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The Bondage Party



I suppose you could say it was a bondage tupperware party of sorts.

I'll admit, when I was invited, I thought it was more of a joke. Or would turn out to be one. It just didn't seem like it would be more than a few people sitting around giggling and looking at restraints and floggers and smirking, looking at each other.

It was held in a suite at a nice hotel downtown, and we were all told to be discrete about it. I suppose the hotel would not have looked fondly on a bunch of perverts wandering up and down the halls.

But, how would they know -- after all, when I looked at myself and the other women assembling in the room, we didn't look much different from anyone else in the place. Dressed normal, some in jeans, some in dresses. No outlandish hairstyles. A few visible piercings here and there.

About a dozen of us were milling around the place, and I didn't know anyone, so I sorta kept to myself. People were almost whispering when they talked to each other. Strange, it seemed not too far off from a typical housewares party, where the women whispered and gossiped before feeling comfortable enough to start interacting.

Funny, I think the conversations were probably a bit different, though.

I found myself sitting on a comfortable couch next to a submissive named Amy. Amy was younger -- maybe in her early 20s. Quite cute, her hair pulled back in a pony tail, she even had some freckles. I wondered how much experience she had with this kind of thing. S&M, that is. Still, I felt it a little too early to ask.

There was a hostess -- I think her name was Dana -- she wasn't the one that would be showing us the toys, but she was there to make sure everyone had tea or coffee to drink, to make sure we were all comfortable.

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We did a short round of introductions, and I found it fun to try to guess who was dominant, who was submissive, and who was switch based on how they acted.

Then there was an older woman, Selma, who blushed when the group turned to her. She was clutching her handbag really tightly. "Uhm, " she said, "I think I'm in the wrong suite. Isn't this the Happy Homemaker Group?"

We all had to giggle a little, and that broke the ice. The hostess showed Selma the way to the door, and just about that time our tour guide entered the room.

She was tall, blonde, and walked with such self confidence. Not really decked out in anything too racy, she was wearing a short leather skirt and white blouse. But something about her just screamed dominance.

And behind her was a truly beautiful creature -- about her height, with medium length dark brown hair and brown eyes. He was wearing black jeans and a simple white t-shirt, tucked in with a belt. His eyes were slightly down as they approached us, and when she took her seat on the couch across from us, he kneeled down right next to her feet.

The room was totally quiet. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. I had no idea why there was this tension. It just seemed surreal.

She smiled. And her smile, strangely, almost seemed to put us all at ease. "My name is Sandra, and I'm here to show you some of the toys I've brought, how to use them, and answer any questions you might have. Please don't be shy, chime in on anything, and feel free to ask for further demonstration of everything. We aren't on any time schedule."

Sandra looked at us as she spoke, and I wondered if she was playing the same game I did -- trying to guess who was dominant, who was submissive, and who was, well, you know.

She put her hand on the back of her boy's head, gently, continuing. "This is my slave, Damien, and he's here to serve as my whipping boy of sorts. I demonstrate my equipment on him, and he's also here to answer any questions you might have about how the toys feel from his point of view. Keep in mind he won't talk unless he's asked a question. He isn't being aloof, he's just well trained."

There were some giggles from us. Damien kept his eyes down a bit, but did crack what seemed like almost a smile.

And as she talked, giving more of her introduction, Sandra casually reached into her bag, pulled out a leather collar that had several O-rings on it, and fastened it around Damien's neck. He kept his head down

so she had easy access to the buckles, and I could almost sense the power slipping away from him even more.

Once it was locked on, his eyes were almost glassy.

Wow, I thought. He's really got it.

Once things got moving, we all were at ease. Cracking jokes, chiming in, we were like a bunch of old schoolgirl friends. Subs, dommes, switches, it didn't matter. We were all sharing stories as Sandra went through suitcase number one of evil fun little toys.

And like the others, I think, I was hoping at this point that there were still several more suitcases to go. Because there was something different about seeing an item *in use*, on a victim, and hearing about it. Being able to touch it. Sandra would pass the toys around for us to feel, to see how well they were designed. To smell the leather. To test them out, if we wanted, on ourselves, or on Damien.

And Damien, bless his submissive heart, would sit and take it all. He never really said anything, and his eyes wandered around from time to time, looking at each of us. His eyes -- I can't explain them -- they were so tranquil, so -- forgiving.

