



Akasha's Web



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The Date



It was our third date. I don't even know if you consider them dates, though, since we were just talking in a public place. This was my first time alone with him. Bad timing, I guess.

Sometimes it really does get in the way, this "hunger" thing. I didn't want to pursue him as an object; I wanted to pursue him as a person. But timing as it was, I couldn't help myself during dinner staring at his wrists when he placed his hands together on the table to lean over and say something to me.

He's just a boy, I kept telling myself, five years younger than me and still sweetly innocent. There's no potential here, so why not feast. Take the risk. If he thinks you're psychotic, it doesn't matter.

"You seem distracted," he said to me when we were waiting for the check.

In my head, the words were clear. I keep thinking about what you'd look like tied to a chair.

My chair. The one in my room, next to the computer. Facing the mirror, so you can see as well. See what you look like in bonds. The leather around your wrists, me behind you getting something. Something devious.

"Oh, it's nothing," I said uneasily, clearing my throat. I took the check from the waiter and paid it. He was staring at me from across the table. He didn't offer to pay; of course, I wouldn't have it that way anyway. The rules were down, yet unsaid. He was mine, I was pursuing him. I was in charge. How did I get here, I wondered, standing up. Where am I going. What am I going to do with this sweet innocent victim of 22 years.

So much for dating.

At my house he was immediately engrossed with my computer and stereo. He was talking quickly about something, but I just sat down at the desk and looked at him. He was down on one knee.

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"Some of these wires look a little worn," he commented. I casually reached over with my foot to his other knee and prodded. He looked at me, a bit confused, resisting, off balance a little.

"hey," he laughed, "Stop that."

I smiled. A delirious, infected little hungry smile. Half way kneeling on my floor he looked even more appetizing. I was ready to dismiss with the formalities all together and show him the hooks in my ceiling. Something about him attracted me tremendously; or maybe it was just basic starvation. It had been way too long.

He wobbled down onto his knees and ouch'd in complaint about the hardwood floors, then inched over to my legs. I opened them and he placed his head on my thigh, cheek down against my skirt. My hands fell into his hair at once, and I just caressed him like that for a few seconds.

He was purring in a way, I could see his eyes were a little bit closed and he was enjoying the affection. Soon my long, adoring strokes through his hair became more tense, my grip tightened a little more with each stroke. Finally I had a fistful and just held it. I tightened my grip.

He opened his mouth and peered up at me through his hair, as if to bring something to my attention. "That hurts," he said quietly, just letting me know.

"oh, dear." I said out loud. More to me, than to him. He said the two magic words. There was no stopping now. "Which hurts," I asked, moving my hand slowly through his hair, "This?" I paused, and then took a fistful, or "THIS?"

He shut his eyes tight and hissed, "Yes," he gasped, reaching up and grabbing my hand by the wrist. I leaned down at once and put my mouth on his. This was our first real kiss, I'd say, and it was relentless. I slid out of the chair and prodded him down onto the hardwood floor on his back.

His breath was shaking and his hands were immediately on my body. I took them and pulled them away slowly. "What would you say," I whispered between heavy kisses, "If I told you it turned me on to hear you say that hurt?"

He didn't even open his eyes, he was weary, sleepy with lust. "I'd say 'hurt me'" he whispered heavily. His voice was dripping with need, desire, willingness to say anything to get laid.

I took him by the wrists, again pulling his hands away from my body, and slammed them down pretty hard over his head. Forgetting again that I have hardwood floors, his knuckles got a pretty good slam, making him jump and wince.

His eyes were open now, staring up at me. His body sort of shifted under me, I could feel his arousal in his

pants, I felt myself pressing down against it. But that was so irrelevant to me, at that moment, I could care less about getting fucked, being eaten, or being made slow passionate love to. I wanted him tied up, I wanted him gagged, and I wanted him helpless. I wanted to use him, I wanted him to be a prized possession of mine, a sweet object.

I leaned down and kissed him again softly on the lips, whispering "get up and get into the chair."

We shuffled a little to get up and he moved slowly to his feet, sitting in the chair and turning it slightly to face me. He was looking at me, still, with that sort of wanton lust that meant his body had been pushed far enough that he'd be distracted with desire.

I got the handcuffs because those were the easiest and the least intimidating of my restraints. He didn't make a comment or look at me funny, as I had expected. No, he just put his wrists behind the chair and let me put them on him.

"Have you done this before?" I asked softly from behind him.

"No," he replied. His voice was low. Perhaps a little intimidated. "But I think I can figure it out."

"I want you to know," I said as I started placing slow, hungry kisses on his neck, "That what I am about to do to you has nothing to do with anger, sadism, or revenge."

