



Akasha's Web



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Owning Jason



The first time I saw him when he belonged to me he was wearing a plain black t-shirt and black jeans. He was, for 24 hours, my property.

He didn't seem too pleased about it, but then again he was always scowling. Ever since the first time I saw him at the club and decided I wanted him. Ever since the first time I masturbated to his image.

At the club I knew I wanted him, and I pursued him, not intently but with mild interest, on and off for a few months. We had a mutual friend, however, and the friend thought my ideas were entertaining. But when he told Jason about them, Jason scoffed.

"Jason isn't into S&M. He said he doesn't get it," Alan told me.

I just shrugged and sipped my drink, watching Jason writhe on the dance floor. "Anyone that can writhe like that, "I pointed out to Alan, "is born to be dominated."

Alan laughed. That was a month before I owned Jason. For one day.

The night before I owned Jason I held a silly ritual in my room, fantasizing about his helpless image as I writhed in my sheets naked. My candle light bubble bath with faint "something i can never have" playing in the background. And that grin. Oh, how I had waited.

Jason had lost a bet. Alan adored me. This simple turn of events became sinister for Jason, because this meant he was mine, for 24 hours. Alan thought this was hysterical because he was hot for S&M; Jason thought this was a big joke. But he shrugged it off. "I'm not afraid of her" he told Alan.

"He says he isn't afraid of you, " Alan smiled.

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I choked on my drink and laughed. "Well, why do I feel the need to change that suddenly?" I shook my head. "damn, what a challenge."

"He said no sex."

I laughed out loud and watched Jason from across the club. My precious slave, my soon to be property. "Is he actually that pretentious? he thinks I want to fuck him? Boy, is he going to be surprised."

Alan laughed and drank, looking at me with a smirk. After a long silence he turned and said softly, "I want every last detail."

When Jason came out of his house with his overnight bag over his shoulder I noticed he kept his head down. Ashamed perhaps, or thinking. He opened the door and got into my car, tossing his stuff into the backseat.

For the first time, ever, we were alone. We had never even had a conversation.

"Hello Jason."

"Hello Akasha. Or should I call you...'Mistress?'" he mocked, not looking at me.

I smiled and started the engine. "Don't be sarcastic."

He had no idea where we were going, and that was the beauty of it. No idea. And I had such plans for him.

When he saw that we were at the airport he looked at me. "Alan said 24 hours." he said to me. "I need to be back for work by 1 tomorrow."

I avoided the urge to look at him, to just soak in his beautiful image. I kept my eyes on the road. "I know that. Trust me, I'm not taking you out of the country. I'll have you back in plenty of time."

Jason looked back out the window as I parked in long-term parking and told him to get his things. It was cool outside, a perfect afternoon, and out of the corner of my eye I could see him looking at me suspiciously. Of course, this only excited me more.

"San Francisco?" he peered at the terminal as we walked to the gate. I handed two tickets to the gate

attendant and looked at him, smirking.

"So you can read?" I teased. "And I thought you could only dance."

He scoffed and followed me onto the plane, and I think for the first time he was slightly impressed, perhaps nervous. Maybe this is when he realized I didn't just plan to take him to my place and tie him to a chair and fuck with him. I think he realized then that I was looking for something much deeper.

On the plane was the first time I started looking at him. Yes, it was him. He was sitting next to me, and I was hungry. When he fastened his seatbelt I fought the urge to lean over and hiss into his ear, "tighter, my little pet". I fought to stay normal, pleasant. I wanted to lay it all on him at once.

But when he leaned back and yawned I watched his chest move and it made me shiver. He lowered his eyes and took a magazine from in front of him. I looked away and pulled my novel up, opened it, and pretended to read.

Out of the corner of my eye I watched him move his feet. First one crossed the other, then the opposite. Then he placed them side by side. I found myself imagining shackles around them. He was so..fidgety. Even the seatbelt seemed to annoy him. Oh, how he must hate to be restrained, I thought to myself.

I wanted to get a blanket, I wanted to hide in my own lap and slide my fingers under my skirt where no one could see. I could look at him through the corner of my eye and masturbate to the image of him next to me, knowing what plans I had.

