



# Akasha's Web



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## My Surprise



I guess you could say it was the most shocking phone call I had ever received.

It was the day after I got home from my New Orleans birthday trip with Miss Blue, and I was exhausted. I had not planned to do any phone sessions that night, but it was one of those evenings that left me really burning. It had all caught up with me. I turned on my phone, unpacking, wondering if someone might call unannounced and long to be dominated.

If no one had called, I planned ahead, I would go online and find someone, some young innocent man, and make him call me while I was tucked into bed, make him do things to bring me to orgasm and help me get to sleep. Because there was no way in hell I would be sleeping without some sort of fix.

When the phone rang, I collapsed onto the bed and picked it up, probably not hiding a shred of my excitement that someone had fallen into my lair. "Hello?" I said, and much to my shock it was a woman on the line.

"Is this Akasha?" she asked.

I laughed a little, embarrassed that I had been in the total sultry-Akasha mode for this poor lady that called me. I figured she was a woman calling to verify she was female for my online dominant mailing list, so I grabbed my pen and scratchpad so I could take down her information.

"My name is Mistress Alexia," she said. I recognized the name - she is a well known professional in Los Angeles. I was shocked, a bit, and flattered she wanted to be on my mailing list for dominant women.

"Yes," I said, "I know who you are. Great to meet you. Are you calling about my mailing list?"

I could hear her shuffling papers. "No, actually, maybe I will find out about that later. I'm calling for another reason actually."

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One time, about a year ago, a pro domme had called me and offered me a job. I assumed it might be the same sort of thing, or maybe she wanted to buy advertising on my site. Still, I always enjoyed talking to dominant women, so I sat in my office chair and asked, "What can I do for you?"

"You have a birthday wish list on your web site."

I laughed. Yes, indeed. As a joke, on a whim, I put up a birthday request list full of items I wanted, and of men I wanted as well. Mostly celebrities, high profile people, under the joke that if they were reading, they could contact me for free domination. That was not the intent, of course; I did it so my other male readers could get an idea about my taste in men. Physically, at least.

There was a pause.

"One of your men, on your list. He's a client of mine. I am calling to ask you to do a session with us tomorrow night."

I wonder, now, if the pause after that line was as long as it felt to me. Because I couldn't really think of what to say. Then it came to me. "Which one?"

She laughed. And she had that dominant laugh. I know it, because I do it too. And Miss Blue does it. It is something we all do. That confident, sensual laugh. "Well, I can't really say. I'm sure you know why. And if you agree, I'd also have to have you sign a form saying you won't reveal any of the details to the public. Again, you probably know why."

I laughed, laughing that dominant laugh back at her (but this time, it was from giddiness, and total disbelief). "If I do that, you know, I'd have to write about it for my web site. What if I don't name names?"

She chuckled. "I can check with him," she said.

And then we talked for nearly an hour.

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Our conversation was not entirely about him. Actually, more than half of it was about her career and her background - I found her very fascinating.

She still would not tell me who the mystery sub was. She said I would like him, and she said he was a regular of her's, but that she only saw him about once every 6 months. His session was for four hours the next night (I gasped at that - such a long time! But she said most men in his type of business did it that way).

She said she would find out if it was ok if I wrote about it, and if not, I would have to agree not to. Obviously, as you are reading this, he did eventually agree, but with the pretense that I made no indication of his physical appearance or personality, at least not one that would give him away.

And I am grateful, I will say, that he had the balls to agree to that. But that is not the side of the story you want to hear about, it is?

\*

I could write for pages about the turmoil my life went into after that phone call. I was delirious with my dominant hunger, and I had an event about to happen my life that I could not even tell my closest friends.

Luckily it was going to happen the next night. I never would have lasted more than a few days. I would have exploded, pure and simple. And that would have been a pretty sight.

Alexia (this is not her real name, of course) told me what time to be at her place, and told me I did not have to bring any toys. She had a fully equipped dungeon. She did ask that I dress somewhat fetishy, as her client, we will call him Daniel (for lack of a better fake name), was very visually stimulated.

