



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

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### The Lovers



It was the first time I had two victims of the opposite sex at my feet. I'd dominated two men at once before, but this added such a new delightful twist that it thrilled me.

Because not only were they both mine, but they were lovers. Devoted to each other.

And the boy, Derek, was barely submissive at all. He was feisty and defiant, stubborn, and cocky. Danielle, his lover, was timid and innocent, shy, and cowered to him when I approached.

They both were sitting on my floor. Danielle's wrists were bound together in front of her with a red satin scarf, matching the pretty color of her nails. She was wearing a thin, light long dress and her long black hair was hanging down around her face, slightly disheveled.

She slid against Derek's chest when I approached, and he just look at me with a cold stare. His wrists were bound behind his back, because he was not to be trusted. And no satin scarves for this boy - no- he was bound with abrasive white twine that I'm sure dug painfully into his skin.

I stood in front of them for a moment, inventorying my prize. Danielle had her head down against his chest and wouldn't look at me, while Derek tried to soothe her what he could by rubbing his chin against her head.

"If only you could hold her," I said to him, crouching down. "Put your hand in her hair to comfort her." I moved my hand to her hair and she shrunk away, while at the same time he lunged forward only barely as if to stop me.

"Back off, pretty boy, or I'll cut that hair of hers right off."

He glared at me and I could hear him whisper to her, his lips to her ear, "It's ok, dani, she won't hurt you. I'm here."

"So much to learn," I shook my head, running my finger's through the beauty's long dark hair.

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I opened my large chest of devilish instruments and browsed through them, occasionally looking up at my two lovechildren, cuddled up against one another and whispering softly. Danielle had her bound wrists up at his neck and he was kissing her fingertips between words. Such devotion, how bad he wanted to protect her. This was better than I had even imagined.

Danielle was only 18. Still almost a child, she was innocent and delicate, but devoted to submission. This had been very apparent to me when she approached me at the club, lowered her eyes to me, and whispered that she would love to some day serve me.

And Derek had come over, pulling her to his chest, looking at me suspiciously. At 23, her part-time Master but too soft to actually command her, he was immediately suspicious. And after a few weeks of conversations I had them both, more because it was what she wanted, and he reluctantly agreed, if anything just to protect her.

I could not have wished for a better scenario.

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When I stepped over to them with a leather ball gag in my hand, Danielle's eyes peered up for just a moment before letting out a squeak and hiding against Derek's chest.

I crouched down once more, Derek's eyes on me, and then the gag, and when I reached for her chin to direct her toward me she started shaking violently against her lover and he again lunged forward, this time letting her fall over into his lap.

"DON'T TOUCH HER," he hissed.

"But Derek, she needs this. She needs to submit. Danielle, sit up and take this gag for me like a big girl."

Her fingers were clutching his shirt, her bound wrists fumbling for something to latch onto, and her face was totally hidden in his lap. His shoulders moved with a desperate frustration and I knew he was trying vainly to work his way out of the ropes that bound his wrists behind his back. Such the protector. And so against submission of his own. His eyes were on fire with such defiance that the most cruel idea came over me and I even shuddered from the beauty in it.

"Derek, " I said with a slight smile, fingering her hair again and watching him scowl. "I'll show the girl some mercy by not making her wear this gag under one condition."

He looked at me, sternly, distracted by what sounded like sweet little sobs of fear coming from her.

"I won't put it on her, but you have to wear it instead."

He laughed, shaking his head. "Fine, I don't care. I'll do anything, it doesn't bother me," and with that, he opened his mouth and leaned to me, so eager, so brave. But I could see it in his eyes that he was hating it, and did not want that big leather ball in his mouth at all.

I pulled it away, out of his reach. His mouth closed and he looked at me. Danielle was peering up from underneath her long dark hair.

"No, Derek," I said softly, lowering the leather ball gag and placing it into Danielle's soft hands. "She will put it on you."

Danielle dropped the gag like it was cursed and without hesitation gasped, "NO!" but Derek hushed her, his lips against her hair, leaning down and whispering to her.