But instead I pretended not to notice him, staring at my book, not even wondering if he would question why I never turned one page during the 50 minute flight.

In the taxi I leaned forward, without warning, and whispered into his ear, "You know you are my property."

He breathed in, his eyes lowered. "Yes, I know. I know the rules."

I reached up and for the first time slid a hand into his hair behind his neck. He shut his eyes and I felt my heart pounding. Bliss, pure bliss, the touch of his hair for the first time, and it was mine It belonged to me, like his eyes, his mouth, his tongue, his cock.

"Open your mouth," I said without warning. I even startled myself.

He kept his eyes shut and opened his mouth slowly but without hesitation.

I shivered, I cringed in my own delirium. I could have slid him down in the backseat and nailed him right there. He waited patiently with his lips parted as I lifted a finger as if to see if the image was real, tracing them gently over his bottom lip first.

His eyes remained closed and he didn't move.

Finally he said, quietly, "Where are you taking me?"

That line. He had no intention, but it pushed me. He probably heard me sigh into his ear, sigh with desire. Maybe that is when he started to learn how to push my buttons. Or maybe he was honestly curious.

First we stopped at a fetish clothing store downtown. I led him inside, taking him by the wrists and guiding him. I picked out racks of clothing and made him try them all on as I sat regally waiting for him.

I made him turn around, I made him show me his ass. After awhile he almost chuckled as I think he was amused at how I oohed and ahed over how he looked. Deep down Jason was a ham, and just as he loved to be watched when he danced, he loved to be watched when he showed me his body adorned in fetish clothes.

He pressed his palms to the full length mirror and leaned into it, looking at me over his shoulder as he stood in skin tight black pvc pants and a loose fitting black vest and gloves.

"You look, " I shook my head in disbelief, "totally hot."

He smirked at me, and showed off some more, then started laughing.

Without words I took out my credit card and handed it to the woman at the counter, looking at my watch and knowing we had no time to waste.

After purchasing his slut-clothes I took him to the hotel where I had reservations, made him change into his new wardrobe, then waited with my camera.

No pictures had not been a rule, but he looked obviously uneasy when he saw the camera. I just pointed at a chair across from me and told him to sit, put his hands behind the chair, and spread his legs.

He tossed the hair out of his face and sat down without hestiation, spreading his legs so the pvc almost creaked. The sound, the sight of it made me very hot, just watching him there, posing for me.

He looked very serious, almost resentful as he posed for me, his eyes never on the lens. He wet his lips, he ran his hands through his hair. He started to blatantly tease. He shut his eyes and ran his tongue across his teeth, arching his back as if in pain in the chair.

"You little cocktease," I hissed from behind the camera.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" he snapped, dropping to his knees in front of the chair and running his hands down his thighs, then up his crotch. "MISTRESS Akasha?"

I lowered the camera and stared at him. "You do realize," I started slowly, "That I have not done one dominant thing to you?"

He scoffed at me, running both hands through his hair, "Sure, making me wear these clothes, making me pose for you. make me show you my 'ass'" he mocked. "I would be doing all these things so willingly."

I ignored him, I looked through the lens and took a picture of my gorgeous property. "This is nothing," I said simply. "You have no idea."

It was 9pm when we arrived standing on Sandra's porch. My heart was pounding because I knew this was when I really began. My slut stood next to me with his hands behind his back as ordered - he had no idea where we were.

After I rang the doorbell I ordered, "Put your head down, slut."

He obeyed without a word, standing so handsomely in his black shiny skin tight outfit, his gloves snug as his hands clasped one another.

Sandra opened the door, beautiful in a long elegant dress. Her long hair was hanging down over her shoulders, golden blonde and framing her breasts. I stepped forward without hesitation, took her into my arms, and we kissed deeply.

I had no doubt his eyes must have wandered during our long embrace, but I didn't look. I was much to engulfed in her tongue, her mouth, the feel of her breasts pressed against mine.

