



Akasha's Web



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Burning Inside

It was the day I woke up and was burning inside. That hunger, that drive. Too angry and frustrated to leave my room, too bored and impatient to even bring forth the effort anymore.

Just bring one to me, I told my Angela, just bring me one you know I will like.

And I slept. The hours passed, ten, then eleven, soon after midnight. It was raining hard and I was in my room, the lights off but the windows open. Listening to the rain, watching the moon. Hungry.

I cried in desperation, my whole body hurt with the burning. I contemplated getting up and going out, looking myself. But I had faith in my Angela. Please, hurry, I sighed. Patience was never one of my best traits.

I had drifted to sleep shortly after three when I heard the lock on my door. Rubbing my eyes a little I slid up in my sheets, silk, pulling them close to my naked breasts.

"It's me, " she peeked in.

I gasped. She was alone. No, I thought, no this can't be.

She slid inside and closed the door, I could only see her frame as she approached in a long black dress, black lace gloves But I could see she was smiling, she was pleased with herself, I noticed as she approached.

"He is beautiful," she said, sitting on the edge of my bed. I let the sheets fall away from my body and leaned closer to her, eager.

"But I have to warn you, " she looked at me, her eyes sparkling a little - I knew she felt the excitement I did even though she could not relate. "He is a little bit afraid. You should be gentle with him."

I smiled, my heart pounding. If I were a beast I know saliva would be forming at my fangs. Perhaps it was. I had to swallow a few times just to bring myself back into focus.

Angela stood to leave the room, to retrieve my prize, as I slid slowly from the bed, wrapping the light sheet around my body, hugging it to my breasts. I walked carefully on bare feet across the cool wood floor, to the full length mirror. My hair was hanging down in my face, over my naked shoulders. My lipstick was still faint, my eyes sleepy. But it didn't matter.

The door creaked open a little and I saw her behind him,

nudging him forward. And he took such careful steps, I could hear the jingling of metal against metal as the buckles on his boots rattled with each step. His hands were in his pockets, his hair in his face hiding everything.

Angela stepped back and closed the door, locking it, and he turned toward the distinct sound of the "click" as if it startled him.

I moved toward him and he just stared, perhaps in disbelief. As I approached him I saw his features more clearly, and I sighed in hunger as Angela had done so well. His eyes were big, prominent, and very dark. His lashes were long, everything hidden a bit under long locks of dark brown hair that hung down in his face, even past his chin.

His flesh looked soft, his lips feminine. He blinked at me and his eyes moved down my body, hidden in a long silk sheet that dragged behind me. He looked at my bare feet, his head still down when I reached out and touched his hair.

He was shaking.

"Are you afraid of what I am going to do to you?"

I could barely hear him as he kept his head down, but he whispered, "yes.."

"Kneel down," I ordered, a hand pushing down on his shoulder. He moved slowly, gracefully, down onto his knees with hesitation. It seemed difficult for him, he shifted his weight from one to the other.

I took my bare foot, lifting it from behind the sheet, sliding it up his thigh. The sheet fell away from my thigh, my flesh, and I could see his breath coming in shaking half-gasps as his eyes peered up from under bangs toward my wetness, which I'm sure was obvious.

I ordered him to close his eyes and he did, then I lifted his head by the chin and very gently, slowly pushed each strand of dark hair from his face. Angela had not lied; he was beautiful. I moved my finger down each of his cheekbones and he inhaled each time I came in contact with his flesh. He flinched almost, as if he was about to be hit.

"It's ok," I said softly as I let the sheet drop from around me, leaving me naked before him. "I'm not going to hurt you," I told him, and he seemed to let out a soft sigh in relief, his eyes still shut for me, "At least not yet, angel."

He bit his lip and swallowed, he swallowed hard.

I eased down and picked up my sheet and wrapped it around his shoulders as if to warm him and stop his shivering, even though the room was comfortable. I took him by the back of the neck and pulled his head forward, guiding his barely parted lips to my naked flesh, my collar bone.

He kissed softly in response, parting his lips slightly more, using just the tip of his tongue. I left out my breath in release,

shutting my eyes, lost for a minute in the delicate way he moved his mouth.

