



## Stories

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## The Nightclub Kidnapping

The first glimpse she gets of him he is on his knees. On the floor, at her feet. His arms are crossed over his chest, his eyes shut tightly in pain. She turns and nearly stumbles over him, but he is oblivious. He lowers himself back the ground, his nose to the floor, his arms behind his back, his wrists crossed.

She squints at him and stands still. She is the only one not moving on the dance floor now. He reduces his movement also as the song comes to a close. he lifts his head and lets out his breath, moves slowly to stand, and she just stares at him, this beautiful creature.

When he stands he is right in front of her, but not looking at her, just looking past her at someone. She says simply, "hello."

His response is, "hey," but he looks just past her again, moving around her to someone that is calling him. No eye contact. Oblivious.

She looks over her shoulder at him as he greets his friend and leaves the dance floor. A man approaches her as the next song comes on fullswing, saying bashfully, "hey, dance?"

"Go away," she mutters, pushing past him. She follows the boy off the dance floor, to the bar, leans against it and then fingers for her driver to come to her.

"get the car ready," she says to her chauffeur. "bring it around to the back, and tell them.." she pauses for a second, then lifts a finger and points, "tell them I want that one."

She points at the boy, still oblivious, as he is drinking from a plastic cup of water and laughing at his friend, stopping only to run a hand through his hair and set the cup down. He is dressed in black fishnets and black shorts, a mesh black top over his chest, his hair dark brown and hanging down so far his face was almost totally hidden. His boots are black and pointy, his fingers hidden in black velvety gloves. Yes, he is the one. At least for the night.

\*\*\*\*\*

She sits in the back of her limosune waiting, her only company the sound of the windshield wipers from the front. Time drags, she waits. She takes out her compact and re-applies her lipstick, hears a shuffle from outside and then holds still. The door opens and she hears his beautiful struggle, watches as her men force him into the car.

The boy is as gorgeous as ever, his eyes now hidden behind a black velvet blindfold, his arms chained behind his back. They pin him face down into the seat and chain his legs together while she watches, silent.

Oh, his struggle is so noble, he kicks and screams at them and she just wants to reach over and stroke his hair, comfort him, perhaps stuff a rag into his mouth. To be gentle, to be cruel, what difference does it make?

She says quietly, "X-bar," and her men nod to her, reaching into the back and pulling a steel bar, holding the boy in place for a painful hogtie as she watches, sipping her wine, crossing her legs, sitting back and preparing herself for her night with her new captor.

\*\*\*\*

The drive is thirty-seven minutes, she knows it well. Alone in the back with him, she watches his struggle, but he does not know she is there. He is blindfolded, hogtied, and how perfect his pointy boots look as he tries to reach around with his hands to find a way out.

So fiesty, she thinks to herself, so strong and full of energy, but so feminine. How sweet indeed, her new pet, she smiles as he tries to rub the blindfold off of his eyes, how he whines out loud, thinking no one can hear him. Music to her ears, she sighs, setting down her glass and sliding down into her seat, her legs crossing and uncrossing, shifting her thighs together in arousal, feeling the aching grow inside.

\*\*\*\*

Her men are trained well. She goes into her house alone and freshens up, listening to them bring her prisoner into her lush home, bringing them into her room and unfastening the X-bar, putting the boy where ordered so he could wait for her.

She waits to give them time to finish and give the boy time to settle, then she walks slowly into the dimly lit room and sits in her chair facing him.

His eyes follow her and he blinks. He looks at her. He says, "I know you."

She crosses her legs and looks at him in his little corner, exactly how she had ordered her men. His legs tucked under him so he was effectively kneeling, his velvet gloves removed and replaced with elbow high, tight black pvc gloves, his wrists together in front, chained with black shackles. A leather collar around his neck is locked in the back, a chain holding it in place and locking it to the wall so he can't get up or move much more than what slack allows -- about 6 inches.

He is parallel with her crossed legs and she notices he looks at them, then up at her again. He shifts against his bonds and winces, muttering, and then looking up at her with a glare.

She stands and stretches in front of him, moves slowly,

deliberately, walking toward him and watching as he watches her. "You are quite a tease," she says.

With a bit of a scoff he looks up at her and says, "this is a joke, right?"

She looks down at him, how his eyes look up at her through his bangs, how innocent he looks, how he tries to look so brave and unaffected but his chest rises and falls somewhat desperately.

"some joke," she mutters, turns, and walks away. She moves to her cabinet and takes out a handful of things, moves back to him quickly and eases down to his level. Her latex jumpsuit creaks almost, her tight leggings hug her thighs and the material reflects the light with a shine.

The boy's eyes wander to the devices in her hands and she sees him turn away then back, shifting, his eyes starting to register anxiety.

First, the black latex gag, the largest one she has, she holds it up and looks at it with such admiration. She sighs and hisses at him but he can't hear her, he shifts around and softly, "come on, just let me go, ok?"

She stands with the gag and it almost seems to match her black shining outfit, "let me here you talk dirty to me, slut."

With a laugh he looks up, "what?" he says, watching her as she moves the gag down her body, blinking at it.

His discomfort is so obvious that she revels in it, stripping in front of him, leaving herself in a black corset and stockings, moving the gag down her body and then bringing it to him, ordering "open your mouth, my little pet."

The struggle is such poetry that she hesitates and lets him win for a bit, moving with him as he turns his head back and forth coaxing him, until finally she tires of the game and takes him hard by a fistful of hair, holding him still, forcing it deep until he whimpers in pain.

His whimpers affect her and she stifles a moan in pleasure, comforting him as she pulls the buckle tight and locks it, listening to his breathing as it comes in shaking gasps through his nose, how his eyes struggle to look up at her with a combination of fear and hatred.

