



Akasha's Web



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The Chair



Seeing him there, so helpless, the image framed in my mind so perfectly. Just to watch him there, to absorb the vision of it, catching every slight move he makes, recording it in my mind, holding so still so I can hear his breathing against the bonds.

I miss his eyes, I must admit, but I too must suffer sometimes. He's before me on my chair, my prized possession, my dentist contraption that reclines all the way back so he is nearly upside down, his hair hanging backwards toward the floor. My mirror is set up there so I can see his face more clearly from where I am, across the room a bit, standing still, gazing.

His wrists are strapped to the arms of the chair with tired, worn leather straps. But they still hold firm, despite his occasional twisting at them. My eyes wander so often to his hands, clad tightly in black pvc, his gloves I'd made him put on before committing him to the chair. When he clinches his fists they make that familiar crisp sound of plastic against plastic, almost as tantalizing as the sound of the creaking the straps make when he twists at them.

But his chest...to watch him breathe is pure bliss, a heavy strap drawn taught across his chest, over the tight black shirt he is wearing. Occasionally he tugs this way or that way, shaking the chair a little, as if reaffirming that yes, he cant move.

"Yes," I say softly, walking over to him, leaning down, "you can't move."

He turns his head toward my voice as if looking at me, I can almost feel his stare through the leather shield over his eyes. His face is so solemn, so emotionless, I reach up slowly and put a gloved finger to his lips, but he turns away at once as if I am poison.

Then his shifting becomes more defiant and I have to step back to see it all, moving against the wall, glad he can't see me because the look of desire on my face must be a dead giveaway.

And then his breathing, from the struggle, turns to ragged gasps and the hair in his face is damp with sweat from the moving and the lights, then finally he lets out a resigned moan and drops his head back, sighing.

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"Are you done yet?" I ask, mocking.

He response is to clench both fists tightly, pulling a last time, showing me his strength, his will to not give up.

"Seduce me," I saw, walking slowly to him, loudly so he hears my boots and recalls in his mind how I am dressed. "Seduce me and I might let you go. Seduce me with what you have, what I have left you, before I take that away too."

He lifts his head in my direction and shakes it a little, "Let me see," he challenges, "Take this off."

I laugh, walking around slowly to the other side of the chair, his head following my steps. "I don't think so. " I know what he is thinking, and perhaps he is right, that his eyes can pierce through me so easily, that he can flutter his lashes at me in just the right light and make me ache with desire.

He drops his head back and grits his teeth, thinking perhaps.

I lean toward him and reach up for the light, bringing it down so it shines more in his face. He feels the heat and squints behind the blindfold, turning his head to get away, arching his back against the strap over his chest.

"You look so beautiful when you're helpless like this," I say softly, running a hand through his hair delicately, softly, letting it fall between my fingers and back toward the floor. His head moves toward my hand instinctively, perhaps longing for my touch, basking in my gentleness, playing up to me while he can.

For a moment I am lost in it, how devoted he looks as his head is turned toward me as much as he can, ignoring the piercing light as it shines down onto his cheek, ignoring the sweat as it starts to drip down his face.

I lean down to his mouth so close he can feel my breath there, and he parts his lips for me, welcoming me, encouraging me, almost hesitant in his moves. My mouth is so close to his I can hear and feel his breath mix with mine, my fingers now intertwined in his hair at the back of his neck. I ease forward so our lips are touching, tightening my fist in his hair slowly, slowly, until he tenses and gasps in my mouth, fliching behind the blindfold, holding as still as possible.

It's impossible to resist so I don't, pressing my mouth hard onto his, kissing him deep as I pull his head back, holding it still, feeling a stifled whimper from him as he tries to respond to the kiss while dealing with the pain, but I only tighten my fist more, pulling back, forcing him to break the kiss or suffer through it, letting him decide which is more important.

He pulls the other way defiantly, kissing me with such painful devotion, even whimpering while he does, of

course driving me more, making me take him deeper, kiss him harder, hungry, lost in the sacrifice he's making.

I finally break the kiss and let go of his hair, he gasps in pain and breathes hard, nearly panting, wincing in memory and turning his head a little. Before he can recover I lean forward and place my hand tightly over his mouth and he whimpers, trying to breathe, turning his head to get away but without success.