As he trailed down toward my breasts I lifted a hand and put it on his chin, prodding his head up and putting my lips on his very briefly. I stood slowly and left him kneeling there, wrapped in my sheet.

His eyes moved up to mine, over my naked body. I smiled softly as I held his head up by the chin. "I didn't tell you to open your eyes. You'll learn better than that soon."

He shut them at once and hissed softly, "I'm sorry - "

"Take off all your clothes, " I cut him off, turning to walk toward my closet. "And then kneel back down and wait for me."

As I slid into my clothes he slid out of his. Ironic, beautiful, passionate. I listened to the jingling of his boots as he pulled them off, listened to him folding everything and setting it on the floor at his side. I listened as I slid into thigh high stockings and lace corset, fastening my garters, sliding into heels that would make me taller than him.

I put on long black latex gloves, carefully, slowly, the smell of rubber filling me. I pulled my hair up out of my face and clipped it, then re-applied lipstick in the mirror slowly, seeing his reflection across the room kneeling, his head down. Waiting.

I picked up leather shackles and chains, collar and leash, gags and blindfolds. I carried them with me as I walked to him, my heels now loud on the wooden floor. I moved slowly, like a cat, one foot deliberately in front of the other. Just the sight of him kneeling there, waiting, was making me wet. I was burning inside.

As I laid my things out on the bed I saw his eyes move over each of them, his breathing increase. He didn't hide his fear, at least he wasn't able to. When I laid a beautiful leather hand whip across the sheets he shut his eyes and let out his breath.

When my gloved hand touched his chin he jumped and nearly fell backwards.

"You're so jumpy," I said softly.

"I'm scared," he replied without hesitation, his head moving up toward me. He looked at me, so amazing, with a soft pleading in his eyes. "Angela told me about you, about what you would do to me,"

I listened carefully, my eyes on his him intently as I moved my finger across his mouth, savoring the outline of his lips. "Then why did you come?" I asked, not taking my eyes off his mouth.

He hesitated, searching for words, breathing still a bit shaky.

"I...I don't know, I want to...I want to please you, I guess, I mean I know I do..I want to please you."

"You want to be the cause of my most intense pleasure," I repeated back to him, watching him close his eyes and breathe deep, getting lost in the hypnotic feel of latex against his lips and chin.

"Yes.." he replied softly, "Yes, I do..."

"Even if, " I started slowly, carefully, prodding his mouth open by pushing down softly on his bottom teeth. "Even if it means suffering a little."

He tensed and was about to speak but found I wouldn't let him move his mouth to even start, one finger securely planted on his bottom teeth, the other on his top, holding it open.

"Even if it means, " I leaned over close, my mouth right next to his, my lips a fraction of an inch from his, "Crying tears of pain for me."

His eyes were shut now, his breath slowly and careful, as if not to offend me. I moved my tongue into his mouth and found his, softly, carefully, still holding his mouth open with my hand. He did not respond to my probing, just sat still as I prodded, sliding my tongue deeper, finally letting go of his mouth and pulling him to me.

We kissed for a long time, hungry, and I felt his shaking of fear cease slowly and transpire into shaking of lust. I moved my hands down his body and found his wrists, pulling them behind his back and holding them together, moving for my straps.

I felt the tension in his mouth with the restraints were locked around his wrists, as I fastened them together with silver fishhooks I felt him testing the slack, twisting against him.

I moved my hands over his shoulders, his neck, pulling back from the kiss and looking into his eyes for a moment. He looked at me, his eyes down a little, then back up.

Finally I slid back up onto the bed and turned him toward me, opening my legs and holding him still as he remained on his knees. I took a fistful of his hair and pulled his head back until he gasped in discomfort, then started moving my teeth down his neck, his shoulders.

Every time he winced I bit harder, and every time he reflexively shifted away I pulled him closer. When he whimpered I put a hand over his mouth, sealing it, tightening my grip so he could barely breathe.

I had him pinned there, holding him in my grasp, my teeth in his flesh, my hand over his mouth so all he could do was let out an occasional muffled gasp or whimper. I moaned in response, taking him more, and soon I felt his hard cock pressing against my wet panties. I bit harder.