So I dressed in a short PVC skirt and low cut PVC top, grabbed my gloves, and clomped out of my apartment in thigh high boots all under my PVC trenchcoat. I was off to the hollywood hills, to one of the most ominous professional dungeons, about to have a session (four hours!) with some mystery man from my list of men I would do anything to dominate.

And I would never be allowed to say a word to anyone.

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Mistress Alexia had a receptionist. The building appeared to be just a normal business operating in the nice side of Los Angeles, even when you walked inside. I told the cute blonde who I was, and she pick up the phone and buzzed the Mistress.

I sat in a waiting room and picked up a magazine to flip through it. It was Vogue. I found it very ironic - it felt like waiting in the front office of a corporate client of mine, or something. It was too surreal.

"Mistress Alexia will see you now. Dania will lead you back," the receptionist said, and right then a red head came through the doors, smiling, and offered her hand.

"Mistress Akasha," she said, "It is nice to meet you."

Now, I know this all sounds silly, and I even debate how much to go into. After all, I could go on for pages

about the way this place looked and how strange all the women were (in a very sexy, surreal way), but I just want to get right to Daniel, and what we did to him, and how I still sit up at night thinking - oh my god - I can't believe I did all that.

So I have to be a little scant with the details.

The place was like - it was like walking through a maze, and after each layer you get deeper into a dungeon-type place. I heard noises from behind closed doors. Whipping sounds, moaning men, women's stern voices. Nothing I had not heard before, but very strange in this setting.

"I've read a lot of your site," the cute red head said to me, smiling as she looked over her shoulder at me. "My Master and I enjoy it quite a lot."

"Thank you," I said. And if I weren't about to - sorry to be so blunt - meet a guy off my list - I would have loved to have gotten to know her better.

But she stopped me at a door, knocked three times, and I heard a voice.

"Come in."

The door opened, I peered inside, and then it all happened.

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I cannot explain to you in mere words the effect these next five minutes had on me. Imagine the combination of these intense emotions.

One, the overwhelming desire to dominate. Pure and simple, I was overdue. It was time to happen. If I was not there, I would have been out finding a victim, because the desire was totally peaking after my trip to New Orleans (lack of sleep, always, makes me feel very dominant).

Two, the very sensual, bizarre, surreal aspects of the situation. They compounded everything I felt. The way the building looked and felt, the beauty and sensuality of the women I met. This was indeed a place like no other.

And finally, the prospect of not only meeting, but dominating a man who I had felt at least some desire to own. I mean, all of the men I threw on that list were fascinating to me in one way or another, and all of them I had considered, at least once, during a masturbatory fantasy, and wondered what they would be like as a slave.

So when I entered the room, and saw the candles and the equipment, and Mistress Alexia in all her beauty, and a kneeling figure beside her (I still could not see who he was), I think my whole world was on fire.

This was it.

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That moment. I saw him, and I knew who he was. My mind was racing. A million things. Oh, I always knew he was kinky. Damn, he looks different in person. I can't believe he is kneeling there. He looks so good. Oh, I want him.

He was kneeling, and he was blindfolded. She was standing next to him, and her hand was resting comfortably on his head. Four hours, I kept thinking. I am going to be here for four fucking hours.

This is, by far, the thing that made my web site worth it after all those years.

That he found me. Or at least, she did.

"Mistress Akasha," she said. "Come see our slave."

And she pulled his head up by the hair, he flinched, and I was so glad he was blindfolded. Because I was gaping, and turned to jello. I walked forward slowly.

She said to me, "Go ahead. You can touch him," and held out her hand to take mine.

She took my hand (shaking, I know, that is not very dominant, but this is real) and put it on his head. I felt hair. Hair in my fingertips. I cannot go into the color, or texture, based on my agreement with them, but I can tell you it felt wonderful.

I was looking at his mouth. Such an amazing, fucking mouth.

"Shall we begin?" she said. And I was watching him breathe. He did not seem very nervous. He seemed very serious.

My four hours began. I could write a novel, surely, but I will only touch on the high points.

