



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

### Jigsaw

**Illustrated by Sardax**

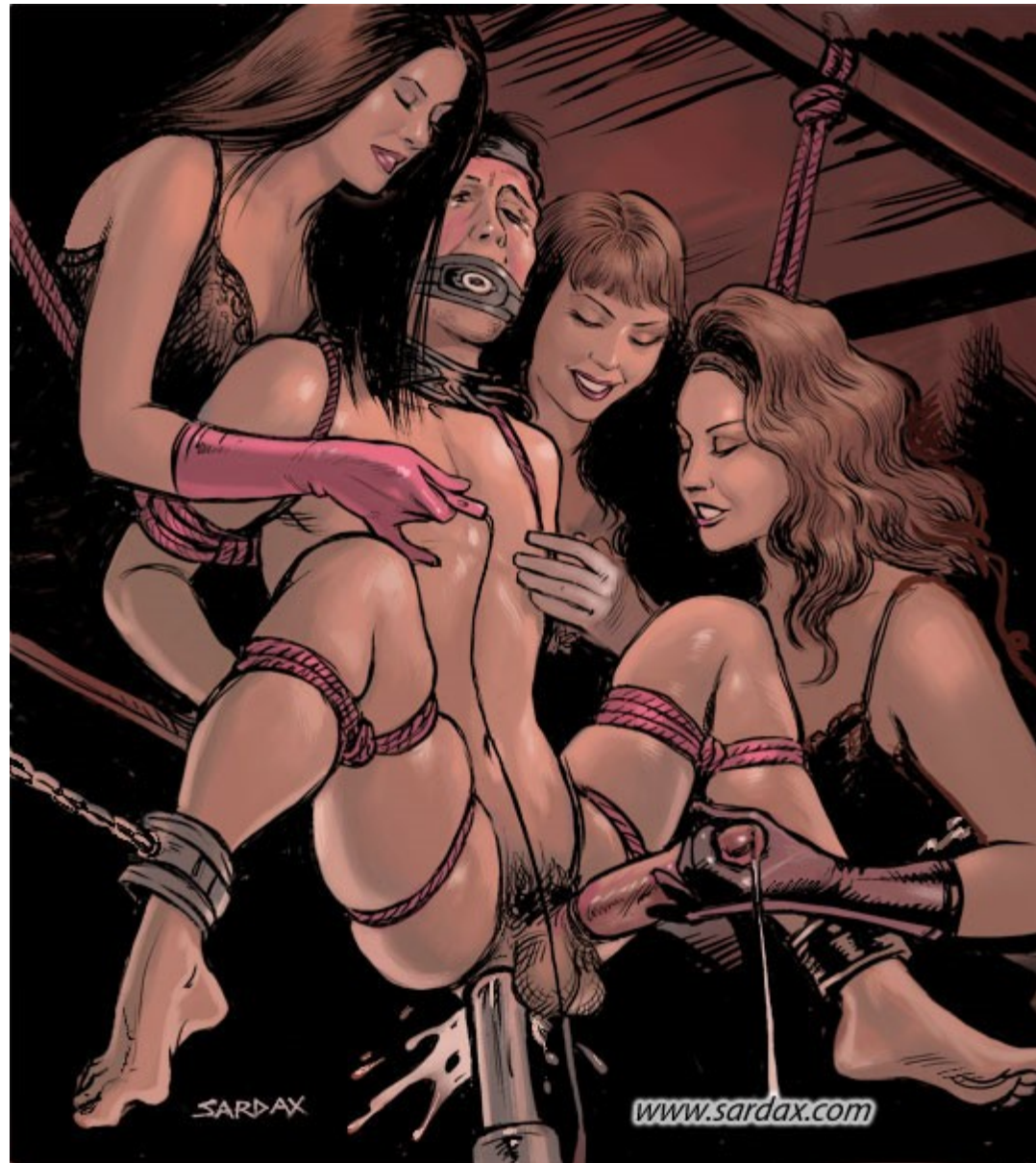
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I told Jason I was planning "the party of all parties."

He bubbled with excitement, and I think for some time he believed it was going to be all about his pleasure. Jason is spoiled, most of the time, and because he's used to getting what he wants from women, I guess he should be.

I waited 6 months before letting the cat out of the bag with Jason. I let him believe I was the girl next door. Sweet, innocent, gentle as can be. I didn't even start with the hair pulling or face slapping during sex, or the fingering of his ass just to make him feel objectified, until after we made love.

He'd pretend to brave, like he could take it all. His smug smile and confidence are what made me think he'd be the perfect toy for my girlfriend's 30th birthday party.

You know, when a girl turns 30, you have to do something to make her feel like she'll be young forever.

