



Akasha's Web



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The Bondage Party : Part 2

I was set to meet Damien in the hotel bar at 8:00pm for my domination session.

Nervous, I will admit. I had never really done anything like that before, and I found myself trapped thinking over and over again about what I would do with my limited time. I found myself trying to prioritize my own passions.

I even made lists. I sat there, as anal retentive as I am, and jotted down then prioritized the positions I wanted him in, the toys I wanted to use, the reactions I wanted to get out of him. Some possible roleplay scenarios. The kinks I had not experienced in a long time and missed terribly.

Even writing out this list aroused me more, and I found myself re-writing it, crumbling up the other one into a tight ball and tossing it into my trash.

And then it was 7, and I had to get ready.

I felt like a nervous college girl getting ready for a first date. I had to laugh, as I showered, telling myself the irony was that there was no reason to be nervous. There were no unknowns.

I would have whatever I wanted. That was the beauty in paying for it.

The sight of Damien in the bar kind of knocked the wind out of me, so to speak.

All of that self confidence was ripped out of me. All the way to the hotel I had put myself into the mindframe, psyched myself up, and as I walked through the hotel lobby I felt I owned the world. The boy was mine. Up to his suite, with my small leather shoulder bag of toys and Sandra's virtual portable play heaven, the night would be mine.

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Then I saw him there as soon as I peered around. Sitting in a small booth by himself, watching the live entertainment, a low-key jazz band. He was taking a sip from a beer bottle and didn't see me.

For those few seconds I took him in, tried to digest what it was about him that threw me off.

His demeanor. Extremely at ease, self confident. Unlike earlier in the day, where he had been so -- so still. Rigid. He looked now to be so -- unfettered.

His hair. Wet, still, probably from a shower. He had it all slicked back, and a few strands were hanging down on one side of his head.

He was wearing a black t-shirt. Short-sleeved.

Not looking around, just watching the band.

I moved toward the booth, slowly, taking deep breaths to try to restore my mindframe. I kept telling myself to calm down -- there was no reason to get all keyed up, he was already mine. I had no reason to feel intimidated, to not want to blow procuring him because of a fumbled seduction.

And I just about had it all together by the time I arrived at the small booth, until he looked up and saw me, and this huge smile came over his face, he just beamed, and I turned to something else inside.

"Hey, how are you?" he asked, sliding over so I could sit down. His whole essence was -- warmth.

This was not the boy I saw earlier. He was something totally different.

Which both thrilled and mortified me at the same time. Wondering how I would get him back to that space.

And looking forward, with apprehension and arousal, to figuring out how it would be done.

Damien watched the band a little, then looked at me, taking another sip from the beer bottle. "Did you enjoy the talk today?" he asked me.

Small talk. I wondered if this was what happened with paying customers and escorts. I wondered if he was genuinely interested.

But I enjoyed it. I enjoyed looking at him, looking at his face, while knowing he would be soon upstairs alone with me enduring whatever torture I wanted to put him through.

"It was really interesting," I told him.

He nodded.

"And somewhat arousing. Probably part of why this all came about. It kind of put me in a mood."

Damien laughed. It was a good laugh, comfortable, and he nodded his head at the same time, his hair starting to fall in damp locks in toward his face. He raised both hands to push each side back behind his ears. The gesture did something to me.

"So..I don't mean to rush or anything..but.." I laughed softly.

"No problem," he said, leaning over to take his wallet out of his back pocket. He pulled out a few dollars and set them on the table, easing out of the other side of the booth and leaving his beer mostly unfinished.

"The elevator is right down the hall," he said as I stood, and he put his hand at the small of my back, guiding me out the door.

Like a gentleman. He nodded to the bartender on the way out and said, "Later, thanks."

As we stepped into the elevator, alone, I looked at him. He pushed the button, turned around, hands in pockets. He leaned against the railing as the doors closed, then looked at me.

This look was somewhat different. Intense. Serious. But still completely self confident.

He took his hands out of his pockets, leaning back against the railing in the elevator, holding the steel comfortably. Direct eye contact, his head tilting down just a fraction.