I remember when Sandra motioned him over between her legs as she sat on the couch, and he had his back to her. She was holding up a locking ball gag above his head showing us the hole and what it was used for, showing us how a lock could be used, showing us how pliable the leather was and why the design was so appealing.

And I was just starting at Damien. I imagined he had heard this speech many times before. I watched how his wrists were on his knees, still locked together in the shackles Sandra had shown us. I watched how his eyes moved down for a moment, and he seemed lost in thought. But when the gag came down in front of his face, as Sandra started the real demonstration of it, his mouth opened without hesitation and he held still, flinching just a bit when she worked the big ball between his teeth.

His eyes, for some odd reason, fell on me that instant. But I could tell that he was not really looking at me. He was in another world completely. As was I, I think, at that moment. Because I was so lost in how peaceful he looked, how each slight flash of discomfort was like the stroke of a paintbrush on an empty portrait.

Every reaction seemed golden. Pure.

His fingers -- they curled under a little, I saw him fingering a piece of lint on his pants. I wondered if he was

distracting himself from what was going on.

Sandra must have noticed me staring. I have no idea how much time had passed. At some point, we had moved into clamps. She called my name and I blinked and looked up.

She was holding out a pair of alligator clamps. "Would you like to give these a try?"

I blinked. "Oh -- uh.. on me?" I stuttered.

There were some masked giggles. I think, even, Damien was kinda smirking from behind the leather gag.

"No, no," Sandra laughed, leaning over and wrapping her arms around Damien, untucking the white t-shirt and pulling it up, rolling it up as she did. "On Damien."

I swallowed. It hit me, then, that she had probably caught me staring at her prize and knew I wanted a taste. How could she do this to me. How could I go through with it.

But the instincts that drove me set in, and I found myself leaning forward. Sandra was giving some background to the watching women, explaining how they differed from other clamps, but I heard nothing.

I just saw his eyes, as I moved forward, and saw him screw them shut tight.

And I heard Sandra say, "He hates these most of all," and she put her hand over the leather gag that was in his mouth, to cover the hole, to muffle any possible squeals that might come, to silence her slave as I was about to cause him a great deal of discomfort.

"You look a little flushed, " Sandra was saying. To me, not to Damien.

I heard nothing. It was as if I had blacked out for a few seconds. I saw Damien there, his eyes still shut tight in pain, his breathing hard from his nose, and he was leaning back into Sandra as she held him by the arms. He was actually burying his head, from the back, against her as if to get as close to possible to her body, her warmth, to shut out the pain.

The hostess was handing me some tea. Did I really look that bad? I took it, but still could not remove my eyes from him. He had stopped trembling, for the moment, as Sandra began stroking his hair back, slowly, rhythmically. That alone seemed to calm him, to bring him back.

Such a bond, I thought. I sipped the drink.

I wanted to say, right them, "Where can I order one of those?"

And I didn't mean the clamps.

The next section was on floggers, paddles, canes. Sandra had Damien positioned over a chair and we all got a good view of his quite fine ass (in a black thong) and thighs, watching as she demonstrated the differences between each of the items.

The wonderful thing about it was that it was not only entertaining (and arousing, I don't deny for a minute), it was very informative. By now, we were all getting along like best friends, chiming in and giving our own feedback on items we were particularly fond of. Doms, subs, switches, it didn't matter.

The humor in the room was fantastic as well. One of the women, a top from Delaware, said out of the blue, "I wonder if we should go get Selma and bring her back in now. She's missing out!"

We all laughed, and Sandra pulled out what looked like a pretty complicated bondage device. I swallowed hard.

"We'll give Damien a little break, let's all get some more to drink, and start back up in about ten minutes." Sandra said.

The women around me all got up, chattering to each other about favorite canes and best positions, and I just sat there, still in shock a little.

Damien slowly got back into an upright position, pulling up his jeans and fastening them, his back to us as Sandra sat across from me.

She smiled. "You like him, don't you?"

I looked at her, watching him walk off, wobbling a little, to get a glass of water. He immediately was fawned over by the women in the room, but politely kept his distance, nodding, smiling and answering questions.

"He is quite a catch. I envy you," I said honestly. "He just seems to understand things. His body -- the way he moves. The way he uses his eyes."

