



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

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## The Third Way

His abduction had been planned for a month.

When I finally had him there before me, cowering, there was nothing that would stop me. I knew what I wanted, no matter how ruthless and degrading. I knew I had to do something to him to truly prove to him what he was to me.

Perhaps he was trying to make me feel sorry for him. I felt nothing, though, because I had planned for that. I had planned for those big, innocent eyes and the careful, calculated shifting of his shoulders.

This time, I used my new black straitjacket - an item that delighted me because of its sinister simplicity and complete functionality. Only four simple buckles made him so helpless.

The black hood, this time, didn't render me so completely distracted. I had taken time to get used to it prior to his abduction. I had done so by sitting, quietly, in my dimly lit bedroom while holding it between my fingers.

I had masturbated with it, the first time cumming quickly, the second time with a little more precision. Desensitizing myself to its ominous essence.

It smelled wonderful.

I wondered, as I paced around him, if he could still smell my scent on the inside.

\*

I had him sprawled there on concrete ground. We were in a parking garage. He was in the black straitjacket and black hood, and so there were no weapons. I had disarmed him.

He tried. There is no doubt he tried. First by the way he tilted his head, trying to place it against my thigh for mercy. Then, how he breathed - purposely, deliberately. Loudly.

"Are you hyperventilating?" I observed. Casual. There was no sympathy from me this time.

"You're getting into the trunk of my car," I told him.

This, I assure you, he was not ready for.

\*

It had taken some research and investigation, but I certainly

enjoy planning a kidnapping. Only a few models of cars had a trunk that could safely be used for transporting a human being. I knew how much air he had.

And, remarkably, he cooperated. He did not want to upset me, I think, because he had seen a glimpse of the high heels. The painful spiked pumps. He had seen the black leather gloves. He knew I had removed all of my rings, deliberately, and that meant that slapping him, hard, was not going to be difficult for me.

Maybe it was my scent surrounding him, comforting him, that led him to step willingly into that dark place.

Or maybe he was already accustomed to the darkness.

\*

The drive was about ten minutes long. I'm sure it felt much longer to him. When I lifted the trunk and eyed him there, I was surprised and pleased that I still felt no guilt, no fear, and no hesitation about what I had planned to do to him.

He had his knees tucked up close to his chest, his head down. Still covered with the black hood (which was so beautifully designed), I was not faced with pleading eyes, dampening of the lips or a clever announcement to distract me from my plans.

I wrapped leather around his neck. It wasn't a collar, really, as I never really pictured him as the type to wear a collar. I suppose because I never really imagined him as a slave, or even a submissive. He was simply someone I longed to dominate.

The leather around his neck was functional. Its purpose was so that I could yank him up, out of the trunk, to the floor, and direct him up the porch. It made it just difficult enough for him to breathe to keep him alert.

And he stumbled, just a little, trying to shake it off.

I imagine all he heard as we moved up the walkway was the sound of my heels and a slight hint of the wind in trees.

He still had no idea what was in store for him.

\*

As part of my own little ritual, I took time watching him before I even began to remove the restraints.

I will admit, I enjoyed seeing him there, on the floor, straitjacketed and hooded. I knew he must look even better underneath all of that; his hair stuck to his face from sweat and tears, his eyelashes slightly wet.

I enjoyed watching him try, just once more, to see if he could find a way to make the straitjacket budge. I knew it frustrated him because he had found it, originally, not to be entirely too threatening.

After all, it was not white canvas. It was not real. Nor was it leather, covered with buckles, the metal jingling off of it ominously.

No, it was simple. It was so simple that he allowed himself to be put it in, much like the first time he playfully agreed to let me tie his wrists behind his back. After all, he probably thought, I could easily get out of it.

He couldn't.

And he couldn't now, either. No matter how much he twisted his shoulders, no matter how deeply he drew in his breath and held it.