I knew that having Jason strung up like sex toy for her would easily make her feel 21 again. Not to mention the impact it would have on the room full of my girlfriends. There were a few I wanted to "shock" anyway - girls are competitive, and a couple of my snobbier lady friends were acting like my "games" were simply silly, and that they were much more - well, menacing - in the bedroom.

And these ladies also liked to deny they were turned on and excited by the things I did to my men in front of them.

Nothing like a little shock value to ratchet up the competition, you know.

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Sometimes I like to fancy myself the Jigsaw of femdoms. Is Jigsaw the nutcase from the "Saw" franchise? I'll admit, I haven't seen the Saw movies. Well, I've fast-forwarded through some of them to look at the bondage scenarios to get ideas, but I can't handle gore. Of any kind. Or horror.

Or "torture porn," I guess. But I still get excited when I see men tied up, helpless and in impossible, no-win situations. I wish they didn't call these gory horror movies "Torture Porn" because I would love to coin and own the phrase myself. Akasha's Torture Porn, though, would be sinister and sexy.

A man, gorgeous, tied up and holding onto a lever with his teeth, while water slowly fills a bucket hanging from his balls (a painful drop at a time) and a dildo works its way tauntingly toward his asshole, while he's mounted in a manner that makes it impossible to move.

Or nipple torture that increases in intensity as he gets closer to orgasm, with a vibrator that is merciless, but he can't pull away without impaling his mouth with a large dildo. And when he climaxes, it triggers a chain reaction that will cause loads and loads of cum saved from days before - to fill his mouth.

My "torture porn" would always be escape proof. I like the combination of bondage that gets more painful and humiliating if he struggles, yet he must struggle to stop the pain and humiliation. If I could add some face sitting, smothering and forced pussy worship to the equation, I would be on cloud nine.

With this kind of wicked imagination, you can just picture what happens when a confident, unassuming gentleman like Jason hints to me that he's seen all my tricks and finds them hot, but that really, I couldn't scare him.

Boy I love a challenge.

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The party was catered and there was a dress code. It was called "Dress to get screwed." My girlfriends loved it, and they all dressed in lingerie or latex type fetish gear, trying to "one up" each other. It was my girlfriend Lisa's 30th birthday, so she really topped them all by wearing a negligee and spiked heels, totally shameless, and all night she kept having to pull up one side because she was exposing herself.

That's ok - I whispered to her - by 10:00pm, I told her everyone would be exposing something or another.

She was dying to know about this "special youthful surprise" I had lined up for her. The girls all thought it was some sort of a male stripper type thing, but my kindest girlfriend Breanna had it nailed. "She's probably got a bunch of those kinky guys from her Web site coming over to do some sort of sex show!"

(these women have been to my parties before, and those who have not, have at least seen pictures and videos)

Jason was considered "normal" by my girlfriends, so this made it more exciting for me. See, they considered my "kinky boyfriends" to be different from the men I dated, and they had no idea I had slowly been converting Jason into the ultimate sex whore. In fact, most of my friends thought Jason wasn't really the type - way too conservative, a bit too much of a ladies man. That kind of thing.

But to me, this was the kind of man that was the most delicious to dominate. I took it from him a little at a time, because his ego, underneath all that confidence, was terrifically fragile.

God, the fragile ones make me most wet! Something about that underlying vulnerability they try so hard to hide. Shame, from Jason, was totally intoxicating to me. The first time I made him lick his own cum from my fingers he shuddered and turned so many colors of red. He could not look at himself in the mirror the rest of the night. I had to hold him and comfort him, over such a small thing, and I could tell he wanted desperately to climb back into his confident, cocky exterior but he was so drawn to that shame he felt. It was total conflict, all wrapped up in a trembling package of man. Delicious!

Sure, there were moments – brief moments – that my “party surprise” seemed like it might be too much for Jason. The exploitation, the violation, the exhibitionism. It was going to push him so far to his limits that he might be a different man when he came out of it – but he would be my man, and that’s what I knew in my heart.

Pushing a man to the darkest depths of submission – all in the name of getting my pussy good and hot and wet – would forever tie him to that pussy. This I knew!

Collars, I mused as I got ready, slipped into my tightest latex, were merely symbols for those kinky people that needed physical evidence of their power. Jason – in a mere few hours – would be totally addicted to his need to suffer and degrade himself for me. This, I was certain of!

And the laughter coming from my cavernous living room was even more proof of this. My girlfriends – all eleven of them, all celebrating gorgeous Lisa’s big Three-Oh, would be part of the grand scheme.

You take them apart with a deliciously humiliating dismantling, I remember telling my girlfriend Krazy Kate, and then you rebuild them into the perfect, most devoted slave.