Sandra took a sip from her coffee and nodded. "You know what they say, though, and it is true. Good slaves aren't found. They are made."

I laughed a little.

"It's true. If you know what you want, it's up to you to build that in them. Damien was a feisty, spoiled,

bratty little smart ass masochist. It took a year to break him down. He's still got a ways to go, but he's got tremendous potential."

"Is he your husband?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, god no. I am married. To a switch, actually. Damien is just one of my partners on the road."

"Ohh.." I said, trailing off. Sandra looked at me, and I knew she was reading my mind. I guess the best dominants are a little psychic, too.

"You want to play with him, don't you?"

I laughed. "Who wouldn't want to?"

Sandra opened up her purse and pulled out a card, handing it to me. "Damien is a professional submissive. If you want to do that scene, you can. "

I looked at the card. It was his name and a phone number.

"You mean -- anytime?" I asked.

Sandra nodded. "You could even see him tonight, if you wanted, since we are in town. You're actually welcome to use this room, and my toys. I'm going out with friends tonight. The place will be empty for several hours."

My heart was really racing at that point. An entire evening with him. And her toys. In that room. Alone.

She looked over her shoulder, "Damien? Come over here."

At once he walked over, and when he arrived at the couch he kneeled down, putting his arms over the arm rest where her elbow was. He looked at her. She smiled, nodding toward me. "This fine lady might be interested in your services."

Damien looked at me. My eyes moved up from his card. He nodded, a polite nod, blinking a little. "That would be nice." He said. It was the first time I heard his voice, really. It was quiet. He had a slight accent -- east coast, maybe. Much deeper than I had thought.

Sandra put her hand in his hair. "Feel free to talk to him about it after the demo is over. As I said, you are welcome to the room. "

"Thank you," I said. "I will."

And that was all I could muster at the moment.

Luckily I had the entire rest of the afternoon to decide whether or not I wanted to pay \$150 an hour (as I had found out from Sandra) for Damien's services. The money wasn't really a consideration for me; I had dropped more than that easily on a shopping spree in the past, and the idea of having a no-strings-attached encounter with a sub like Damien was well worth the cost, in my opinion.

It was more a matter of timing. And wanting to make sure he was as amazing as I perceived him to be. Or was I just really domination-starved because of the loss of Alex and the time that had past since I had played.

Sandra treated us to a thorough bondage demonstration after the break, and I caught Damien looking at me, often through bangs that were stuck in his face that he could do nothing about. Hogtied, once, with a ballgag rammed into his mouth, he looked at me, and I could swear his eyes were begging me, of all people, to offer him some sort of sympathy. And when my eyes showed none, he closed his eyelids tight, eyelashes almost damp, it appeared, and went off into his own world.

It seemed that the bondage, followed by what seemed like an excruciating demonstration of cock and ball torture (on his nicely shaved package, I will add) seemed to push Damien more and more into what I guess was subspace. His eyes were glassy, he kept his shoulders down. His eyes were usually on the floor.

His mouth remained, at all times, just slightly open, as if ready to accept any intrusion his Mistress would offer.

He accepted all the torments without anything but a slightly instinctual brief hesitation, and even that was not for everything.

Finally, when the genital torture was over, and we were busy scribbling away on our order forms, Sandra propped Damien back up onto his knees upright, kissing him once on the forehead as he fumbled to get his zipper back up. He was nodding. I heard her whispering, and his deep voice.

I heard, in the murmurs, "I'm ok.." once from him.

And when she left to walk away to get something, she gave him a parting slap, short but pretty hard, on the cheek. He took it, lifted his head, and looked at me as he arched his back to pull up his fly.

And we just stared at each other.

Damien was kneeling, waiting, as Sandra seemed gone for more than a few moments in the next room.

The woman next to me asked him, "Does this get old for you?"

Damien thought for a second. "It's different. In private, no, it's totally different. Doing it like this, at these demonstrations, sometimes is hard because I guess deep down I'm kind of shy. Sometimes I realize right in the middle that everyone is looking at me, and I start freaking out. I used to have panic attacks. The first time was horrible, everyone thought it was the toys, or Sandra, but it was just the people watching. I kinda freaked out."

We all nodded sympathetically and listened to him. I wondered how many of them, like me, were wishing they could cause a panic attack of a different nature.

