



# Akasha's Web



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

## Stories

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

### The BDSM Archives:

[Crossing The Line](#)  
[Ambulance](#)

[Blue's Treat](#)  
[Bondage Party](#)  
[Bondage Party 2](#)

[The Chair](#)  
[The Challenge](#)  
[The Date](#)

[The Dentist](#)  
[Devil's Rain](#)

[Devil's Rain pt 2](#)  
[Devil's Rain pt 3](#)  
[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](#)

### His Initiation



And then he said, "I'll be your slave."

Four simple words, and little did he know. The simple beauty in it was that he really was afraid of what I might do, and I took him into my arms without hesitation and backed him up toward the bedframe.

Kissing him deeply, carressing him softly, I pressed him down until he was on his back and I was on top of him, whispering between deep kisses, "Tell me again what you are..."

"I am your slave," he said softy, his long hair a tangled mess in my fingers. "I am--"

I cut him off with a deep kiss and reached down, unsnapping his trousers without hestiation. When he moved his hands to help I pushed them down and pressed them above his head to indicate I wanted them kept there. He moaned in response, a moan of pleasure and frustration.

When I peeled his t-shirt from his chest I sat up and motioned slowly for him to roll over onto his stomach. He looked at me suspiciously, timid, and moved slowly.

Just watching him react made me so hot, sensing the hesitation in his body. He knew what I was thinking, he knew what I wanted.

When I tied his wrists down, spread far apart and above his head, he shivered. He tested the bonds and I moved slowly down his body, my lips and tongue moving across the tender flesh on his back.

I spread his legs far apart and locked my spreader bar around his ankles, tightening the clasps and fastening it to the bed frame. His face was buried into the pillows but he wiggled his ankles in response, trembling a little perhaps, unfamiliar with such a feeling of total helplessness.

I collapsed back onto him again and whispered into his ear, "You are my slave.." and nibbled, then bit, until he gasped in pain and pulled his head away. His long black hair was amazing, soft, and I took it into my

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**What Happens To Radio**  
**Station Whores**

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**Forced Femme**  
**Strap-On & Anal**  
**Humiliation & Groups**  
**Chastity**  
**Cockold**  
**Pussy Worship**  
**Feet**  
**Seduction & Lust**  
**Sheila's Show**  
**Romance**  
**Illustrated Stories**  
**Unfinished Stories**  
**Behind Closed Doors**  
**Space Age Love Song**  
**The Corporate Slut**

fingers to play with it now, finally my own to enjoy.

Fingers in his hair tended to unnerve him but I contineud, stroking it, running fingers through it, tugging at it. He stuggled and tried to look at me over his shoulder, but I just shoved his face back down into the pillow and smirked.

Finally I sat upright, slid off of him, and stood to undress next to the bed. He turned to watch but I was just out of his line of vision. Instead he struggled, rattling the bed frame.

"Oohhhh..." I said as I slipped out of my wet panties, watching him. His pulling at the bonds thrilled me, the way the whole bed shook with his struggling. His resistance was real, he was indeed hating his helplessness.

As I reached behind and unsnapped my bra I asked once more, "What are you?"

He gasped with a growl, "I'm FRUSTRATED!"

I chuckled, moving my hands down my body, now free from clothes. I noticed how wet I was already, how aroused, just by seeing him there, naked, tied down spread eagled and face down. Vulnerable. Scared.

I moved over and layed slowly down on top of him, my hard nipples pressing into his back. My wet cunt pressed into his ass and I shifted so he felt how wet I was.

He moaned and twisted as if trying to turn over. He grunted in frustration as I licked the back of his neck and then bit until he gasped in pain. I bit him again, holding tight, sucking strongly, until his gasps became louder.

My body moved involuntarily against him, I felt myself wishing he was rolled over as well so I could access his cock. I took my mind off of it by whispering into his ear that I was thinking about raping him right there, taking him against his will. I told him how much I loved the feel of his ass against my wet pussy.

He moaned and shifted, begging me to not rape him. He told me it scared him, he told me he was shaking. He told me he would submit to anything, because he was my slave, but that it was for my pleasure. My eyes were shut and I was rubbing against him hard, aroused. I could have cum from those words alone. My heart was pounding, my hand had moved under his lips just to feel his gasps and he spoke to me. I was completely overcome with lust.

Without warning I got up off of him and he turned to look over his shoulder and watch me, but again I moved out of his line of vision. this time his struggling was less determined as he was getting tired or perhaps realizing how useless it was. The spreader bar banged beautifully against the bed frame, his wrists twisted useless against the bonds that held him to the bed posts. He shifed his hips and lifted his ass, and I found myself watching his struggle and finding it so erotic.

I pulled latex gloves from my drawer and put them on slowly. When he heard the distinct, \*SNAP\* of them he turned around and tried to see. "What are you doing?"

I moved forward slowly, lifting one foot and putting it up on the bed. He watched me wordlessly as I moved my hand up my thigh then slowly slid a finger inside of me, moaning with pleasure. I was wet, I was nearly dripping from the mere sight of him. I twisted my finger inside of me carefully, deliberately, watching him. I shifted my hips and continued, his eyes fixed on me.

"Do you know what I am going to do to you, my slave?"

His eyes moved up to mine and he looked at me with terrified disbelief.

I motioned with my other hand, "turn your head, face down and into the pillow. I want all your protests to be sweetly muffled and I don't have time to gag you."

He looked so persecuted, so frightened. "I...I.." he hesitated as I stepped over. I took my other hand and grabbed him by the hair, forcefully shoving his head down into the pillow face down, but careful to let him breathe.

He whimpered, he writhed, but I told him to hush as I slid onto the bed with one knee on either side of his hips. He was twisting under the bonds again, his protests soft and muffled.

I stroked his hair with one hand while sliding the other one, finger soaked with my wetness, slowly up his ass. "Relax, my sweet angel," I said softly, moving down closer to hold him still.

His wrists twisted defiantly again, then finally he stopped to grip the headboard hard with both hands, holding still, holding on for his life. His body was tense, hard. I placed a soft kiss behind his neck to comfort him and whispered again, "I want to make you mine."

I heard a soft muffled reply and I kissed him again, feeling him relax only slightly. When I moved my finger slowly up the crack of his ass he tensed again but I whispered into his ear how good he was making me feel.

He gasped and moaned when I slid my finger inside of him, slowly at first, pressing against his resistance. He tensed and cried out softly but I continued, pressing deeper, twisting slowly. My finger moved with enough ease thanks to my wetness over the smooth latex, but even still he shifted against me in resistance.

My kisses slid down his neck and cheek as he turned his head away from the pillow to gasp for air. I slid in deeper, using my body as I did, at the same time meeting his lips for a difficult kiss from behind him. His response was shakey, his cheek was wet with sweat and his hair a damp mop in his face. He was beautiful.

I moved against him, our tongues intertwined, my finger deep inside of him. His occasional soft whimpers

in response drove me nearly to the point of orgasm several times, but each time I backed off.

After a moment I withdrew and we parted the kiss, leaving him gasping, shaking a little.

I looked at him, so precious there, and pondered sliding a soft velvet blindfold over his eyes to move to much bigger and nastier toys..but most of me just wanted to free him, hold him, and feel our naked bodies intertwined in sweat and lust.

I leaned down and kissed him softly on the cheek as he remained there, eyes shut, breath shaking and soft. "Are you sure you still want to be my slave?" I whispered softly, feeling a bit guilty for what I had done.

His lashes fluttered open and he looked at me, speechless. I didn't ask again, but instead leaned forward for another deep kiss.

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