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Daniel - I will call him - was very quiet at first. I stood by, watching, when Mistress Alexia led him to a cross and strapped him to it, naked except for briefs (I could barely enjoy looking at his body, I was too entranced with his face, even blindfolded).

"You've seen Mistress Akasha's web site, Daniel?" she asked. Hearing her say his first name, so casually, made me shiver.

"I have," he said. And then, I was shaking all over. The guy had read my web site. Good lord.

His voice, his tone, was very even. Very controlled. He was almost - in a trance. Damn, I wanted to see his eyes. His voice, it sounded so familiar to me.

She was strapping him to the cross. He did not resist.

Then she handed me a flogger. "He likes to be beaten until he cries."

Good lord, I thought. I have died and gone to heaven.

And then we took turns with him. For that time, I was able to regard him as a beautiful back to abuse, and save for his hair and the occasional turn of his head, I sometimes forgot who he even was (it helped me concentrate).

But then she let him down, after about a half hour, and he was a sweating, gasping heap. She put him in my lap, took off the blindfold, and I forced myself (this was very hard) to remain cool, composed, and sadistic.

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I ran my hand through his hair. Possessively. He looked up at me, for the first time. Let me set the stage for you, here. I was on the floor, and it was cold. He was laying on the ground, and his head was in my lap.

Alexia was hanging up the floggers we had used, humming softly.

He wet his lips, and we had eye contact. I wanted to say, Oh, god, you know, I think you're an amazing performer. But I just smiled. I said, "You look good in pain." It sounded silly at the time.

He chuckled a little. He was - interestingly - not really in subspace, if that makes sense. He was removed. "I guess that's a compliment. Alexia, I need some water, if that's ok."

He was very - very hollywood. In that he needed something, and even in the context of domination, it came across in a demanding way. I work with entertainment people in my job sometimes, and he had that same air. Even though he was a slave, he did expect to be catered to, to some degree.

He wiped his chin with his hand and said, "So you are the infamous Akasha."

I felt very uncomfortable. Uncomfortable because he knew who I was. Uncomfortable because he said it with almost a - a sense of distant realism, or even disappointment. As if I, this human being, did not live up to his expectations.

But he was laying in my lap.

I said simply, "Yeah."

"Some of your stories are a real mind trip," he said, and right then the cute red head arrived with his water. She handed it to him, saying "here you are, Mr. So-and So", and he nodded and said thanks.

He drank the water, and then struggled up onto his elbows. He offered his hand to me, politely, and said "A formal introduction, should it escape us later." And he said his name. Looking at him, hearing him say his name, I got all tingly. "Enough resting," Alexia said as I was shaking his hand, letting the feel of his tight grip linger. He smiled at me, sort of, and got up out of my lap and stood.

"To the horse," she said, and he nodded, sniffing once loudly, and then coughing.

I followed her to the horse, we strapped him to it, and we beat him.

We beat him until he howled. And he howled loudly. I realized the real benefit of those big pro dungeons - men can scream as loud as they want. I wanted to gag him, of course, and I brought that up. She shook her head at me, at least that time, and we continued to beat him.

When we were finished he was a sweating, drooling, frothing mess.

But he was still gorgeous. And when he looked at me, his eyes were red but shining. I admit, I had a schoolgirl crush at that point. I wondered why a guy like him did not have a dominant with him all the time to take care of these nasty little desires.

"More water," he said, and Alexia nodded to the cute red head who was standing watch at the door.

This made no sense to me. And even though I was putty at that point, wallowing in the beauty of his painful gasps as he knelt by us, I had no desire to see him regain control.

When the water was brought to us, I took it before he could. His eyes moved to me, his empty open hand out there because I had snatched the glass.

And, on my own, with no one's interests but mine, I said, "If you want this water, you have to earn it, Daniel."

But I said his full name. I said his full, famous, high and mighty name.

He laughed. Amused, I think, at my cleverness. He reached for it, but I pulled it back. Then he looked at me curiously.

"I mean it," I said.

