



Akasha's Web



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The Challenge

He finds himself once more sitting precariously in the chair, waiting for her, listening to her steps on the cold floor. He can't see much more than her outline because of the bright light she has pointed toward him, but he can always hear where she is because she never stops moving. Even if it is just taking small, slow deliberate steps, she walks loudly from one side of the room to the other.

His heart pounds sitting in this chair, even though he is totally free, even though he is totally dressed. His eyes tend to wander to the straps than hang down from the arms of the chair, the heavy worn leather and gold buckles distracting him.

"Look up" she orders again.

His eyes move back up and he squints toward her. This time he can see her leaning against a dresser, he can see one arm draped over it. no gloves, he notices, and counts that as a good sign. she usually wears the gloves when punishing, so he assumed he had not done anything wrong to end up in the chair that unnerved him so much.

He hears her move and sit down in the large leather office chair at her desk, hears her recline and sigh, hears a distinct "thump" as her boot finds a comfortable place on the desktop.

"Strap your ankles down." she orders, her voice cold and emotionless.

He hesitates just for a moment then leans down, and as he reaches for the strap he can hear her purring almost, she's watching him with such intense enjoyment. The restraints feel foreign in his hands, he has felt them over him so many times but never used them himself.

"Tight" she adds, and he hears the chair slowly creak back. "Mmmmm...do as good a job as I do, dear, or I will come tighten them myself.

He pulls them through the buckles hard, locking them into place, sitting up slowly and testing the slack, only to find he has none.

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He can still hear the steady, occasional rocking back of the chair she is in, he can make out the bottoms of both boots now, her legs obviously spread as she leans back in the chair. he doesn't need to wonder what she is doing, it is obvious now.

He hears her fumbling in a drawer for something, he knows the drawer all too well -- it is where she keeps her toys. "Do you know what I just took out?" she calls to him.

He swallows and hesitates, then says softly, "your vibrator?"

She laughs, "pretentious of you, slave, very pretentious. you haven't gotten me THAT wet. I'm merely...intrigued."

He hears her sucking on her finger for a second, he shifts, lowering his head.

"Now, catch," she orders, tossing something. He reaches up and it falls into his hands, what she had retrieved. He knows the sight and feel of it well, the latex ballgag that he is so used to but still hates.

The chair creaks back again, "You get a choice of weapons for your challenge tonight, slave."

"What challenge?"

"Don't interrupt me" she snaps. "You can choose to have one thing left free. Either your eyes, your hands, or your mouth. The others will be taken away from you. And after that, you have 5 minutes to make me cum. By the mere sight of you."

He swallows and thinks for a second, but is interrupted when she says "Decide."

He hesitates and looks up, squinting, "Will the light be gone?" he asks the outlined figure before him, or all he can see of her -- boots sitting up on a desk, heels protruding toward him.

"You know better than that," she snaps, "You think you deserve to see me get myself off?"

"Of...course not" he lowers his eyes.

"If you don't decide now, I'll just take them all away and you can sit there in misery."

"My eyes," he looks up slowly in her direction. "I want to keep my eyes for this."

"Interesting choice, " her voice comes back, "Since you can't even see me."

"You can see me, " he replies softly, "and that's all that matters."

There is a silence and he tries not to smile or even crack a smirk, but he knows he has won something somewhere. He knows how much she is affected by the way he speaks to her with his eyes, how he can show pain and desperation and determination with them. Even though he can't see her, he knows his eyes are his best weapon.

"Strap down your wrists for me," she orders. "Use one hand to do the first, then use your teeth for the second. "

He obeys but looks up as he does, saying quietly, "I won't be able to gag myself with my hands strapped down."

There is another silence, but he knows at once he was a fool. He regrets it at once, saying quickly, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...."

