



# Akasha's Web



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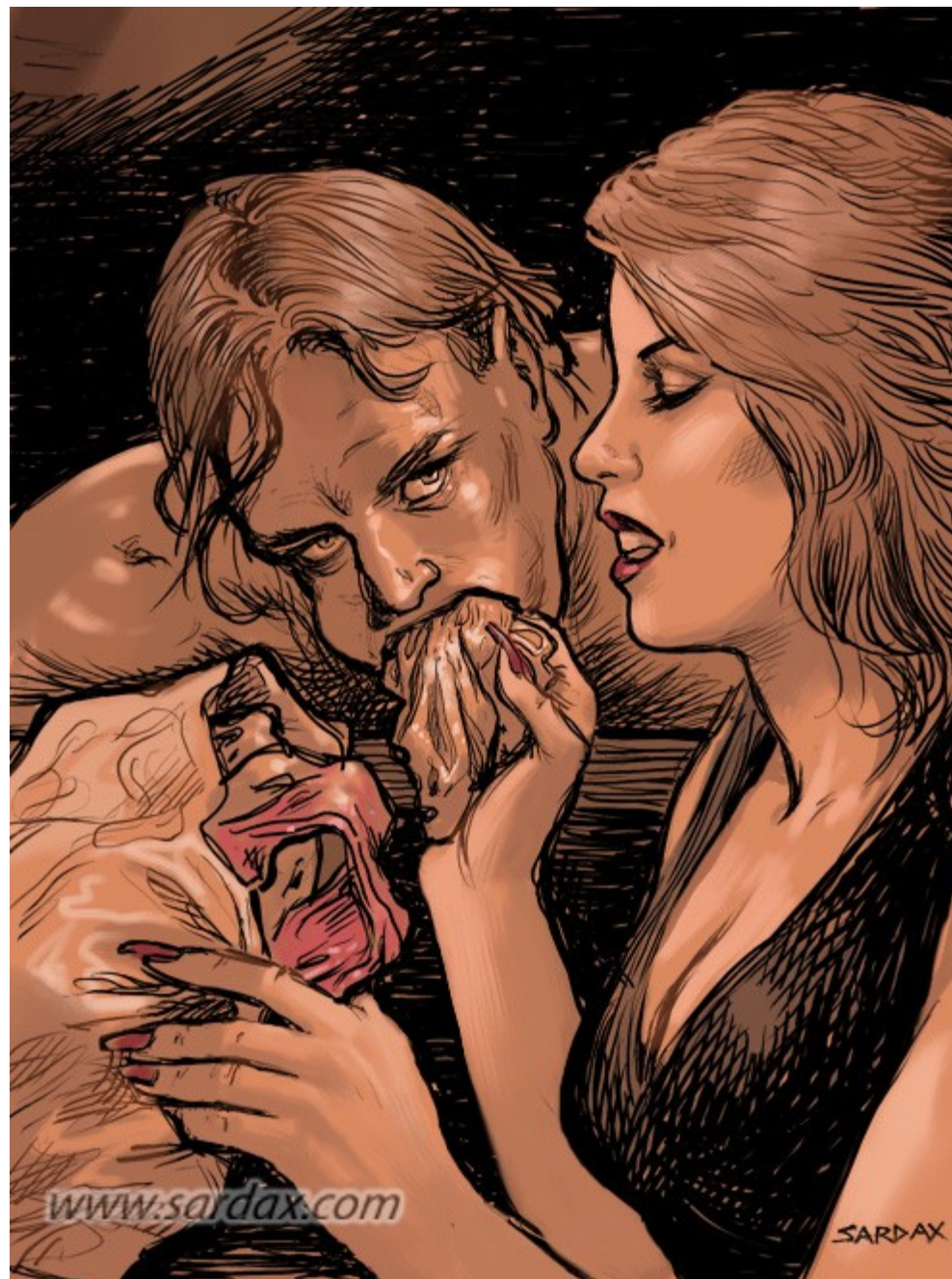
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## Illustration by Sardax

Perhaps Stephen was surprised that it started with him face down. Unable to move. Restrained at every limb. A hood over his head. And a room that was very, very cold.

