



Stories

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

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Allen

From my 1996 journal:

I'd love to say one of my more recent BDSM relationships started with a kidnapping and I had to break him down slowly with mind altering drugs.

Sure, I'd love to say it was a result of my catsuit and riding crop that he finally gave into me, kneeling at my feet and showering my boots with wet kisses and pleadings for mercy.

Or maybe that I had three girlfriends and I get together and seduce him at a bar, then tie him up in a van and take turns using him, often all at once, making him pass little tests and enjoying his constant begging for release. Finally breaking him, and then by the end of the night he would forever call me "Mistress" and be my ultimate slave. And that he is doing my laundry right now.

Well, in reality, it's Sunday night, and I am doing my own laundry. In fact, he has never even been near my dirty laundry. He is probably at home right now reading a book. And we had a pleasant conversation last night where he did not once call me "Mistress". And he wasn't on his knees. And he made me giggle a lot, and we admitted like schoolkids with crushes that we missed each other.

He's taken me out to dinner. I've taken him out to dinner. I've also tied him up, gagged him, and taught him to beg with his eyes. I've dressed him up, I've made him remain on his knees until he told me, with big brown eyes, that it was getting uncomfortable.

This is reality. This is a relationship. Two people with desires, and no one person is the ultimate dom. While it is true there are relationships that have a total power structure, generally, I have found,

relationships at
least start out to be a balance.

Stories can be quite hot. Yes, I have had my share of kidnappings. Hell, I have pulled off some pretty intense kidnappings. I have had those -first-meetings after a long net.relationship that turned instantly into intense bdsm sessions that lasted hours. But more often than not, a relationship starts of slowly, just like all relationships do, with both partners easing into it.

This is especially true with a novice. When Allen (I will call him that for this piece..) and I first met, he knew nothing about bdsm. Well, maybe a little. But I'll tell the story from the beginning- this is how a real female dom seduces, by the way. This may not be as hot as a kidnapping, but it certain has pushed my blood pressure over the top more than a few times as we have grown closer.

When I saw Allen for the first time, it was around Halloween at the club I go to regularly. I was just in "one of those moods". Sarah wasn't with me that night (too much schoolwork) but MissBlue was, and I remember sitting up against the bar staring out toward the dancefloor and telling her, "You know, I really need someone. I just have that urge.". I wasn't talking about sexual desires - I was talking about domination.

MissBlue and I ended up dancing some time later, I was enjoying that in itself (I love to dance) and I saw him. Cute. Boyish. Looked young- maybe 21 or 22. Maybe a little familiar - but I couldn't tell for sure. Most of all, I liked the way he danced. That is usually the first thing I notice about a guy.

After some across-the-dance-floor flirting, he passed my test. He responded to my flirtation unsure - looking around. Shy. Wondering if I was really looking at him. Too nervous to really approach me, but definitely returning the eye contact. I made my way toward him slowly, and soon I was close enough to him that he felt my body.

Dressed in tight pvc (a dress, I think, or might have been a skirt that night) and gloves and boots, I tend to dance pretty forward when I am flirting with someone. He was a gentleman but danced aggressively enough with me that I knew he was interested. Wrapping my arms around his neck, lips close to his but not touching, I just smiled.

Soon, I left, because I didn't like the song. MissBlue and I went to the bar to talk. Sure enough, he appeared a few moments later, and poised himself near me.

I smiled at him and he smiled back, but lowered his head. Definitely shy. But not socially paralyzed - after all, he came over to me. He also said hello first, and asked my name. I told him. He didn't ask to buy me a drink (good thing, I hate come on lines) but said that I looked nice. He liked my outfit.

MissBlue smiled behind me and I said "Isn't he cute?", loud enough for him to hear. He blushed. She agreed, and we went into our Domme-gang-up routine. A little harsh start, I knew, but I figured it would be sink or swim for him.

The two of us, both flirting domishly with a guy, tends to be a bit overbearing. In a matter of moments MissBlue had a keychain (I have no idea where she got this thing) locked around the tight silver necklace he was wearing. He blushed and just kept looking at me with a "you aren't going to embarrass me are you?" look.

I just smiled, drank my water, and soon told him I wanted to go upstairs.

Upstairs is a more quiet area of the club. I had him sit down, and MissBlue went off to talk to her friends. I played with his hair, straddled him on the chair. Still your-basic-club-flirting. We talked a lot. He admitted he had seen me there many times but was afraid to talk to me. I realized at that point he was tiny, very tiny. Not short - he was at least 5'11 or so, but he was thin. I could feel his hipbones against my skin

when I got
close to him, and I love that.