Oh how his bound wrists fight the chains, he tries to reach up to her but they are locked by a chain to the belt around his waist, his fingers so shiny and passionate, she can't resist but to take one hard, force it into her mouth, and slide it in deep.

When he resists with his hands she bites down on his finger till he cries out what he can, then she resumes with her licking and sucking, going down on his finger, pressing her body into his, holding his head back against the wall with her other hand. His moans and whimpers drive her even more, she finds herself pressing into his knee, rubbing into it, imagining his finger is his cock, how sweet and slick the latex feels.

Finally she stops and pulls back, slow, letting his finger slide from her lips with her eyes on his. His bangs are now damp with sweat, against his face, down to his chin.

She smiles. "But...now..anyway..what I have brought you here, for, I'm sure you're wondering..so we shall get on with it."

His eyes follow her as she stands, he pulls his hands close to his chest, his fingers intertwined, he almost looks as if he is praying. God, he looks so beautiful there on the floor so helpless, she knows she could sit down right in front of him and bring herself to orgasm at the mere sight of him.

She is gone only briefly, to the next room, where she wakes her sleeping slave and he murmurs in his state, opening his arms to her when he sees her, giving her his wrists, asking her, "Mistress what is it?"

She hisses at him to shut up, locks his collar on and he moans, rubbing his eyes, he wets his lips and squints around the room, then stumbles at the tug when the leash is attached and she orders him to move.

He keeps his head down, his eyes lowered, his soft blonde hair hangs in his face and he moves with his wrists behind his back so sweetly, she slaps his ass to keep him moving and ushers him into her room.

Her slave sees the victim there but does not dare look, he kneels obediently at her feet when she points to the floor and stays still, his eyes down, his hands on his lap.

The tormentress drops her slave's leash and moves to her victim, crouching down and taking him by the chin, turning his head toward her kneeling one. "See that?"

The victim lets out a muffled reply, trying to pull his head away but he can't escape her grip.

She is so hot now, she can't contain her patience any longer, she is unfastening her victim's trousers at once, despite his shifting and pulling at the chain around his neck, trying to sit up, trying to reach up with bound hands to push her away. His muffled, "no...no..." distracts her until she reaches up so suddenly and slams a hand over his gagged mouth and nose,

"LISTEN" she hisses, glaring so angrily at him, moving closer, holding him so tight that he can't breathe. He shifts and whimpers and she shushes him. "Not a sound from you, my little slut, understand that?"

"slave," she calls over his shoulder. "Come here."

"Yes Mistress."

The captive starts to struggle and she takes his head by both hands, holding it still, blocking the view from beyond her. "Easy now, my sweet angel of misery, you just hold still and let my baby take care of you."

He whimpers and twists, his eyes now shut tight, his struggles in vain.

"Slave," she says, still looking at her captive, "You will suck his cock, and you will finger me. You will make us cum at the same time, or you will be beaten."

His "yes mistress" is almost drowned out by the captive's futile protests behind the gag, but she holds his head still with a firm yank and glares at him, his eyes still closed.

He sweats and shakes as her slave takes his cock into his mouth, and she watches half turned with such adoration at her little pet, how slow and deliberate he is, how he moves his free hand up her thigh, between her legs, back over her wetness and behind to her ass, so perfectly, so delicately.

She shuts her eyes and takes in the sounds, the breathing of resistance from her captive, the deep moans of pleasure from her slave, soaking in the feeling of his fingers alternating inside her, watching then how the hard cock looks in his mouth as he savors the taste of her victim.

When she turns to look at the prisoner his eyes are shut tight, his brows are down, the sweat pours from him. His resistance has been replaced with a combination of stifled pain and pleasure, oh how her slave knows how to please a man. She reaches up and unfastens the gag and removes it, listening to his gasp and watching him wet his lips, then without hesitation she leans to him and takes him by the chin, kissing him deep.

He returns the kiss eagerly as she holds his head in her hands, moving her tongue deep, pressing herself into her slave's fingers, moving with his rhythm, breathing hard now as she feels herself close to climax.

She reaches down with her finger and slides it into her, then reaches down and her slave moves back so she can move her finger over the top of her prisoner's cock, taking his pre-cum and mixing it with her juices.

She lifts her damp finger to her captive's lips and says softly, "lick, my new pet."

he shuts his eyes and leans forward, taking her finger so eagerly now, sucking, taking it deep. She moans and shuts her eyes, grinding her hips, moving deeper onto the fingers of her slave, watching her captive writhe as he is brought closer, how hard his cock looks, how deep he is being taken.

She leans into her prisoner's face and whispers, "I'm cumming, angel, cum with me my little slut" and he gasps, arching his back. She cums to the sound of her slave moaning deep with pleasure as the fluid fills his mouth, as the captive thrusts deeper into him.

Her fists clenched into her prisoner's hair, her back arched as she shakes and trembles with orgasm, she moans deeply into the ear of her prey, placing a gentle kiss on his neck,

collapsing on his lap.

For a moment she catches her breath, eying her slave as he is kneeling there, proud almost but hiding it, his head lowered, his lips still glistening.

She sighs and closes her eyes. "Go run me a bath," she says softly. "And I'll be with you in a few minutes."

"Yes Mistress," her slave answers, standing.

"wait," she reaches up weakly. "First, give my prisoner a kiss. Where are your manners?"

She feels the prisoner tense below her, she rolls over onto her back on his lap and watches as her slave leans down with parted lips. She finds herself with her hand on the boy's cock as he lifts his head and shuts his eyes, so obviously uneasy, but aroused, opening his mouth so slight, letting her slave kiss him deeply.

She moans and shifts a little, her hand tightening around the boy's cock, sighing, "Make that a bath for two, slave."

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