"Are you trying to tell me how to do this?" she snaps.

oh god, he thinks, I've done it again. he hears her stand, hears her footsteps. he lowers his head at once and tightens his fists, "I didn't mean it that way-- "

She takes the ballgag from his lap and reaches up, forcing it into his mouth hard, using it to push his head up and back like shoving an apple into a pig's mouth. she glares down at him now, and she's wearing the gloves he sees, and his eyes search hers for sympathy.

"You pretentious, arrogant little bastard," she growls through clenched teeth, raising her riding crop. "Would you like to take the crop now? Am I not dominant enough for you?"

He shakes his head eagerly, staring earnestly into her eyes.

Not taking her eyes off his, she reaches behind his head to fasten the strap of the ballgag in place. She moves methodically to his wrists and straps them down as well. "Now the chances of you making me cum are even more slim, since all I can think about is beating the hell out of you for being so goddamn arrogant."

He tries to whimper in response but it gets caught in his throat. Before he can attempt it again she has turned and headed back to her desk, back beyond the light, and all he can do is squint again in her direction.

He hears a zipper, hears her skirt fall to the floor and the clicking of her boot heels as she steps out of it. "Get to work, " she mutters, and he hears the creak as she falls back into the chair.

"If you only knew what it felt like, " she says carefully, pausing, "the feeling of tight, pvc-clad finger inside my wet cunt."

He shuts his eyes and moans softly, lowering his head.

She laughs, "You're so pathetic, you ask to keep your eyes free and you just lower your head in misery. What's the matter, you don't like to hear about how wet I am? How many fingers I have inside of me?"

There is a pause, a soft gasp from her, and she breathes deeply. "Is it one...two maybe? What is it, my precious little slut, don't you want to guess?"

He lifts his head up at once, hard, throwing his hair back out of his eyes in the process. He breathes hard through his nose, alive, defiant, starting what he can into the light. Then he starts to struggle, struggle hard. Not for her, but for him, because all he wants is to be free.

One of the buckles snaps at his ankle and flies a few feet from the chair, landing with a clink on the floor. He hears a soft, "oooooh" from her, a sort of cynical admiration.

"You want to know how I taste, angel?" she asks, and he can hear her, blatantly, as she licks the wetness from her fingers. "You have three more minutes...three more, as I slide my fingers down my boots. You just might still be able to taste me on them when you find your tongue moving up them in a few minutes."

He blinks and then lifts his eyes to the ceiling, then the walls. He looks around as if searching for escape, freedom, mercy. He whimpers and fights with his bonds but they don't give way at all.

He hears her jingling something and she laughs, then says "this is your collar, your leash. If you lose this challenge you sleep on the floor like a dog tonight, collared and bound. You'll listen to me have phone sex with my long distance slave, you will hear how he can get me off with just his voice when you can't even manage to do it sitting right in front of me."

He grumbles and moans, shaking his head, frustrated, desperate.

She breathes softly, steady, he can hear her rhythm and he tries to match it with his shifting against the bonds, as if making love through the space between them. He feels sweat now dripping from his hair into his face, the light is blinding.

First she gasps softly, and he thinks maybe, just maybe, he has won. But then she chuckles softly and he can hear her lean back in the chair. "Not tonight, my pet. But it was a noble effort."

He lowers his eyes when she walks forward. He can see she is naked except for the boots and gloves, but he doesn't have the will to face her eye to eye after his failure.

When she takes him by the chin to lift his head up, he can smell her scent on her fingers. She looks at him almost sympathetically, with a hint of the sinister. "Oh well, at least you can look forward to licking my boots

clean while my telephone friend makes me cum. I left you a present on them to remind you of me."

He lowers his head and just stares down at her boots as she locks the collar around his neck, fastening the leash to it, He sees her boots have a certain glisten to them, he sees that in fact she did slide her finger down them a few times to leave her lingering taste for his lips.

All too soon he finds himself there, kneeling next to the bed while she showers in the next room. He is kneeling upright with his hands chained behind his back. She had put the leather blindfold tightly over his eyes moments earlier before stripping and stepping into the shower.

