



Stories

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

The Seduction & Lust Archives:

Akasha's Trip: Part One
Angel Dust
A Dark Letter Of Desire
Allen 1996
Burning Inside
Dark Desires
Double Vision
My Mystery Slave
Night Club Kidnapping
Once in a Blue Moon
Open Letter to a Monday
Night Goth
Remember Me
She Lost Control Again
Submission of a Stranger
The First Kiss
The Heat of the (Femdom) Moment
A Toy Gun, A Femdom, and a Soloflex
Tragedy
Training The Professor
Using You
What Happens To Teases
What I want for Valentine's Day
Your Abduction

More Archives:

Forced Femme
Strap-On & Anal
Humiliation & Groups
Chastity
Cockold
Pussy Worship
Feet
Sheila's Show
Romance
BDSM
Illustrated Stories
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut

The First Kiss

The first kiss is always the most primal.

Holding his chin, up, so his face catches a little glimmer of the moonlight.

His eyes are shut tight, there is a strain, a tension in his neck. I can see it. I can see him swallow. His eyes are still shut tight, in anticipation.

My fingers dig into his skin. I turn his head to the side, a little, slowly, so I can look at him. Looking at his face, how the light catches it. Admiring him. Evaluating him. Owning him.

The other hand around his neck to hold him in place. To feel every time he swallows.

I can hear his breathing.

My fingers move up a little, around his jaw. They pry at his mouth a little. Then more forceful. "Open."

His lips part a little, and with it, a soft exhale. Eyes still shut tight. I see his hands on his lap, two tight fists.

The seatbelt, tight, over his chest.

Our first kiss.

So very romantic.

*

And yes, it is, to me, romantic.

Because he is frozen there, like an animal paralyzed with fear. This is much better than standing on a porchstep awkwardly after a date, wondering who will make the first move.

He has no idea what I am going to do. He probably anticipates this is the first kiss, but he cannot know for sure.

He just knows I am touching him. His face.

Looking at him. Watching his every move.

With his mouth pried open a little, I move my fingers around his teeth. I pry his mouth open more. He tenses. His back arches. The seatbelt strains against his chest. I can see his breathing.

My heart, by now, is throbbing so hard in my chest.

Something primal is alive in me at this point.

And now, my finger slides into his mouth and touches his tongue. If he tries to lick or suck my finger, I prevent it by pushing his tongue back down into his mouth (there is plenty of time for sucking of fingers later, I know).

More anxiety. He tenses. Afraid he might gag if I slide my finger in any deeper. Perhaps a soft sound from him, the first sound of distress. Of fear.

"Shhhh" I say. Tightening my grip around his neck to hold him still.

Moving my finger now over his bottom lip. His lips still parted. When he swallows, now, I can see his tongue move. Eyes still shut tight (such a good boy).

And now, it is time to move in closer.

*

I let him feel my breath on his cheek. The faintest dab of my tongue against his cheek to let him know I am there. I feel his breathing now. I smell his scent now. I am close enough to kiss him, but I let it linger.

Holding his mouth open with my index finger as I move my lips down his cheek, under his chin. Not really kisses. No. They are more like - soft little caresses of my lips to taste his skin.

"Open," I order, which is a strange request in itself because his lips are already parted for me, my finger holding his mouth open by placing slight pressure on his bottom teeth.

But he obeys, opening his mouth even wider, now awkwardly so. Head back all the way against the headrest of the car.

The creaking of leather seats as I maneuver closer to his body. Holding his chin just right where I want it. Turning it toward me. Just looking at that face with the little shadows. The way his mouth is held open for me. Feeling his breath now, right in my face.

I shut my eyes and feel it. Feel the rhythm of it. I feel his pulse now, pounding between my fingers as I still grip his neck gently with my other hand.

I feel one with him.

Ready to make him mine.

*

Sometimes I may get diverted at this point. Diverted to his neck, to play the game of biting his tender flesh to feel him arch his back, hold back a yelp of pain. With my finger in his mouth, making him resist biting down even the slightest bit.

Or a hand clasped tightly over his nose and mouth just to feel the struggle to inhale as my teeth dig into him, making him

twist beneath me. Helpless. Enduring.

But other times, I go straight for what I am craving.

His mouth.