She was sobbing and I heard her say "I could never do that to you!". His words were inaudible to me but I sat back and smiled, watching them.

"I will wear it, I don't care Derek, I can handle it..." she was saying.

"That's enough, Dani, I've made my decision. Now DO IT."

I had to smile. Such a beautiful display of devotion, fear, and sacrifice. They were actually arguing about who would get to wear it.

And so I stood up, hands on my hips. "Enough arguing. The only solution is to make both of you wear one."

Both of them looked up. Derek has this angry, betrayed look on his face. Danielle sniffled and reached for the leather ball next to her lap and said to me, through tear soaked eyes, "I'm sorry. I'll do it." And it was so obvious at that point her goal was to not displease him. The master that wasn't even a master.

So only fifteen minutes into it I sat and watched her sit up onto her knees, fumbling with bound wrists to hold the gag in place while he urged her when she hesitated, leaning forward because she seemed to be frozen in horror about what she was about to do. Only fifteen minutes into it and she was hesitating and stopping, pulling it away to lean forward and kiss him, how sweet, a farewell kiss that he accepted graciously but broke half way through to say, "Dani, come on, just do it," because he knew that any more stalling would result in a far worse situation.

Through soft tears Danielle said "I'm sorry, I love you," and in it went, as far as she could get it. And she could not manage the straps because her hands were bound, so I ordered him to lay down over her lap while I helped get the buckles in place for her.

And I made her buckle it, watching her shaking hands. And the slave was forced to be the Mistress, and it was killing her.

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When Derek was not able to give her comforting words any more, Danielle seemed more like a lost little girl. She still sat close to his chest and he still tried to nuzzle her with his chin, but she was afraid to look at him (to see that awful gag) and he was unable to provide those soft kisses against her ear that seemed to calm her.

I reached down and took her by the back of the neck and pulled her to me. Derek moved again, moved to block me or to hold her back but it was in vain. With a shove to his chest he was back against the wall, and the entire charade seemed to unnerve his lover even more. When she looked at him with scared eyes, obviously terrified that he was hurt, he just blinked at her, resigned to sit back so she would not get all wound up in a frenzy of fear. If all he could provide was calm, strong eyes of re-assurance, that was obviously what he was resigned to do.

That is, until I blindfolded her.

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Once I got the scarf tied over her pretty brown eyes I had to deal with Derek. I had to lock Danielle to the bed so she wouldn't scurry away, threatening her not to pull the blindfold off with her bound wrists. Then I went to Derek, who was edging forward on his knees, and I shoved him back against the wall.

Taking him by the shirt collar, I hissed, "Look, little slaveboy, if you interfere, I will make it more painful for her. I will leave long streaks on her pretty white skin, I will leave her in tears, I will violate her sweet little body in ways that you have never dreamed of."

Danielle could not hear, but still called out, "Derek??" because she heard me hissing.

I saw his eyes, the pain in his eyes that he wanted so bad to look up and answer her, to tell her he was ok. It was killing him that she could not see him and he could not call out to her. I could tell, by the way he was looking at me, that he was ready to do anything to be allowed to be there for her in some form.

I just shook my head. "You should have thought of this before you were such a miserable bastard to me. Because of that, you can sit here, alone, and she will be calling for you, for your help, for your comfort, and for all she knows you aren't even there."

As I stood he looked up at me. Such true pain in his eyes, mixed with anguish and resentment.

"You've abandoned her," I said. And as I turned away I realized that the blow I had just delivered him was by far the most painful thing I had ever done. To anyone.

And I heard him choke back a sob.

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I put Danielle on my bed. She was semi-holding me, off balance because she could not see. "Is Derek here? Is he ok?" she asked. I knew he could hear her because he shuffled in his little corner, let out a muffled acknowledgment.

She bit her lip. The sound of him like that obviously shattered her nerves. She was used to him being strong and comforting, and he sounded so totally helpless that it killed her.

He must have sensed this too, because from that point on, he kept quiet except for an occasional thump against the wall or the sound of his deep, steady breathing.