The chains rattled behind his back and he was half choking on

his gasps, trying to wiggle his head free from my hand, but I held tight. I bit, I sucked, I used the other hand in his hair to pull the hair at the back of his head, tighter, tighter, until his whimpers became distinct pleading.

I let go and we both gasped. He pulled back, shaking, shifting at his shoulders and lowering his head, breathing, breathing, breathing. He swallowed hard and shuddered. He rattled his wrists behind his back some more and twisted his shoulder slowly again.

I lifted him by the chin and ordered, "Let's see those eyes."

His eyes moved up to mine and he tossed his head so the hair was thrown out of his face, then his gaze fell slowly on the leather gag I held in my hand.

I fingered it slowly, looking at it myself, admiring it. How soft it was, how I loved what I did. Knowing by experience how the fine texture felt between my naked fingers, how it felt down my naked body. It was my favorite, the straps soft and flexible, the most evil aspect of it the smooth latex protrusion that would fill his mouth, silence him, hold his tongue down and make breathing from his mouth impossible.

He stared at it, just watched me finger it. He shifted his shoulders again, slid down on his ankles more as kneeling was probably becoming painful.

"Open your mouth," I ordered, reaching back and putting a hand behind his head for leverage.

He lowered his head more and shook it ever so slightly, as if wanting so bad to scream "NO!" but at the same time wanting to please me.

"Do it," I ordered again, prodding his head up by the chin. His eyes were shut hard when his head came up, his mouth closed and his breath coming shaky from his nose.

I tightened my grip under his chin and prodded downward but he shook it a little.

"Don't upset me, " I lowered my voice, talking sternly by gently.

He shut his eyes even tighter and I could feel him shaking again. Finally he opened his mouth, wide, accepting.

"Perfect, "I whispered to him as I lifted the gag to his mouth. When the latex touched his lips he shook and pulled back, turning his head away abruptly as if the mere touch of it were poison.

I pulled his head back and tightened my grip in his hair, pulling back hard, snapping, "KEEP it open,"

He gasped in pain, his eyes still screwed shut tight in discomfort. He looked simply beautiful, letting out almost a half sob as he forced his mouth open again. When the latex slid into his mouth he choked softly, trying to pull back again but much more delicately, unable to resist against my grip

this time.

"Good," I whispered softly as he shook with every breath. The device seemed to make him almost shudder as I pulled his head down to find the buckle, to lock it tightly against his dark hair.

When I slid back and lifted him by the chin his eyes were still shut securely, he was shaking visibly. I took a moment to push the hair back out of his face and finally said, "That isn't so bad is it?", stroking his face gently as I did.

He started to shake his head slowly, as if entranced, then stopped himself and nodded firmly.

I half smiled, holding him by the chin as I reached for a leather collar. He didn't open his eyes at all as I locked it around his neck, perhaps in silent acceptance, perhaps trying to get used to how the device felt lodged tightly in his mouth.

I locked the collar and moved around him as he remained kneeling, naked, moving my hands over his body briefly to admire him once more, to remind myself that yes, he was mine. The morning had just started, it was raining outside, and he was mine.

I locked shackles around his ankles, pinning them together tightly, pulling a strap up and locking it to his wrists, then his wrists to his ankles. This left him in that forced kneeling position that looked so beautiful.

When I slid back into my position on the bed, with him leaning up against my open legs, I saw his eyes were open again. He was looking down at the bed through damp bangs, the discomfort almost gone from his face and replaced with delicate helplessness.

I prodded him to look up at me and his eyes were alive, but soft and tranquil. "You feel that?" I asked softly, tracing a finger down his face, over the soft leather gag that covered his mouth. "That numbness over your body, that tingling in your soul? The hardness in your cock that doesn't match the shaking in side? The fear of pain, the need for release, the desperation to please me, the one who has put you here?"

He just looked at me, he blinked slowly but his eyes stayed on mine, he was transfixed.

"You're burning inside," I whispered, leaning forward and taking his head in my hands, burying it against my breasts. I moved my hands down his back and felt him again shaking slightly as I kissed his neck, his ear. I whispered, "I'm burning inside, too."

