



Akasha's Web



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

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Using You

You know sometimes I hate to be cruel. But I have to. I have to, I need it. Sometimes it comes onto me like a viscous hunger. Without warning. Without mercy. It is as merciless to me as I am to you, can you understand that?

And I blindfold you sometimes because I can't bear to see that look in your eyes. I can't bear to have you see me cry. You can hear the cruelty in my voice, you don't know I'm biting back tears. It hurts me to hurt you like this. But god, I need it. I need it from you.

And there are times when I look at you from across the table as you eat and read the newspaper, and I want to take you away. Take you away from everything you know as safety, as life. Take you to a dungeon, to a basement. I want to rip you out of that suit and put you into something sinister. A straitjacket. A latex corset. Thigh high stockings. I don't care. I don't care, I want to use you.

Does it bother you that sometimes I want to use you like a slab of meat? To strap you down so you can't move, to press my naked body onto you like you are a dildo, like you are my vibrator, my hand tightly over your nose and mouth, hissing "Not a fucking sound from you."

Oh, that language. I know how it frightens you, how this sweet little feminine thing can talk such filth. You know it's not like me. I never curse. I only swear when I feel like being a ruthless cold-hearted bitch that wants to fuck her little slut-whore until he screams out for me, screams out what a pathetic little bitch he is.

Mercy.

That one word, you beg for it with your eyes, with your fingers when you twist at the bonds. You push me to do it more because you are so priceless when you struggle. I could sit and watch you for hours, when you don't even know I'm there, sitting in the big chair with my knees up, my vibrator silently teasing the perimeter of my cunt, just watching. Watching how you breathe, how you hiss in frustration at your situation. How you try vainly to get your teeth to the knots.

And the times when I get playful. When I want to be dominant, but I can't stop giggling. Because you just smile at me, you smile at me like you are proud of this mean little dom side of me that has come out to play. I laugh because you seem so delighted at what I have become. When the hunger comes out in a playful little streak, when I want you on your knees with your hands behind your back, your tongue

servicing me, going wherever my finger points, ("Oh no Mistress, not *THERE*!" you gasp sarcastically, and I love you for that).

It's a mystery how this side of me can be both cruel and sadistic and at other times silly and playful. You know when we are out and I watch you like a crazed fanatic. When we are at a party and I watch you from across the room, I give you an intense stare. And you stare back, sipping your drink deliberately, running a hand through your hair slowly, not breaking the gaze.

Oh, you fucking tease.

I look at my watch, then at you. Go ahead, push my buttons. I flirt with my girlfriend, I wrestle her on the couch, we nuzzle and kiss and I whisper to her what I'm going to do to you when we get home. You know, don't you? You just sit with your friends and play cards, talk about work. And I watch your ass, watch how you lean into the wall as you talk, how you use your hands to describe things. You are so animated. You are so beautiful. It's almost hard to think of torturing you so.

Almost.

No, my wetness is not a mystery. As my girlfriend nibbles my neck and you laugh at me, calling me your confused little bi-babe (since I've never gone all the way, but I want to. Sometimes). Yes, you look at me like I am your little girl. So harmless, so cute. My skirt riding up my legs since my feet are up on the couch, my thigh high stockings peeking out. We are among our closest friends so it doesn't matter. And we won't be here much longer anyway.

Driving home you are quiet, humming to your music. And I say nothing. I look at you side ways. I glare. You would think I was a furious girlfriend about to break up with you.

You shoot a glance and then put a hand on my knee. I push it off. You put it back. I push it off again.

"You ok?" you ask. Always, even when we play, you are concerned. Just in case, perhaps, my coldness is not the first stage of our beginning scene, just in case you might have inadvertently done something to really upset me. You are priceless.

I smile. Cold. "No, I'm fine. Just thinking about what I'm going to do to you when we get home."

Both hands tight on the steering wheel, you stare forward. Intense. Watching the traffic signals. Expressionless.

