



Akasha's Web



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What Happens to Radio Station Whores...

When a woman offers to show up at my door with a man blindfolded and hand him over for a few hours, I rarely say no. This time was no exception; in fact, I had wanted to get my hands on someone from KROQ for some time, and Ralph just happened to be the one that wound up in my clutches first.

The evil plotting is always the best part. The anticipation of knowing I am going to have a man completely helpless to me - even more exciting considering I did not know this man, and found my confidant - we'll call her Angela - to be extremely hot.

I had a few domination plans in mind for her, as well.

It was the perfect week for this. I was exhausted, frustrated, passionate and completely distracted.

Angela was on time - dressed as I had told her to dress. And there he was, standing idle in my doorway, blindfolded, obviously a little on edge.

And what is it about that? What is it about a man on edge that gets me so hot? I can tell you, I would have been content to stand there for some time and just watch him suffer in his complete misery. The misery of not knowing where he was or what was going to happen. Being in a strange place around a strange woman, being blindfolded and uneasy.

I wanted to make him squirm. What I knew of him was that he was fairly confident. Cocky. Very self aware and self assured.

That would all have to be stripped away. Along with the trace clothing I allowed him to wear.

"Put him in the chair," I told her.

My most evil chair. I had prepared it special for radio boy - making sure the air conditioner had been cranked up full for an hour. The room was chilly; the steel chair felt like ice.

Boys
What Happens To Radio
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But he was already shaking before he even sat down in it.

*

Now, I don't mean to make Ralph out to be some sort of wimp. Quite the contrary. He was showing the natural signs of fear - but his eyes, when we finally let him see, were quite solid and defiant.

You know the look I'm talking about. When a man is helpless (as he was, truly, with his wrists and ankles shackled to the steel frame of the chair), but you can see that spark of defiance and control in his eyes.

That is when I like to move my hands over a man. I brought Angela over and gave her the first lesson of her blooming dominance. "This man is your property right now. Do whatever you want to him."

His eyes moved to her. I saw him swallow. He had still not said one word. Funny, I found that. Terribly amusing.

"I thought you'd be very chatty," I said to him.

His eyes were switching back from Angela to me. I had my leg up on the chair between his thighs. She and I were dressed in matching black vinyl, revealing enough to be distracting. I ran my riding crop up the crotch of his pants to confirm just how distracting.

Still, nothing came from Ralph. Not a word, not a sound. Just eyes, looking at us. He didn't even struggle.

For those of you that know me, you know we can't have that. Not in a million years.

**

The sting of the paddle at the inside of his thigh shocked him right out of silence. And Angela flinched a little, I think, because she wasn't quite used to seeing her friend in that sort of a situation.

But it turned her on. I can tell that about a woman. I can see it in their eyes. She was getting hot just as I was - she was getting hot because she knew, like I did, that this man was our little fucktoy to play with. That he was going to be broken, trained, tortured and beg for every last bit of it. That he would have one single goal in his mind - to please, arouse, and entertain us both.

Her eyes were glowing. I stood close to her. I felt the heat from her body. To stand with a woman and feel that dominant energy is priceless. I moved my hands over the vinyl, around her waist. He was breathing a little harder, recovering from the sting, watching me watch her.

I kissed her. On the lips, slowly at first, having to turn her attention away from him. There was the faint

rattling of chains in the background as he possibly surveyed his situation or anguished in the enjoyment I was getting from her lips.

A sweet, soft kiss. This one, I thought to myself, I will be nice to.

Turning back to the victim in chains, I smiled. And pushing his knees open slightly to give me the access I wanted, I watched him shut his eyes in anticipation of the next swat.

And this time, he held back what sounded like a yelp.

*

I took a few minutes to explain to him exactly what the silver clamps were. These were Japanese Clover Clamps - my favorites - dubious because any pressure on the chain that links them together causes them to tighten. I sat comfortably on his lap, one hand resting between my thighs (out of his view, I'm sure, to his dismay), explaining to him why this was so convenient.

He looked to Angela for some sort of help, I think. Or maybe just to make sure she was still on his team, so to speak. But she was already mine. She was already intoxicated, drunk with the power she was feeling. She was converted. She never knew it would feel like this.

"Do you want to put these on him?" I asked her.

You should have seen the look on his face when she nodded, her eyes sparkling. Such betrayal, and shock, and fear. Oh, he was breathing hard then. He was just realizing how helpless he was. The chains rattled but did not give way. I expected some fast talking, but he just looked at me, and at her, and when I put that first clamp on his nipple he yelped, and I had to put a hand over his mouth to shut him up.