"Mmm," he lowered his head and I continued along his flesh. "It's just something I need to do now and then," I tried to explain, "because it makes me feel like nothing else. To control something so full of passion, to have you at my mercy."

"Ok," he whispered, his eyes opening as I backed away from the chair. He watched me go to my things, silent.

The metal on his wrists jingled a little and the chair creaked as he rocked it back and then turned it toward the full length mirror. He was looking at himself.

I moved up behind him again and looked at him in the mirror. I was standing behind the chair, and he faced the mirror in front of us both with a sort of solemn, dazed look.

When I wrapped my arms around his chest he lowered his head to see what I was holding. I found myself at his neck again, kissing, sucking, nibbling, feeling his breath down on my arm. "What is that?" he asked.

"Mmmmm," I replied, lowering myself a little behind the chair. Something about the tone in his voice made me start to ache. The honesty in it. His reaction was very real.

His handcuffed wrists were just above my thighs, and I used him for leverage to lower myself down even

more. As soon as his fingers came in contact with my panties he let out his breath and turned his head a little to peer over his shoulder. "Jesus christ," he hissed.

Yes, I was soaking wet already. I hadn't really noticed it myself, I was too distracted by him and what I wanted to do, but I found myself rubbing down against his fingers as he shifted them what he could in the handcuffs, trying to touch me.

All the while he had his head facing forward again, still peering down at the handful of leather in my fist as my arms were wrapped around his chest. I could feel his every breath, and my body was shifting against his fingers. His index finger was sliding under my panties now, and I could feel the cold metal of the handcuffs against my naked thigh.

The restraints were starting to frustrate him now, I could sense, and I didn't know how long his patience would last. I kisses his ear slowly and whispered, "Look at what you're doing to me,"

"I haven't done anything," he hissed through clenched teeth, rocking the chair back what he could to get more freedom to his wrists. "Why don't you let me go, so I can."

"No," I replied quietly, standing up slowly, sliding out of his reach, his wet fingers left empty. "First you need to cooperate with me on a few things,"

"Ok," he turned toward me what he could, then went back to looking at me in the mirror.

I opened both of my hands in front of him. One had a leather ballgag, the other was a velvet blindfold. He peered down at them.

"Pick one," I told him quietly.

He sighed and shook his head, looking at up the mirror again. "Which do you want?"

"The one you want least," I told him honestly, turning his chin toward me and kissing him deeply from behind. He moaned softly and I heard the jingling of metal again.

I pulled back and lowered my lips to his neck. "Just reach down and take one of them with your teeth."

He hesitated and shifted, then leaned forward. From behind him I couldn't see what he was doing, I just held out both hands in front of him. His breath was hot on my fingers, and he cunningly started placing sweet kisses on my wrists and fingers.

"Very distracting," I whispered as I felt myself moving my index finger up between his lips, encouraging him to suck. It felt wonderful, and for the first time I was starting to get distracted because of sexual arousal.

At that point I guess I decided he didn't have a choice anymore. Violation with his mouth meant he had to pay the price, so I dropped the blindfold before he could get it and reached up with the ballgag. He turned his head away and said, "Hey, what happened to my choice?"

I was behind him so I took a fistful of his hair and pulled back hard, glaring down at him upside-down. "It's been revoked. Open wide."

This must have been when he learned weapon number one. It always happens this way, I have found. Once they find one of my weaknesses, they start searching for more.

It was the way he looked at me. Upside down, even, I could still see it in his eyes. Sort of a defeated, helpless gaze, a begging for some mercy, while still opening his mouth. I suppose it is a surrender look, but no hiding of fear or dread. He did it somewhat sarcastically, I suspect, but it still nailed me.

The trick is noticing it, and he did. He saw that I lost my concentration, that I was stuck staring, that I hadn't moved. If his hand were still between my legs, he would have known it even more. Pounding, aching, dripping. Lost in his eyes.

To be sure, he poured it on more. He lifted his eyebrows and mouthed the word, "please?"

I started to shake. I bit my lip and turned away, hissing something at him as I shoved the ball hard between his teeth. He let out a distinct, "mmfph" in response but I was able to ignore that, luckily, still recovering from how much emotion he was able to convey in that one look. Upside down. God knows what he could do to me head on. I should have opted for the blindfold, I hissed in my head.

And so there he sat, his head down a little, now probably pondering in his head other things he might be able to do to get me into that state, that state of lust-filled-guilt-driven-desire.

He was looking at himself in the mirror, briefly, then looking down. I moved around to the front of the chair and slowly lifted my leg, straddling him and lowering myself onto his lap.