I was leaning against the other side, just looking at him, fingering the leather strap to the bag I had over my shoulder.

He pursed his lips a little, eyes moving down me, then to the bag. "You brought things."

"I did. I brought...things." I said.

The elevator door opened and an older couple stepped inside.

Damien looked at me as the elevator doors closed and the car started moving again.

He kept his eyes on me, deliberate, as he slowly lifted his arms, as if stretching nonchalantly, and then

clasped his hands over his head, fingers intertwined. Just looking at me.

I had to look away, shaking my head a little. "You are bad." I said softly.

He heard and chuckled, then slid over to me as the older couple stepped off. He folded his arms across his chest. "I'm sorry. I'm a bit of a tease."

"You're going to get yourself into deep trouble."

"That's why I do it."

I looked at him. He smiled.

We walked into the room and it felt so still. I looked at my watch. I knew I had to plan. I would waste not one minute of this evening.

Damien walked around and turned on lights. "Music, tv, anything?" he asked.

"No," I said, subtracting minutes, counting in my head, wishing I had the little list. I set my leather bag on the nightstand near the door.

"Ok, well here are Sandra's things," he said from the other room, the double doors open. I peered over and saw him in the master bedroom, gesturing at the things spread out over the bed, the big open suitcase on the floor.

As he walked back into the room, stretching and doing the two-hands through the hair thing again, he bit his bottom lip, thinking. "Do you have any questions?"

"Do you have any limits?" I asked him flatly.

"Not unless you plan to brand me, cut me, or force me to have sex with strangers or animals."

"Wasn't on my agenda."

He opened his arms and shrugged. "That's fine then. I'm not much into codes, I use one word if I need anything - Mercy."

"Alright, I said." I wondered about the money thing. "Do I pay you now, or..."

"Just put it on the nightstand drawer, that's fine."

I went fumbling in my bag as he walked to the bar and fixed a glass of ice water.

"What about you, what's your safeword?" he asked me.

Distracted, I couldn't find my money, of all things. "What?" I asked.

I heard the clinking of ice. "Your safeword. In case you want me to stop."

I felt slightly uneasy at that moment, partially because my money had vanished, partially because I thought he was expecting to dominate me. "I ..uh. I'm not a switch...I'm just here to.."

He was standing next to me. "I know. I like my doms to have a safeword, in case I make them feel uncomfortable. It's kind of weird, I know. It just makes it easier to push without feeling like I'm overstepping emotional boundaries."

I wasn't really listening, a lot of it went over my head, and I found it kind of weird, but I nodded and said, "Ok..uhm..my safeword is Alaska. Ahh, here it is," I smiled, pulling out an envelope.

"Bingo," he said, raising his eyebrows. He sipped the water, set it down, then turned around. "Let's do it."

The upbeat, "Let's do it" kind of set me off on the wrong foot. I felt all weird. I felt so awkward. The money, the reverse safeword discussion. The atmosphere.

It all felt very unnatural and unsexy to me. Suddenly it wasn't even what I wanted. I didn't want to just be in a situation where there was this gorgeous guy asking me what I wanted him to do.

I wondered if I had made a horrible mistake.

Damien was looking at me as I stood frozen at the nightstand after stashing my donation in the drawer.

"You don't look so good." he said.

"I feel a little strange, I will admit."

It was such role reversal. I knew then what men must feel like after paying off a high class hooker only to find they can't, for the first time ever, get an erection.

Every dominant bone in my body was stalled.

And ironically, like probably the most skilled high class hookers, Damien apparently knew what was going

on.

He walked over, slowly, almost sauntered, his hands behind his back casually, smirking a little, almost sympathetically. "Come into the next room. You'll snap out of it. Trust me."

He took me by the hand, walked me into the master bedroom, and turned down the lights so everything was dim, but visible.

Then he kneeled down as I sat on the bed, tilted his head down, and I found myself sitting there with him at my feet, his hands on my knees.

And I was afraid to touch him.

So I looked up at the ceiling for a minute, letting my hands fall into his hair. Damp still. I felt the texture of it through my fingers, taking long, luxurious strokes through it, my eyes closed, feeling the subtle shifting of his head to meet my touch.