"It's ok, Danielle, I'll take care of you now," I said, easing her back against the big pillows on the bed. I untied her wrists and separated them, tying them slowly to each of the bedposts above her. Danielle did not struggle or try to get away, and in the blindfold she looked simply beautiful. Like an innocent princess.

When I moved away from the bed I stopped briefly to pull up her dress, slowly, and as I did there was quite a shuffle from Derek. I turned to him and gave him a knowing glare.

He looked menacing. Possessive.

I hiked the dress up a little more and she squirmed, moving her little hips back and forth. Her lips were parted and she was breathing hard. Her body moved with me, not against me.

I backed off, leaving her dress up right at the tops of her thighs, revealing the pink shade of her panties. But only a little.

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I returned to visit Derek for a few moments, bringing over my large case of various pain toys. As I crouched down his eyes were fixed on Danielle on the bed, watching her, as I had just watched her, squirming so helplessly in the bonds. Her dress moved up even more with every shift she made.

"Derek," I turned his chin toward me and he yanked it away but looked at me. I opened the case and his eyes moved down to it. To the small floggers, the nipple clamps, the sharp little pricking devices, the various pumps and vibrators. The inflatable plugs and things he could not even identify.

I picked up a beaded rubber flogger and held it in my palm, letting the beads drop slowly one at time. "Tell me, Derek, would you trade places with her right now?" My voice was a whisper, so I knew she could not hear.

He nodded without hesitation, nodded and grunted and then Danielle called out his name and his eyes shot up painfully toward her.

"You know, I would be much harder on you." I said.

He nodded and wanted so bad to talk. For a moment I was tempted to take out the gag and make him whisper to me. Whisper how much he would take.

"Or maybe I could make you do these things to her, knowing that if you don't do a satisfactory job, I will do it even worse...that way, at least you could comfort her all the while..."

Derek threw his head against the wall and shook it hard. This was killing him.

"Derek?" she called again, this time her voice shaking a little. "Derek I'm scared..."

He slammed his head back again. This time hard. Hard, so that the pain would deaden the emotional agony. He was writhing in pure agony, and I was loving it.

"Would you beat her, Derek?" I asked.

He shook his head, his eyes lowered.

"Would you rather I do it?"

He shook his head even harder, then raised his eyes to me, and looked at the flogger in my hand. He nodded. He nodded hard.

"I don't trust you," I said as I stood, and he scowled at me, tried to get up but I pushed him down with a boot to his chest.

"I will do this my way, and you will watch. And maybe learn something. And if you interfere, I will do it twice as long, and twice as cruel. If you understand, signify this by putting your nose to the floor right in front of my boot.

Even with the gag, I could make out the words this time. It was a very audible "Fuck you."

And without hesitation, I spun around, opened Danielle's legs just a tad, and let the beaded rubber whip fall

squarely at the most delicate height on her inner thigh. She screamed, gasped, and the tears came at once, and when I turned to face him, he was nose-first on the floor at my feet, and he was visibly shaking.

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I left him on the floor there and moved to Danielle's side, stroking her hair as she cried under the blindfold and the tears rolled down her red cheeks. "Where is he? Is he ok?" she cried.

"He's laying in a puddle of his own drool at the foot of the bed, Danielle. And that swat on your thigh was because he was a miserable prick to me, and had the nerve to tell me to fuck off. I did that to you because of him."

He wailed. Derek lunged up onto his knees upright and his eyes were red, red with pain and anguish and tears, and the sounds he made were so unnerving to Danielle that she started shaking in my arms and ended up screaming, "Stop! Stop! You're killing me!" because she couldn't bear the thought of him so broken.

I stood. I picked up the flogger and held it in a threatening position. She sensed it, because she closed her legs, but I opened them for her.

Derek cowered and inched backwards in defeat, eyes begging me to stop.

I moved around the bed and pointed to the floor at my feet. He got up and inched toward me, but I hissed, "Down on the ground, all the way."