I guess I don't know if anything ever really surprised Stephen though; he was fairly calculated and thoughtful, sometimes difficult to read. I told him, though, that it was only a matter of time before I made my way to Manitoba to unravel him. Of course he believed me on some level.

But face down?

After all, I couldn't really see him that way. And it was such an unconventional way to start a relationship. Face down, on a medical table, in a warehouse somewhere, with dripping water in the background and a cold chill in the room. He was still half drunk maybe, a little delirious, definitely cold, and still had not said a word to me. Typical.

Not that it really mattered. I could sit there all day and just watch him, face down on the table, waiting for him to start to come to grips with his reality, waiting for him to be the first to blink, so to speak. He had a hood over his head anyway, and couldn't see that I was pleasuring myself, just kind of watching him, sometimes taking a break, sometimes stopping to read a book.

Stephen took his sweet time (again, very typical) before lifting his head up that first time, turning it toward my direction (how he knew, I am not sure, he must have been listening after all), and saying my name. Just one time. Not a question, not a call for help, not a whimper. Just saying my name, matter-of-fact, as if to say "Of course you did this. I am not surprised. Bring it on."

I couldn't help it really. I was excited. I'll admit. But he couldn't see me anyway, couldn't see me kind of blushing, skin flushed with a combination of arousal and glee. I walked over and leaned down low, putting my lips close to the side of his head, whispering so he could hear through the fabric of the hood. "Giddy up," I said.

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Seven days I had set aside to deconstruct Stephen.

Day one he remained face down on the table, and once I was aware that he was awake, I played a little cat and mouse game where I whispered things to insist that he beg, plead, whimper his way into getting me to take off the hood so he could see.

He would have nothing of that. His only response was to say my name again. Again, not a call for help, not a whimper, not a plea. Just a statement of fact. And, he made sure I could hear him breathing, of course, so

deliberate, so subtle, but very calculated.

He was naked, so I took the time to walk around his frame a few times, trying to get various reactions from him. Sliding my fingers up the soles of his vulnerable feet (I think there was a giggle; I bet he was biting his lip to stifle it), moving my palm over his ass cheeks, stopping briefly to pinch. I slid the riding cop up his ass crack to make him tighten, and even that he seemed to go about in a very deliberate manner.

It was only day one, so I wasn't too worried. I took off the hood before he had to beg for it. I wanted to see my prize anyway. See if his cheeks were flushed or his eyes were red, see how messed up his hair was. See if he'd keep his head down to the side or lift it up, strain to see me, or rest his chin on the table. Face down had to be getting tiresome for him.

Stephen blinked, yawned, and looked at me sideways, and said, simply, "Hello, I'm Stephen."

He didn't stare too much at my outfit, sadly. I was in a tight latex catsuit-type outfit, thigh high leather boots with extremely long laces, elbow length gloves that were more medically suited than anything. I had a tray for medical instruments next to me, and on top of it was a sealed plastic bag.

"So then, let's get started," I smiled. I was admiring his eyelashes and his lips for a moment, but soon longed for the first desperation in his eyes, or crack in his deliberate breathing, or whimper from deep within him.

I opened the plastic bag, which was sealed tight, and Stephen watched me carefully. Inside was a mix of colors and fabrics all together, and soon enough, he could see that they were pairs of panties.

"Seven of them," I said. "Seven, I came in all of them. I came masturbating in each one of them, thinking of a different thing I would do to you."

He didn't say anything, but I knew what he wanted to say. Probably something like, "Fascinating."

But Stephen just watched. I was quite content, happy, buzzing.

"I'm going to tell you what I was thinking about when I came in each of these panties, Stephen. Let's start with this pair." I held up a darling little pink French cut panty. "When I was touching myself in this pair, I was thinking about what it's going to be like when I have my name tattooed on your ass." I paused, thought for a moment, then added, "Akasha's BITCH." I played with the fabric in my fingertips a little, then smiled approvingly, and finally leaned over with it.