"I can do anything to you." I said. To myself, more than to him.

"Yes." he said, looking up at me. He was looking at me -- that's the strangest thing, he was looking at me, I saw him looking for something.

"What..." he hesitated a little. "What is it ..that you want to do to me?" he swallowed. And then his eyes closed a little, he bit his bottom lip, and he looked away. But watched me -- from the corner of his eye.

My hand was on his cheek. "I don't know. I want to see you suffer."

The last word seemed to affect him. As if he was being treated so unfairly. He let out his breath. "But.."

My hand moved from his cheek back up to his hair, but this time, he yanked away, suddenly, and looked at me, a bit of a glare in his eyes.

Instinctively I gripped his chin, and he flinched, trying to jerk back.

I clenched my teeth, my heart pounding harder. "Don't fuck with me,"

His brows were down. He glared at me. "No."

It was one word.

I realized several things at that moment. One was that he had shifted from several different demeanors in the last five minutes, and was looking for the one that would make me react.

And he had found it.

Second, he was too fucking good at this, and it made me want to break him apart even more.

Skilled. Gorgeous. Brave.

I felt his breath on my hand as I gripped his chin, not letting go. He was breathing hard through his nose, just looking at me.

I got up, walking quickly and deliberately out of the room to get my leather bag.

Damien remained, kneeling, watching me go and then watching me return.

It was a struggle to get him to hold still for the gag.

I had to wrap my legs around him, shove his hands out of the way, pull his hair.

He protested so loud that I wondered if people in the next room would hear. I had to hold my hand over his mouth while I got it positioned in front of his face, shoving it in somewhat roughly and hearing his frustrated muttering turn to stifled breathing.

By the time I locked it behind his head and took his face in his hands to turn him toward me, his hair was turned to a disheveled mess, strands sticking to his face.

"Aren't we pretty." I said. It was a statement.

The look in his eyes was of disgust. Betrayal.

Not taking my eyes off him, not taking my hand off his chin, I used my other hand to dig through my bag for my shackles.

His eyes moved sideways, watching what I was getting.

And when he saw that I was bringing out leather shackles, he blinked hard, breathed harder, and started to reach up with his free hands.

I shoved them away. Put my hand at his neck, digging my fingers into his flesh. I could feel his pulse

pounding. The grip was threatening, as if I could crush his throat in an instant -- I couldn't, of course, but part of the thrill of domination is feeling that you could. And believing it.

And part of the thrill of having a partner with a clue is realizing that he's reacting as if he knew you could, too.

And when my hand locked around his throat, he froze, paralyzed.

His eyes looked to me, but away. Terrified.

At that point, I was gone. The rest is a blur.

Those first minutes were probably the most intense, because we were both unsure of what each other's capabilities were, and I basically felt like I was just shot out of a femdom cannon.

It's like every little urge hit me at once, and I was in auto pilot, outside of my own body but watching gleefully from above.

I had him on the floor, I remember, on his knees facing the closet doors which were all mirrors. I shoved him into them, his hands shackled in front of him, and he fell against it onto his palms.

Something about mirrors has always gotten to me. I just wanted to press him right up against it and take him. Take him against his will.

I pushed into him, into his back so he pressed forward, and he had his head turned to the side, eyes shut tight, the gag still in place but his breath, through his nose, still causing mist on the glass.

"Look at yourself," I hissed.

He shook his head hard both ways in denial and let out a definite no-type sound from behind the gag.

I clenched a fist in his hair, pulled back hard, and his eyes shot open with an intake of breath that I think matched my own.

And I was looking at him. He was looking at himself.

He looked startled.

I was just -- I was someplace else entirely.

For some time I had him hogtied. Hogtied on the floor while I put on a pay movie on the television, resting my feet on his side.

"Because I can," I said to him when he asked me why.

"Why?". It was a weird sounding why.

I watched about ten minutes of Starship Troopers.

Then I decided I wanted roomservice.

Part of the rush was having him bound and gagged there, this time with whatever I could get my hands on (a hotel was cloth) while I ordered whatever it was I was going to force feed him.

"Yes, add some strawberries, too." I said.

