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The Palace



My first visit to The Palace was unexpected. Two girlfriends brought me there because they thought I'd find it "amusing."

Indeed. The Palace, basically, is every bit a "ladies club." Women - usually affluent, wealthy women - frequent the club to be pampered and fawned over by charismatic men.

For a price.

Lap dances? Hardly. More, these men could be paid to submit to just about anything. A sort of combination of the concept behind the Gentleman's Club's that were popular in the late 80s, moving away from the dark, seedy strip bars where aged women flaunted fake breasts and toward young, athletic natural beauties who danced - often close - for the financial attention of one of the hordes of onlookers.

Only, these were men. The men were the ones for sale.

But there was no dancing or stripping. Instead, the men worked the room like the women had in the 80s Gentlemen's Clubs, introducing themselves around and striking up conversations until a woman voiced an interest in something more intimate.

And the intimacy was not a \$30 table dance. It was a trip to a private back room, one of the nearly three dozen decorated theme rooms, where she would have her way with him, barring sex of course, for 15, 30, or 60 minutes.

The club was hugely successful based on the variety of types of men available. There was no dress code; the men did not prance around in g-strings. Instead they dressed to fit their personality or the image they wanted to portray. There was a man for every type of woman.

In the 80s or 90s it would have never worked. But the time came, not soon enough, that women held as

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man, if not more, powerful jobs than men in corporate America, held high political offices and dominated several traditionally non feminine industries.

Having a place to dominate, seduce, tease, and torment attractive men was a pleasant haven for many successful corporate women. Especially those who did not have time to pursue any sort of real relationships because of the demands of their career.

Or, maybe, they were just traveling on business and felt like going out to treat a man like an object for awhile, pay him, and have him amuse her.

Sound familiar?

**

I remember my first impressions when I walked into The Palace. That it was just that - A palace. The ceilings were high, the entire main room was wide open and spacious. Dozens of beautiful and wealthy women lounged in big cozy couches while men circulated and made their rounds.

Occasionally you'd see them pair off, the subtle exchange of cash, and they'd vanish into a room down one of the elaborate halls.

Smaller bills -- \$50s and \$100s - were frequently exchanged to get a man on his knees to deliver a foot massage. In fact, for the right bill, a man would generally do just about anything at your table. I had men eating scraps from of the palm of my hand from time to time, or crawling on hands and knees from several feet away so I could watch him move. There were no rigid rules, per se, when you weren't paying for a timed session.

But during my first visit I mostly watched my friends. They drank wine casually and the conversations with approaching men were strangely easy going. The men did usually not behave overtly submissive. They simply smiled a lot, were polite, and didn't make any moves unless told to.

Which was part of the intrigue of it, I suppose. The first gentleman I talked to - a dangerously handsome GQ type a few years older than me - I remember staring at his eyes as he crouched down next to my chair, arm casually up hanging near my shoulder, talking with such ease and confidence about his "other" job - a stockbroker. Laughing easily about how, yes, it was very stressful at times, but that the rewards were in the adrenaline and thrills that he experienced on a daily basis.

And I listened, and nodded, until finally it hit me why he was there, and what he could do. That this was no normal flirtation. That there was no guessing games or attempted mindreading. That there was no risk of rejection. That he could - and would - be totally mine for some period of time if I just asked for it.

"Run your hand through your hair," I told him. The sentence came out of nowhere, just when he paused to gather his thoughts. He laughed but didn't ask what I said, or question it.

Instead, he smiled at me, a very classy smug little smile (mouth closed, a smirk almost), and ran his hand slowly through his hair. Like a model for a camera. Lapping up the attention.

When I grinned and snickered and heard my friends whispering behind me I almost blushed. He repeated the move, this time with both hands - slower, stopping to lock them behind his head, elbows bent, chest now out slightly. Flaunting.

My eyes searched for the rate card that sat on the table next to the wine bottle.

He was my first.

**

His name was Race. At least, that's what he told me. I'm sure they had stage names or something, but I didn't care. Race was fine with me.

I learned about the bracelets then. The men in the club would wear colored, very classy bracelets that indicated just how far they would go. I mean, not sexually, but how far they were along on the bondage and discipline scale.

White were novices or those interested only in basic bondage and teasing games. Yellow were open to that plus light pain, etc. The scale moved up all the way toward red (heavy pain and tight bondage, hardcore humiliation) to black - piercings, blood, etc. There weren't too many black-banded men in the club, and they were very popular for obvious reasons.