Stephen knew, and he didn't really resist, but he didn't necessarily cooperate either. I pushed the panties into his mouth – hard – much more cruel than my tone would have suggested, and then went back into the plastic bag.

I removed a black lace thong. "Oh, this was special. I thought about how long you'd last when I put a plastic bag over your head, showing you just how serious I am about this breath control thing. Actually, I came twice here." I reminisced a little, sighed, and then leaned again to Stephen's mouth. "Open up."

This time, he did give me a disapproving grunt, but he took it anyway. Hearing him breathe through his nose made me wet. I thought about adding an 8th panty to the mix when the list was finished; surely, by then, they'd be soaked right through.

Next was a cute, polka dot cotton pair of panties that wasn't much in the sexy department, but wet was an understatement. "Oh boy. I remember these. This time, I was thinking about sticking seventeen needles in your ball sac."

That got a bit of a grunt from him. Arousal or fear, I am not sure.

"Don't ask me where I came up with Seventeen. Oh, I guess you can't ask me anything. Open up, slaveboy."

I turned this pair inside out and pushed them into his crowded mouth deliberately. It was clearly getting uncomfortable for him, but it was just the start for me. "Five more to go," I announced. "Moving right along."

I heard some movement around the table. Finally, Stephen was testing his bonds. Good for him, I thought. He'd find that the straps around his ankles were even tighter than those around his wrists. He'd soon find out that there were straps pulling down over his thighs and his lower back. He'd find that a collar was tight around his neck. Soon, he'd find out he was in a spiked cock ring, and his balls were trussed up in unforgiving leather straps.

"This pair," I continued, retrieving a white satin thong, "I used my vibrator with these, and I came in them thinking about what you were going to do when the needle plunged through your tongue," I paused, brought them to my lips, kissed them delicately. "I'll admit, I fantasized about some tears here."

The white satin thong was difficult to shove into his mouth. He choked a little, and his brow was furrowed, and it was the first time he looked to be something close to angry. But he was hard, I knew it, and he was loving it – on some dark, twisted level.

When I went back into the back, I saw his fingers digging into the sides of the medical table. That thrilled me. I was getting to him. He was uncomfortable, breathing harder now, but watching, listening. The bag must have seemed stuffed so full to him. He had to imagine how on earth would I get all those panties into his mouth? Surely he would choke.

Next I pulled out the lavender boyshorts. "These took a long time. Well, the panties didn't take a long time, I

just took a long time cumming in them," I announced. His eyes were staring right into me. He was finally starting to try to screw with me, I thought. I reached over and covered his eyes with my hand as I continued to talk.

"These panties took awhile for me, because I was having way too much fun. These are still soaking wet. I remember the orgasm very well. I was loud that time. I think the neighbors heard me. I was imagining how you'd handle the day I plan to turn you into a fucking whore; dressing you up, stripping away all that tough boy exterior, forcing you into acts that are illegal in some states. The details – there are many. That's why it took a long time," I sighed. I looked at Stephen, thinking for a moment. "This may be tough. Work with me. Open up." I reached over and removed my other hand from his eyes.

Stephen just gave me a disapproving grunt, but somehow, I managed, after a lot of shoving, stuffing, prodding, to get them into this mouth. When he appeared to be attempting to spit them all back out, I reached over from behind and grabbed him squarely by the balls. That was all the threat he needed.

The next pair of panties were red lace, part of a cute lingerie set that I considered including in the bag, but knew the entire mass of fabric would never fit into his mouth. "It's a shame such a pretty mouth is going to be so stretched, so violated. You'd think I would want to spend our first day together enjoying your mouth, admiring your soft lips. Maybe even kissing you," I thought out loud. "That's ok. I'd rather see you suffer."

Stephen was listening, but clearly uncomfortable, perhaps a tad upset. But sometimes I saw in his eyes that he was just dealing with it, and was determined to remain unflappable.

"In this pair of panties, I was thinking about fucking you in the ass. Hard. For hours. With a strap on cock that's going to be too large, even for a whore like you."

To be honest, those barely fit. But I found a way.