"How I'm going to put on my thigh high boots, my latex gloves. How I'm going to strap you to the kitchen table, face down, and fuck you. First with my fingers, then with whatever else I can get my hands on. How I'm going to sit at the table with my legs up and make you watch me touch myself."

I see your breath quicken but you say nothing. I watch you breathe against the seatbelt. That alone does it to me. I

recline my seat back, pull up my skirt, and ease out of my panties. I watch you drive, I watch the seatbelt, and I masturbate.

When you shoot a glance at me I hiss, "Don't you fucking look at me."

You move your eyes back to the road and I see how tightly you are holding the wheel. How carefully you are watching the road. I make loud sucking noises when I lick the wetness from my fingers. "mmm I taste good," I announce to you. I feel like being the slut that makes your cock ache. This is the mood that terrifies you most.

Ruthless. Sinister. A whore, a bitch, and a sadist. This relentless creature that sees your cock as an instrument to be used and tortured. That is not affected by your big, beautiful eyes. No mercy.

I lean up and into you, forcing my tongue into your mouth as we sit idle at the traffic light. I use my tongue to force the taste from my cunt into your mouth, holding you by the chin, my fingers prying your mouth open. Your breath is shaking a little, my grip so tight that I know it hurts. This is not a kiss of affection. This is a warning.

"You are mine," I whisper between kisses. "All night long I have been planning for this."

When we arrive at home I make you walk in front of me with your hands on your head. Like I have a gun to you or something. I do it so I can watch your ass, the jeans. Your faded docs, how they look when you move up the steps. I shove you forward when you don't walk fast enough.

I move you into our bedroom, forgetting about the dinner table threat. Instead, I lock your wrists into the chains hanging from the ceiling, and I take the panties that are still in my hand and shove them into your mouth. Deep. Wet from the night of teasing, wet from those looks you gave me. Wet from my thoughts of this exact moment.

You moan and throw your head back and grip the chains. You look beautiful.

I let you watch me change. I tell you not to take your eyes off of me as I go through the closet and lay my things out on the bed. Black lace panties. A latex corset. Garters. Thigh high stockings. Elbow high latex gloves. A final touch, I toss my leather strap-on next to them, and start to undress.

As I undress, I watch you in your bonds. Still fully dressed, on your toes, you look inviting. You keep trying to win back my affection, rubbing your cheek against your shoulder, giving me the sweet eyes, but it doesn't work. I laugh as I pull the stockings up over my thighs, letting my fingers linger around my flesh, teasing.

I remove my bra and let my breasts fall free, cupping them and showing them to you. I walk over and taunt you, pressing them into your shirt. But you just whimper and look at me, my

panties precariously in your mouth, but you know better than to spit them out, don't you?

My nipples are hard, I explain to you, I show you how erect they are. "These aren't the only things that are erect, are they?" I ask. You shake your head solemnly. You know. God, you know what I am going to do to you?

Will you forgive me this time?

I am distracted from changing and more interested in your cock now. Yes, yanking off your belt and fumbling with your zipper. I move like an animal looking for something to eat. I am breathing hard, and you know I am going to hurt you. You shift, you give me your best muffled, "noo...." but I shove my hand over your mouth, forcing the panties deeper until you gag.

I pull down your pants, your underwear, and take your hard cock with both hands as if I had never seen one before but it was the answer to my hunger. "Look at this thing!" I hiss, moving my hands down to your balls and gripping them tightly. You wince and throw your head back.

"Aww..does that..*hurt*?" I ask, and you nod. I kiss the tip of your cock sweetly and move my tongue around the tip, moaning softly in my throat. I move my hands to your hips and hold them, then guide you full into my mouth.

Your knees shake a little and I hear the chains rattle.

I pull back, stand, and return to getting dressed. You moan miserably and I smile at you.

As I dress I watch you occasionally, this time my back to you, my head peering over my shoulder, letting my long hair hang down across my back. I bend over to put on the boots and lace them, my ass pointed at you. From this position I say quietly, "You know what you're going to be doing to this sweet ass, don't you?"

You moan. Precious.