With only slight hesitation he crawled to me, stopped at my feet, and held still while I leaned down and pulled his shirt up. I took his bound wrists with one hand (and indeed the twine was ragged from being picked and pulled at, his skin tormented and red) and lifted them out of the way, delivering three hard blows to his back and then dropping him like a heap to the floor. He writhed in the sting of it for a moment, and when I turned to return to Danielle on the bed he struggled to bring himself back to his knees so he could at least oversee what was happening.

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I sat next to Danielle and she turned her head toward me. Her lips were trembling. "Is he ok? Did you hit him?"

"He's fine. He's watching at the foot of the bed. He cares so much about you, Danielle. You should see the look in his eyes." I caressed her hair and she turned toward my delicate touch.

"Can I see him..please...just take the blindfold off so I can see if he is ok?"

"I can't do that, Danielle, but I can assure you he's fine. He looks so handsome, in fact, in that gag. Strong, yet so tortured. He's looking at us right now. Watching you. Wanting to comfort you."

Derek had eased his way closer to the bed and was near the foot of it, watching me, watching Danielle.

She squirmed in the ropes and turned her lips toward me, almost seductively, "Please, Akasha, can I see him..Can I touch him?" and I saw a gasp of pleasure from her, of recognition, and turned to see that Derek had put his head against her foot, his hair tickling her naked toes, nuzzling her affectionately, comforting her.

When I stood up he ducked back down and Danielle gasped, "Please! Don't hurt him--"

I dragged him by the hair to the corner of the room again, growling at him to not fuck with me, and used a metal fishhook to lock his bound wrists to the leg of the vanity, which was bolted to the floor so I was sure he wasn't going anywhere.

Derek sat up and winced, put his head against the vanity leg, let out his breath, and for the first time looked almost defeated.

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I returned to Danielle's side and she lifted her head to me and said, "Did you put him outside?"

"No, he is on the floor by the door. He can see everything. Are you ready to start, Danielle?"

She shook her head. I played with her mouth for a moment, tracing my fingertip over her soft skin and watching her dampen the bottom of her lips. When I leaned down, her chin in my hand, and placed a very soft surface kiss on her lips, Derek rattled the vanity so hard that hairspray bottles started falling over and rolling off.

This time, when I leaned back, I could see even a little smile on her lips. She had heard that. She was pleased at how possessive he was. She was more in love with him than ever, beyond all the fear she felt.

That alone seemed to comfort her.

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It was time to give Derek the ultimate test before starting in on Danielle. I had taken some time to lay out all of my pain devices alongside Danielle in the bed, and Derek watched me like a hawk. Danielle was mostly quiet during this time, occasionally calling out his name.



I finished and said for both of them to hear, "I'm going to take the gag out of his mouth, but if he talks out of turn or does not answer my questions, it goes back in. Understood?"

Danielle nodded eagerly, and Derek looked steadily at me to acknowledge that he heard me. I moved to him, crouched down, and unbuckled the leather strap behind his head.

As soon as it came free he uttered, "Danielle --" and her face lit up with a big smile behind the blindfold. She writhed a little on the bed to the sound of his voice. Even I watched her. She was -- I will say it -- so sexy in this way, just the way she wiggled around helplessly on the bed, her dress now hiked up almost all the way to her waist.

"Are you ok, Derek?" she asked, but before he could answer I stood up and interrupted them.

"This is the proposition. Derek may decide. I am going to deliver the punishment to Danielle and he may watch, or he will take it for her."

"That's easy -- " he scoffed, trying to get up. "I'm ready."

"Nooooo..." Danielle turned to him. "Because she will make me do it!"

"I don't care, Dani, it's better than putting you through it."

"But!" she tried to find the words but threw her head back, silent. Crying maybe.

"You just don't understand her, Derek," I shook my head at him.

"You don't know anything about me. Let's get this over with."

"Derek," I started with a sigh. "Do you know how much it will hurt her to have to do that to you?"

Danielle interjected, "A lot!"

"The emotional pain is far worse than the sting of the whip to her," I told him. "And for you to want to take her place is an act of pure selfishness, because the pain of watching her helplessly hurts \*you\* too much."

Derek stared at me. He was breathing hard. These words did not rest well with him.