The last pair of panties were beaded in some areas, probably going to be very uncomfortable for him. I sighed, remembering my recent encounter with them. "I came in these on the airplane, on the flight over here. In the lavatory. But I was enjoying myself under the blanket during the whole flight."

I knew, as I was trying to find a way to get those into his full mouth, what he was thinking. Despite the discomfort and awkwardness of the situation, he wanted to know what I had been thinking about. "I'll tell you only after you get it into your mouth. MAKE it fit, Stephen."

He shut his eyes tight. He concentrated. But I knew he wasn't doing it for me, he was doing it for himself. He gagged a few times. He nearly choked. He kept repositioning himself as I held them in place, applying pressure, trying to find a home among the rainbow of colors in his stuffed mouth.

Finally, I was satisfied. I picked up the duct tape and pulled a strip off the roll loudly. I applied the strip

firmly over his lips (well, over the massive wad of panties that were protruding). Then, I took the roll and started pulling off larger strips to wrap around his head tightly, ensuring it would remain tightly in place. He choked as I did this.

"Those panties," I said softly. "On the plane."

There was a silence. Just his labored breathing, a subtle half gag, muffled, on cloth.

"I was thinking of your tongue in my pussy."

I'll be honest, I expected a whimper. But he held himself together. I guess that made me angry. Seven pairs of panties and he still wasn't even slightly cracked. He was clearly holding it together. But it was only the first day, I reminded myself. What fun would it be if he fell apart in the first hour?

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The next days are a blur, really, and it would take novels to explain them all. And yes, I did all seven things to Stephen – sort of - in my own special order, in my own way, as a deliberate means to deconstruct him. I wanted to strip away every inch of protection he had, internally and externally, and then sink my nails into his most tender, vulnerable soul, before putting him back together in just the manner I found to be useful to me.

I denied him food and water, sometimes denied him air. I had assistants in and out – both licensed and unlicensed – to apply the tattoo, to complete the piercing of his tongue (he did not cry), to be on medical standby when my breath control games did lead to a bit of unconsciousness. I couldn't figure out if he was scared. I didn't really care, to be honest, I just wanted an excuse to use that oxygen mask and sweetly brush the hair on his forehead back and tell him he was going to be ok. All while clenching my fist around his balls to wake him up so I could continue. When his half gasps turned to little shrieks, I knew I got through to him.

The needles seemed to make him angry and hot at first, then deliriously serene and almost post-orgasmic. I had to check his cock to see if he came. I remember holding him tightly by the chin and growling, as my girlfriend drove another needle into his flesh, hissing at him, "You aren't supposed to ENJOY this."

He appeared drunk, kind of half laughing and half wincing, and the only other notable reaction was that the way he writhed in his restraints, now on his back, was nearly poetic. I'd never tell him that though, it would go straight to his head.

The sixth day was when he started to crack, barely, and he looked so sweet with a little facial stubble and his hair dirty, his body straining. He never resisted during the various repositioning moments, not that he could (I had help. Big, strong help), but on the sixth day he asked to be unrestrained, "just for a few

minutes."

"Why?" I asked him. Of course, I wanted him to say the correct answer, "So I can hold you."

Instead, he was Stephen. "So I can stretch."

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On the seventh day, I knew our time was coming to an end, and he wasn't nearly as deconstructed as I had wanted. His hair was dyed black. His ass cheeks were tattooed- and a fine job, I might add – with the words, "Akasha's Bitch." His tongue was still sore from the piercing, but he seemed to actually enjoy it.

The various violations he'd taken in stride, sometimes getting to the point that his breathing turned to a whimper, but never outright begging me, or groveling in any fashion. It was difficult to imagine what a groveling Stephen would look and taste like.

I was fairly exhausted, also. I wondered if I had not planned intensely enough. Maybe day eight was what was needed, a day when IVs would be brought in, and a heart monitor beeping in the background, and Stephen would be injected with drugs that were usually reserved for war criminals or victims in sci fi movies. Maybe water boarding was the answer.

"Are you afraid of me?" I asked him on the morning of day seven.

"Yes," he responded. This was nothing out of the ordinary, he'd never deny that he was afraid, he was just able to do it in a manner that appeared very brave. This fascinated me so much that I asked him probably four times a day, and he'd always answer the same. But he'd never elaborate.

