



Akasha's Web



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Devil's Rain Part Two

She did not return an hour later. She waited, too angry to see him or deal with him. Pacing the floor in her bare feet, her dress torn and paint coating her, she clenched and unclenched her fists.

This was not in her plans. She had not expected to fight with the boy. In fact, she'd thought he might resist just a bit and then succumb to his own artistic needs.

When she finally did return to the basement a short time after midnight, Noah was sitting in the far corner of the room hidden in shadows.

The overturned table was now upright, the easels were back in place, and the paint was sopped up with towels but still staining the floor.

In the shadows she could see him lift his head from his arms, his eyes still red from crying. Making her way slowly toward him in her dirtied dress, she gazed, expecting him to lash out again.

She held a candle up to see him and he backed away. The blood was dry on his face now, the gash a clean line. Paint was still stuck in his hair on chin and cheeks, his clothes were dried and cracking.

When she moved to take him he backed away. His hands were now free as he'd managed to wiggle free from the scarf, and he blocked her as she approached.

It was apparent that she was stronger than he was, she was fit and he was more of a boy at 19, having spent most of his youth reading books and painting rather than playing sports.

So she picked him up with relative ease, grabbing him by the back of the neck and threatening to call Bruce if he put up a fight. She dug her nails into his tender flesh and shoved him forward, directing him like an angry mother toward the door.

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Bruce was in the hall standing by, reading a magazine, giving them nothing more than a slight upward glance when they passed by.

"I'm cleaning you up," she hissed at the boy, "And then you are staying up until you finish something for me."

"No..." he protested, but she shoved him down onto his knees in the bathroom with little regard.

By the end of the bath he realized even more how strong she was, and how little she hesitated to hurt him. Once he tried to get up when she started taking off his clothes, meeting with her open hand as she slapped him hard across the face, re-opening the gash. Blood dripped onto the clean floor before she caught it with a towel, then she forced his face down.

"Lick it up," she growled.

"No...", he struggled, but she held him down hard. He resisted, his body thrashing against the cold floor as the water filled the tub next to them.

She pulled his head back by a fistful of hair and used the washcloth to brush up the small puddle of blood on the floor, and as Noah sighed in relief she wrapped her other arm around his neck so he couldn't breathe.

He kicked, choked, and pried at her arm to try to get her to let go, but she responded by shoving the blood-stained cloth deeply, roughly into his mouth.

Noah gagged, coughing, wailing in agony at her and thrashing under her as she pinned him from behind. She tore his clothes off of him, ripping the buttons off and tearing his loose trousers at the zipper.

Water went everywhere when she deposited him naked into the bath, and the first thing she did was hold him underwater. Cassandra held him down until his struggling became desperate, letting him up and shoving him into the far wall of the shower as he coughed in pain.

She yanked the cloth from his mouth and put a finger to his face, saying in a low, cold voice, "I have no problems, Noah, no problems hurting you."

His wet hair covered his face and most of his eyes, his cheek still produced blood in watered down droplets. He was crying softly, shaking, and when he instantly went to try to get away, she pinned him under water again.

This time, longer.

Shaking in a towel, Noah sat on the floor of the room as she placed candles on each of the small tables. His skin was mostly cleaned up from the paint, his gash was bandaged.

"I don't know," he said softly, his voice hoarse from screaming, pleading and coughing, "if I can paint for you tonight,"

"You'll paint," she said matter-of-factly, setting up a black easel for him and lining up new cans of paint on the table, setting down his broken brushes in a neat line.

"Can I have something to eat?" he asked, sniffing softly and watching her as she arranged the things on the table.

"No." she said simply, "You won't get anything until you do this for me."

"How could you do this to me," he replied quietly, watching her still, waiting for her to turn.

When she did, he saw nothing but detached coldness in her eyes. "I'll go get some clothes for you," she said quietly. "That will give you time to finish something for me. Get to work."

Cassandra saw his art, and her body tingled. He had finished two separate paintings and they were both dark, stunning. She lifted one up and held it, admiring it, as he sat behind her on the floor quietly eating the sandwich she'd delivered to him.

"This is beautiful," she said as she gazed at it.

Noah shivered a little in the towel, his hair now dry but his body still unclothed. He finished the glass of water and wiped his chin with his arm, silent, distant.

She put them down, wiped her hands on her dress, and said simply, "I want another one. Tomorrow. For now, you need rest."

Noah slept, but the next day he would not paint. He refused until she threatened to have him tied down and beaten, and when he was cowering under her screams he pleaded with her and told her he would do what she wanted.

It took several hours, but he delivered. But this time, there was no passion in it. She stared at it and paced as he watched carefully from the corner of the room.

Her hand was under her chin. She squinted at it. A myriad of pastels, of hope. She shook her head. "It's boring."

"It's all I have," he said softly. "that is what is inside of me. that's what you said you wanted."

Cassandra turned to him and he lowered his head. His hair was hiding his face, his arms were around his knees which were tight up against his chest. He was silent.

"Well, then Noah." she walked over slowly to him, her hands behind her back.
"I think we'll need to inspire you."

-to be continued