



Akasha's Web



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What happens to teases

Originally written by Akasha in 1996

(To DA, RM, and of course mr. mmmmmph)

Of course when he wants to be noticed, he is. He makes it obvious to her that he is watching her dance, as he knows she is watching him as well. It's like a stare-down, with no smiling or flirting, just eyes. Then he slips out of view for a brief moment behind a couple, reappearing seconds later as if just to prove to her that her control is fake. That he can, in fact, disappear.

She is stern the way she looks at him, never lets her eyes off of him when he is in her line of vision. They are so far apart, separated by many, all oblivious, occasionally stepping into the space between them. But she never moves to find him. She merely stays there and when he is in sight, her eyes remain on him.

A standoff? Perhaps. She doesn't approach him, he doesn't approach her. He wouldn't give in by crawling over to her, or even walk to her. So he starts with the things he knows will affect her. He plays with fire, but he doesn't care.

He becomes more dramatic in his moves, kneeling to the ground and taking his face in his hands, clenching at his hair, falling forward as if collapsing to the floor, people stepping around him as if it was nothing knew. His antics on the dance floor are common.

This makes her smile, of course, but then he pushes her too far. He lifts his body, then his arms, crosses his wrists out in from of him, pleading with his eyes. He clenches his fists and falls back to the floor, to the

music as if so perfectly choreographed.

He is so blatantly putting on a show for her at this point.
That's not to
say she doesn't enjoy it -- of course her eyes are fixed on
him, his moves
arousing her, his pain and passion subconsciously motivating
to move toward
him, so slowly. Even she doesn't notice it.

And when he brings himself slowly to his feet again this time
she is there,
a few feet in front of him, but he just looks at her, solemn,
and steps
backwards with slow, deliberate movements. As if recoiling
ever so
slightly. As if re-affirming his control. The ability to disappear.

She mouths the words, "You arrogant little fuck" and he
smiles.

He slides around his friend who was behind him, moving his
arms up around
the boy's neck. She knows he isn't into men, he is just teasing
her. He
moves his body close to his friend and tilts his head so it is
out of her
vision, blocked by the other. Their movements give the
illusion almost that
they are kissing, but they are just a bit too far apart.

Then she sees him fall again to his knees in front of his friend,
holding
out his wrists, together, offering himself there on the
dancefloor for
sacrifice.

Now her moves are firm and deliberate, and when she walks
with heavy steps
she feels how wet she has become, it's all clear now that he is
not the
focus of her attention anymore. She pushes past the two
people in front of
her, past his friend, then glares down at him as he is still on
the knees
there.

His eyes move up her body and he gives her a distant stare,
blinking, as if
to say "where did you come from?"

With one swift move she reaches out to his leather collar and
sticks her
finger in the D-ring, pulling up hard so he stumbles to his
feet. She turns
and pulls him by it, making him trip a bit over the feet of his
friend,
pushing past people, moving off the dance floor so fast that
people step out
of the way when they see her approaching.

And then she hears it -- he's chuckling to himself, he is so pleased with himself. The classic tease, her little pet, showing off for her and her peers, playing make believe slave on the dance floor to make her ache, knowing she can't act on it until they get home.

She pulls him down the dark hallway, past the bathrooms where people are on couches lounging, drinking, feeling each other up. For a moment she considers taking him into the women's room, but instead brings him to the very back corner, near an alcove, where couples sometimes come to fight or cry.

The corner is dark, a bit removed, but at times people wander there when they are too drunk to find the bathroom, not knowing they walked too far. The space does not lead anywhere, it is a dead end, with room enough for two people to stand comfortably.

She pushes him up against the wall hard, so hard that she can feel the vibrations of the music as they pulse through him and to her hands. His eyes are on hers, distant, the only subtle emotion seeming to be...amusement.

The fury in her is obvious, and she thrives on it and takes the moment, dragging him by the collar down to his knees, putting a hand on his shoulder for balance and lifting one leg, reaching under with the other hand, under her skirt. "Proud of what you did?" she says breathlessly as he kneels there, watching as she fumbles for a moment, realizing that she is stepping out of her panties. They are wet as they slide down past her thighs, so wet that she hisses at the dampness.