I couldn't figure out why if he was afraid and I knew he was afraid, why I wasn't satisfied yet. I surely had many orgasms – both in the panties before seeing him, and over the course of the six days prior. I'd cum while watching him, cum while hearing him scream in pain, cum while seeing him take the needle or the cock.

This time, he was in a rubber straitjacket. I saved that for the last day, and made sure it was painfully tight. I added chains around his body just for good measure, padlocking it. He looked like an escape artist. I liked that. "If you don't behave yourself," I warned him, "I'll throw you into Lake Winnipeg. See how long it takes you to get free."

Stephen just smirked at me. He liked the straitjacket, I could tell. And he liked the plug that was way too large for his ass, and the way his ankles were tightly shackled together, and his cock was surrounded by spikes, forcing him to remain focused.

My luggage was packed and sitting there near the exit. I showed him my plane ticket so he could see that I



was, indeed, leaving that night. That his freedom was coming soon. He looked at me, puzzled, as I straightened my business skirt, checked myself in the mirror. After all, I was going straight to New York for a business trip, and would be going into a meeting after the red eye. I was no longer the latex clad diva, I was a stunning executive in an expensive suit with insanely sexy black pumps.

Stephen didn't like being ignored. And he was so used to me telling him everything, every single little detail about what I would do to him and what I was feeling, that the sudden silence from me must have been deafening. I got on my cell phone and called one of my business contacts to discuss my meeting.

I paced. Stephen listened, and watched. I could hear the rattling of the chains as he changed positions. He was on the floor of the warehouse, his new black hair a furry mop, but at least he'd stop talking with a stumble from the tongue piercing.

Clearly, his thoughts were on the panties, and day seven.

Day seven was the day, I told him, that he'd have his tongue in my pussy. At times, I think that thought got him through the tortures. At times, I think he kept that in his mind's eye as the reason for all of this; after all, we had not cuddled, had not kissed even one time. There was no real intimacy, unless you consider me ramming 9 inches of strap on dick into his ass. No, it was all about power. Not intimacy. At least, not that kind of intimacy.

I shut my cell phone and the snap echoed in the warehouse. My high heels made the same distinct sound as I walked to him. He looked up at me. New Stephen. New in appearance, but not in attitude. He looked quite lively, actually. A bit sleepy, but doing just fine.

"Are you forgetting something?" he asked me. Flirtatious. Clearly flirtatious.

I crouched down and placed my lips close to his. He breathed, but did not make a move. Even though I was in control and had tortured him for six days, he was readily willing to play the tease. We remained there for some time. I could see he was looking at my lips.

"Go ahead," he said.

"You first," I challenged.

There was a moment that seemed like a long time. And it probably makes sense to no one, just how significant it was. But I was not going to move to kiss him, because I knew he'd turn away. Just to fuck with me. And he was not going to move to kiss me, because he knew I'd turn away. Just to fuck with him.

I debated the responsible, dominant, appropriate action at that time: Grab him by the hair and not kiss him, but essentially rape his mouth with my tongue. In a very sensual, deliberate, erotic, suggestive way, until he

whimpered into my mouth, shook in the straitjacket.

But I couldn't do it. Because that would mean he won. And he was stubborn, even after six days of torture. So we remained that way for what seemed like several seconds.

I wished I had a gag handy. I didn't. So I reached under my skirt and started to slide my panties down. Pair number eight.

Stephen swallowed but kept his eyes on my lips and didn't move. And he didn't resist when I pushed the clearly-most-wet panties into his mouth. "You surely didn't forget what happens on day seven," I said to him. I used my fingers, under my skirt, to tease my pussy for a moment, to massage my clit. When I brought my fingers to his lips, he surely knew how wet I was. I coated his lips with it, then leaned over and gently licked just a small portion of it off of his perfect upper lip.

I could feel his breath, from his nose, on my face. I knew the makeshift gag was probably painful as hell on his fresh piercing. With careful studying, it appeared that his eyes were tearing up, but I knew it wasn't from desperation, it was a mere reaction to the sharp stinging in his mouth.

