



Akasha's Web



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What Happens to College Boys

The college kid stood there looking at the job listings with a sigh, scratching his head, groaning, pausing only to shut his eyes tight and think back to that night, that car accident, how stupid he was, that fine..that fine. He sighed and fumbled for a pencil, calling himself a fuckup under his breath, writing down some numbers and then cursing as he realized he was late for class.

Calls..more calls. He sighed and hung up again, eight dollars an hour wasn't good enough, He clenched his fists in his hair and wanted to cry. The phone was right there. He could call his parents..he could just tell them...but god, they would flip. They would be so hurt and disappointed.

He threw down his notebook and picked up the college paper, opening to the classifieds, scanning them quickly. The same ads...either shit paying jobs or telemarketing..no, god no.

Then he saw it. One line. It read: "Men needed for screening/modeling. No sex. \$50/hour. Call Anna, 8-1p.m weekdays"

He circled it and thought for a moment, opening a bottle of gatorade and taking a swig. He started to snicker, picking up the phone. Had to be a prank.

His heart was pounding when it rang. He felt something ominous..like he was calling a prostitute, or maybe, or maybe he was the whore this time, maybe it was a lie, maybe she was some hardup housewife wanting sex with college kids. Maybe..maybe it was a gay thing, he would have to suck cock or something. He cringed and shivered as her voice picked up on the other line.

"hello, this is Anna". Ohh it was velvet soft, he tingled at the sound of it, she sounded so ...young.

"hey," he stuttered, "Hi Anna, er, Miss, hi, I saw your ad in the uh..in the Tribune, the college paper?"

There was a pause. He heard shuffling papers. "What's your name?" she asked, very buisness like.

"Jason." he said, realizing he was deepening his voice.

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He heard her writing something down. "Jason," she repeated. "Ok Jason, can you come down Wednesday around 3?"

He chuckled and shifted in his chair, leaning over with his elbows on his knees. "Well wait, I mean, what is it? What kind of job is it?"

"Jason, come on down, it's just an interview to start. I'll explain everything to you then." she said softly. There was a pause. Her voice softened, "You don't need to worry, Jason."

It was so subtle, so comforting, yet ominous.

"Let me give you directions. Are you ready?"

He grabbed a pencil. "Yeah. ok". When she finished, he thanked her, and she added at the very end, "Dress comfortably", then hung up. He sat there for a moment and just stared at the paper. His heart was pounding.

Anna was in the back room of her loft, checking the camera equipment, the lighting. It was a ritual for her. She found her heart racing, she felt flushed, and the lights were not even on. The cameras were pointed from different points in the room, all aimed to a chair against the wall. Her beautiful chair, straight backed, strong, wooden.

She told herself she was being pre-mature. She hadn't even interviewed the boy yet...but..something in his voice had told her he was going to be suitable. Perhaps it was wishful thinking; she had interviewed six or seven in the past three days and they were all flat, one-dimensional -- or arrogant, slightly obnoxious. Immature. Or just too intellectual. Always the extremes, never the dark, sensual, passionate ones she used to have so often.

It was nearly 3 so she checked the settings and left the room, locking it behind her. She retired to her pleasant front room and poured a glass of wine, looking at her clock. "Come on Jason," she said to herself as she clicked her nails on the glass. "Make Mistress happy."

When she opened the door, he was there in all his understated beauty. His hands in his pockets, his head slightly down, peering up at her nervously from under his sandy brown bangs.

"Jason, " she smiled and held out her hand to take his. "Come on in."

He gazed at her and was going to talk, but he was afraid he would say something stupid. He wanted the job, he told himself. He psyched himself up for this all the way as he walked over across the campus, he wanted this, he needed the money. And he trusted her. He trusted Anna, even though he didn't know her.

And god, she was beautiful. He tried not to stare, or to look stupid. He tried to look professional. He found himself glancing at her long legs though, her high, high black heels. Her stockings were black, and when she moved to the other side of the room her short, yet professional, skirt sort of slithered a little to one side, showing the tops of her stockings, her naked thigh.