"Now, "I said as I reached behind his head and slid both hands into his hair, tightening my grip, "We'll see about you trying to distract me."

At some point I get lost in it, unable to tell which of his actions are planned and which are reactions to what I am doing to him. His whimpers were timed perfectly, sweet yet not pathetic. My teeth found his collarbone with ease and I dug into his flesh with relentless hunger and need.

Eventually he stopped struggling and would simply sit still as best he could when my mouth found way to his

most tender flesh. Behind his ears, at the back of his neck, his nipples, his hipbones.

Soon his clothes were all but torn from him and mine were removed save for my bra and panties. His eyes were filled with a new look now - sort of a hopeful puppy-dog desire for attention, that wondering if he would ever be free, let alone satiated.

I knelt down between his legs and opened his knees, fiddling with the snap on his jeans. "Let's make a deal," I said to him as I unsnapped it. "You make me want to do this to you, and I will. Be my prisoner, my captive I am keeping an eye on while the bad guys go to the store to get beer. Let's say you know I want you, you know I am attracted to you. You see how I look at you, how I gaze at your crotch hungrily. You have seen me slowly and seductively eat an ice cream cone while gazing at you while the thugs yelled at you. You know what I want. The challenge is to make me want it enough to take it."

He was shifting in my grip as I eased his jeans down just a little, enough to expose his hipbones but nothing else. I purred in approval and stepped back, walking across the room in my lingerie. "Don't mind me, " I said quietly as I went into a dresser drawer. "I'm just getting my vibrator in case I get bored."

He groaned a little and tossed his hair away from his face, looked over at himself in the mirror again. Probably commenting to himself what a helpless wreck he looked like. Bite marks covering his chest and neck, that awful ball shoved into his mouth, his hair in clumps from my pulling it this way and that.

I think he didn't believe me about the vibrator. At least the look on his face seemed to show it.

"Never seen one of these before?" I chuckled at him. "Come on now, you have a time limit. Did you forget the rules?"

He sighed and tossed his head back. He didn't feel like playing, I could tell. I purred at him and straddled him again, reaching around and unlocking the strap on the ballgag. I pulled it out and he swallowed, shutting his mouth tight. "I'm getting uncomfortable," he complained.

"I'm not through with you yet," I said quietly. My voice was low, serious. I was being very honest with him. I hadn't gotten to where I wanted to go yet.

"Why don't you let me go so I can finish this the right way, "he said to me, lifting his eyes up and giving me his best seductive look.

Of course I was in no mood for that. Sex did not interest me. Power did. I fondled the ballgag and considered putting it back in.

My legs were hanging over the sides of the chair. I could still feel his hardness between my legs. He was shifting beneath me, begging to be touched.

I leaned over and gave him a soft kiss and whispered, "I'm almost done. Just let me have my way a little while longer, then we can stop."

He responded to my kiss with one of his own, opening his eyes slowly afterward and saying, "ok."

I reached up and slowly put my hand over his nose and mouth, pushing his head back. He shifted a little and I whispered, "Don't move. Don't breathe. When you want to be let go, beg."

There was a muffled but distinct, "no," from behind my hand, but I don't know if he was protesting my game or protesting for my benefit.

He shifted in the chair and I found myself rubbing down against him hungrily, my mouth again at his neck, feeling him swallow, his body tense. I peered down at his handcuffed wrists, how his hands were clasped together tightly.

He moaned.

"That's better," I whispered, feeling the tension inside me grow. I wanted him so badly. I wanted surrender, total surrender.

He started pulling at the handcuffs, he pried at them with his fingers. I don't know if it was intentional or not, but it mesmerized me, pushed me closer and when I let go of his nose and mouth he gasped.

As soon as he pulled back I put my mouth on his, kissing him hard between his gasps, feeling him half trying to kiss me and half trying to breath. I held his head still with my hands and kept kissing him, forcing my tongue deep into his mouth, not letting him free to breathe or speak.

When I came, it was a shock to me. I didn't feel it coming on, and I just suddenly found myself in the middle of it. Much like the times in junior high school, making out in the backseat, with no stimulation other than a really hot kiss and my body rubbing against the tightness in his jeans.

He watched me recover and looked a bit distant, confused, tired. I wrapped my arms around him and held him, thanking him, asking him if he thought I were truly psychotic or just plain weird.

"I don't know," he said quietly, turning and kissing me on the ear. "I'll let you know after you unhandcuff me."

I pulled back and smiled softly at him.

He looked slightly nervous, confused, perhaps overwhelmed at what just happened. "You are going to unhandcuff me, aren't you?" he asked carefully.

I think he thought I was going to keep him prisoner like that all night. I'll admit the thought did cross my mind, but I opted for equality.

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