Jason was entering my very own “Saw” trap. He just didn’t know it!

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I leave the mechanics to the geniuses. I’m certainly no good with my ‘hands’ in that department.

I can yield a whip, I can masterfully bring a man to tears with the proper twisting of a pair of clamps, I can make a man grovel with the way I move my hips when I mount him wearing my dildo harness. But building things, nah, I can’t do any of that.

Fortunately when you are wildly kinky, well known and have lots of alternative lifestyle friends who are carpenters and contractors and welders, you can pretty much have anything made for you. The downside is, they all want to “volunteer” to test it out. I can’t tell you how many times I have had to tell a well-meaning contractor – no, I am not going to put you up on that rotating cross you built as a gift and test out the “pussy worship” function. I’ll test it and get back to you!

The wooden horse, the steel metal rolling cage, the smother box, the milking machine, the sex swing. Need I go on?

I have no name for this device. It’s built in my garage. I drew it on a napkin over cocktails at Morton’s, and Louis “one ball” Bailey sent me an architectural drawing the next day. The following weekend he was in garage with his “stud finder” and ta-da, Akasha’s “Jigsaw”-style fucking contraption is born.

Really, I should name these things. The ass-ripper!

I hid it with a big black curtain in the garage, because even though I am not a magician, I know the power of a `reveal." I had it all planned out, that at 10pm precisely, Jason in his Tux would arrive, and then the ladies would be brought into the garage, where I had two couches moved earlier by my kinky gay neighbors Paul and Rob. And I didn't even have to offer them kinky sex – just food.

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I love the saying, "I have people for that."

One of the reasons I wanted to be rich, as far back as I could remember, is so that I could get every single man I ever wanted. Not get him, as in "have sex with him" or get him even as in "make him love me," but GET HIM – meaning, have him bound, gagged, helpless and on his knees ready to submit to my kinky urges.

Not against his will of course. He would have to want it!

So this meant two things.

One, I would have be very rich, because I could not rely on a man's money to get what I wanted. It would have to be my money. I would have to be fully self sufficient and make my own money without the help of a man, because then no man could control me or extort me.

Two, I would have to be physically irresistible. I would have to be seductive, sexy and mysterious, and I would have to have such predatory finesse that not only would men submit to my twisted and kinky desires – they would have to WANT to submit, more than anything!

When I say, "I have people for that," I really am talking about the first thing. I have the toys and the gear and the friends who will make the crazy shit I think up, and I have the space and privacy to find a place to put it. No matter how big or wacky it is. If I need more space, I guess I'll "add on" to my house.

"I have people for that" means that men (and women) will happily do for me what I need done – either because I pay them, or because they think it's fun. I do like to have fun.

Louis Bailey made my "ass fucker" (that's what I decided to call the machine, for now) based off a napkin drawing because I paid him a few thousand dollars. But he also made it because it was exciting to him (and no, he didn't ask to test it out), and because he likes to make me happy.

Being seductive means you create an aura about you that makes men want to see you happy. You make them addicted to creating a smile on your face, or having you even just touch his hand and say, "That's so nice of you." This is just the beginning really. Imagine the power when their desire to please you racks them

to their core, fills every ounce of their being and makes them feel real, heart wrenching pain when they feel they have disappointed you.

Imagine how powerful it can be when you make them want so badly to compromise every human, male instinct self preservation instinct they have. Preservation of their ego, of their sexual release, even of their delicate balls. This goes against very human nature for a man to degrade himself – willingly, eagerly – to see that smile of approval, to know my pussy is wet. This is a power that – once harnessed – can drive a man to the depths of insanity if he does not satisfy it!

Intoxicating? How can it not be.

So, it should come as no surprise that when Jason saw the machine that Louis One-Ball Bailey built, he just swallowed, and looked at me, and said, "Ok. I'll do it, for you, Akasha."

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I could practically sense – smell – how wet all my girlfriends got from his willingness to submit to this. Maybe it was in my head, but I swear, I could smell their wet sex, sense their wanting to touch themselves, feel their nipples getting erect.

And some of these women are not even kinky!

So what made them so wet? Because this man – so confident, handsome, passionate, masculine – was brave enough, willing enough to suffer and sacrifice in front of all those women – for me. It was larger than any gift, a bigger statement than one hundred dozen roses. And even if the women found the act, itself, to be nefarious and decidedly unsexy, the fact that he was willing to endure it was making even their pussies ache with desire.

Perhaps, on some level, Jason possessed that submissive-sixth-sense to harness and feel that lustful spark from the ladies, and it pushed him to agree – eagerly – even more.

