



## Stories

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### A Toy Gun, A Femdom, and a Soloflex

She had been at the mall that day in the toy store shopping for her nephew's birthday party when the strange idea hit her. It was one of those days actually..one of those days where everything screamed domination to her, even as she watched the young teenager at the cashregister ring up her purchase, how his hair hung down in his face. She purposely took her time sliding the credit card out of her wallet and handing it to him, making him tug to take it.

She smiled at the nervous laugh he had given her. She watched his wrists as he moved, how delicate they looked. She noticed his uneasiness in his breathing, how her gaze had caught him and made him tense. How his eyes wandered down the buttons of her blouse, shy, timid, yet still so undoubtedly male.

She gave him a a polite nod and took her things to leave, looking back at him for the last time, capturing the image in her head of how he looked up at her and moved a hand through his hair like teenage boys do, probably thinking, "was she really staring at me?"

And now, home. Finally. Her beautiful partner awaits, he looks so sweet in dirty jeans and a white shirt half tucked in, his high boots on, his face a little smudged from working on his car She smiles at him and he smiles back -- he doesn't know yet that she's been thinking about him.

He is on the floor messing around with the stereo, asking if she got what she was looking for when she was out. She smiles as she unpacks her shopping back, setting aside a a few toys, wrapping paper, some ribbon. "Yes," she says. "But I also got something for me".

He doesn't even look up. "Oh?"

Next he feels something in his back - something hard. he lifts his head, he knows that feeling strangely, it is the barrel of a gun. He peers over his shoulder and sees she is holding it -- a large, black cap gun. The tag still on it from the toy store.

"get up" she orders, taking him by a fistful of hair.

he winces and mutters at her, already slipping himself into character so beautifully, putting his hands up a little and hissing, "easy now tiger, I won't give you any trouble - "

"Shut up!" she snaps at him, shoving him toward the back room, keeping the gun to his back. "I don't want to see anything but your cute little ass going into my back room, now move it."

He giggles but stops himself, clearing his throat, putting his hands on his head, his chest out, so brave, so cocky, turning as they enter the room and she shuts it with her foot, aiming the gun carefully at him. "Now," she says with a smirk, "to the table. Move."

The table..the table. There is no table. He looks around and sees what she is motioning to. It is his work out bench, his soloflex. Oh, she is sinister, yes. She has both hands on the gun now, glaring at him, she has her legs spread a few feet and she is glaring. "MOVE."

He moves to it slowly, deliberately, turning, sitting down slowly, giving her an ice cold stare. "You won't get away with this."

"The hell I won't" she snaps. "now put your hands up above your head, hold the bars."

he looks over his shoulder, then up, sitting back against the work bench, sitting up straight, lifting his hands and holing onto the bars above him.

"Hold that pose, pretty boy," she scowls, stepping over and picking up leather straps on the table.

His breath is hard, demanding. "You won't get away with this," he hisses at her through clenched teeth, his acting shining through. She grins at him through character, noticing already how wet she is, how turned on he is making her by his hard, brave outside and his subtle hints of fear as he watches her wrap the leather around his wrists.

She straps his hands down above him, then his ankles to the legs of the bench, then straddles him slowly, sliding into his crotch, sticking the gun under his chin. He meets her gaze with defiance, anger.

"Are you going to make me hurt you?" she asks, moving so close, almost as if to kiss him.

He stares for a moment, thinking, then says "You couldn't hurt me if you tried."

She smiles, standing slowly, lowering the gun. This is what she had been waiting for..all day. he is bound for her, he is helpless. He has made it apparent to her that he is defiant. He is pushing her. he is teasing her with this breathing, the way he flutters his lashes at her, the way he shifts so slightly at his hips, making her eye his crotch, lick her lips. he is challenging her. The challenge is obvious, as they have played the game before -- he is telling her she can't break him before she falls prey to the urge to fuck him, before he makes her so wet with desire that she can't resist.

She turns and says quietly, "Excuse me while I change and get my things."

In her bedroom she slips into a leather jumpsuit, a one piece, sliding it up over her legs and breasts, wiggling her hips to get into it, sensing her own breathing, her own arousal,

noticing how hard her nipples are, how wet she already is.

She can hear the creaking of the weight bench -- yes, he is struggling, he is looking for a way out, he is maybe even just doing it to get to her, how she loves to hear him struggle.

She hesitates, stops to listen, hears him even groan in frustration, and it pierces through her so deeply that she contemplates undressing, laying down on her bed, and pleasing herself to the sounds of his struggles in the next room, only to tell him about it after she finishes.