My first - Race - was a Red. In fact, when he explained the bracelet thing to me it almost intimidated me. I thought, uh oh, I am with a hardcore painslut and I'm just into - well, I didn't know what I was into.

He chuckled as he filled out a timesheet and slid it into a box in the room where we were now alone. "It's not like that. It just means you don't have to worry about me. You do what you want, I'm here to please you."

I was walking along the wall, looking and feeling all the floggers, canes, shackles that hung from the wall. All of the finest leather and rubber. Everything looked and felt wonderful in my fingers.

The bondage toys were all laid out on a table. There was a big chair against the wall with straps hanging off of it. There was a big X-frame across the room. I heard him breathing behind me.

My heart was pounding.

"I can really do anything to you." I said. Not really a question - I was just saying it out loud to hear it myself.

"I am yours." He said.

I turned around and looked at him. Easily the most beautiful man I had ever had that close to me. I mean, don't get me wrong, I have been with plenty of gorgeous men. But he was simply divine.

And he knew it.

**

My time with Race was spent putting him in various levels of bondage. Seeing him so helpless only made me want it more. Something about how his body looked - so tight (I had him change into an outfit I picked out of the closet - all latex), how he reacted to his restraints. Tugging, pulling, twisting at bonds I am sure he had been in enough to know there was no escape.

But still, he seemed authentically virginal, almost.

And his eyes --- those eyes - he could lift his eyebrows at me and let out his breath and gasp "no," when he saw me pick something up. It made me wet, it made me literally ache. I thought to myself, goddamn, how does a man learn to do this?

It was as if he was in my head, and he knew just what looks and words would drive me mad. In no time I was standing, straddling his lap as he sat locked into the chair, hair gripped in my fists as I glared down at him.

"You are mine."

"Please be gentle with me," he said. And his breath came out all shaky and innocent.

"I'm just a boy."

And I believed him.

He was amazing.

**

I will admit, for weeks afterward Race was the object of many of my late night interludes with my plastic

vibrating friend.

I didn't go back to the place, although the idea crossed my mind more than a number of times. Probably 4 months passed before I ended up there again.

Of all things, entertaining a potential client. She - a late 30s CEO who I was trying to woo into signing on as a new partner - had chosen The Palace as our place to meet for drinks.

There we sat, two established business women. We ate appetizers and talked business while the men fluttered around us. I was distracted, thinking of Race, but saw no sign of him.

I imagined then that the turnover rate there was probably pretty high. In fact, I recognized very few men from my previous visit.

But some of the women looked familiar.

And before the end of the night, my client, Ms. Foulner, took a black-wristbanded older gentlemen into a back room for a \$2,500 jaunt on my tab (after all, I was entertaining). I sat there, alone, wondering what on earth she could be doing to him back there for 45 minutes.

"Mind if I join you?" a voice came.

I turned and looked up. I saw a man-child.

He smiled. "A beautiful woman shouldn't be here alone," he said, sitting down.

"Are you old enough to work here?" I laughed. "Are you old enough to even work at McDonalds?"

He laughed. "I'm 24."

"You're quite attractive, " I said. Again, no rules. I could gush, I could fawn, it didn't matter. This wasn't dating, this was a business transaction. I felt like complimenting him, so I did.

He lifted both hands and put his elbows on the table, a nice boyish smile on his face, fingers intertwined to rest his chin on his hands. "Thank you," he said.

And he was wearing a black wristband.

**

Just when I was starting to talk to him, my client reappeared. She was sweating - visibly sweating, she even looked tired and a bit cranky. He was behind her, he whispered something to her then she nodded and he

walked away. I saw -even though his shirt - traces of blood, or something.

She sat down and went into her purse for her compact, just giving me and the boy a subtle look. I felt uncomfortable.

"I think we're about to leave," I told the angel sitting across from me.

He held out his hand for me and I went to shake it. Instead he kissed it - but not in a silly way - and said, "It was nice briefly talking to you."

"What's your name?" I asked as my client and I both stood and started gathering our things.

"Maus," he said.

"Mouse?" I asked.

"Maus," he said. It sounded like "Mouse" to me.

"Just call him Rat-boy," my client said under her breath. At first I thought she was angry, cynical, or thought he was a creep or a bother. But this was her way of being affectionate, and he laughed, and I realized they knew each other.