"Bring it on!" is what was going on in my head at that moment at the entrance of the garage. Or maybe I even said it out loud. Like all kinky performance art, if you could call my "Saw" contraption that, it was seductively surreal and dripping with erotic tension.

Music? Yeah, I think there was some of it. To be honest, I don't even know. My guest of honor, my 30-year old Lisa, was positioned to take lead in our little game, and I grabbed another girlfriend, Jody, because she was so scantily dressed. And least intoxicated. I know One-Ball had warned me about operating pulleys and levers while under the influence, as we'd polished off a bottle of wine at Morton's as I giggle notoriously at my napkin sketch of the ass-ripper!

Jason was so hot. In a tux, stripping down, walking, willingly, bravely to some twisted ass-execution. He had no idea what this – THING – would do to him. He knew it was doused in lubrication, it was dripping, the probe that would ultimately end up in his ass was motorized, that his limbs were about to be pulled every which way and restrained. But oh, did he go willingly!

Confession time. I think I was 13 years old the first time I felt, clearly, that my panties were getting wet. I remember that awkward feeling, like, wondering, was it my period, or what was going on, and why did my pussy HURT, but hurt in a good way? And I was sitting in a movie theater watching a bad movie with my giggling girlfriends, and what was making me ache, and hurt between my legs, was this bondage-scene in a mainstream movie.

I don't know how many times I wasted my money on that movie seeing it over and over again so my pussy would get that exciting ache again! (Oh, I wasn't going to admit the movie, but fine, I will. It was the movie version of "Flash Gordon" – yeah, with the soundtrack by Queen – and it was the scene when Flash Gordon was going to be executed and he walked so willingly, bravely onto that chamber, to be shackled down. Don't laugh! I was 13! It made me slipperier than the over-buttered popcorn I held tightly in the tub between my legs.)

Willing surrender to ultimate doom. It still intoxicates me to this day.

My Jason walked willingly and eagerly to his "humiliation doom," stripped down to briefs and then to nothing, trying to keep the brave face as my girlfriends and I fastened the ropes around his torso and arms and made him spread his legs – so painfully exposed and vulnerable – while hanging high above the garage in the harness fastened to my rafters.

The gag I added was my favorite. It was a gag that filled his mouth completely and strapped tightly around his head, and the front of it had a small hole that I could add a tube and funnel to "for later." What he'd be forced to guzzle, of course, would be up to me. My girlfriends and I used to laugh quite often about our ideas regarding the femdom revenge, "Beer Bong Bootie" party, where we'd force men to consume something other than beer in the good natured theme of "peer pressure."

But back to the Ass-Ripper.

The hush in the room was palpable. Maybe there were a few whispers, and some soft giggles, but my girlfriends were just enamored with the total degradation my brave whore was about to endure.

And as for me – well, I feel bad for Lisa, because this was supposed to be her big moment (I gave her the "remote control" – what is it about my Jigsaw fantasies and remotes? Oh yes, control) and I really can't remember much about her and what she did or said. I was so fixated on Jason, and his reaction the first time the robotic, slick dildo began its rhythmic pumping into his exposed ass.



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This kind of violation is extreme for a man – especially when he’s doing it in front of twelve women, many of whom he found incredibly attractive. But he wanted to be brave, clearly, and he didn’t even ask any questions, like, “How long is this going to last?” and “Why do you have to do this to me?”

Jason took it. Oh, did he ever take it! And when the machine came to full speed – with Lisa at the remote – pumping the large dildo up and down and filling him up, his cock began to throb, grow and pulsate – so eagerly, so wantonly that it drew applause from my girlfriends and even a few catcalls.

Lisa couldn’t resist, this part, I do recall. She reached out with her gloved hand to take his cock, and she smirked at him. She started to stroke, slow at first and then a little faster, until he was rocking and bucking in his restraints, causing the rafters to literally shake.

“Make him cum,” I ordered. He was my property, after all. I could do with him what I pleased, and when he looked at me, even though he could not speak, I knew what he was trying to say – that I was his, completely. Fully. Down to the core.

“Make him cum and then we’ll make him eat it,” I smiled. In my mind, it flashed back to the moment that he was so hesitant to just lick a little cum off my fingers. It had made him gag! And now – just weeks later – he was being fucked in the ass in front of my girlfriends, bound and splayed like a lab animal, prodded and violated like a whore.

In his eyes, though, was total commitment to his surrender. His transformation was nearly complete!

It may have been Lisa’s 30th birthday, but to be honest, I still did feel like I was the one being spoiled. My girlfriends, even as they watched with a bit of awe and amusement, each seemed to envy me in their own way.

“I don’t know how you get men to do these things for you,” Breanna said to me later that night, as Jason was curled up under my feet.

“It’s easy,” I smiled to her. “I let them.”

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