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Torturing Zack



They had him secured and waiting for me when I entered the room. I just saw a figure in the chair in the center of the room, his wrists bound tightly behind him, his ankles crossed under the chair and locked together with chains.

There was a black hood loosely over his head so I couldn't see much more of him, but I made it apparent I was in the room by walking slowly, heels clicking loudly on the marble floor, until I was in the center of the room right in front of him.

His head moved with the sound of my walking but he said nothing. I saw him shifting his hands a little and gripping them together, but other than that, he was pretty still.

For a moment I wondered what sort of prize was waiting under that hood. His body was entertaining enough; he'd already been forced into the clothes of my choice, tight pvc shorts and black fishnets, barechested, with a long silver necklace hanging from his neck. His hands and feet were also bare.

I started moving my hands over his body. My nails slid down over him and he started shifting, and I heard a soft, "Don't" from behind the hood. This made me smile for some reason. Probably because it was not a demand or a plea, it was just a statement, as if I was a machine that would just stop on command.

Yes, I was a machine, he had that much. But stopping was not an option, not now. I had sent my people out on a mission to bring me what I wanted. I drew pictures of him, of a boy I had never seen before, someone that was in my head and I wanted to become a reality. Long, dark locks and feminine features, perfect lips and big, brown eyes. Intense with his gazes, and able to communicate any emotion with his eyes alone.

And I dressed for him, for our first meeting. I wore a short skirt and stockings, garters and high black patent leather boots. The heels were five inches long and ended in a sharp point, to be used later on his tender flesh should he decide to piss me off.

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A tight top hugged my breasts and fit snugly to my waist, long fingerless gloves matched the clip that held my hair up in a tight ponytail. I wore bright red lipstick and felt somewhat like a cat. Tying with her prey before the kill.

They had put out my toys as ordered. Next to me on a silver table was a large assortment of floggers, clamps, gags, plugs, paddles. Even toys I had not seen before. And certainly he had not seen them before either.

I picked up a set of the tightest nipple clamps and leaned over to his bare chest. The thought of doing what I was about to do to him was exhilarating for many reasons. One, because I still had no idea what he looked like. Two, because he probably had no idea what was going to happen, and probably did not even know what these clamps were for. It was going to be pain unlike anything he had felt before. I wondered if it would result in another simple, "don't."

Oh, far from it. He screamed. He screamed so loud I feared I would go deaf. From the first clamp alone. His body slammed forward in the chair and he just wailed like an animal from under the hood. It seemed like forever but I think it was just a few seconds, because my hand went at once over his mouth, under the outline in the hood that I know was his nose.

I felt his breath through the cloth of the hood, pressing between my fingers. It made him so much more real to me. I could feel him struggling to open his mouth, perhaps to bite me through the hood. I could feel his teeth clenched tightly, the muscles in his jaw tight.

"Keep quiet," I ordered, keeping my hand tightly over his mouth, over the hood. "Or I'll tighten this hood over your head with tape, stick something in your mouth, and leave you with two little air holes over your nose to breathe."

I let go and he threw his head away, breathing hard so the black hood expanded and contracted in time with his chest. His voice came in shaking, terrified gasps. "What are you DOING to me?!" I don't know if he was crying, or just had little half sobs in his voice. It cracked when he tried to talk, and he seemed to tilt his head to try to find me.

When I picked up the second clamp he heard the chain from it leave the tray and remembered it from before. He leaned forward toward me, instinctively trying to protect his naked chest, but unable to curl up like he wanted to. His legs twisted and he tried desperately to just crouch into a little ball and roll away.

I came closer and he sensed me there, lifting his head toward me and hissing, "please, please don't do that to me again...god it hurts so much, please..."

I reached up and put a hand against his cheek, against the soft texture of the hood. He turned toward it

affectionately and I could feel him trying to kiss me through the hood. How sweet. But it sort of annoyed me. Manipulation.

"You're trying to kiss me," I told him, "Yet you don't even know if I am beautiful or not."

He stopped, turned his head slowly the other way. He was silent for a second, then started to twist again in the chair. His voice came in little half sobs again, "I just don't want you to hurt me again..."