"Dani," he said firmly. "I will do whatever you want, angel. You just say the word."

"Let her do it to me," Danielle said firmly. But her voice was shaking. She was definitely scared. It was difficult to determine who was saving whom, even for me.

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Danielle took her beating surprisingly well. She did cry, and yell out his name, and beg for mercy several times, but she never safeworded or urged me to slow down.

Derek sat up against the vanity, gag back in place, unable to do anything but watch and occasionally struggle to show his displeasure.

I used a variety of canes on her thighs and ass, followed by an assortment of floggers and other little pain toys that helped to decorate her soft skin in varies shades of pink.

The dress was now pulled up past her waist, and through her soft little sobs she asked me what I was doing as I eased her panties slowly down over her thighs. She wiggled to help me ease them down, and the familiar rattling of the vanity behind me signified that Derek was not pleased.

I set down my flogger and walked over to him, his eyes fiercely on his lover as she was sprawled out on the bed, her cheeks flushed, her body gleaming with a thin layer of sweat.

I took Derek by the hair, a nice tight fistful, and with the other hand brought Danielle's fragrant panties to his nose. Damp with her arousal, the scent was impossible to miss. He tried to turn his head but I pressed them to his nose.

"She likes it, Derek."

He yanked away.

"Do you feel threatened because I can arouse her this way without laying a hand on her?"

My voice was a whisper so Danielle could not hear. She wiggled around on the bed a little and called my name. My name this time, not his, and that unnerved him.

I put a finger on his nose. "I'm not done with you yet. This is the part I have been waiting for. Let's see how brave you are. Let's see how much pain \*you\* can take for her."

Derek watched me stand and move to my chest of devices, and I sensed the fear starting to well inside of him as I began pulling out a series of pulleys, ropes and shackles.

\*\*\*\*\*

Danielle was restless because of the lack of attention, so as I assembled my torture device I occasionally reached up and tickled the inside of her thigh with a long feather. She cooed and twisted, trying to get closer

to the sensation. Obviously very hot, very turned on. She was dying for pleasure, for the sensations that would put her over the edge. And I don't think it would have taken much.

While Danielle was still bound by the wrists to the bed, on her back, I unlocked Derek from the vanity and brought him over.

He was still gagged, his wrists still bound behind his back.

Getting closer to her, I could tell he was weak, dying to touch her, wanting so bad to hold her. And she was squirming in the bonds, and her dampness was so visible. Her thighs open, she was grinding even against the sheets, dying for the sensation. Soft little moans escaped her lips.

I took him by the hair and shoved his face between her legs, just out of reach, torturing him with her scent, her arousal. She sensed him there and writhed, opening her legs, wrapping them around his head.

Gagged, he could do nothing. I smirked. He shifted and tried to get closer, helpless, and she was trying to rub against his face, to feel his breath maybe, to feel anything.

"Ah ah ah--" I hissed, yanking him back and shoving him to the floor. He looked up at me with a glare, breathing hard through his nose.

"No time for that, Derek," I said. "We have to move on."

Danielle was lost, writhing in pleasure, coming down from the endorphins that were a result of her beating. She was oblivious to the sounds of me locking her boyfriend in the chair at the foot of the bed, right under the menacing contraption that he was gazing at above him.

\*\*\*\*\*

I bound and chained his wrists behind the chair after removing his shirt and tossing it aside. Danielle was finally aware that he was nearby, calling to him, confused by the sounds of locking shackles and ropes in pulleys.

"What are you doing to him?" she asked me with concern.

"Just making sure he has a good view, Danielle." I told her.

Shirtless and breathing hard, I will admit I was very attracted to him at that moment. Or it might have been the breaking down of his spirit, how his eyes seemed to be showing real fear, of how he was finally distracted enough from Danielle to watch what was about to happen to him.

A rope was hanging down at chest level in front of him, and I said nothing to him as I fastened it to a

fishhook with several connectors, then let them sway a little in front of him while I walked over to my chest to find a few more devices.