He pursed his lips. I have never seen a man do it quite like that. He did it intentionally, probably because he knew he was quite attractive. "Well then, my lady Akasha, what can this humble slave do to earn a lowly glass of water?"

Of course, many things came to mind. A few hundred thousand dollars. A good, long fucking. Take me to a prestigious awards program. Call me, once a month, and whimper on my voice mail.

"Crawl for me," I ordered, pointing across the room.

I am so predictable, I know. But I do so love crawling, when it is done right. And something about him made me feel that he would do it right.

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Daniel crawled.

Oh, did he ever. He crawled like the best of them. He crawled because he had no shame when it came to being watched. I suppose that is what makes a performance artist just that - they lap up the attention, regardless of how they get it.

By now I was fully into the scene. I was more into domination and less into the schoolgirl crush side of it, and I was ready to really fuck with his mind.

We did many things that night. In fact, they will probably all end up in stories of mine at some point. But to write the entire evening out into one story would make a novel, to say the least.

He was a master at roleplaying, which I sort of expected based on his experience, because as a performer I knew he could portray just about anything.

He knew how to communicate with his eyes, how to fake accents, how to act melodramatic but believable. Alexia was kind enough to basically hand him over to me for an hour - and hour in which I had him do all of my favorite fantasies for me, of which he never acted shocked or dismayed.

I was finally able to gag him. Alexia brought me a big red ball gag, one of my favorites, and when he opened his mouth to accept it I just sat there, wanting to permanently record the moment in my mind.

Here he is, I thought. Daniel-lastname, kneeling and opening his mouth to be gagged by me. He made a beautiful little "mmph" type sound when it went in.



Then Alexia brought out the heavier toys. And even though he said I could write about everything since his name wouldn't be mentioned, he asked me, on the side, not to go into detail about the second half of the night. So I won't. But I will say - simply - that it was amazing.

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Daniel was putting on his shoes. I was watching him from outside a doorway, standing in the hall. People kept walking by. Weird. A woman pushed past me with a guy on a leash. He was bald, and in his 40s, wearing nothing but a leather thong. They seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere.

Alexia whispered, "We'll settle up the fee after he has gone. He's usually not this rushed, but he's got a flight."

"Uh, ok," I said. And I guess I had this idea that I would at least get to talk to him for five minutes, to give me some closure. To at least meet him in a non-surreal setting.

But as soon as his shoes were on, he was right there. He was shaking my hand, and only half looking at me. He was polite, but obviously distracted. "It's been a pleasure, ladies," he said.

Alexia shook his hand, smiling, very calm and still. "As always, Daniel."

He nodded at her, then at me, then said, quickly, "Enjoy your site," and turned and was gone.

And that was it.

I was like - wait - hold on - I am not quite done with you.

When the door closed from his exit, the ladies that worked there seemed to burst into giggles. Women peered out from behind dark corners. Like gossiping teenagers. I heard them whispering about what he had worn and the new style of his hair.

Alexia put her hand on my shoulder, "That was great, Akasha. I am so glad you came."

"So uh..is he gone? That's it?"

"That's it. He comes and goes in a flash. I was lucky this time, I had a day and half to prepare. Often he just shows up."

"Will you let me know the next time he does?" I laughed, still in shock.

"Sure," she said, and led me back to her office.

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I drove home that night, stunned, with a couple thousand dollars in my pocket. Granted, a night with a professional dominatrix (or two) in this town, of that caliber, was a high ticket item. But I guess Daniel was also a good tipper.

So my birthday trip to New Orleans had been paid for, my night had been totally memorable. I had material for my web site. I was in awe. I mean, I could easily write ten pages simply on the way his breath felt between my fingers when I sat on his chest, hand over his mouth, and told him he was mine.

But the details of his eye color, the texture of his hair (and how it was cut), the way his voice sounded..well, I can't go into that. I did make a promise.

I will say, though, that apparently many artists find this kind of thing very interesting. And engage in it, when they can, with great enthusiasm.

And Daniel, if you are reading this, and you know who you are, call me. We can do it at my place next time. I'll still let you pay me, though (I know that turns you on).

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