



Akasha's Web



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Tristan



Tristan was bound securely enough to the chair. I had no doubt about that. His wrists were locked behind his back, the chains fastened to the hard back of the wood rungs. His ankles were separated with a short spreader bar and locked to the feet of the chair. Rope tightly around his chest insured that he would not be able to lean forward to wiggle any amount of freedom from his restraints.

His eyes were free, of course, and he used them wisely. He looked up at me with the most beautiful, innocent gaze. But I just paced.

His lips were soft. His voice, shaking just a little. "Please."

Just one word, yet it captivated me. I stopped and leaned forward to him, putting my ear to his lips so I could feel his breathing, hear the shaking in his voice. "What was that?" I asked casually.

His lips were on my ear, giving me gentle, sweet kisses. Seduction. Manipulation. That voice again, soft, trembling just a fraction, "Please?"

My gloved hands found a bright red ball gag on the counter behind him. He could tell by the look in my eyes that I was searching for something to torment him with. I could see the thoughts flashing in his mind, the memories - clamps and leather floggers and a stinging rubber whip.

Tristan was beautiful. I fingered his locks of hair gently, looking into his big brown eyes. The ballgag looked nice against his skin as I brushed it over his cheek and watched how his eyes wandered down to it, registered some sort of hesitation and dread, then closed slowly. His eyelashes were long, dark. I moved my finger over them slowly and he flinched.

This moment was wonderful to me, having him there, so helpless. I was leaning over him in the chair, my body so close to him yet he could not do anything. The key to his bonds was hanging around my neck on a silver chain, and that alone was just inches from his lips. If his eyes were open, he could see it, perhaps reach out for it with his talented tongue.

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But he kept them closed in anticipation of the ballgag. I straddled his lap and eased down onto him, rubbing my panties into his naked erection. Yes, he was naked. Naked and vulnerable, and I was in bra and panties, garters, and high heels.

And of course, the gloves.

I pressed my breasts into his chest and he sighed softly. I knew he could feel my hard nipples through the lace, and if had chosen to open his eyes, perhaps see them erect through the fabric.

But his eyes were closed, his lips barely parted. I took his face in my hands and leaned up to him, using a finger to prod his mouth open more, more, until his breath was coming at me in short, nervous little gasps.

The gag was against his cheek in my other hand as I leaned in even more, parting my lips and meeting his mouth with gentle firmness, moving my tongue inside without hesitation, taking what was mine. He knew by now to hold still, to welcome my tongue and my touch without resistance. His response to my kiss was to accept and not interfere. He offered his mouth to me without hesitation. I took.

And when I parted from him, and ordered this time, "Kiss me," he knew the freedom he had, leaning forward and tilting his head to find mine, his eyes still closed, the chains rattling a little as he reflexively went to wrap his arms around me but couldn't.

His tongue found its way into my mouth eagerly, his breath demanding and hot. I pressed into his hardness as we kissed, my hands in his hair, the ballgag hanging down from the straps that were intertwined in my fingers.

In the middle of the kiss, at the height of the intensity, I pulled back a little at a time until our lips parted and he leaned forward to try to maintain our intimacy. I lifted the ballgag and started prying it into his mouth instead.

He let out a half moan-wail, shuffling his feet, trying to turn his head, half coughing and half whimpering as I pushed harder and harder. My fist was soon clenched relentlessly in his hair, my thighs instinctively tightening around his waist, locking me to him in the chair, squeezing hard to remind him of my strength.

He put back his head all the way, pinned sufficiently, and tried to open his mouth for me, tried to appease me so I could get it in. I was gritting my teeth, the blood was pulsing through my veins. The soft intimacy was lost, I was on fire now, longing to see more of his little winces in pain, longing to ram that thing so far into this mouth that he wailed like a child in my arms.

I was hissing, "Don't fuck with me," even though he was trying his hardest to cooperate. He had just hesitated a fraction of a second too long.

As soon as he was muzzled, my teeth found their way into the soft flesh of his neck and I bit down hard, just to feel him buck in his bonds. The muffled whimpers made me ache. More. I just wanted more.

I held him still with my gloved hands, held his head in position as my tongue and lips traced his flesh and found his collarbone. He whimpered, whined, he wiggled under me and I know if I looked up, his eyes would be begging me. He knew well what was coming. My teeth dug down into the flesh, feeling the bone, and I bit hard, this time shoving my hand over the ballgag to shut him up even more.

I purred when he writhed, I slid up closer to him and started nuzzling his neck, whispering to him how hot it made me to hurt him so, how wet I was. I reached down and slid my panties to the side, letting my wetness coat the length of his cock as I slid slowly up and down.

He moaned and threw his head back. The chains rattled some more.

I offered it to him. I offered it simply, easily at that moment. He knew he could accept or deny it. He knew by that evil look in my eyes what it meant. He knew that this was one of those times that I was asking him a truly loaded question.

