straitjacket," I told him. And I crouched down to check the crotch strap. Yes, MissBlue had done an excellent job, wrapping the straps around his balls first, so that any struggling would squeeze them together and twist his manhood in the most devilishly uncomfortable way.

"Have you ever sucked dick?" I asked him.

"I'm not..no," he said, and one little eye opened to look at what I had in my right hand. I took him by the collar (she'd put a leather locking collar on him, leash wrapped around his neck), pulled the leash and dragged him out of the closet.

Pinning him to the floor on his back, I put my pump right on his chest. I'm sure he could peer up my short skirt and see a perfect view of me. "What are you looking at?" I sneered.

He shut his eyes tight. "Sorry."

"Keep your eyes shut," I ordered. And I started to use the dildo on myself. This is something I do only when really hot for a guy. So it must have been a combination of newly found trust with my new victim (I guess I trusted Miss Blue's judgment) and lust after my long business trip.

I was about to pleasure myself with a huge dildo right above his face, until I dripped down on his face, heel pressing into his adam's apple and threatening to puncture his delicate skin should he struggle -- or god forbid - open his eyes.

**

It is even more challenging for the poor slut because he also has to help me get off, but he can't look and he can't move. I opened my legs and told him how big the head of the cock was, and how it felt as it opened my lips and started to enter me.

"I wonder how tight you are," I pondered out loud. "Are you going to be take the whole of this big dick, my new slave?"

He was shaking. I looked down at him, and his little body trembled a bit. "How old are you?" I asked.

"32" he said quickly.

"You look about 18."

"I know."

"Do you get carded?" I asked him. "This cock feels so big inside of me. Don't you wish you could see it? Do you wish you could watch? Do you want to lick me? Do you want to be my pussy slave for the night?"

All of the questions flustered him. His eyes opened. And he gasped in pain when my heel dug into his throat, shutting his eyes at once.

"You didn't see anything, did you?"

Before he could answer I was on him, and the dildo was in my hand and I was holding him by the chin. I was getting ready to fuck his mouth with it, and he tried to turn away. But it was useless.

I filled his mouth with the cock, still wet with my pussy juices, and I made him suck it. He choked on it and was struggling hard to get away, and only ceased his fighting when he realized I was masturbating on his chest.

**

It was an hour later, perhaps.

Still in my pvc straitjacket, he was up against my wall, looking at me. His face was wet, this time not with sweat, though. I had rode his face to orgasm a good three or four times, smothering him, then making him show me just how long he could hold his breath.

I was on the floor on my back, my hair all messy and my cheeks flushed. I was looking at him with almost a sense of contentment, but I was far from through. "Is that straitjacket uncomfortable?" I asked him.

"It's tight," he said.

He saw my hands, both of them, move to my thighs. I was on my back, legs open a little, skirt hiked up around my hips.

"I can't believe how intimate I have let you be with me," I told him. "But I am not going to have sex with you. You aren't that lucky."

"I understand," he said.

"Go crawl..go inch over to my closet and find the double sided dildo and bring it to me. Take your time. I want to watch your ass as you do it."

His eyes - they looked so persecuted. I know he wanted to ask me what this was for. He worried for the virginity of his ass (I had asked him), he worried about me mounting him and choking him with the dildo as I rode his face to orgasm, reducing him to nothing more than something to hold onto the dick that would bring me pleasure.

And I watched him crawl. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than watching a man crawl across the floor for me. Without the use of his arms, he was forced to inch slowly, like a sweet little caterpillar, propelling himself with his knees and his chest on the floor.

I heard him rummaging in the closet. I pondered that I wanted another stoli-rocks, but he was in no condition to get a glass down from the highest shelf. And I pondered that mixing alcohol with the beating I would be giving him later (part two of our night long session) would not be the best thing, so I held off.

I lounged there on the floor and watched him wiggle toward me, this big double sided dick in his mouth (he held it sideways, the poor boy did not want the head of either dick between his lips).

"Damn," I said out loud, "You ARE gorgeous."

**

People probably don't like to hear about it, but there are times when I take a break from my cruelty, like then, just to adore. I mean, I just wanted to have his head in my lap, to look at his eyes, to stroke his hair back. To tell him what a truly gorgeous creature he was. To make him lick and suck each of my fingers affectionately, to profess his adoration for me and tell me how he would do anything to please me.

In my lap, he looked truly beautiful. "What do you do for work?" I asked him.

"I'm a programmer," he said, and it was an almost whisper. I was afraid to ask if he was married. I think he could see some sort of hesitation in my eyes, and he smiled.

It was the first time I saw him smile, and it made me tingle, and that scared me. I knew that loving to see a man suffer was one thing; if I became addicted to making him smile, that was a real can of worms. Because I knew what that would lead to.

I put my hand over his mouth without warning, but I could still see the smile in his eyes. So I covered his eyes with my other hand.

And suddenly I was dying to see his hands. They were wrapped up all night in that straitjacket. I wondered if they were big hands. I wondered what his fingers felt like. I wondered what his hand looked like when it was wrapped around his dick and he was kneeling at my bed as I watched from under the covers, watching him masturbate to my fantasy.

**

Before his hands would come free, we'd go through the double sided dildo ritual, I decided. It is amazing how my dominant brain is so logical and quick to schedule things. I loved the straitjacket and would want to see him struggle, off balance, to please me with the large double-headed dick; yet, I wanted to see his hands. It would not make sense to remove the straitjacket and put it back on him.

So I took the big piece of silicone into my hands and watched him watching me. "This scares you," I told him.

He nodded, and he looked over his shoulder. He looked at my big windows, he looked at the pictures on the wall. He rubbed his face against his shoulder and sniffled. Apparently his nose was itching him.