I leaned down so my lips were close to his face. "And you're willing to kiss me without even knowing what I look like? Are you really so weak? You disappoint me." When I took his free nipple between my fingers to prepare it he started to shudder.

This time I could hear him trying to muffle his screams. They came out like low, guttural groans, and his body was stiff and rigid. Much better. I locked it into place and it squeezed relentlessly at his virgin flesh. When I let go he let out his breath and breathed. He breathed long, hard, and deep.

He shook his head both ways because the hood bothered him, probably. It got in the way of his breathing. "Take this off," he begged breathlessly. "It's so hot..please."

I was looking down at a set of weights, fiddling with the clasp. "No. Not yet. Maybe in a minute."

He turned his head toward me, "What are you going to - " he threw his head back when I placed the weight on the chain. He hissed through clenched teeth and then wailed, and what followed was a long string of obscenities, many of which were directed at me specifically.

With cool but furious calmness, I reached over to the tray and took the most effective gag I had, a large latex ball that would go almost entirely into his mouth and lock behind his head. With the other hand I reached over and pulled off the hood.

His eyes flew open and he blinked. He had so much more hair than I had imagined, and it was dripping with sweat and stuck down all over his face. His eyes were indeed dark brown, innocent but intense, and his lips were perfect. He looked at me and just stared for a second as I approached. I think he expected a beast; not an attractive, alluring woman in such a provocative outfit.

His eyes fell next to the gag in my hand, then he had to look down at what I did to his nipples. When he saw, it was as if it made them hurt more, and he looked back up at once with sheer pain in his eyes. "Please take them off of me, please??"

I had to smile. "You think that would feel good, but trust me, it won't."

He was already distracted from that and busy looking at the gag in my hand as I stepped to him. He could tell where it went and it distressed him. His eyes shot up to me and he tried to shake the mess of wet hair

away, perhaps so I could see what a pretty little boy he was.

I was unlocking the straps on it when he finally started to speak again. "I'm sorry for yelling, it just hurt so much..." he looked at me and kept talking, his eyes now finally finding the tray and looking at all the things on it, making him blink and lower his brows in disgust and fear. "I won't do it again, ok, I promise, I just, I --" he was distracted when the gag was right in front of his face. I held it out so close that it was almost at his lips. He backed his head up and his eyes were down on it, almost crossed, staring at it with a sort of curious distress.

"You're going to have to open your mouth REALLY wide for me, Zack."

His brows went down with anger and he just stared at it and hissed, "No, don't.." shutting his mouth really tightly and turning his head slightly the other way.

I merely leaned forward, balancing with one foot up on the chair, and took hold of the weight locked to his nipples. I tugged a little and he gasped in pain, shut his eyes tightly, and threw his head back, arching his back.

I tugged again and reminded him, "Open it," and that was all it took. He lowered his head to me, eyes closed, and opened his mouth wide, breathing hard.

There was a muffled moan of discomfort when I shoved it in, and his eyes twitched in pain when I kept pushing to wedge it between his teeth. He coughed.

I locked the straps behind his head and then let go, stepped back and picked up the black hood from the tray where the other toys were.

His eyes watched the hood return, and when I lifted it up and opened it over his head he closed his eyes, solemn, until his face was once again totally covered and he was left again in darkness.

Zack of course had no idea what things I could do to him in the chair. I cut through the shorts and opened the fishnets enough to get access to his vulnerable maleness, taking it tight into my grip and watching him try to squirm away. He'd given up whimpering through the gag (unfortunately) and was left to breathing carefully through his nose. I knew he must be very hot underneath the loose hood.

After browsing through my available tools I chose a small metal spreader device that would hold his knees apart so I could work unhindered on that most delicate area between his legs.

I suppose Zack knew that was my intent, because the whimpering did return when I locked the brackets around his knees and twisted the lever so his legs were slowly pushed apart, leaving him open and

vulnerable.

At this point, I was ready for a break. When I sat down in the chair across from him, I had a chance to think for a moment and realized just how turned on I was. As usual, I had been so caught up in his torture that I forgot just how wet it was making me.

I reached over and picked up a vibrator off the tray, fiddled with it a little, then lifted my high heels up onto his lap. He jumped and struggled as I moved my sharp spiked heel up and down his naked flesh, over his thighs, positioning it carefully right at the base of his balls.