"Do you want me to fuck you right now?"

His eyes finally fluttered open and he looked at me, his eyebrows up so sweetly, his lashes a little bit wet from being shut so tight and holding back tears of pain.

I was smiling, sweetly, like a little girl. Straddling his lap in lace panties and bra, rubbing against his cock suggestively, softly fingering his hair with my hands and looking at him like I could not do him any harm.

But he knew.

So torn was Tristan. His eyes showed it very clearly, he wanted to negotiate, he wanted reassurance that this time it would not be so bad. He wanted to feel my tight wetness around his cock, he wanted me to wrap my arms around him and make long, forceful love to him. But he did not want to pay the price. He did not want to submit to the animal.

My sweet Tristan.

I leaned forward and moved my tongue over his bottom lip and he tried to pull away, uneasy. "So what's it going to be, angel?" I cooed to him, again like a sweet teenager that could not do him any harm.

He moaned softly, he twisted in his bonds a little. He thought for a second, then lowered his head against me, nuzzling my cheek, perhaps trying to sedate the beast a little before answering.

Finally, he nodded, gently, his eyes down. I smiled.

I took Tristan. I took him violently, mercilessly. I fucked him so hard in that chair that I thought it was going to split in two. I fucked him but he was so wrapped up, so distracted with the pain and fierceness I showed him, that I doubt he even knew he was about to cum. I slapped him once, about half way through, for looking at me when he knew better. And then I wrapped my legs so tightly around his waist that he could barely breathe, a gloved hand tight around his throat to remind him that I could take him that far.

And when I came, it was for me.

That's not to say Tristan didn't have weapons of his own.

Once I had him bound spread-eagled on the bed, gagged with a pair of panties and his mouth duct taped shut. He had been mouthing off, pretty cocky most of the night, and this was my way of showing him who was in charge.

While I was undressing for bed he kept distracting me with his movements. First a little bit of struggling (that he knew made me hot); very specific moves, looking at his wrists and fingering at the knots, then groaning softly in defeat. Or shifting his entire body slowly, methodically, more as a way to gain freedom, but outwardly suggestive.

When I turned to him, he wasn't looking. But he twisted his hips just right, lifting his ass up a little. His pants were still on, barely, his belt as well, but it was hanging to the side. His small waist looked hot when he shifted it from side to side, and he knew it.

He caught me looking and tilted his head a little, shaking the bangs out of his face and preparing to give me "a look". I turned away so I wouldn't see it.

Tristan knew about "the look". At the right time, in the right mood, a certain look of fear and desperation could shoot right through me and leave me shaking, a mess, and destroy my concentration. It would take me a few moments to get back in focus and remind myself who was in charge.

Tristan used "the look" when he wanted to remind me he could take back a little control now and then. Blindfolds were used on him when I didn't want to risk it, but he learned to use his body to communicate the same things. Yes, he was clever.

I'd learned long before not to let him talk. The gag was always in place, whether it be a latex cock gag, a simple ballgag, or a pair of my panties wedged between his teeth. Ever since the first time he looked up at me with big brown eyes, blinking innocently, asking, "What...what are you going to do to me?"

Sweet innocence. Tristan could play it up. Damn, could he ever. And it infuriated me that I knew he was acting. It was just an act! But he knew that when I was so wrapped up in my dominance, it was all real to me. It had to be. I had to maintain the illusion to reach the brink, and when I was closest to it, I was completely removed from reality. My mind took the situation as real. Everything.

So he knew. Just before I reached the point of nirvana, when he saw my eyes with that distant look of enamored passion, he knew he could start toying with me. Fucking with my head. Reminding me that he was still there, alert, focused, and pushing my buttons.

Furious, sometimes I would lash out, wrapping duct tape around his mouth, covering his eyes with a blindfold, tying him down so tightly that he could not move. No distractions. No challenge. And I'd end up breathing hard, tired, furious, my hair sweaty and my cunt aching. Looking at what I had done to him, how far I had gone, how totally helpless I had made him.

And his little fingers, delicate, prying at the ropes even though he couldn't see them. At this point, I'd have no idea if he was still pushing my buttons, or really trying vainly to get closer to freedom.

Both thoughts killed me. Total lust, desire. Aching, needing. My Tristan.

This time he was toying with me just a little, and he knew I was in a mood that was dangerous. I left him his eyes, and he was staring through me while I laid out my things. Whips, clamps, crops. I was placing them on the bed next to him and he had his head up so he could watch.

Every time I put out something new he would either ignore it, or respond. When I put down the rubber whip he gripped the bonds and whimpered through the gag, and I could feel him staring at me. I resisted temptation to look at him. Don't do it, Akasha. He'll kill you with that look. Those eyes, he's begging. Don't do it.

When I took out the pair of Japanese clover clamps he threw his head back against the bed and shook it slowly from side to side, and there was a distinct but muffled, "No....no..."