"Then, I dunno, I got used to it. I don't mind it. I like the attention, I guess. It's not the same as a real scene, though."

"Is there one part of it that is more difficult than the rest?" another asked.

Damien nodded. "Definitely. When she gets a lot of questions if I am in a really hard position, I have to wait until she is done. Sometimes, goddamn, I remember once, like fifteen people had questions, and I was dying. I was like, god, please no more questions."

I stared at him. I wanted to be there, that time.

The door creaked open. Damien cleared his throat, lowered his head, and it was as if we were not there anymore.

And out walked Sandra, now in a full latex catsuit, sporting a big thick strap on dildo.

She was doing this sexy strut thing, hands on her hips, but almost sarcastically, like we were all old girlfriends, and the next thing I knew everyone was whistling and hooting and Damien had his eyes shut tight.

And I wondered, oh god, is she going to fuck him right in front of us?

Damien just kneeled there patiently as Sandra told us what made a good leather strap on harness so important. She showed us how all the straps were adjustable, how you could use a different sized dildo with this particular one.

When Damien seemed to be off in his own world she turned around to him, took him by the head, and slapped the big latex dick against his cheek a couple of times. He shut his eyes.

"You feeling neglected, little boy?"

He shook his head at once.

"Are you??" She snapped, slapping it a little harder against his soft cheek.

He shook his head and said, "NO, No Mistress. I feel fine."

"Tell me and my friends how good my dick looks. Open your eyes and tell them."

The room was quiet now. All giggling, all whispering had ceased. Sandra was standing over him, her hands on her hips, her latex cock right in front of his mouth. He opened his eyes, and he looked up at her. His head, his eyes all directed at her.

"You look beautiful," he said.

She started to walk around him. Slowly. Her hand traced over his shoulder, under his chin.

I wanted to reach over and hold the hand of the woman next to me. It was like watching a really intense movie. Poor Damien, I thought.

Poor me, I thought. Save some for me, I was thinking. Don't wear him out.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, maybe, depending on the way you look at it, Sandra did not fuck Damien right in front of us. She did, however, show us the best positions to put him in, and showed us how the size of the dildo mattered, and explained about lubricant, cocksucking, and other various aspects of strapon play.

By the end of that session, Damien looked a little flushed, tired. Sandra was answering questions, and even though he said nothing, she called a glass over water over for him and he took it from her, with a barely audible "Thank you," drinking it quickly and graciously.

As he drank, using both hands to hold the glass as they were still locked together, our eyes again met.

"I can have you," I was thinking. "I can have you to myself, tonight."

He blinked, slowly, then closed his eyes and finished the water.

The session wrapped up with Sandra helping us fill out our order forms, answering last minute questions as the hostess walking around making sure we didn't want any dessert.

Damien kneeled, his head resting in her lap, his eyes closed. All shackles had been removed, but the collar remained. I could tell this was part of their ritual; even though she was working, answering our questions, she was using the other hand to slowly stroke his hair, to rub his shoulder blades. And he was breathing deeply, solemn.

His eyes never opened. I wondered if we was dreaming.

Sandra's attention fell on me. "Did you have any questions?" she asked me, taking the order form from my hand and looking it over.

"No," I said, my eyes still on him. "I found everything I wanted on the form."

Sandra smiled, taking it and marking down a few things on a clipboard.

"Except one thing I didn't see on the order form," I said, my voice a little lower.

Sandra smiled, laughing a little. "Of course,"

And Damien's eyes fluttered open, half asleep maybe, and his head lifted only a bit to look at me through the hair that was in his face. His expression was content -- flattered.

"I'd like him for tonight. After about 8, if that's ok."

"That's fine," Sandra said. "I'm sure Damien won't mind."

He looked at me. Smiling a little. His voice was soft, but I could hear him. "I don't mind at all."

And that was the end of a perfect afternoon. Leaving me to prepare for what I knew would be an amazing -- if not interesting -- evening.

And as I left the suite with the other women, giggling, exchanging ideas and asking what each other ended up purchasing, I saw Selma in the hall looking for her suite once more.

"You missed out," one of the other dommes said to Selma as we made our way to the elevator.

And we all laughed to ourselves.

Standing in the elevator, I knew, though, that my best purchase wasn't even made yet.

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