She motioned for him to sit down across from her as she took a seat in the center of the room, crossing her legs and folding her hands on her lap. She smiled at him as he did, her eyes following his movement.

He cleared his throat and shifted, unable to find a position that was comfortable yet not sloppy. She offered him some tea and he declined, unsure of whether to look around the room or look at her. The silence made him so terribly uncomfortable.

Anna just smiled at him, this perfect little creature before him. Jason, she thought to herself, how good of you to join me. She smiled and said softly, "You're a bit nervous, aren't you?"

He laughed and ran his hand through his long, thick hair, glancing around. "Well, no, I just you know, I don't know what it is I am applying for, or what you want, I mean would want...me to do."

She nodded and he watched how her long, dark thick hair moved with her as she moved her head, fell down into her face as she looked down into her notebook. Her lips were so full, with just a bit of lipstick, her makeup was so light he could barely see it, her cheekbones were amazing. She was so sophisticated, she seemed to radiate class and self confidence. He could tell she was maybe ten years older than he, yet she looked youthfull, fit. Her calves were tight, her waist was thin, and her breasts...

"Jason?" she called to him.

He blinked and looked up, stuttering a little, "Yes, Miss...uhm, Ms..?"

"Just call me Miss Anna, that makes it easy."

"Miss..Miss Anna," he tried to smile but didn't want to look goofy. God, he thought, she is some hot lady. He realized he was blushing and he cleared his throat, half hiding his face behind a hand as if rubbing his chin.

She smiled. "Jason, tell me a little about yourself, then I will tell you what I'm looking for."

"You mean..like, work experience?" he tried leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped.

She shook her head slowly, and laughed. "No..I don't care about that really. Tell me about your interests, your hobbies. What you do to keep fit. Tell me about your eating habits. Tell me about the women you see, what you find passioante and alluring."

He swallowed and gave her a steady stare. "Is this like..a psychological thing? Are you a psychoanalyst or something and you need..you need people to volunteer for something right?" he knew he had finally figured it out.

She just stared at him, so serious, until he looked uneasy. Finally she said, "No, Jason. That's not it at all. Just answer my questions and I'll explain."

As he spoke, she didn't really listen to what he said. She was testing him. She was evaluating him. The way he chose his words, the way he dealt with his uneasiness as she stared into him. Whether or not he ventured a peek when she crossed and uncrossed her legs. If he looked down her top when she leaned over as if interested in what he was saying. How he breathed, how he held his hands when he spoke. How he used his eyes, whether or not he had a range of emotions. No..he was not a flat, spineless typical boy like the others, he was not overly animated or obnoxious. He was pure, honest. He was scared, and it was obvious he was more interested in trying to be sincere than trying to hide it.

Yes, he was perfect.

When he finished talking she smiled at him then stood, walking slowly around, noticing how his eyes followed her. "Jason, I'll be honest with you," she said assertively clasping her hands together. "After learning a little about you, I would like you to start today. Start right now."

He laughed and shifted in his chair. "But wait, I -- I still don't know anything about what you want -- what do I need to do?"

"Come into the next room." she ordered, holding out her hand. "Starting from right now, I'm paying you. If at any moment you want to stop, you can get up and leave."

He stared up at her, his mind racing. She was standing by a closed door, holding out a delicate hand to him. She smiled so reassuringly. "Come on Jason. It's ok. It's nothing illegal. Trust me."

He started laughing, shaking his head. "Jesus Christ, Anna, what the hell. I guess I've done stupider things..."

As he stood and took her hand she guided him toward the door, opening it slowly, correcting him softly, "Miss Anna, Jason."

Jason looked around at all the video cameras, his hands in his pockets, chuckling. "Is this one of those video date things? Is that what it is?" he laughed.

"Just have a seat Jason." she said, more authoritaively, sitting across from him behind a camera.

He cleared his throat and sat down in the chair against the wall, looking around.