As I dug through my toys I watched him looking at the rope, the pulley, then at his half naked girlfriend before him as she twisted in her ropes, her arousal still so obvious.

I returned and tossed a few metal things on the bed that I'm sure he would not recognize, then turned to Danielle. "Time to move you into a new position, my dear."

\*\*\*\*\*

Danielle didn't resist. In fact, she was quite cooperative, almost in a daze, a sort of weak, drugged state from the various feelings rushing through her. Her hair was wet with sweat and her body was trembling only slightly when I moved her, wrists unbound, so that she was laying on her stomach facing the chair where Derek was sitting facing her.

Still blindfolded, I outstretched her arms and bound them together at the wrists so they almost reached the foot of the bed. If Derek were free, he could lean over and probably touch her fingers. If he were free.

I spread Danielle's legs apart and wrapped soft rope around each ankle, binding them to the corners of the bed where her wrists had previously been secured.

With her dress hiked up almost all the way, I could move my hands over her naked ass, smiling at Derek as he struggled, watching, giving me a look of combined anger and desperation.

"I'll have plenty of time for this," I smiled as I got up, leaving Danielle wriggling around face down on the bed.

I got up and took the slack from the rope that bound her wrists together, stood on the edge of the bed to feed it through the pulley, then locked it to the rope that waited on the other side.

I think Derek started to understand, vaguely, what the purpose of this contraption was. Only vaguely.

\*\*\*\*\*

The clover clamps looked menacing enough to Derek that he turned his head and squirmed a little. "Don't worry," I whispered right into his ear so that Danielle could not hear, "They aren't too bad when they are on loose. It is when they are pulled that they tighten...and keep tightening...until it's unbearable..."

Derek winced and twisted when the first clamp went into place on his left nipple. The right one made him let out his breath.

Danielle lifted her head toward us, still blindfolded. "What are you doing?"

"Put your head down, Danielle, or I will hurt him."

Her head went down at once.

Next the chain choke collar went around his neck, and his eyes were still shut tight from the bite of the clamps. When he felt the cool metal his eyes shot open and he looked at it.

I intertwined the loose link of the chain with a cord that was locked to the clamps, then attached both of them to the rope that hung right in front of him.

The way his eyes moved over the device showed me that he understood. He understood all too well.

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"Danielle honey," I said softly, sitting beside her and moving a hand down her bound wrists, over her arms. "What I'm going to do to you is going to feel really good. In fact, better than anything you have felt."

I was watching Derek but he was inventorying the device before him, looking for a way out, a way to move his body, a way to wiggle free.

"And to show me how much I am pleasing you, as opposed to punishing you, I want you to pull your hands toward your body like a good girl."

Derek looked up at once, letting out quite a startled muffled yelp.

I chuckled and stroked her hair. "Don't mind him, you know he is jealous. Aren't you Derek? Are you jealous about the pleasure I am going to provide her, is that the problem?"

When I stood up and moved toward him Danielle innocently tested the slack on the bonds, and when the pulley turned Derek felt every inch of it, tightening the clamps that assaulted him even more, and taking up the slack on the collar around his neck so that it was firmly against his skin.

"Oh dear," I whispered to him, standing behind him as we both watched Danielle innocently fumble with her hands. "Can you imagine what it's going to do to you when she cums, Derek?"

My hands were on his shoulders, and he was shaking, and he was holding so completely still as to not put any more strain on the rope, but his eyes wanted so bad to find mine. He was truly ready to beg.

I wondered which would be worse for him. Seeing her cum as a result of my doing, or the body-wracking

pain combined with the total inability to take a breath. \*\*\*\*\*

I suppose the most sinister aspect of all was that the more Danielle writhed, the more he whimpered. And blindfolded as she was, she thought the whimpering was merely his painful jealousy and helplessness. She was not attuned to the differences between whimpers of pain and whimpers of frustration.

And she didn't notice that the whimpers became more strained, because it was harder for him to breathe. Of course, she was so busy writhing under my touch, under the feel of the vibrator pressed under her naked crotch, the soft feather up and down the crack of her ass. She squirmed and gasped, lifting her head right toward him, her bound hands wavering, wavering, threatening to jerk up at any moment in the heat of passion.