He lifts his head to her to look up, giving her a look of innocence, as if he did not know he angered her, but she just scoffs and pulls his head back with a fistful of hair, using the other hand to force her black lace panties into his mouth, so hard that his head slams into the wall and he whimpers.

Her actions come without thought or provocation now, she knows nothing more than wanting revenge, pressing her body against him,

opening her legs and
forcing her midsection to him, his head pressed against the
wall.

He struggles, perhaps because he can't breathe, perhaps
because he is
worried someone might walk by and see her there, her skirt
hiked up around
her legs, her body pinning his head to the wall. Perhaps he
struggles
because her soaked panties are being forced even further
down his throat as
she presses into him, or perhaps he is suffering from wanting
to lick her so
much, to please her, to do anything to get back into her good
graces as her
scent fills him.

Finally she pulls back and takes him by the hair, forcing him
to the ground,
face down. The cement is cold, she can feel it on her knees
through her
thigh-highs as she kneels down and straddles him. She leans
down and hisses
into his ear as his nose is to the ground, "Maybe I'll share you
with the
next person that walks by, be it male or female, would you
like that?"

He shakes his head and gives her a muffled reply as she takes
him by the
wrists and pulls them behind his back. She unfastens his own
belt and pulls
it from his waist, wrapping it around his wrists and pulling it
tight,
buckling it.

She hears footsteps approaching, voices coming closer.
Moving quickly, she
gets off of him and orders him up, making him sit up against
the wall, his
bound hands hidden behind him. She sits next to him as the
steps near the
corner, then she glances over and realizes that she forgot one
thing -- that
her panties were still in his mouth.

The voices come around the corner and she leans to him,
blocking their view,
kissing him as best she could through them, opening his
mouth with hers,
tasting her self as the people behind them mutter something
about
interrupting and then step back away.

Her eyes shut hard, she continues to kiss him, lost in the feel
of the silk
in his mouth, the sound of his muffled breathing, the hardness
of his cock
as she slides close to him. Her own taste in his mouth is so

beautifully
reminiscent of the long kisses they had shared the night
before after he
orally serviced her.

Without hesitation her hands move to his trousers,
unsnapping them, easing
them down around his waist. He struggles and shifts but she
breaks the kiss
and puts a hand over his mouth hard, glaring down at him,
ordering simply,
"Quiet."

His resistance never tapers, but she knows his fight is for her
pleasure
only. She gets his cock into her hands and moans into his ear,
pressing
into him, her legs straddling his waist now as his back is to
the wall. She
mounts him with ease, sliding down onto him and tightening
her legs around
his waist, her knees to the wall that is behind him, thrusting
down on him
almost furiously.

Again he resists, twisting under her hold and moaning into his
ear, using
her hands now to cover his eyes, cover his mouth, slamming
down against him
and taking from him the ability to see or barely breathe. His
breath comes
hard between her fingers and it arouses her even more,
pulling back just a
little to arch her back and take him deeper, opening her legs
what little
more she can, feeling her skirt now up around her midsection
as she
continues.

When she feels she is about to cum she leans into him and
whispers it into
his ear, ordering him to beg for it, to beg her to finish. He
shakes his
head and whimpers, twisting, moaning, she can feel he is on
the edge as
well. "You'd better not do it," she growls, "I'm warning you!"

He whimpers again, this time desperately, as she knows his
eyes would be
begging if she pulled her hand to see them. Instead she holds
it there,
taking her last few plunges onto him, throwing her head back,
gasping his
name, demanding it, demanding that he cum, oblivious to the
music, the
people that probably lurked right around the corner.

She feels him tense beneath her as he thrusts now, hard,
cumming with her as
she finally removes her hands from his face so he can see, so

he can
breathe, gasping through his nose, his hair nearly completely
hiding his
face. She shakes and writhes on top of him, pulling at his
hair, scratching
at his neck, gasping his name again and again as she cums.

She slides off of him and pulls down her skirt, his eyes moving
up her as
she falls back down onto him, her head to his chest, her hand
up around in
his hair. It takes a moment or two, but finally she says, "Think
before you
tease next time."

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