



# Akasha's Web



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## Stories

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## The Dentist



If I could be anyone right now, I would be your dentist. Is this the time I make you pay?

I know how much you hate the dentist.

Is that so cruel of me? Granted, I wouldn't want to give you a normal check up. I just imagine being able to formulate a really evil plot, with you as the unsuspecting victim. You wouldn't know me at all. I would be your new female dentist, sweet and alluring, but something about my smile would make you a little uncomfortable.

You've pushed me, made me want this. Teased, taunted, reminded me. You don't think I'd go through with it, do you?

Maybe it's the chair, or the shiny instruments. Maybe it's that you'll be laying back, practically upside down, while I lean down carefully above you. Are you looking down my top? Do you see the top lace along my bra? Looking for something, aren't you?

I wonder how easy it would be to get the straps over your wrists. I'd be watching your legs, how you hold your knees apart a little, sitting casually, hands in lap. Walking around in the office, high heels on tiled floor, my skirt just short enough to reveal the tops of my stockings.

All to create a nice, sinister feel to the room. To me. Clear out the office, lock the doors. Close the blinds. And give you a cleaning.

Clear latex gloves. Will you watch me when I put them on. When I'm smiling at you, will you know what I am thinking of? What things I could do to you? Oh wait, wrong fantasy. I'll save that for the \*doctor\* fantasy.

No, this one is about pain. Sacrifice. Strapping you down, no. Making you beg me to strap you down. You'll be wondering at some point, how the hell you got there. Legs spread, ankles being locked down with heavy leather buckles.

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Breathing deep, eyes closed. Reminding yourself that you asked for it. You begged for it! You told me to strap you down. All in a delirious moment of fear, lust, and need.

All because I need you strapped down so you can't move. Strapped down with that light in your face, cutting the buttons off of your shirt with a tiny blade. My legs positioned just above your face, straddling you, but your forehead strapped down so you can't even raise up an inch to meet my flesh.

Glistening nectar. So close, but you can't taste it.

And as I lock that strap over your waist, you see my arousal grow, you see my body contract, breathe, right above you. My moisture grows, my hips shift slightly. Every breath you take engulfs you with my sweet scent.

Making you beg just once more. Say it. Say how much you want to suffer for me, how you will accept that big red ball in your mouth, how you'll accept a strap so tight over your chest you cannot breathe. Accept my wetness smothering you as you are reclined so far back in the chair your hair brushes the floor.

Nails in your chest, clawing at your nipples. I'll make you beg for what you fear most. I might even make you do it to yourself. Does that scare you?

Every little sound in the office echoes off of the cold walls.

This is what happens when you mess with lust, my little pet. For a long time now you have been quietly smug, teasing me, taunting me. And you laugh at my little games, my sweet handcuffs and straps and little nipple clamps that make you squeal and wiggle.

But I am a beast inside, and you think I'm a kitten. You think you can always keep me at arm's length, stroke my little hunger and pat me on the head and I will go to sleep. Yes, you know how to satiate me, and you feed me well. But you know deep down, there will come a time, when I need to take you down. All the way.

No guilt this time, no tears. A dentist office, a dark limosune, the basement. The time when you are strapped down so you can't move, and your puppy dog eyes don't distract me. Your delicate little whimpers don't put tears in my eyes. I'll just draw closer to you.

The soft, sincere, "Please, you don't want to..." won't work this time.

Like firing a gun with nothing in the chamber, clanging of metal echoing off cold walls. Strapped to a dentist chair, bright lights over your eyes. No blindfold this time, no gag. The eyes won't work, nor wil your trained voice.

There will come a time when the lust you have created will need to be fed. Entirely.  
My darkest fantasies come true. Your biggest fears a new reality. Do you still want to play?  
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