She shakes her head and brushes out her long hair, then sits down to put on her boots and lace them, listening again to his futile attempts in the next room. His shifting turns desperate even, she can hear the rattling of the bench as if he is ready to break it in half.

When she moves slowly into the next room he looks up, his bangs a bit wet with sweat now, his breath coming more ragged. The mere image of him makes her ache with desire, how he clenches his fists at the sight of her, how he eyes her in her jumpsuit, how tight it fits over her large breasts, how it hugs her tiny waist and clings to her long legs. She is still holding the gun, now hanging to her side as she walks toward him with a cruel smile.

he looks up to her slowly, tightening his fists. "let me go" he growls.

She laughs, she throws her head back. She turns away as if to leave, then turns back and backhands him, hard.

He jumps and yelps slightly, breathes with difficulty for a moment, then blinks and raises his head again to her, his composure back.

She stares down at him, moving the barrel of the plastic gun down her front, between her breasts, lifting the other hand to finger the zipper, watching his eyes move to her hand.

"We have ways of making you talk," she smiles, sliding the zipper down slowly, revealing the tight black corset underneath.

He lifts his head up high, determined, looking away. She reaches over and uses the barrel of the gun under his chin to make him look her way. "Pay attention. There will be a quiz later." she says.

His breath is shaking now as she undresses in front of him, taking her time, watching him as she does, the way he shifts, his cock apparently rock hard under his jeans, his boots shifting against the bonds.

She sits across from him and slides the jumpsuit over her tight boots, leaving them on, tossing the leather suit aside and standing in front of him in her black, crotchless corset and high heels, leaning to him so her breasts are close to his face, sticking the gun under his chin and ordering, "say you want to fuck me, boy."

He laughs out loud and lowers his eyes, watching her step back. She moves the gun down her stomach slowly, parting her legs, sliding it down between them, gasping as she does, sliding the barrel up inside her.

his eyes are fixed, unblinking. His breath comes hard, his fists are tight. His shifting about is priceless to her -- the feel of the cool plastic inside of her almost enrapturing. It slides in almost too easily, she is so wet from seeing him this way.

For some time she allows him to watch this, then steps forward, removing the gun, lifting it to her puckered lips, placing a kiss on the barrel. "You're such a pathetic little slut," She hisses at him, opening her mouth and sliding the barrel slowly inside. She shuts her eyes and moans at her own taste, tightening her lips around it and sliding it out slowly.

He shifts, looks down, then back up. His discomfort is more apparent.

She leans down toward him and licks the gun barrel in front of him, then placing a wet kiss on his cheek, whispering into his ear, "you want my gun, dont you?"

He breathes shakily and says, "well..I..."

She lowers the toy gun down and presses it into his crotch, hard, until he jumps and yelps in pain. "I do , yes!" he snaps.

Without hesitation she lifts it and sticks it into this mouth, barrel facing in, pushing it deep, and ordering "SUCK".

he lowers his brows at her in frustration as she pulls his jeans open at the snaps, fierce, pulling down at his jeans, yanking them down his waist, around his hips, moving hungrily to get his cock in her hands.

He tenses and bites down on the toy, feeling like he could break it in half, letting out a muffled gasp as she takes his cock in her hands and lowers her mouth to it, taking it deep at once, hungry, sliding her tongue around it until he whimpers behind the plastic in his mouth.

She looks up just to say "You drop it, I stop. Understand?"

he nods eagerly and shuts his eyes, moaning softly as she goes back down on him, holding him by the hips, pulling him to her, bringing im deep inside. Her eyes closed, lowering one hand between her leg to touch herself, her mind races, back to the store, to the boy there, to her thoughts as she purchased the gun. her thoughts of domination.

again, as she feels his cock tighten in her mouth, as she hears his growing moans of pleasure and upcoming release, as she realizes she is there kneeling in front of him, pleasing him in this way -- she wonders, wait, wasn't I supposed to be torturing him?

Her thoughts blur as his taste feels her mouth, hot, sensuous, coating her tongue and lips, she sucks it down with a moan, her heart poudning, her fingers indside her, thinking, yes, yes

this is what I wanted, of course.

She looks up at him as he is panting through his nose, the gun a bit tweaked between his teeth., his eyes glazed over. She reaches up and removes the gun slowly, looking at it. It is cracked down the middle.

"Great," she mutters, "Now I have to get my nephew something else."

he throws his head back and laughs, laughs out loud, shaking his head at her and saying "you're too funny."

There is a pause, she is licking her lips, wiping a stray bit of fluid from his cock and bringing it to his lips. He takes it with a kiss and shifts, "are you going to let me go now?" he asks.

"Are you kidding?" she looks up, "You broke my gun."

he swallows and bites his lips, lowers his eyes, and pouts.

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