But I certainly enjoyed watching him try. I enjoyed a single glass of wine, reclining in a big leather chair. I had my legs swung over the side, letting a single heel dangle from my toe. I sipped, tilted my head, and sighed softly to myself.

\*

I snapped out of my pleasant daydream and decided it was time to get busy. When he heard my heels approaching he cowered a little, crouching down low, close to my feet.

Using the toe of my shoe, I pushed him, by the shoulder, so that he fell back onto his side, then eventually his back. Then, just for amusement, I placed that same heel right at the base of his neck, pushing through the hood.

"I could end your life right now," I commented.

The reason I said this, I still don't know. I wasn't really considering it, after all. I think I just wanted him to know that such sheer cruelty was even capable of entering my mind.

He tried to ease backward, and I could see the black fabric tightening over his chest with ever labored breath he took. Goddamn, I thought to myself, I love that fucking straitjacket.

"You probably want to know why I brought you here," I said to him.

He nodded. Carefully, gently. Cautiously.

"I brought you here," I told him. "Because I am going to rape you. Three times."

I don't know which affected him most. The tone of my voice on the word "rape" or the clarification that it wasn't going to just be one time. Or maybe it was that same heel, now angled right into his crotch.

"Three very different ways."

That definitely got his attention. And he tried to get away. He actually tried to get away. My boy sat up, fast enough to push my heel aside, and tried to get to his feet. I prevented him with ease and ended up sitting on his lap on the ground, my legs wrapped around his hips.

I felt his breath, even through the hood. It was tainted with the scent of my own pussy. I had no idea I'd soaked it so thoroughly. I imagine, for him, it was like being locked in a room with a pair of my wet panties duct taped right over his head. An idea for later, I pondered.

I nuzzled my face against the black fabric, closing my eyes, imagining where his mouth must be. It didn't matter, really, because he was wearing a black latex ball gag. I felt the dampness, though, and for a moment just enjoyed the pounding of his breath, through his nose, as it hit my face through the material.

"Do you want to see?" I asked him. "Do you want to see what I have brought to rape you with?"

Remarkably, he nodded. But it wasn't an encouraging nod, or a nod of excitement. It was a nod of trepidation, fear and hopelessness. It was a nod because he knew, based on how well he knew me, that anything other than a nod would get him beaten, beaten until he begged for the privilege of being able to nod.

He was, indeed, a very good boy.

\*

I had the tools - the harness, the dildos (in several sizes), the leather contraption, all spread out on a small table in front of him. When the hood was removed, he actually didn't look at them.

Instead, he looked at me. I was surprised to see that he hadn't been crying; the wetness was from sweat. He was strong. Nervous enough to be visibly shaking, but only a little.

He looked at me, and I easily crouched down to give him eye contact. "It won't work," I told him. "I'm completely in a different place. You can save your strength. Do yourself a favor."

Then his attention turned to the tools, and he looked at them only briefly before closing his eyes and swallowing.

"Three times I'm going to rape you," I told him. I was walking to the tools, unzipping my skirt. I stripped down to lingerie and my heels only. I intended to be comfortable.

"Would you like a glass of wine, first?" I asked him. Just one glass, I added.

To my surprise, and disappointment, he declined.

\*

I explained to him that the gag would be removed under the condition that he did not speak. The only words I allowed him to say were "yes" and "no." Even so, I warned him not to use them too much.

"Do you understand?" I asked as I unbuckled and removed

the gag.

"Yes," he said. In a different state of mind, I'm certain he would have been a smart ass, and used his only other word instead.

Before starting with my project, I crouched down and applied some lotion to the corners of his mouth. He backed off, eying me suspiciously, confused by my demeanor.

I was watching my own fingertips. "Your skin. It's chaffed from the leather straps of the gag. I had it on too tight."

"Yes," he said, looking at me, now holding still.

But then I put the lotion away, and I picked up a leather harness. I said to him, "Which way shall I rape you first?"

\*

I'm sure he knew I wasn't asking for his opinion. After all, with only having "yes" and "no" in his vocabulary, there wasn't really an appropriate response.