From behind the camera she focused, she could hear her heart pounding in her ears. Seeing him in that chair, in her chair. Sitting in the trap. The victim. So unknowing, so nervous, so beautiful. He was indeed beautiful, his face still boyish, his lips almost feminine. "How old are you, Jason?"

She started recording.

He cleared his throat. "I'm..I'm 20."

"Twenty-what?" she called out.

He looked toward her, toward the camera. "Just..just twenty, still. Twenty and uhm, 4 months."

She peered up over the camera at him, making eye contact. She gave him a bit of a stern look, pausing.

He looked at her and shrugged, he shrunk down in his chair, he felt miserable. He felt like he failed. "What?? What did I do? I'm -- I'm not old enough?"

She drummed her nails for a bit, seeing if he would come around. When he just looked at her blankly, she finally said "Talk to me, Jason. When I ask, you answer me. You know who I am?"

There was a slight pause, then he nodded, and he straightened up in the chair. "I'm..I'm 20, Anna," he cursed and put a hand over his face, "I mean, I mean..Miss Anna, I'm 20. God, I feel stupid...I hate cameras."

"You're doing fine, Jason," she coaxed, peering again through the lens. When it was focused she sat down behind it so she could see him, then she leaned down and turned on the lights.

They were bright, and he squinted to adjust to them. "Holy shit," he held up a hand. "I can't see a thing."

She smiled. "It's ok. It's just better for the recording." She knew now that he could not see her, he could only see blinding lights pulsing into him. It was hot, he would sweat soon, and she marvelled in the way he moved his knees back and forth a little, his palms on his jeans, waiting patiently for her next question.

"Jason," she called out softly. "Have you ever been tied up?"

There was a pause. He blinked, then said, "You mean, like, sexually?"

She didn't answer at first. "No, Jason. In any way."

He rubbed his hands on his jeans and looked up, sighing. "Let me think. Uhm...No..I don't really think so..I don't know."

Her hand wandered down her legs, up her thigh. She knew she needed to take it slow. "Jason, do you have claustrophobia?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No, I don't have claustro --"

"NO WHAT!?" she snapped loudly, cruelly, for the first time.

He jumped and bit his lip. "No, no Miss Anna, I don't..I don't have clauso -- claustro-- " he cleared his throat and breathed, "CLAUSTRO phobia, there. damn, it's hot."

Her mind raced, yes, it is hot indeed. She sat back in the chair and it creaked. She started to touch herself, the chair made squeaking noises, and she watched him squint. She knew he couldn't tell what she was doing, couldn't see. All she could see was him under those bright lights, and the red record button flashing in the distance.

"Jason?" she said softly.

"Yes..yes Miss Anna?" he said, turning toward her voice.

"If I were to tie you to that chair, do you think you could get loose?"

His eyes fluttered and moved to the side a little, then he looked at the chair. He leaned down, looking at the legs of it, then at the underside. then he looked at the arms of the chair. He put his hands on the arms of the chair and pulled and rocked at them. God, so beautiful, he was testing the chair!

"Do you?" she snapped.

He laughed. "I don't know, I think so. Could I break the chair?"

"You couldn't break that chair," she chuckled. Her wetness was thorough now, as she saw the dampness in his bangs, how he was getting more uneasy, but trying to hide it. How he wanted to be arrogant, brave, but of course he was scared, how could he not be?

"You wanna tie me up?" he smirked, trying to be cocky.

"Don't second guess me, Jason. I ask the questions. Do you think you could get away?"

"I could try," he said with a shrug. He realized he was breathing hard, he thought, fuck, what am I getting myself into, she's going to fucking tie me up and have some big bald fat guy suck my cock on tape.

He heard her moving around, the creaking of floorboards, the opening of drawers. "You get to choose, Jason. Nylon rope or leather straps."

He laughed out loud and said, "Oh, fuck. I don't believe this." He heard the jingling of buckles and she wasn't laughing.

"Which is it, Jason?"

He laughed again and lifted his hands. "Whatever you want, Miss Anna, it's your show."