He looked at me pleadingly, a little tired, worn. His hair was now all disheveled.

I was enjoying something totally unexpected about it at this point.

And that was that tomorrow didn't matter. He was getting what he wanted from me -- the money. I had no reason to try to salvage his opinion of me.

I could be pure animal and it didn't matter.

That's probably why I decided to eat the ice cream myself while making him bury his face in my feet, kissing each of my toes. I had my riding crop handy, giving his ass a swat every time he didn't perform as expected.

I'd stripped him down to boxers (and he looked stunning, I will admit) and pondered the sight of him as he placed little baby kisses on each of my toes, diligently.

The spirit had been pushed from him, apparently. I sucked the spoon and pondered. The room service tray was on the floor by my feet. The bowl of strawberries was still sitting on it.

"Damien," I called.

His eyes moved up, peering at me from under bangs, but he kept at his duty.

I pointed to the bowl on the floor with the back of my spoon. "Eat."

He looked at the bowl, then me. His mouth so close to my feet, I felt his breath when he spoke. "From the floor like this?" he asked.

It got to me. The way he said it, the look in his eyes. A definite tactic. He knew what he was doing.

"Would you rather I dumped them from the bowl and had you eat them from the ground?" I said calmly, proposing him with an even more evil alternative so he would appreciate what he had.

He shook his head a little.

"Then do it. And do it..in a way...that makes me want you."

Damien moved slowly. He took his time. I watched him, my head tilted, the spoon still lingering in my mouth as I tasted the last few bits of the ice cream.

He pondered the bowl a little at first. On his hands and knees above it, he looked at it, tilted his head one way, then the other. Moved down a little. Hesitated.

Then he went down onto his elbows, so his back arched down slightly, the definition in his shoulderblades showing. Cat-like.

All recognition of the spoon in my mouth soon vanished and was replaced with a sort of numb, buzzing feeling in my head and through my body, as I had never quite seen such a thing.

Damien did not eat the fruit from the bowl; he made love to it. First with his tongue, eyes closed, then delicately, in a way that he could manage pieces of the juicy berries into his mouth without any mess. His precision was unprecedented.

How many times had I given similar orders to men only to watch, almost uncomfortable, as they shoved their nose into a bowl and woofed down the food as if truly canine. With face buried so far down into it that I could not even see them -- what was the point?

As if the words, "Do it in a way that makes me want you" were heard as "Do it in a way that makes me want to give you a bib."

Granted, there were times when I wanted to see a slave shove his face into a bowl and suffer the total degradation of being incapable of caring what it turned them into, but in those cases, I would either shove

their face into the bowl myself with a heartless growl and a command of simply, "EAT!", or a more subtle order of, "Make me feel sorry for you."

But Damien..Damien turned the whole experience into an art form alone.

And I have no idea how long I sat watching him as he did this display on each piece of the fruit individually, knowing just how to use his tongue, how to look at me, only sometimes, with a slow, deliberate blink. How the way his shoulders moved, in response to his mouth, was in tune with his entire body, the very subtle way his hips would shift, almost unnoticeable.

There was a few moments of down-time, so to speak, as I recovered my own senses and cleaned him up.

Not that there was much to clean, actually, as he had managed to eat the entire bowl without doing more than getting a few drops of juice on his chin. Which of course, I was tempted to just lick off of him, but it seemed strangely inappropriate at that moment.

He was kneeling there while I sat on the bed, using the washcloth to wipe below his mouth. "Where did you learn to do that?" I asked him.

"Ahh.." he said, mouth open, thinking for a second, his eyes up on the ceiling as I patted away with the cloth. "You."

"Me?" I laughed, knowing he was kidding. "Seriously."

"I am being serious," he said, his words a bit garbled as I wiped his bottom lip.

I just looked at him, curious.

"Everything I do, when it is the first time, I watch how it affects my dom. Otherwise I have no idea if I am doing what she wants. I saw what affected you, so I kept going."

"You mean to tell me..you had never done that before -- that little food fest display you just put on?"

"Never."

I chuckled a little, shook my head, and put down the cloth as he looked at me, waiting for my next move.