Now, dressed, I survey myself in the mirror as I put on my gloves. The feel of the tight material only makes me wetter. The sounds of you struggling behind me make me ache. Nothing else matters. My night with you is just starting. I want nothing more than to have you shaking, whimpering, begging in my arms.

I pick up the leather strap-on harness and carry it over to you. I lean over and step into it casually, as if just adding another piece of clothing. "Tomorrow," I start quietly, "I'd really like to go out and buy a new dress, do you have a problem with that?" I ask, wiggling my hips to pull the harness up.

You look at me and shake your head. Your eyes wander down to the cock bobbing in front of me.

I reach around and pull the buckles tight. "I was thinking, you

could come along, I want to buy you a new pair of boots. Knee high, big black boots. Combat boots. They make me wet. You like to make me wet, don't you?"

You nod again, this time watching me as I move my black-latex fingers up the length of my shaft. Absent-minded, as if massaging a cramp out of my leg. Just stroking it as I watch you.

"I saw you watching me and Annie," I smirk at you, walking around with my hands on my hips, watching you with your pants down around your ankles, your cock throbbing helplessly, just begging for attention.

"You'd like to see more than just me and Annie making out, wouldn't you? You want to see her tongue inside of me, in all my nasty places?"

I hear your breath coming in difficult gasps through your nose. I know this talk gets to you. I know the slut-dom side of me scares you and thrills you.

"Maybe I'll call her over right now. Save your ass the agony of my big cock and stick it in her instead. Make you watch. Then again, make you listen. Blindfold you. Helpless. See if you could tell who's lips were around your cock. Maybe I'd make her suck my cock while I suck yours."

You stare at me now, eye to eye. I think you've reached that point. You are in too much pain from arousal to deal with it anymore. You are furious, you want out, you want me, you want freedom. Deal with it, I smirk at you.

Where did the time go. What happened. Hours earlier we were playing cards and eating pretzels with our friends, watching bad movies. This was not in our plans. Yet, here you are. All because of the way your ass looked when you walked past me in the room. Something about the way you smiled bashfully once. And that time you took a slow drink and licked your lips. When Annie had her mouth at my neck and I was watching you, I knew it would come to this. My turn. You, helpless. Suffer.

I don't understand the hunger, where it comes from. How it can be so far from me one minute, then consuming me the next. how I want nothing more than to dominate you for hours. How, when I have you so helpless before me, I think to myself, when I'm so high from it, "I don't ever want to let you go. This is where I belong. this is me". I have said it to you, in the heat of it, "I am going to never stop being like this. This is it for me, permanently, you are my slave forever, FOREVER." And you nod, sweetly, eyes big with lust and fear. But you know I will come down. I always do. I could never have the energy to go on and on the way I threaten I will.

I ponder all of this as I pace, my cat hanging down between my legs, tickling my thighs with it. I'm thinking out loud now, thinking about the moment. "First the beating, then I'll fuck you, then your tongue will search every crevice of my body until I have cum four times. Then..then perhaps you will sleep next to me in soft leather shackles. blindfolded."

I stop and move to you, lifting my hands to your face, the whip still in my right hand. I touch your skin and you shut your eyes, leaning into my palm. "I'm going to hurt you. You know that, don't you?"

You nod slowly, your eyes closed, your face peaceful. I reach over and pull the panties from your mouth and you take a breath, wet your lips, and say "thank you."

I trace my finger up your cheekbone slowly and then down to your lips. The feel of your cock, hard, pressing against my thigh is distracting. "Are you ready?" I ask quietly.

You bite your lip and nod, eyes still closed, gripping the chains for leverage. You take a breath, throw your head back to get the hair out of your eyes, and stand firm.

I'm aching inside, aching with lust, desire, sympathy. The weight of the cat in my hand seems ominous. You're the most priceless thing in my life, I whisper, but you can't hear me. You are clearly in another world, breathing deep, preparing yourself for the pain, preparing to give your body to me, preparing to be beaten, fucked, used and humiliated.

You are my world.

Now, all I need to do is find you.

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