When she emerged from the light his breath got caught in his throat. She seemed so different now, so sinister. Her eyes moved over him like he was her prey, she held the nylon rope in her hands, fingering it slightly, and she was breathing as if aroused. He could see her nipples through her blouse..and as she moved closer..he could smell it, faint, the scent of a woman.

She saw him eye the rope in her hands and it aroused her even more. He was having second thoughts, he was beautiful, and this was all on tape. He started taking deep breaths as if preparing for a magic trick. She wanted this moment to last forever.

"If you get free," she said quietly, lifting a crisp one hundred dollar bill, "This is yours. On top of what you've made already." She showed it to him and then slid it down her top. "Are you ready, Jason?"

He nodded but didn't look at her. God, it was precious, she thought to herself, she could take her time with this one. She moved so slowly as she wrapped the rope around his right wrists, binding it securely to the arm of the chair, watching him as he watched her. She waited with anticipation to see the look on his face as he saw the kind of knot she would use -- obviously nothing he had seen before, at least since boy scouts...

"What the fuck is that?!" He laughed as she moved quickly, gracefully with the knot, securing it under the chair so he couldn't get to it with his fingers.

"You don't expect me to make this easy for you, do you?" she smiled, and he looked at her. "I hate losing a bet," she said, and she was caught up in a moment at his eyes -- a very dark brown, with an innocence to them. He was indeed a gorgeous boy, well on his way to becoming an amazing man. How many hearts he would break on his way. Women, she sighed to herself, this one's for you, and she tightened the slack until he let out a yelp.

A yelp that struck her so deep that she almost looked up and asked him to do it again. His chest was moving deeply now, he was getting nervous, and the look he gave her was one of anticipation.

When she moved to the second wrist she watched out of the corner of her eye as he already was fidgeting with the first, how he was already testing the knot..so determined. He leaned over and watched her more carefully, saying softly, "Damn, where the hell did you learn that? Girl scouts?"

She just looked up and smiled softly at him, then moved to his feet. She bound his ankles more quickly, eager to get back to her chair where she could watch and enjoy.

When she stood she picked up another length of rope, walking around slowly and draping it around his chest, pulling his back to the chair and tying it tightly. She could feel the resistance in the knots, how his breathing pulled at the slack, and she could feel it driving her, making her ache. This boy, she told herself, was amazing.

He threw his head to the side to get the hair out of his face and started breathing deep, tightening and untightening his fists.

"Easy tiger," she cooed, leaning down to his ear, "I haven't told you to start yet."

"You didn't tell me I couldn't, either," he replied.

At once she took a fistful of his hair and pulled back, hard. He winced and gasped, finding himself staring up into her eyes. She looked down at him with a glare. Her eyes were like ice this time. "Don't piss me off, Jason."

"Sorry" he hissed, and she let go.

"Sorry what?" she muttered as she walked around to the front of the chair.

He was turning his head from side to side to shake the tension from his head where she had pulled, "Sorry, Miss Anna. Ouch."

She slowly unfolded a white silk handkerchief, waiting until he looked at it, then looked at her. "What's that?" he asked.

She swallowed, she shut her eyes briefly. Her heart fluttered, her cunt ached now. That line would be watched, over and over, she knew it. "What?" she asked, pretending not to hear him just to make him say it again.

He looked at the cloth, "What's that?"

"It's for your mouth. Are you ready?"

He shifted in his chair and looked up at her, his eyes were hesitant. He was scared. It was perfect.

She moved toward him with the cloth and held it in both hands, pulling it tight. "Open your mouth, Jason."

His eyes fell to it then back up at her, he shifted at his bonds, "I thought..you were just going to have me get out of these ropes or something,"

"I don't want you using your teeth on the ropes. Now open."

He swallowed and looked at it, then at her, again. Like poetry. He was so uneasy that it made her want to fuck him right there. She stared down into his eyes, her gaze solid, holding it out in front of him so he would have to make the next move. Standing so careful as to be out of the way of the camera.