"I'm too skinny," he said shyly when he noticed I was feeling his hipbones.
I could tell he was insecure about that - most men are. But I don't mind them unusually thin. In fact, I find it kind of sexy.

The dominant urges were much more distracting now. I ordered him to resist my kisses, and he did. The little struggles that resulted got me so hot that I could feel a distinct aching in my cunt. His breath in my mouth, the soft "no's" that I could feel but not hear - yes, I was getting into it. And he could tell.

When I pulled his hair, he winced. Soon, I had him get down on his knees.

"Here?" he asked.

"Here." I nodded, pointing to the floor. He looked around. Most people were gone, and others were half sleeping in corners or just passing through. Allen got down on his knees with little hesitation.

I like this one, I thought to myself, running my fingers through his hair.
He closed his eyes against my touch and nudged closer for more.

Yes, I definitely liked him.

Our first night was a series of little games. The kissing game, the kneeling. Tests I gave him - how much would he do for me, how weird the command. Making him kiss a full length mirror. "With tongue," I ordered, and I got wet watching him make out with an imaginary person of the same sex.

Frisking him. Pressed up against the wall, my breasts against his back.
Hands around that tiny waist.

Making him breathe hard - pant - into my mouth on command.

When he kissed the palm of my hand lovingly, affectionately, I responded by pressing my palm firmly to his nose and mouth and holding the back of his head, making it impossible for him to breathe. Until he shook

away, moments
later, and I met his mouth with a deep, intense kiss.

Yes, he was a keeper.

When we said our goodbyes that night I only explained with one line, "Look,"
I said with my head half down. "I'm a little weird tonight. I was in the mood for that stuff. But it isn't all I am."

He looked at me, smiling.

"I mean," I smiled back, correcting myself. "I am like that. But I am also pretty normal."

"Double life," He nodded.

"Exactly."

We kissed goodnight, and I told him to be there next week. He commented that he was always there.

The next two months were sporadic. I saw him at the club a lot, and we played more games. He met Sarah - hell, he submitted to her by way of me, kneeling while she gave him a nice deep kiss (I share everything). He learned to come to me when I called him with my finger, but give me my space otherwise. He learned to lower his head when I wanted it, and follow behind me, two steps, wrists crossed behind back.

He learned that not only did I like to see him kneel, I liked to see him kneel with his forehead to the floor. And he would do it. "I like to do things that make you happy," he said.

I took him home, for the first time, several weeks later. He knew, by then, that I was into bondage and S&M, but we hadn't talked much about it. I knew he was a bondage virgin, had no idea what his pain threshold was.

While I was getting ready for bed (it was 3am already, and we both had to work the next day) I heard him say, "Hooks."

He saw the hooks on my ceiling, and I had never mentioned them to him. I came out of the bathroom in a long t-shirt (yes, very casual) and sat on his

lap, putting my arms around his neck. "yes," I said between kisses, "I have hooks in my ceiling."

"You're for real," he said, eyes closed.

I could tell he was scared. It was real to him. Not just games, that I was into this stuff. That I had equipment. That I was capable of hurting beyond some light hair pulling and biting his neck, that I was capable of humiliating him beyond just making him kneel down in a semi-public place.

"We'll go slow," I kissed him on the neck. "And you'll always have a way to tell me to stop."

I could feel his breath. Deep. A combination of arousal because our bodies were close, and fear because of what he knew I was into.

"Tonight, we're just going to cuddle," I told him. "Rub my back, kiss me softly, tell me a bedtime story. No bondage."

"I can do that," he nodded.

And we had a pleasant, quiet night. Talking, exchanging stories. Stroking his hair. His caresses escalated, by my own prodding not his, and by the end of the night I was sound asleep in his arms thanks to a wonderful orgasm. We didn't have sex, I didn't tie him up. In the morning he kissed me on the head and told me I was beautiful, then we didn't talk again until the next time at the club.

Our games at the club remained pretty much on the same level. He was great at playing kissing-resistance games, and I loved the way he winced when I clawed or bit him. He kneeled when I ordered it, and kissed whichever friends I ordered him too. He danced for me when I commanded it, so I could sit back and enjoy him from a distance.

But he had limits. If his friends were lurking, he said no. One time he wasn't in a very good mood, and he said to my ear, "Can we just be..normal..please..for now? I want to make you happy but --"

And I stopped him with a finger to his lips and nothing else

was said. I
held him, we danced, and I held him closely before saying
goodnight.

He asked me out to dinner, and I agreed. Our dinner date was
as vanilla as
they come - a nice restaurant, a lot of great conversation. A
kiss
goodnight on the porchstep.