I figured he was either a very good liar, or one of the most amazing men I had ever met.

I tend to work up to a more cruel mindframe in stages, I guess. Or it might be that I had been so dom-starved that I wanted to get the little things out of my system first, the little disjointed images I wanted to create, then move onto something that would truly exercise the more sadistic side of me.

And I think Damien could sense, too, that we were moving to a bit of a higher level, something more serious, sinister. I could sense it in the way he breathed as I tied him to the straightback chair.

I had ordered him to put his black jeans on, nothing else. No socks. No shirt. I tied him to the chair very carefully, tightly. Taking my time.

The chair was facing the mirror so I would be able to see him from various angles. He watched himself, I noticed, during much of the binding process.

And as I did it, I noticed other things about him. I was watching Damien from a scientific view at this point, not only as just a victim, because I was curious to see how he handled domination in a pro-active way, so to speak.

I noticed a few things.

First, I noticed that he tested the chair to see what sounds it made. He would shift a little to one side to hear the creak, and then wait, and do it the other way. Granted, he could have just been testing the bonds, but somehow I knew he had more motivations than that.

Also, when he winced at a knot pulled too tight, he would look at me. And not for attention, but to read my expression. And again, I can't tell you that it was purely for that reason, I can only tell you that the look was more intense than just a glance to get my attention, he was watching me.

Never had I been so watched.

Which, I suppose, is why I got out the blindfold for the first time.

Clearly, Damien did not like that one bit.

"I have to tell you," he said to me, clearing his throat and looking at the velvet blindfold I was holding as I walked over slowly. "I don't do well with blindfolds."

"Really." I said, more of a statement, not a question.

He shook his head, cleared his throat a little. He kept his eyes on the blindfold, never on me. Unusual for

him; he usually looked at my face to see my reaction. No, he was totally distracted by this item I held.

"If you'll remember.." he started, and the words were softer than anything I had heard from him. Eyes still on the blindfold. "We didn't even really show them at the discussion." Finally, his eyes moved to me. He waited to know he had total eye contact. His words were solid. Clear. Undaunted, but there. "I don't like them."

I slowly moved to him, sitting on his lap, facing him. My hands moved to his face, the blindfold dangling from my fingers. His eyes moved to it, he looked sideways as if to make sure he knew at all times where the item was.

"You don't like them," I observed out loud, "Because they take away the upper hand. You can't see my reaction, therefore you can't play me like an instrument."

His eyes were still on the blindfold. His breath was much deeper, but more rapid. I could see the tension in his jaw. He looked beautiful, as always.

And when I moved my hand back slowly, holding the blindfold and starting to position it accordingly, he tilted his head the other way, looking up at the ceiling, swallowing, eyes shooting around to find something to focus on, breath kind of shaking out of his parted lips. A sound, I think, came from him that was like a sigh, but with traces of a whimper behind it.

Resignation.

As I slipped it over his eyes and saw first the first time his jaw clenched, as if to prevent his teeth from chattering, the true beauty of the situation washed over me.

And that was that I had no idea if this was an act, or if I was pushing the boy to his ragged edge. He was that good.

So I just let myself believe, because it felt wonderful. I wanted to cry for what I was about to put him through, yet I had no idea if he was still just playing me like an instrument and loving every minute of it.

I felt his body tense. Heard the chair creak. Saw his clenched fist through the corner of my eye.

And he was biting his lip as I positioned it over his eyes.

It already was getting to me, I could feel it.

I had him.

Or, he had me. I really couldn't tell for sure.

Damien was an entirely different animal when blindfolded.

He almost slumped against the ropes that held him to the chair, sometimes trying to tilt his head down far enough to reach his outstretched hand, apparently trying to reach the velvet that covered his eyes.

I would walk around the chair, pull his head up hard, looking at the both of us in the mirror, and how priceless he looked.

And his mouth displayed that sort of frustrated desperation that I loved more than anything.

When I started getting out pain toys I could see him trying to listen, tilting his head toward me, twisting in the bonds.

Never had I seen that sort of reaction to restraint -- not blatant struggling, but a strange, sensual sort of squirming underneath the ropes as if having a bad dream. So completely erotic.