He opened his mouth slowly and lowered his eyes, and when she slid the cloth between his teeth she knew she could never let this one go. He suffered openly as she tied the knot, moaning in his throat, twisting at his bonds. He was so miserable, so openly miserable, that she wanted to lower herself onto his lap right there with her nose to his and bring herself to climax right then.

But she stepped back, slowly, watching him as she did, as he had his head down, as if ashamed. Moving his fingers, twisting at the ropes. His hair down in his face, he lifted his head slowly and shook the hair from his eyes.

She stepped back behind the camera, out of his view, and sat in her chair. "You may begin."

The next moments were a blur to her. Her index finger sliding inside her, the sound of his chair creaking as he strained to lean forward. She moved with the rhythm of his struggles, how fucking amazing and pathetic he looked as he tried to at least loosen the knots. All useless.

She bit her lip, bit her finger to keep herself quiet, sliding down in the chair, shifting in it, opening her legs toward him as if he could see, hissing to herself, "fuck me boy, fuck your mistress, angel, stick your tongue inside me," but of course, he couldn't hear.

His struggles made him sweat so quickly, it dampened his face, he twisted and tried to get the gag out of his mouth by rubbing it against his shoulder, but it was useless. He pulled at the rope against his chest but it wouldn't budge.

Licking her wetness from her finger and re-inserting it, she breathed heavy and tried to bring herself back down. She was on the edge, and she didn't intend to cum before he finished. She had to stop and just watch, try to be analytical, but it was hard not to touch herself, her hard nipples, as he rested, breathed, and then

prepared for a more desperate struggle.

He began pulling at the ropes at his chest, harder and harder, grunting in determination, and his determination made her stifle a moan. He got the rope around his chest to give some slack and she knew it was just a matter of time now.

He got his mouth down to his bound hand and pulled at the cloth in his mouth, trying to get his fingers in under it, trying to get it loose.

Reclining in her chair a little, she opened her legs and used both hands, one inside her, alternating fingers, the other moving under her blouse and over her breasts, to her nipples, squeezing them, rubbing her wetness over her hard nipples. Jason's struggle was indeed bringing her to the edge, and when he managed to get the gag from his mouth and gasp, she felt the first orgasm coming on.

She stifled any noise and bucked her hips against her hand, breathing hard from her nose, watching what she could of his sweat drenched bangs as he used his now free teeth to try to get at the knots under his right wrists.

She used her other hand this time as he tugged at the knots, knowing she could cum again if he just made a sound, any sound, pushed her over the edge with any sound of depseration.

When he grunted through clenched teeth she gasped without sound, shaking as the waves came over her. She wanted to call out his name to tell him what it was doing to her, but she kept quiet, watching with lust as he got the knot loose, pulling it away from his hand, finally letting go of it and letting out his breath.

Knowing he would be free soon, she pulled down her skirt and and sat up straight, waiting. She watched him untie his other hand, breathing hard, he was obviously exhausted, but content with himself.

He leaned down and untied his ankles, muttering at the knots, then sat up straight and squinted at the lights. "Anna? Miss Anna, I mean?"

"Yes Jason. You did well. Come here. Slow."

He stood slowly and she said loudly, "STOP."

He froze.

"Down." she ordered. She breathed shakily. this was the test. this would determine much.

He was frozen, standing there in half stride. He looked down, then up again.

"Down Jason. On your knees. Crawl over for me."

There was a moment of hestiation, then he kneeled down slowly. He moved down onto his hands, and slowly moved toward her. She resisted temptation again, wanting so bad to please herself at the sight of him, but instead just sat up and looked at him as he approached.

When he could see her he looked up. She was sweating, he noticed. He could smell her, he wondered if she had been doing something to herself, because he could swear she looked like it. She held out two one hundred dollar bills to him, folded neatly in half.

"How did I do?" he asked softly, just looking at them.

She smiled, then reached over and put a hand in his hair. The first time she had ever touched him other than his hand. "Very promising. Take your money now. Call me next Monday."

He took the money and she stood, walking out of the room, leaving him there kneeling, wondering what the hell had just happened.

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