



Akasha's Web



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Blue's Treat

The following report includes non-consensual, non-negotiated acts of humiliation and public play. And alcohol.

But nothing really kinky, sorry.

Fangs

Brought to you by:

Visage -- Fade to Grey Alphaville -- Big in Japan Golden Earring -- Twilight Zone

Special thanks to MissBlue for handing over the goods.

There are times when I go out that I feel -- strangely -- like a vampire.

Imagine that.

It's not that I have a thing for blood. In fact, I'm pretty much on the wimp side of things when it comes to anything even remotely bloody.

This has nothing to do with blood. It has to do with the systematic, deliberate feeding on another person. When you go out, intent on having someone (feeding on them), not looking for anything but the passion they will inspire you with.

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And then, this story is so less exciting, really. I mean, there are so many stories I can tell where I went out, stalked many different prey until finding the one I really wanted, and slowly, cruelly seduced him until the point came that he was looking at me with those eyes -- mouth slightly open -- a silent gasp-- thinking, perhaps, "how did I get here?"

No, this wasn't like that at all.

"I want him," I pointed.

I pointed out, across a dance floor, where I was sitting, fumbling with my long black PVC coat because it was just in the way and annoying. Fumbling because the lighting in the room was bad, the music wasn't quite right.

I picked him because I saw him when we moved across the dance floor to the place where we could sit.

I picked him because I liked his hair. A black mop of sorts, probably dyed, hanging down over his eyes as he kept his head down - just a tilt, not down all the way.

I picked him because he was wearing things that jingled. Like a vampire, when I get like this, I hear everything. All small noises. When we walked across that dance floor, I heard the jingling of metal rings.

Obviously bondage gear of some sort.

I picked him because he was wearing a velvet skirt. One of those long, flowing, gothy types. Not for the crossdressing thing, but because it looked good when he danced.

So I saw him for all of about 45 seconds before I decided he was the one. And I was tired, and lazy, and old. And cranky. Feeling the effects of the vodka we'd ingested while at the gay-boy club where I cooked up my latest story idea (straight boy at goth club is seduced, blindfolded and brought next door to gay club, only to be made meat-for-sale-- and he has no idea that the hands and mouths that adore him are..well...)

Sitting there, fumbling out of my coat, I watched MissBlue walk without hesitation up to the boy, right on the dance floor, and he leaned over (he was one of those tall ones) to hear what she was saying.

I guess it was pretty persuasive, because a moment later she delivered him to me. "Here you go," she said, then went off to do her own thing.

I guess I should preface this with the fact that I never used to do it this way.

Do "it" meaning find victims. I actually used to work pretty hard at it. I can't even recall when it started -- the ability to watch, study, and eventually obtain a victim for any given night.

I just knew that I could do it. I knew that on some given night, when the hunger hit me, I could get dressed up into my fetish garb, apply my makeup, do my hair, and know I would have someone that night.

No, not for hanging-by-the-ankles flogging or severe humiliation scenes, but for evil, subtle, nasty dominant flirtations. Hair pulling. Wincing. Gasps of breath. My hands on his body. Feeling hips. Hands around throat. Eyes. Those looks. Parted lips. Accepting painful kisses. Sacrifice.

All the tastes of submission. Half the calories.

Bondage-lite.

It's just a game. But it is intoxicating. Always has been.

Finding the victims is probably worthy of an entire research study in itself. But I won't go into the details. It's a matter of picking out a victim I find appealing and identifying if he has submissive potential.

In other words, weed out the assholes.

Or the men looking to get laid. Or the terribly insecure who would agree to anything.

Look for the leaders, but the quiet, confident leaders (I find that leaders often have hidden submissive desires -- a role reversal thing, perhaps).

After picking out one, it was a quick matter of trying to figure out if he was involved. Look for wedding rings, bondage collars. Look to see if he appeared to be with a woman.

If not, then I would move in for the kill.

The seduction game -- lasting anywhere between a half hour and 90 minutes, was a series of looks, dancing, watching and being watched. A ritual of sorts, basically establishing a few things:

1. I am interested in you 2. I am not shy about it 3. I want what I want, not what you want. 4. If you are game, come with me.

And then, off to a dark corner.

And let the games begin.

Oh, the old days.

Since then, I have met MissBlue, who is much more fond of the direct approach. That is -- spot victim, approach, and proposition.

"My friend would like to see you tied up."

Well, uhh. They often look at her in shock.

I guess we lose a few more that way. Scare them right off. First of all, there is no seduction. Just, basically, a woman wants to do nasty stuff to you -- are you game?

But, hey, it's quicker than the 90 minute cat and mouse game that usually establishes a fun power twist. Makes them feel pursued. Demanded.

But damn, it's so much easier her way.

I said I wanted that one. And I had him, 60 seconds later.

I think, that night, I was interested in purely sensation.

Kind of the cheap sex version of bdsm, I guess.

MissBlue is very good. She presented him to me, and pushed him to his knees at the same time. I have no idea what she said to him to get him to do that. But since he was wearing some bondage gear -- a belt, bondage bracelets, she probably assumed he had some clue about SM.

Somehow he was presented to me kind of sideways, and instead of turning him toward me, I turned him away. So his back was to me. I was on a raised platform where tables were, sitting in a chair.

He was kneeling on the floor, back to me.

For the next half hour, I did things to him without ever turning him around. I never even saw his face.