I almost felt sorry for him. But I stood without hesitation, because I had a need. And his head followed me, his delicate chin pointed up. I took it into my hand and I shower him the double sided dildo, the large device that would cause him much frustration in the next half hour.

"You'll take this into my mouth," I said. "And I'll sit there on the edge of the couch with my legs up. And you'll have 15 minutes to fuck me slowly at first. I hope you have a good, strong jaw. You'll penetrate me slowly at first, then faster, increasing tempo as I require, until I cum. If I do not cum, I will strap you to the chair in the next room, the steel one, and put you through the most painful cock and ball torture you have ever imagined."

He swallowed.

"Any questions?" I asked.

"Can I have a glass of water?" he asked.

And he was simply amazing to look at.

**

I gave him water - from a baby bottle. I made him suckle it, beg for it. He was so repulsed at first, but he was so thirsty. I had to hold him by the chin and shove the nipple into his mouth.

I don't really have any infantilism fantasies; I just like the idea of making a man suck my bottle, his eyes screwed shut in embarrassment, unable to get enough water with each suck to actually satisfy any thirst.

When he realized he'd have to take it, he became more cooperative. But by then I wanted him to beg for it. I teased his lips with it, I made him lick the tip suggestively. "Turn me on," I said, "And the rest of the night will be easier for you?"

His eyes were screwed shut tight and he did it. Oh, did he ever. He knew just how to use his tongue, and just how to lick his lips and finally open his eyes and look at me as he drank. Helpless.

**

He did a fair job with the double sided dildo, but his strokes were not deep enough. About half way through I made him make the painful decision of wearing my pussy collar and suffering on and off suffocation (including the clamping of his nose shut, which I described in great detail), or the cock gag with the dildo that I would mouth, fucking him and objectifying him like nothing else, all while wearing a slowly tightening ball crusher that I would control.

I like describing tortures to a man and making him pick one.

His eyes - they looked at me so desperately. "Why do you want to hurt me?" he asked. "Isn't it enough that I want to please you?"

He said this to me as I pulled the pussy harness contraption out and unfastened the buckles.

"Can't I just please you? I thought submission was about pleasing...I want to please you, Akasha, but you scare me when you want to hurt me. It scares me a lot. I don't like pain, and I don't like being suffocated."

I took the cock gag and stroked the big 8 inch dick on the other end of it. I closed my eyes and imagined the two tortures - I wondered which would feel better to me. This time.

"Choose one," I ordered. "Or you will have to take them both."

He was silent for some time. When I turned to look at him again, his eyes were glassy and his jaw was clenched. There was no smiling this time.

And he showed me with his eyes. Slowly. Then he closed them. Bit his lip.

"You are a brave man, " I said as I stood up. There was no doubt; I was very wet. The buckles on the device jingled as I came over.

"I have one request," he said, and his eyes opened to look at me, boyish, endearing, hopeful.

"What." I said. Flat. As it to say I might not even honor it, but at least I would hear it.

"Don't write about it. This part. I don't care about the rest. But I want this to be ours."

At that moment, I knew this was not going to be a one night stand. This man had something I needed.

"Alright," I said. And I can't say what happened next. But it was good. It was very, very good.

**

A couple of hours later I finally saw his hands. He was so covered in sweat, it shocked me. I realized how hot and smothered he must have felt. He asked me if he could take a quick shower, and I said ok.

It was nearly 3 in the morning.

I listened to him shower, and I was exhausted. I was on the couch, dozing off, my toys were spread out all over the place and I was so contently happy.

"Oh shit," I said. The phone was ringing; I knew it was Miss Blue. I had not called her. She must have been worried sick.

We talked on the phone in a hushed whisper while he was in the shower.

"Did I do good?" she asked.

"You did great. Is he married?" I asked her.

"We can talk about it later," She said. My heart sunk. He was a married fellow with permission from his wife for one night. I knew that was it.

I heard the water shut off and I told her I had to go.

**

He came from the bathroom wearing a towel, his hair slicked back. I saw bruises and marks that I had caused; indeed, he had dealt with a lot that night.

"Hey," he said.

He kneeled down next to the couch and kissed my hand. It wasn't really an act of submission though; he was

just being affectionate. I think his head was on my thigh. I don't remember - I fell asleep shortly after. The week had caught up with me.

When I woke up around 11am, still on the couch, all of my toys had been neatly put away. They were all in their proper place in the closet, and he'd left a simple note that said, "Thank you."

No phone number. Hell, no name.

I called Miss Blue and asked her to give me his email address or phone number.

"I don't have it," she said. "He called me. When I picked him up, it was at a restaurant. I don't even know his last name."

My heart sunk. Moreso, my dominant desires were squashed. I had received just a taste of him, and I knew that was not going to be enough.

"He found the web site, " I told her, "And you said he barely read any of it, and he almost didn't call. There are so many men like that," I complained, "And they don't have the guts to call. Those are the one we want."

"Do we ever," she laughed.

"Can you imagine how many other men like that are out there, Miss Blue?"

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Miss Akasha," she laughed.

And the other men, indeed, they were good. There are many excellent men who present themselves for torture- enjoyable torture, torture that would certainly make me wet. But it takes a very intuitive man to see beyond the game and beyond the ritual and get inside of me, my head, my soul, and make me feel what addicts me to dominance.

When a man touches that inside of me, I cannot let him go.

This one slipped away. Just this time.

You know how to reach me. I want to see you again.

I know you are reading this.

And I want to see you smile again. That's all.

(c) Copyright 1999. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com

© 2007 **Akasha's Web** All Rights Reserved.