"Or ratboy, " he said, "As Ms. Foulner puts it."

We made our way out the door and I looked back toward him. I realized, at that moment, that my client was more than just a regular there apparently, and that Maus was not going to be easily forgotten.

He gave me a slight nod before disappearing out of sight, and that image was seared into my brain.

And when I got into the car with Foulner, she said simply, "I'll accept your offer."

**

The deal with Foulner did two things for me. One, it put me in an entirely higher income category (I guess from rich to filthy rich) and made me miss The Palace.

In the next weeks, somehow, between entertaining Foulner (even though I didn't have to anymore) and "needing a place to unwind", I found myself inside the Palace doors once, maybe twice a week.

And spending close to three grand a visit.

**

My tastes grew considerably. I would sometimes go just to toy with three, maybe four men a night. Quick but expensive 15 minute sessions one after another, or combining two at a time.

Once I even had one of them dominate the other while I sat back and watched, lounging in a highbacked velvet chair with a glass of red wine and the overwhelming urge to masturbate.

I found my way through the pain sluts quite easily. I learned to yield the whip and found it a great stress reliever at the end of a long, intense day. Sometimes I just wanted someone to beat. To ruthlessly, cruelly flog while he hung from a standing stake or X-bar, squirming against the lash, sometimes pleading for mercy, sometimes begging for more (depending on what I was in the mood for).

I learned to fuck them in the ass. Locking them down over a table with their ass exposed (at first this seemed so unnatural). Applying the lubricant liberally, checking the positioning and look of the shiny black latex cock in the mirror, then sometimes watching in full length mirrors him squirm as my thrusts became deeper and more relentless.

Humiliation was no problem. In fact, I soon found that I loved it, more than anything. Making them degrade themselves before me, dressing them up, making them suck latex dick or eat god-knows-what from a bowl at my feet.

And the waiters soon all knew my name, the gentlemen looked all familiar, and I was greeted with affectionate kisses on the cheek the three or four times a week I visited.

I was addicted.

**

Ironically, I didn't see hide nor hair of Maus during that entire time. I think, maybe, Maus went on vacation right when my visits started to increase.

Because it was maybe 2 months later when I saw him again. But he hadn't aged a bit.

I don't know if he recognized me at first. But the personal greetings from Lance, JD and Storm must have jogged his memory and he smiled boyishly, tilted his head a little and said "Yes, Ms., I remember you now,"

He went into his polite routine to sit but I lifted a hand to stop him.

"Don't bother," I said.

"What?" he leaned over, looking upset - as if he felt I had offended him.

"I want you in the Parlour," I said. "For one hour." I was not in the mood to stall.

He smiled, slowly. Then a little nod. Just barely. "I'll be there. Let me go freshen up. I'll meet you there in 10 minutes, how does that sound?"

"I'll be waiting."

I watched Maus get up and excuse himself, then disappear down the hall toward the private rooms.

My heart was pounding more than it ever had at that place.

**

I stripped down to bra and panties while I waited in the Parlour for Maus. I put my \$3,000 in the silver goblet and sat in the interrogation chair to wait. One leg crossed over the other, swaying a little.

It seemed like forever.

When Maus walked in, I realized he was more enchanting than even Race had been so long ago (my first - the one that held so much sentimental value).

Maus had slicked his hair back a little and was now wearing baggy black pants with knee high laced up boots and a white, loose fitting shirt. He closed the door and locked it, moving slowly and deliberately all the while. He looked at me, back to the door, hands behind him holding the door knob.

He didn't seem shocked that I was in bra and panties. (After all - he was a black wristband).

What happened with Maus that night is now a disjointed memory. The only thing I remember clearly is that the 45 minutes seemed like ten.

There was the bondage. Tight and confining, I locked him down on hands and knees with an overly large cock gag that he choked on but accepted.

The humiliation. I shoved his face into my feet, then my crotch (panty smearing, smothering, pushing), hissing to him that he was my little fucktoy and should learn to enjoy it.

The pain. A paddling that left his ass bright red, the backs of his thighs covered in welts that ranged in color. He accepted them all without protest. Then again, he had that gag shoved down his throat.

The sex. No, not that kind of sex (I wish!), but the real fucking. The fucking him from behind while he sat on hands and knees (not only did I make him take it unrestrained, I made him back up onto the latex dick on

command, and in essence fuck me).