**

In hindsight, it was just the right thing to do. The first thing I did was bury my face into his hair a little to feel it -- hair against my skin. I love the feeling of hair, whether it be in my fingers or against my face.

I love the smell of hair. The smell of a man makes him different from any other. They all smell different -- hair products, I know, but there is still something so mysterious about it.

His hair was thick, obviously given that straightish look from the chemicals in it. It smelled good. My eyes were closed. His hands were up, feeling around, trying to touch my face, holding one of my arms.

Without thinking, I took his wrists, put them behind his back, and locked the bondage bracelets together. I like that about bondage gear being in fashion.

"Bondage-ready" I call these types.

They come complete, ready to bind.

So his wrists were behind his back. I still had not really seen his face.

And my hands were moving down under his shirt.

I think I did whisper, "hold still," and he did.

Next, my hands moved up to his throat. To feel his pulse, his breathing. I held him that way. Feeling his swallow.

One hand holding his forehead back. The other on his neck. Just looking at him. I could only see the top of his head, of course.

But I could see him kneeling. Kneeling there, this total stranger. With the sweet smelling hair.

The smell that was still on my fingertips.

Ahh, this is what it is all about, I remember thinking.

When my fingers went probing his mouth, about fifteen minutes into it, he resisted a little. Head shifting back and forth, restrained hands coming up but not all the way.

This quickened my pulse, the reaction, the hesitation. I think I whispered, "Shhhhhh...."

Remember, we had not exchanged any words. No names. No how are you. No do you come here often.
Just sensation.

Fingers in his mouth, I felt sharpness.

He had fangs.

Now, mind you, fangs are not that uncommon and gothic/industrial clubs. In fact, I am probably in the minority in that I don't own any. But I had not had a vampire myself, and suddenly everything took on a new twist.

I had my own little vampire victim.

And his fangs were good, too. Not cheap.

So much so that I immediately took him by the head, tilted his head back all the way, and pried his mouth open.

And that was probably the first time I saw his face -- cute -- more -- distinguished looking than I had imagined. He let me pry open his jaw and I felt the pointy canines.

He swallowed, his eyes on me. I could see a little flash of tongue. He was holding very still as I stared at him, stared at him like he was an alien.

His hands were up a little, still locked together.

Eyes wide open.

We still had not said anything to each other.

I felt those fangs for a long time. Just running my index finger under them. Then taking him by the back of the head and pushing his mouth to my arm, against my skin.

No words, again, but he knew. He opened and bit down slowly, gently. I put my other hand behind his head, holding his hair in a tight grip as if to control him. And when he got a little too firm with his teeth, when I could feel they were about to puncture my skin, I gripped hard.

He opened his mouth, let out his breath, and stopped.

I had wanted to feel how sharp they were (indeed, very sharp) and I had.

Then I wished I had a muzzle. Not a gag, but a muzzle.

I had a little animal in my arms. I wanted to treat him like one.

At some point, about a half hour into it, I decided to turn him around so I could look at him. Pushing his hair all the way back, out of his face, I saw convincingly aware eyes. Unshocked.

Definitely experienced.

I spent time on his neck. Just feeling the flesh. Kisses, some biting, mostly interested in how he would tense, flinch, how his body would react.

It's a feast of sensations on a new body.

The looks in his eyes.

Making him kiss -- suck my fingers.

An exchange of names. A guess-your-age fest which revealed we were both much older than we looked or than was the the usual clientele -- him being 28, me, 29.

(I confess, he did not look a day over 22, delicious.)

Some talk about the fangs. Do you wear them in public. Smile. Sometimes. Just to see what people will think.

More pulling of his hair.

The gasp -- parting of lips -- so differently delicious because his teeth looked so different. The possibility of roleplay overwhelmed me. The capturing and taming of this beast.

And beast he was. Feisty. Probably a dom, or at least an uppity sub. I wouldn't push it. He was definitely not willing to endure just anything as he would slowly, cautiously (as if not to startle the beast) remove my hand if it remained too long around his throat. Not that I was applying any pressure.

No, he endured, but did not just take it all.

Later, drunk in his scents, his taste, his eyes, MissBlue reappeared, hands on hips, informing me that 2 hours had passed.

Lounging in his breathing, the feel of my tongue against fangs (so foreign, like the first time I kissed a woman -- kissing, the same sensations, but with a different feeling mouth. So much the same; so different).

Sadly, but feeling comfortably satisfied in my feast, I gathered up my things and said goodbye to him. Another one I will probably never see again.

And on the way home, quiet, I just thought again about the after effects of it all.

Feeling contently exhausted. Pondering why I did what I did (not with guilt, but with amusement and curiosity -- why did I never even let my hands wander down below his waist? With my fascination of hips, it is so rare I never put my hands around a waist to feel hipbones. I never even felt that velvet skirt). Why the fascination only with his neck, eyes, hair, and mouth.

The after effects, including having his scent still all over me. How every person has a different scent, and smelling it again would bring back the memory of that person.

I fell asleep shortly after, woke up in what I consider a post dominant drunken haze.

And maybe it's because I had been so busy with work that I hadn't indulged myself, or maybe it was because I was on vacation. But that night I went out and did it all over again, different place, different victim. Different scent.

Intoxicating in its own right.

Days later, ready to do it again. Much like being a vampire, feeling the urge to go out and scan a crowd of people for the one I think will taste the best.

But never knowing just what that taste will be.

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