Which, I suppose, was the essence of Damien anyway. It was just what made him different.

As I moved toward him I saw him desperately turning his head to try to listen; to find out where I was, to hear evidence of what it was I had in my hands.

I was holding a pair of nipple clamps, which I knew he hated. I let them trace down the naked flesh of his chest, and he gasped, a quick intake of breath, and hissed what sounded like, "fuck!" under his breath.

"Quiet," I ordered, and he was breathing hard, outstretching his fingers, preparing, apparently, for the sensation.

"You really do hate these clamps, don't you?" I asked, tracing around his nipple with them, teasing him.

He had his mouth shut tight. Breathing harder.

"Don't you?" I asked again, this time taking his chin with my other hand.

"Just DO IT," he hissed.

I lowered my mouth to his, "Don't get PISSY with me, Damien."

He pried his chin from my hand, shook his head and yelled, literally yelled, "Just DO IT GODDAMMIT! GET IT OVER W --"

I managed to shove a hand over his mouth but the muffled words still came through in a stifled scream.

Then I wrestled with him a little, the chair creaking, until he held still.

I let go of his mouth slowly. He was still breathing hard.

When the clamps went on his first nipple, he let out what appeared to be a silent scream, leaning forward to find me-- just to put his head on my shoulder.

And, as I found out on the second clamp, to find something to bite down on.

I probably have marks from our scene that will last longer than his, but when his teeth sunk into my shoulder that wasn't really what I was thinking.

My thoughts were entirely distracted by what felt like dampness behind the blindfold. Thinking, oh my, is he crying right now?

As the pain registered in my shoulder and I managed to pull back, gasping myself, I heard him breathing hard, with short, desperate intakes.

I looked sharply at him, at the blindfold. It was impossible to tell by looking at it. "Damien," I said.

He did not respond. He had his head tilted down a little, mouth open slightly, just breathing. Breathing, chest heaving, body responding to the intense pain in his chest.

"Are you crying, Damien?"

"NO." he said at once. It sounded nasal. Defiant. Child-like.

"Which is worse," I asked him, slowly. "The clamps..or the --"

"The BLINDFOLD!" he snapped, and his voice cracked, his mouth remained open slightly, and then he let out what sounded strangely like a sob. But he held it, just froze. I could see he was sweating, sweating all over, struggling to maintain his own steady breathing.

The guilt I felt was overwhelming. I could do nothing but look at him.

His fingers unwound from tight fists and all stretched upward as he leaned forward as best he could, wincing against the bonds as they got in the way, the swaying of the nipple clamps increasing his discomfort two

fold. But he kept moving, squirming to get his hands to his face, anything to get to that material that covered his eyes.

And he almost reached it, almost, before I reached up and caught him by the shoulders to hold him back.

"no..." he sobbed.

I was somewhat torn up at this point, feeling way too many things at once. Tremendous guilt. Wondering if I broke him and he totally forgot the safeword. Wondering if he just forgot to mention blindfolds as a limit.

"Damien," I said quietly, but firmly.

"Please take it off..."

"Damien -- "

"I'll do anything -- ANYTHING, Akasha."

That was the first time he used my name. I had difficulty swallowing.

I felt flushed, and stood up. He heard, and his head came up as if watching me. "Wait -- don't go - please?"

I walked backwards toward the bathroom.

He clenched both fists, still facing me. "Akasha, PLEASE."

I found myself in the bathroom, but I could still hear the creaking of the chair. His breathing.

I sat on the edge of the bathtub for a few second, thinking. I heard him out there, breathing, whispering a little to himself. The chair creaking. A few gasps in pain as he moved against the clamps the wrong way. I expected it -- I expected to just hear it, coming out from him, one word, his word that meant we needed to stop.

Horrible guilt. I felt I was a terrible player. Had not listened to any of his signals.

But so incredibly turned on that I ignored my instincts to stop, pulled myself together, and re-entered the room.

Only to find that he was, indeed, in tears.

He had managed, somehow, to get the blindfold off. And it had caused him a great deal of pain as it required

leaning right into the bonds across his chest, digging right into the clamps on his nipples.