"No," he said. He said it when my back was turned to him, when I was picking up a bottle of clear lubricant and pondering it.

When I moved to him, he flinched and cowered, expecting to be slapped. Instead, I took him by the chin, lifted his head, and stared into his eyes.

"I think I'll start with your mouth."

\*

Raping his mouth was a longer process than I'm sure he expected. Because I wasn't just shoving my strap-on dick into his mouth; that was merely the warm-up.

The raping of his mouth as I stood, making him kneel to accept it, was merely the warm up for what I really intended to do with his mouth.

But he accepted the first part a lot better than I had expected. At first, understandably, he gagged and pulled away, shook his head, and used one of his two words. He said it many times, even as I grabbed him by the head and turned him back to face the latex cock that sprung out from between my legs.

"You know you like it,"

He said it again, his second word. "No," he shook his head.

"That's enough with the words," I hissed. Then I pried his mouth open with my leather clad fingers, held his jaw that way, and pressed the entire length of my cock into his mouth.

I fucked him that way, actually making him look at me. Look right up at me as he knelt, arms still trussed over his chest in the beautiful black straitjacket. I imagine he was confused

and bewildered, his mouth still sore from the gag, because he had no idea how long I might let this go.

My right hand alternated between holding his head still (or by the hair) or reaching to the base of my dick, and my left hand wandered between my legs from behind. I slid my fingers under my panties and massaged myself, still forcing him to keep looking right at me.

It was, for me, a very beautiful, nasty moment. Watching him struggle to accommodate all 7 inches of my cock, making him strain to stay upright.

When I pulled my dick out of his mouth I heard him let out his breath in relief. He thought it was over; the first rape, that is.

But that was just the warm up.

\*

I locked the same dildo on one side of a leather gag harness. This time he tried to pull away again, shaking his head from side to side.

I had to grab him by the hair with one hand, growl at him to look at me, then slap him hard across the face. When I made him look at me again he shut his eyes hard, flinching in pain.

This time, when I pried his mouth open, I'm sure he tasted the wetness on my fingers. Maybe that helped him to cooperate even more. Once I had the cock in his mouth I locked the leather harness over his head, then mounted a red, jelly dildo on the other end, facing out.

"This is your first rape," I told him.

And when I mounted him, spread out on the ground what he could in a straitjacket, I heard nothing but a quiet, painful whimper.

\*

Raping him that way felt better than I thought it would. It felt better because I could feel him trying to hold still, but trying to breathe at the same time. The cock in his mouth prevented him from breathing at all that way, and I found that when I lowered myself completely onto the dildo it prevented him from breathing through his nose.

Convenient, I pondered, taking longer, more luxurious thrusts. I would lounge, momentarily, feeling the fullness of the dick inside of me, feel the slight twisting of his body as the desire to breathe started to consume him.

When I had received my fill of his tortured inability to breathe between thrusts, I dismounted and reclined back, opening my legs and holding them by the ankles.

"Come here," I ordered. "And make me cum. You have sixty seconds. Then we start adding pain to the equation."

He inched toward me, off balance, and I imagine that he

would have been able to do a much better job if he had the use of his hands - even if to just balance himself on all fours.

It gagged him, painfully, every time he pushed forward to try to get that dildo deep into me. I made it hard for him, on purpose, by shifting slightly enough to make him have to move his head.

He was remarkably unsloppy.

But, alas, I did not cum.

And even though he didn't have a clock in front of him, he knew when his time was up. And he knew when I pushed him away, pinning him back down on his back, he had failed.

And even though he had a huge cock in his mouth, I could make out the word.

"No," he was trying to say.

And I picked up my riding crop.

\*

Sitting on his face again, full with the wonderful feel of the jelly cock, I enjoyed the bare, tender skin at the insides of his thighs. I'd removed his pants and re-tightened the straps at the bottom of the straitjacket, and while sitting on his face he could do nothing to get away from the sting of that crop.