Derek watched, somewhat mortified, his eyes moving between her, in desperation, and me, pleading.

Such big, defiant eyes turned now to pleading desperation. I stared right at him, absent-mindedly sliding the slimline toward her most sensitive of areas.

Derek was sweating, trying to squirm into a more comfortable position. He looked so helpless at that moment that I definitely wanted him, I wanted him on the bed and her in the chair. I wanted to be pushing him to the edge while she watched helplessly.

"Do you want to cum, Danielle?" I asked. Derek shook his head hard. He shook his head at me, his eyes said please, please, please let me go. I dangled the vibrator just out of reach. Her body tried to get to it but she couldn't.

"Please Akasha," she begged. "I need to cum, I'm so close."

"I think it would only be fair if you asked your lover for permission," I smiled as I stood up. She heard me get up and moaned at my leaving her side, the stimulation stopping.

"Derek, honey, my love, please let me cum," she said, lifting her head toward him, toward where she knew he was sitting. But with no idea what situation he was in.

Derek watched her, his eyes glazed over. Tears maybe, or just a painful delirium.

I was behind him, unfastening the gag slowly. Taking my time so he would be able to think about what he would say. I wondered, myself, how he would explain this to her, and how she would react. Would the arousal vanish and she'd break down into choking sobs of horror.

Danielle turned her head back and forth, waiting to be acknowledged. "Derek? Are you there? Are you going to let me cum? Please?"

The gag came out of place and I set it on the bed, then walked around in front of him. His eyes were on her, staring at her half naked frame wordlessly. Wincing at the mere shaking of the rope as a result of her shifting her hands anxiously. The collar so tight around his neck, I'm certain breathing was not entirely easy.

His eyes moved to me.

"Go ahead Derek," I said quietly. "Answer your love. Tell her what's on the tip of your lips."

Derek hesitated. "Danielle...I..." he stopped when her head raised to the sound of her voice, the huge smile coming over her face. "I give you permission," he said, and he closed his eyes.

Startled, I turned to him. His eyes were shut. He lowered his head. He took a deep breath and muttered to me, "Get it over with please."

Danielle's body tensed in anticipation and excitement as I sat on the bed beside her. "I underestimated you, Derek." I said. "You're braver than I thought."

He shook his head slowly, not looking at me. I saw his body tense up when she moaned, and he knew better than anyone what sounds she made right before she came.

And when she came, his screams drowned out hers.

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It took some quick maneuvering to get from her side to the pulley to release it before he choked, to disconnect the clamps before her curling up into a little ball resulted in his nipples being torn right from his body. I muffled his wailing with a damp cloth so she wouldn't go into hysteria, and in her half dazed post-orgasmic state she just sort of writhed around on the bed.

With the cloth half over his mouth, half over his face I could feel him sobbing, really sobbing, biting into it to release tension and his body going into involuntary shudders that shook the whole chair.

Her voice came soft, innocent. "Derek.....? Are you there?"

When I unlocked his wrists from behind the chair and removed the shackles that held him down, he did little more than slump down and hold himself by wrapping his arms around his chest, careful to avoid his nipples.

I scooped up Danielle from the bed after freeing her ankles and directed her into his lap where he put his arms around her and she clung around his neck, still blindfolded.

"Do you want some water?" I asked him, a hand on his shoulder, soft, trying to be somewhat reassuring. I

was coming down from my own high, I will admit, shocked at my own level of cruelty.

He nodded at me, then nuzzled Danielle, and their nuzzling turned to kissing as I walked away.

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In the kitchen I pondered whether or not I had gone too far, this time, but reassured myself that there were no safewords, and that he had the opportunity. I heard them talking in the next room, and he sounded calm.

And when I arrived at the door and went to open it, I stopped, hesitating only briefly. The distinct sounds of eager lovemaking were impossible to miss, so I stopped.

Standing against the door, drinking the water, somehow it didn't seem quite fair. But I smiled anyway.

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