Finally I stepped back and put a hand under Jason's chin, lifting his head so he faced her. "Jason, this is Miss Sandra, my dear friend, my lover, and a well respected professional Dominatrix."

Jason stared at her, then at me, and without hesitation Sandra stepped one foot forward, took him by the hair, and forced him to his knees.

I flinched as he did.

She awww'd and pushed down so his head was at her feet and I just looked at her, aroused, wanting her and wanting him. I was a mess. Just seeing him submit, seeing her nails in his neck, I was lost.

"Ready to see my dungeon, little pet?" she smiled down at him.

His hands were still behind his back, his black-gloved fingers wrapped up in one another. I was aching.

Watching Sandra restrain him made me weak to the knees. I just stood there, leaning against the rack, mystified with how she terrified him. Oh, the fear in his eyes. Watching her lock his wrists into hanging shackles from the ceiling, watching her slide her hands down his body, over his crotch, tightening her grip until he gasped in pain and looked at me for help.

I smiled at him and felt the urge to strip naked, lay across the rack, and touch myself as I watched my lover torture him.

I am not much of a sadist myself, while I love to see men in pain. So this was perfect for me, arranging to see Sandra discipline him, perhaps offer me the whip later, or even leave him sobbing in my arms.

This is all I had wanted and more.

I told her I wanted to see more of his chest and she moved the chains back so he was strained, his chest forward. He winced in pain and gritted through clenched teeth as I stepped over and walked around him. I moved my hands over his body as Sandra locked a spreader bar to his ankles, spreading his legs painfully,

>From behind him I took his head, pulled it back, bit his neck, and whispered, "Tell Sandra what a slut you are,"

Sandra pulled a whip of the rack and stepped next to me.

Jason struggled, teeth clenched, breath ragged. He was shaking. I pressed my body into his to feel him shaking even more, to feel close. My eyes were closed, my mouth at his neck, feeling his pulse. My hand wandered instinctively up his neck, over his face. It clasped over his nose and mouth so he couldn't breathe. I was getting lost. Headspace. All I knew was his writhing against me as I pressed closer to him, my other hand moving down over his crotch, gripping the slick black material, skin tight.

My mind switched to fucking, I wanted him. I pushed back the sexual thoughts as I felt hands on my body, and I knew they were not his. Sandra was behind me, her mouth on my neck. I pulled my head back and

gave her access, loving her scent, the feel of her breasts in my back. And in front of me, my prized possession, strung up and vulnerable.

His hands were tightly wound around the chains above his head, his wrists twisting against the restraint. My writhing club slut was behaving just as I had always imagined, and it turned me on more than anything.

I was aware of Sandra's hands moving up my skirt, easing down my panties. I was pressed close to Jason, against his back, my hands moving down his chest. I was, needless to say, overstimulated. Dominance, lust. Torn between dominating Jason, making love to Sandra. Watching Sandra dominate Jason. So many options, and all I was aware of was how his chest expanded against my arms wrapped tightly around him.

I shivered when Sandra's fingers made her way inside of me, backing off of Jason. His head tossed back, he looked over his shoulder at us as I moved away, his breath coming in timid gasps.

"I.." I hesitated and turned to my beautiful dominatrix. "I need to go change..."

She looked at me and smiled softly. "You ok?" she asked, holding my hand.

I smiled and glanced at Jason but couldn't handle the mere sight of him. "I just need to get into my dom clothes. Then I will be fine."

Sandra leaned to me and we kissed, and I could hear Jason say out loud, to himself, "dom clothes?"

In the side dressing room I fumbled around, half-masturbated and half dressed. I was eager to get back to my toy and my lover, but at the same time I was bordering on non-functionality due to lust. I talked out loud to myself, questioning why I was having such a hard time keeping it together.

As I slid into my stockings and boots, as I saw how powerful my hands and fingers looked in the black gloves, my confidence came back in waves. My little club toy, I shut my eyes and remembered his teasing, mocking image. My toy, indeed.

Finally, I thought to myself as I watched my clenched fist, how hot it looked in the shiny black material, you are mine.