The blindfold was on the floor, and his eyes, when he turned them to me, were red.

He sniffled, and said softly, "Let me go."

He looked betrayed, but forgiving.

I studied his face, moving slow. My heart was beating very fast now. I was terribly confused. I was feeling way too much at once.

He could barely talk. "How..how could you do this to me..."

I moved toward the blindfold, which was on the floor next to the chair now. He watched me, watched me so carefully. I saw the dampness on his eyelashes, how his cheeks were slightly colored. The pain in his face.

Crouching down slowly, as if not to startle him, I picked up the blindfold, wet, between my fingers.

His eyes shut tightly. Tears emerged. "No...." he said, both fists again clenched, this time bucking into the ropes and shaking the chair hard. "You can't do that..."

When I leaned up slowly, as I stood from the crouching position, he turned his head so his breath caught my cheek. He brushed his lips against my skin. I felt dampness. Cool dampness, from tears.

My lips were right next to his.

"I'll do anything," he said. And the way he said it, I will never forget it. It was with total resignation. Acceptance. Fear.

I could not move from that position. Our mouths were right next to each other. His eyes were closed.

At that point, it happened for me. Everything shut down. My brain turned fuzzy, and suddenly I felt like the most vulnerable person in the world.

Sick to my stomach, shaking all over, my body hot. I felt the need to curl up into a ball and feel like a good, nice person again.

I must have been frozen there in my post-dominant-orgasmic state for a good few moments, because finally I snapped out of it to hear him say, simply, "Hey."

When I looked at him, after the "hey", I saw something strange. I saw a man, tied up there, crying.

He said it again. "Hey."

I said back, as if we were two aliens trying to communicate, "hey."

"You ok?" he asked. His voice was soft. He was sniffing, unable to wipe his nose, yet he seemed totally fine.

"I'm .."

I was staring at him, unable to really decide what it was I needed to say, still wondering exactly where we stood, emotions-wise.

Damien swallowed, looked at the blindfold, then at me. He blinked, then looked at me again, like before, and it nearly killed me. That innocence, desperation.

I pulled back a little, looked away, shut my eyes. I realized for a brief instant what the purpose of his safeword concept was. Even though at that moment I could not for the life of me even remember what the word was that I had picked.

"I need to stop," I said, which I assumed would suffice.

"You ok?" he asked me. I could not see him, my eyes were closed and I was frozen.

"I..." I hesitated, felt like it was all going to come crashing down on me at any minute. "uh oh."

He laughed softly, under his breath, sniffled, and said, "If you help me out with the first couple knots I can manage."

I knew better, from experience, than to let the emotions all start pouring in before freeing my partner so he could at least pick me up and deposit me on the bed. But my vision did blur when I tried to pick apart the first of the knots.

He saw, and laughed, waving his bound hands at me a little. "I'm ok, Akasha. Relax. Don't fall apart before you get me untied."

"Are you really ok," I said, not looking at him.

"I've never been better."

He said it, and I could not see the look on his face, but he said it in a way that was so ironic. Tear-driven,

voice still cracking.

As he said, he was able to get out of the bonds quite easily once I gave him a headstart, so I just sat there on the floor until he crouched down next to me and wrapped his arms around me.

A totally encompassing, strong embrace. He smelled good.

I shut my eyes. At that moment, I still had no idea if any of it, on his part, was real. The fear of the blindfold. The tears. The desperation.

"Did I do anything bad," I asked, quietly, not looking at him, just leaning against him and enjoying the feel of his hands around my arms.

"Not unless..." he paused, took a breath, and thought for a second. "Not unless you held anything back."

And I wanted to say it right then -- one word -- simply -- wow.

But I couldn't even manage that.

The only thing remotely close I could come up with before saying goodbye to him about a half hour later, after laying on the bed silently with him, was a fumbled attempt at a compliment.

"You aren't really a submissive," I said to him as he held my hand in the doorway, still wearing only black jeans. "You're an artist."

He laughed softly, nodded, and said, "Thank you."

And like two people ending a business transaction, we nodded, and I got one last look at his eyes, still a bit red from the tears.

To this day, I still have questions. But I will never really know.

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