"Better hold still," I smiled, flipping the switch on the vibrator until it started humming in full speed. "At least until I'm done."

The buzzing was muffled, then nearly disappeared inside me, and I know Zack knew what was happening. He held very still as I sat back, sliding my ass forward a little on the chair so I could open my legs more and enjoy the long deep penetrating strokes of the plastic toy.

I suppose I'd shut my eyes when I came, because I reflexively shifted my legs and he squealed in pain. I didn't puncture the skin, but gave him quite a scare, although I was lost in the waves of orgasm for a moment before I could check on him.

Sort of sleepy, and content, I rubbed the still-wet vibrator over his naked cock, which was shriveled and hiding between his legs. He tried to close his knees but the spreader bar locked into place every time he attempted to move.

"This isn't good," I commented, "I want to see it hard. Hard for me. Forget the pain and fear, Zack. I can make you feel good, too."

I reached down and started stroking him softly, caressing. He shifted. He was shaking, trembling, and breathing hard again. He didn't want it to happen, I could tell. He was fighting it, but it was useless.

I reached over to the tray and took a bottle of lubricant, squeezing some into my palm. It was cool on his skin and made him jump, but he let out an involuntary moan when I started to rub the slick fluid into his cock and balls. I had to smile. This took no time at all, obviously.

At it's full length, his cock glistened from the lubricant and pulsed a little with his heartbeat. Inviting. I leaned over and pulled down my top and corset, freeing my breasts and squeezing them together against his hard member. He groaned and turned his head from side to side. This was not what he expected at all.

Maneuvering around the bar that separated his knees took some care, but soon I had both breasts carefully pressed against his hard cock so it was lost between them in my long, deep strokes with my body. I held

them together, held my nipples between two fingers, and felt myself close to orgasm again. The feeling of his stiff cock between my breasts as I squeezed them, tightening the grip on my nipples, was pushing me fast.

He moaned a little pain because the motion was making the weight sway beneath his clamped and throbbing nipples. It was too good for me to stop at that point, though, and I saw little droplets of precum forming on his cock as I continued at a quickened pace.

I moved my head when he came, backing up a little and let him spray all over my chest and nipples. His moans were muffled but quite clear, and his breath was shaking and hard as I slid back into my chair across from him, smiling down at the creamy white fluid coating my skin. I began rubbing it in, rubbing it over my breasts and nipples, then crossing one leg over the other and rubbing it onto the heel of my boot.

Once coated, I stood and removed his hood. This time, he was even more sweaty, almost dripping from dampness, his eyes half closed and exhausted. He looked at me weakly and made not a sound when I leaned over and unlocked the buckle of the gag. I had to pry it from his mouth because his jaw was clenched tightly around it.

I sat back down as he licked his lips and swallowed, breathing hard and graciously through his open mouth. I held the edges of the chair I was sitting in and lifted my cum-coated spike heel to his lips. He turned away.

Snickering, I just lowered my heel down to the chain hanging from his nipples and he sat upright to avoid the tension, gasping "Alright! Alright!"

When I raised my heel back to him he looked at it, hesitated, shut his eyes tightly and opened his lips. I shoved it in slowly, watching the length of the 5 inches disappear into his mouth. Slowly at first, then with deeper and more forceful strokes, I started fucking his lips with my cum-soaked heel. Soon he was taking it with his lips carefully, his head positioned to make it less painful, the heel now shining and clean.

I pulled it out and stood, lifting my hands to readjust my breasts back into my corset, pull up my top a little as he looked at me, weak, used.

I kneeled down to his level and moved my hands up his knees, staring into his dark eyes. "I think I'm going to keep you."

He blinked slowly then looked down. He said nothing.

"You'll belong to me. For my pleasure and use. From now on. Do you understand?"

He still said nothing. I merely reached up and took him by the chin, turning his head to face the tray of remaining toys. When I was sure he had a long, good look, I repeated my question.

"Do you understand?"

After a brief silence, Zack spoke. "Yes," he said softly. "I understand."

I picked up the black cloth hood and opened it again once more, lifting it over his head. I pulled it down, and put Zachary back into the darkness.

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