



Akasha's Web



[HOME](#) * [Online Training](#) * [CyberDungeon](#) * [Story Archive](#) * [For Women Only](#) * [Articles](#) * [Miss Blue](#)

Stories

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[Crossing The Line](#)

[Ambulance](#)

[Blue's Treat](#)

[Bondage Party](#)

[Bondage Party 2](#)

[The Chair](#)

[The Challenge](#)

[The Date](#)

[The Dentist](#)

[Domination Dining](#)

[The Escort](#)

[The Fever](#)

[His Initiation](#)

[Interview With The Domina](#)

[Interview With The Domina 2](#)

[Jakes Turn](#)

[Lost Luggage](#)

[The Lovers](#)

[Making Him Shine](#)

[Miss Blue's Gift](#)

[My Surprise](#)

[Owning Jason](#)

[The Palace](#)

[Seducing Allen](#)

[Thursday](#)

[Torturing Zack](#)

[Tristan](#)

[The Twins](#)

[What Happens To College](#)

[Boys](#)

[What Happens To Radio](#)

[Station Whores](#)

Devil's Rain Part One

The dark artist was her most prized possession.

Oh, how he fought, and screamed, and sometimes pleaded with her for release. But she treasured him more than her paintings, her sculptures, more than her rare books on gothic art.

He was, by all means, the piece to complete her collection.

He glared at her from his bonds, shifting in his chair once more and hissing threats under his breath.

Cassandra ignored him as she set up the easel in the far corner of the room.

"You'll get used to it, Noah," she said as if this was common for her. "I'm sure you'll learn to behave in time."

"Fuck you," he hissed, growling at her and thrashing about in the chair once more.

She lit two candles and smiled at him sweetly, shaking the match to extinguish it. "Now, now Noah. You know better than that." She knelt down so that she was eye level with him. "This is our first night together. Don't make it a bad one."

Noah threw his head back and laughed. Then shook his head at her and let out a long sigh. "You're fucking insane."

Cassandra stood and put a hand in his hair but he pulled away. "I'm going to leave you here for a little while to settle down, then I'll come back with Bruce and untie you so you can paint."

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Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut

Noah looked at her incredulously as she made her way to the door. "You're really serious about this, aren't you?"

She didn't turn, just hesitated at the basement door for a moment. Finally she nodded, her back to him.

As she opened the door to leave he struggled again, looking up toward her, trying to think of what to say.

"What if I don't feel like PAINTING!?" he screamed.

The door shut.

"FUCK!"

Cassandra sat in her recliner, her legs hanging over the side, looking through her sketches and humming to herself. Her long red nails had a fresh gloss on them, her hair was hanging down around her shoulders after a long, refreshing bath. Noah had been free for almost an hour, and she could hear him rattling around in the basement.

Of course, Bruce needed to stand in the doorway when she had untied Noah.

Bruce was a large man, nearly twice the size of the college artist, and he already twisted his arm to the point of nearly breaking it earlier that day when they abducted Noah from the campus.

Noah new better than to try anything, so he just stood there in the middle of the room as Cassandra backed up the door, pointing toward the paints she had set up for him. "Something like 'Devil's Rain'" she ordered.

Devil's Rain was the portrait she had seen by him in the community center.

The portrait that made her decide she would have him.

Noah just stood there and stared at her as she left. Perhaps he was still in shock.

When Cassandra slowly opened the door to the basement, her heart was pounding in her chest. She expected great works of art to line the walls of the dark basement, her melancholy artist sitting peacefully on his box spring bed waiting for her approval.

What she saw was a mess. Paint was everywhere; on the walls, on the floors, on the bed. Noah had broken all the brushes and jammed them into the box springs, then wrote obscenities all over the wall with red paint like dripping blood.

He sat proudly on the floor in the corner, his hair disheveled and his pants dirty with paint.

Her jaw dropped, she paced the room in dismay. "You...you little bastard!"

"I don't FEEL like painting." he hissed, starting to move to his feet, seeing that she was alone.

Cassandra didn't back away, she turned to Noah with her eyes on fire and screamed, she screamed so loudly that he reflexively cowered and stepped back, eyes shut as if wincing.

She grabbed him by both arms and pushed him, hard, into the table of paints, overturning it and wrestling him to the floor.

In the struggle she tore her dress, ripped her stockings, and somehow managed to get a spiked heel off of her left foot and ram it into his throat as she pinned him.

Noah gasped and blinked in pain as she wrenched his head back with a fistful of hair in the other hand. The piercing pain shot through him and he screamed at her, struggling, gasping and opening his eyes in an instant to see her clothes stained red and black.

Oh god, he thought, I'm dying, I'm bleeding.

Cassandra pulled the scarf from her hair and held his wrists together as he kept his eyes shut tightly in pain, trying to identify how and if he was hurt. She bound them tightly, paint dripping down her fingers, in her hair, all over his face.

She glared at him as his eyes fluttered open, breathing shaky, looking at her with a sort of shocked realization. His bound hands were shaking a little, his heart pounding in his chest.

Taking the shoe in her hand once more, she rammed the spike heel into his throat and hissed, "You will clean up this mess, and then I will clean you up."

His eyes were on her dress, stained red like gushing blood had crept through her body onto the fabric. It soaked up completely, started seeping through to her skin. He was transfixed, shaking.

"And when we are through, you will paint for me,"

Breath hissed through his nose, his eyes now fixed on hers, his head unmoving because of the heel at his throat which threatened to pierce his skin.

"Is that clear?" she growled, leaning down closer to him.

There were tears in his eyes when she finished speaking. Tears of pain and anger. "What if I don't feel like it..." he hissed softly.

Cassandra backhanded him, hard, across the face, unaware anymore that she was even holding the shoe. The result was a gash across the boy's face that began producing blood immediately, making him arch his back and cry out in pain.

She got up off of him, stumbling for balance, watching him roll over and crouch down onto his knees, holding his face in his bound hands, fingers clenched, white and blue paint covering his knuckles.

Noah looked up at her, slowly, his face pale and eyes glossed over. Blood trickled down his face, intermixing with tears and paint, yet he said nothing.

Both fists clenched, she half limped away from him, one shoe remaining. She collected the broken paintbrushes that were standing upright in the mattress and threw them on the floor.

"I will be back in one hour," she scowled. "And this place better be clean."

(to be continued)