When I returned to the dungeon floor I saw Jason looking at Sandra, his head over his shoulder then over the other shoulder to watch her pace, her whip dragging the floor. He re-gripped the chains and looked at me, up and down, then swallowed.

Perhaps the sight of my in my dom clothes, my high boots and gloves, perhaps that's what made him even more nervous. He was used to seeing me in flirtacious club clothes. He was used to not being afraid of me.

I walked up slowly with a glass of water in my hand, raising it to my red lips. I drank, slowly, watching him as Sandra paced behind him, moving to put her hands on his ass.

The reaction in his face was sweet, the way he blinked and tensed as she rubbed him, looking at him, commenting to me, "What a fine ass this boy has."

She was sliding her whip under his crotch and he stood on his toes as I drank, watching him, as if amused at his total helplessness to two vixens.

Without warning I lifted the glass, slowly, raising it above his head and pouring it over him. He gasped and writhed, shaking the water from his hair. I put the glass down and moved both hands up in his hair, soaking it in, holding his head still as I worked it in.

His face wet, his lashes damp, his hair in his face..he looked so much like the boy I had stalked. With his face held snug in my hands I leaned forward, shutting my eyes, and put my mouth firmly on his.

The kiss was forceful on my part and I expected him to try to turn away. But he responded, clumsy, like the inexperienced schoolboy I had imagined. His body and mouth tensed with Sandra's toying with his crotch behind him, and the slight whimper he managed served to fuel my fire.

As I continued the kiss, now long, my tongue in his mouth as I held his head still with my hands, I heard Sandra comment, "Maybe a paddle on this ass would be more fun than a flogging, what do you think, Akasha?"

I broke the kiss to respond and Jason let out his breath, uttering, "Don't hit me, I don't want that..."

I ran my finger over his pretty wet lips, pressing my breasts into his chest. "Look over at Sandra and tell her how much you'd love to have her paddle on your ass, Jason."

He shut his eyes hard and muttered, "FUCK,"

I pulled his hair until he gasped in pain and Sandra chuckled, tightening her gloves. "Akasha, why not take turns fucking him?"

"No sex," I replied, fingering his hair as the wince left his face.

Sandra smiled at me. "Who said anything about sex?"

I took him by the chin and turned it toward Sandra so he was looking over his shoulder. "Tell her what you want, slutboy."

I slid my other hand down his body, over his ass, to his crotch. I gripped him hard until he gasped in pain, snapping, "Go ahead, use the -- AH -- use the paddle!"

I let go and he gasped again, "Fuck!" as Sandra walked over to get a paddle from the rack.

"Bring a gag while you're at it, "I called to her, turning his face toward me. "Bad mouth you got there, Jason."

He bit his lip and shook the wet hair from his face. I again moved up close to him, my hands around the back of his neck, savouring how his body felt pressed against mine as Sandra rummaged through her toys.

His breath was hot, coming in shakey gasps. He was so scared, I could tell, but his cock was rock hard through his pants. I found myself rubbing against it hungrily, and he intently stared into my eyes.

When Sandra's steps approached behind him he said softly to me, "I don't want to be gagged."

I gave him a pouty look as I extended my hand to Sandra. She put a ballgag into my hand and I looked at it. "Do you have a cockgag? A big one? I want him sufficiently muzzled."

"Picky, picky!" she laughed at me and walked away again as I looked at the ballgag right in front of him.

His eyes fell to it and he sighed, pulling at the chains. "I'm about to be beaten, I'm wearing these clothes for you, is it too much to ask you don't shove something into my mouth?"

I mmmmd as I pressed my lips against his neck, then ear, whispering, "Consider yourself lucky, I would *love* to have something in my mouth," sliding down his body, moving my mouth close to him. I moved down lower, holding him by the hips, pressing my mouth against his skin tight pvc pants, nuzzling his cock, then licking up slowly over the bulge in his pants.

He tensed and stood on his toes, shivering, then pressing his crotch toward me, gasping, "oh...god...shit.."

Sandra peered around and looked down at me. "Akasha! You little whore! Look at you, girl."