First, placing a soft, out-of-place kiss on his bottom lip. Linger there. Brushing back and forth a little. Any moves from him to respond in kind result in my tightening my grip around his neck to ward him off and keep him in place.

He is just to sit there. And take it. This is the learning process.

Fishing his tongue out of his mouth with mine. Soft at first, then more demanding, his lips still parted. Catching his tongue between my front teeth and holding it there, for a second at first (which he may find kind of interesting and erotic), until it becomes uncomfortable for him, and his natural reaction is to try to pull free.

Like all things. A lesson he must learn.

I don't let go.

And when he tries to pull away, I bite down harder. Just hard enough to show him what I want, and he freezes in fear. The pain, while subtle, is unfamiliar enough to cause caution.

And if I have to, I might stop, grab him by the chin, and hiss to him that he must sit still and endure.

Then it is time for me to explore his mouth with my tongue. And he must sit there and accept the violation, holding still, letting me do my exploring without engaging me in a mutual kiss.

There is much to explore in his mouth.

I take my time.

*

I suppose I enjoy this so much because it is like the first true violation of him. It is me, entering his body, while he must sit and accept it, and let me take what I want.

From an act that he is used to being mutual, if not controlled by him.

Now I am the one in control.

And if there is a way to rape a man with my tongue, I have learned to do it.

And I thrive on it.

*

What is most intoxicating about the violating kiss is the way his entire body responds to it. Usually, tensing his entire body under me. His breathing, more rapid now, and I can feel it against my face as he remains there, lips parted, mouth

open, accepting my penetration.

Here is where I find out if I like his taste. Like the way his mouth feels on the inside. Like the touch of his tongue as I explore it with my own.

And I part from him, just slightly, his mouth still open and accepting. Replacing my tongue with my index finger. My head so close to his that I may rest it against his brow, staring down to watch his mouth accept my flesh.

Pushing my finger into his mouth a little. This time, whispering, "Lick."

And now, I get to watch what he does with his tongue. To decide whether or not I want that tongue, for now, inside of my mouth.

And, for later, everywhere else.

*

Sometimes I watch only for a few brief seconds. Other times, I watch for quite some time, transfixed with the display.

Usually, though, when I finally withdraw my index finger from his mouth, I place it in my own. I don't know where this ritual came from, but I find it hard to resist. To feel the warmth, to taste his saliva. To bring us even closer to that point when our tongues will become totally intertwined.

Licking my lips. Watching now as he breathes, lips still parted, swallowing, still, with some discomfort.

"Make me want to kiss you," I order.

By now, hopefully, he should know what it takes. What to do.

But, if not, we start all over again. This time, with less patience.

*

After watching his display, I ease in closer. Hungry for a real kiss. A kiss that brings us together. Where I allow him to move with me, to touch me.

When I find out what his posture will be. If he has learned his place. If he will maintain the tempo. The mood.

Because, simply, after a half hour of such preparation, it is unlikely he will shove his tongue down my throat like a hungry teenager or lust driven fool. He knows about sensuality. He knows what I like. He knows to approach me cautiously. Carefully.

Respectfully.

The first kiss is smooth now. My lips on his, now prodding his chin up so he can close his mouth a little (finally, and I am sure his jaw is aching). Kissing his lips only at first, leaning into him, so he feels my body (comforting) close to him.

My hand finally leaves its threatening posture around his neck.

The chains, essentially, removed.

Leaving him free to respond.

Always, at first, his tongue is delicate, careful. Taking its first venture into my mouth with extreme caution and care.

And I welcome him, holding his chin, putting the other hand behind his head to pull him toward me, but kissing him with a deep, yet never sloppy, passion.

Occasionally pulling back, briefly, to tilt my head just so, but he knows, now, it is to stop to feel his breath on my lips. As he, hopefully, had figured that out from our little ritual. That I like the way that feels.

He keeps his hands down. On his lap. Two tight fists, still.

And even though he responds eagerly - passionately -- he does not control the kiss. He follows my lead.

He responds in kind. He allows me to enjoy his mouth. His tongue - his teeth - his lips.

The kiss is a symbol of what will eventually become what we are.

We kiss for a long time. Sometimes, hours.

I never tire of it.

(c) Copyright 1998. All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com