I wonder if he could tell where my hand had been. He must have been able to. But the pain blurred everything for him. He was breathing hard.

"Does that hurt?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said. It was one of those lovely acknowledgements, when a man looks you in the eyes and you can see a trace of that natural contempt they feel for any being that purposely causes them pain, but mixed with a trace of erotic anticipation, of the desire to please, of helplessness and the enjoyment of that ultimate mindfuck.

I had Angela put the second one on him, and this time I kept my hand over his mouth just to make sure there was no howling or obscenities. The rattling of the chains was just as loud, and before she could snap out of the trance I kissed her again, long on the mouth, inches in front of his face.

*

For some time, to let Ralph enjoy the sensations of the clamps, I cuddled with Angela on the couch and got to know her better. Vinyl against vinyl can be quite tricky but we soon found a comfortable position to nuzzle, kiss, and make comments about radio-boy-turned-slaveboy.

Legs lingering open a bit, random hands on random thighs, we watched him watching us. I enjoy watching a man observe what he cannot have, and I enjoyed the taste and feel of Angela even more. I whispered to her - we spoke about what we would do to him . We were scheming schoolgirls in the worst way. We were nasty, evil women with a man held captive, and we were feeding off of each other.

I whispered to her about my toys, and all of the ones we could use on him. I told her we should next strip him naked and make him learn to beg, to crawl, to worship every inch of our bodies and exhaust him completely. To show him true obedience, to break his spirit and to make him place his head sweetly at the inside of her thigh, eyes looking up at her, learning how to say that one word - "please" - and mean it.

Again I found myself watching a man in my chair, unable to do anything but look my way longingly. Longing for release, for freedom, for the removal of that pain. Longing for participation (which he would have to earn, he would soon learn). He watched us touch ourselves and touch each other.

*

"Take off all of your clothes," I ordered.

His spirit was a little broken at that point - having seen the power behind a few small silver clamps - and he obeyed without hesitation. He also was not shy about it. It occurred to me that he must be quite used to getting naked in front of women.

But this was no ordinary situation. "Turn around. I want to see you," I told him. This was commanding, and cold. It was an inspection. He would get no pleasure out of it. Angela was smiling. She had seen this gig before, apparently, but not in this light.

When I nudged him back toward the chair he recoiled. He knew how cold it would be. "Get down on the ground," I pointed. I had a riding crop in my hand. He glanced at it briefly and decided not to earn any swats on his ass, going down on one knee at first, then both.

"Stay," I ordered.

I wondered, at that moment, if a mind like Ralph's just wanders all over the place over analyzing what was going on and imagining how the hell did he get there. He seemed a little distant, or lost - definitely completely unsure about what was going to happen and how he would deal with it. And still, I'd only heard a

few words from him the entire night.

"Crawl over here," I ordered.

This, apparently, was not in his repertoire. He looked at me, and at Angela (we were cozying on the couch again). When he hesitated (I think, for a brief second, he might have contemplated scoffing at me, but he thought better of it), I stood, and he realized there would be no choice.

He got down on all fours. I told him to wait.

Always make a man wait, I have learned, before he crawls across the floor like a clumsy oversized poodle. They do it, I think, to get it over with and to pretend it didn't happen. Get it over with quickly, and maybe she will go onto something else. For most men, it's actually, "Maybe she will decide she wants to suck my dick now."

Instead, I make them wait. Stop. First, realize they are on all fours. Then, distraction.

"Open your legs," I told Angela. She obliged, opening both knees comfortably toward his general direction. I moved my hand down her stomach, over her thigh highs. "Do you see something you want?" I asked.

He nodded and swallowed. I believe he forgot, momentarily, that he was naked and on all fours.

"Now, go down low. To the floor. You are going to do this right, and you are going to make it look good. You are going to get us hot, do you understand?"

He obliged, sliding down lower to the floor. But that was not low enough for me. "More," I ordered, teasing him with what he wanted, smiling, moving my hands over Angela's thighs, opening her legs more so he could see.

Remarkably, he got it right the first time. He moved, slow, like a cat, never taking his eyes off his target. He moved with purpose, like an animal, not wanting to disturb or upset us. Not wanting to earn any more pain, that was for sure.

So when he arrived, I pointed to where I wanted him to place his lips. He did, and she put her head back, her hand in his hair, and I think both of them lost track of time when I was getting the black paddle.