I looked up at her and smiled as she lifted a handful of gags in my direction. "I have them all, "she smiled.

Poor Jason as he looked at them one by one while she handed them to me over him. Ballgags, cockgags, inflatable latex gags. Muzzles, bits, ring gags.

"Wow, "I commented, looking through them one by one as he watched. "Which do you want, Jason?"

He looked at them solemnly and said softly, "Whatever happened to a handkerchief."

As if on cue, Sandra tossed a scarf over him at me and I caught it. I smiled and held it up, "Is this what you want?"

He looked at it, then over his shoulder at Sandra as she eyed her paddle admirably. He looked back at me. "I'd rather not be gagged at all, but that would be the best."

WHACK!

Jason gasped in pain, startled, and threw his head back at Sandra.

She waved the paddle at him, "That's for fucking around. Akasha, shove the ballgag into this sorry slut's mouth so I can start with his ass. I'm getting tired of his whining!"

I leaned up and kissed him softly on the lips as he turned back, whispering, "sorry baby, she is, after all, my lover."

When I forced the ballgag into his mouth he tried to pull away, moaning in discomfort, making me ache with desire. I held him still and locked the buckle tight, ordering him as I did, "You keep your eyes on me as she paddles you, don't shut them, and don't look away. I want to see it in your eyes."

He moaned and bit down hard on the gag, re-tightening the grip on the chains above him, throwing his head back for a moment.

I took him by the hair and made him look at me, gripping him tight.

The first time she hit him he nearly broke the ballgag with the force of his jaw. The tension in his face was astounding, but he had trouble looking at me. He shut his eyes hard and I tightened the grip in his hair, hissing, "LOOK HERE".

As Sandra continued he began to whimper, his eyes red, his lashes damp.

After the fourth blow Sandra gritted her teeth at me, "Let's peel this shit off of him, I want to see the welts."

Jason whimpered and his eyes begged me, truly begging, as I held his face in my hands. "No," I objected, "Leave him be for now."

He shut his eyes slowly, graciously, until the next swat came and his brows moved down in pain.

Sandra was truly enjoying the beating she was giving him, eyeing me sweetly from behind him. I could tell she was also enjoying the effect it had on me, how I pressed into him to hold him still, holding his face in my hands as his tears started sliding down my gloves.

I lifted a hand to motion her to stop, reaching back to remove the ball gag. Sandra sighed contently and set down the paddle, walking back toward her toys and leaving us alone.

Jason half sobbed when the gag came loose, looking at me then looking down.

"You ok?" I asked softly, wiping tears from under his eyes.

He lifted his head slowly and looked up, struggling to say, softly, "It hurts.."

I felt myself starting to shake with guilt, but I held his face and kept my composure. "It's ok angel, you're beautiful, you did so well. Sandra is ruthless, I know."

"I heard that!" Sandra shouted from across the room, "Bitch!" she added with a chuckle.

Jason half laughed and half sobbed, then threw his head down against me and started crying hard.

I had no idea what to do. In all my years of experience this had never happened to me, probably due to my lack of serious pain play. I looked at Sandra desperately and she nodded reassuringly.

"He'll be fine," she said quietly as she stepped over next to me. She lifted his face in her hands, "You ok there Jason?"

He looked at her with a strange look of fear...fear and adoration almost. I looked at her and then at him. She was smiling, and he was breathing shakily. Her hand was around my waist and we all three stood so close, something was just magic at that moment.

When Sandra turned to me I leaned to her without hesitation and we kissed, deeply, slowly. It was so much like the first time I had ever kissed her, years before in a dark san francisco restaurant. I was exhausted, aching, and I hadn't even laid a hand on him.

We parted and Sandra smiled at me, stroking my cheek. "He said no sex," she said softly, smiling at him, then at me. "But he didn't mention anything about us."

I heard a murmur of contained lust from Jason as Sandra's hands slid down my body, then up to unsnap my corset.

I smiled, looked at him, then at her. "Yes...you're right," I agreed as I took her into my arms and moved

with her to the floor at his feet.

All I heard as we slid together was the rattling of his chains as he strained to be free.

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