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Making Him Shine

He remained half-kneeling there, sweating, still pulling so tightly against the bonds that they seemed to squeak with his every move.

Perhaps they were squeaking. A strange new set of shackles, black patent leather, glossing in the light. They were reinforced, though, so that he would not snap them in half. I was prepared for him. I knew he was strong, much stronger than he looked.

And as I sat casually in the chair before him, watching him with amusement as he continued to try vainly to break out of the bonds, I admired how beautiful he looked in things that had that gloss. My black patent leather boots were so close to his nose when he leaned down, forehead to the floor, and gave me such a perfect view of his wrists strained against the material. He was digging in with his fingers, but the straps cut too close to his skin.

Yes, his circulation was a mess, I was certain, but it was only a few more minutes before my friends would arrive and they'd hold him down as I slid him into the skin tight suit made especially for him.

"You can't do this to me," he hissed toward the floor, and I leaned down to touch his sweat-soaked hair. My gloved hands contrasted the soft dampness of his hair. He thrashed his head up and pulled away, glaring at me.

His eyes were dark, intense. His bangs hung down nearly touching them, stuck to his forehead with perspiration. His jaw clenched, he was breathing hard.

"Keep struggling, " I smiled. "It gives me something to watch."

His shoulders moved a bit and he lowered his head, this time quiet, thinking.

Soon he was quite animated again, though, because the moment my help arrived to hold him down, he was

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furious. Perhaps he saw the outfit I had prepared for him, the gloves, the boots, the skin tight latex corset, the harness, the hood. It was all very ominous.

But they held him down, kicking, screaming, thrashing about. I was resigned to pace and wait for him to use every last bit of energy. I knew, though, that this may take some time.

By the time he was exhausted, panting, his whole body was soaked with sweat. I had him stripped and was straddling his chest, my wetness pressed down on his flesh, as my help held his arm up, still, for me to work the glove over his fingers.

He watched through half-opened eyes, occasionally hissing an obscenity at me and shifting his hips beneath my weight. His legs were being held down so I felt quite safe, and his shifting beneath me was actually very arousing. I slid my body up his chest, toward his chin, threatening to smother him should he continue his foul mouthed threats.

I was content to tighten the glove, one finger at a time, over his hand. He clenched his fist in resistance and I tightened my thighs around his neck to warn him, soon leaving him whimpering in defeat.

"I don't think you understand, " I smiled down at him, "Just how serious I am."

The slick black material looked like it was painted onto his hand. I slid his fingers in my mouth and started to suck on them one at a time, eyes closed, thinking about how wonderful it would be once his entire body was decorated in this.

I know he could smell how wet I was. Even I could smell it. I felt myself moving against him again, lost in the cool feel of his fingers in my mouth. I slowly raised my body up off of him and guided his fingers down my body, over my catsuit, down to the zipper between my legs.

"no..." He hissed.

I ignored him, holding him by the wrist while I slowly unzipped the crotch of my bodysuit, forcing his fingers up into my wetness. I gasped out loud and his body shook in resistance. I could feel him trying to kick. If he only knew how much hotter this made me, I thought to myself, smiling as I lowered my body onto his hand, forcing his middle finger deep into me. I tightened around it, moving my hips.

In a full length mirror I caught a glimpse of us, a tangled mess. He was naked except for a single elbow length black glove, his hand half hidden between my legs. One of my knees pinned his shoulder, and my assistants were sprawled about holding down his free limbs and hips. All of this fuss over him, this petite little dark haired beauty, just a bit taller than me but with such never- ending energy. His hair now a matted mess of sweat, his back half arched, his teeth clenched tight in fury.

When I came I saw him hiss the single word, "fuck" through his teeth. Defeated. Used.

I moved off of him, quickly, and my help moved to re-pin him more effectively. As I stood, standing above him, peering down, I watched how he shifted to regain circulation. I kneeled down next to him took his gloved hand once more, now clenched tight in a fist, still glistening with my wetness.

I pulled one finger at a time from his fist and held it still as I moved my tongue over it slowly, encircling it. I watched his cock as I did this, naked and exposed, and I whispered, "Just think how appealing," I smiled softly, "your cock is going to be in skin tight latex. black. Shining. Locked in a harness."

The pile of his awaiting outfit sat next to me on the floor. I picked up a latex gag and showed it to him. He growled at me and lifted his head, but one of my helpers quickly forced it back down with a hand over his forehead, then reached over with the other to pry his mouth open.

My victim yelped in pain, arched his back, and held ever so still in that position, his mouth pried open like he was a wild beast.

"Ow," I winced at my friend, half aroused and half guilty at the way my poor victim was treated like such an animal, waiting to be muzzled, his mouth held open relentlessly.

I leaned down, my mouth close to his, kissing him softly on the cheekbone. "Soon you'll appreciate latex as much as I do," I whispered.

He groaned miserably from his throat as I slid the latex mouthpiece deep, moving to kiss him on the forehead as they lifted him so I could lock the buckle tight.

When I finished and stood up, one black patent leather boot on either side of his head as I stared down at him, watching his eyes move up my thighs, between my legs, I smiled down at him.

"Just what I've always wanted," I said down to him, moving the heel of my boot down his naked chest, toward his stomach. "My own little latex slut."

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