My heart was pounding. He was playing up the innocent, pleading little boy role. My weakness. I took a breath. I reminded myself how far from innocent he was. I reminded myself of his cocky grin and arrogant little smirk. I reminded myself how far I wanted to go, and how I couldn't let him distract me.

I straddled his hips and picked up the clamps, reaching down and fingering his nipple. He writhed under me, and again I could feel his eyes staring up at me, imploring me to look.

I kept my eyes off of him and said quietly, "I could get the blindfold...."

He shook his head, shook it hard, then turned it to the side, away from me, so his eyes were out of view. So

good of him. Obeying.

The clamps went on with ease, and I gave the chain a nice, firm tug to remind him of the pain. He winced and moaned, arching his back and lifting my whole body up off him slowly. I felt him shifting his hips under me.

The hips. He knew it would made me hot. He was trying to get me another way. He was distracting me with desire this time, backing off from the guilt. His hips shifted under me, making me wet. I felt him move against my thighs and it made me want him.

It was easy for me to just analyze at this point, to make a mental note of what he was doing to distract me. It amused me; it aroused me. But I knew that once I went deeper, once I started getting into a really dominant headspace, that these little distractions would prevent me from getting where I needed to go.

And I couldn't let that happen.

It was like a clever strategy game with Tristan. He was in just a non-submissive enough mood that night to want to battle with me on a subliminal level. And I was just dreamy enough to want to welcome his games, but knew once I got into it that I would be shaking all over, distracted, and wanting nothing more than to keep that control.

These were the times that I risked hurting him the most. I can't explain how close I have gotten when I was almost there and he pulled some control shit on me, and I lost it in a rage of fury and frustration. Those few moments of crazed anger are a rush, but terrifying. Tristan brought them on. He loved it. Perhaps that was the rush he longed for.

So I never knew quite how far he would push me.

On the bed Tristan twisted what he could when I pulled firmly on the link between the nipple clamps. They tightened around his nipples with the pulling, and he gasped and shifted. He started to sweat.

I eased down his pants and started massaging his cock with long, teasing strokes, watching it in my hand, again not looking at his eyes or paying much attention to the way he fingered the bonds or twisted at his ankles. No, not this time, Tristan.

My lips were just an inch from his throbbing cock and I knew he was watching. He shifted his hips and lifted his ass but I smirked at him. I gave him a playful slap and he moaned in pain.

Then suddenly, without warning, one of the urges hit. I missed his lips, his mouth. Tristan was a gifted kisser, amazing, and I always got myself into trouble when I freed his mouth so I could take advantage of that. He knew it, too.

The trick, of course, was to get him ungagged and put my mouth on his before he could start pleading lines that would make me ache with guilt and desire. When he saw me start peeling away at the duct tape, I could sense the wheels turning in his head already.

This time, as soon as I pulled the panties from his mouth I slammed a hand over his lips to keep him quiet. I gave him a warning look. "Not a word," I ordered, "Or we spend the rest of the night watching tv with you like this."

He nodded at me, blinking slowly. I removed my hand carefully, watching to see what he did. He watched me silently, parting his lips. As I leaned down, closing my eyes, I could feel him breathing. He breathed softly, shakily, and when my lips were right next to his, he inhaled sharply, scared.

My heart was throbbing, my cunt on fire. When my tongue moved into his mouth he whimpered as if my mouth was fire on his. He shifted under me and let out what sounded and felt like half sobs under my kiss, as if it was taking all of his strength to just hold still and let it continue. My body was trembling with lust at this point, and he knew it.

My Tristan. Even so helpless he could do this to me, and I hated and loved him at the same time for it. I kept at the kisses, moving my tongue more relentlessly, playing up to the fantasy he had obviously created himself. I imagined that my kisses were devices of torture, I held him by a fistful of hair and tightened my grip until he couldn't move away without putting himself into substantial pain.

My body was rubbing against his involuntarily, I was so lost in this torture kiss that I was totally unaware of my panties sliding down and my wetness rubbing up and down his cock. He was whimpering under my violent tongue, my kiss of pain, and I tightened both hands in his hair until his whimpers turned real.

I came with my mouth locked on his, not letting him turn away, my other hand having trailed down to cover his nose so he couldn't even breathe unless he breathed through me. His whimpers had turned into desperate sobs between breaths that he could manage, and my body was totally wrapped around his, cumming against the tip of his cock.

Unexpected is an understatement. I pulled back only when I had to, gasping and taking a breath, barely hearing him in the background taking a deep, gracious breath and saying simply, "please..."

I collapsed on top of Tristan, wrapping my body around him contently, shaking, lost. Unexpected orgasm. I rolled over on him a little to look at him through the corner of my eye.

His eyes were closed. His lips turned up in a tiny, knowing smile. Planned from the start.

I smiled. The bastard.

My Tristan.

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