"I'm not going to do number seven," I told him. "There will be no tongue in my pussy today."

He looked at me, confused. It must have been confusing, because he knew how wet I was, and for days I had talked about how much I was looking forward to the grand finale. And I knew, for him, this final act of intimacy would be a stamp of – well, purpose – behind the torture he'd endured.

I ran my finger over his top lip. "Nope." I said, sighing. "Not that I don't want to, Stephen. God, want to. I imagined how I'd pull up my skirt, push you over and sit on your face, ride you, looking down at that tight gorgeous straitjacket and taking in your helplessness as you licked...and your tongue...I'm sure...you have a fantastic tongue."

Dismay is the only word I could use to describe the look on his face. But it was brief, and he corrected himself, put himself right back into the game, not willing to be manipulated. But I had seen a glimpse of it, and I knew it was there.

I remained leaning down close to him, my lips close to his mouth, my hand under my skirt, masturbating as I whispered what I knew his tongue felt like. It was clearly a bit awkward to stand in such a position and bring myself close to orgasm, but I was turned on enough, I could do it.

He remained painfully still, almost unbreathing, unemotional, as if he knew that any reaction on his part, any discomfort, would just bring me to orgasm and end the game. At least, that's what I read into it. Maybe he was just bored. With Stephen, I never knew.

"Maybe I need to come back, for eight days next time," I breathed into his ear, leaning closer. "Maybe I didn't torture you hard enough. I needed to see you broken and begging. And it's still just out of reach. If I can't have my ultimate pleasure, than neither can you."

Finally he let out his breath, but tried not to pant through his nose, instead just calmed it and quieted it, swallowing hard. His eyes were down. I was looking at his beautiful eyelashes. "I'm going to miss you," I said.

I saw a little bit of struggling in the straitjacket, and a tension in his jaw. A cab pulled up out front, I could hear the engine idling.

"Someone will be by in one hour to free you," I said to him, kissing him on the forehead. I turned and walked away, collecting my luggage on the way out.

"You can keep the panties," I said after him, with a wave, and then exited the warehouse doors, letting them close loudly behind me.

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In the back of the taxi, I imagined Stephen still there, on the ground, looking out after the door, perplexed. I wonder if he spit the panties out, or kept them in his mouth as he waited.

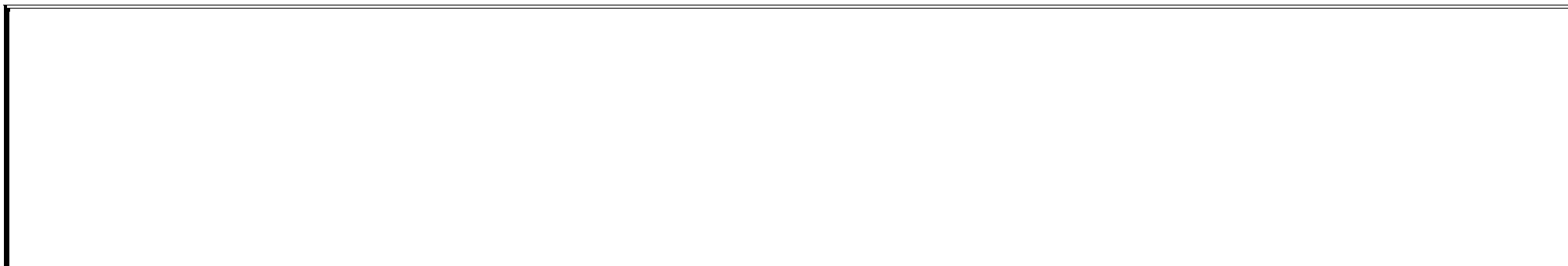
"Where to, Miss?" The cab driver asked me.

I put on my sunglasses. "Just drive me around for a half hour. Then right back to this location."

I removed my cell phone from my purse and called the airlines to change my flight. One more day would do Stephen some good.

And 45 minutes of waiting, thinking he was truly abandoned, might be what it took to strip that last piece of armor away.

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