It did not take long to cum this time. I came mostly because of the whimpers he tried to get out when my ass and pussy didn't prevent all sounds. His face, I noticed when peering over my shoulder, was coated, literally soaked, with a mixture of sweat and my juices.

And I think he was on the verge of tears when I straddled his lap to face him again, this time sliding my tongue up the side of his face just so I could have a taste.

\*

I could tell he was exhausted.

"But we haven't even gotten to the second way, yet," I said to him, picking up my strap on harness again. He knew, even with the slightest glance, what the second way would be.

I used my heel to nudge him, standing over him as he cowered. "You're going to take it either on your knees, shoulders to the ground and ass in the air, or you're going to take it on your back with your legs up. I'll be kind enough to give you that small choice."

The decision, of course, only tortured him more. He had no idea which would be worse. He knew it would be painful and degrading no matter how the cock ended up in his tender ass. He was shaking his head now, close but not quite saying, "No." He bit his lips. He was afraid to say it again.

I just stood there, hands on my hips, briefly reaching out and

lubricating my 8 inch dick a little bit. I enjoyed watching it bob in response. I saw him regard it for a moment, then roll over onto his stomach, pulling his knees up a little and trying to position himself comfortably with his face to the ground.

Using my feet to pry his legs apart more, I placed both hands on his ass cheeks. "This should make you feel like the whore you are," I told him. "And I know you've been wanting this a long, long time."

He used the other word. He said to me, softly, "Yes."

And when my cock pressed into him, he screamed the other word. He screamed it loudly.

\*

Perhaps he never took the word "take" seriously. An act of cruel penetration, a thrusting, merciless, opening him up and filling him completely.

"You love my dick," I said to him. "Say it," I ordered.

And I honestly expected him to fuck up (maybe I wanted a reason to hurt him).

But he just said, "Yes."

I said, "Say IT."

He said, "Yes!", and he was gasping.

"I give you permission to say the entire sentence," I hissed, watching all 8 inches disappearing into his soft flesh.

He said it, painfully. He said it once, then I thrust harder and told him to say it again.

The next time, when he said it, his voice cracked. I felt I could cum from this penetration. I felt I could cum from his violation. I shut my eyes, and I concentrated on the feel of my dick inside of him. It felt a part of me. The pressure against my pelvis was driving me insane. I wanted to cum, but had no desire to cut his rapture so painfully short.

"Do you want me to cum?" I asked him.

"Yes," he gasped, and I imagined if he had his hands free, he would be clutching - grasping for anything to hold onto. The pressure of my body pounding into his made him shake.

"Do you want me to cum with my dick in your ass?" I asked him.

He didn't reply. So I thrust harder, this time holding his hips for leverage. It was painfully deep, and he gasped, and he hissed "Fuck!"

And he immediately knew he had spoken an inappropriate word.

So when I gagged him, tightly, giving his ass only a few



moments to rest, he did not resist and didn't try to beg desperately with his eyes. He took the second half of his fucking without the ability to even cry out.

And when I came, his entire body was trembling.

\*

I let him rest, but not for very long.

Taking off the harness, I watched him shivering there, breathing hard, his eyes shut tightly. I'd removed the gag when I was finished with his ass, and I saw him catch himself before saying, out of habit, "thank you."

"Now, what about the third way?" I pondered out loud.

I could see he was spent. His mouth - so precious, because his skin was so soft - was bruised from the various things I had shoved inside. The straitjacket, remarkably, seemed to almost be soaked through in some areas with sweat. He'd been in it for so long, it did not surprise me.

As I went through my box of toys, I noticed that he was unable to see around the lid. He could not tell what I was getting. I'm sure he could not guess what the third way would be, because the first two had been so ruthless.

\*

I enjoyed talking to him cryptically about the third way as I reclined, legs open and my favorite vibrator placed lightly at my thigh.