So now he had to kneel and wait, knowing when she returned she would slide onto the bed next to him and pick up the phone, call her long distance slave, and he would have to sit and listen to what she did.

Defeated and depressed, he tries to keep his head up high when he hears the water shut off and moments later the patter of her feet on the wet floor. he is smarted into awareness when she tosses the towel at him so it slaps in him the face, hearing her mutter "I'd have you dry me off if your hands weren't bound, but I don't want it bad enough to let you go."

He hears her put her legs up on the hopechest at the foot of her bed, patting the water from her skin. as she does so she mocks him, making him go through the ritual of self degradation, making him tell her how pathetic he was, how he couldn't get her off, how much of a miserable pathetic waste of a slut he was.

Suddenly her hand is at his chin, her skin soft from lotion, she smells so sweet and fragile but her words are like ice.

"one fucking sound from you, one distracting whimper while I am on the phone, I'll gag you and make you sit in the closet, is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress." he replies softly, imagining her naked form there in front of her, his thoughts fueled as she brushes her naked breasts across his back to make her way to the closet.

He listens to her go through her clothes and describe to him what she sees, telling him about the tight, short skirt she is slipping into, the one he has seen so many times. And the boots, her hears her take out another pair, the high leather ones with the 5 inch heels and the laces up the front, the ones that shine and shine and he has sat licking for hours.

He kneels at attention and listens to her dress gracefully, listens to the zippers, the clasping of garters, the lacing of boots. he listens to her pace around and look into her mirror, purring in approval. He hears the clatter of her in her dresser, hears the rattling of chains.

"Head up," she orders.

He lifts his head obediently and feels the collar lock around his neck. He resists slightly but she holds him still by the chin, locking the leash in place then dragging him toward the bed more, locking his leash to the frame so he must kneel there.

There is a creak of the bed frame when she lays down, and he feels her heel in his bare chest as she prods him back. "Down, down on the floor. Nose down, face to the ground. " she orders.

When he moves down she prods him to move faster with a heel to his back, muttering that he moves too slow.

His nose to the floor, he listens to her pick up the phone and dial, sit back on the bed in the pile of pillows, sighing contentedly.

There is a silence and he feels the toe of her boot slide under his nose. "Entertain me," she orders him, letting the phone cord dangle and knock him playfully on the head.

He leans toward her and starts kissing the end of her boot as he hears the smile in her voice as she says, "Hello baby."

The silence eats at him but he continues the worshipping of her foot, only to hesitate uncomfortably when she prods it closer and closer to his face, making him take as much of it into his mouth as he can.

"Yes my slave. Tell me who you belong to, tell me who's little slut you are."

It pains him to hear her talk to another this way, but he concentrates on pleasing her by licking her boots with more enthusiasm, working his way up the sides, up the laced front. Suddenly he feels her other boot come down on his head, hard, and she hisses at him, "Down, away from my legs you beast. Stay down!"

He cowers and hears her chuckle into the phone.

"No..that's just my live-in, he's being a little bastard. But I don't want to talk about him. Get your handcuffs and put them on. First strip slowly, tell me everything you take off. Be my whore, let me look forward to what I'm going to make you do."

He holds back the urge to whimper and keeps his head down far, the silence long, broken only with her moans of approval as she listens to what the person on the other end of the phone is doing. He hears her shifting in the bed sheets, hears her hands moving down over her body.

The feel of the patent leather to his tongue becomes so familiar now, he has been licking for what seems like forever, only to have her push the other under his nose and have him start again.

"Ohhh yes. you have gotten me very wet, my slave" she whispers into the phone, he can hear her shifting against her hand, almost hear the sliding of her fingers inside her. Suddenly without warning her finger is under his nose and he laps at it eagerly, wanting so bad to participate in the act, he licks the wetness desperately and moves with her hand as she slowly, slowly pulls it away.