I felt his breath on my shoulder as I held him, and felt him listening. Listening intently. Cautious. Afraid.

"Your suffering is going to free us both," I whispered.

For a moment I didn't speak, just held him close to me and fingered his hair softly, intertwining my fingers in it slowly and

sliding my hand through it in slow, gentle strokes.

Finally I knew it was time. "Nod if you are ready," I whispered, kissing him once more gently on the ear.

His breath was warm against my breast, his shaking had nearly ceased. Slowly, barely, I felt a slow nod against my skin.

It took only a few moments to change his position and re-bind him as he moved carefully as commanded and without resistance, his eyes down, sometimes closed.

I moved him to the foot of the bed and had him kneel there, freed his wrists and pulled his arms out past him, forcing him to lay down face forward on the bed, arms outstretched.

I used long straps and chains to lock his wrists to the bedposts that were several feet away, leaving him kneeling with his naked back, his naked ass exposed to me. I removed the gag from his mouth and placed it on the counter next to the bed, listening to his gracious breathing.

His hands were clenched into tight fists, his head buried in the sheets, hiding, pressing hard and harder. He was shaking as if sobbing and I hadn't even touched him yet.

I picked up the leather whip and kissed him once at the small of the back, making him shudder in response. "You're going to be ok," I said softly, easing slowly out of my panties.

"I want you to know something before I start," I told him as I eased my second foot out of the silk, kicking it slowly aside. I moved my naked wetness to the small of his back and laid into him, pressing gently, hearing him gasp as my heat touched his flesh.

"I'm burning inside," I whispered, pressing my cunt into his naked skin, smearing my juices over his flesh. "This is from my desire for your gift."

He shook a little, grasped the chains that held his wrists in place, lifting his head so his mouth was free, "Please," he said, shaking, "Take it."

I shut my eyes and slid my index finger inside of me, slowly and with ease, withdrawing it and bringing it around to his lips. "Lick," I whispered softly and he parted his lips.

He sucked slowly and carefully as I pressed into him again, listening to his shaking moans of hunger and fear as he tasted my wetness before slowly withdrawing my finger.

I stepped back and picked up the flogger again, feeling the leather tails between my fingers slowly as I stared upon his innocent flesh one last time, at how delicate how it looked, how untouched but for a small bite mark left at the back of his shoulder.

He shifted what he could and buried his head further into the

sheets, tensing and untensing every muscle that was exposed in his back, his shoulder blades prominent, the small of his back glistening with my wetness.

When the leather bit into his skin for the first time he shook, hard, pulling back on the chains so hard that the bed rattled against the wall. I pulled back and struck him again, harder, my eyes on fire as I watched the way he writhed against the pain.

I was lost in it for that time, striking him with slow deliberation, decorating his skin with precious marks that illuminated beautifully against the darkness in the room.

His breathing came in ragged gasps, he buried his face deeper and deeper into the sheets, his shuddering eventually turning into whimpering, and the whimpering eventually turning into yelps of pain.

He gripped the chains so hard with his hands that his knuckles turned white. His breathing came in loud, ragged gasps and he half sobbed against the sheets as I continued, farther, farther.

My wetness filled me, I felt it inside me, against me, against my thighs. My burning intensified, I shut my eyes and kneeling behind him. I leaned down, eyes closed, placing my hands on his back.

He gasped in pain and I felt the burning, burning on his flesh. I moaned, lowered my head, unclipping my long hair and letting it fall in soft strands over the pain in his back.

He cried out and shook, lifting his head and gasping in pain as I slid my hair slowly over his back, over the long red streaks until the burning stopped, the heat was no longer against my face, against my palms, inside of me.

His shaking turned to shuddering by the time I reached up to release his wrists. He fell into my arms, his tears against my breasts as I held him by the back of the head.

I kissed the back of his ear as he cried into my arms, kissed his cheek and finally his lips between his shaking breaths. "Thank you, " I whispered as I held him, reaching to the floor and picking up the long silk sheet I had discarded there earlier.

I wrapped it around him, around me, and held him close until his shaking stopped and I realized by his breathing that he was asleep in my arms.

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