*

I expect he was thinking, "This is more like it," just when I put the tip of my boot to his chin to snap him out of it. His eyes - more tranquil now -- fell to the paddle and suddenly he looked dejected.

"Imagine what I'd have in my hand if you did it wrong," I said.

Putting him on all fours before me, I had Angela watch as I gave him what I would consider a fairly solid paddling. He took it all - even gracefully, I may add. Although his concentration was thrashed, and he forgot to thank me for it a few times.

But he learned. He was a fast learner, I will say that.

Even with his ass red and sore, he was eager to continue - to endure whatever he needed in order to please us both.

I could see it in her eyes. I knew then what Angela really needed. Her eyes were still a little glassy; she seemed to be in a content, dream-like state.

While he watched, kneeling on the floor in front of the couch, I reached behind her neck and pushed her down over the couch, telling her to kneel down and bend over it. This was curious to Ralph, I could tell. He wondered, right then, if I perhaps was going to have my turn with her.

To be certain he would behave, I made him give me his wrists and I handcuffed his hands in front of him. Just the sight of a man in handcuffs - attempting to function in an otherwise typical task - is extremely hot to me.

I imagined what an otherwise typical task must be for a man like Ralph.

"Fuck her," I said. Blunt. Disconnected. I saw Angela peek over her shoulder at me, at him. She was kneeling over the couch, her legs spread slightly. I urged them open a little more with my riding crop, then directed my attention to Ralph. "What are you waiting for?"

Looking at his hands, then at her backside, then at me, he moved forward a little. I walked around and sat on the edge of the couch, picking up my glass, taking a sip of champagne to observe as I felt necessary.

With the black paddle still right beside me, I warned him that any lack of performance would be dealt with accordingly.

"And one more thing," I said to him, hand under his chin to take his attention away from how good it must have felt entering her, "Don't cum."

*

For quite some time, I made Ralph perform his duties while I watched. Surprised at his ability to continue without cumming, I taunted him even more by flirting with Angela during the fucking.

His hands cuffed in front of him, he was unable to reach under her and feel her, or to do anything with his

hands other than hold them idle. I reached up at one point, taking the chain that linked his wrists together, holding it up high so it was in front of his eyes. "Look at them," I ordered.

Distracted, concentrating, he blinked and looked. The paddle in my other hand was menacing enough that he didn't want to piss me off at that moment.

"You'd better not cum," I reminded him.

"No, Mistress," he agreed.

"Are you getting close to cumming?" I asked him.

"Yes," he nodded, "But I can still..."

I was not about to hear him rant and rave about his sexual prowess. I shut him up by placing the paddle to his lips, and gave him one last command. "Make her cum. You have sixty seconds. Then, you'll give us a show."

*

The show, Ralph was soon to find out, consisted of him masturbating while we watched.

Once again, Angela and I were snuggling quite comfortably on the couch while he remained on his knees, uneasy, his ass welted and sore. Angela was still basking in the glow of her last orgasm, and I was starting to crave one of my own.

"Don't close your eyes. Don't look away. And don't cum until both of us give you permission," I told him.

This required a lot of concentration, to say the least. He was not as self conscious as I had expected. In fact, I found Ralph to not be self conscious about much of anything. That is a great quality in a submissive, obviously. And a fun trait to push.

Kneeling, knees spread wide, he struggled to keep his eyes open and do as told. Watching a man jerk off is still a big turnon for me, and apparently Angela had seen this show a few times before. We whispered and kissed, gave a few commands of our own.

"Faster," I ordered, letting my legs open just enough to give him a peek up my dress. "You can do much better than that." I enjoyed the feel of my own body. I enjoyed seeing just how wet this entire evening had made me. My hips moved only slightly. I was content to just tease myself.

Angela giggled softly and suggested he slow it down for us, and like two spoiled women we took turns dictating just how he would complete the act.

Then, finally, when it appeared he was really exhausted (as it was reaching 1 in the morning), Angela and I decided he could be allowed some sort of release.

Watching him cum, I will admit, was a highlight of the night. But I won't share those sorted details.

*

Angela, at this point, was definitely a believer in the power of erotic domination. Even watching him, moving slow and carefully, wincing a bit as he re-dressed, I noticed her bite her lip with a bit of sensual awe.

I gave her a few toys to send her on her way - I would have given them to Ralph, but somehow I think he would have used them on his next submissive. He's definitely got dominant blood in him, but with the right motivation, he is quite a capable submissive himself. Probably more than he even knows.

It might even be his true calling.

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