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A Thursday a Long Time Ago...

It was Thursday, and I wasn't in a particularly good mood. I had spent the 30 minute or so drive to Hollywood complaining to my girlfriend at my side, and my co-hort in the backseat.

The only chuckle I had the entire way there was when I reached for a tape Sarah was sitting on and she said "Are you grabbing my butt already?"

We picked up MissBlue and I was bored and frustrated - just tired, I suppose, and it was one of those nights that it seemed like it took forever to get where we were going. But soon we would be there, around the music and people I enjoyed, but I wasn't at all interested in anything the opposite sex. I just wanted to hold my girlfriend, exchange soft kisses, and watch the pretty boys from a distance.

My Sarah doesn't have any tolerance for alcohol, so one drink pretty much destroyed her for the evening. I had to keep a careful eye on her most of the time, finally leaving her deposited on a couch with a mutual friend where I knew she would be safe.

I was standing at the bar nursing a drink when MissBlue showed up with a boytoy in tow.

I recognized him. The one from before, Mr. Stoic. Cute enough - in fact, quite gorgeous, we had spied him the week before at the club and MissBlue just gave him hell. My interest in him subsided a bit, only because he was relatively expressionless. He kept a straight face. Obeyed everything. Eyes firm. Expressionless.

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Of course, he was just a boy of 18. It might have been fear that kept him quiet and obedient, expressionless. No whimpers, no begging, no hesitation from any of my or MissBlue's commands.

But, I digress.

This time, she brought him over and he was dressed a little more fetishy. I admired his attire while sipping my drink, and MissBlue said to me right in front of him, "He doesn't react to ANYTHING!". She was catching onto my own feelings - the reason why I wasn't pinning him in a corner and having my way with him. I'd lost interest the first time I pulled his hair until he had to throw his head back, and even though I knew he hurt, he merely shut his eyes without even a flinch. Breath steady. Stoic.

I suppose it was one of those nights when all of my pent up aggression suddenly wants to be funneled, and that combined with the desire to see some passionate submission made me want to get some reaction out of the boy.

"You want it, don't you?" I said to him. He nodded. Miss Blue was behind him, rubbing her arms up and down his chest. I was standing close to him, a knee moving up his leg a little. "You'll do whatever the two of us tell you, won't you?"

"Yes," he said. I could see his lips move, see the word, but not hear it because the music was too loud. Still, his eyes were merely fixed on mine, his expression was -- nothing. Just staring. Waiting.

I took him by the shirt collar and prodded down. Down he went, and MissBlue stepped back. He kneeled there at the bar, lifting his head so he could still look up. No hesitation and no resistance.

Mind you, this is a crowded club, and while there is a definite fetish element (and bondage show), I don't usually see people kneeling at the bar. But people just kept minding their own business. It was nothing too out of the ordinary.

I took MissBlue by the arm and pulled her over to trade places with me, so I was behind him and she was in front. I took off my gloves.

He was looking at both of us, unsure. I think MissBlue was unsure too, she

didn't know what I was up to. I moved quickly, almost angrily - but it was more that I had a purpose. A goal.

From behind him I put both hands over his nose and mouth, prying his head up so he faced MissBlue. I leaned down and said loudly into his ear, "When you want to breathe again, you beg. With your eyes. None of this expressionless bullshit, you will learn to BEG."

He didn't struggle. No. MissBlue was smiling down at him, watching his face, but of course I couldn't see anything. He started to turn his head this way and that way, but I held tight. "Is he begging?" I asked MissBlue.

She smiled. "No. Almost."

I leaned down and whispered, "You want to breathe, don't you?"

He nodded, a definite nod. My hands followed.

"Oh yeah," MissBlue beamed. "He's definitely begging now." I could see she was pleased with the look in his eyes, so I let go.

He gasped, but of course I hadn't seen any of the looks he gave. I had no idea if they were good enough for me - just knew they were good enough for MissBlue.

Before he could catch his breath, I took hold of him and did it again.

When I was holding him, I turned to look over and make sure Sarah was ok, and saw a handful of men standing watching us. I leaned so I could see past them, and saw Sarah with her head on our friend's shoulder.

One of the guys leaned over to me. "What are you doing to him?" he asked me. He was smiling.

"I'm breaking him," I said matter-of-factly.

"What do you mean" he asked me. I knew he knew what I meant, he just wanted some juicy details. Fishing pisses me off.

"My girlfriend and I are going to take him home and fuck him up, make him our slave. We're going to take turns using him like a whore, but before we can do that, I need to break his spirit a little."

He was struggling again. I let go. MissBlue leaned down and kissed him hard. I smiled at the spectators, then leaned down when she was done kissing him and kissed him myself, holding him by the chin while MissBlue moved her hands down his chest. Our kiss was deep, intense, and I could still feel him trying to catch his breath. Sweet.

"Hey Blue," I said, loud enough so that our victim and audience could hear. I had my hand over his eyes. "We can whore him out in the club." I looked down at our kneeling victim. "Open your mouth," I ordered.

He opened it.

"Wider," I ordered, clenching a hand around his neck.

He opened even wider, and I turned to the man behind me, the man with the questions. "You want to kiss him?" I offered. I felt our victim tense but MissBlue held him still.

The guy shook his head no.

I peered over, "Sarah!" I shouted. She stirred, lifted her head. "Come over here," I ordered.

She got up, slowly, her friend giving her a prod, then walked over to me and put her hand around my waist, only giving the kneeling boy a half glance before putting her lips up close to mine, offering a kiss.

"Kiss him," I ordered her. "This is MissBlue's boy."

And with my hand over his eyes, my Sarah leaned down and kissed his open mouth deeply, and I wondered with a smirk what he was thinking. Who was kissing him now - if it wasn't me, and wasn't MissBlue. Sarah's tongue piercing set her apart from us, and his eyes were still covered.

I turned and behind me was my other friend. "You want to kiss him next?" I offered. She shrugged, not very interested.

"We should charge money for this," MissBlue smiled at me as Sarah parted from him and then came close to me.

The guy behind me tapped my shoulder. "I changed my mind," he said.

"You want to kiss him now?" I asked. He had obviously been watching the whole time.

"Yeah," he said, and he was looking at me intensely. I had a feeling he thought it would score points with me.

I felt our victim wiggling around. I think he overheard.

MissBlue leaned down to him and he said something into her ear. MissBlue looked at me and gave me a subtle shake of the head.

"I don't think the timing is right," I told the man. "He's pretty worn out. Maybe later."

"He's a lucky guy," he said to me.

"I know he is." I told him.

When I turned back to him, my hand down away from his eyes now, he was looking at me. Tired. Cheeks flushed. MissBlue was stroking his hair back. Sarah was kissing my neck.

It wasn't such a bad night after all.

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