He finds himself following the hand up her body, inching his way onto the bed, but her boot heel at his chest holds him back and she chuckles as her hand is out of reach and he can only strain to reach her.

"Down," she hisses, and he moves back down to the floor where he belongs.

He hears her licking her finger, longs to see her doing it, how she must look at that moment with her legs spread, her hands moving over her body.

"Now kneel down and put the handcuffs on, I want to hear them click around your wrists," she purrs into the phone. She moans a moment later, "Tighter, come on, suffer for your Mistress."

Again he stops himself from moaning at her voice, at the pleasure she is being brought by another, he hears her shifting against her hand with a rhythm now, he hears her fingers sliding in and out. At one point she sits up suddenly and takes him by a handful of hair, pulling his head up, shoving her fingers one at a time into his mouth as if to cleanse them quickly.

He gags on them but licks eagerly, listening to her now as she speaks in soft, dirty commands to her phone slave, calling him a fucking whore and ordering him to take her cock and fuck it for her, telling him how he will drink every last bit of her cum for her.

When her fingers are clean she shoves his face back down to her boots, this time angling them up and shoving the long heel into his mouth, hissing to him, "Suck it, slut."

He rolls his tongue around it and starts putting on a show for her, her moans now a blur to him, he can only hope she is watching him and getting off more than listening to the other.

He listens to her moan as her phone slave cums, listens to her tell him what a slut he is, making him clean up the mess with his boxers and gag himself with it. He listens to her make him tape his mouth shut and whimper again as again, and he feels her leg now moving with a frenzy as she bucks so close to orgasm, how her words come in gasps.

A whimper escapes him and he chokes on it, on her heel, thinking she might hear it and he was in for it, but when she jerks up breathlessly she says simply with a snap of her fingers, "Slave, get my vibrator, now."

He pulls back from her boot and nods, stumbling in his own darkness as she unlocks his leash from the bed frame.

"Stay on the ground, crawl!" she orders, and her voice has that familiar near-orgasm desperation in it. He crawls with his cheek to the floor to feel his way around, wanting so bad to have the blindfold off so he can get there all the more quickly.

He finds the drawer and uses his mouth to pull hard at the handle, then buries his nose in it and nudges through her toys, the smell of leather filling his senses,

He tastes her whip, her dildo, finds silk scarves, moaning in defeat as he shifts to get in deeper.

"HURRY UP!" she shouts from across the room.

He moans and bites furiously at the different objects in the drawer, finally feeling plastic against his lips. He moves his tongue along it to feel that it really is her vibrator, then leans forward to take it between his teeth.

She sighs, "finally!" when he starts crawling toward her, holding the plastic toy firmly between his teeth. He crawls for what seems like forever until resting his chin on the edge of the bed, waiting as she pulls it from his mouth.

Without warning she forces it into his mouth hard and orders, "Suck this for me, slut", easing it in and out, making him coat it with his tongue, nearly gagging him in the process.

Finally she takes it from his mouth and orders him back down, and he puts his nose to the floor as he listens to her slide the device inside her and turn it on, gasping in pleasure. The bed next to him shakes and she just cries out again and again, telling her phone slave over and over how pleased she is with his misery.

He keeps his nose to the floor and just listens, jealous but still aroused, listening to the familiar sound of her climax. He listens to her come down and moan contentedly, whispering to her phone slave for a few minutes then hanging up the phone.

For a moment there is nothing and he fears she has fallen asleep. Finally she gets up and sighs, he can hear her stretching. She nudges him with her boot and orders him to kneel upright, and when he does he finds the vibrator again forced into his mouth, this time wet from her climax.

He gags a bit and starts to lick slowly, feels her hand stroking his hair back. He sucks at it affectionately, sweating now, wishing she would at least say something to let him know if she was still angry.

A moment later he feels her lean down and place a kiss on the top of his head, her hand under his chin as he moves his mouth along the length of the plastic.

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