The next week, I told him I wanted him to spend the night
after the club,
and take the next day off with me. He agreed.

That night, I tied him up for the first time. He was scared,
very scared. I
explained to him what a safeword was and how to use it. He
listened,
nervous, and agreed.

Some light bondage. A blindfold, which terrified him. A paddle
- to his
ass, that made him bite his lip and jump, twist to get out of
the way. My
fingertips to my pussy then to his lips. He tasted. "See what
this does to
me?" I whispered.

He let out his breath. He was shaking. Gripping the chains
that hung from
me ceiling. His bangs were hanging down over the leather
blindfold. He was
biting his lip again. Torn.

I rubbed the paddle up and down his thigh. He twisted slowly.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked.

Pause.

"N....no..." he sputtered out. I put fingers in his mouth. One,
then two.
Suck, I ordered. His tongue went to work. He took them all
the way in.

I removed my fingers to finish the paddling, and had a hand
over his mouth
to keep his yelps down to a minimum.

Afterward we were cuddling and I was still lingering in
domme-space when I
heard him call me "my lady" at the end of a sentence. I
purred and told him
I liked that. He kissed me on the head.

"You also should call me Mistress," I told him. "When you see
me getting
into that mind frame."

He was silent for a moment. "I have a hard time sometimes

knowing which
mindframe you are in."

"I do switch back and forth, at the club, but don't worry..when I really am into it, like tonight, you will know."

We talked for a long time about the feelings it made him have. I was probing to find out if any bad memories were drummed up, but he was fine with what I had done. Scared. Did not like the pain. But, as he summed it up, "I get a real rush seeing you enjoy things.". Beautiful. A true submissive, and he didn't even know it yet.

"Tomorrow I am taking you shopping," I told him.

I dragged Allen all over Melrose for the afternoon. I made him try on clothes, I made him lift his head up so I could hold up collars to him.

I was going through a rack of PVC skirts when he came out of a dressing room dressed in the outfit I had selected. PVC pants, mesh shirt. It made him look thin - very thin. His waist was tiny. I walked up to him and put my hands around him. "I like this."

He looked in the mirror. "I look too skinny." he complained.

I stood behind him. "You look beautiful. You just need a belt."

He pouted.

I put my chin on his shoulder. "You'll wear this for me at the club. And when your friends ask you what's with the new look, what will you tell them?"

He smiled. "That you like it, and that's all that matters?"

"That your MISTRESS likes it, and that's all that matters."

"Yes, my lady."

I located a bondage belt that I liked for him, which wasn't easy, since his waist was so tiny. Bondage bracelets were added to the outfit, and finally, last but not least, I found a black patent leather collar with a big silver D-ring.

He felt the ring with his fingers. "Wow."

"Don't you feel owned now?" I asked him as he looked in the mirror.

"Yeah," he nodded.

I moved my hands down his sides, over that waist I adored so much. "Now it's real. Doesn't it feel official?"

"Yeah," he smiled. "I even have a password."

"Safeword," I corrected.

"Yeah, that too." he blushed.

Nearly two hundred dollars later, Allen had the perfect outfit in my eyes.
The money didn't matter to me - I get off on showering my slaves with such affection. As soon as we got home, I made him try it all on together, then locked him up in my chains, standing with arms above head, and snapped pictures with my quickcam so I would have something to look at later.

Afterward I locked his wrists behind his back, gagged him with a scarf and just admired how beautiful he looked.

With big brown eyes he assaulted me with what he learned worked - desperation. Communicating to me that he was indeed helpless.

I stroked his hair back and smiled. "I'll be the envy of all the women at the club. You look beautiful."

Still, to this day, when I enter the club and see him lurking in a corner in his outfit, my heartrate quickens. He holds me tight and we kiss, and my hand finds its way to his hair. He is always shy, cautious at first, nervous to offend me. He calls me Mistress, or My Lady, and lingers behind me on command, head slightly lowered.

And when we cuddle, wordlessly, he still turns his head toward my palm when I stroke his cheek. And as much as he hates it, as he has told me, he lifts his hands and presses my palm tightly to his nose and mouth, holds it there,

because he knows how much I enjoy seeing him so helpless,
unable to breathe.

Until he lifts his eyes to me, and nothing else exists in this
loud place
but his look. "I am yours."

And I know it's real - the feelings - when they hit me so bitter
sweet. The
adoration and affection, right alongside the desire to see him
suffer at my
hand. "I don't know whether I want to make love to you," I
tell him, "Or
tie you up and make you beg me for mercy."

He just kisses my fingers gently and replies, "Whatever you
want."

So I do both.

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