"The third way," I told him, so casual that one would not know I was nearly naked with the tip of a vibrator inches from my pussy, "Is the most meaningful. The most painful. The most unnatural for you."

I saw such pain and exhaustion in his eyes. I know he wondered to himself what could be more intense than having his mouth used like a dildo and his ass violated with a dick 8 inches long.

And I saw longing in his eyes, too. Longing to kiss me right where I'd placed the tip of the vibrator. Longing to be held and comforted, and to be taken away and freed from the straitjacket that undoubtedly seemed like part of him now.

I saw recollection in his eyes. I saw behind them what he was thinking; he was expecting me to harness a latex cock around his hips and fuck him that way. Because I never let his cock inside of me; he knew that was off limits. He knew his cock wouldn't be in my pussy, for one, because he had not submitted completely in my eyes, yet. And secondly, because I told him, in fits of cruelty, that his dick just was not adequate.

This, of course, was a simple act of cruelty just like any other toy I used to torture him with, but he always took it quite literally. In the heights of passion, when I made him lay on top of me and fuck me with an 8 inch latex dick while his own

throbbed helplessly and painfully fastened away, I could see the pain in his eyes. Unfortunately, he never quite understood the insincerity in my observation, and that his dick, in reality, was more than sufficient.

So as I watched him, I noticed that he was concentrating on something else. Probably trying to lose the erection because the device I made him wear during those sessions was excruciatingly painful if he was hard.

He was still looking to the side, solemn, lashes slightly damp, concentrating, when I crouched down and lifted the black hood back over his head.

Even though he didn't resist, I knew he did not want to be back beneath it. It was bad enough he was about to be used in what he considered the most painful, degrading way. Now, I was making sure it would be completely dehumanizing.

Just the sight of him that way, again, did wonders for readying me for another orgasm. I felt cruel and heartless as I prepared my tools. "You look so hot in black," I said to him. Black straitjacket. Black hood. Black and blue.

Almost inhuman, now, he was there before me on his back, naked except for the straitjacket and hood. When I straddled his lap I leaned down to tighten the laces on the hood, making sure he would not be tossing it off. I wanted to look at him the entire time when I violated him the third way.

He whimpered when I took his cock into my hand. He whimpered because he knew how cruel I was, and he knew I wanted him hard before I locked on the harness that would push his painfully hard dick aside and support a stiff, 8 inch piece of latex, complete with balls.

I used lubricant to make sure it felt even better, and smiled, approvingly, when he stiffened in my grasp. I saw him squirm to try to get away. I saw him breathing, painfully, under the hood.

And he gasped, lifting his head, the hood pressed tightly against his face when he felt what I did next. I mounted him, slowly, letting out my breath when his cock entered me. I wondered, eyes closed momentarily, if he would cum from the mere shock of being inside my tight, warm pussy.

But I knew him better than that. And he knew not to disappoint me after giving him this gift. Still, it was to be a violation, and for me, that meant making him endure the entire time.

So I held his head tightly by a fistful of hair, right through the hood, and I fucked him like he was nothing more than a mounted dildo for my use. All covered in black, he could not even move. He squirmed beneath me but I did not let him move more than a few inches.

"Don't cum," I hissed.

He whimpered.

"Don't cum, or I'll hurt you."

I felt his body tense, I felt him pull all of his strength together. I enjoyed the feel of his cock inside of me, leaning down, gasping against his neck as I tightened around him.

I came, for the third time. I came without letting him cum at all; I came as he squirmed beneath me, covered in black.

Afterward, I collapsed on top of him, arms wrapped around his neck. Exhausted. "Did you like the third way?" I asked him.

"Yes," he let out his breath. I could hear him, somewhere, behind the black hood.

"Did you expect that?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, still breathing shakily.

I fingered the material of the straitjacket, staring at his throbbing cock, at the bit of precum that had formed on the tip. "None of them are quite as intense," I told him, "As the third way."

"Yes," he agreed. And we remained that way for a long time.

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