And the cumming (for the first time at the Palace, I did this) - his cumming, that is. With his legs tied up over his head (he was damned flexible), mouth pried open by my cruel fingers, jerking him off until he came. And making him drink it all.

Then he curled up into a little ball in my arms and the clock ticked past 45 minutes. Past 50. Past 55. Silence.

The little red light came on. The management light that said "Hey, worker, you got paid for 45 now wrap it up!".

And he ignored it. Nuzzling into my chest as we sat curled up on the floor. His hair - it smelled so beautiful.

I was shaking. But it was all on the inside, now. I was shaking because he mattered.

Damn, I hated him for mattering.

I could say anything to him - from "You are have the most amazing eyes I have ever seen" to "You ass makes me hot". But I couldn't say it.

I couldn't say, "I really like you, Maus. I like you."

55 minutes passed. Management beeped on the intercom. "House to Maus."

"Yes," he said. It was a half asleep, annoyed snap/shout.

"Checking in." the intercom buzzed again.

"I'm fine, we're out of here," he said, stretching in my arms and smiling at me (with his eyes) and wetting his lips as if he had just woken from a winterlong slumber.

"You're very sweet," he said.

The words were right on my lips - but nothing came out.

"Thanks," I said.

The session ended. I went home (exhausted) and felt --- strangely - alone. That same alone that used to feel good felt wrong.

How could someone so sharp become so instantly irrational?

**

My next visits to The Palace - and the were frequent - were on the nights that Maus worked. As soon as I arrived and sat down in my normal spot he would appear, sitting next to me, kissing me on the cheek, asking how my day was.

We would talk a little then move into a room, spending usually an hour together, if not more.

This happened six maybe seven times in a few weeks. There was no wondering, he was always right there when I arrived.

And we would talk afterwards, laying on the floor or on the couch in the private room. He'd stroke my hair (after I tortured him severely) and we'd giggle about people in our offices and whatnot.

Then at the end of the night we'd kiss on the lips, quickly but warmly, and he'd squeeze my hand and say "See you soon I hope."

"Yes," I'd say.

And I would.

**

So it was about three weeks later that I walked into The Palace after work and Maus was unnervingly absent.

I sipped a glass of wine and read the newspaper, figuring he was late that night. The men (doing their job, I will admit) seemed to just annoy me. Their efforts to strike up conversation just frustrated me. It was if I was thinking, "Don't you know who I am? I am here almost every night with Maus. Leave me alone."

But I would just smile and nod and eventually they would go away (politely) when it became apparent they would get no money from me.

About an hour passed and I got restless. I stood, stretched, and decided to take a walk around the club.

And the most discontenting thing happened.

Upon turning the corner to the other side of the hall I found Maus, kneeling, his head in a woman's lap.

I froze. His eyes came up. He looked away and put his head back down. She was petting him with long red nails. His dark hair contrasted her white business suit. She was stroking his hair so absentmindedly while

talking to a friend next to her.

I stood there. Frozen. Gazing. Aching. Hurt. Possessive,

His head was hidden in her lap. I saw a closer glimpse of her when she turned her head. She was obviously in her late 40s. She was fingering a leather collar around his neck. I saw a leash attached. My mind started racing.

She was his wife. Mistress. Lover.

Yet I saw money laying around. Cash on her table, in his belt. She was apparently obscenely rich and showering him in cash.

I don't know what came over me. I acted on impulse. Possessive, irrational, and embarrassing.

I was at his side, leaning over. "Maus, I want to see you."

He lifted his head, looking terribly uneasy. The woman was looking at him, and looking at me with a glance ten times more annoyed.

"I can't," he hissed back. "I'm with her for the night. Sorry"

My heart was in my throat. I was on fire inside, ready to die. I wanted to curl up into a ball and just vanish.

The woman looked at me, then took his chin and turned it her way. She said something but I didn't hear. It was obviously stupid, sappy and possessive.

He turned to me.

"I think you should go," he whispered, leaning close to my ear. "She's got me for the night. she wants to be alone."

My vision blurred. The aching inside was killing me. I turned and did not look at him or her, just turned. Walked deliberately and quickly toward the other hall.

I wanted to cry. Just break down and cry those ugly painful tears of relationship betrayal.

Instead I found Dash.

Dash wore a yellow wristband. And I took it all out on him.

To be continued. Maybe.

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