I merely lean harder into the chair for leverage, holding my grip over his nose and mouth relentlessly, despite his thrashing about. "Hold still," I growl at him, using the other hand to hold him by a fistful of hair.

He tenses, arches his back, whimpers behind my grip.

"Shut up," I scowl, holding my pose with keen deliberation. "Not a sound out of you."

The silence is such that I can almost hear his heartbeat in my veins, how still he is keeping, his chest unmoving, he struggle to breath ceased. I loosen my hold and he doesn't pull away, just breathes a little, gracious.

My lips move down his neck and he moans, moans in frustration, I know he hates it when I am this way, when I go from cruelty to affection and switch back before he can even adjust, when he can't see the look in my eyes to know whether I'm going to hit him or kiss him.

"Open your mouth," I order, my lips at his chin, placing delicate kisses on his skin. He parts his lips for me and I order, "More", watching him tense as he does, so precious, as he knows that I might be preparing to force something uncomfortable into his mouth, or instead placing a deep passionate kiss on his lips.

He opens his mouth wide, his hands slowly tightening into fists, and I have to almost sigh in regret when I lift the gag that he can't see, the one he hates, the ominous black leather one that fills his mouth and locks tightly behind his head. How precious he looks there, blinded, waiting bravely, his breathing giving away that he doesn't know if he is about to be again tormented by me.

I lean close so my lips are next to his, as if about to kiss him, touching his tongue lightly with mine, whispering, "more, angel" so sweetly, i feel his breath coming in hungry, timid gasps now, he is so torn and rattled by me at this moment that I never want it to end.

And when he opens his mouth what more that he can I ease back and whisper, "come on, closer", coaxing him with soft words so that he lifts his head toward me so painfully, reaching, reaching. He wets his lips briefly then opens his mouth again, holding still what he can, waiting for me to move.

I lift the gag and look at it, ponder if for just a moment, then turn to him and quickly, firmly force it into his mouth, making him whimper at me in frustration, betrayal, twisting under my hold, trying vainly to get away

from it.

"quiet," I order, pressing it into him, pulling his head up by a fistful of hair to get at the straps. "you didn't think I was going to kiss you did you?"

His fighting is so defiant that I can almost feel how miserable he is, how betrayed, and the guilt starts sneaking in but I push it away. I lock the gag tightly and let go, reaching up and sliding the leather blindfold off of his eyes.

He blinks for a moment and I push the light away so he can see, and of course when his eyes fall on mine he looks at me with such pain and anger that I just turn away and pretend to be unaffected.

I move out of his view and listen to his ragged breathing as I stop to strap down his ankles, slowly, ready to move to my next project. I fasten the straps tightly around his boots, his legs spread a few inches. This time he doesn't struggle. He is pouting, in essence. But even that is so pure and honest that it makes me want him even more.

"I want you to face the ceiling," I order, moving to the lever of the chair to upright it just enough so that he is perfectly horizontal. "I want you to keep your eyes open the whole time, but never at me, and never at what I'm doing to you."

His lashes flutter and I watch his eyes search for something above him to focus on, his breathing now nearly returned to normal.

Next I move to a tray on wheels, covered with a white cloth, and roll it slowly next to the chair near his head. I see his eagerness to look at it but he doesn't, he holds still, facing the ceiling, watching perhaps from the corner of his eye.

I slide my chair over and sit down, reaching up and slowly taking the zipper at the center of his chest, pulling it down slowly, stopping only to unfasten the strap that holds him down and refasten it once the zipper has past, after opening the shirt and exposing his chest to me.

"mmmmm," I purr softly, reaching down and unsnapping his trousers slowly as well, clinically, easing them down and watching him to make sure he keeps his eyes as ordered. Straight up, open. I knew he could see what I was doing, but couldn't see clearly, just in his peripheral vision.

The tray creaks nicely as I roll it closer, re-adjusting my gloves slowly, tightening them. "Not a sound out of you unless it is a pleading whimper for mercy," I remind him, reaching over and removing the white cloth that covers the tray, revealing the instruments I have placed so carefully there -- clamps and lotions, small floggers and lipstick, clothespins, and even things I grabbed in the kitchen just to fill the tray. Anything shiny and ominous was placed out before me.

With a pleasant, content smile I lean to my slave, my lover, placing a delicate kiss on his stomach as he breathes, shakey, but holds his eyes open with strength and patience, wondering where my imagination will take us next.

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